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Pine Needle Publications

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Kenny Zwicker

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Authors

Pine Needle Publications, Clair H. Chamberlain, Samuel E. Jones, Kenny Zwicker, Bonnie Andrews, Pauline Marcous, Don Gross, and D. S. Thomas

THE PINE NEEDLE

MAY, 1947

JIFTY CLEANERS-DYERS



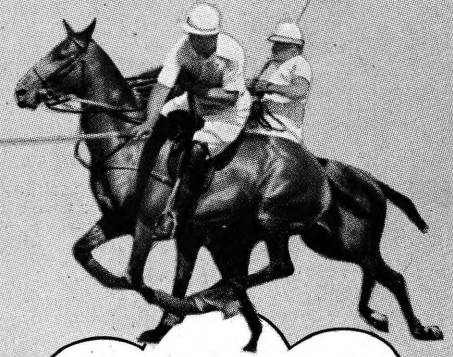
**EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!**

Cecil Smith practically "grew up" with horses; and he's as sure-seated on a pony as he is a sure shot with his mallet.

He's one of America's polo "greats"—Texas-born Cecil Smith. Veteran of many a famous international match.



Cecil Smith
FAMOUS
INTERNATIONAL
POLO STAR



**EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST TEACHER
IN POLO...AND
IN CIGARETTES!
CAMELS SUIT ME
BEST!**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

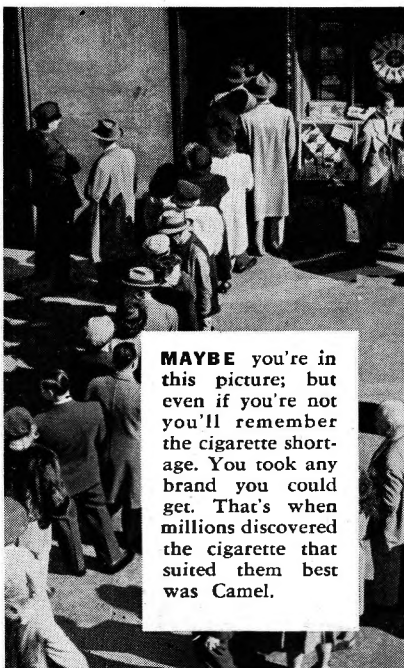
Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.

LET POLO STAR Cecil Smith tell you in his own words: "That cigarette shortage was a real experience. That's when I learned how much I really appreciated Camels!"

Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that

shortage. Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.



MAYBE you're in this picture; but even if you're not you'll remember the cigarette shortage. You took any brand you could get. That's when millions discovered the cigarette that suited them best was Camel.



**YOUR 'T-ZONE'
WILL TELL YOU...**

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'.



According to a recent National Survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*

A Hytherto Unpublished Canterbury Tale

A wight ther was, and that a man of Maine,
A splendre felawe, and too smalle,
But tweedes by Brooke dyd fil hym out wythalle,
And mad hym loke as if he pleyed footballe.
His heer streyt up in bristling furz y-shorn,
As shorte it was bihinde as twas biforn.
Ful flashily he wolde ryden oute,
Dryvinge along the collyge hiway route,
With foot y-presst unto the verray flore,
Ful lyke gresed lightening he tore.
And ofte with a damsel by hys syde
He showed her just how his Ford would ryde.
He knew the tavernes wel in every toun;
Ful many a whiskey scure dyd he doun.
Gaddinge he was, or floytynge, al the day;
He was as fressh as is the month of May.
And eke he loved girles in special
And wolde maken eyen at them alle.
Ay, trewely, I ofte wondre howe
He dyd his deyly lesouns come to knowe.
Of studie took he no cure and no heede—
What good to stay in cloystre alwey to rede?
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed
Remayned unoened at hys beddes heed,
Uncracked from the falle unto the springe;
Why bother with swich tooles of lerninge?
This wight, he flunked out the firste June;
He was a verray, parfit, dopey goon.
Espoused am I to this flash. (A shok?)
I dyd it cause I loved hys argyle sok.



The most effective way to express your pleasure in your prom date is with flowers and to do that best, get your corsage from us.



Brockway's Flower Shoppe

15 Central Street, Bangor

WE DELIVER
ANY PLACE
ANY TIME

Swan Song

IN 2/4 TIME

Inappropriately enough, the "Pine Needle" makes its exit just as the grassing season comes into full swing.

We've had a good time putting the magazine through its first year, labor pains being what they are. We've stolen the best jokes (or worst, depending upon your viewpoint) that we could find, and belabored those on campus who've displayed literary talent.

Some of our material has been readable and some we won't talk about.

Next year, we plan to publish but four issues, turning the magazine into a quarterly, and charging one dollar (\$1.00) for a year's subscription. There will be a Fall issue, a Christmas issue, another either at Winter Carnival or Spring house party time, and the final one will come out prior to graduation.

You'll see a number of familiar names under stories that you've read this year, but there are some changes on the masthead.

Next year's editor will be Rip Haskell. Roger Thurell will handle business manager, and Roy Spears will handle that very necessary department, advertising.

Those are the major changes. We hope to see people interested in writing for, or working on, the magazine come out in droves next Fall, and we also hope you won't struggle too hard when you're approached next Fall in our subscription campaign. Meanwhile have a good summer.

When
In
Bangor
Visit
The

New
Atlantic
Restaurant



The
House
of
Quality



66 Main Street
Bangor



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THE PINE NEEDLE

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Professor Emeritus Winkle, my maternal grandfather, told me many strange tales in my youth. The one that has remained longest in my memory concerns a black cat with a white crest and a remarkable personality. I can see the old man now, his eyes half closed, his rich, well-modulated voice blending cheerfully with the crackle of the flames from the open hearth, his stiff, tufted hair standing upright, his half-shut eyes reflecting the golden light from the spurting embers. And, after all these years, I wonder how much truth there is in my grandfather's fable of the crested cat, for I never knew the genial old gentleman to deliberately tell a falsehood when he drew from his store of ancient knowledge and brought forth a tale for the amusement of his grandchildren. The story is an interesting part of our family history; thus, I set it down for the benefit of my own children, that it may not be forgotten after I am gone.

My grandfather had returned from a trip to Egypt, whither he had gone in search of knowledge and first-hand experience in that singular country. He had gathered much material for a volume he had planned to write on ancient culture. Knowing full well the important part that cats had played in the life and religion of those ancient peoples, and that the Egyptians had endowed the feline creature, *Felis libyca domestica*, with many supernatural qualities, he had devoted much of his research and writing ability to an interesting study of the Egyptian cat. Only one disappointment served to mar an otherwise perfect trip. Try as he would, he had been unable to purchase, beg, or steal even one of those amazing creatures from the superstitious natives; and, having been an ardent admirer of cats in his boyhood, he was particularly attracted by the extreme angularity, the long neck and the lean frame of the Egyptian breed,

The Fable of

The CRESTED CAT

By CLAIR H. CHAMBERLAIN

which cannot be surpassed even in the common alleycats so numerous in the cities of North America. Needless to say, my grandfather returned to his post as professor of ancient history at the University of Maine, minus his one cherished aspiration, the possession of an Egyptian cat. It was not to be the last time, however, that the old gentleman was to make the acquaintance of this particular species. On two memorable occasions in the future he was to feel the curse placed upon his soul by the angry Egyptian gods, because of his prying research and his revelation of sacred knowledge which for centuries had remained hidden in the dust of Egyptian tombs, and which had been brought to light only by the deciphering of the famous Rosetta stone hieroglyphics, a task which my grandfather Winkle was instrumental in aiding.

Upon embarking from Liverpool, on his return to America, my grandfather carried with him a priceless ruby which he had intended presenting to his young wife as an anniversary present. He had personally uncovered it one day while exploring the tomb of a Pharaoh, and had kept it in his valise unmindful of the tragedy which was to befall him in the days to come.

He had returned to his cabin, after dining with the ship's captain one evening, only to find that it had been completely ransacked. The locked valise had been opened,

The ruby was gone. As he entered the cabin, he had noticed only the sudden exit of a black cat with a white crest, strangely similar in form and shape to the cats he had seen in Egypt. Later, after the theft of the ruby had been reported and a search of the ship had been made without result, grandfather had asked the captain whether the ship had a cat. The captain had answered in the negative. Naturally, my grandfather was extremely disappointed in losing the ruby. He never saw it again, although I heard him mention it many times. Grandmother had to be content with a diamond of much less value; but, withal, a stone which brought her much pleasure during the ensuing years.

