

to fade anything. He must either have bought it second hand or accepted hand-me-downs.

There was just the one room; he slept on a bed which collapsed from a closet. The kitchen was in a recess off the wall. The glass-enclosed cabinets again revealed the sharp contrasts which marked his life. All his dishes were of fine china, and here as in the living room there was a profusion of hand-painted ceramics. I lifted an ashtray to confirm a suspicion, and was right. All his ceramics were from the factory on the Zurichberg, a mountain near the town.

He had no bathtub, only a shower. He had once confided to me that he was afraid he might fall asleep or slip in a tub and drown himself. Poor Mr. Kaffeemann! Afraid to drown in a tub, but willing to swim in the largest sea. Afraid of a heart attack if he stayed in the Alps, but ultimately drowning in a lake.

The room was small, and despite its few furnishings seemed crowded. In the poor light, the heavily hung walls seemed to press in upon me. I wondered how Mr. Kaffeemann, or anyone else for that matter, could bear to live here. I reflected that when he was in his bed at night he must have been even more enclosed: the closet doors flanked the bed like devilish sentinels.

The gay pictures on the nondescript beige wall, the delicately painted ashtrays on the shabby table, the prominent medical books and the uncherished trophies—what a sad life my friend must have had. I picked up one of the ashtrays on which was depicted a rolling alpine landscape and fled.

Grandmother's Advice

Betty Winn Fuller

My grandmother may have been in her heyday at a time when all a girl was supposed to do to attract a man was give him a coy look from behind a fan, but believe me, when it came to understanding male psychology my grandmother had Dr. Kinsey beat a mile. She was a real help to me when I was in college—thanks to her expert coaching, I never had to worry about where my next date was coming from. At first some of her advice sounded a bit old-fashioned in view of present-day methods, but a girl is willing to try almost anything once, and to my amazement, her way worked like a charm.

That's why, when I met Donald P. Easterman, I wasn't a bit worried. All the girls on campus nearly fell on their faces every time he walked into the grill at noon. He used to sit down at the Delt table, and the parade would begin. It's really amazing how many things girls can remember up at the lunch counter, and how many trips past the Delt table they suddenly had to make to get there. Of course if they happened to know one of the boys at the table, that made it even better. They could always think of something they just

had to stop and ask about, and what Delt could be rude enough not to introduce his new fraternity brother.

Well, I sat there at our table for two days and watched it go on. And did Mr. Donald P. Easterman eat it up! Of course you couldn't blame him—I guess any man would have—it was so obvious. And you could see just from looking at him that the handsome Mr. Easterman was no stranger to feminine flattery. That's when I played it real cool. "Nancy," my grandmother used to say years ago, "NO handsome man can stand to be ignored, especially by a pretty girl. He's been so used to feminine attention from the cradle up that it annoys him not to get it. It's the surest way to attract his attention, always remember that."

I remembered it all right. I remembered all my grandmother's advice about men. If ever I'd seen a man who fell into the handsome category, this one was it, so for a whole week I didn't once go past that table. There were only too many other girls who were more than willing to get me a sandwich and a coke. By the end of the week I had noticed a pair of puzzled green eyes studying me carefully. I hadn't underestimated my own charms, you see. That's when I made my move.

I waited until someone else was going up to the counter, then I casually strolled along. When we passed the Delt table, I was deep in conversation. Of course one of the boys hailed me as I had known he would, so I stopped to chat for a minute. That's when I first met Donald P., but instead of giving him the big stare everyone else did (this is where Grandmother's careful coaching paid off), I merely nodded politely with nary a flicker of interest in my baby blues. Before I turned away, I caught a look of male egotism thrown completely off balance, and I knew that Grandmother's little bag of tricks had paid off again.

Well, things worked out just about as I'd planned them. Two days later Adonis was knocking himself out trying to get a date. When he found I was all dated up for several weekends in a row and didn't seem particularly anxious to work him into my busy schedule, he was really hooked. From then on, the other girls didn't have a chance and most of them knew it.

Things got real interesting after a while. Underneath the conceited exterior, Donald was an awfully nice guy, and I soon realized that for the first time in my life I was really falling hard. That's when I inadvertently mentioned golf and discovered that he was a golf enthusiast. I tell you, I could have bit off my tongue the minute he suggested a game sometime. Oh, it's not that I don't like golf—I do, that's the trouble. Golf is my favorite game, and I've been playing ever since I was knee high to a caddy. The trouble is, I'm good. In fact, let me say, with all due modesty, that I'm terrific. But I'd managed to keep that little fact under my hat the whole time I'd been here at State, because I'd found that not many college men are expert golfers, and one of Grandmother's unbreakable axioms was: Never

beat a man at his own game. Now, after limiting my golfing to vacations away from school for three years, here I was letting the cat out of the bag with the only man I'd ever really been interested in. Me and my big mouth.

