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*File*





# FLAMINGO

FALL-ROLLINS  
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## EDITORIAL

For me the time of thanksgiving is the day the *Flamingo* is put into your hands. I give thanks for the *Flamingo's* contributors, to those whose manuscripts were accepted and to those who took their rejection slips bravely. I give thanks for my staff, who didn't turn and run every time they saw me coming but were generous with their assistance and advice. I give thanks for the students and faculty who have boosted the *Flamingo* and inquired after its health and progress. I give thanks for Mrs. Dean, who listened to my troubles and helped me with them, and especially am I thankful for the cooperation which THE ORANGE PRESS has given a very green editor.

The contents of this issue are, we hope, thought provoking. We have tried to select stories, essays, and poems to amuse and intrigue every reader. We wish you herewith pleasant holiday reading.

## MY FAVORITE SHORT SHORT STORY

By JAMES GRAASKAMP

The story I have to tell has been told many times in many tongues and as a result its origin has become obscured by legend and time. Now for the first time the true origin of one of the great quotations of all time can be told and credit given to the parties concerned. I have spent years of my life in research and made a special trip into the hinterlands of Asia to verify my facts. The editor of this magazine offered me twenty five cents a word if I would present this exclusive story in the first issue of the *Flamingo*. In deference to this generosity and in an effort to make my story unmistakably clear I have shorn it of any two-bit words and cant phrases which have nothing to do with the story. For my readers' convenience I have eliminated a lot of technical references and sources and would just like to bow to my tutor and research assistant, Baron Von Phootkiss Gliblip. The one thing I will not do is bog down my reader in the mire of a long drawn out introduction.

Many years ago in an outlying province of India, or "Inja" as we of the Foreign Service say, there lived an old Englishman named Sir Basil Metabolism, Knight of the Fallen Garter, and Earl of Blue-Point-on-the-Half-Shell by the Firth of Fourth IV, who was a pompous old fool and went by the nickname of Sir Basil Metabolism, Knight of the Fallen Garter, and Earl of Blue-Point-on-the-Half-Shell by the Firth of Fourth IV. I think at this point it would be more convenient to refer to him as merely Sir Basil Metabolism, Knight of the Fallen Garter; for the old coot has been dead some years, and I doubt if he will read this item carefully, if at all. Sir Basil had once been the Czar of the Far East beer trust, and was a malty-millionaire so to speak. However, the business had taken a few bad hops; and consequently the beer, or rather the firm, had fallen flat. Our hero now ran an ice company with the assistance of an old family retainer, named William Randolph Peyton St. Clair, who was general flunky for the ice concern.

One morning Sir Basil Metabolism, Knight of the Fallen Garter, et al. said to his associate

William Randolph Peyton St. Clair, "I say chappie there's been something I've wanted to ask you but I cawn't for the life of me think of what it is."

"Well that's just bully," said Randolph you know who, "but don't fret my Laird for you can think on it while I am delivering ice to His Lordship Wallingford Peregrine Blimp" (as distinguished from His Honor Peregrine Wallingford Blimp, who is no relation). And so saying he went to the ice house and began to chip, chip, chip, chip, chip at a big block of ice until it was exactly the right shape. It was still pretty big when he had finished cutting it down to size, and so he had to tug and tug and tug to get it on his wagon. Finally he rolled off towards town, the ice melting in the heat of the day and drip, drip, dripping all along the road.

He returned to the ice house late in the afternoon to find Sir Basil Metabolism, Knight of the Fallen Garter et. al. (not to be confused with His Lordship Wallingford Peregrine Blimp) waiting for him impatiently. "I say there, Randolph, my boy, I want to ask you a very personal question. Now it's a personal question but a fair one and I expect a personal and fair answer. After all we have been intimate friends for years, and you know that I wouldn't ask you anything that I didn't think was equitable and just. Now please don't take offense at my curiosity, for I only have your best interests at heart, lad, but who was the woman I saw you with last night?"

"Yes sir, Sir Basil Metabolism, Knight of the Fallen Garter et. al. that is a personal question. But I have been with you since your early youth at Blue-Point-on-the-Half-Shell by the Firth of Fourth, I helped you gain your first position on the Bench under His Lordship Wallingford whatszname, and I came here to 'Inja' with you; and I have never known you to ask a question that was not equitable and just. Yesiree, by George, by jimminy, by gum, I'll answer your question fairly! That was no woman you saw me with last night, my Laird. That was no woman, that was my wife."



# MOVIE MUFFINHEADS

By ROD COLLINS



If you get past the first sentence, you will find an essay concerning various varieties of movie muffinheads. A movie muffinhead is a child of about seven or eight, who has no consideration for the feelings or comforts of his fellow movie goers. His appearance is angelic. Most times he is a blond, blue-eyed, innocent looking creature with one of those round fat faces that can show no emotion.

One specie of movie muffinheads is the epicure. This little monster usually comes into the theatre carrying a large paper bag containing soda pop, candy bars, ice cream, sandwiches, and Tums. Throughout the entire show, this little beast guzzles the food, making loud slurping noises

with the result that the audience around it cannot hear the dialog in the picture. When the lights go up at the end of the showing, the area around this little muffin's seat looks like the city dump.

The commando is another brand of movie muffinhead. The trademark of this little urchin is a half-concealed water pistol. Warning!! If you should encounter one of these things, by all means move so that there exists a thirty seat radius between you and the commando. If this advice is not followed, you are likely to find yourself drenched by a stream of water aimed at some other little commando. Unfortunately, there is another way used to carry on commando tactics. This method is used in theatres with balconies. The commando first buys a bag of popcorn, the contents of which he throws at others in the audience. He then

fills the bag with water and drops the bag over the balcony railing. Although his intentions are to hit some other commando, the darkness usually detracts from the accuracy of his aim. This results in some innocent human below getting slightly dampened.

In an essay concerning movie muffinheads, the beggar type cannot be overlooked. He is usually a little cousin once or twice removed whom you have been assigned to take to the movies. When this little monster sees the candy counter, he asks in a quiet voice if he can have a candy bar. Usually, your answer will be no . . . after all, it's too much trouble to fight your way through the mob that surrounds the candy counter. The little beggar then yells at the top of his lungs that you are being mean to him. In extreme cases, he will begin to cry. Upon hearing the anguished cries, other members of the assembled multitude, such as Grandmothers and maiden aunts, turn and glare at you with piercing eyes. You hear side comments mumbled about such as "that mean boy." In order to silence the little beggar and remove "the eyes of the world" from upon you, you buy your little cousin once or twice removed, a bar of candy, wishing that he was removed once more . . . out of the theatre.

There is a class known as the potential movie muffinhead. This class is usually between the ages of two and four. The individuals in it are usually accompanied by a parent. They are very unnoticeable at first and therefore usually sit in back of you, striking before you know what hit you. The picture reaches its high point. Hero Harold is about to be hit over the head with a two-hundred pound barbell. The theatre is in complete silence. The epicure has stopped munching food and is letting a Tum melt silently in his mouth. The commandos, out of water, have settled down to watch the picture. The beggar, having eaten his bar of candy, is fast asleep. The entire theatre is still. On the screen, Villain Vecquid has raised the two hundred pound barbell to bring down on Hero Harry's head. Suddenly, the voice of the potential movie muffinhead pipes up high and shrill, "Mommy, I have to go to the bathroom."

