IDA. Funny thing was I saw him the way he looked when we

first started dating, just before he went off to the war. With

thick, wavy black hair. Back then he had some head of

hair. Dubrow's restaurant. That was where we met. A

mutual friend, Ruth Cutler, set us up. She was with her

boyfriend, I forgot his name, and they brought Murry

along. Murry and her boyfriend went to school together.

The whole meal I couldn't take my eyes off him. I don't

know how I didn't poke myself in the face with my fork.

And I remember thinking he didn't have any interest in me.

Murry was like that back then. Very cool. The next day I

get a call from Ruth. Murry had given her his number and

told her to have *me* call *him.* What nerve, I thought. So I

called. I said "Hello, this is Ida. My number is Rivington

7-6207. If you want to talk to me, call me." I hung up and

prayed. Sure enough, he called back. And the rest, as they

say, is history.

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