

HE WHO HAS

By **Bernie Kooser, '38**

IT HAPPENED at Bank Night the other night. I hadn't registered on the book, so I could observe in a detached manner. Next to me sat an old couple of about sixty-five or seventy. They were neatly dressed, but I noticed that the old gentleman's coat cuffs were frayed and that the little old lady's glasses were taped together.

As the picture drew to a dreary close, I could see that the old couple, like everyone else in the audience, was in a state of tension.

Then the lights went on, the manager climbed onto the stage and began his spiel.

"Biggest night in Ames, folks. Think of it, \$500 in cash. Here it is right here, 2000 quarters." A gasp went up from the crowd.

Five minutes later the self-appointed master of ceremonies called a youngster to the stage, shook the box containing the tickets vigorously, and let the child draw one.

I noticed the old man next to me pull a slip of paper from his pocket. By leaning over toward him and looking at it, I couldn't help noticing that there were two numbers written on it. Evidently their registration numbers.

"The lucky number, folks," came the manager's voice, "is 7424. Seven thousand, four hundred and twenty-four. Now let's see who that is." Repeated consultations between the manager and ushers followed. The excitement grew. Then the manager, motioning for silence, said, "The winner tonight is Mrs. H. Percy Simpkins. Is this lady in the crowd? She'll have three minutes to accept the prize."

Well, I guess everyone in the theatre knew Mrs. Simpkins. She was the wife of the mayor, socially prominent and very well-to-do. It was my own estimate, however, that the feminine side of the Simpkins family, even if she was in the audience, wouldn't be able to extricate herself from the seat in

which she was sitting in any three minutes. However, in two minutes and fifty-five seconds there came a great heaving, and a sound of crashing and tearing, and Mrs. Simpkins burst triumphantly into view and bore ponderously down the aisle. Evidently she'd had an extra allowance of caviar that morning.

I GLANCED over at the old couple sitting next to me. They were holding hands now—there's something especially sweet about an old couple holding hands—and I thought I noticed a tear or two in the old lady's eyes.

They got up, then, and began to move slowly up the aisle. As they reached the entrance I noticed that something dropped from the old man's hand—a slip of paper. Thinking to return it, I picked it up, but you know how easy it is to lose people in a crowd. I haven't seen them since.

What was the paper? Oh, nothing much. Merely a bill from a doctor for \$200 for services. Here's what gets me though. On the back of the bill were the numbers I had seen the old man consulting—7425 and 7426. It is written, "He who has, gets."



A Recipe for Entertainment

By Ruth Swanton, '37

TAKE any Saturday night—but there's none equal to a summer one. It dissolves the most important barrier—weather—for people coming to town. Park your car there on the corner by the five and ten, with a view of the intersection and cross traffic, if you want to compare types.

After the car is parked you can walk home and eat supper, confident that you have a ringside seat. The crowd is heaviest about eight; so it pays to stroll back and settle yourself about that time.