

LITERARY PAGE

A Fool's Love...

By MARJORIE WERNER

She set the small bag down in front of the window that had the word "tickets" on it. The rain rolled off her coat in large drops as she said, "A one-way ticket to Eddings."

Before she sat down in the depot, she checked the board which said that her train would be on time. Not long to wait, and in a few hours she would be home.

She hadn't been home for two years. Two years and three months to be exact. Perhaps she could even figure it down to the weeks and days if she wanted to think long enough. But Lou was trying hard not to think.

Her Mother

"You can get out of my house and stay out," her mother had said angrily, "if that's the way you want to live."

"If all you want to think about is men, dates, good times, late hours, and all that sort of rot, you can go somewhere else! I didn't raise my daughter to be a gad-about! I always wanted you to amount to something. You're hopeless!"

Lou was not hopeless. She was 17, and she wanted just a little good fun; maybe a date once in a while or some friends at the house in the evenings. Her mother never could understand, and her father never had the chance to understand.

The dates Lou had had could have been counted on one hand alone, and a kiss was still a word to her. She was 17, and she wanted to live a little. She wanted to do the things that other respectable girls her age did. Lou took the morning train out of Eddings. That was two years and three months ago.

Detroit

Lou found Detroit exciting, her new friend Carol interesting, and

their apartment comfortable. She had a good job in one of the banks and enough dates to cut her meal ticket in half. Lou was happy, and, after all, wasn't happiness the thing she had desired?

The darkness outside the depot was impenetrable, and the rain beat down in torrents. It was a nasty night, and she was glad she was inside where it was warm and light.

A negro soldier shifted in his sleep on the hard wooden bench.

Paul Webster

"I always wondered if I could ever fall in love," she mused. "Paul Webster tried awfully hard to convince me that I could. Matter of fact, he did convince me. I certainly was a fool."

"He stood there at the side of the dance floor when I first saw him. He was tall, good looking, and apparently wasn't hunting for feminine companionship. Carol told me who he was. When he asked me to dance, I was happy all over. Don't know why; I had danced with men before. Maybe it was because this particular man had a charm that broke a path ahead of him wherever he went."

Lou went over to get a drink, and she looked at the schedule board as she returned to her seat. The train would be half an hour late.

"Paul called me several times after that evening. I was happy then, but now I wish that he had never remembered my name."

"He took me to dinners, dances, parties, and his club. I'll never forget the first orchid he sent."

"It was a beautiful orchid and the first one that I had ever worn. I'm glad that I had a new dress for that evening. I wanted Paul to be proud."

Lou crossed one shapely leg over the other and shifted into a more comfortable position. The negro soldier still slept, and a fat woman with three sleepy children fell down onto the seat next to Lou's.

Love

"For some strange reason, I hurriedly lost interest in the other dates I had. Strange that I should want to sit home in the evenings and hope for a call from Paul. He didn't call every night—far from it, I wanted him to, though."

"I wondered how much Paul liked me, but he would never commit himself. He would just say,

'You're a wonderful girl, Lou,' and kiss me like he meant to say more. I was satisfied with his kisses because they were just exactly like people said they would be."

"At Dick's cocktail party I finally decided that I was in love. It might have been the cocktails, but I was in love a long time after the cocktails wore off. It was then that I told Paul that I was in love because I was tired waiting for him to tell me."

"That must have been the right key, or else the right amount of drinks for Paul because he finally said what I wanted him to say although I had to prompt him a little."

The train would not arrive for ten more minutes. The negro soldier came back to life and looked at the train schedule. The fat lady wheezed.

Paul's Deception

"I knew then that Paul was and always would be the only man for me. I wanted him (I was a fool), and I wanted him to want me. He now spoke passionately of love, and I was afraid for myself. He wouldn't speak of marriage. Maybe the thought was driven out each time he mentally subtracted 19 from 27 and weighed the difference. At that time I thought that that could be the reason. How wrong I was."

"I'll never forget the hurt I felt all over when I waited a week for a phone call from Paul. At the end of two weeks I thought I would never be able to tolerate such mental pain."

"I shouldn't have called his club but I did. I was practically insane although I showed more insanity by calling."

