At nine o'clock one morning late in July, Gatsby's gorgeous car lurched up to my door and gave out a burst of melody on its three-noted horn.

It was the first time he had called on me though I had gone to two of his parties, mounted in his hydroplane and, at his urgent invitation, made frequent use of his beach.

Good morning, old sport! You're having lunch with me today, and I thought we'd ride up together.
It was a rich cream colour, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat-boxes and supper-boxes and tool-boxes and terraced with a labyrinth of windshields that mirrored a dozen suns.
And so we started to town.

I had talked with Gatsby perhaps half a dozen times in the past month and found, to my disappointment, that he had little to say.

So my first impression that he was a person of some consequence had faded...

and he had become simply the proprietor of an elaborate road-house next door.
Look here, old sport—what's your opinion of me anyhow?

I'm going to tell you something about my life. I don't want you to get a wrong idea of me from all these stories you hear.

so I'll tell you God's truth.
I am the son of some wealthy people in the Middle West — all dead now.

I was educated at Oxford because all my ancestors have been educated there.

It's a family tradition.

I knew why Jordan Baker had believed he was lying.

I see.

and I wondered if there wasn't something a little sinister about him after all.

My family all died and I came into a good deal of money.
After that I lived like a young Rajah in all the capitals of Europe—Paris, Venice, Rome...

collecting jewels, chiefly rubies...

hunting big game...

painting a little—things for myself only...

and trying to forget something very sad that happened to me long ago.
With an effort I managed to restrain my incredulous laughter.

Then came the war, old sport.
It was a great relief and I tried very hard to die.

But I seemed to bear an enchanted life.

In the Argonne forest I took the remains of my machine-gun battalion so far forward that there was a half-mile gap on either side of us where the infantry couldn't advance. We stayed there two days and two nights.

And when the infantry came up at last, they found the insignia of three German divisions among the piles of dead.
I was promoted to be a major and every Allied government gave me a medal— even Montenegro, little Montenegro down on the Adriatic Sea!

Here...

ORDER OF DANNX
NICHOLAS REX

MAJOR JAY GATSBY
FOR VALOUR EXTRAORDINARY

To my astonishment, the thing had an authentic look.

And here's another thing I always carry—
Then it was all true!

I saw the skins of tigers flaming in his palace on the Grand Canal.

Yes! I saw him opening a chest of rubies to ease, with their crimson-lighted depths, the gnawings of his broken heart.
You see, I'm going to make a big request of you.

And I didn't want you to think I was just some nobody.

You'll hear about it this afternoon.

And he wouldn't say another word.
The city seen from the Queensboro Bridge is always the city seen for the first time in its first wild promise of all the mystery and beauty in the world.

Anything can happen now that we've slid over this bridge... Anything at all...

Even Gatsby could happen without any particular wonder.
Roaring noon,
In a well-fanned
Forty-second Street
cellar...

Hah! Mr. Gatsby!

Mr. Carraway, this is my friend, Mr. Wolfsheim.

Ah, I understand you're looking for a business connection.

Oh, no. This isn't the man.

No. This is just a friend. I told you we'd talk about that some other time.
This is a nice restaurant here. But I like across the street better.

What place is that?

The old Metropole... Filled with faces dead and gone...
...filled with friends
gone now forever...
I can't forget so long
as I live the night they
shot Rosy Rosenthal...
It was six of us at the table, and Rosy had eat and drunk a lot all evening...

When it was almost morning, the waiter came up to him with a funny look.

Hey, Mr Rosenthal—Somebody wants to speak to you outside.

Let the bastards come here if they want you, Rosy, but don't you, so help me, move outside this room.
Of course, he went.

Don’t let that waiter take away my coffee!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

They shot him three times in his full belly and drove away.
Four of them were electrocuted if I remember.

Five, with Becker.

Gentlemen! I have enjoyed my lunch, and I'm going to run off from you two young men before I outstay my welcome.
Who is he, anyhow? An actor?

Meyer Wolfshiem?
No—he's a gambler.

He's the man who fixed the World's Series back in 1919.

Fixed—fixed the world's series?

Why isn't he in jail?

They can't get him, old sport. He's a smart man.

I remembered, of course, that the World's Series had been fixed in 1919, but I thought of it as a thing that had merely happened, the end of some inevitable chain...

It never occurred to me that one man could play with the faith of fifty million people with the single-mindedness of a burglar blowing a safe.
I was still digesting this piece of information when I caught sight of Tom Buchanan across the crowded room.

Nick! Hey! Where've you been?

Nick! Daisy's furious because you haven't called up. Where've you been?

Ah... this is Mr. Gatsby - Mr. Buchanan

Yeah - afternoon.
So, how've you been, anyhow?
How'd you happen to come up this far to eat?

I've been having lunch with Mr. Gatsby.

But when I turned toward Mr. Gatsby—

He was no longer there.
Did Baker move ball?