Some years passed, quickly and without unusual occurrence. My grandfather's work, a ten volume masterpiece entitled "The Cat in Ancient Egypt" had long since been accepted for publication. Due recognition was given the author when it was found to fill a long felt need in the curriculums of universities throughout the world. I well remember having to carry the entire set to the classroom during my later attendance at grandfather's lectures. It was a severe strain, both upon my mental faculties and upon my posture. When I later showed him a story in the local newspaper, which an ambitious cub reporter had written (about the stolen ruby and its attendant curse) my grandfather's face

the account. He told me later, however, that he often thought about the remarkable crested cat he had seen in the ship's cabin and of the strange disappearance of the ruby. Soon, the crested cat was to make a second appearance under the most unusual circumstances.

One warm evening in the spring of 1947, my grandfather sat in his study correcting some examination papers and thinking, I suppose, of his lectures for the next day. He had left the French windows, leading to the veranda, open. A sultry breeze blew through the open space, rustling the curtains in the room, and there were indications of rain. Heat lightning flashed on the horizon. There were rumblings of thunder in the distance, and there was an electric feeling of expectancy in the air which was intensified by the quietness of the surroundings and the lateness of the hour. The old gentleman, fearful that the coming shower would enter the room, had left his work to close the window. From my grandfather's almost incoherent account and from the slight evidence I have been able to piece together from the subsequent happenings, there is some indication that the following events took place. First, however, it is necessary to go back a few days and bring into the tale a few events that had transpired on the Maine campus, which, it is my belief, have a definite relation to the case.

In one of my grandfather's classes, there was an exceptionally brilliant student. A young, slim; darkly attractive co-ed, with whom I had made acquaintance in the classrooms and at the spring formal the previous year. My grandfather had been attracted to her because of her evidently profound interest in his lectures, and because of the general brilliance of the questions she had asked him concerning the ancient lore of Egyptian civilization. As my grandfather frequently mentioned later, in some strange way he, inquisitive mind and the

lightness of her movements, even the sly expression that was wont to come over her face whenever she questioned him, served to remind him faintly of an Egyptian cat. And, running through the middle of her hair, there was a silver crest! This fact, in itself, was not considered unusual as there are many families noted for premature greyness; and, too, in some exceptional cases a silver lock is inherited by homo sapiens just as it is in horses or other animals. In some way, the strange disappearance of this co-ed from grandfather's classes and from the Maine campus, and the misfortune that befell the old gentleman, seem to have been related. Both events occurred on the same evening as later information served to prove. At first, grandfather had not thought it unusual, thinking the co-ed might have been sick, or that he might have aroused her anger in his classroom discussion; but, afterwards, when the strange disappearance of the young girl was aired, the supernatural aspects of the Egyptian curse which had followed him through the years presented themselves to his mind.

Grandfather Winkle had a strange tale to tell. On the evening we are taking into consideration, as you remember, he had left his chair intending to close the windows of his study. Somewhat earlier (probably with the space of only a few minutes at the most) he had heard the eerie yowling of a night-marauding cat. According to his account, he had hardly taken a step in the direction of the windows, when he was suddenly and viciously attacked by a black, white-crested, Egyptian cat. The old man, overcome by the savagery of the encounter and the unaccustomed exertion he was forced to undergo in order to protect himself, had lost consciousness.

I have no reason to doubt this tale. When I heard his screams of pain and the resounding thump as his body struck the floor, I had rushed to his assistance, and in my

adjoining room. I found the old man lying prostrate upon the floor. Across his cheek, as I turned him over, I saw the livid marks of a cat's raking claw!

Grandfather Winkle never recovered from his final, valiant battle with the crested cat. Although he had the mind of a true scholar, tending to disprove superstition and the supernatural and delving always for the clear light of truth (as may be evidenced by his gigantic contributions to ancient history and his painstaking research on "The Cat in Ancient Egypt") he was unable to throw off the veil that settled over his mind after his second meeting with the form that had haunted his footsteps for so many years. It is my belief that this second and last encounter led to his death a few weeks later. As he lay in state, having been honored during his lifetime by the great and near-great, I could not help but feel the insignificance of life and the small extent of accumulated knowledge that Man, through his constant striving toward an end, has been able to amass.

According to the Egyptian legend, which I was able to uncover because of my intimate acquaintance with grandfather's historical papers, the ancient curse is inflicted three times upon the family of the man who removes the ruby from the left eye of the crested cat. It was not long after my grandfather's death that the certainty of this fate was brought home to me once more.

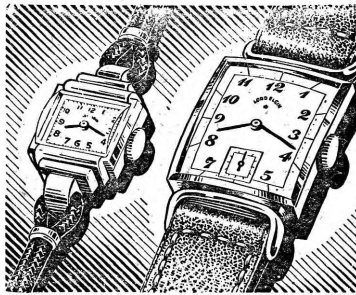
While searching through his effects, it was my misfortune to discover an old valise having upon it a travel tag carrying the name of a hotel in Cairo. The attic had not been disturbed by any member of the immediate family, and at least a year had passed since the children had made a visit to its dusty confines. As I stooped to open the cracked valise, I saw the print of a cat's paw plainly imbedded in the dust.

Wedding Bells



or

Graduation



W. C. Bryant & Son

46 Main Street

Bangor

*"Jewelers of distinction for
three generations"*

GREEN

TURNS

RED

It was June. Red was uneasy. His feet hurt. He put rocks in his shoes. Rocks don't wear out. Red was sad. He had no girl, no job, no future. He didn't have a damn thing to look forward to. If he'd seen what was coming, he'd have put on blinders and entered the Kentucky Derby. It was a dry year, and Red was a mudder.

He could only do one thing. He did it. He went to college. He didn't know why he went to college. Red was stupid. He never wiped between his ears. Red was almost broke. He didn't have enough money to buy a paper handkerchief. He would have had to wipe between his ears with a free blotter. The blotter would have still been dry when he finished. When his second-grade teacher refused to marry him, he left the second grade. Maybe he thought college would be different. It was.

He walked past the Maine campus one day. The grass was green and inviting. The trees were inviting and green. Red was green, too. The campus looked like an oasis in a desert, and Red wanted a drink. Red was dry. He walked past the cannons, past the green lawns. He also walked past Hannibal Hamlin. If he hadn't walked past Hannibal Hamlin, he wouldn't have been dry. Hannibal Hamlin would have given Red a drink, but Red forgot to say "hello."

Red was slow. After a while, he found his way to the book store. He spent his last nickel for a coke. After he drank the coke, he was still dry. He borrowed a nickel and bought another coke. The girl behind the counter was gullible. That's a word that means duped.

If you don't know what duped means, look up gullible. Red drank the coke. He was still dry. Red should have been born a camel.

Red was broke. He figured it all out for himself. Then he went to the Registrar's office. He told the Registrar a sad sob-story. The Registrar felt sorry for Red when he heard Red's sad sob-story. He let Red enlist. Red signed the dotted line with green ink. He couldn't remember what his name was, so he signed up for a four-year hitch as John Hancock. He'd seen it on an insurance policy. Afterwards, he remembered he didn't own any insurance and put in a claim for a rebate. The Claims Department referred Red to the Dead Letter Office. When Red reported in person at the Dead Letter Office, the Postmaster General wanted to file Red with the other dead letters. Red had green ink on his nose. Red liked the Dead Letter Office. The Postmaster General liked Red. He knew a good advertisement when he saw one.

Red was kicked out of college when he forgot to report back for duty on time. His contract with the Registrar read "duration plus six months." Red got his dates mixed. He was supposed to get back on time for a Friday night date with an instructor in the Women's Athletic Department. She taught jiu-jitsu, jiu-jitsu, and jujitsu. Red outweighed the instructor. Red was scared. Red was so scared that he turned green and took a powder. When he found out it was arsenic, he turned red. Then he turned white. Then he got stiff. Red was a good guy and he had it in him.



Jan Brown



With due apologies to Mr. Powers, we think he erred by a matter of five places. However, fifth in a national contest is good from any angle, and our best to Miss Brown.

Good enough at any rate for one of the staff members to squat in front of a typewriter and peck out a query to John asking what were the cover girl opportunities for Miss Brown. Mr. Powers, erudite gentleman that he is, replied, saying that when Miss Brown should make her contemplated trip to New York he would be "very glad to see her and advise her."

Which means that at the very least four secretaries will be swept by and serves as an entree, thus circumventing the gal with the fish eyes who usually fronts for J. P. Good luck, Jan.

