

The Fall

By T. B. ROGERS

The South Downs in Summer are a pleasing sight to see, especially to a London resident like myself. After stopping at Tunbridge Wells for lunch, I sped on through the green rolling hills of Sussex dotted with a few scattered flocks of sheep grazing upon the lush grass. It was afternoon when I reached the little hamlet of Morton on the Down, three miles south of Crowborough. My immediate errand was to visit a friend in Morton I had not seen since two years ago. Also being an antiquarian I wanted to visit the heterogeneous assortments of small and primitive churches which presented an attractive study to a person of my interests.

Passing the local post office I drew up outside the residence of Doctor Martin; we were both at school together but branched off at the university. He took up medicine, and I arts. I rang the front bell and was ushered into his study. He came in and we shook hands, and until supertime we talked of old times. His hobby was psychology, and after dinner over a cigar and a glass of port in the library, I asked him if anything of public interest had happened in Morton over the last two years.

"Not very much," he replied, "the usual concerts and outings. But there was the Jackson case that interested maybe not the public, but myself."

"Psychological?" I asked.

He nodded his head, "In a way yes, but let me tell you the whole story from the beginning." He made himself comfortable in his armchair, and this is the story he told.

"There was a man who lived in one of the back streets of town by the name of Jim Jackson. He was quite an ordinary man, and the only member of his family left was a black cat. He was a carpenter by trade, and in his back yard he had an old shed where he did his work. He went down to the pub across the road now and again, but had never been found drinking to excess. He led a good life and had never been inside the local jail once.

Mentally he was average, was quite well known at the Morton Natural History Society for his knowledge on trees and flowers, but otherwise his skill was in his hands. He was tall but slight, sallow complexion, with brown eyes.

Lately, when he had been down for his pint in the evening, the landlord and some of the customers had noticed a change in Jim. In his eyes there seemed to be an expression of apprehension of fear. He was always fidgeting with his mug and it was certainly not the Jim Jackson they had known of a few weeks ago.

The next thing the people of Morton knew was that Jim was up at the local court on a stealing charge. The landlord was the only person who knew anything about it, and the next evening they held a discussion. I was away that night on a case, and heard about it from my servant, when I got back late.

It surprised me immensely, but anyway Jim was on the records of the local police force and had been remanded until the following day when he would be brought up before the Justice of the Peace. The Inspector told me he was an amiable prisoner and was led from his office to the cells. One of the doors was opened and Jim entered, walked down a step and went over to his bunk.

The next morning there was great activity. Jim Jackson had been found dead in his cell, lying on the floor. I, being the only doctor for miles, was called in, and it was first thought that he had died from heart failure. But when I examined him I found that

he had died from a broken neck.

There was a hushed silence when I pronounced my verdict. I rose from beside the body and looked at the silent group standing by the doorway of the cell. A sheet was put over the corpse and we all filed out of the little room and into the office of the chief inspector. An inquest was called for the next day and the jury returned an open verdict. Jim Jackson was buried in the churchyard the following Sunday and the whole affair was dropped."

"How extraordinary," I said, "Could it have been suicide, doctor?"

"I hardly think so, in fact it was much more complicated than that."

"This is the interesting part of the story," he replied, and offered me another glass of port.

"It was like this," he began, "Jackson used to have horrible nightmares when he was a young man and he came to me asking if there was any cure. I prescribed him a sedative, and before he went, persuaded him to tell me what these dreams were about.

"He told you," I asked him. The doctor nodded his head, took another puff at his cigar and continued, "Yes, and I had only heard of one other case before, that had the same result on the person in time, too."

"You mean the dream killed them," I asked the doctor.

"Precisely so," said he in reply, "psychologically it was the fear of great heights. You know some people can't look out of a 14 floor building without either being sick or having the desire to throw themselves out." I nodded in agreement.

"Well his dream was that he was standing on the balcony on the top of a lighthouse in the middle of a fierce storm. A gust of wind came and seemed to carry him over the side. He would look down and see the foaming waves breaking the jagged rocks below. Then he would start to fall, and just before he reached the bottom he would wake covered in perspiration and sometimes screaming. He left that evening and I heard nothing from him until about five weeks later. I was fast asleep one night when the phone went, a hurried glance at my watch showed the time to be 3.30. I lifted the receiver by my bedside and heard the sobbing voice of Jackson at the other end imploring me to come over and see him. He had just had his dream.

I told him to go back to sleep and I would be around in the morning, but he got worse, and practically screamed at me to come. I agreed, hurriedly got dressed, took out the car and arrived at his home in about twenty minutes. The back door was open and I rushed upstairs. Everything was still and a thought did flash through my mind that it had already killed him, but passing into the room soon proved otherwise. I have never seen such a look of complete agony and fear on the face of a man, his skin was colorless, his eyes protruding from their sockets and looking straight in front of him. He didn't seem to notice my presence when I first came in. I spoke, he turned his head and a look of recognition came into his eyes. I calmed him down and gave him an injection which put him to sleep straight away.

Next day he came to my surgery and I prescribed sleeping tablets of greater strength. That was six years ago. I never had any more trouble from him, and once he did come to thank me for what seemed a certain cure for his malady." The doctor paused, stubbed his cigar and went across to his bookcase.

"So a night in jail without his tablets brought on the dream and killed him?" I asked. The doctor

On The Campus



When you see a smile and hear a cheerful "good morning and how are you this beautiful day", you can be sure that it is Herb Keddy or "Herbie" as he is affectionately known to Arts students. Herb is general superintendent of the Arts and Library buildings and his cheerful presence is fast becoming a proverb around the campus. Whenever anything needs to be done he is there with a willing hand.

