

Contributions from the student body.

Article

Verse

A Saturday Morning Quarterback

By Kai Kemper.

"Yessir!" shrieked Henry, bounding up to the desk in a clatter of youthful enthusiasm and show of energy calculated to impress. The city editor, calm, unhurried, even prim, eyed Henry with vaguely astonished contempt.

"Yessir!" Henry repeated. A week on the Examiner and still no assignment—nothing good, that is. Visits to the city morgue twice daily; some dull re-write work, if the facts of a story shifted a little and some proof-reading; a trip to the airport when nobody important was expected. Maybe this call meant an assignment opportunity at the brass knocker.

"Fellow named Bulb—A. Bulb third floor MacBeamish building." The city editor's precise, flat voice always reminded Henry of Examiner headlines, informative, upper-case, dignified. "He's won a football parlay paying one thousand to one, according to a tip. True or not, there's a possible sports feature for you. Report back in three-quarters of an hour, before you lunch or go to the morgue."

The honor ribbon legion
A sports feature, since Damon Runyon, is the legion of honor ribbon which elevates any journalist above his peers. Overwhelmed as he was, Henry didn't see, until

well on his way to the MacBeamish building, that double-door of opportunity which stared him in the face. Henry was well acquainted with the wily parlay and an accomplished Saturday morning quarterback. Saturday, for example, the cataclysmic failure of Notre Dame and Northwestern to rally in the last quarter had made Henry's modest paycheck only a legal fiction. As far as he was concerned, pay day came next week.

Perhaps a little tact with Comrade Bulb, a bouquet of praise for his athletic horse-sense, and inquiry after the wife and kiddies—plus the obvious flattery of being interviewed for a newspaper—and Henry would possess a sure-fire schedule of winners for this Saturday's meeting of young collegemen in a game designed to develop their bodies and minds.

Double helping of advice

Henry didn't mind admitting, with the season half over and no victories behind, that he needed a double helping of advice this week on Nebraska and Clemson. For the man who had picked sixteen winners paying a thousand to one, such a trifling problem would be mere child's play.

A. Bulb was listed in the MacBeamish directory as being on sixth floor rather than third, but Henry's faith in the city editor required him to tour third quickly,

glancing at the office doors. The sign on sixth read:

A. Bulb
—Fine Fertilizers at Fair Prices—
Walk In!

Henry, eagerness and faith shining in his cub's eyes, obeyed the imperative. He walked in.

Henry ill prepared

The MacBeamish building was not the city's most imposing office structure; perhaps it was not even average. Henry was ill prepared, however, for the chaos which the Bulb office revealed. Once the equipment of the long room had been chromium-bright, shiny, smart in its rectangular lines and bright colors. Now it was tattered and frayed and dull, and the trim lines of the chairs had friendly, if uncomfortable, bulges; the filing cabinets were dingy; typewriters, silent and venerable, bore ancient names Henry did not recognize; the desks were rickety from age and use.

The man who sat at the cluttered desk at the head of the deserted room fitted the office like its furniture. There was a kind of faded grandeur and depraved nobility about him; the look of eagles in his eye and of W. C. Fields about his nose and mouth.

Out to lunch

"My office force," rumbled the noble ruin unexpectedly, "is having lunch." Henry, a little breathless from the impact of the man and the office on his eyes, said nothing. He stared.

"My friend," the husky mellow voice flowed on, "you are, I note by your bearing, a connoisseur of fine fertilizers. Fine fertilizers," repeated the voice, putting a capital on the "f's" "at fair prices. Oh, I might say, Fancy Fertilizers at Fair prices. Ah, permit me!"

The bulky form rose, neatly extracted a bottle from a drawer in the nearest filing cabinet, and produced two small glasses from the recesses of the desk. Liquid splashed in the glasses. "Fertilizers!" the voice murmured. "Your health, sir!"

"A. Bulb, I presume"

Henry winced, looking in his glass as though suspecting the presence of fertilizer. None too clean, the glass was not beyond suspicion. The tag-line of a famous meeting leaped to his mind. He sank into a chair, setting the untouched glass on the desk. "A. Bulb, I presume?" he queried.

"A. Bulb," agreed the man behind the desk. "A. Bulb, Fine Fertilizers at..."

"I'm from the Examiner," Henry put in quickly. "We wondered—that is, I thought—it's about that parlay you picked. Sixteen consecutive winners paying a thousand to one."