Photo by Ted Newhall

...DREAMS...

by Kenny Zwicker

It was a beautiful night; the tropical moonlight made the coconut palms look silvery and made the ocean look like acres of glittering jewels. Stinky Jones stood on the beach and looked at the sea. The scene reminded him of the display in the window of Goldberg's Jewelry Store, back in Jefferson Junction. He turned around and looked at the rows of tents, bought, paid for, and installed by the United States Government. Stinky Jones cursed under his breath, damning the little God-forsaken island, and the brass whose idea it was to take the damned place away from the enemy. Although he didn't know it, Stinky Jones was homesick. He sat down on a piece of driftwood and put his head in his hands. It was thus that his buddy, Bulkhead, whose real name was Wall, found him a few minutes later. Bulkhead strolled up and laid an understanding hand on the shoulder of his friend, saying,

"Well, Stinky, I guess the time has come."

Stinky looked up and asked, "What time has come?"

"The time has come for us to tap those six bottles of Sake that we got statched away!"

Stinky Jones came to his feet and slapped his buddy on the back. "Christ, Bulkhead," he said, "We've been stealing so much of the officers' whiskey that I had forgotten about that Sake. Let's bring it down here and slop it up! O.K.?"

"Roger!" replied Bulkhead, "I'll go get a tool and dig the stuff up!"

Two hours later the two men had repeated, once more, the stories that they both knew by heart. They had sung "Sweet

Adeline" seven times, and were trying to think of the other song that they both knew. Stinky Jones pulled the cork from the last bottle of Sake, took a long drag, and passed out.

The train pulled into the station at Jefferson Junction. Stinky Jones stepped down and looked around. He would have actually kissed that platform if it hadn't been for Barney Ross. He put his bag on the station platform and stretched his arms. There was very little change; everything was just about the same as he had remembered it. Mr. Briggs, the operator, was still sitting behind his rolled-topped desk, sending a message. Mr. Sawyer was still carrying the mail to the post office in his dilapidated old car. After greeting these two men, whom he had known all his life, Stinky Jones picked up his bag and began walking down Main Street. At the corner of Main and Elm he turned left and walked down Elm until he came to the long, white house where he had been born and had lived all his life, save the last three years. He whistled as he stepped onto the porch, and the door opened, just as he had always dreamed it would, and a little pink-cheeked woman, past middle age, stood in the doorway. Stinky Jones forgot all the things that he had planned to say; he grabbed the woman in his arms and cried like

a baby. The woman cried too, and laughed at the same time, and breathed,

"Oh, my son, you're safe home, at last!"

They went into the kitchen and had a cup of coffee and talked and talked. Stinky's mother excused herself long enough to make a phone call. A few minutes later there were footsteps on the porch. Stinky said, "I'll get it, Mom!" He opened the door, and there was Mary . . . young, lovely, adorable Mary . . . exactly as he had known she would be, with her blue eyes wide and misty, and her blonde hair falling loose around her pretty neck. "Oh, Stinky," she said, starting to cry, "you're home." Stinky Jones hugged Mary, hard, like he had known he would, and kissed her on the neck like he had done a thousand times before, saying, "Yes, chicken, I'm home!"

Something kept hitting Stinky Jones in the face. He opened his eyes and stared into space for a moment.

"For Christ sake, Stinky, we been crapped out here all night. It's daylight, fella, let's go get a cup o' Jo . . . Jeas am I stiff from layin' in that wet sand . . . the God-dam ocean like to washed us away!"

"Bulkhead, you no-good sonof-a-bitch, I hate your guts," said Stinky Jones.



)! st ing "ust have to learn. s.

Sad is the lot of the poor helplessly sought-after male, the poor, hounded, terrorized creature. Would that irresponsible, flighty, indecorous and artificial creature, the female, had never been created to torment the dependable, stable, gentlemanly lives of men. Oh, Brother!

Let's be frank, shall we? We women find the male outbursts of wrath against our sex somewhat pathetic. They are understandable, to be sure—and quite harmless, as well. What *annoys* us considerably is the fact that man masks his real gripe behind a silly story about woman's relentless pursuit of him (which he actually enjoys, if the real truth be told.) But that's beside the point. The point *being* that he is innately jealous—jealous and angry—because women are coming up in the world and are beginning to compete with him for the things he wants in life—money, position and prestige (and ranks, just to mention a minor detail).

We wish that some day a man with the courage to face the truth like the man he's supposed to be, would come forward and say, "You women are getting too darn smart for your—or, rather, our—own good and we don't like it, see!" Instead of that, we hear, "Oh, you naughty, naughty girls, you've come to college to chase us poor defenseless men. We think you're wasting your parent's money and our precious time. We wish you would either study and leave us alone or go home." Hypocrites!

We were rather amazed to learn from recent articles written by such bitter young men that women are so much more interested than men in college extra-curricular activities, such as dances, sororities, committee meetings and bull sessions. We had always been under the impression that more men than women attended the college dances; that men were both interested and active in fraternity

Speaking for Women

Re: Marriage and Matriculation

life, that they helped to run the student life of the college by serving on important committees, and that they occasionally got together to discuss topics of mutual interest. Apparently we've been laboring under a terrific delusion.

The rising young college columnists seem to be laboring under a delusion also—that the men do all the studying that's done on the college campus. They couldn't be more mistaken! There are, of course, a number of women who take only the "appreciation" courses; but there are male counterparts for each and every one, you may be sure. The majority of women students are taking courses that will fit them for the careers they are best fitted for and most interested in; and in many cases, that requires taking a substantial number of credit hours and plenty of good old three, four and five hour Labs. Proof of this lies in the fact that during the war years when men were exceedingly scarce on campus, the college continued to function quite satisfactorily, offering as usual the "entrees of learning" as well as the "salads of erudition." And there were plenty of Labs, too, and they were full—of women.

It's strange how men can know so much about what allegedly takes place in women's dormitory rooms. Their different knowledge of dormitory conversation, dress and make-up is most astounding.

BY CHIEF

DRUM BEATER

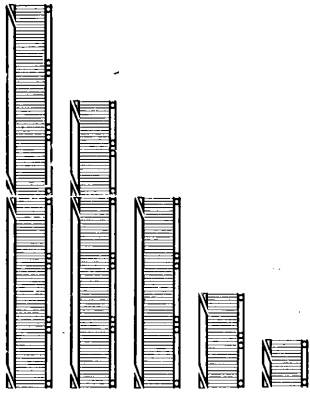
BONNIE ANDREWS

If the facts they offer were the slightest bit authentic, there might be cause for alarm. However, the facts are amusingly erroneous, and so we can only guess that they were gathered from their non-college date, who may or may not wear tons of make-up, wink mascaraed eyelashes at their victims and spend hours discussing clothes, make-up and men in the privacy of their own little boudoirs. College women do not!

Just to keep the records straight (and we hope it won't be too much of a blow for inflated male egos), women have deeper and more worthwhile aims for their future than snaring an unwilling man. Most women hope to marry some day, to have a home and to raise a family. However, don't kid yourself by thinking that women are simply dying to give up their hard-won independence, both social and monetary, to substitute in its place the drab life of dishes, diapers and dull, newspaper-reading husbands.

The vast majority of college women want to make some use of their education, other than being able to tell Junior who Shakespeare was and "what makes lightning." Most of the women on the campus have had to earn at least a part of the money for their college expenses, and they're not eager to throw away their post-college opportunity of having some money of their own to buy the things they had to do without while struggling through college.

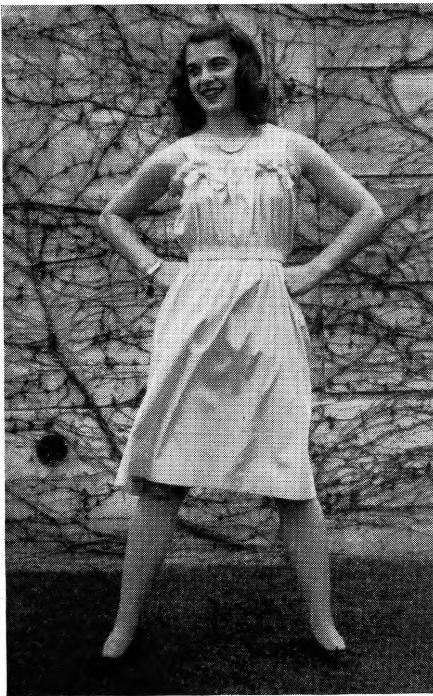
They want a chance to make their way in a competitive world, to attain at least a measure of success on their own. They want to see something of their own country beyond the limits of their own home town and that of the self-satisfied, home town-loving fellows who might become their husbands and they want to see something of the outside world that the men have already seen and condemned. They have a right to see for themselves, and to form their own



Fashions-

by PAULINE M̄RCOUS

Comes spring, comes lush cool dresses. This year and every year, King Cotton rules again, for cotton is by far the crispest, most comfortable, and easiest to clean of all fabrics.



