Anthea's Texas accent reverberated in the calm night. Stares were again being leveled at them from all sides.

At a loss for what to say, Ben meekly expressed a hope that Keith wouldn't lose his money. The model promptly declared that she didn't care if he did lose because immature people oughtn't play games for money, and lord knew Keith Perry Durrell was not a mature individual. "Neither is P.T. Deighland," she added. "How on earth did you get to know him, anyway?"

"Didn't he tell you? He crashed a party at the place where I live."

"Huh, that sounds right." The model reached for her purse. "And where is that?"

"It's this Jewish residence hall we have up at Columbia."

"What, you're Jewish? For real? Good heavens! Ah mean, honey, you don't look it at all. Honestly, you could've fooled me."

Ben responded with a wary smile, whereupon Anthea Montague primly drew herself up. "Now, don't you go getting all sensitive! Jewish men are adorable. Truly, Beynjy. Ah almost married Marvin Strohl last year. Or was it the year before...? Well, anyway, Ah love Jewish guys, so you just relax."

Benjamin exhaled. "Hey, no problem."

From her purse Anthea extracted another Virginia Slim and the gold Dunhill lighter. Hypnotized, Benjamin watched the model melt into a seductive pose, deliberately re-crossing her legs so that her dress draped back to mid-thigh. Waggling one high-heeled foot from side-to-side, she licked her lips all around, placed the cigarette between them, then leaned forward with half-closed eyes and held out her lighter, cooing in an exaggerated Southern accent, "Whah don't you laht mah fahr, Jewbo-oy?"