By Harry Bugg

Champion golfer, Miss Jordan Baker of Louisville, denied today that she had moved her ball as she played the fifth hole at the New York State finals yesterday.

Caddie Maurice Williams described to green authorities how he observed Miss Baker shift the ball to a more favorable position in the green area close to the fifth green. Mr. Williams has now refused to comment to the Tribune this morning. Sources close to Miss Baker say that she will not return. Mr. Williams has been accused of being unethical.

Top shot Jordan Baker denies foul play.

And yet it made no difference to me that Jordan Baker was incurably dishonest.

The hopes with the result...
At first I was flattered to go places with her because she was a golf champion and everyone knew her name...

Then it was something more.

I wasn't actually in love, but I felt a sort of tender curiosity.

She was a rotten driver, though.
Jordan!
Either you ought to be more careful or you oughtn't to drive at all!

I am careful.

No you're not!

Well, other people are careful — they'll keep out of my way. It takes two to make an accident.

Suppose you meet someone as careless as yourself?

Oh — I hope I never will. I hate careless people —

That's why I like you.
On the afternoon of my lunch with Gatsby, I met Jordan in the Tea Garden of the Plaza Hotel.

I'll tell you a story, Nick.

When I was sixteen years old, Daisy Fay was eighteen.

She was by far the most popular of all the young girls in Louisville. All day long the telephone rang in her house and excited young officers from Camp Taylor demanded the privilege of monopolising her that night. Anyways, for an hour!
One October day in 1917 I saw Daisy sitting in her white Roadster with a lieutenant I had never seen before.

They were so engrossed in each other that she didn’t see me.

The officer looked at Daisy while she was speaking in a way that every young girl wants to be looked at some time.

His name was Jay Gatsby.
By the next year wild rumours were circulating about Daisy...

Over my dead body, Daisy Fay! For shame!

How her mother had found her packing her bag one winter night to go to New York and say goodbye to a soldier who was going overseas.

After that she didn’t play around with the soldiers any more, but only with a few flat-footed, short-sighted young men who couldn’t get into the army at all.

She wasn’t on speaking terms with her family for several weeks.
But by next autumn she was gay again.

In February she was presumably engaged to a man from New Orleans...

and in June she married Tom Buchanan of Chicago with more pomp and circumstance than Louisville ever knew before.

He hired a whole floor of the Mulbach Hotel...

and the day before the wedding he gave her a string of pearls — valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars!
I was a bridesmaid...

Daisy?

Daisy!
The bridal
dinner's in
half an hour!

I went in and there she was,
lovely as the June night, and
drunk as a monkey...
'Gradulate me.

Never had a drink before but oh how I do enjoy it.

Daisy! What's the matter?

Here, dearies.

Take 'em downstairs and give 'em back to who-ever they belong to-

Tell 'em all Daisy's change her mine -

Say 'Daisy's change her mine.'
I rushed out and found her mother's maid...

We locked the door and got her into a cold bath, gave her spirits of ammonia and put ice on her forehead...

...and half an hour later the pearls were around her neck and the incident was over.

Next day at five o'clock she married Tom Buchanan without so much as a shiver and started off on a three months' trip to the South Seas.
Auto Crash Girl tells:

"Tom Buchanan could drive a girl crazy!"

By Roger Elliott

Tornado warning for Florida

By Millard Hay

The girl who was with him got into the papers, too, because her arm was broken. She was one of the chambermaids at the Santa Barbara Hotel.

Betty White - Maid

I saw them in Santa Barbara when they came back.

A week after I left, Tom ran into a wagon on the Ventura road one night, and ripped a front wheel off his car...
Well, about six weeks ago Daisy heard the name Gatsby for the first time in years...

and later she said it must be the man she used to know.

It was when I asked you - do you remember?

I don't know a single.

Oh - you must know Gatsby.

Gatsby?
A strange coincidence.

But it wasn't a coincidence at all.

Why not?

Gatsby bought that house so that Daisy would be just across the bay.
He wants to know if you'll invite Daisy to your house some afternoon and then let him come over.

Then it had not been merely the stars to which he had aspired on that June night...

He came alive to me, delivered suddenly from the womb of his purposeless splendour.
The modesty of his demand shook me.

Why didn't he ask you to arrange a meeting?

He wants her to see his house and your house is right next door.

Gatsby had read a Chicago newspaper for five years just on the chance of catching a glimpse of Daisy's name.

He had waited five years and bought a mansion where he dispensed starlight to casual moths - so that he could 'come over' some afternoon to a stranger's garden.
She's not to know about it. Gatsby doesn't want her to know. You're just supposed to invite her to tea.

It was dark now. Suddenly I wasn't thinking of Gatsby and Daisy any more but of this clean, hard, limited person who dealt in universal scepticism.

Unlike Gatsby and Tom Buchanan, I had no girl whose disembodied face floated along the dark cornices and blinding signs, and so I drew up the girl beside me.

Her wan, scornful mouth smiled, and so I drew her up again closer, this time to my face.