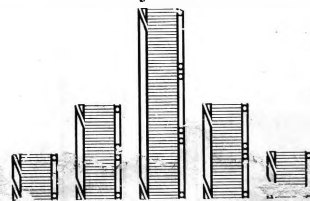
We've caught Sue Beisel looking very emphatic but nice in her yellow chambray sun dress. The bodice is gathered with white eyelet and adorned with yellow bows. We definitely give our O. K. to wear this at the beach or any time that Sue might want to be comfortable and charming.



Betty Small chooses this pale pink cotton frock to wear shopping, to classes, and even to dances. The skirt is perked up with contrasting bands of white hamburg. These same contrasting bands at the shoulder emphasize the high neckline. The bow at the waist brings out the fullness of the skirt.



-Photos by Ted Newhall



These three girls, Muriel Appleby, Marge Waterman, and Andy Armstrong, are really interested in their objective, whatever it is. They'd all be contented on the hottest summer day with those dresses they're wearing. Muriel's pink chambray dress with the pep-lum at the waist, the cap sleeves, and the shirred neckline is ideal for daytime wear whether in city or country, California or Maine.

Marge's aqua blue dress with black "Bambi's" running through it is saucy but simple. Because it buttons down the front it's easy to launder, and what girl doesn't think of that point when she wants a new cotton. The cutaway sleeve gives lots of room for arm motion and freedom, and the key-hole neckline is the smartest thing in fashions this season.

We kind of go for Andy's two-piece printed playdress. Needless to say, it's cool, practical, and neat. The flowered print includes every color of the rainbow—it's capable of brightening the landscape considerably.

We think that each of these dresses hit most of the qualities girls look for in choosing their summer wardrobes. They're snappy enough to turn male heads and make 'em look to what's what we girls want, isn't it?

He stepped inside the tavern from the thick snow-covered sidewalk. His eyes were momentarily blinded, then they slowly became accustomed to their dingy surroundings. A fetid smell of beer and whiskey filled his nostrils. The haze of tobacco smoke hung heavily over the shoulders of the men at the bar. He pulled the collar of his frayed coat down and stamped the clinging wet snow from his shoes. His eyes lighted on the pleasant-faced bartender, a big framed, white-shirted individual. Trying to muster a smile to his weather-reddened cheeks, he walked over to the bartender.

"Use your toilet?" he asked in a choked voice.

"Sure," the bartender replied, pointing to a door in the rear. The man felt the bartender's eyes return to his face instantly, studying it intently. He thanked the bartender and turned towards the door.

"Hey!" the bartender called. "Just a minute!"

The man turned hesitantly.

"Ain't I seen you somewhere before?" the bartender asked amiably.

The man stared at his questioner, trying to place his luxuriant, rotund face. A teasing suggestion that the bartender was a past acquaintance played on his mind, then stole aggravatingly away. He shook his head sadly. There had been many people who had known him as "Bill" and "Mister Foley", people whom he had really never known.

The bartender continued his examination, then smiled broadly.

"Sure, I know you! You're Mister Foley!"

Two of the men at the bar, their curiosity overcoming their lethargy, turned half around to observe the newcomer. They saw a man whose prematurely aged face was wrinkled in pouches as though it had once been fat. His clothes, although of good material, were worn and baggy and spotted in places.

A blocking job would have made his grey felt hat look like a banker's. They glanced at him unconcernedly, then turned back to the bar.

The man smiled weakly, almost embarrassed, to signify to the bartender that he had guessed right.

"I'm trying to think who you are," Foley said, "but I'm sorry, I can't seem to recall."

"Don't you remember me, Mister Foley?" the bartender asked. "I used to work for you when you had that 'speak' on South Street."

"Oh, yes!" Foley exclaimed with cautious enthusiasm, "Sure, that's where I saw you!" He offered his red-chapped, rough hand to the bartender. He recalled the man's features faintly, vaguely, as one of those faces which had moved on the dizzy glittering scene of a past which now seemed like a pleasant dream. But he could not recall the bartender's name.

He stood self-consciously lost for words, while thoughts of past recollections mingled discordantly with the present. The bartender's voice spoke:

"Sure! Them were the good old days!" And then, "The toilet's back there, Mister Foley."

"Thanks," Foley said, almost startled, and turned jerkily to the door.

Inside, he latched the door behind him. The smell of urine, vomit, and deodorant revolted his nostrils a moment, and then he grew accustomed to the odor. He had come to this place to rest, to get warm. The unexpected meeting with the bartender had put a new light on his problem.

"Why didn't I remember that bartender's name?" he rebuked himself half aloud. "It would be easier to ask him for help if I knew his name!"

He rubbed his blue and white rough hands, stimulating the flow of blood. The haunting reality of the cold tenement, which he was compelled by necessity to turn,

One on 1

by DO

the plaintive voices of his children, the silent pleading look in his woman's eyes, all caused him to wrinkle his face and eyes excruciatingly. Unconsciously, he superimposed his palms and lifted the fingers under his chin and began to pray.

"Mother of God," he muttered over the toilet bowl, "save them from another terrible night!"

The night had been extremely cold. The three children had huddled together into one of the bunks on the floor made of a blanket and the clothes of their bodies, while he and Fanny lay in a similar one close to them. He had shivered in his wife's arms and she in his and neither could lie still. The kids muttered and tossed in their sleep, and finally Marilyn had been overcome by the wretchedness and had gotten up. Robert and Janet followed her restlessly. They romped the bare floor of the drafty, lightless tenement, complaining of the cold.



We're "Chairman," but the

ie House

GROSS

Fanny got up to calm them. He crawled out of the bed and stood by dumbly, tortured crazily by his helplessness to do anything, while Fanny remade the two beds into one. Then they all crawled into the newly-made bed, moving around uneasily until they could get comfortable. He listened, and after a long time, the kids began breathing heavily.

He got up. It must have been around three in the morning. Stretching his sore, cramped limbs, he walked around the echoing, empty tenement. Foley wondered what the owner, a former real estate partner who had allowed him to occupy the place, would say when he found the plumbing had been ruined because the pipes had frozen and cracked for the lack of heat in the tenement.

He walked to the front part of the house where light came in from the street. The wind brushed against the window pane, shaking it. Snow was falling outside. That

meant the weather was warming up some.

Across the street a board fence stood plastered with signs, some new, some old and ragged at the edges. One which he never failed to read was the weather-beaten admonition to "Go South, Young Man!" which advertised the lure of Florida. A hollow "Huh!" escaped from his throat. In spite of his bitterness he enjoyed the sign immensely. It tended to soften his ironical, subjective viewpoint of his difficulties by suggesting an answer to them.

Foley came back to his sleeping children and stared longingly at his coat which formed a part of the covering on the bed.

Fanny's voice whispered in the darkness:

"Where you goin', Bill?" It sounded almost suspicious. He thought of a remark she had once made: "A man can pull stakes any time, but a woman has to stick by her brood."

"Thought I'd walk uptown and get the paper," he said through chattering teeth.

"God, I guess you'll need your coat," Fanny grumbled, "and the kids just got to sleep."

"It's warming up, Hon," he said affectionately. "Snowing. If it snows hard enough, I'll get work with the city."

"We could use the money," Fanny said, and her voice was more at ease.

He took the coat, carefully spreading the remaining clothing over the sleeping children. Fanny grumbled softly. He stole out of the house into the freezing morning air. The streets were lit with arc lights, and falling snow had turned the place into a fantastic fairyland.

It was a three-mile walk uptown. The snow had already covered the sidewalk under him, and it continued to fall, blowing in thick swirls and gusts. To start out early was a six-foot snowdrift, he told

himself. He would be the first one at the city hall, even if he would have to stand around for hours waiting for the place to open.

When he arrived, there were three other men waiting in desperate silence. The janitor came at six o'clock and let them inside the warm building. The Public Works Office did not open until nine, and by this time the number of applicants had swelled, forming a wavering line in the corridor outside of the office. When the doors opened, a bespectacled middle-aged woman came out and told them the workers had already been hired.

He wandered out behind the swearing crowd of disappointed applicants. He went to the library and scanned the newspapers. When he felt he had overstayed his time, he stole reluctantly out of the building and canvassed various places of business.

"Nothing, nothing today."

"We need a man with experience."

"We just hired a man this morning."

The phrases reiterated themselves in his brain like the strains caught in the imperfect grooves of a phonograph record.

