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there was no getting out. Plop you went in, and plop you stayed. Within the tight blank walls of *Emma* there were no doors opening on enticing vistas such as other names provided, *Eleanor*, for example, *Margaret*, *Dorothy*. And since Emma Davis had never so much as heard of Emma Bovary or Emma Woodhouse, who, in spite of their baptisms, burst their bonds and rose to tragic and to comic stature, her feeling against her name, in her own mind at least, deserves our understanding.

"I'm glad it was your day off yesterday, Davy," Angelina said at last, although she still looked at the plum tree and not at Emma Davis. "I'm soft enough, but you're softer. With you around I don't think I'd have had the guts. But by the time Rusty had called a taxi, and I found Christy in the kitchen actually pulling out drawers to find a bread knife, I knew we were licked. Tiddle was the last straw. She telephoned the undertaker at three o'clock."

"Well, I'm damned!" Emma Davis said. She enjoyed mild profanity from time to time, just as she enjoyed the countless lies she found it necessary to fabricate. "I'm damned!" she repeated. "She never did!"

"She did. Right in the front hall with every-