

...es. The eight Mars Hill con-
...ants were: Mary Stone, Evelyn
... the speaker's stand hung a huge
map of Treasure Island, showing
the route which led to the hidden

Pictured above are the newly elected members
Front row: Hilda Mayo, Nell Hunter, Genie Jo
...

say so myself."

Fiddle! My stars! What was the matter with the man. Didn't he know that name was a sacrilege to any violin!

"You did wait for me, did you not? I was sure you would."

I smiled weakly. Somehow I couldn't enjoy the sound of that last statement. "What does 'A' stand for, Mr. Bornunsky?" I said softly, holding my breath. I was hoping for Antonio or Andriago, if it couldn't be Arturo.

"Andy," quoth he. Andy! How revoltingly American! I honestly didn't mean for my mouth to fall open. And I did close it as soon as possible.

"You have lovely eyes, my dear," he was saying. "Deep gray puddles of water with little black fish in the center."

I seemed to be able to do nothing but gasp at his every statement. My driver's license plainly states that my eyes are blue. I knew they were, and this man was not going to change my mind. Or was he. Oh well, most men are color blind, anyway.

And just think—Me, sitting here with a real live musician!

"I suppose you spend a great deal of your working hours playing your violin, Andy." Mercy, that name was hard to get out.

"Heck no. Not any more than I can help. I just practice enough to stay in the band. Helps out in my living expenses, you know."

"But you are intimately acquainted with the works of all our foremost composers, I suppose."

"Honey, I don't know one guy from

the other. Like I told you, I just play in this band."

I stood up abruptly. Disillusionment was creeping slowly up my spine. Where was my rendezvous with the brilliant and sensitive musician? Where were those noble thoughts he was to have imparted to my open mind? He was to have had a large part in moulding my young life that night in the paths of culture and the arts. What had happened?

He stood up too. He was not nearly so tall nor so slender as had seemed on the stage. My Dad, who is fifty-five, is getting a middle-aged spread that would correspond perfectly with his.

Andy still had hold of one of my hands. And I began pulling it away. I have never played hands with Boris Karloff and I have no need of the experience after this.

"Ah, you are very tall and very beautiful," said he, coming closer.

"Uh-huh—well, er, yes." I backed back and almost sat down on one of those little potted trees they plant in the lobby. "I just remembered I gotta go meet some girls. You'll excuse me, won't you, Mr. Bornunsky?"

"But my dear—" By now I knew for sure that his voice had an oiled tone. "I thought we had a little date together."

"Sorry,—Some other time maybe. Goodby."

I made an attempt to glide out of that place as quickly as possible. As soon as the door closed behind me I ran. I don't know why. I just had to run.

After a couple of blocks I slowed up to a walk. And then I sighed. The longest sigh I've ever made.