Finally, fatigued and disgusted, he had antagonized one business man by demanding a job.

"We can't take care of all you tramps," the man had replied, thoughtlessly.

Certainly, he was no better than a tramp, he concluded, brooding over the man's remark. He wandered the snow-covered streets, oblivious of the blizzard raging around him. He knew he should return home because he was tiring himself uselessly. The thought of returning to the wretchedly starving kids was more than he could endure. He could not help them, nor could he stand to watch them in their wretchedness and squalor—he who had been unable to provide them with everything in his pros-



nt suppose that ha... with it.

perous days.

"So! I'm a bum!" he muttered to himself. "Maybe I'd be better off if I were a bum. A bum has only himself to worry about. It wouldn't be so bad alone. Ah!" he chucked the thought from his mind.

There were other things he could do, maybe steal or beg, before resorting to complete indolence. He wondered vaguely how a person went about such things. He got up enough enthusiasm to enter a grocery store, but he could not bring himself to pocket anything.

A clerk came up to him.

"Something?"

"Uh, no," he muttered, his tongue suddenly becoming tied.

"Well, you better move on. This ain't no waitin' station."

It had been after this, as he turned unsurely towards the tenement, that Foley had entered the tavern and the privacy of the toilet closet.

The thought of asking the bartender for a loan of money almost jumped at him.

"I'll ask him," he mumbled, "I'll ask him for a five spot. He won't refuse me. I was always a good guy when I had the money."

He unlatched the door and went out. He took a seat at the near end of the bar. Two vacant seats stood between him and the beer drinkers.

The men at the bar were silent while a radio announcer gave the names of the winners in the latest horse races. The bartender, Foley saw, listened attentively, his chin resting in his cupped hand, his elbow propped on the cash register. A slight frown stole over the bartender's face, and he turned to refill a customer's glass. The radio began to play music. A crooner sang:

"Oh, baby, what I couldn't
do-oo-oo

With plenty of money and
you-oo-oo . . ."

Deftly, the bartender scraped the sudsy head from the mug of brown beer and set it on the bar in front of the

customer. Then he noticed Foley at the end of the bar, and came down to him.

"What'll it be, Mister Foley?" he smiled.

Foley shook his head.

"Nothing right now. I was just thinking—what a coincidence—running into you after all these years."

"Yeah!" the bartender smiled. "Almost six years. Nineteen-twenty-eight. Ain't it funny? Calls for a drink. How about you an' me having a legitimate one, Mister Foley, for old time's sake?"

"Well—you see—" Foley stammered. His appeal was going to be more difficult than he had imagined. "It's like this—" he hesitated, digging the sweating palms of his hands with his fingernails.

"I understand, Mister Foley. This drink's on the house."

Deep in Foley's stomach he experienced a palpitation similar to the nervous twitches which he had felt when foreclosures began taking place on his property. He knew that if he took a drink he would get sick because his stomach was empty. And yet, he wanted so much to please the bartender that he dared not antagonize him by refusing the drink.

Someone at the other end called "Czenik!" to the bartender, and Foley was quick to snatch the name into his memory.

"How about Red Label, Mister Foley," the bartender ignored the customer momentarily.

There was a look of indecision in Foley's eyes. The bartender placed a shot glass in front of him.

"Uh—I'm not drinking, Czenik," he said weakly.

"Oh, you do remember my name, don't you, Mister Foley. Come on," he grumbled pleasantly, placing another whiskey glass on the bar. "We'll both have one for old time's sake. I owe you a coupla hundred of these, anyway."

The man watched silently horrified, as the bartender poured

amber liquid from the little gurgling stem of the bottle. He could see no way but to drink the stuff.

"Luck!" the bartender held his glass up and drank. Foley gulped his drink, almost gagging from the strength of it in his throat. The liquor settled in his stomach with an uncomfortable, burning sensation. He could feel the slow effusion of warmth spread over his body. The warmth came to his face, flushing it and making him feel luxuriantly numb and good-humored. Czenik drifted off to wait on the impatient customer.

"When he comes back, I'll ask him," the man told himself. "That drink sure helps, just what I needed."

Czenik was back again. "Have another one," he said, pouring the liquor into Foley's glass. "I have to lay off."

"No, no," Foley declined as good-naturedly as possible. "I've got to get home, Czenik."

"Ah!" the bartender shrugged. "You remind me of the good old days, Mister Foley. It's sure good to see you."

The man smiled, almost bitterly, and drank his medicine.

"Czenik," he said confidentially, "Czenik, you're a 'corker'. I wonder if you'd help a fellow out?"

The bartender looked up at the man, and it seemed to Foley that his easy smile disappeared immediately.

"I don't know, Mister Foley. "What is it?"

"If you could let me have a five—"

A guarded expression came into the bartender's eyes. Foley felt suddenly helpless. The buoyancy of the drink had departed from him. He could feel the perspiration breaking on his forehead. The bartender dropped his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Mister Foley," he said, looking sheepishly from the soiled towel in his hand to the g'azy-eyed man, "I got a family to take care of. I just dropped a f.."

on that last race."

"Oh," Foley lowered his eyes dejectedly from the man's face. Czenik walked away slowly, wiping the bar until he had moved safely away from Foley.

Alone, Foley muttered bitterly to himself. Tears began to stream freely from his glassy eyes. The man sitting nearest him looked at him curiously, then turned to his companion, and said:

"Fellow's got a jag on."

Foley absently picked up his liquor glass and drank the remaining few drops. He eyed the bartender, wondering if he would return. He would have to return, Foley told himself; he couldn't leave things hanging like that; it just wasn't done. Foley knew he was thinking crazily. He tried to look sober.

"I'll ask him once more when he comes back," he told himself.

But the bartender did not immediately return. He stalled, polishing the bar with his towel.

Foley became impatient.

"Why doesn't he come back?" he muttered through dry, sticky lips. "He's avoiding me, avoiding me because I'm asking him for a favor. Gives me a drink, sure, but when I really need help he turns his back on me. He probably pocketed enough from me in that joint I had to put him in business. They're all alike, they think you're a good fellow when you're up there, but they give you a kick in the face when you're coming down.

"I'll just sit here till hell freezes over," he muttered, eyeing the bartender through his tears. "Huh! Hell freezing! I can't go through another night like last one!"

Foley got to his feet awkwardly, stumbling, his knees almost giving way under him. He wobbled over to the bartender. Red-faced, the man watched Foley crawl up onto the seat opposite him and lean over the bar.

"Czenik—y'gotta! Y'gotta! G'me, pleesh!"

The drunken Foley, pleading frantically, reached out and grabbed the shoulders of the surprised bartender, clutching them like a person drowning. The bartender struggled angrily to tear Foley's fingers from his shoulders.

"Get your paws off me, you crazy fool!" he cried.

He managed to get Foley's hands loose, then pushed him back from the bar. Foley felt himself falling backwards through space, and spread his arms out, clutching at anything they could grasp. He landed onto the floor with a thud. A moment's stunned silence followed. The voice of the radio announcer sounded over the silence:

"The winners at Hialeah for the fifth—"

Foley opened his eyes and saw, as though in a dream, faces of the men who had gotten up from their seats.

"Let 'im stay there!" someone said. "He's just a tramp!"

Foley closed his eyes and tried to gather his strength. "Hialeah", kept ringing in his head. "Go south, young man, go south."

"What'd he do, Czenik?" someone asked the bartender.

"Ah, he got crazy 'cause I wouldn't lend him a fin."

Foley struggled from his sprawled position on the filthy floor. He

brushed his coat half-heartedly, then turned toward the door. He heard someone behind him, and moved aside warily. It was the bartender.

"Here, take this," the bartender said, pressing something crisp into the palm of Foley's hand. Then he opened the door, gave the man a little shove, and grumbled, "Now, get the hell outta here!"