Well, I put him off as long as possible, but finally I couldn't think of any more excuses, so we made a date for a Saturday afternoon. Let me tell you, I really sweated out that week. I never hoped for rain so hard in my life, but I guess I just hadn't lived right because Saturday was the most perfect day I'd ever had the misfortune to see.

Since I never bring my clubs to school (that had been one of my excuses), Don had borrowed a set for me. He was really feeling in fine spirits that day. He'd asked me several times what I usually shot, and I had been so evasive that he had decided I must be pretty awful. He was being very gallant about it though, telling me not to worry—that he wasn't much good himself. Of course I hoped he was just being modest, but after his first drive, I could see that he hadn't understated the case at all. He was even worse than I'd expected, and my heart really sank.

I just didn't know what to do. My own inclination would have been to play my best and let the chips fall where they would. After all, it's alright to play a few little tricks in trapping a man—they expect it and if you didn't, they'd be the first ones to complain. But a sport is something else again. You ought to be open and above board in sports—at least that's always been my theory. Besides, I've always had a strong competitive spirit. I love to win, and the harder I have to work to do it, the better I like it. It goes against my grain not to do my best. But with Grandmother's advice ringing in my ears, I decided that I'd just have to swallow my pride this once and then try never to get caught on a golf course with Donald P. again.

I stepped up to the first tee trying to remember all the things pros say not to do so I could be sure to do as many as possible. Unfortunately, my first shot was a beauty right down the middle of the fairway. Don looked at me suspiciously while I tried to appear properly amazed at my "lucky shot." After that I managed to dub quite a few, but by the seventh hole I was a wreck. I'd never realized how hard it is to play bad golf deliberately. It was an awful strain.

The worst part of the whole thing was that we were being followed by a girl's twosome who eyed my poor playing with condescending amusement. It made my blood boil, because, even though they were pretty good, I knew I could have beat them anytime. It sure hurt my pride, but every time I'd get burned up enough to want to step up and really slam one, I'd look at poor Don struggling to keep ahead of me as it was, and somehow I just couldn't do that to him. By the time I managed to get through nine holes, I had such a headache from just plain frustration that I was telling the truth when I said that I really couldn't take more than nine holes. Changing my clothes in the clubhouse, I was really beat.

By the time I came back out, Don had struck up a conversation with the two girls who had played behind us. It seemed they were from school too, so we gave them a lift back. So to put the crowning touch on my day, I had to grit my teeth and listen to those two give me advice on how to correct that slice of mine—me, who until today, hadn't sliced a golf ball in five years! It took a lot of self-control, and I knew then that this guy had really gotten under my skin if I were willing to take that for his sake.

Well, after that game, things weren't quite the same between Don and me. At first I thought it was just the aftermath of my own strain and my feeling of guilt at having deceived him. That's what I thought, that is, until one day I happened to drive by the golf course and saw that self-styled female golf expert giving Don some lessons. Now, she gives him his lessons with a big Delt pin on her sweater, which just goes to prove that no one, not even my grandmother, can be 100 per cent right about men all the time. There's always an unpredictable factor involved, and I guess a girl's just got to follow her own instincts once in a while.

P.S. I just won the citywide amateur golf championship, competing against you know who. You should have seen the look on Donald P. Easterman's face.

The Muddled Mr. Middlesworth

Ronald M. Corn

JAMESON MIDDLESWORTH was a happy man. Although he had no friends or social recognition, his every wakeful moment was spent in reading and cultural inquiry. His keen and searching little mind had led him to muse in the ivoried sanctuaries of the arts. And more recently he had added still another facet of culture to his interests. He had presently begun to pursue the complexities of crime with all the zest of a Latin scholar enraptured with the discovery of a heretofore unknown Cato manuscript.

He had, quite naturally, initiated his research with a thorough analysis of Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*. But not having the moral constitution to stomach such gloomy treatises, he soon diverted his efforts to the investigations of the more real and factual sources of law breaking. He read hungrily from that master of ratiocination, Dr. Doyle, down through the intolerable but Freudianly fascinating Mr. Spillane. It was at this juncture in his criminal quest that Mr. Middlesworth purchased a gun. This decision came with the realization that personal experience was necessary for further instruction.

Mr. Middlesworth's gun was no ordinary piece of persuasion; it was a derringer, whose petite size and slender, graceful lines had appealed to him far more than the crude and bulky shapes of the larger guns. And besides, its .44 calibration would be just as devastating in effect. With months of research now behind him and his quaint little gun fitted snugly in his lower right hand vest pocket, Mr. Middlesworth felt profoundly confident that he could successfully exploit his new knowledge.