

Now let me go!"

"Let him go, Samson," the foreman chuckled as he turned to go, "else he won't be worth a damn to us with a broken arm."

With a ghoulisn laugh he released his hold and anxiously asked, "Didn't hurt yuh, did I boy?"

"For Chris' sake," Joe shouted, "what the hell did you do that for? NO, you didn't hurt me but you sure scared me half silly."

"Oh that w'arnt nothing," replied Samson, acting as if it really had been nothing. "That was just a trick I learnt when I was wrasslin' semi-pro. Here's another Dick the Bruiser taught me," and he whirled around into a crouch, ready to spring.

Joe sprang first, but not at Samson. From a standing position he had jumped a full six feet backward and stood poised and ready to run.

"Say," said Samson, a note of genuine awe in his tone, "that was really a neat trick. I could use that in my act—ah, I mean when I'm wrasslin'. Yes sir, boy, I think you and me'll have a good time together."

"Not if you keep grabbing me we're not!," shot back Joe. "I came here to earn some money to pay for school, not for some operation to sew on my arm after you tear it off. You big ape, you!"

"Well now," Samson laughed, "I see we're really gonna hit it off. You don't like apes like me, and I don't 'specially care for college boys like you. We'll have lots 'a fun this summer."

"Yeah," thought Joe, "fun and games, all summer long."

Jody Neff

### I Go

Like the wind I go,  
 Unseen and uncontrollable;  
 Like the sea I roll to meet the shores  
 That reach to take my hand.  
 I will not let them touch me though,  
 For they might make me stay  
 To blow forever in one place—  
 To be unfree and chained to time.