

I joined her on the beach and a little later she thawed out slightly. "I don't understand you, Harry," she said. "The way you chased down here, I thought you cared for me a little"



A Room for Butch

Butch was the homeliest bulldog I had ever seen. But beauty's only skin-deep, and Butch certainly had a good heart—and the instincts of a born matchmaker

WHEN I first saw the girl, I was sitting out on the lawn in front of one of Florida's smartest motor courts. The tropical sun was beating down on my Northern pallor, and outside of a few small twinges about my business back North I felt fine.

Suddenly I heard a squeal of brakes in the driveway. A car had come to a stop. I could see a girl and a dog in the front seat and both of them were looking at the neat little sign stuck in the grass.

NO DOGS

The girl put one finger in her mouth and chewed on it thoughtfully. Then she looked across at me and smiled tentatively. She was slender, with mischievous blue eyes, a button of a nose and an impudent expression. Pretty, but not to be compared with the classic beauty of Frances. The animal beside her was the homeliest bulldog I had ever seen.

"He never bites," the girl said. "Hardly ever. He's better behaved than most people. What are my chances of getting him in?"

"Practically nil," I said.

"Butchie," she said, "you'll have to speak in. I couldn't drive another mile. We've been turned down four times and there are limits to a girl's patience. Get down."

The dog descended to the floor of the car and the girl drove on and parked just beyond the office and outside my room. The motor court was a long low brick building with a picture window in every room. I wandered up and stood outside my door to listen to the girl charming the room clerk.

She got her room and then said gaily, "Just give me the key. Don't trouble yourself coming down to my room."

"No trouble at all," the room clerk said smoothly.

"It isn't necessary," the girl said, with a note of panic in her voice, but the clerk was obdurate. I knew he wanted to see as much of the girl as possible. She was too pretty for Butch's good.

The car was right in front of me and suddenly I acted on impulse. I opened my door and the door of the car.

"Step lively, Butch," I said. He studied me a moment, made up his mind, lumbered out of the car and into my room. I followed him inside and shut the door.

Butch wandered around the room, then came over and sat down on my feet. I waited until I was sure the clerk would be back in his office, then cautiously opened my door two inches. The girl, looking wild-eyed, was standing on the threshold of number eight right next to me.

"I smuggled Butch in," I said. "Why didn't you leave him home? Put him in a kennel?"

"He doesn't like dogs," she said flatly, as though that explained everything.

"What do you mean he doesn't like dogs?" I said. "What does he think he is?"

"They make him nervous," she said. "I left him in a kennel once for a week end. The other dogs barked and upset him. He got loose and chewed up two very valuable dogs and there was some trouble. The people were annoyed."

"I bet they were," I said. "I think the coast is clear. Come and get him."

She stepped inside my room, picked up Butch's leash and happened to see Frances' picture on the combination desk and vanity.

"What a beautiful girl," she said. "Is she your wife?"

"Not yet," I said. "Her parents have a winter home down here and I came down to propose. I got worried about her being so far away and having a gay time with other men. I just got in myself an hour ago. I called her up and I'm going over to have dinner with her and her family."

"She's lovely," the girl said. "You're lucky. But I think she's lucky, too. I almost fainted when I looked in the car and found Butchie missing. How did you manage to think so quickly? I think you're wonderful."

I felt a glow inside. She was the kind of girl who could make a man feel like a knight in shining armor. I wasn't accustomed to that. Around Frances I usually felt like a waiter who has spilled the soup.

"Thanks ever so much," she said, and held out her hand. "I'm Joan Prentice. Good luck with your girl."

She started into her own room, shut the door on Butch, then turned back. "You wouldn't have a can opener, I don't suppose?" she said. "I left mine in Georgia last night and Butch will be getting hungry."

I SHOOK my head and closed the door. She was a nice girl but scatterbrained. Not at all like Frances. I was due at her house at six o'clock and at ten minutes of six I stepped outside and was instantly horror-struck.

There was Butch, looking out the picture window at me. Joan had drawn the curtains but Butch had made a gap between them. I made signs at him to go away and his ugly face wrinkled into a grin. I hammered on the door. There was no answer and I moved back to the window. Just as I did so I saw Miss Prentice. She was stepping out of the shower.

She wore a bathing cap and a towel draped across one arm and nothing else. I tried to do the gentlemanly thing and leap (Continued on page 50)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

One Day at Gettysburg

*Fourscore and seven years ago, plus three months, Abraham Lincoln delivered one of the most famous addresses of all time at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Thousands of people—including a great many reporters—witnessed this event, a fact that has given scholars a rare opportunity to judge the mood of an important moment in history. Robert S. Harper does just that in this selection from his book, *Lincoln and the Press*, just published by McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc.*

AT DUSK of Wednesday, November 18, 1863, a special train of four coaches puffed into the little town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, bringing from Washington an official delegation to dedicate on the morrow a soldiers' national cemetery on the battlefield where in July the Union Army turned back Lee's invasion.

It had been raining all afternoon, but the clouds disappeared with the early darkness and the moon shone on the scarred ground for which the armies had struggled.

Gettysburg was in a state of chaos and excitement, filled to overflowing with thousands come to witness the dedication. Special trains arrived every hour, bringing passengers from New York, Philadelphia and Western cities. Horse-drawn vehicles brought visitors from the countryside for miles around. Governors and their suites from states whose troops had participated in the battle were in the crowd. Hotels and rooming houses were jammed, and the people of Gettysburg, doing everything they could to accommodate the crowd, took visitors into their homes. Some said this "invasion" was almost as bad as the first. Visitors were thankful if they could find a corner in a tavern.