# THE BANDIT AND THE ICE CREAM CONE

By LOUIS INGRAM

"Gee, Uncle Henry, I'm hungry."

Tommy's plaintive announcement broke the long silence, during which Henry Burdick's little nephew had been dozing on the front seat beside him. A long silence during which the only sound had been the thump, thump, thump of the tires hurrying across the seams of the pavement.

"When we see a nice restaurant, we are going to stop. I'll see that you get a good supper."

"I don't want a supper, I just want an ice cream cone. A big ice cream cone with sprinkles. Choc'at sprinkles."

Henry took a glance at the little figure beside him. He had Carol's snub nose, her blue eyes and her determined chin. Tommy sure was a Burdick.

"Well, Tommy, I promised your mother you would eat a real supper." That was an understatement. Carol had practically made him swear on a stack of Bibles he would see to it that Tommy got regular meals at regular hours. "Tell you what, though, if you're a good boy and eat your supper, you can have an ice cream cone."

Tommy sat up straight and tugged at his uncle's arm. "A big jumbo cone, like I had for lunch?"

Henry winced. Letting Tommy have a cone as a substitute for a hot lunch was his first flub. Carol was sure to ask him where they ate, and what they ate. Well, a good solid roast beef sandwich would even up the scales!

"Didn't you hear me, Uncle Henry? If I eat my supper can I have a big cone with sprinkles?"

"Yeah, Tommy. But you have to be sure to eat your supper."

There was just one problem, Henry said to himself. Finding a place to eat. He knew now he should have stopped at the Howard Johnson's on the Parkway. There has been so many cars that he'd thought they'd have too long a wait. Since then, he'd not spotted a single place which looked fit for a child, especially a child belonging to his sister Carol.

Now it was getting dark and you couldn't

tell about a place without slowing down, and you couldn't slow down all of a sudden because the traffic was so heavy and fast. Everybody was intent upon going home except Henry—he was the exception to the rule, a fellow who had to buy his nephew a meal before he could take him home.

"Uncle Henry, please can we get our supper now." Tommy was pleading now, and soon, maybe, he would be wailing!

Way down the road was a big sign blinking on and off. "Look, Uncle Henry, there's a place to eat."

"We'll see what it's like." As they came closer the harsh neon became meaningful. The big letters spelled "Schlitz." Uncle Henry drove grimly on. Schlitz on the left, Pabst on the right, "Blatz on Tap," Carlings, High Life, Schaeffers, Four Roses sold here, Gilbey's Gin sold there, and finally "The Biggest Cocktail in New Jersey."

"Please, Uncle Henry, my tummy's angry."

"So's mine. We'll find something, Tommy."

Carol would certainly hit the ceiling if she found out that he took her son into a dive, and so he was grateful for a modest sign, "The Maple Inn," which showed in the distance. He wove into the right lane, waved his stopping signal, and heard the groan of brakes suddenly applied behind. He drove into the parking space of the Maple Inn without noticing that there were no other cars. He got Tommy out, took his hand and went to the door. A sign read "Closed Today on acc't Death in Family." He started to swear, then remembering Tommy, said, "We have to find another place."

"What's the matter, Uncle Henry. Why can't we get any cones here?"

"Never mind. We'll get it somewhere else."

Two miles further on Henry saw another big neon sign, "The Golden Pheasant." He pulled off the road into the parking lot. This was some place to be taking a six year old, but what was a fellow going to do? The Winfield cut-off was only a few more miles. Once he left the pike and took the suburban road there was nothing but farms and no place to eat.



They stood looking at the place for a moment before going in. "Is this a rest'rant, Uncle Henry?" Tommy asked.

"Why, this is sort of a restaurant, Tommy. They sell things to eat and things to drink." Henry shuddered at the thought. Once inside, his uneasiness at having chosen a place of this type was not diminished by the vision of slot machines in one corner of the room. Thank God they wouldn't mean anything to Tommy! They sat down and the waitress brought Henry a menu which he scanned briefly while Tommy surveyed the surroundings. Uncle Henry ordered two hot roast beef sandwiches hoping it would not take long, but Tommy protested. "What about my jumbo cone?"

Uncle Henry reminded his nephew of their bargain. This this seemed to satisfy Tommy who meanwhile had discovered the Golden Pheasant's Juke Box. Tommy watched the colored bubbles go round the front of the machine, and then he wanted to hear it make music. Henry did not hesitate to give him a nickel to put in the Box, and soon a popular tune was blaring away. Tommy was fascinated.

Things were going very well for Henry when two sailors went over to the slot machines and began the endless process of stuffing the machines with dimes. Wheerrrr, click, click, click, click. Tommy turned around and saw the funny looking machines. A box with a handle on the side.

"Here's another nickel for the Juke Box, Tommy." But Tommy just watched the sailors put dimes into the machine and pull the lever. No music came out! Just the click, click, click of the whirling parts of the machine.

"Uncle Henry, what kind of a machine is that? It doesn't make music."

"No, it doesn't make music, Tommy. That's a bad machine. It eats people's money up until they don't have any more and have to go hungry."

"But if it's so bad why are those sailors putting their money into it?" Tommy turned back to watching the slot machines in operation. That last one had stopped Uncle Henry cold, and now he had only visions of Carol when she found out that her son had become a gambler. Who knows, in another year he might be a card shark!

"Tommy, finish your dinner."

"It's already finished, Uncle Henry,"

Tommy replied without turning. "May I put some money in that machine?"

"No, Tommy, you may not. That machine will just eat up your money and you won't have any left."

Tommy turned toward his Uncle. "I don't care. Please let me have a dime. . . . Please, Uncle Henry."

"Tommy, if you let that big machine eat your dime then you won't have anything left to buy an ice cream cone. I thought you wanted a super giant cone. I think you'd better save your money for a cone."

"Ah, please, Uncle Henry, let me have a cone too."

"No, I'm sorry, Tommy. You'll have to make a choice. I know that you want a cone, as a matter of fact I think I'll have one myself. They look pretty good. I don't want to have to eat mine alone, but you won't have one if you put your dime in that machine. . . . Now, don't you want to have a cone with me?"

"I guess so, Uncle Henry."

A victory! Henry was proud of his child psychology, and he had every right to be, steering his nephew away from the rocky road to ruin. But even then Henry could see that Tommy was wistfully watching the sailors feed dimes into the machine. Tommy had begun to see the thrill of pulling the lever and watching the fruit whirl round.

"Uncle Henry, I don't want an ice cream cone. May I have my dime?"

Well, after all, Henry thought, maybe if he loses his money it'll teach him a lesson. "All right, Tommy, it's your dime, but when it's gone don't say I didn't warn you."

Little Tommy went over to the sailors and stood for a minute watching them more closely. Finally he asked them if he might put his dime in the machine. They gave a slight laugh and let him step up to the one-armed bandit and feed in his single dime. He pulled the lever as hard as he could and the fruit began to spin. His eyes grew big and wide as he watched them slow down. Apples, pears, cherries around and around. Click, click, click. One bell, two bells, three bells!

