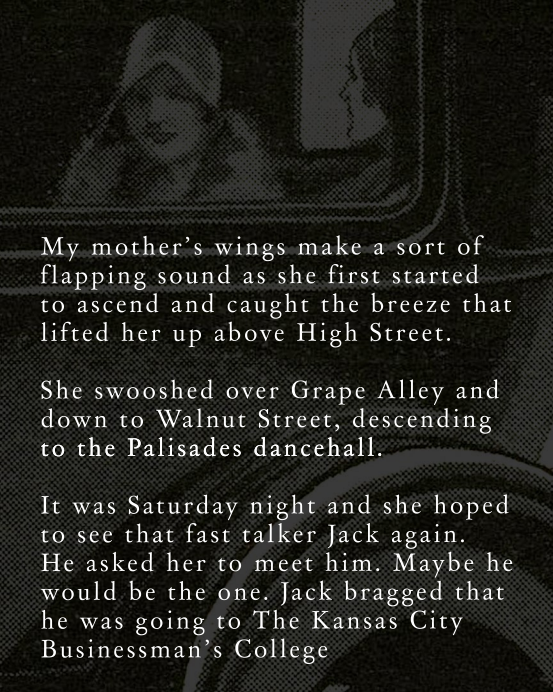


MR AND MISBEGOTTEN

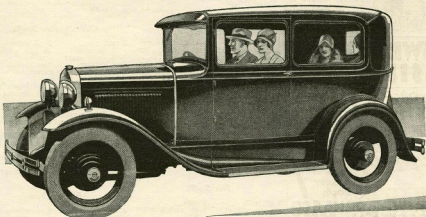


My mother's wings make a sort of flapping sound as she first started to ascend and caught the breeze that lifted her up above High Street.

She swooshed over Grape Alley and down to Walnut Street, descending to the Palisades dancehall.

It was Saturday night and she hoped to see that fast talker Jack again. He asked her to meet him. Maybe he would be the one. Jack bragged that he was going to The Kansas City Businessman's College

You are safe in the NEW FORD



*New Ford Tudor Saloon 24 h.p. at works, Manchester.
(14.9 h.p. extra.)*

AMIDST all the hazards of the highway, you ride serenely safe in the New Ford.

The bodywork is made of tough, well-tempered steel, welded into single-piece construction. Light, strong, free from squeaks or rattles. Ready for any emergency.

The New Ford has the unmistakable stamp of clean finish and honest workmanship. Nothing on the road up to twice the price looks better, runs more smoothly or gives more enduring wear.

Yet no car of comparable performance or comfort provision costs so little over years of sterlingly satisfactory service.

Ask your nearest Ford dealer for a trial run to-day.

LINCOLN



FORDSON

AIRCRAFT



There are 90 weldings on the cowl and front body-frame assembly alone — forming an all-steel unit of exceptional strength.

NEW FORD PRICES

Touring Car	24 h.p.
Standard Coupé	"
Cabriolet	"
5-window Fordor Saloon	"
De Luxe Touring Car	"
De Luxe Fordor Saloon with sliding roof	24 h.p.
	14.9 h.p. extra.

All prices at works

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED :

McKeesport, PA

He sounded like a ticket out of McKeesport. Jack was well dressed. He wore French Shriner shoes and a showoff necktie. She thought he would be a grand salesman with his glib gift of gab and small town charm.

He might be full of baloney, but she thought not. Suddenly he was smaller than she remembered.

“Let’s dance,” he announced with a grin and off they went. Twice around the floor, he seemed to take charge. Margaret was pretty with her pink frock, and her wavy hair in a bob. “He remembered me,” she thought.

The thought made her happy.

He put his arm around her waist. First a slight grip, then a tight grasp. He asked "would you like to take a ride?"

All at once she was in a 1930 Ford in the front seat with Jack. She did not know that he had borrowed it from Rudy Kuhn, a neighbor.

They drove down Versailles Avenue as he shifted gears his hand grazed her knee as if it were by accident. Down they flew to a wooded spot tucked behind some bushes. She thought he had been there before. Margaret had never been alone with a man.

"What is this?" she thought.

All at once his fingers intruded without permission.

“Oh what is this?
NO NO NO!”

She couldn't keep from making little noises.

When she recalled that night, she couldn't remember exactly what happened, she was only eighteen years old. Then she remembered his deep groan and left her alone.

And that was that. About a month or so later, she went to Duquesne to find Jack.

He was at 315 South 5th Street, still living with his parents and three sisters.

When she told him she was pregnant he was not happy. He was angry. She never liked him. He never liked her. I was all they had in common. They were doomed to the fate of being a family.



This is how I imagined it.

We never talked about this, so I don't know for sure.

Why do I bother to imagine this now that I am ninety-four, after all these years?

I don't know.