

dollars that he could walk, clad only in pajamas, from his home in Lynbrook to the business center of that town and back without being stopped or causing any undue distraction. And he won the bet.

From another erstwhile friend, a man who for eighteen months during 1915 and 1916 shared a mid-Manhattan apartment with Jay, I learned that the Jay Chambers he knew was an entirely different kind of person from the one he read about in *Witness* years later. "Whittaker Chambers' description of his father didn't tie in with anything that I knew him to be," my informant declared. "Jay was the most friendly, jovial man I knew. . . . He was very kind, avoided arguments, and ran from a fight. He never hurt anybody in his life. But he never would speak of his family."

He told me of an incident that had so moved him he never forgot it. "It was," he said, "one of those rare occasions when Jay had taken Vivian with him to New York." The boy and his father were alone in Jay's studio when he happened by. He recalled with vividness and obvious emotion (forty-five years after it happened) how Jay had that day in 1916 turned to him and exclaimed, "I have no use for that boy. He's just a thick-ankled, good-for-nothing so-and-so!" And, my informant explained:

During the entire time that Jay was carrying on, Vivian sat absolutely silent in a corner of the room, meek and immobile. He just absorbed all this ridicule from his father. It was horrible. The kid just sat there. He was mute, like a big dumb ox.

He continued:

Jay and I were very close friends; we were together almost daily for many years. He never talked to me about his family. You know, Doctor, he never even told me he had a second son! I was amazed when I discovered it many years later when reading *Witness*.

He told me also how boyish Jay was, described his kindness, generosity, and especially his shyness with women. The tragic part about Jay's life, he explained, was the unhappiness within his family life; it overshadowed everything else.

It was during a period of courtship which preceded my informant's marriage that he had shared his studio-apartment with Jay, who used it as a pied-à-terre and free-lance studio. On the day of his friend's marriage, Jay reacted with shock and disappointment.

He resented the idea of my getting married, felt terribly let down and cried. He had become so dependent on me and didn't want to lose me.

And on this note their friendship ended.

In a sketch published in *The New Yorker* at the time of the Hiss trials,