Clatter, clatter, clatter, clank, crash!

Tommy watched the dimes pour out of the machine onto the floor. His mouth was wide open and his eyes nearly popped out. Slowly he turned around to his uncle. "Look, Uncle Henry, *lots* of ice cream cones."

## A REAL FRIEND

BY HENRY MENENDEZ

From the hot, stuffy kitchen where she had begun peeling potatoes for that night's dinner, Francine was certain she heard the living-room door open. She listened and, sure enough, somebody was trying to sneak in. A vague fear stirred within her for a minute. Neither Frank nor Billy were due home yet. But she was being silly. Thieves don't try to break into your home in the middle of the day.

The breath oozed out of her in relief when she saw it was only Billy, doing his best to get upstairs without being seen. Then irritation overcame her. It was only three o'clock. The little brat had no business being home this time of day.

"What are you doing home from school now?" she demanded. The small boy looked at her without speaking and she saw a growing fear in his eyes. If there was anything Francine hated, it was a scared kid. She walked across and grabbed him roughly by the shoulder.

"You been playing hookey?" She demanded.

"No, I haven't." He answered with a hint of defiance.

It would almost have been better if he had been playing hookey. Now he was starting in with his old trouble again. "The teacher sent you home, didn't she?" Francine asked disgustedly. Billy just stood there; her irritation mounted. She shook him again, more roughly this time. "Well, didn't she?"

His "Yes" was barely audible.

She was so angry with him by now that she had trouble controlling herself. "No wonder she sent you home," Francine began. "She probably thinks you're crazy—Remember what I told you I'd do to you if I caught you talking to yourself again?"

Now the small boy was openly defiant. In vain, he tried to pull away from her.

"I wasn't talking to myself," he cried. "I was talking to my friend. I was! I was! Even if you don't believe me."

Francine thrust her face close to his, her anger out of control. "It's no wonder people think you're crazy. Doesn't it make any difference to you that everyone laughs at you? Well I'm not going to stand for it. You're going to act like other kids even if I have to beat it

into you. Do you understand that?"

Suddenly wrenching away from her, Billy stared back in anger. "I don't care what people say. I *do* have a friend. And he says it'll be just too bad for you if . . ."

Francine cut off his threat with a hard slap across the face. "I'll teach you to talk like that to me," she cried. "Isn't it enough that we let you stay here when your own mother deserted you and now doesn't send us half enough to pay for what you eat. This isn't your home—it's Jeff's and my home, and we took you in it. You are no better than just an orphan. Your own mother doesn't want you."

For a moment as he moved toward her like a small savage, she was almost afraid of him. "That's a lie," he screamed. "My mother didn't desert me. She'll come back for me. My friend says he will. He says you are lying to me."

He backed down under her furious gaze. "You get upstairs," she shrieked. "Up to your room and you stay there until Jeff comes home. He'll have plenty to say to you."

She watched him as he slowly started toward the stairs, his earlier defiance giving away to tears. When he was out of sight, she returned to the kitchen, weary and disgusted with the encounter.

It had seemed like such a good idea in the beginning—taking him in when Meg had no place to leave him while she worked in a neighboring city. The extra \$100.00 a month had seemed a lot of money then, but now she could never figure where it went. The trouble was that they were used to that money now—couldn't get along without it—and they were stuck with this rotten kid. If she'd known how it was going to be in the beginning, she'd never had agreed to take him in.

He and his crazy talk about a friend. Always getting himself in trouble with the teachers and the neighborhood kids. Last month he beat up some kid, knocking him unconscious, and he'd blamed that on his mysterious friend. Well, Francine didn't intend to put up with it any longer. As soon as Jeff got home tonight, he'd have to take over. She was going to insist on that.

She busied herself in the hot kitchen for



the next half-hour until she heard the front door open. She rushed into the other room to greet her husband.

A couple of years ago, Jeff had been a good-looking man, big and strong, but now most of the muscle was turning to fat. Still, there was something attractive about him, and what's more important, they were two of a kind—they had few illusions about each other.

"You look all beat," she greeted him. "Want some iced coffee?"

"Yeah, if you don't mind," Jeff sighed, sinking into the nearest chair. "What a day, I thought it would never end!"

When she returned with the iced coffee, Jeff surveyed her critically for a moment. "You don't look so hot yourself," he said, taking the glass from her.

"It's that brat," Francine complained. "He's been acting up, talking to himself, claiming he's got a 'friend' again. He's going to be the talk of the whole neighborhood if he keeps it up. And I don't want people to think there's somebody crazy in my family."

"Oh, you take him too seriously," Jeff said, sinking deeper in the chair and loosening his tie. "He's just a kid—he'll grow it out."

Francine was close to tears of self-pity.

"I didn't expect you to side with him," she cried. "You know how awful it is. Sometimes he gives me the creeps."

"Oh, Francine," Jeff began disgustedly. "Stop the dramatics."

The tears were forgotten in her anger.

"You'd better care how I feel about this, Mr. Know-it-all," she answered hotly. "Because if it keeps us; I'm sending him back to Meg. How do you like that?"

Jeff was on his feet in an instant. He moved rapidly towards her and Francine tried to retreat but he was too quick for her. He grabbed her by both wrists. Francine gave a low moan.

"You aren't going to do anything of the kind," he told her. "We need that money, and

don't you ever forget it." He shoved her backward and she fell on the davenport. Jeff went back to his chair and both sat silently for a moment.

"Jeff!" Francine's voice was almost a whine. "Will you at least have a talk with him then. He's driving me crazy."

"Okay, okay, if it'll shut you up," Jeff said wearily, getting to his feet. "If he pulls any of that crazy talk with me, I'll give him something to talk about."

Francine watched the corpulent figure of her husband climbing up the stairs. She stood at the bottom, a small smile playing on her lips. When Jeff got through with Billy, the kid would behave. She hoped Jeff would really give it to him, good. She listened, trying to hear some sound of what was going on inside Billy's room.

She heard the sudden sound of a slap and the piercing cry of a small boy's voice, followed by a moment of silence. Then as she stood listening, she heard Jeff's scream of mixed horror and pain.

Her fright gave her sudden strength and she tore up the stairs. What was going on in the room anyway? What had happened?

In the doorway of the room, her body froze with horror. Before her, on the floor, Jeff's broken body lay, his neck twisted back at a harrowing angle. Calmly surveying him, was Billy. Seeing her standing there, he looked at her with some degree of pity in his face.

"Jeff wouldn't believe about my friend," he said slowly. My friend doesn't like it when people don't believe me, but more yet when they try to hurt me."

He said more, but his words were lost to Francine as she felt herself crumbling toward the floor. And with her last thoughts, just before she blacked out completely, she remembered how she hadn't believed about Billy's friend either.

# THE SERGEANT'S LUCK

By JUDY MUNSKE

Anybody around superstitious? Well, here's one for the books. I'd been in the company of Uncle Sam about six months when the sarge comes in one day and says to me, he says, "Pete, my boy, pack up. You're leaving on the train tonight for 'Frisco, and from there—well, your guess is as good as mine."

