



**By His Friend,
SAM HYMAN**



HERE'S DAVID sharing a very thrilling moment with Bulls Eye.

for peanut butter . . ."

"Well, that's exciting," he said, a little stung. "Somebody, I can't remember who, went down in history because he discovered a thousand uses for the soybean. Whoever he was, he's earned immortality. I'm up to seven uses for peanut butter, and I've just begun.

"You can use it for sealing envelopes, holding glass in a window, closing ant-hills, putting pictures on the wall—although not for very long—hiding small objects that you don't care if they get sticky, and holding dried flowers in position for an arrangement. Let's see, that's . . . six. What was the other one?"

I knew I was wrong, but I had to suggest it. "Eating?" I asked.

"I can hardly claim to have invented that," he said. "No, it was something more useful, something everybody will dig . . . it's my greatest discovery so far, if I could only remember what it was."

"Why don't you go in the other room

and try to figure it out," I suggested, "and I'll sit here and try to decide which aspect of your fascinating life to immortalize this week."

"You wouldn't know a good subject if one bit you on the leg," David said. "Write about my peanut-butter research. Listen, you get started and I'll go into the kitchen and get my super-economy jar of crunchy and try to come up with something else, some real blockbuster use for peanut-butter, like as a hair tonic or something."

"With crunchy?" I said. "It'll take the teeth right out of your comb."

"So I'll use creamy. Anyway, you just get to work on the eight trillionth chapter of this endless story, and I'll go into the kitchen, roll up my sleeves, and come up with a development to stun the world."

"Sure," I said. I would have said anything to get him out of the room so I could get to work. He shot through the door with the joy of a man who's found his life's work at last, and I sat and stared at the page again.

Finally, in sheer desperation, I began to do what David had suggested I should do, and I wrote the piece you just read, getting the conversation almost word for word because it was so fresh. I didn't even make David more clever than he really is, which is usually the hardest part of this whole thing (I hope you read this, David!)

As I finished that last paragraph I heard a cry of triumph from the kitchen and I knew that the peanut-butter genius had struck again.

"Eureka!" he said, coming down the hall, "and so forth. Look at this!" And he held up his mostly-full bottle of 7-Up.

"How about that," I said. "A mostly-full bottle of soda."

"You're not using your powers of observation," he said. "Listen, what's the biggest problem with this? It's the fact that it goes flat if you don't drink



YOU might have noticed I mention eating a lot — because David does.

it all. The cap always gets bent when you take it off, so there's no way to put it back on tightly, and all the fizz gets away. But now . . . look."

He thrust the bottle under my nose. Sure enough, he had jammed a little thick plug of peanut butter into the mouth of the bottle, sealing it perfectly.

"Crunchy," he said proudly. "Now watch." And with a flourish he slowly turned the bottle sideways. The plug held. Then he turned it all the way upside down.

He poured peanut butter and 7-Up all over his feet.

"Just what I needed for my article," I said. "A big finish."

"You're not going to tell them about this, are you?" he asked. He sounded a little anxious.

"Of course not," I assured him. "I wouldn't do that."

See you next month.

Sam