Annoyance crept on A. Bulb's brows, clouded his eyes. An arm shot out to gather the finger and a half of liquid Henry had placed on his desk. Screwing up his face, gigantic head on one side, A. Bulb deftly poured the whiskey back into the narrow bottle-mouth. A single drop splashed into the muddle of papers below. Bulb winced. The bottle and glasses disappeared.

A dazed feeling

Henry gathered himself together with an effort. He bobbed his head as though to shake off a dazed feeling. This was the man after all, who had picked sixteen beautiful winners, including such ones as Cornell over Ohio State and Iowa over Minnesota. Where the common parlay player saw darkly until Saturday night, A. Bulb saw face to face with the scoreboard before ever a whistle blew or a box-office opened. One must overlook, nay, sympathize with the trappings and eccentricities of genius. One must, if necessary, imitate them.

"Mr. Bulb," Henry began in a sudden rush of enthusiasm, "I don't know whether you realize it, but you're quite a hero to every

football fan in this town. Why, when my city editor said to me, 'Boy'—er, that is—Henry, drop in the MacBeamish building for an exclusive interview with Mr. Bulb, why, honestly, I thought..."

"I understand."

"Not at all, sir, not at all!" snorted the genius. "I quite understand. Make yourself at home, my boy. Relax! At ease! Used to be an old newspaper man myself, in a way." Mr. Bulb's eye fell on the cabinet door into which the bottle had disappeared; but, tho Henry eyed him hopefully, nothing happened.

"How long you been picking parlays, Mr. Bulb?" A. Bulb's large eyes took in Henry, his face, his clothes, his build. "Couldn't have been much older'n you when I began my career," he mused... "No older'n you. Some smarter, maybe."

"Yes, sir!" said Henry. Would the great man reveal his method?

Dear Pounceby high.

"Well, I remember that course in technical journalism..."

"What?" rasped Henry, bewildered and stung.

"English 13, to be exact," explained Bulb. "In dear old Pounceby high school, now razed and obliterated, but formerly at Nineteen and Highfruit Streets. We finished the straight feature story, when I dropped school. I had learned all I cared to know. Straight news—the only kind, lad," said Mr. Bulb in a tone of kindly admonition, "worth writing."

"Mr. Bulb," begged Henry plaintively, looking at his watch. "The city editor'll give me hell if..."

"So I walked into the offices of the Clarion!" boomed A. Bulb. He looked at Henry reprovingly, as he might have quelled some pipsqueak of a nephew who interrupted his bed-time story with trivial questions about what Papa Bear said.

Ink-stained wretch.

"I said to that ink-stained wretch, 'Sir, you seek a successor to your city editor who resigned last week. Sir, I am here!'"

Henry made an inarticulate sound, squirming in his chair. A. Bulb fixed him with his eyes.

"This short-sighted man explained with a derisive smile that he required someone of mature years, a man with experience and news sense. I was chagrined, cut to the quick. But I took a revenge."

"I said, searching my memory for a suitable family name, one I would not be ashamed of..."

"Please, Mr. Bulb!" Henry cried. "Please, I've got to be at the office by 12:30 to check on the morgue. Now if you'll..."

By brother Waldo.

"I said, 'My brother, Waldo,' I said to the editor, 'worked three years for Hearst. He was with the A.P. nine years. Until a few months ago he was city editor of the New York Post.'"

"The editor took an interest in me for the first time. He stopped smiling. 'I should like very much to see your brother,' he said. 'Is he in the city now?'"

"Sir, I said sternly, 'he has been dead three months.' 'Oh!' said the editor. A little silence fell, and a portrait of Horace Greely above the editor's desk brooded over the scene.

"Well, good bye," I said. The editor said good bye. He said he was sorry about Waldo. I told him it was all right. Two weeks later I formed my connection with the fertilizer business and now I am sole owner. But from my early press connections, during what I often call my journalistic phase, I have kept a ready sympathy with you newspaper men. I feel I understand our problems. I feel, in a sense, I am one of you."

from bard
to
verse

There's a girl in my heart
And I know she's a part
Of the dreams
That I pray will come true.

I have looked far and wide
Yet I'm not satisfied
That the girl in my heart
Isn't you.

I want to convey
That I want you to stay
Around,
Till I find out for sure.

For it takes time to see
If perchance you could be
Exactly,
The image of her.

Any student wishing to contribute material to this page may do so by sending it to the DAILY offices in care of Paul Svoboda. Contributions should not exceed 2,500 words and must be typewritten and double spaced. The page editor reserves all rights of publication and it is understood that all material will not be returned unless called for at the DAILY offices.