"The train," I yells, "what's the big idea? I thought I was in the air force to fly."

"Orders are orders. You'll probably fly once you get to 'Frisco."

And with that he walks out, leavin' me with my mouth open so wide you could've stuck my whole canteen in. Most of the other guys in my outfit had been sent overseas so I'm not too surprised when I gets the news. But I sure didn't expect to leave on no train. I don't mind goin' over—you can't be lucky all the time, but I was really hopin' a man of my experience would've been thought too valuable to be sent over-seas. Well, anyway, I packs my gear, takes the train, and gets to 'Frisco all in fine shape . . . me and sixty other guys.

We'd been told where to report, and when I gets to the base I finds out I got a two-day pass before I goes over. And, man! do I make use of those two days. I goes out and sees every night club in town, leaves a doll weepin' in every bar, comes back and gets sick in every latrine. But it's fun.

To get on with my story, though. Back at the barracks I'm told by a Lt. Mulligan, "You're flying to Tokyo at 1600 tomorrow. You'll land at Wake Island sometime after supper, and take off at 2200. See that you get where you're going."

"Yes, sir," I answers, salutin' him with one hand, and tryin' to hold myself up with the other. He leaves, I sleeps, and everybody's happy.

The next day we takes off without any trouble at all, and gets to Wake Island right on schedule. I got a few hours before my plane takes off, but don't see nothin' 'specially interestin' so just sit around the service club 'til it's time to go.

Once on the plane, Tokyo bound, I goes to

sleep. We're in one of those four-motor jobs we're always braggin' about, and the noise of the motors, loud as it is, acts like a lullaby, and in no time at all I'm sleepin' like a baby.

It seems like only five minutes later my buddy's shakin' me on the shoulder. "Hey, Pete, wake up. I think we're goin' down."

"Lemme alone," I mutters. "If we're goin' down I don't wanna know nothin' about it, so lemme sleep. You know how I hate landin's. Wake me up when all the wheels are on the ground." Then what he's sayin' sorta sinks through and I sit up. "Goin' down!" I yells. "What for? We can't possibly be at Tokyo yet. Look out the winda'. There's nothing but water. How can we go down?"

"I don't mean land, you stoop. I mean crash. One motor's gone, and another one's going. Both on the same side, too. Look out the other window."

I gets up and stumbles to the other side, still groggy and half asleep. Sure 'nough, one motor's gone, the other one's spittin' sparks and flames all over the place. Things don't look so good so I goes into the pilot's cabin to see if there's anythin' I can do. Just what I've got in mind, I don't know, but then, you never can tell.

"Sir," I says to the captain, "what's the deal? Anythin' I can do?"

"No, corporal, nothing except go back in there and make sure everyone stays seated and keeps his safety belt fastened. We're about five hours out of Wake Island, and I don't think there's enough gas to get back. I know for sure there isn't enough to get to Tokyo, so I guess our best bet is to try and find an island around here somewhere. Iwo can't be too far away . . . our navigator is figuring it up now. Hope it's close. This ship is getting mighty hard to handle, and look at that speed! Can't keep it faster than 150 MPR, and we're using as much gas as if all four motors were running. That's 'bout it, corporal. You'd better go back to the cabin. . . . Oh, there is one thing you could do."

"What's that, sir?"





"You could pray. We're going to need His help."

"Yes, sir. I'm not much good at it, but I'll try, sir." I goes back to my seat and stares out the winda, lookin' for light of some sort, either an island, or the dawn, but it's like lookin' in a coal mine at two o'clock in the mornin', inside the plane and out. Well, I figures stayin' awake ain't gonna help the situation none, so I tries to sleep. I doze now and then, wakin' up to look outside, but never seein' nothin' but stars.

Then I wakes up to someone callin' me. "Hey, look over here, Pete," at which command I gets up and goes over to the other side. I looks out the winda' and whaddya-know? There are little grey flecks behind us that get lighter and lighter.

"At least it's dawning," someone else says.

"Yeh, but a lot of good that does us."

"Pipe down, you guys. I think I see something else."

"Where? I don't see anything . . . just alot of water."

Jose Caracas takes time out from sayin' his Rosary to look out, and then he agrees with the buy that thought he seen somethin'.

In not so hot lingo he says, "I think I see piece of land below me."

I'm sittin' on the same side he is, but I still don't see nothin', when all of a sudden I do. And everyone else sees it too . . . a tiny island, like a baby's hand, with Mt. Surabachi stickin' up at one end like the kid's thumb; and the runway lights lookin' like lined-up freckles. Oh, baby, do you ever look good to me. We goes past it, and turns around to come in for a landin'. We gets lower and lower and then, bingo, everythin's blotted out—we're in a pea-soup fog. Must be a little cloud, 'cause soon we're out again, but past the island. One more

motor starts chuggin' and chortin'. Back we goes again, and I thinks this time we'll make it for sure. But nope, by the time we completes our turn we're away to one side of the runway, so we have to try again. Everybody's holdin' their breaths, lookin' first at motor No. 3 which is now on fire, then lookin' down at Iwo. Jose is back at his Rosary. I remembers what the captain said and all of a sudden I finds myself sayin', "O.K., God, do your stuff. Please, please get us down there in one piece." He was listenin', I guess, 'cause this time we makes the turn and are right in line with those freckles. The pilot lowers his flaps and down we come to a beautiful landing.

We gets the door open and I'm the first one out to kiss good old terra firma. It sure feels good to be down with the rest of the world. By now I'm not shakin' so much but feel like tellin' someone; you know, make it sound like it didn't bother me noways. Some joker with one puny little stripe on his sleeve comes up in a jeep to take us guys to the check-in place and since I'm up to him first I hops in the front seat. It don't take long to get there but I'm tellin' him about our flight all the way. He's only a kid and gets real interested. When I'm through tellin' him he looks at me kind a wonderin' like and then he says to me: "Boy, Sarge, you sure are lucky. I guess you would have been scared though if you'd been superstitious like a lot of these guys."

I asks him what he means by that comment and when he tells me I just about pass out. He says to me, "Heck, Sarge, you've been flying on Friday, the thirteenth."

Now I ain't sayin' I'm superstitious, and I ain't sayin' I'm not. But I am sayin' the next time I go up in a plane I'm gonna make sure it ain't on the thirteenth.

Behind its blinkng night-eyes lurk the powers of success and failure, defeat and victory, happiness and misery, poverty and wealth. There is everything born, good and bad; for there never is one separate of the other.

It is an aggregation of culture, this greatest of cities. It is the clash and clang of iron and

steel and the grinding of gears; for, at the dawning of a day, manufacturing once more awakens to the task of producing, producing, producing; as iron monsters weave their web of smoke and clamor about streets and buildings. The perpetual tide of commerce forms the daily backbone of the city. Vans, trucks, handcarts fight bumper to bumper amidst the din of indignant horns and shouted oaths to stock the elegant shops of Fifth Avenue and the others, the "Bargain Day, Dresses \$2.99" stores; for one of the great things about New York is its diversity. During the hours of nine to five, business suits ebb and flow through office buildings and cash registers ring to record sales.

The bridge between day and night becomes that brief frustration when it is both impossible to ride the subway and impossible not to.

