

A study lamp cast its saded glow over the intent backs of two unmistakable first year cadets. Chemistry and English were already claiming their due.

A footfall sounded somewhere in the hall and one of the fish jerked up his head.

"Old lady, where in the devil is Fish Jones? Them seniors will be checking up pretty soon and it'll be his ---"

"Huh? Oh." Fish Wilson shrugged his thin soulders. His voice was faintly digusted. "He went up to see Mr. Stephens. He wants to go home this week-end. Wants to miss the Rice game. After what Mr. Stephens said, too. I'll bet you two-bits he can't go. What's he want to miss the game for anyhow? He's got less school spirit than anybody I know."

"Aw, hell, Fish Jones is all right," Fish Thompson said in his slow drawl. "He's just a little hot-headed, and his dad's got a lot of dough, that's all. Why, he's a good kid at heart. The other day he—Wait, I believe that's him coming now."

they? But I got 'em told. I mean, I really told Mr. Stephens a few things."

"Why you crazy ---! What did he say after that, old lady?"

"Ah, just said something about coming to see him after taps. Yeah, I'll see him in hell after taps. I'm leaving on the nine o'clock train. Help me pack, fellers?" He looked up at his room-mates.

Fish Jimmy, a husky lad from West Texas, was running his brown hands through his thick shock of dark hair, while Fish Paul, slight and blond, regarded him calmly with his level gray eyes. "Dammit, I'm going to miss you, Jim, and you, too, Paul, you little devil. You're both of you good son-of-a-guns, and I mean it. That's the best thing I ever said about anybody to their face. Come to see me if you're ever up around home. You can have anything I've got, any time." His shoulders were slumping again, and his voice nearly broke. "Hell, I was beginning to like it here."

They were silent. Fish Jones looked around the room slowly. The calendars

money. That's why he wanted me to come. He'll be surprised to see me, I'll bet. Disappointed, too, probably. Well, I can't help it. Let him send my little bud here if he wants a farmer in the family." Fish Jones still wasn't packing.

"Bill, ah, Bill, don't leave, kiddo. Just think of next year. We'll be wet-heads then. We can chew out the fish. Then the next year juniors, and pretty soon we'll be seniors, bulls of the campus. We won't have to step aside for nobody then, boy. I'll bet the women will really go crazy over our boots—Ah, please stay, old-hoss-fly. We don't want you to leave, do we, Paul? We like the hell out of you. Come on, think it over, Fish Bill."

Silence, and over in Bizzell a radio was playing swing.

"Don't you want me to leave, sure 'nuff?"

"No," said Paul.

"By God, I ought to stay here and make you take back what you said, Fish Wilson." His voice was steadier now.

IT HAPPENED IN GOODWIN HALL

A SHORT STORY BY CHARLIE WILKINSON

The door burst open and the third room-mate entered. His eyes were wide open and a little wild. Without speaking he jerked his suitcase out of the closet and turned to the dresser. In the mirror his glance struck the other two boys, who had not spoken. He paused and all the light went out of his eyes. His shoulders sagged for a moment but he squared them quickly. He rummaged in the locker and bringing out a flaming neck tie, he handed it to Fish Thompson.

"Here's that tie you liked, Jim. Well, you can have it, you damned cowboy."

"What the hell?"

"I'm leaving, that's what. Can't go home, huh? Well, I'll show them. I'll go home and stay, by God. They can't keep me here against my will. I know some law. Hell, my Dad's the biggest lawyer in Fort Worth. I'll make him send me to law school, that's what. I'm not no damn chemist, anyhow, like he wants me to be. Ah, those seniors think they're Mr. God, don't

they had hung on the wall in an attempt to break the monotony of its white expanse, the shelf they had built to put the radio on, when they should have saved up enough money to buy one, the picture of Fay Cotton near the door, and the fish pennant hanging over the center of their desks.

"So you can't take it, huh?" It was the first time Fish Wilson had spoken.

"What?" Fish Jones stiffened.

"I thought you had more guts than that, Bill. Leaving the first time you can't have your own way. Well, I guess you don't belong here anyhow."

"Now listen, Fish Paul, I can take it as good as anybody else, see? But they ain't going to treat me like no convict, neither." Fish Jones, however, had stopped packing.

"Listen, what did your old man send you here for, anyhow, Bill?" It was Fish Thompson again.

"Huh? Oh, he said something about making a man out of me. He went here one year himself, and ran out of

"Damn good, old lady!"

"But they'll just beat hell out of me if I go to Mr. Stephens' room tonight, you know that. You saw how they laid it on those sophomores the other day. They got a bloody reputation."

"They've got a reputation for more than that, though. This company has got traditions from away back. Them seniors is all princes, Mr. Stephens specially."

"Yeah."

Silence. A train rumbled by in the distance, the sound echoing from hall to hall.

"What you say, Bill?" Paul asked.

Out of the window he could see pallid Guion Hall, its angles softened by the moonlight.

"Ah, well, I'll tell you," He hesitated, and then, "I'll go up to see them tonight, and maybe I'll stay."

"Damn good."

Fish Poul got up and begin to undress his skinny body. He and Fish

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