

## NO WAY OUT

"Yes, Miss Johnson? . . . Speak up, girl, speak up.

"*George Sternmeyer?* In the outer office? What's he want? What did he say? . . . *Nothing?* You mean he just walked in and handed you his card? . . . Good grief!

"Well, there's no way out now . . . better show him in and—oh, have some aspirin ready when he leaves. I think I'm going to have a migraine.

"Well, well, *well!* What a *pleasant* surprise! Sure is good to *see* ya, George. Heh, heh, heh. Sit down here, fella—make yourself comfortable . . . Smoke? Heh, heh.

"You don't look so well, George. All this work been gettin' to ya, huh? . . . Whyn't ya *say* something, George?

"What's this? Oh . . . a gift card . . . my name . . . heh, heh. Tell you what, George. I'll be big about it. You can have the picture I gave last month *and* some money. O.K.? . . . I figure about five bucks ought to cov—*that* was a funny noise, George. O.K. ten dollars . . . For heaven's sake! You sick or something? Your face looks kind of weird. George! **DOWN, BOY! DOWN!** *Twenty-five* bucks, George, *Twenty-five* b— **LOOK OUT!** Take it easy there! . . . look out for the lamp! *Fifty*, George. **FIFTY WHOLE DOLLARS!**

"That's better, George. Take it easy, boy. Whew! That's it, sit down here. Easy now . . . there . . . Boy. You had me scared there for a minute. Terrible thing to see a grown man go to pieces like that . . .

"Now. Ink's still wet—don't smear it . . . there you go. Feeling better now?

"You know it must be a great thrill to call on our old classmates. When you turn this money into the Fund it must make you feel real good. Boy!

"Ya know? I wish *my* job was as easy as calling on—George? You O.K.? George?

"Poor guy—he must be overcome with my generosity."

MONEY CARRIES GERMS. PLAY IT SAFE. GIVE IT TO THE ALUMNI FUND