

Just a Case of Mistaken Identity

By WALTER KANER

Sometimes a little innocent mistake can be very embarrassing.

This week a woman who had joined one of those dating bureaus was waiting for her first blind date to arrive.

At another home, a young lady who won a beauty contest was waiting to be interviewed by a newspaperman.

By coincidence, they lived next door to each other.

And by mistake, I knocked on the wrong door.

After exchanging a few pleasantries we sat in her living room and I began by saying: "I suppose you know why I'm here?"

"Why . . . uh . . . errr . . . yes," she stammered.

"Let's get right down to business," I declared, whipping out pad and pencil. "Have you had previous experience at this sort of thing?"

Her face flushed. "I'd rather not discuss it," she said uneasily.

"Okay," I shrugged. "Now what are your measurements?"

"Isn't that rather personal at a first meeting?" she glared.

"Every woman tells me," I shrugged. "How else can I tell other people?"

"You tell other people!" she exclaimed.

"Sure," I nodded. Now how about a picture of you in a bathing suit so I can show people how you look?"

A look of horror swept her face. "You've done this . . . before . . . with other women?" she asked hesitantly.

"Lots," I boasted. "It becomes routine after awhile."

She blanched. "I didn't think it's the kind of thing a woman brags about," she remarked coolly.

"OH, I NEVER take these things too seriously," I admitted. "Today it's you. Next week it could be another girl . . ."

She began to fidget nervously. "I don't understand why they sent you," she murmured.

"Because I've got a lot of experience in this sort of thing," I explained patiently. "Sometimes women even send in letters praising me."

Her eyebrows shot up. She became so nervous she almost spilled the drink she was mixing.

"Tell me about yourself," I continued,



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pencil poised. "Now, about your previous experience . . ."

The drink crashed to the floor. "Never!" she fairly shrieked.

I was puzzled, but continued. "Have you won any other awards for this?"

"Awards? They give out awards for this?" she gasped.

"Uh, huh," I nodded. "The women parade around in bathing suits. The men study their figures, then pick the ones they like best."

She began to wring her hands in despair. "That's how the men pick the women? Studying them in bathing suits? Don't they care about other things? Mutual interests . . . personality . . ."

I shook my head. "If they've got a good figure and fill out a bathing suit nicely, that's all the men care about," I shrugged.

She nearly collapsed into a chair. "And you," she asked. "Aren't you interested in knowing more about a woman?"

"What for?" I wondered. "I spend a little time with her and never see her again."

"Don't you take her out . . . to a restaurant . . . the theater . . . a nightclub?" she asked.

"Never," I declared. "That would mean needless delay. The woman knows why I'm there—so why waste time."

The color drained from her cheeks.

"Sometimes their husbands fill me in on details," I said.

She stared in astonishment. "Their husbands! Don't the husbands object?"

"Never," I shrugged. "They figure if it's what their wives want to do—it's OK with them."

She hurriedly swallowed her drink. "Sometimes, my girlfriend, Doll Face, comes along . . ." I started to say.

"You have a girlfriend! And she knows you're here?" she sputtered.

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"SURE," I NODDED. "Sometimes she gives me her opinion . . . which ones she likes . . . which have the best figure."

"Your girlfriend," she remarked icily, "is very broadminded."

"She says it's all right to do this," I explained. "As long as I don't get serious with any of the women."

Her brow wrinkled. "I just don't understand them sending you. I distinctly told them the kind of man I wanted."

"We're wasting time," I said. "I have a camera with me . . . so why don't you slip into a bathing suit and . . ."

Why she threw me out of the place, I'll never know.