

Altar

by  
Moonlight

You came, and I was lonely  
 You fill a gap left by one who exists no more  
 You will never realize what you have done by just being  
 you  
 How far from the lumber of my life you are creating  
 not a tavern but a temple.  
 It is a temple for the worship of you . . . it is not some-  
 thing that can be helped.  
 It exists, therefore it is.  
 You are not aware of its existence, but someday you  
 may be.  
 I hope that it is not too late before you realize it.  
 Time, space and eternity are all one,  
 Therefore, though consciously you are not aware,  
 In your unconscious existence you know, and someday  
 must chose;  
 For all good things someday will exist in reality.

Against the celestial blue  
 The fleecy clouds dream on  
 Outlining memories of days gone by  
 And days to come live only in my soul.

What is the present but the dream of the future  
 realized . . .  
 What is the future but the past relived.  
 What is time but a phantasy  
 What is space but eternity.  
 What is life but a creation of the imagination.  
 If we thought that we did not exist, would we?  
 What is love but a moving sea between the shores of  
 the soul?

You came again  
 But had you changed?  
 I could not tell . . .  
 There was a strange hesitation in your ways  
 You have doubts of the life you lead  
 So why not change your ways?

Come out into the world, my love;  
 Away from dreams and phantasies . . .  
 Come and exist in reality . . .  
 You know not where you are going  
 So why not come with me?

You are lonely, but not forever  
 For I am with you always . . .  
 Wherever you go, whatever you do  
 Pray God, remember this, I am always true.

—MEN.

## WILLIAM ASTOR'S DISASTER

OR  
THE CASE OF THE TRACELESS FACE

The handle's Bill. Don't ask me why I'm in this mess, I just am. I'm walkin' down the main stem one day, see, and who am I meetin'? It's my old buddy Jake. Jake's a grand guy, but a little empty up top. He's a reporter, you know, one of those guys that's supposed to get the dope on the last rum dum who wraps himself around a phone pole. Well, anyways, Jake's a great guy. Went to a movie one night of that Ava Gardner dame — wow — he was sneezin' and wheezin' for days after an' wouldn't speak to his wife for a month!

Like I'm tellin' you, I'm meetin' Jake this day just after my usual breakfast, The Big Three, I call it, caffeine, nicotine and benzedrine, when I get to telling him about what hits me last Sat. night. He turns white, then the sickliest green you ever seen, till I begin thinkin' of neon signs. After he wipes up his teeth and lets go the lapels of the bewildered passerby who he's been hugging and shaking violently during my little recital, he has an interesting observation to make, so he says: "Wow." Then he adds informatively: "Gawsh!" I waits for any further edifying remarks. "Wow", he repeats not disappointing me and obviously pleased with his own locquacity. The other guy's just standing there dabbing his eyes and blubbering like a baby, not that there was anything to laugh at, or cry, either. Jake speaks agin! "Ah-h-h-h — ?" Nope. He didn't make it. "Now whadaya think of that", I prompts.

Jake is now about as composed as he can get which is like a old maid with a bull dog at her gams. "Bill", he says (it was great to hear him talk again) "it's terrific. Write it down, boy, formal like, like a bioautograph — ah, — graphobiout — I mean, syncopated crook — no, no. —"

See what I mean? not excited at all! So anyways, this is what I wrote in a way so's I could sell it like these author guys:

This is a true experience. Further more it happened to me and my integrity (this \$5.00 word was one of my better ones) can't be questioned. Now if any of you guys got water where your blood should be, or blood where — well, if you can't take the spooks, you might as well cast your lamps in 'tother direction.

I'm ridin' home from my sweetie's, see, after a Sat night date, not thinkin' of such except how that gal can talk. She starts at 7.45 when I get there and at midnight its still going — it's like kissing goodnight to a hurricane. Remember the night the old man told her to shut up in as few words. She kept right on goin' but as she does lets drive with a doughnut she'd dunked in some Java for the purpose. Caught him in the right eye with a subtle

splash — he never interrupted agin. Love that Emily Post!

Where am I? Oh, yeh, I'm drivin' home, see, and what happens? I see a cute little dish thumping a ride just outside the "Shoot — your faded" pool hall. Reeling in my tongue with deft precision I pull up and go refined, saying: "Baby, thumb no more. Prince Charmin' is here."

Now this don't go over with any big explosion an' me all dressed up in my glad rags, too. She flutters an eye lash or two and piles her frame into the seat right on my new Stetson. "It's O.K., baby", I says bravely, wondering how hard it was to get away with counterfeiting your own lettuce, "it was an old one."

She didn't say much, just sat there looking straight ahead at the road. She tells me where she lives and I begin to think I'll go via British West Africa when she looks at me an' says: "You're very nice and thanks in case I have to leave."

Am I stupid or somethin'? What's with the dame? We're nowhere near her house! The next minute I hear her scream something about man overboard. I hit the deck and with a screaming of brakes, pounding of heart valves, sweating of gum drops and a cursing of uncursable curses, I come to a stop on the edge of a ditch amid a cloud of dust and a shower of falling hair.

Gnashing my teeth and foaming in a mild fit I explain "Well, shut my mouth! The dame's gone!"

I looked in the ditch, in the car and even in the ash tray, but no dame. Now this is right mysterious, and with a rapid calculation so typical of my sharp brain, I decided she's taken a powder, but how?

Well, I'm shakin' like jelly on a plate or even like that red headed corrine at the Follies each Tuesday night. I see red and like someone just put a nickle in me, I'm away. No loose goose is going to make a sucker outa me! No sir! I'll get the gen from her old man. I cover the ten miles to her address in five minutes and three secs — they tell me I was going so fast three cops on their scooters got lost trying to catch me. One was reported heading south southwest below Lake Michigan.

I come to a stop in a bed of geraniums and in a shower of red petals, looking like a groom besieged with confetti and smellin' like the bride, I knock at the door.

Firmly, anchoring my bridge-work I rattle off the story to the old buzzard that answers the door. He yawns once, scowls at the geranium bed and scratches his back with contortion of figure, groans and heavy breathing.

"Was she dressed in shorts?" he drawls.

I nod.  
 "Sailor blouse?"  
 I nod again.

He yawns once more. "That's my daughter", he says, "she was drowned sailing ten years ago tonight."

He looked at me bored-like and says: "It's alright. You can pick up your lower jaw now. She comes back like this once a year. Goodnight."

I'm facing the closed door now while my brain catches up to what he's been inferring. Great balls of fire and all other warmed up objects! I blow, with a good portion of the picket fence on my radiator and geraniums in my ears. And that concludes the story. I sent it to "Veritable Concessions" magazine for publication. Now, how about that! I just got a rejection slip. Oh, well, keep the faith!

Ed. Note: The author of this item, was suddenly taken ill yesterday and taken away to a local rest home. Diagnosis: hallucinations. Cause: rereading of the above affliction on literature. It is reported that he mumbled as he went for the forgiveness of the student body.

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from

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