Foley looked at the dollar bill, his head bobbing around drunkenly. He turned to the bartender:

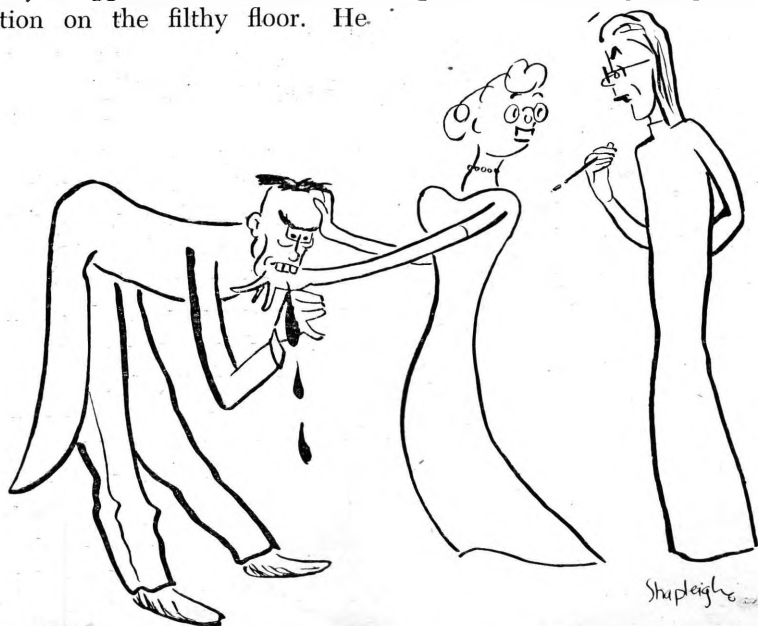
"Thanksh! Thanksh a million, Czenik!"

Czenik frowned meanly and turned away from the weaving man. He closed the door and Foley stood outside in the early evening cold. He looked at the green paper bill again, caressed it tenderly, and stuck it into his trousers pocket.

He stumbled off into the snow, mumbling aloud, "Go south young man, go south, go south!" He tried to fit the words to the tune of "Oh, baby, what I couldn't do-oo-oo," then stopped suddenly and said, "I'm drunk!"

He straightened his shoulders and began walking in a stilted, soldierly fashion.

"Wait'll Fanny sees me! She'll give me hell for getting drunk!"



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POST WAR



CORRESPONDENCE

by K. ZWICKER

Dear Maribelle:—

I was going through some of my gear this afternoon and I seen that pitcher you give me back in 42 you no that one that your girl friend took down there of you laying in the sand on Mission beach. Remember when you first give it to me I ast you if you had to use a shoehorn to get into that bathing suit. Boy that bathing suit rilly showed off your figure and did not leave very much to the imagina-shun. And as usual you was alreddy with a answer about how if I did not like the pitcher I could give it back to you and you wood put it back in your husband's pocketbook. Well we shure had some fun in them days didn't we Belle? For awhile there I forgot there was a war going on. There shure was a swell bunch of you girls working there at Consolidated and the best part of it for us boys in the service was that you was not afraid to spend a little doe. We could not pitch much of a liberty on the money we was getting and I don't no what I wood of done if I had not met you and your girl friend into Sherman's that nite. Belle do you remember that first nite I saw you into Sherman's? I guess I'll never forget that first nite I saw you in there. I was not very flush because payday was a weak away and I was setting there drinking that kerosene that they call beer on the West Coast. You come

over to my table and ast me wood I like a shot of some good booze. I sed where is it and you sed follow me. We picked up that Seaman Second on the way to your place. He was your girl friend's boy friend wasn't he? I remember we set around drinking and telling stories and getting to no each other and the first thing I no I am drunker than seven hundred dollars and you was holding my head under the fassit and trying to sober me up. You no Belle that was comikal I did not figure out till the next afternoon why you wanted to sober me up. Ha. And then the time the four of us got polluted and went skating down at the Glacier Gardens I think it was and I got to raisin hell and put my head thru the side of the wall. I pretty near knocked myself out. Boy we had us some good times them days didn't we Belle? You no Belle anyone wood of thot to of scen you that you didn't give a dam for nothing. It is a funny thing I never did reelize how sentimental you was till the day you got word your husband was missing in action. I remember that nite you said you did not feel like going out—you said it did not seem rite for you to be out raisin hell when God nose where your old man was and if he was ded or alive. I remember that nite we did not go out all evening but

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**THE SECRET LIFE OF MINNIE
THE MERMAID**

They called her Minnie the Mermaid, because she looked like nothing anybody ever saw on earth. Her real name was Minerva Flapnoggin. But Minnie was flesh and blood, a real woman. She wore black tights, used black fingernail polish, and dyed her hair deep purple. She had aspirations to star some day in a technicolor movie.

Minnie had morals. Morals is what you have left over when everything else is gone. She left off attending the Ladies' Aid when she found out it was a front for the state reform school.

She once played catcher on a girls' softball team. The pitcher was noted for her bad eyesight. She couldn't tell where to throw the ball. She always thought Minnie's face was the catcher's mitt.

When Minnie got out of the hospital, she met a longshoreman. She made like the Lorelei, and overpowered him by sheer strength. His name was Joe. He was her man. One day she caught him looking at a Mona Lisa in a museum, and kicked him out. Then she sold the Mona Lisa for mucha moola.

With her money she set herself up in society. She bought a place on 41st Street in a classy district. One day the cops raided the joint and took away all the slot machines. They forgot Minnie. She stood in a corner with her mouth open. Business was better than ever. Minnie never paid off.

Her doctor told her to take long walks for her health, and he put her on a diet. The one she was on was too heavy. Minnie sold her place and took his advice.

The only thing secret about Minnie's life is her whereabouts. Rumor has it that she paints the numbers on license plates. I wouldn't know. She never signs any of her work.

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Paddy was a fine boy. And he's a fine man now, speaker in the council down at Dublin. They say when he stands up there to say his bit that a silence falls over the chamber, and no one makes a move till he's done. He's a spell-binder, indeed he is, and a fine looking man; but he has a sadness. Those that know him well say he's got a sadness at times that's mighty close to tears. It's too bad that he has, when he has all else that a man could want. All else but the one he loves. It's his own fault, too, that he does not have her—his fault, and his gift of gab.

When he was young he was a gay one. Tall and handsome, with black hair that fell down over his forehead and with eyes that sparkled and flashed like the sun on a clear stream. He was the lad in the dreams of all the maidens in town, but his heart belonged to none of them. His heart was over the hills a way in Glen Dower, Glen Dower, where lived fair Ellen, the comeliest of them all.

But beside his other talents, Paddy had one that led all the rest. Evenings when the work was done and the boys all stopped in at the Crown and Shield for their daily pint, he was the lead in all the arguments. For Paddy was a talker of the finest order. It took a good man to hold his own with him, for Paddy's wit was keen and his tongue was as quick as his wit. His voice could be one minute soft and caressing and the next crackling and sharp as a whip. He was proud of his talking, he was, and many a man claimed that the Devil himself would find Paddy a hard match.

But it was his weakness for talking that led him into an argument that cost him his great happiness. And it happened this way.

As everyone knows, when one of the wee folk stop you of an evening there's a tribute that's due him. It's only a ha'penny, but to him it's a sizeable sum. Lacking

the ha'penny, or the will to pay it, there is no course but to hold the wee one in conversation until he tires and goes his way.

Of course it is only common courtesy to pay your ha'penny and let the wee one go, but the night that Paddy was stopped was different. He was on his way over the hills to Glen Dower, where lived his love, but when a chance appeared, the first chance he had ever had to talk to one of the wee ones, all thoughts of fair Ellen slipped his mind. When Paddy

Paddy's Gift

By D. S. Thomas

had a chance for a talking, thoughts of all else left his mind. Time was a thing not to be reckoned, and if rain should be falling on him or the roof above his head should be burning Paddy would never be knowing it.

So there in the little clearing in the woods, where the bridge crosses over the stream Paddy and the wee one held their talking. And such a talking it was! All the birds of the woods were awake all the night and the leaves of the trees stopped rustling to hear. And over the hills in Glen Dower, Ellen, fair Ellen, sat all by herself.

The talking of Paddy and the wee one went all through the night. The first rays of dawn were beginning in the sky and the first cocks were beginning to call down through the valley before the wee one acknowledged his defeat, tipped his hat courteously, stepped behind a tree, and disappeared. Paddy stumbled his way home, weary, but supremely happy, and before the day was out the news

had spread up and down the county that he had held his match with one of the wee folk.

Ellen, too, was pleased when Paddy told her of his success. She was happy and proud, but she was worried, for so often of late she had been forgotten while Paddy stopped for a while with the boys. It's no great compliment to be forgotten just because a man likes to talk. But Ellen forgave him, for his eyes were so sparkling and his laughter so gay that she could not find it in her heart to be hard on him. Until the next time.

And the next time was soon coming. One night as Paddy passed over the bridge and down into the woods there in the clearing was waiting the same wee one that he had met before. With him was another, a most distinguished another with a white pointed beard and a white curling moustache.

