

## Good Time

by Mike Harris

From Monday to Friday in this week of deep freeze I could not come up with anything on today's topic "Visions". I was casually watching television when a commercial came on and an attractive model was making a pitch for some medical miracle and, *BINGO!* I had a story.

The model was draped in a sumptuous black strapless evening gown, bare shoulders, and the bodice of the gown a fluster of lace, with nothing holding up the dress while flattering a well-shaped bosom. Yes all curves seemed to be in the right place and a name popped into my head "Sylvia Boxenhorn." Do not let the name put you off.

To get on with the story, I was twenty one. I had just received my second large raise and my union card and I was now considered a cutter in the manufacturing of men's clothing. From journeyman at sixty a week to ninety. I had achieved in three years recognition, I had a well-paying job, and a trade! I was living alone, dating occasionally and I wanted to celebrate.

Sylvia was an occasional date. She worked for the prestigious Designer House, "Hattie Carnegie." She was a head-snapping looker. Part of her job, besides designing beautiful clothes, was to be seen wearing them in public. Because I had the money and she had the looks, when she needed an escort with no strings attached, and the firm provided the tickets to fancy affairs, she would get me to take her. I wanted to celebrate my new status, so I called her and she agreed. I picked her up and we went to a fancy night club. We both were properly attired, and on arriving and slipping a twenty to the maître d', we were shown to a ringside table. She was wearing in 1938 a strapless gown, with an attractive shrug.

I was not aware that the gown was strapless till we were seated, and she draped the shrug on the back of her chair. *Bingo!* "How are we going to dance with you in that getup?" Her reply, "That is not your worry." Incidentally I was a more than competent ballroom dancer, and we made a good looking couple on the dance floor. If my eyes snapped, the eyes of every woman snapped too. Most of the men also cast an eye, but the women made a point of coming over and more than one asked about the gown. She pointed that it was a "Hattie Carnegie" creation.

We were served our dinner and before the floor show she managed to get nervous me onto the dance floor, and when the dress did not fall down, I began to enjoy myself. Of course the bodice was supported by braces built into the gown. It also helped that she was twenty, with all the right accoutrements in the right places, in the right amounts. She was a looker, and that night "Hattie Carnegie" got some excellent reviews in the fashion section of the Sunday papers. I took her home in the Bronx and went to my place having had a good time.

In retrospect I wonder why nothing ever came of the friendship. I guess we were just not ready.