And then thee lights twinkle on, and the soul of the city shines through a little in each one. Now can laughter be heard and love seen—across a candle-lit table in one tiny restaurant, strolling the plate-glass avenues, among the milling intermission herds of 44th Street. The indifference of the city vanishes with daytime's

bedlam; it has time to care. Night is an enchantress and her spell is cast. Some are fated to heart-break, but most inherit paradise, the glittering paradise of the big city after dark. And all the while the lights dance the Manhattan Serenade.

Then a gilded crescent of moon drifted from behind a tower of building and dangled there, up-side-down, on its tripod of stars, spilling moonglow down the skyline into the river below, and reaching out to us gently in a wash of gold across the water. In the center of the skyline, one building rose supremely against the backdrop of the sky and appeared as the nucleus of a mystic and mechanical octopus, grappling ravenously for more, more, to seduce into the hoard of people and buildings already at its feet. And the longer we looked and remembered, the greater became the strange spell, stronger and stronger, luring and hypnotising, until we felt ourselves again drawn irresistibly to the magnetic centre of a fabulous metropolitan life. We turned in the direction of the first arc of lights and started back.

## BROOKS REVISITED

By ANTHONY PERKINS

A hot summer breeze blew off the lake. He sat on the steps in front of Old Whitney House and watched the tall poplars which bordered the Sweep.

The Headmaster, Mr. Ashburn?

He's off to Maine with his wife for the vacation.

Mr. Barr?

Off for the vacation.

And Mr. Thompson and Dr. Scudder?

Gone. Gone for the holidays.

Surely Mr. Westgate . . .

Gone to Boston for the weekend.

He visited his old rooms. The cubicle in Whitney and the room with two windows in Thorne House. Out of these the view remained unchanged; the Junior Varsity football field, a grove of pines, and then the slow hill to the lake.

Back in the main buildings he walked through the study halls, found his old desk with his dates scratched deeply in the top. The lazy bees hummed in and out of the high windows. His leather shoes echoed sharply on the bare floors. On the walls group pictures of yesterday's boys smiled out of dusty frames.

Mr. Spock?

Gone for the holidays.

Mr. Root?

Oh, he died last year. Hadn't you heard?

He wandered aimlessly into the familiar classrooms. The model of the Parthenon in the Latin Room and the books stacked neatly in the corner. Ritchie's *Fabulae Faciles*. He would have liked to look at one but they were tied together with string. Spelling, History, Math and a flat box full of tin protractors. Further down the hall in the library he found

## METROPOLIS

By JEAN CLOUGH

They seemed so very far away, the lights . . .

Those fuzzy pin-pricks of white in the deep sable plush of night with their billions upon billions of reflections snaking their ways across the restless water—that is the great city over the river. A demon and a darling is that city, as bewitching and captivating as it is ruinous.



the books he had read as a boy. Their cards bore his name, a penciled, disorganized scrawl. The lambent sun flickered in through the windows. It was late afternoon when he finally left. He asked again.

Mr. Bartlett?

Gone for the holidays.

Gone, gone. The clatter of many shoes through the halls at noon bell. The shouts and smiles of friends of other years. And all the way down the darkening poplar-lined drive to the road, the pleas enticed him back, of familiar voices, long remembered, long forgotten.

## ONE WAY

By NANCY TINDER

Life is a one way street—  
Narrow.  
With a block of darkness;  
And a stretch of light.  
Yet narrow.  
There is no reverse:  
Once started the road is one way.  
There is no turning back—  
No stop lights—  
No lingering at the bright blocks,  
Nor rushing at the bleak ones.  
The speed limit must be maintained.  
A narrow one way street—  
Impersonal and cold,  
Loving and Warm.  
The sun flickers, and smiles.  
Yet up ahead are the tears—  
Ahead are the pains.  
There is no reverse—  
The street moves but one way.  
No stopping, no turning;  
Rushing or lingering.  
Where is the end?  
The last mile cannot be seen;  
The road reaches out forever.  
Yet it must end,  
This narrow, one way street—  
Where does it lead?  
It wanders afar;  
Twisting, dipping, rising.  
Love, hate, laughter, fear—  
What past these?  
What at the end of that last mile?  
That is where we find home:  
Just over that last hill—  
There is home.

## ROMANTIC SHOWERS

By CHRISTINE CHARDON

The April rain  
Strokes fingers three,  
Through the green-gold hair  
Of a willow tree;  
The small clouds sail  
The silver sky,  
And we cry from beauty,  
Rain and I.

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## LAST DANCE

By CHARLOTTE COLBY

One lone leaf swirls  
Making a pirouette  
On a deserted street;  
Standing on its stem for an instant  
Swaying, turning, tumbling,  
Dancing to the somber music  
Of an autumn wind.  
The breeze subsides, the leaf falls,  
Lifeless and still.

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## INSIGHT

By MARY BETH SALENTINE

Around me there are voices, laughter.  
Blue smoke climbs lazily upward.  
Ice cubes tinkle in half empty glasses.  
I am happy

Voices are screaming, shrieking.  
Heavy smoke surrounds and chokes me.  
Ice cubes crash in the empty glasses.  
I must run  
But I turn and smile sweetly to my partner.



## THE PASSING YEARS

By PAULA CRANDALL

Nothing is ever fixed or sure,  
Even the great oak, solid and old,  
Withers and dies at the roots.  
The span of man's life  
Is like that of a shooting star  
In the endless heavens,  
Quickly cut off, and  
Remembered by so few.  
The weeds are climbing up  
The stable door,  
Twining about the broken curry-comb  
Forgotten on the ground.  
The earth's one tremendous cycle,  
Sun to land to plant to man  
To dust to plant again—  
Ad Infinitum.  
Man refuses to be civilized,  
For he may excuse  
Animal behavior  
As the common lot.  
Therefore Christ's appeal will go  
Unanswered until  
The cycle breaks, and  
Man becomes the source,  
The giver,  
The son of God,  
No fallen star then but  
The world itself about which  
All else revolves.

## NIGHT DEATH

By JAY PETERSON

He found carefulness in crimson thought,  
where nonchalance beats out tattoo in staccato  
fingertips. There nestled rain. Out there  
breathed sky, and clouds and sun, moon and  
stars: little things of no meaning which sounded  
life with every heartbeat. There the water  
grew warm under moonlight paths; there walks  
the studded centaur: proud, bold figure, taking  
every motion, every prayer in every eye.

And the moon closed,  
the ladder melted;  
And the mortal terror  
begins to move again. . . .

