



"Miss Blake is betting on me," Lindsley said ironically. "But that was before she knew I was going to fight," Butch Bullfinch boomed.

You never can tell when you sign up for a fight just how it is going to turn out . . . especially when you're meeting a guy like Butch Bullfinch

"THE THING is," said Bill Corkrum, president of the Delts, "you got to get into some extra-curricular activities."

Lindsley Eagles Smithson sighed. Mr. Corkrum, who believed that the Delts ought to be the most active fraternity on the Warwick campus, was harping continually upon this theme.

"It was all right for you to sit around on the lead keel when you were a Frosh," Bill conceded. "We don't expect much of a first-year man, usually. But here you are a Sophomore, and you have not done anything."

"I been studying," mentioned Lindsley.

Mr. Corkrum appeared pained. "Sure. Your grades are all right—but that's not what I mean. Look what it will say in the yearbook next spring under your picture."

As the Warwick yearbook would not be issued for at least another two months, Lindsley found it difficult to look. However, Bill Corkrum proceeded to interpret the crystal ball for him. "It'll say, 'Lindsley Eagles Smithson—

Sophomore—Delt—Majoring in Economics."

"Well," said Lindsley with simplicity, "that's all there is to say."

"That's what I'm trying to get into your knot. Look at Dannie Loop. He's only a Sophomore, but under his name there'll be football, Dramatic Club, Oval Club, and Sophomore debate. A man like that makes it look as if the Delts were active."

"I don't want to be a dud," Lindsley said, "but I'm no athlete, and no actor, and I can't make a speech. So what?"

"I got it figured out. At the Spring Stag you're going to enter in the 135-pound class."

Mr. Smithson's eyes popped wide. "What do you mean, the 135-pound class?"

"I mean you're going to cop a boxing trophy for the Delt mantelpiece."

"But I can't box," said Lindsley.

"That's okay," soothed Mr. Corkrum. "When you get representatives of rival fraternities together in the ring there's not much boxing. At the Spring Stag fights they sock for a knockout. And you got a sock. You proved it down there behind The Cabin last week."

"Oh . . ." Now Lindsley Eagles Smithson saw the reason for Mr. Corkrum's sudden renewal of interest in him. Four days ago, in a sudden fit of temper, Lindsley had knocked down Butch Bullfinch. Nobody had been more astonished than Mr. Smithson.

Butch Bullfinch was a Warwickton character. Once he had been the best fullback Warwickton High School had ever known. But fate, or possibly Butch's disposition, worked against him and he did not proceed on to Warwick College. A town tough, he delighted in intimidating whichever Warwick student would intimidate and there were a great many.

Four nights ago had been Lindsley's first encounter with Butch. He had somehow never heard of him and, when Butch had walked into The Cabin and insolently pulled Lindsley's necktie from his sweater, young Mr. Smithson had re-monstrated.

"Who you talkin' to?" Butch Bullfinch had demanded.

"From here," Lindsley had said with no hesitation, "it's hard to make out. But my guess is—a baboon."

There had been a collective gasp there in Warwick's favorite confectionery. But Mr. Smithson had missed its meaning. Butch Bullfinch invited him outside, behind The Cabin. And there, fighting mad and still unimpressed, Lindsley had knocked him down. Whereupon the two were pounced upon and held apart.

Lindsley had chosen to forget the incident. And now, here, Bill Corkrum was

bringing it up again. "You got a sock," he repeated. "The Zetas are going to put Sam Whittemore. And the Betas'll enter Bob Fowler in the ring. The Phis got Lefty Dutton. You got a cinch."

"But I've never been in a prize fight ring. Those fellows are all good boxers. I've seen them in the gym working out."

"Let 'em box," insisted Mr. Corkrum. "You walk in and knock 'em down. And anyhow, you don't have to fight them all."

"No?" Lindsley was not much comforted.

"No. They draw to see who's matched with who, and there's two trophies, both equal."

"But—"

"This morning," interrupted Bill, "I entered you as the Delts' man. So you're all set. It's on the bulletin board down at Memorial Hall. 'Course, you don't have to do it unless you want to. Only it'd look queer if you took your name off the the bulletin board. Somebody might think you got chicken."

## YOU GOT TO

LIFE'S darkest periods, say the philosophers, have their compensations. Lindsley encountered one of his in the doorway of The Cabin whereto he had repaired to smother his feelings in a chocolate soda.

"Hel-lo, Lindsley!" He turned to see a scant five feet of coed—a very special brand of coed named Nancy Blake. Possibly Mr. Smithson had been attracted because she possessed maize hair and wide cerulean eyes. Or because she was so small and delectable, a Freshman girl anxious for the superior advice of a second-year man. At any rate, he liked her. In fact, in recent weeks he had begun to believe that perhaps he loved her with that deep, undying love known only to great artists of the past—and Sophomores.

"Hullo, Nancy. Join me in a soda?"

"I'd like to. But—aren't you in training?"

"Training?" He recovered himself. Nancy must have been looking at the bulletin board. "Oh, sure. I was figuring on a lemonade myself. Lemons are good for—for boxers."

In the booth at the rear of The Cabin she regarded him with patient awe. "I think it's wonderful that you're an athlete. And I think that boxing is so—so much more individual than being on the football team or the basketball squad. Just two men alone up there in the ring, with no help."

"Sure," said Lindsley. "Just two men alone up there." He reached into his pocket for a cigaret, then remembered his wind.

"I've got several bets on you," Nancy confided.

"Bets?"

She nodded. "Yes. The girls at Prentiss Hall always bet on the Spring Stag fights."

"Okay," said Lindsley. "I'll see you don't lose any money." But somehow his lemonade tasted flatter than it should.

When he had walked with Nancy Blake to the doorway of Prentiss, he turned uncertainly toward the gymnasium. Af-

by

NARD  
JONES