
THE LAST TIME I SAW SUSY

The last time I saw Susy she was standing at the curb looking up at me though the bus window. She was a beautiful thing. Her long supple legs supported a body that was perfect in every proportion—full chest, slim waist, and slender torso, and a pair of eyes that seemed to say "I love you" at a glance. It broke my heart to leave her there, but I had to, for she belonged to someone else.

We met quite by accident. I had just stopped off at a small mountain town on my way to Santa Anita and, while walking down a side street, I saw her. There I saw her with her head thrust proudly into the air and her eyes glistening in the sunlight.

"At last!" I said to myself, "I've found the one I have looked for these many years."

Haltingly I approached her and with a time-proven technique I extended my hand, patted her head and purred, "How's the little girl?"

But this time it did not work. She scorned my advances and wheeling around, started to walk indifferently away.

Any other time I would have given up then and there—but no—not ~~this~~ time. I hurried after her and called for her to stop but she would not stop and so I kept following her until we came up to a small frame house where a tall, wiry man stood waiting at the door.

He opened it to let Susy in, and, noticing my concern said in a genial voice:

"I can't says I blame you for followin' her home; she's purty, ain't she?"

I nodded, and then with an abruptness I seldom display, blurted:

"Does she belong to you?"

"Why, I reckon so," he replied casually, "why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering ... you ... you wouldn't want to ..."

"No, sorry stranger" he cut in quickly, "I just couldn't part with Susy, not for anything; why other gentlemen's been comin' around here with the same intenshun but I give 'em all the same answer—sorry stranger."

With these ominous words my heart struck rock bottom, but I wasn't licked—not yet. When I found my tongue I spoke casually.

"Oh, I see ... I wonder, could I see her for a moment?" I asked.

"Well, I cain't see any harm in that" he said as he opened the door and called,

"Hey Susy!"

Immediately she bounded excitedly out the door and once more I touched her flawless head. This time the old technique worked.

"Susy, Susy girl", I crooned, as she looked adoringly up at me.

"Oh mister please, won't you please reconsider? I'll give you anything."

"No," he said decisively, "cain't do it."

"Well listen Mister", I said, glancing at my watch, "I have to catch a bus in ten minutes; would it be all right if Susy walked down to it with me?"

"I reckon it'd be all right," he answered, looking at me suspiciously; "I'm going that way anyways".

And so the two of them escorted me back to the bus stop. Just before I clambered aboard I stroked Susy's firm back and even took the liberty of caressing a pointed ear.

"Blast that stubborn fool", I muttered as the bus picked up speed; "I could have made a mint with that dog in Santa Anita."

THOMAS V. GRANT, '57.

On Speaking of RED AND WHITE to a Coed

I was intrigued a few days ago as I was glancing over a few of the back issues of **Red and White** to find that few, if any, of the coeds have written articles for our most illustrious magazine. I noticed also that the same trend is present this year, so, having learned from philosophy (and this is one of the few facts which I have acquired from St. Thomas) that there must be a reason for everything, I jumped out of bed (where I spend most of my time), determined to find the cause of this natural phenomenon. I grabbed my room-mate's pencil and a piece of his paper and hurried down the stairs and out onto the campus grounds. Just then, who should come walking by but the object of my hurry, one of the coeds. I tried my utmost to put on the mien which I though an editor should have, and with