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appen Here

Ketelsen

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wasn't even bothered. After we had seen the campus, Jane was ready to get dressed for supper so we dropped her by the hall and went back to the room.

It was then that I found out how he was going to take care of the situation. First, he called a "fish" in and instructed him to call for Jane in time for supper, and to tell her that the reason he wasn't able to take her was that he had just received a long distance call and that he had to wait on it as it was from home and was probably important. Then he called another "fish" and told him the same thing only he told him to get "Ginger." Then he laid down and went to sleep.

I was so disgusted with the whole thing; in the first place he was getting away with it so far and it looked like he would continue the good work. Of course he had to pray that the "fish" didn't mess him up.

About five-thirty the phone rang and it was the third and last date.

She was at the Inn and wanted Joe to come over. Well, we took off again; the big dope was whistling and looked happy about the whole thing. The third girl was in the same class as "Ginger" as far as looks went, but she didn't look as intelligent. If he was going to get caught, my best bet was in "Ginger."

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We got in her car and started for town. On the way in she began to talk about how nice it would be to eat in the mess hall. I snickered a little bit at that, because I knew she didn't have a chance. Joe began to tear the food in the mess hall up. It was no good, he said, and tonight he was going to treat her to a big steak. Well, she went head over heels for that tripe and the deal was clinched. So far, he had managed to do the impossible. After we had supper, Joe dropped Mary off at the house where she was to stay and told her to rest up a bit and he would be back around a quarter to ten. She didn't seem to mind the idea so back to school we came, in her car.

When we got back to school we went to see Jane and tell her what time he would be by for her; the time was a quarter to nine, so I figured she must be the first one. Then we went to see "Ginger," and he told her that he would be by for her by nine fifteen and she said O. K. So far he was doing all the good and it was just a matter of time before it would be all over. Everything went off as planned. I think the boy at the door put his bottle away after he saw Joe come in the third time. It must have been a shock to him.

The same two "fish" that had taken the girls to supper had been told to tell them that Joe was stuck with a girl and she couldn't find her date for intermission, and that Joe had asked them to see that they got something to drink at the drugstore. Of course, the girl he was stuck with was Mary and off to Uncle Ed's they went.

The end of the dance came and just before it was over Joe told Jane he was terribly ill and would she mind his taking her back to the dormitory. She was very sympathetic and felt so sorry for him. So that went over O. K.

He was back at the dance before it was over and had a "fish" by the ear explaining just what he wanted done. Then he went after "Ginger." He told me later that he had told the "fish" to take Mary to Uncle Ed's and wait for him. He also told the "fish" to tell Mary that he had taken ill suddenly and that he would be out there as soon as he was feeling better. How he managed to steer clear of Mary with "Ginger" hanging on his arm is more than I can get, but he did it. After looking at the moon and stuff with "Ginger" for about an hour he took her in and caught a ride out to Uncle Ed's, and no one was the wiser.

Saturday it was just a case of keeping him timed straight and not staying with one for any length of time. It worked and the same plan worked on getting them all to the dance that night.

It wasn't until it was time to go home that Joe slipped up, and I mean he really did a good job of that. He was standing right in the middle of the floor when the dance was over and all three of them hit him at the same time. He just stood there like a small child when the girls walked over to him. Of course, he had worked the whole thing out but he forgot to keep his eye on his watch.

Who, me? Well, I managed to get to take Mary home, of course, we didn't go straight home, but then she didn't seem to have been terribly hurt by the whole thing. Maybe she had been stringing him along. You know things like that can happen—and do.

13