

# In Fond Remembrance

By

Rupert St. James\*

ARTHUR GRAHAM

While rummaging through an old trunk in the attic the other evening I noticed a rhyming dictionary that I had discarded some time ago in favor of a revised edition. It was wedged tightly between a small metal box and the side of the trunk, and only after considerable effort was I able to dislodge it from its position.

I had seated myself on the corner of the trunk and was thumbing through its worn pages when I came suddenly upon the prostrate body of an old, almost forgotten acquaintance — a bookworm named Hyacinth Cadawallader. He was little more than skin and bones; the usual flamboyant green of his coat had turned to a deathly gray, and his legs hung loosely at his sides. I gently raised his limp body with my finger acting as a back-rest, and for several tense minutes I watched for a sign of life. Then one of his legs twitched! A feeling of helplessness surged through me. A dearly beloved friend literally dying in my hand, and there was nothing I could do to prevent it! In desperation I wet my finger with my lips — such as one does to facilitate the turning of a stubborn magazine page — and tenderly placed it against

his forehead. This apparently did the trick, for he groaned and then opened his eyes and gazed glassily about.

He muttered "Where air blare care stare dare swear am cram swam lam clam ham ja—" A look of horror swept across his face. He screamed, rose to his full height, and began beating his head against my thumb-nail, foam streaked with blood oozing from his mouth and nostrils all the while. Slowly, however, his rantings subsided in violence. His screams faded to a hoarse whisper and then became inaudible. Gradually he slipped down the length of my thumb to fall in a crumpled heap on the book. My endeavors to revive him were futile. Hyacinth C. Cadawallader had passed into the promised land of *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* and *Webster's Encyclopaedic Dictionaries*, where all good bookworms go.

It was not until I picked up my friend's flacid corpse, with the intention of giving it a respectable burial in the geranium bed, that I noticed a book-mark at the spot where I had first seen his body. Detecting a blood-red tint I leaned forward and examined the book-mark more closely.

---

\*THE AUTHOR: *The late Rupert St. James, whose violent, tragic death created heartfelt repercussions throughout the literary world, was born May 1, 1915. Rupert, although he early showed signs of poetic genius, did not come into his own until after the still unsolved disappearance of his father, himself a versifier of ability, in 1929.*

*Graduating from Harvard in '34, Rupert had already written two volumes of poetry. On scholarship funds he did post-graduate work at Oxford, the University of Paris, and the University of Prague, all the while producing in an ever increasing flow the verse that was to characterize him as not only the most talented, but the most prolific poet of the past decade.*

*This fantasy, found in the St. James mansion in Lockbury shortly after the suicide, has been the source of much speculation in higher medical circles.—THE EDITOR.*

There, to my astonishment, I found penned, in a minute but scholarly hand, these words:

"To all whom it may concern: I, Hyacinth Cuthbert Cadawallader, in all humbleness, do hereby leave this record of the last two years of my existence upon Earth to posterity.

On December twenty-first, 1941, I entered, of my own free will, the portals of The Master's Rhyming Dictionary. After excursing through said book's contents for some three weeks I became of mind to abandon its habitat for something of a more profound nature. It was then that I made the frightful discovery that my paths of exit were blocked in such a way as to prevent either ingress or egress.

Resolved to my fate I wandered aim-

lessly through this accursed dictionary for months. It was on December thirteenth, 1942 that I first observed that my constant diet was having a most singular effect upon my speech. (To clarify this account I herewith provide the information that in so much as I have never taken unto myself a spouse I have cultivated, as a defense against loneliness, the eccentricity of continually talking to myself. HCC) To continue. This hiss miss kiss bliss strange mange range grange exchange derang—"

Fantastic, yet, is it not feasible? A delicately balanced mind such as Hyacinth's being unable to withstand the continual repetition of rhymed words.

What a ghastly vastly lastly fate bait date hate mate sate strait wait debate relate incuba— —

## Tribute to "Bessie, The Jalopy"

BILL FREELAND

"Bessie" was a good old Ford, even if she was of the 1924 vintage, with old-fashioned clincker tires and all the out-of-date accessories that made her comfortable like an old, old shoe.

To really appreciate the virtues of "Bessie" the reader should know that she cost John Ganger and Bill Freeland, the proud owners, ten dollars in cash, not to mention many a sleepless night and dateless week to aquire the aforementioned sum.

To return to "Bessie's" physical features, she had a coat of brilliant blue paint starting at her anterior end and progressing to her posterior section, said coat of blue being generously splashed with a subtle shade of red, thus creating quite an aesthetic, or sometimes anesthetic effect upon the on looker. One beautiful feature about "Bessie" was her body design. Her engineering lines flowed together with all the

grace and elegance of a soap box. Even with this, all who rode in her loved her, and but few could leave her without some fond token of remembrance, generally a grease smudge, or more often a sprain here or a bruise there from one of her thoughtless, jolting moments on a rough road.

With gasoline "Bessie" was a bit more of a spend-thrift, but to do her justice it must be mentioned that she drank 14 cent per gallon with the same pride and pleasure that she did the very rare 22 cent per gallon brand.

As with all good things, though, "Bessie" soon came to an end. She never recovered from the rationing of her food to four gallons per week, and was soon retired to the scrap heap for the paltry sum of \$2.50.

All hail to "Bessie," queen of the Jalopies.