

# HORSES • certainly not by Paul Gallico

Straight down thru the weeks Cincinnati Universitians read Letters to the Editor of the *News-Bearcat*. A cut in the activity fee was howled for. A continuation of the fee was demanded. An annihilation of the fee—and activities—was cried for. Any change and no change stood for petition. And the students failed to see that the only point at it was: "Shall intramurals continue in the sports calendar?"

Cincinnati's flourishing alumni tout the eleven-straight wins on the grid iron, on or off Carson Field. They rave about the basketball possibilities—I said possibilities—of the Bearcat five. They pour effort and money into the "Boost Cincinnati" campaigns. And The Student is never considered. Who goes to Varsity? the scouted mug on the line? the head coach and all his coterie? the business man downtown? It appears a mere triviality that the average college man's and woman's athletic work must soon be limited to parchesi, what with a dash of limeade for chaser.

The sports fans—cheerleader-watchers for the most part—may yell all they like about "Beware of Greeks bearing two cupsacoff," but the Greek system of universal game indulgence is the only thing that will keep this college system—this country—from fitting straight-jackets when they go blooey with cheering-sections that are anaemic from too much watching of teams that are subjects for *The American Magazine*. How modern the college mob thinks itself in a stadium depends upon its

knowledge of the old Roman circus. Fanfares, orators, ground-officials, junk, hot tomas, sophistication, and a wench cooing "Ain't that guy in the leather head-thing adorable?"

Last Homecoming a ward of the old-men's home come out in British Navy jackets and creaked about Carson Field, supposedly to the delictation of the Stadium sitters. The grimmer of us hoped that this Old Guard would live up to their boast and show us what real he-fighting football used to be. But boys will be boys and will be influenced by example—the example of present players, present showmen. There's no kick-back on *how* the varsity men played. They did splendidly in every way. They looked like big-time material. But they were showmen, and will continue to be until the big-time aspect is kicked tail-first out of the material. Eleven experts, twenty-two, thirty-three, any number of experts divisible by eleven, do not justify the expenditure of thousands of dollars and the little brains most college footballers have, when the thousands of students in general grow callouses on their posteriors from lack of intramural facilities.

Coach Chic Mileham, a born whizz at intramural sporting, stands a louse-chance of making out on top with the other, less widely effective Barnum acts driving dough into intercollegiate coffers.

The curious will note how like so many sheep—or Republicans or R. O. T. C. children—the students fall into the swing

of a cheer. And not a ripsnorting "Yea, goddammm smoooth going, y' slitch!" but a cadenced "Rah, rah, huzzah and things for our own side." Students get too much of that "follow my arm, now dears" in those classrooms with Thompson Restaurant chairs—remember?

The whole argument is this; Don't cut into intramurals. But still more important—don't curtail the editor's honorarium for the *Cincinnati*. Also in a stroll athwart the Yard with Student Auditor James Walsh, I inquired: "What effect will the budget cut have on your beloved National Champion Rifle Verein? Will the team be shot to hell or placed?" (I'm a five-letter man in Punning: S-C-R-A-M) The Auditor assured me that, the other sports will suffer considerably, the National Champion Sooters will receive a bit of a raise—a *bit of a raise*, mind you. Mind your mother. Mind that Walsh is the manager of that thar Rifle Society, too. If this be madness . . . I taxed the Walshian grey-matter—such a washed-out grey at that—to the point of asking him why a college man, paying tuition (or being student auditor) should enter his campus gymnasium with the question: "Am I good enough to be seen on the floor?" Scanty-skull Walsh didn't understand—do you? Methinks of the just question on mounting the terra-cotta steps of the gym as being: "Do I feel like playing this-or-that sport?" And by-the-bye, there is nothing quite like a round of this-or-that of an Indian Summer's eve.

## YANKEE NOCTURNES

Upperclassman "Skipper" Saylor pressed his full weight across the hard-panting breast of the girl jammed in the rumble-seat with him and searched deep, deep into her eyes. He remembered hearing somewhere that brown eyes denoted kindness. Then Skipper drank hard and long of the seering sweetness of her rouged lips, oblivious of the other couples gliding among the shadowy cars in the lot and of the plaintive moan of a Negro orchestra in the house.

He didn't utter the charm-dispelling wisecrack with which he usually cut short such moments. But silently withdrawing his left arm, stiff from encircling the girl's shoulders for and unaccountable period of time, Skipper slid his hands from pocket to pocket in vain quest of a cigarette. Bianca peered up at him thru long lashes. Her quivering chin and thirsting lips, hidden by the upturned collar of her polo coat, were betrayed by moist eyes that bespoke a new quality—one more frightened and more sweet than kindness. Her right arm, but recently pinioned by the blessed weight of the youth, reached forward to the back of the driver's seat and, with long, capable fingers, ferreted two fags from a crumpled cellophane pack. She puffed a light on each and gave him one. He accepted it with a nod and stared absently at nothing in particular on the half-hidden dashboard.

The girl inhaled with the long, hissing sound of pleasurable abandon. Sinking

snugly against his arm, she watched the muscles of his square jaw work restlessly. It looked so funny and strong. The slow wind fanned his cigarette and a single long ash tumble down the shiny fender.

He asked: "Do you neck?"



Halfway into the evening she suddenly found herself in Saylor's arms. After a few steps she stopped, took his hand and led him outside to the terrazzo veranda. It was dark. They danced to the music that thumped out thru the French-doors. Skipper had liquor in him; so he floated, leading her in a divine sweep of rhythm. She melted into him. They swayed in a precarious unity. The music stopped and he drew away from her, but her arm slipped about his waist. They kissed. They danced without moving . . . there was tune and harmony without music. And still he told himself: "I do not love this girl."

Then she led him to the edge of the swimming pool. They talked as they leaned over and watched their reflections break and mingle with the shimmering streaks of the moon-trail. He suggested they go in. Isn't the breeze chilly? No? Hadn't they better look for their dates? Oh no, he'd stay if she wanted to.

He grabbed her unresisting shoulders in hands that seemed to tremble at the touch and spun her around to face him. "Listen, Bianca, little one, something's on your mind. Trouble bubble? Huh? Tell the old Skipper."

Soberly she responded. "I couldn't tell you, its nothing, honest. Please don't ask me." But she wanted to run away from him across the links and she wanted him with her when she should reach the inky expanse beyond.

"Nix, kid. We've been pals before and we used to talk it all out, remember?" Laughing hoarsely: "Look here, Bianca, it's Leap Year and a woman can have her say." And she told him she loved him. He had known it and yet it startled him. She swayed toward him and pictures, sensations, things, things, battling things burned across his mind. She offered herself to him and he knew she was clean. She loved him and that consummated her system of life. She took her breath from his breath and yet he hesitated to stifle her. Her love was a lifetime and he could make it a mere incident—a happening among happenings.

"Come." He slipped his arm thru her's and they went back. He pitied her and felt a cad for pitying her. No, she would never understand. She never took into consideration that she had a brother six-foot-six in clean socks and 250 plus by weight or by volume.