"The tears really poured down my cheeks as the clerk said, 'Mrs. Webster stopped her divorce proceedings, and she and Mr. Webster left a week ago for Chicago.'"

Going Home

It had stopped raining, but it was just as black outside as it had been. The negro soldier was gone. The fat lady gathered her brood about her, and Lou picked up her bag.

Her overdue train was announced, and Lou walked blindly out to the tracks. "Is this the car for Eddings?" she asked a porter.

With an affirmative nod from the red-cap, she walked up the steps.

In a few more hours she would be home.

Clips and Comments

(Continued from page two)

half of a room with a soldier left. 'We'll take it,' the girls answered spontaneously."

* * *

University of Alabama asked Van Johnson to select beauties for the 1946 annual.

* * *

A "sandwich date," someone just explained to us, is one male with no less than two female companions. Some poor souls have had to escort as many as ten gals at a time.

* * *

"I wonder what she has that we haven't got?" a pretty coed asked when discussion came up about a friend of hers. "She's had four dates in her junior year alone."

* * *

Why don't we have an all-campus bridge tournament? Perhaps it could be a benefit for one of the annual campus drives.

* * *

Kansas university attacked suppression of news from the Daily Kansan when the student council refused to give them an account of a meeting.

To Socrates

TO SOCRATES

A flaming torch your brain cast sparks of thought,
That reason's light did set afire in man,
And new flames of wisdom grew in span.
A priceless thing was this, not to be bought
But given free to those who have long sought
For it through years with firm and steady plan
Of that to learn before the course they ran
Of life was done, with all the things it brought.
A gadfly, you did sting the steed of state
To action, once too oft for thy best good;
And those, who in their hearts did wisdom hate,
Destroyed the mind that heard and understood.
What thought thou, sage of Athens awaiting fate
When hemlock's bitter cup before you stood?

—Darrell Daniel Boone.

One

Youth is a bright flame
Which is slowly quenched into
age's dying embers
By the cool rising waters of
time.

—Darrell Daniel Boone

* * *

Moonrise

(In the Chinese manner)
A pearl of matchless beauty
floating high
Above the silver earth in crystal
seas
Of night; the moon incased the
lonely brook
With living, shining, searing
flame and turned
My misty garden into paradise.

—Darrell Daniel Boone

China

An old man sits before the fire
of culture and life.
The fire sinks into dying embers
yet he patiently remains
Watching for the flame to arise
anew or die.
Unbowed and undying he waits
for eternity.

—Darrell Daniel Boone

* * *

Taoist

(In the Chinese Manner)
The subtle fragrance of plum
blossoms drifted
Thickly through the gauzy veil
of falling snow
To smooth my brain with the
seal of peace,
While I sat alone in my moun-
tain pavillion,
Sipped pale amber tea, and
laughed quietly at the
comedy of life.

—Darrell Daniel Boone

Telling the Editor

(Continued from page two)

and that around your campus and answering my innumerable questions with indefatigable patience, I couldn't help but notice the cemetery. Having no qualms about the sacredness of the dead myself, to say the least it represents a rough spot with its unkemptness to a could-be smooth campus.

Having no quo warranto for these expostulations, maybe it's best that I resume my back seat. In so doing, I hope to become accustomed to the "California sunshine" which drifts north by the bucketfuls so frequently.

Just another of the many who hopes to find his place here,

I remain,

Brigg Allen.

STOP...

IN AND GIVE
YOUR CAR A
THOROUGH
CHECK-UP

Before Leaving For That
Washington Game!

at

WALDER'S
ASSOCIATED SERVICE
"On the Campus"
11th and Hilyard

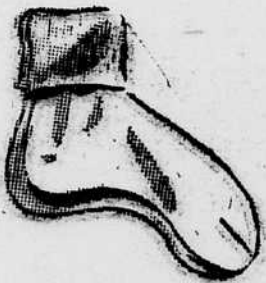
LAST CHANCE

to get

PIGGERS GUIDES

Monday From 9 to 5
AT THE CO-OP

After Monday You Can
Get Them at McArthur

WHITE
ANKLETS

100% white wool
with large turned
down cuffs. Ribbed
tops like you adore.
Sizes 9 to 11 89c

Gordon's

1050 Willamette

Phone 1084