He was a handsome figure he was, and a prime speaker, as Paddy was soon to find out. He was the champion of all the county, and though the wee folk were not angry with Paddy, they felt it only right that he should not be left with the idea that he could out-talk one of them. So, there by the brook by the light of the moon Paddy and the county champion had their talking. They spoke of things which they both knew of, and they spoke of things of which neither knew anything. It really didn't matter. It was never a case of right or wrong, the sheer joy of an argument was enough. The sound of their voices rang through the night, the county champion standing upon a high toad-stool and Paddy striding back and forth before him. It was a fine argument, it was, and neither side would admit defeat. Again fair Ellen of Glen Dower was forgotten as Paddy's love for talking crossed out thoughts of all else. Again the light was beginning to streak the eastern sky before the county champion of the wee folk acknowl-

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(continued from page 16)

just staid in and got drunk, etc. I never reelized before that how sensitive you was Belle. Well Belle it is getting kind of late and I got to get my beauty sleep you no. ha.—so I will say solong for this time. Rite soon Belle and don't do anything I wouldn't. ha.

As ever your obedient servant

George P. Bruno

P. S. Is your grandmother still a spot welder at Consolidated? I never will forget the nite she come in with the case of beer on her shoulder. I never forgive myself for letting a 76 year old woman drink me under the table that nite. That was the same nite she thru that Seaman Second out threw the bedroom window. She shure was a charming old lady.

Dear friend George:

Well you old devil you, was I a tickled girl to hear from *you* again. Why I never did expect to hear tell of you again. Do you realize it had been over a year since I heard from you? Well how are you making out anyway you clown? I thot you'd be married an settled down by this time or are you having a hard time getting readjusted. I imagine it is pretty hard to get used to Civilian life again, isn't it? You know I think it is a dam shame the deal they are giving you guys that was in the service fighting for your country. Heavenly days out here the poor fellows can't even find a p'ace to live at. I suppose it is the same up where you are too. I honestly don't know what in the name of God this country is coming to George I honestly don't. But I suppose it will all come out in the wash as the saying goes. Well George I've thot of you often and many's the time I've thot of the first time we met there into Sherman's. I was telling Alfred about you just the other day. Oh yes I didn't tell you that Alfred is home. He was missing in action

for almost two years but he finally showed up. You couldn't kill that son of a bitch (if you'll excuse my French) with a bagfull of hammers. Speaking about people being lucky reminds me of what that Seaman Second used to say about some people would fall in a slit-trench and come up smelling like roses. Well I've been trying to get Alfred to go to work but the lazy bastard won't do a lick as long as that 52-20 business is going. Well I don't know as I blame him too much. He had it pretty ruff and Alfred isn't really a well man anyway. Of course the doctor told him eight years ago that he wasn't long for this world, but he's just bull-headed enuff so he wouldn't die now anyway if he can make a liar out of somebody. Well George I sure do remember all them good times you spoke of. Like that time at the Glacier Gardens when you put your head through the wall and I ask you if you was hurt and you said how in hell can a man hurt his head by putting it through a wooden wall. You was a rig George always ready with some funny saying. And that first nite we met and was up at my place having a few drinks. You really got tight and was telling everybody where they shou'd start the Second Front and how to field-strip a Springfield. Then you took your shoes off so you could scratch your athlete's foot. You must of been a fine athlete George because you really had an awful dose of that stuff. Yes I had a hell of a time trying to get you sober that nite. You puked all over my new housecoat that I had went out and paid ten-fifty for that afternoon. But you was so greenish colored an sick looking that I couldn't get mad at you. I always layed it onto that chop soeey you had ate the first part of the evening and then mixed whiskey and beer. Sometimes *that* will make you sick. Well George we really

did have us some swell times alright didn't we? You was really a card when you got half lit. Like the time you tried to weigh yourself on a cigarette machine and was madder than hell cause you didn't get a card with your fortune on it. I've laughed more about that I honestly have George. You was really a scream that nite. Like when you ask that Seaman Second what size shoes he wore and he said 8½ EE and you threw a cigarette butt down by his foot and said O. K. mate step on that will you? My God George I thot I'd split that nite I honestly did. Well George you ask about Grammy. Of course she don't work at Consolidated anymore. She was relieved by a veteran who is learning to be a spot welder under the G. I. Bill. Grammy was kind of sorry to leave but she said as long as a veteran is taking her place she don't care so much. She is drawing the old age pension now but that don't really keep her in beer cause she only gets twenty-nine-fifty a month and of course Grampy's business is gone to pieces since the war ended and they closed up a lot of the houses. He's still working though. Alfred had to go down and bail him out day before yesterday. Well George you old devil it was sure good to hear from you again. Now don't be too long in writing this time. Behave yourself and don't take any wooden nickels. Must close for now, hoping to hear from you soon.

Affectionately yours,

Belle

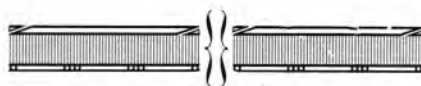
P. S. You remember that girl friend of mine that used to hang around with us? Well she married a Colonel about a year ago, and she is getting a divorce this month. She said she'll be damned if she is going to live on ninety dollars a month until he finishes high school. She is hoping to get the custody of the four children.

P. S. S. Have you got your athelete's foot cleared up yet?

Fritz had been a waiter at the Vendome for as many years as anyone could remember. He was tall, stooped, and slow-moving. His hands hung long and limp at his side like the ears of a cocker spaniel. His eyes had a spaniel's soft moistness to them and his nose must have also had the same quality, for he motioned at it continually with a large white handkerchief that he kept in his right hip pocket.

For all his apparent slowness Fritz was an excellent waiter and could have moved up to be captain or head-waiter had he wished. However, he kept his station near the door, served only the best people, was quite content, and in his small way, prosperous. His income supported not only an aged mother in Austria, but himself, seven cats, four dogs, three canaries, and one perpetually moulting, and thus moth-eaten appearing, parrot. The latter he had rescued from a pet shop on Sixth Avenue where the proprietor was in active consideration of doing away with the bird when Fritz strolled by on one of his afternoon walks. This had been a good many years ago in his younger, more romantic days and he had adopted the bird immediately, at a moderate cost, and had finished his walk with the parrot perched on his right shoulder looking for all the world like a trained falcon.

The bird was a Brazilian macaw and of a color that was popular in the Victorian era, a blue-green hue that reminded one, too vividly, of first seasickness. Yet of all his pets the parrot was Fritz's favorite. He was named, inappropriately, Trudi, and had a large perch of a brilliant red that was placed just inside the entrance to the living room. The parrot's vocabulary was not extensive but nevertheless it proved effective, at least to those who knew German. If Trudi had a liking for anyone it was demonstrated by a series of cooing sounds more ap-



Time's End..



propriate in a dove than in a parrot. However, if something met with his disapproval, and his dislikes were varied and many, he would rise to his full height and scream, in quite understandable German, the vilest and most appropriate of epithets.

Fritz, his animals, and, until her death, his wife, lived in a moderately sized white clapboard house in Flushing, at the far end of a haphazard realty project. When his wife died Fritz was left quite alone, except for his seven cats, four dogs, three canaries, and his beloved parrot, Trudi. After his wife's death all of Fritz's affection was lavished upon his animals. At dinner time their meals were easily the equal of his and they had complete freedom to come and go in the house.

They all ate together at three in the afternoon before Fritz left for the hotel, and again in the morning when they all awoke. The dishes for the cats were placed in a row in front, the dishes for the dogs in a row behind them, and the parrot stand was brought in from the living room and placed to the right of the table. They all ate together.

When they were through, Fritz would rise, collect the dishes, stack them in the sink, go upstairs and wash, come downstairs and pick up his hat and coat, lock the front door behind him, and walk down

the street with his umbrella under his arm.

Fritz had fixed the back door so that the animals could enter and leave as they pleased, but for the most part they slept, each in his favorite chair, sofa, or window seat. On the one evening in the week that Fritz did not work he would sit before the fire with the evening paper, and the dogs and cats would group themselves around him. The favorite of them all would be perched on his stand at the side of Fritz's chair. He would sit perched there dozing until it was time for bed. Then when Fritz got up and folded his paper Trudi would wake sufficiently to coo endearments once or twice and then drop off to sleep.

This life was all Fritz had. His only friends were those of us who had known him for years, and our visits to Flushing were infrequent. Life held nothing for him other than his animals, and when they were gone so was the last of his spirit.

Late one night Fritz returned to the house as usual, unlocked the door, and stood horrified as waves of gas swept past him. Something had gone wrong with the gas stove and all the animals were dead, lying peacefully in their own selected beds. When the air had cleared Fritz found his way to the living room. The canaries had tumbled from their perches and lay on their backs, their pipe cleaner legs arched up over their lifeless bodies. The parrot hung by the chain around his left leg, limp and grotesque, with his eyes staring fixedly at the floor.