He shivered, damp with dew and sweat,  
sound lapped at all sides with the suddenness  
of a cricket's silence. The bird called its love,

The Answer. *Oh, what is the answer?* He felt  
the grass, coarse-unfriendly: now nails instead  
of hay on warmth and dryness. Hurried Time  
cozened his eyes, his slipping fingers. *The Lad-  
der Melted. Where can I go?*

*My eyes are blinded with darkness as with  
light. Take them away; they see nothing, not  
blooded love, not coral strength or weakness.  
For I am blind; I reach with arm stubs—No  
water gushes, no ocean roars, no crusty brine.*

*I must be dead.*

*I*

*Must*

*Be*

*Dead*

## THE CROSS

By ALISON DESSAU

The sod, the ash, the mound,  
The long and level line stretching, stretching  
Along the infinite path, and the steps  
Leaving just a single mark behind,  
Down one, down two, down one,  
Down, down, down, gone.  
Mark the place,  
Unearth the flowers else they wilt,  
Replant the grass  
And hope it rains.  
When the night grows cold  
Or the dust rises from the naked ground,  
With the wind a husky beggar at its side  
Sweeping away the only impression left,  
Run to your mothers.  
Make your homes and reap your fields,  
Teach your children your ethics,  
And tomorrow they will be the dust  
That with the wind sent you home today.  
Remember creation,  
And do not look over the hill to the level  
Where death has banished life,  
Else the cross, your cross,  
White, white, unstained by the blood  
That flows on other shores,  
Decay your heart too soon.

## FORGIVEN

By DEWEY ANDERSON

How good it is to hear from Louis! It has  
been so long—twelve years. What does it say  
again? Ah, yes.

Monsieur Louis Bertain  
at home 161 Street of  
nine to five the Lions

He always was so formal to others but not  
to me. Oh, well, it is his little joke—and then  
too, the uncertainty of his return. Louis Ber-  
tain was humorous, yes, too funny often for  
his own good.

Ah, but we were the best of friends—until  
that stupid quarrel. He said I should never see  
him nor hear his voice again, but I knew that

he could not forget forever; I couldn't. And at  
last he has forgiven me.

I shall go immediately, and I shall walk as  
we used to.

What good times we had and shall have!  
How I have missed him! It is spring—all the  
trees are blooming; the city is alive. Louis  
always liked the spring. We shall go to the  
theater, the opera, and the cafes—just as in  
our student days together. We will see Herr  
Weber at the academy again.

Let me see, what was the address again—  
ah, yes. It is in a fine section of town; he  
must be doing well, dear Louis.



That quarrel—it was all my fault, but at last he had forgiven me. How many times have I lain awake wanting the day when—but it has come.

My—here is the street already. Let me see—number 161, yes. Here is 95, fine homes indeed—103—120. They seem to be thinning out. 128—132—140—149—157 and 161. Ah, but t is one of Louis' jokes. He can't be here. Louis was always such a comedian. The gatekeeper shall have his address.

"Oh, gatekeeper!"

"Oui, M'sieur?"

"Have you a Monsieur Louis Bertain here?"

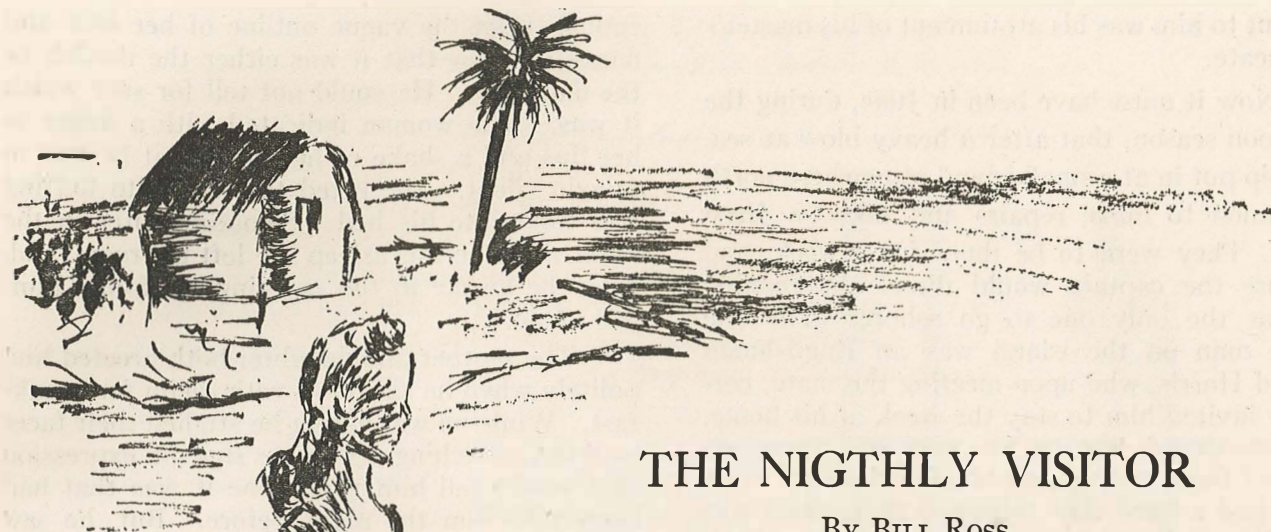
"Just one moment, M'sieur; I shall look at my books. Barnard—Bantain—Benet—Bertain, Louis Bertain. Oui, Monsieur, he is here. Come I shall show you the way. There, Monsieur—third grave to the left."



## THE FIRE BURNS LOW

BY MARY GRACE HOWE

The fire burns low.  
It is a night for thought,  
For imagination that reaches  
Far beyond the realm of simple thought.  
What great things exist here?  
Superlative plans, that live only  
Late at night, in my solitude;  
Dreams that come forth only  
After darkness; springing  
Forward to meet and engulf me  
With their wisdom, and the  
Empty feeling of unattainable hopes.  
The orange embers shudder, then are still.  
The fire burns low.



## THE NIGHTLY VISITOR

BY BILL ROSS

As long as ships will go out to the Pacific, leaving behind them the old sea dogs who used to sail from these very ports, as long as the memories of these men—their log books—stay open, the strange, fascinating stories of the sea will remain with us. My yarn is one of theirs. It isn't the first time it's been told, nor by any means the first time it's been written.

It was on Hawaii in 1946 when I first encountered this strange story. It was on my first leave since arriving in the islands, and I was waiting for a friend in a water-front cafe. The place had all the markings of a dive, but one which I later learned catered to merchant seaman rather than service personnel. I had found a table off in the corner of the room and was pulling at a tall schooner of suds, when I noticed two men sitting at the next table talking to each other in low tones and drinking something which reminded me of dirty brackish water. I won't describe them to you, but instead will tell you they were old sea captains—the picture that springs into your mind will be exactly what they looked like.

At first my eavesdropping went unnoticed; when at last they discovered my attentiveness they became indignant, but after a moment of their laughter, they invited me to join them. We passed the time talking of far-off places and interesting ports, when suddenly the skipper on my left asked me if I had any "nightly visitors" lately. I told him I hadn't, and that I didn't understand what he was talking about. "Well," he said, "in that case I'll tell you a story you will do well to remember."

He took a pull on his drink, threw his friend a searching glance, and began by telling me of a young college boy from the States who had left school, home, and money and ran away to sea. It was long ago, but even in those days education was important and meant a great deal at sea. It was only two years before he had a mate's rating and considered by many sea captains the best mate in that part of the world. He was still under 21, but he was strong and aggressive, quick to learn, and had a way with the men in the fo'c'sle. He was a handsome chap and did very well with the women, but more im-



portant to him was his attainment of his master's certificate.