Passengers alighting from the Washington train included Cabinet members—Secretary of State Seward, Secretary of the Interior Usher, and Postmaster General Blair—senators, congressmen, high-ranking officers representing the Army and Navy, Foreign Ministers, a military guard, newspaper correspondents, and President Lincoln with his two private secretaries, Nicolay and Hay.

David Wills of Gettysburg, who had suggested that a national cemetery be established, an idea taken up by Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, had the honor of playing host to the President and was at the station to receive his distinguished guest. The rest of the party went in all directions, looking for supper and lodgings. Hay was stopped by newspaper correspondents who asked for copies of the speech the President was to make. He explained over and over again he had no copy to give them and had no idea what the President was going to say.

Hay ate an oyster supper at a place near the Gettysburg College campus and went from there to the courthouse where a group of marshals was making its arrangements to handle the crowd at the battlefield. There he saw John W. Forney, of the Philadelphia and Washington newspapers, who was as near to Lincoln as any man in journalism or politics. Forney invited Hay and some of his other friends to go to his room for a drink. Later they stood outside and watched parading bands serenade President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and other prominent men. Lincoln appeared in the door of the Wills home and said he would make no speech because he had "nothing to say."

Nicolay came along and went upstairs with Forney and the others where they had some more drinks. Feeling jubilant by that time, they broke into song with John Brown, and Nicolay did a solo of Three Thieves.

Someone said Forney should be serenaded with the other celebrities, and Nicolay went to find a band. Forney told Hay that if he made a speech himself he was going to speak his mind. Just then the music blared outside.

The publisher assumed a pose of great dignity. He wanted to know whether there were reporters in the crowd and ordered Hay to find out. When told there were newspapermen present, he asked whether they were friendly. That was a hard question to answer and the suggestion was made that he be careful. The crowd outside, meanwhile, was calling for him.

Forney fortified himself with another drink, in which his guests joined, and said he was ready to go. They went downstairs and Forney stood on the doorstep, with Hay on one side and one of his reporters, John Russell Young, on the other. Several reporters separated from the crowd and came into the hall.

The publisher really gave the crowd a piece of his mind as he had threatened. He chided them for apathy toward the President, saying the cheers he had just heard were louder than those given for Lincoln. He told his listeners they owed their country to that "mysterious man."

During the evening, in a room shielded from the wild celebration in the streets, Edward Everett of Massachusetts, brought to Gettysburg to deliver the address of the occasion, received the press for an interview.

Everett was the most noted orator of his time. His carefully prepared address had been sent out in advance to the newspapers and already was in type, to be held for release.

He entertained his visitors with stories of his days in Europe, how kind Lord Byron was to him in Venice and how he missed seeing Napoleon because he was at Waterloo. He was in his seventieth year, with long white hair, and as he talked he gesticulated with a cambric handkerchief.

* * *

Gettysburg awakened the next morning to a raw November day. At midmorning, one squadron of cavalry, two batteries of artillery and a regiment of infantry formed in the street for the parade to the battlefield. Except for the military, the procession was a ragged affair, with everyone trying to get there as best he could. Everett rode in a carriage, wrapped and bundled against the chill.

The newspaper correspondents hired horses and rode to the Wills home to meet the President. When Lincoln emerged, they cheered, and he smiled hap-

pily. He mounted his horse and rode off with the escort, Secretary Seward bouncing along behind, trying to find a place in the procession.

After greeting the President, the reporters, who had work to do, spurred ahead of the parade and were in the seats assigned to them on the speaking platform before the slowly moving column came in sight.

Before the President arrived, a reporter for a Democratic newspaper caused a scene by standing at the front of the platform with his hat on and smoking a cigar.

He made some remarks that were out of place and laughed at reporters who tried to quiet him. He loudly declaimed that this was a free country and that he would wear his hat and smoke wherever he pleased. The correspondents threw him over the railing.

Order was restored by the time the President took his seat between Everett and Secretary Seward. Shouts of welcome greeted him, and the press gallery stood until he sat down. The correspondents enjoyed the show because their task for the day was not difficult.

Everett's oration was out of the way, and even the prayer to be delivered by the Reverend Thomas H. Stockton, chaplain of the House of Representatives, was issued in advance.

They still did not know what Lincoln would say, but not much was expected from him.

The President Corrects an Error

A press association story thus described the events of the next two hours:

Hon. Edward Everett was then introduced and proceeded with a discourse occupying two hours and four minutes in the delivery . . . Perhaps the most attentive and appreciative listener was Mr. Lincoln himself. He seemed to be absorbed in profound thought till the speech was broken by a mistake of the orator in saying General Lee when he should have said General Meade, which mistake caused the President to turn to Seward and with a loud voice say, "General Meade." The orator seemed not to hear him at the time, but the President corrected loud enough to secure a correction . . .

The crowd was packed so densely that the marshals who sat on their horses amid the multitude could not move . . .

When Everett finished, flushed and exhausted, Lincoln and Seward shook his hand. Others threw a blanket around him and led him to his chair while the band played. Lincoln was to speak next.

Forney's correspondent, John Russell Young, sitting only a few feet from the President, had his little worries. He wondered how long the address might be. Still unable to obtain an advance from

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIAN BLOCK

