

sharing this with him too. It would be worth-while, even if he could save only one innocent stranger from this murderer without a motive. Yes! He would do it. He took a deep breath and blew it slowly through his nostrils.

"Julie, baby!", Cotton laughed, "your bird friends are goin' have dere favorite dish, tonite." Cotton gave Old Tom his dirtiest look. "Yeah! Chicken." Both convulsed with laughter. They were having a grand time. Julie lit Joe's cigar, when he stuck it in his mouth. He was puffing away as his head rocked with the rhythm of his effort and they were enjoying themselves immensely. She holding the long wooden match long after the cigar had turned charcoal red with the flame flickering high in their grinning faces.

Neither of them saw Old Tom raise the nozzle at that moment for he was on the other side of the car. He was deliberate in his movements. He pointed the nozzle directly at the raised flame before their faces and with his other hand drove the hand pump to its highest pressure. The gasoline sprayed squarely at their faces and for a moment nothing happened. It wiped the smile off their faces. "Poor" Joe blinked his moist eyes. "Poor" Julie gave a weak smile of stupid disbelief. Old Tom, no longer feeling poorly, went placidly on with his job of hosing them. Both "POORS" made an attempt to run.

And, then, it happened. The murky desolateness of the New Mexico desert wastes for miles around was suddenly lighted up, brighter than day, by the flashing roar of orange colored light and scorching heat. Then, poor Julie and Joe their clothes ablaze, their young, bulging eyes standing out of their sockets, their faces contorted in the awful agony of pig-screaming screams, pitched about the driveway like bouncing balls. Cotton trying desperately for that "LAST CHANCE", that would save him, hit the gas pump head on; and the gas reservoir below the ground exploded like a big gong heaping all three sacrificial victims heavenward. "Poor" Joe Cotton had no idea what part of the world he was on at this moment. But, of the voice of Particular Judgement from a great distance, he was certain he heard Old Tom, the half-breed cry out, "Those signs have meanin' 'Mister WOODS-COLT',—Sir! Yeeew shoulda paid heed t'dem. They're thar fir yeeer own good. Dat dere sign did say, "NO SMOKING—GAS BURNS", didn't it?"

—LOUIS REDDY '58

Usually those who have nothing to say contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.

"Don't worry" is better advice if you add the word "others".

THE DREAM AND ESTEEM OF THE "COMMIE" REGIME

Here is a story, strange as it seems, Of Stalin the Commie wrapped up in his dreams. Being tired of the British, he lay in his bed And 'mongst many things, dreamt he was dead. He was stretched right out and lying state, His bushy moustache was frozen with hate. Then, being dead, he figured life's cost And found his passport to the next world he'd lost.

He passed from this land called earth, Went straight to this Golden Gate of mirth. But Peter called out in a voice loud and clear "Stalin the Commie, you can't come in here." Then Stalin turned round and away he did go To find his abode in the region below.

Satan, looking out from his lofty watch-tower, Exclaimed, "Ye gods, I'll lose my power!" "O Satan," cried Stalin, "What you said I do know, But give me a corner—I've no place to go" "Comrade, I'll tell you straight and I'll tell you clear, We're just too good for you down here!" He kicked Stalin back and vanished in smoke, And just at that moment "Red Joe" awoke. He bounced right up in a lather of sweat, "Alas," he roared, " 'Tis my worst dream yet! To Heaven I'll not go—that I can tell, But it's damned awful thing to be kicked out of Hell!"

—RICHARD ST. JOHN '58

We try to see some good in everyone we meet, but occasionally there are some people who make us realize our eyesight isn't as good as it used to be.

When people complain of life, it is usually because they have asked impossible things of it.

THE FORGOTTEN HERO

As Mark Hilton limped along the corridor of Rossville Junior College, his eyebrows were drawn together in a deep, forbidding frown, and he seemed oblivious to his surroundings.

"Hi Mark", greeted Jackie Matthews, friendly and cheerful as always.

"Hi," Mark's reply was almost a growl.

"Ready for your interview?" inquired Jackie.

"Sure." It was more like a bark this time.

"Well, if that's how you feel about it, I'm sorry I asked," the other boy shrugged, started away, and then said over his shoulder, "Let me give you a tip, Mark. Don't bark at that reporter the way you are at me. Bad publicity for the college."

Mark stopped short and glared at his retreating back, then turned, and entered the glass-panelled door bearing the information, Student Council Office. He slammed it smartly behind him, and, depositing his sheaf of papers on the already over-burdened desk, he limped to the window which overlooked the football field. As he watched the team having a practice session, his frown seemed to cut a still deeper furrow in his brow, his fists clenched, and his thoughts became rebellious.

"Why did it have to happen to me? I'm always the unlucky one. Here I am with this game leg when I should be out there, too. What did I ever do to deserve this? It's not fair."