Herb is a BlueNose through and through. He was born in Halifax and has lived in Nova Scotia all his life. He has worked all around the province and knows a good deal about the life in different parts of it. Before coming to Dal, Herb worked with the Army-Navy plant in the city, but an allergy forced him to leave. Their loss was our gain, and he has been at Dal three years now.

NOTICE

The Newman Club will hold a Communion Breakfast Sunday, Feb. 18 at The Convent of the Sacred Heart. Mass will begin at 9.30. All members are urged to attend.

nodded his head. "But how did he break his neck, did he really fall?"

The doctor resumed his seat in his chair handing me a small book and replied, "Here is a small treatise on the subject, the only one written I believe. Back to your question, I think he did fall, and I also think that he came to the end of his dream and in consequence broke his neck by falling off the step of his cell."

"But why did you not tell this at the inquest?" I asked.

"Because these country folk would not have understood Jim's difficulties, and if they had, the case might still be going on today," he replied.

Poor devil I thought, and yet it seemed to me that it was better that way, than for him to live with the eternal fear of his nightmare haunting him.

COMPLETE LINES of all

Photographic Supplies and Equipment

24 Hour Developing and
Printing Service

REID SWEET PHOTO SUPPLIES

9½ Prince St. - Dial 3-8539

CORSAGES

Rosedale
NURSERIES Limited...

426 BARRINGTON ST. - Halifax
A "Colonial" Corsage designed by
ROSEDALE speaks eloquent volumes of tenderness and love.

Only flowers can express your
proper sentiments.

Long, Long Ago

"I gazed as into dreams
Into your lovely eyes
And in the shadow of your lashes fell asleep."

Note: In all the centuries of Rome's glorious supremacy there was no one so noble and famous as Antony. He and Caesar had given the Empire great power. After Caesar's death Antony set out to consolidate the Eastern Empire, leaving behind his wife and children, with Octavius in control of Rome. But in Egypt he was subdued by the ambitious love of Cleopatra. His commissions floundered and rumors of his degeneration, of sedition, of slander, spread through Rome, degrading his once proud name. At last Octavius set out to take Egypt and Antony went down to the lowest shame of all: cowardice. His fleet was destroyed at Actium as was his fame and the wish to live out his days with Cleopatra was frustrated by their final defeat and their double suicide.

ANTONY

Here I stand within this foreign bark. Around us is the blue Agaen Sea and over head the gulls of Crete spot the cloudless sky. My fleet is strong, my valour has not changed since those days when Julius still lived, and when we carried the Eternal Standards out across the world. I wonder do the people think me still the noblest Roman of them all? Still the handsomest! Still the most brave! But what do I here leading this African fleet? To what end? And against Romans all. Say, how low can mortal man descend? Yet it is said that those in highest places farthest fall.

Captain: There lies Octavius now. His fleet is large. Antony: Let the vanguard stem the first attack. Oh, my captain, what say they back in Rome? Around the loftiest crags the winds must howl. They say good wife Octavia hangs her head in shame at my behavior and daily tongues of scandal sting my young sons' ears. My shame, my black despair, my notoriety! By all the gods, can men be

blamed for their infirmities? Sahara's sands are in my blood. The Daughter of the Nile fills my eyes too well.

Captain: What orders, sir, the enemy is near.

Antony: Ah, here astern is Cleopatra now. Ships too few. Too laden down with beaten gold and too ornate to fight. So, the Fallen Star of Rome beneath the purple sail of Egypt dares withstand the pride of the Eternal City to the West. There lies my love in all the splendour of the Orient. Flutes of silver; cushions made of silken gold. Lie gently, Desert Temptress, in your perfume, beneath the slow Nubian fans, with your eunuchs and your odalisques. Is this the dawn of battle? It seems not so.

Captain: What orders, sir. Our foremost ships are lost!

Antony: But what is this? Her fleet breaks. They flee. Back. Back to the quiet smile of ageless Sphinx. Egypt has deserted me. I am betrayed! And I? I must stand alone!

Captain: Majestic in war! Conqueror. Beyond reproach!

Antony: Nay, not now. To Rome I am but scum. Farewell, Octavia and farewell pride—and to you Octavius also, sad farewell. The time is now. I flee.

Captain: Ah, Antony, you can no longer claim to be a man, that you should honour slay for Egypt's queen.

Antony: I am spent. The years have drained my lost vitality. Some other time would I have made a stand—in other days my blood had liked to flow. Not now, life's taper has worn out. Tomorrow shall not find me from her arms and we shall lie beneath the desert moon. Shake loose your midnight hair my Queen, and from your throat remove the serpent necklace that you love so well. Remove it lest it sting you unto death and with your eyes sing low to me of love.

Semper Fidelis

Time has been swift and fleeting hours are by
The caverns of Memory's misty strand;
The pale moon smiles no more upon the sands
Where once like water nymphs, we played,
And laughed to see fair-crested immortality
Upon our love, lay soft, his hand.
High is our portal's threshold, imperial, bold
Its architecture. And great so must it be
To wall out so imperiously, all futurity.
How soon its doors will open to let pass
But half a love, while the other stays
In fear, with deathless sorrow, to remain.
Love is no song that greets an early grave.
Its legacy of grace will long uphold
The legend of its virtue. Love is bold
To those who to its progress dare withstand.
Its shield is Faith; its sword the flame of Hope
And no alarm—disturbs its peace—
For good can know no harm.
The time is near and soon you must be gone
And all those happy memories we bore
Will live with me, will live again some more
When once again we meet. And on
The altar of our God I'll pray
That our tomorrows cling
To yesterday.

"Heat Merchants Since 1827"

S. Cunard and Company, Limited

COAL — COKE — FUEL OIL
OIL BURNING EQUIPMENT

Installed and Serviced

HALIFAX, N. S.

DARTMOUTH, N. S.

79 Upper Water St.