

FANTASTIC INDEED

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ed thinking. It all seemed so unreal. Of course it all might have been a dream, but still—well, I'll just try it again in the daylight. Since I had for some time wanted to get my sweetheart an engagement ring, I wished for a big diamond ring. Swish! There it was right on the desk on a little silk pillow—sparkling in all its glory like some living thing. Quickly I hid it in the dresser drawer until a more opportune time.

By this time I was really convinced of my possession of this miraculous wishing power. Just what to wish for and how to use this power puzzled me until I recalled the words sung to me in my last night's encounter with the heavens. "Peace! Peace! You shall bring peace!" I wondered just how I could bring peace to the world. And then the thought hit me. Why not wish for President Roosevelt's presence? He certainly would know just how my wishing power could help bring world peace.

It would take too much time for me to tell you about F. D.'s reaction when he suddenly found himself in my room. Yes, he was scared and bewildered.

But after much lengthy explanation he finally understood how he got into my room and why.

F. D. R. and I spent at least two hours making a list of all the names including Hitler, Goebbels, Hirohito, Mussy, and all other Japanese, German and Italian officials and leaders. Soon as we finished the list and were sure that we had included everyone, I read each of their names out loud and wished that they should suddenly cease living.

I made the President promise that he never would tell anyone what happened that morning. He thanked me profusely and told me that he would be at my service as long as he lived. Getting one last look at him, I wished the President of the United States back to the White House. I heaved a sigh of relief when I realized that the purpose of my power had been fulfilled.

My morning's work had made me ravishingly hungry, so I wished for myself a big, thick, juicy steak. What happened? Not a bloomin' thing. My wishing power was gone. When I had had it, I didn't know what to do

with it, and now when I wanted it, it was gone.

This all sounds like a wild dream and the only reason I'm telling it is for the very simple reason that no one is likely to believe it anyway. My only verifications are the newspaper headlines that you have all read:

"ROOSEVELT VANISHES FROM OFFICE TWO HOURS . . . Refuses to explain!"

"NAZI, ITALIAN, AND NIPPONESE GOVERNMENTS IN TURMOIL . . . All key war leaders of Axis nations suddenly die. Armies lay down arms.

"STRONG UNITED NATIONS UNDERCOVER FORCE BELIEVED RESPONSIBLE . . . No definite proof of rumored poisonings. Autopsy reveals nothing!"

And last but not least:

"PEACE REIGNS OVER THE WORLD. ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL ARRANGING TERMS OF PERMANENT PEACE PACT!"

Oh, I forgot to tell you. My girl and I used the ring last Saturday night. Wonderful world, isn't it?

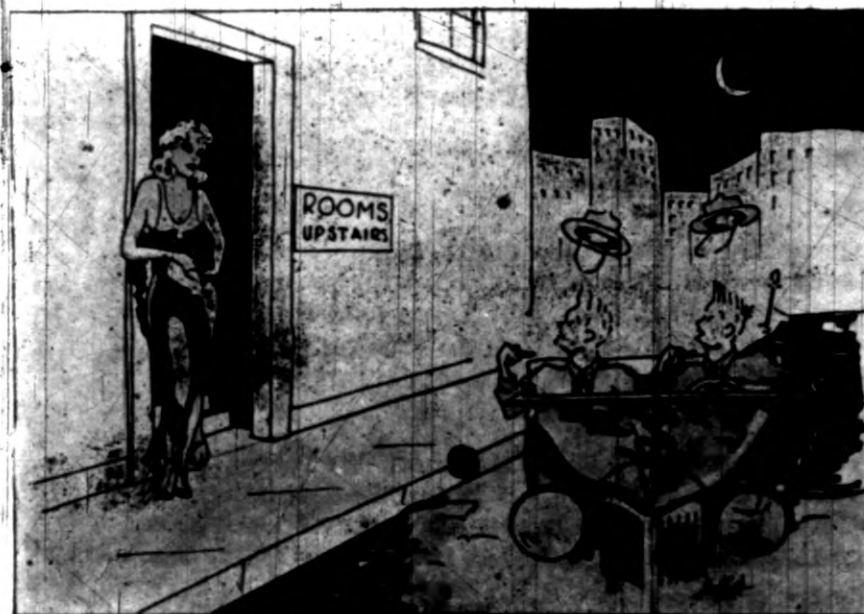


He: Do you neck?
She: That's my business!
He: Oh, a professional.

I'm losing my punch, said the flapper when she hurriedly left the cocktail party.

There was a thief in my room last night and I thought it was my husband.
Did he get anything?
Well, I didn't miss anything.

Gentlemen prefer blondes, but I think the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it.



"You mean ME!?"