

of him. We rushed through dinner, and then I realized we had no cigarettes. It was not unusual: we don't smoke, and I always forget to buy them.

"Enrico, wouldn't you run to the drugstore for cigarettes?" I asked. The answer was what I expected, what it had been on other such occasions:

"I don't know how to buy them."

"We can't do without cigarettes for our guests," I insisted, as I always did; "it isn't done."

"We'll set the habit, then. Besides, the less our company smokes, the better. Not so much foul smell in the house tomorrow."

This little act was almost a ritual performed before each party. There was nothing unusual in it, nor in Enrico's behavior. Then why the congratulations?



Leona Woods

I went up to Leona Woods, a tall young girl built like an athlete, who could do a man's job and do it well. She was the only woman physicist in Enrico's group. At that time her mother, who was also endowed with inexhaustible energy, was running a small farm near Chicago almost by herself. To relieve Mrs. Woods of some work, Leona divided her time and her allegiance between atoms and potatoes. Because I refused either to smash atoms or to dig potatoes, she looked down on me. I had been at the

Woods's farm, however, and had helped with picking apples. Leona, I thought, owed me some friendliness.

"Leona, be kind. Tell me what Enrico did to earn these congratulations."

Sinking an Admiral

Leona bent her head, covered with short, deep-black hair, toward me, and from her lips came a whisper:

"He has sunk a Japanese admiral."

"You are making fun of me," I protested.