The Wrath of the Gods

Was it fate or just coincidence?

By Paul Svoboda.

He trudged slowly up the dust beaten path to the house. A milk pail, half filled, swung easily from his bear-like arms, browned and hardened from the days behind the plow under the late summer sun.

Tom Janek lived alone on his farm that squatted squarely in the middle of the valley between Twin Bluffs. He had never married considering women as nuisances and not worth all the fuss and bother they required. To him they were like chicks hatched in the dead of winter—always chirping and prone to sickness.

Tom had quit plowing long before the sun hid itself behind the hills, for every Saturday he stopped whatever he was doing and went cheerfully about his chores. Methodically he fed and watered the horses and threw the squawking chickens their rations of grain. He saw to it that all the shed doors and pasture gates were closed and after milking the lean, gaunt cow, went to the house to bathe and clothe himself in his Sunday best—a suit of blue and well-shined serge.

His one diversion.

Tom had but one diversion. Each week he went to town to visit the local crystal gazer who mystically foretold the future and retold the past. Tom had been going weekly to this particular fortune teller for almost three years to discover what the future had in store for him and just what day he should plant his corn, potatoes, and other crops. The results obtained were most always satisfactory if never amazing.

Of late he never chanced a new venture without first consulting the Amah for advice and guidance. Tom was narrow minded. He was the slow plodding type; never bright enough to realize the slyness with which Amah played his hand.

Tom stood with a look of anticipation on the steps of the great one's home which consisted of three rooms behind the white

painted meat market. Eagerly he awaited an answer to his ring. His washed, well-scrubbed face and carefully pressed suit bore no resemblance to the Tom Janek of three hours ago.

The door opens.

The door opened slowly, mysteriously, and Tom waited for the white draped figure to peer out from the dark recesses of the room and bid him to enter.

"Ah, miserable one, you have come to gain the truth and wisdom of our master, the great Amah." The white clothed figure spoke slowly and almost ominously as he arose from his squatting position on the three legged stool which rested before a small oil lamp. "I shall intrude upon our masters realm and herald your presence."

As he spoke he trod softly into the blackness of the rear room. Tom was truly excited now. He rubbed one shoe against the other self-consciously. The enumerable times that the exact procedure had been enacted did not eradicate Tom's pleasurable sense of anticipation and mysticism.

The Amah bears intrusion.

The other figure re-entered the room and announced gravely the great Amah would bear intrusion now. Tom walked into the even more dark room than the one he had just left. Behind a shiny spherical ball sat the fortune teller, his face weird in the flickering light of a used up candle. He neither looked or moved with Tom's entrance but began at once to speak.

"I see, miserable one, that trouble, bad trouble is hidden in your future. It—the picture grows dim—the gods must have their recompense."

Tom put the five dollar bill which he held in readiness into the outstretched palm of the crystal gazer.

"Ah, the picture is again bright. Oh, miserable one, with sorrow I must tell you that the gods have ordained your life to end three days hence." With that the Amah turned his back to the terror

struck farmer indicating the interview with the gods was over.

As he rode home the words of the Amah turned over and over in his heavy mind. He was plainly frightened. Yet he realized he must escape his destiny. Somehow he had to hide from the hands of fate. He straightened up from his slumped position over the wheel of his sputtering Ford as a thought struck him. Yes, he would hide for the next three days. In a very safe place. The steel walled granary. He would take enough food and water to last the next seventy-two hours and not once would he venture from his rendezvous. A grin flickered across his face when he thought of how he had outwitted the gods.

Six days later in the smallest of the three rooms behind the white painted butcher shop the great Amah sprawled very ungraciously on a bed reading the paper, looking nothing like the mysterious individual who saw visions in the crystal ball. "What are we eating for dinner tonight, Frank?" he called to his helper who sat ignobly munching an apple.

Hash for dinner.

"Hash made from the leftovers of yesterday. That dumb Janek better show up tomorrow or we'll starve." The other man made no comment but fell back to reading the paper. Suddenly he jumped up as if he had got a shock. The old bed squeaked out its protestations as he moved excitedly about.

"C'mere! C'mere! Look at this."

FARMER FOUND DEAD.

Thomas Janek, 43, was discovered dead by neighbors in the granary of his home yesterday evening. Fear for the safety of the farmer caused neighbors to investigate the unexplained absence of Mr. Janek from his farm.

The body was found behind the latched door of a steel granary by the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hudkins.

Mr. Janek had evidently entered the granary and the door closed locking itself shut, according to Sheriff Beeson.