

SAY what you like, what causes more automobile accidents than enough is a gander at a pretty pair of gams on the sidewalk. A guy takes his eyes off where he's going, and wham! He writes off another this year's model and sets the insurance company back plenty.

Well, that's the way it was with me that afternoon. No, I don't mean I had an accident. Not right away. But spotting those shapely nylons twinkling along the sidewalk on Broadway ran me into trouble.

I'd been downtown having me a small gabfest with some of the boys I used to work with on the old *Saturn* news sheet before the pari-mutuels really paid off and I quit being a newshawk and turned idle rich.

It was a warm day, and the traffic was pretty thick as I turned the Packard's nose uptown off Printing House Square. There were plenty of jams at the intersections down there in the business district as the moguls headed back for their warrens to see how the business was going after a good lunch, and the Packard was in and out of low gear like a gopher in wet weather. It was at the 3rd Street intersection that this particular pair of gams came over the hill and into my life.

They belonged to a redhead. Not just a redhead, brother I mean one of those tawny-dark ones they call auburn. You know. With the deep gold glints way down in it, and the red a rich warmth that you just ache to run your fingers through.

Yeah, like that. I had the Packard idling, waiting for the crosstown traffic to clear, and let the stream run upriver again, the gams, hitched to the redhead in just the right way twinkled across the street right in front of my radiator cap so I had to sit upright in the seat to get a good gander. She had a Pabst beer truck for background, and you couldn't have picked a better contrast than that lumbering monster