Now it must have been in June, during the monsoon season, that after a heavy blow at sea, his ship put in at a small island somewhere north of Samoa to make repairs and take on fresh water. They were to be there for a week, and because the captain would direct the repairs, he was the only one to go ashore. The one white man on the island was an Englishman named Harris, who upon meeting the mate, cordially invited him to stay the week at his home. He introduced him to his wife and daughter. Both of them were astonishingly beautiful! The mate had a hard time telling at first which was the wife and which was the daughter. They were tall and dark-haired, with dark and rather slanted eyes that seemed to suggest a trace of Asiatic ancestry. Both had a fragrant air of loveliness, and the smooth features of quiet beauty that is prevalent in the island women. But, they had been educated in Europe and were familiar with the best places in Paris, London, Switzerland, and the Riviera. The whole family was intelligent, witty and apparently happy. The situation baffled the mate. Why were such civilized and charming people avoiding the society of the world? He decided to ask no questions for a few days. He would try to find out the answer by himself.

That evening, when he excused himself, and retired to his room, the mate began to undress. The room was dimly lighted by a candle. While he was removing his clothes, the candle went out. As he fumbled for a match to relight it, he found that there was a woman in the room. He could not see her clearly in the moonlight that came through the window, but he saw

enough from the vague outline of her face and figure to know that it was either the mother or the daughter. He could not tell for sure which it was. The woman indicated with a finger to her lips and a shake of her head that he was to remain silent. She lifted the mosquito netting and went into his bed. Sometime later in the night while he was asleep she left the room, and, when he awoke in the morning, he found himself alone.

The mother and daughter both greeted him politely when he sat down with them for breakfast. While he was eating he studied their faces secretly, searching for some sign or expression that would tell him which one it was that had been with him the night before. But, he saw nothing.

That night, when he went to bed, the woman was there in the dark again. He tried to question her but she forced him to be quiet and remained silent herself. Again she left before daylight. And so it went for a whole week. Every night she came to him, and every day the mother and the daughter with their looks, their words, and gestures told him nothing. On the morning of the day he was leaving, the mate sat down with the Englishman to talk. He finally asked him why he and his family had chosen to live on this remote island. "Your wife and daughter are beautiful and charming," the mate said. "They must crave the company of old friends and new acquaintances. How can they be happy here?" Harris looked at the mate and shook his head. "You don't understand what keeps us here," he said. "I have another daughter, even prettier than the one you already know. You didn't see her. She's living a half mile down the beach. She has leprosy."



# THE LAST DAY

By JANE KILBOURNE

There were red shorts and roses on our last day together, and honeysuckle filled the air.

A small boy's laughter, as his eyes grew large, watching the wonder of a tiny windmill.

Wasn't it funny to be buying groceries together on our last day? As if we had the rest of our lives to do it in. Our laughter mingled, and our eyes looked deep, as if they knew it was the last time.

The laughter wasn't too hard, if you could remember to blink often enough to keep the tears from falling. It was all you could do to keep from touching the crisp, black curls that sprang from his forehead, And his hands that held the wheel, with such an air of confidence.

At least you could look at him enough, if you sat sideways in the car.

There was a boy on a mule. His back tanned, and his eyes bright, with the summer sun.

You ate lunch together, for the last time, and the straw in your hands said he loved you.

It wouldn't lie, would it?

You laughed at how late it was getting. How could you laugh, when the hours of your life were ticking by?

You left him then, for a little while, and you could smile, because you knew this time he would come back.

You went home with him then, for the last time.

It didn't seem possible, did it?

A home that was beginning to seem like your own, never to go there again?

Riding together, with the wind in your hair, through a tunnel of leafy green, with the sun making splashes of light on everything.

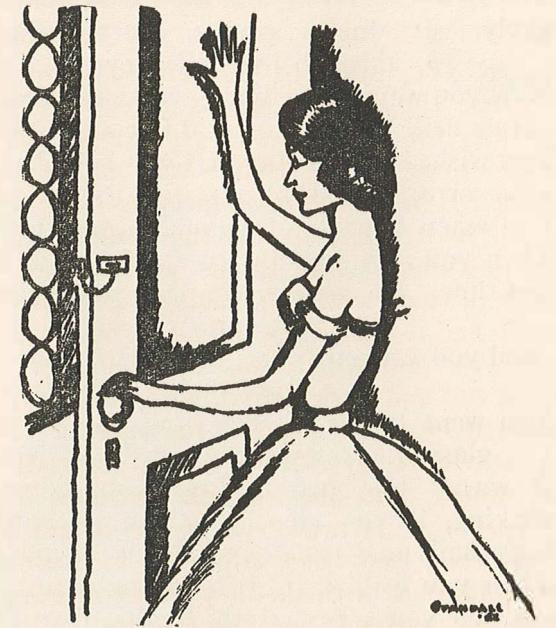
Then the car went out of control, like everything that day, but because he was there, it was all right.

You built a dam while they tinkered and laughed, men's laughs, way down low.

The water was icy, and the stones were large, but it gave your hands something to do.

Your heart was crying, it couldn't be the last time, it was too perfect! But all the time you knew it was.

You took a bath, and got ready, just like the many times before; and while you sprayed on



the perfume he liked,

The last time, the last time, ran through your mind so loudly you were sure the whole world could hear it.

Then he came, and it was just like always. He smiled his special smile as you came down the stairs.

"Why this isn't the last time," you thought, He'll be here tomorrow." ; but all the time you knew it wasn't so.

He told your parents goodbye, and their eyes were sad, to watch youth so unhappy.

He opened the car door and put you in, like you were the world to him. The doors' thud when it closed,

Echoed your thoughts—"The last time, the last time!"

They you were moving again, and the sweet breath of honeysuckle still filled the twilight air.

A smell that would linger, when he was gone. You were laughing at the toothpaste in the corner of his mouth. A clown's smile, that seemed to mock you.

How could you laugh at toothpaste, when your world was falling down?

You unpinned your hair, and let it fall long to your shoulders, the way he liked it, even if it was quite straight.



There was the movie you both watched, feigning interest in other peoples stories, when yours was here.

The popcorn and hot dogs were like always. He even choked, like he always did.

You rode downtown, and the lights were shining gayly. It was a pretty, blurred confusion, through tear filled eyes.

Now you were going home, and even though his arms held you tightly, you felt alone already. You wished on the star that you both had called your own; but what was the use of wishing, when it couldn't possibly come true?

Then you were home. Up the driveway for the last time. He opened your door and helped you out,

and you walked to the door, with your hands entwined.

You went to the kitchen, and handed him his glass, the one he always drank from.

It wasn't too hard to keep your hands from shaking, if you clenched them so hard your fingernails made small half moons on your palms. Then you walked into the living room, and he helped you turn out the lights, like always.

The room was dark, and then you were in his arms, and he was holding you like he could never let go.

"Why can't I go with you?" your cried, even though you knew it was useless. You stood there,

like two immovable objects,

And you thought how nice it would be, if you could die, with his arms around you, his lips on yours.

"So long," he whispered, "You be my good little girl, and wait for me." You nodded dumbly, thinking, "This can't be happening, it can't be all over!"

And then he was gone. You locked the door, and the cold steel steadied your nerves a little. You heard him back out the driveway, and you watched, standing there in the dark.

