

This is the story of a guy, a regular rounder, who could talk himself in and out of more trouble in ten minutes than most people can in a life time. The reason I know this boy so well is because I roomed with him for a whole year.

Joe—that isn't his name, but for story purposes we'll call him that—was a slick sorta fellow, smart and all, and sometimes a little too smart for his own good. It was one of those times that this story has to deal with.

A couple of months before the organization ball, Joe began to send out those feeler letters, he wasn't quite sure which one of his many girls he wanted to have down. You know one of those guys who believed that ancient adage, there's safety in numbers. Anyway, he sent out about six letters, each one boldly suggesting that the fair young lady be his date to the dance. I told him he was nuts for doing it, but he wouldn't listen.

Time moved on, and sure enough a week before the dance Joe began to receive letters telling him that the fair young thing would be only too glad to come to the dance and thanked him very much for inviting her. There were three of them that could come to the dance. Now, in my opinion, the smart thing for him to do would have been to get sick and not even go to the dance, but no, not Joe, he was going, three girls or no three girls. It seems that he was stringing all three of them something awful and none of them would let him back down on the invitation without a very good excuse.

The day of the big affair rolled around and by that time Joe had figured it all out. The one with the car he would put in town, the other two would go in the dormitory. As I was kinda interested in just how he was going to manage the thing I went along as a spectator. This is what happened.

We met the first one at the bus in front of the Aggrieland. She was kinda cute, but he always did have good taste. Anyway, we met her and proceeded to have a big session. She was so thrilled and all, and she just had to see the campus. Now that was something Joe hadn't figured on, because the train was due in about twenty minutes and he had to meet it to get the other girl. Just so we won't get too mixed up on this story, we'll call the first one Jane.

Well, Jane wanted to see the campus and that was all there was to it. Joe began to talk about how tired she must be after such a long ride on the bus and he thought it would be a good idea for her to lie down and rest for a while, then he would be back to show her the campus. Jane considered the plan, and while she was debating, I saw Joe cross his fingers. Hell, no, I didn't cross mine; I wanted to see him die on the block. She finally agreed to the suggestion and off to the room we went.

Just as we left the dormitory where Jane was staying we heard the train whistle. After running all the way down there, we made it just in time to see her get off. She was better looking than Jane and looked a little smarter. I was hoping she was smart enough to catch him. Her name was "Ginger," and I mean she was full of it. I never heard a girl plan so much to do in one weekend in all my life. It tickled me because I knew if Joe had to spend too much time with one of them he would get crossed up and I mean crossed up. Well, we only had an hour to get rid of "Ginger" because Joe had promised Jane he would be back for her then. It was a good thing for him that he told the third one that he had classes all afternoon and that she would wait until about five-thirty to get there.

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# It Can't Happen

By Paul

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We took "Ginger" to the dormitory and waited until she left her bags. Then we went up to the drugstore and drank a coke. All the time she was talking I could see Joe wincing. Honest, she didn't know a thing about the school and she was going to find out all about it in a weekend.

At Joe's suggestion "Ginger" decided to rest a while and fix her hair. We left "Ginger" and went to the next ramp to get Jane. It was a good thing he was able to get rooms a ramp apart, just so they wouldn't be rooming together. That would have made the situation a bit difficult.

Jane had seen us bring "Ginger" into the dormitory and wanted to know was she my date. Before I could say a word Joe said she was and that she was kinda tired and wanted to rest a while. I thought there for a minute she was going to ask him why he was carrying her suitcase, but she didn't. The whole damn thing was so fantastic that no one would even dream of a mix up like the one Joe was in.

We walked Jane around the campus for about an hour and all the time Joe was in the best of spirits, not one thought did he give to his date with "Ginger"; at least he didn't seem to think about it.

All the time we were walking I was thinking of just how he was going to get them all in the mess hall at the same time for supper. It was something to worry about, but Joe