From that moment on Fritz was no longer the same. His work at the Vendome continued, but his steps were even more slow than they had been before, his manner and appearance more doleful. He went through the motions in the dining room until it closed. Then he would change his clothes, put his hat on his head, tuck his um-



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brella under his arm, and walk wearily down the street to the subway. At his stop he would get off, place his umbrella under his arm again, and walk the ten blocks to his home. He would unlock the door, walk in and place his hat on the hall table, put his umbrella in the stand beside the door, and then, before climbing slowly up the stairs to bed, he would step out into the back yard.

There, gleaming faintly under the light from the kitchen windows, he could see the small granite blocks that stood over the last remains of the seven cats,



the four dogs, and



the three canaries.



Then Fritz would turn again to the house, lock the door behind him, and walk into the living room. There he would pause before the fireplace, look sadly at a small urn that stood on the mantle and then turn and slowly climb the stairs to bed.



"Gimme a kiss like a good girl!"
"All right, but if I give you one like a naughty girl you'll like it better."
—The Scottie.

The Southern farmer was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor. "Seventeen boys," exclaimed the father. "And all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."
—Punch Bowl.



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(continued from page 19)

edged the lack of error in Paddy's argument, tipped his hat courteously, and disappeared. Not until he was well on the way home did Paddy realize through his joy that Ellen, fair Eilen of Glen Dower, had been forgotten, and he knew full well that this would be the last time he failed her or else all thoughts of marriage to his love could be forgotten.

That is what she told him, too, when next he called. If ever again he should fail her, though the Devil himself or all the wee folk in the land should stop him, her hand would go to another.

So he kept a quiet tongue in his head and for almost a week never missed his evening's courting. Of course, none of the wee ones stopped him, but even if they did he was sure and determined that not even the greatest of them could stay him from fair Ellen of G'en Dower.

But one evening on the full of the moon, when the wind whispers through the trees by the brook, and when the wee folk hold their festivals, Paddy met his falling. He was whistling merrily as he crossed over the bridge by the brook and his heart was light. Tonight, perhaps tonight, fair Ellen would do him the honor.

And then there before Paddy stood the ruler of the wee folk. Few mortals had ever seen him, for it's not for a king to be faring about where any can pass. But a king has his duties and he has his honor to defend, and the honor of his peop'e. When a mortal, a mere mortal, holds forth in argument against the best of the speakers in the land, then the time has come for things to be taken in hand.

So there in the clearing before Paddy could protest, the king cleared his throat and started to speak. It was no time at all before Paddy found exception to his words and Paddy's tongue began to pour forth the argument and in-

(over)

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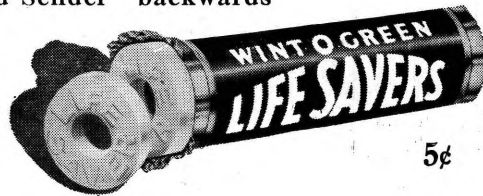


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* "Solid Sender" backwards



—Whoever, in the opinion of our editor, submits the best joke for the next issue, will receive a free carton of Life Savers.

Last month's winner—

MRS. HELEN WHITMAN
61 Elm Street
So. Brewer, Maine

Prof. (taking up exam. papers);

"Why the quotation marks on this paper?"

Student: "Courtesy to the man on my right, sir."



vective that was his pride in life.

They say that the moon that night stayed two hours longer in the sky just to watch and hear. Far up and down the valley all the woods were stilled and even the streams rolled along so quietly that they might never have been moving at all. The wee folk from all the county 'round were gathered and stood silently in the woods. There through the night such speaking took place as had never been heard before.

It was almost morning before the king raised his hand and declared the speaking at an end. His subjects were dismissed, and there in the clearing Paddy and the king sat down as friends. A wee bottle was brought out, a bottle of the finest Paddy had ever tasted, and the two drank a toast to each other before parting.

The sun was well in the sky when Paddy awoke and his heart was heavy with the thought of the love he had lost. So now down at Dublin when the council meets, all listen with respect to Paddy. But though he has fame and importance, though he is respected throughout the land, there is at times in the man a great sadness, for Ellen, fair Ellen of Glen Dower wed another and there never could be one to fill her place.

Now once a year when the moon is high and the wee folk hold their festival, there in the clearing by the bridge that crosses over the brook, Paddy and the king of the wee ones meet. The little glasses are brought out, and there through the night the two champions talk. Before the morning when the night is beginning to creep away from the sun, the two of them lift their glasses and drink a toast, each to the other, shake hands, and then turn their own ways. The king goes back to his world and Paddy goes back to his lonely chambers in Dublin, sad with his thoughts of Ellen, fair Ellen of Glen Dower.

— End —

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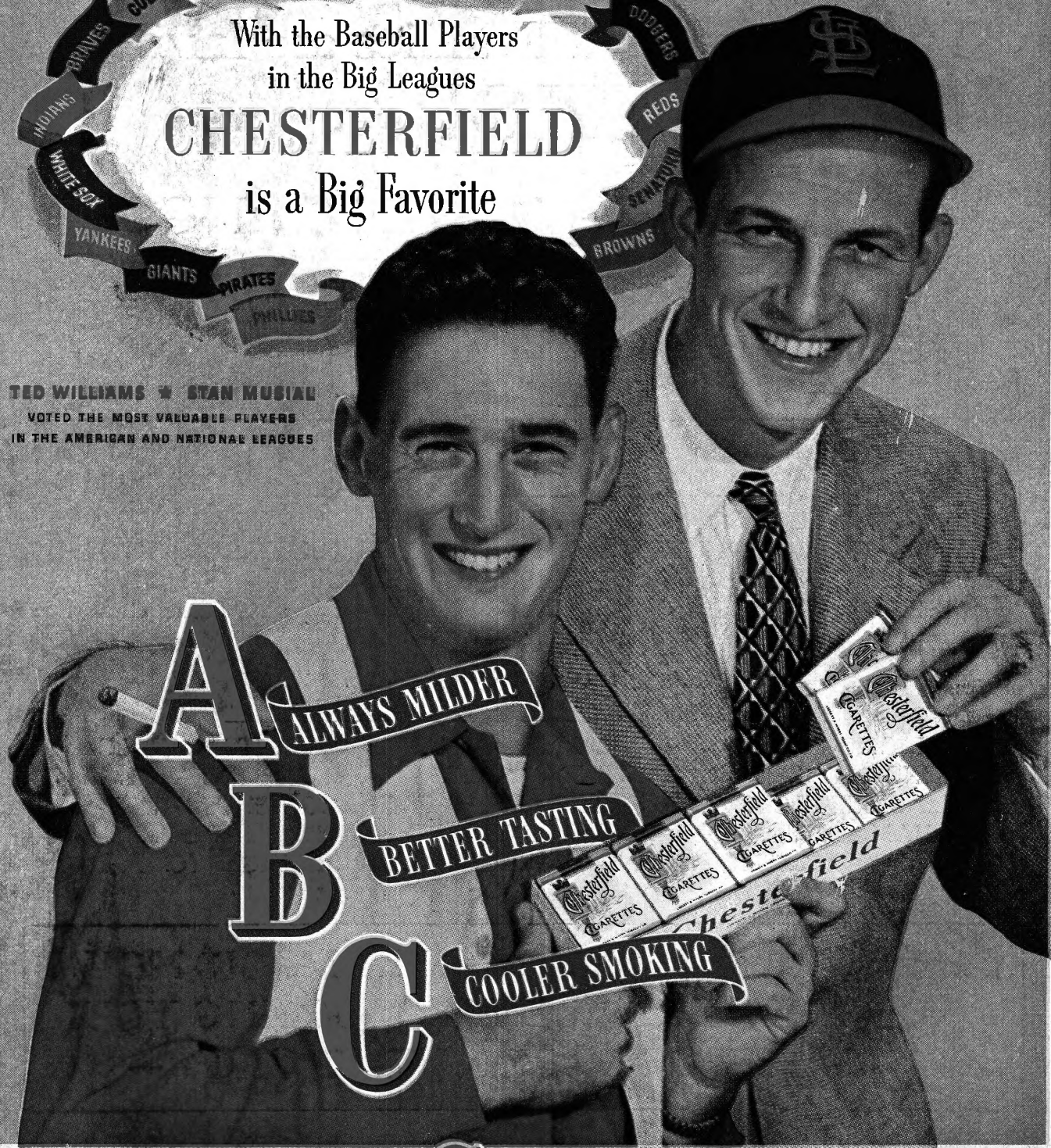
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