You were thinking, "I didn't cry, did I? I could leave him with a smile." Then you put your hand to your cheek and found it wet.

When the sound of the car had faded, and the last glimmer of the tail lights had disappeared, The stillness was replaced by a sound. Your body was torn by great, wracking sobs, that ravaged you.

You stood in the dark awhile, and then went up the stairs. You were alone. He had gone for the last time.

# THE BOTTLE

By ROBERT PECK

It all happened on the night of October the fifth. I had dined heartily, and had retired to the parlor, and sat myself in the big leather chair by the hearth. I had intended that evening to visit a friend over in Grayfriars, but the ferocity of the thunder and rain outside prevented me. Shuddering at the thought of trying to hail a carriage on such a night, I resigned myself to an evening home, and drew my chair closer to the fire.

I was interrupted, however, by my man, Stokes, whom I promptly dismissed of further duties, and returned my attention to the fire at my feet. As was my custom, I was gazing into the flames, as they danced about, imagining that they were beings like myself. The storm continued to beat down on the outside, while the fire roared and crackled within; the two basic elements of Aristotle, I thought, fighting to be at each other's throat. And it was the combination of the two that soon caused by eyes to droop, and my body curled, as a child, into the lap of Morpheus.

I could not have been asleep very long, as the fire still burned brightly, when I was suddenly awakened by someone calling me by name. Turning my head toward the hall, I beheld a man standing not ten feet from my chair. He was tall, and slight of build, dressed in black cape and toppler, and carrying a cane. There was a puddle of water on the floor about his boots. I rose, asked him who he was, and what business he had with me.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said. "I am a surgeon, although my name does not matter. I have come as you have great need of me."

I informed him that I neither sent for nor needed the services of a physician, but he interrupted me by saying—

"You are Mr. Roberts Charwick, are you not?" I assured him that I was. He nodded.

"Then I have come to the right place."

He came a few steps closer, and only then did I notice his eyes. They were strange eyes,



burning red like the flames of the fire, and glowed, rapturously, like hot coals against his dark face. Although he was stately and majestic, and bore the mark of a gentleman, whenever I looked into his eyes, I found myself wanting to take a step backwards. I eyed the desk drawer, in which I kept my pistol.

Reaching under his cloak, he withdrew, not a weapon, but a small bottle, containing a colorless liquid. He held it out in his hand, offering it to me, but since I found myself unable to move, placed it on the coffee table.

"You will soon have need of this," he said, "and now I must go." Thereupon, he turned abruptly, and went down the hallway, and out into the night, the heavy oaken door latching behind him.

Going to the coffee table, I carefully examined the bottle, removing the stopper, and



sniffing cautiously. The liquid was odorless, seeming to resemble water. Replacing the stopper, I returned the bottle, with its mysterious contents, to the coffee table.

I tried to read, but could not concentrate. I could stand it no longer. Slamming my book shut, I picked up the bottle. I strode to the window, and was about to pitch it outside, but something kept me from doing so. An inner compulsion forced me to keep it. I replaced the bottle and retired upstairs to my chamber.

At midnight, I was awakened by the tolling of the town clock. It was then that I was aware of a cramp in my left leg. Trying to change my position only increased the dolor. The cramp grew more severe and spread to my right leg also. The pain continued, increasing with every breath I drew. I gripped the sheet with my fingers so desperately that I was aware I had torn it to shreds.

When the clock struck one, my throat constricted at the sound with sickening agony, followed by coughing, and spasms of choking. In an effort to cry out for help, I realized with horror that I was dumb. The tightening about my throat had intensified so that breathing was nearly impossible. I felt extremely nauseous, as I heard the clock strike two.

As the stillness swallowed the morbid tones, the soles of my feet began to itch with indescribable intensity. I clawed at my own flesh in search of futile relief, as the itching spread up my calves, along my back and chest, and into my hair. It was like being bitten by an army of red ants. The itching then became stinging, as if a countless number of angry wasps, and increased to the extent that I was almost burning alive, as the clock struck three.

This agony increased with such persistence, that my eyes bulged from their sockets, as I sensed blood coming from my nostrils. It was as if I were being beaten with a heavy cudgel, only from the inside. My hair was being pulled out by the roots, and my tongue had the same torture. I had bitten my lip until it was raw, and continued to gnaw upon it, until it was no longer. I felt a pressure on my lower abdomen, which intensified until I imagined that a man stood upon me, splitting the walls of my stomach, bursting my internal organs. And then the clock struck four.

The last stroke of the hour shot such an

excruciating stab through my chest, that when I writhed with the agony of it, I broke my right arm. My body began to shake and tremble, my teeth to chatter, as I was suddenly unbearably cold. I tried to draw the covers about me, but the pain was crucifying. My fingernails, at the height of itching had scraped my stomach raw, and now the rough wool blanket had been drawn across it. I tried in terror to scream out with the plague that was upon me, but could not utter a sound. My convulsions and trembling continued in greater proportions, my very soul wincing in anguish. And as the clock struck five, I knew I was blind.

I kept hearing screams, horrible screams, coming from somewhere in the room I thought—screams of women, and screams of children. All the animals bellowed in pain, except the rats, which gnawed at my feet, and the stench of my own decaying flesh became unendurable. Then came the spiders—huge, black monsters, dropping on me from the ceiling, running across my face with hairy legs.

They were looking at me, all of them. All the people in the world, and they started to laugh. Even my friends were laughing, my mother and father were laughing. They had water, but I didn't, and I had to have water for I was burning up. But I couldn't have it until the clock struck six. That's the rules. And one must play by the rules. No water until I heard the clock strike six. But I could never hear the clock strike six, because I was deaf. Deaf, and alone in the dark, with nothing but pain, pain! Please, some water! But where? In the bottle of course. I must get to the bottle. Now I'm running and falling—I fell down, down, down. Hundreds of stairs. Now, the bottle—but where? The coffee table. Ah, yes, here it is. Must not spill it. O, God! I drank every drop. It burned my throat. I couldn't catch my breath.

When Stokes called me for breakfast that morning, I was asleep in the big leather chair by the hearth, and he gave me quite a start. I could rationally account for my subconscious adventure of the night before, but for the life of me, I could not account for the small puddle of water on the parlor floor, the torn sheet on my bed, and strangely enough, there seemed to be a big ring mark on the coffee table, as if made by a glass—or perhaps, a small bottle.



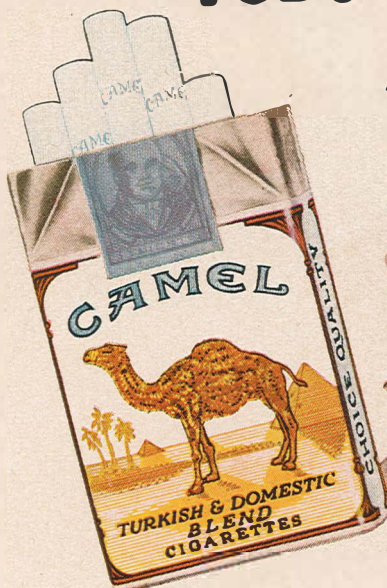
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