

# Tomorrow at Eight

By G. Hernandez Gavira, Com. '29.

THAT insidious germ, hallucination, firmly implanted in my brain that my appendix was getting unruly. Having been branded a fathead by numberless wise-crackers (the advent of the talkies is to blame), it is but natural that the aforementioned germ should wax fat and assume unbelievably huge proportions. The beastly old germ finally outgrew the old cranium, and had to be orally expressed; and it wasn't long before my whole family and most distant connections, on being informed, extended their sympathy, but depreciatingly belittled an appendix operation.

Nature passed me up when she endowed physical and mental courage to mortals. It may be well and good for people to refer to their operation as something to jest about; but, for the life of me, I cannot, and never will see the funny side of having my stomach opened. Get this straight though. I can hold my own when it comes to a fistic encounter, and maintain a sweet and even disposition, and courageously suffer the pangs of hunger, if needs be; but to be opened up without any say in the matter, ugh!

My inborn disinclination toward operations, saddened my once carefree existence, and cast gloomy shadows on my innocent recreations. Within a month, four intimate friends of mine had gone to the slaughter, and had their obnoxious appendages removed. They won my sincere respect and admiration when they jestingly narrated the opening-up process. I took heart from their true experiences, and after due consultation with my parents and other branches of my family, it was unanimously agreed that my appendix had to be removed, severed, separated, operated and kindred synonyms.

Being of a loquacious nature, I poured my fears, misgivings and apprehensions on sympathetic ears until the subject became an obsession. Formerly compassionate and condoling

ears suddenly turned deaf. Nothing daunted, I still broached the subject, hoping, in desperation, that the appendix would crumple up and die from too much publicity. Appendages, however, seem to thrive on advertisement, and I realized that no amount of talking could substitute for an operation.

Things came to a sudden and unexpected head. The appendix clamored for attention, thereby obtrusively paining my side. In a panic, I was rushed to the hospital, and after a thorough examination of the unruly area, the attending surgeon seriously announced that the appendix would have to come out next morning at eight. "Tomorrow at eight," he had said in the most perfunctory manner. I was surprised at my nonchalant feelings. Little did I know that it was the treacherous calm before the turbulent storm. The night before "tomorrow" passed uneventfully, except for the food and the usual enemas. Of course the hospital pyjamas were anything but in keeping with my idea of the width and cut of my clothes; but then, on the eve of momentous moments men seldom find fault.

"Tomorrow" dawned beautifully and serenely. I rebelled against the thought that my appendix should spoil such a lovely day. The very thought started the little chills up and down my spine with which I was to be harassed for the next hour. The long and serious-faced nurses, who were to escort me to the operating room, did not lessen the now constant up-and-down chills. Once in the operating room, I was laid on the operating table, and without consulting me, my hands and feet were strapped to the table. By this time my extremities were cold, in fact, they were numb. After the injections, I had a weak and sickly feeling, but the appendix must have been frightened, for it had ceased annoying me.

I had but a faint and hazy memory of that awful half hour in the white room. I, do re-

member having bestowed a sickly smile on the surgeon, and I do remember regretting my having been persuaded to remain conscious during the bisection. All things have an end, though, and the knife-inclined surgeon must have tired of his pastime, for he finally sewed me up. All I had to do now was to get well. My recovery would have been the simplest thing in the cutting process, except for the ravenous appetite of the patient in the other wing of the hospital across from my room. He would munch pieces after pieces of bread, and eat the most appetizing victuals. How I longed for his digestive organs! Even my dreams were haunted by his seemingly insatiable hunger. His gormandizing whetted my senses to emulate him. I tried bribing, cajoling and threatening my attendants to bring me food, food and again some more food. Alas, all to no avail. With a firm resolve to catch up with my eating, when the surgeon discharged me, I

forgot the matter and turned all my energies toward a speedy recovery.

It is surprising to note that my friends, far and distant relatives, and parents, treated and spoke to me with a certain consideration to the point of being embarrassing. Being commercially inclined, I naturally took advantage of their eager-to-help attitude by little requests ranging from a package of "Luckies" to a woolen suit. What a whale of a difference an operation makes.

Being of a loquacious nature, I look forward to the day when I can once more pursue my stenographic duties, and distress my friends with stories of my indomitable courage, and smiling nonchalance during my major appendix operation, enlarging on the difficulty of locating the unruly appendix, which is a lot of "hokum," but which is the way of all flesh.

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## Fate

*By Salvador J. Mendoza, Comm. '31.*

*He fails, he whines, and fate he blames,  
He succeeds, he exults, the honor he claims.  
But to whom is failure or success due?  
For sure not fate but it is you.*

**M**AN'S conceit and vanity make him declare, with an air of despondency, when he is in the neap-tide of misfortune, or when he fails in an undertaking, "Oh it is fate." Seldom does he rise to that grandeur of pointing to himself, and asserting with an indomitable courage and dignity, "It is I who am a failure." But when he succeeds, and is made to sip the intoxicating cordial of popular homage, and becomes the cynosure of the world, he exults, puffs out, and urged by Dame Vanity declares, "I am the sole person who is responsible for my success." Both are types of conceited men who see only through the blinding cloud of false pride; but at least, the second helps in bringing to light the truth that self is the determining factor in the building of one's destiny.

When you fail, why blame fate? What is fate? At first it is nothing but the immaculate white canvas of a painter called self. What shall be on the canvas will largely depend on the ability of the painter.

In the good olden times, and even at present palmistry was, and is practised. For me it is absurd and illegal except for one redeeming feature; and that is, it does the reading of one's fortune through the palm, and then unconsciously admitting the fact—that in one's hand shall his fate be.

God is just and simple. "He made and loveth all." Unlike human creatures He has no favorites. He endows every man with all the necessary tools and materials for making the most of his life, and for which every one must be thankful. Justice prompts Him just