

Murder on the Campus

By S. S. SUMMERS

Fish Bill Sloan, throwing his comb on the dresser, turned disgustedly away from the mirror, walked over to his desk and sat dejectedly in his chair. Fish Matthews looked up from the book he had so untiringly been reading.

"Wassa matter, old lady? Can't you get that mop of yours to stay down?"

"Naw. The darned stuff's like so much straw."

"Try a little glue on it. That might keep it down. Next time you go down to the cow barns, keep your hat on and the cows won't be able to lick your head."

Sloan picked up a book lying on the table and thumbed through the pages and, turning to his roommate, said, "I knew you'd have some kind of suggestion like that to offer. Big help you are. Say! Have you read this book?"

Matthews looked at the book with an impersonal, observant gaze. "What's the name of it. Oh yeah, I see, 'The Murder of Pat Syson.' No, I haven't got time to waste reading such trash."

"Whaddayou mean, trash?"

Matthews laughed ironically. "Just what I said. Listen Bill, I've read better stories than that in real life behind telephone poles."

"Behind telephone poles? What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you later. You better get on your way to class now and forget those detective stories. Bunk. The guys that write those are either goofy or else they've never seen or heard tell of a real murder mystery. Go on to class, I've got to write a letter to my girl."

Sloan walked out with his books under his

arm. When he reached the door, he turned, "Want a piece of candy, Matt?"

They walked up the dirty steps to the candy room full of students, some who had stopped on their way to class, others like Burchers, New, and Milbourne, loitering around the room hopeful that someone would offer to buy them a piece. On the entrance of the two freshmen, the hopefuls tried to inveigle them into buying them a piece of candy, but their highest art of enticement was wasted on Matthews. Sloan, however, being one of the countless thousands who try, unconsciously, to buy friendship with generosity, told them to help themselves.

Matthews chewed a piece of Baby Ruth disgustedly as they walked back down the steps to the room. "Why?" he demanded, "do you always buy candy for those guys? You'll learn some day not to waste money on that kind of bum. Oh well, what the hell difference does it make. Go on to class. I'll see you later, but right now I've got to write that letter."

It was noon and the banging of doors, the shouts of the loud and boisterous students, the click of leather on stone, and the blast of the whistle from the power house announced the return of the students from class.

"That prof is the hardest guy I ever saw."

"I'll say he is. I can't see his idea in giving us a quiz this morning and not let us know about it beforehand."

"Wonder what we'll have to eat today. Same old stuff I guess."



Walking into the room Fish Sloan saw Matthews sitting in his chair, his head resting in the crook of his arm on the table.