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Front cover painting by Robert Gibson Jones, illustrating
a scene from "The Return of Sinbad."



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THE CAN OPENER

by Rog Phillips

Empty a can without first puncturing it? Impossible, the psychiatrist said. But of course, he had never seen the opener . . .

"GOOD night, fellows," Joe said, pausing at the locker room door. "See you at the office Monday. So long, doc. Going to be at the golf course Sunday?"

Dr. Ronald Spellman nodded.

Joe Carver dipped his head in final farewell and went through the door.

"See you at the office Monday," Bill Carter aped after Joe had gone. "He'll sure be surprised when we all show up tomorrow night!" He tossed his bowling shoes in his locker, chuckling.

"What's up, Bill?" Doc Spellman asked. "You sound like you're planning a surprise party on Joe. Come to think of it, it's his tenth wedding anniversary."

"That's right," Harry Miller answered. "You're a good friend of Joe's. Why don't you come along? It isn't going to be anything much. A couple of cases of canned beer. It's the tin anniversary—tenth. We decided not to make the gifts more than a buck."

"I'd be glad to," Dr. Spellman said.

"O.K.," Bill Carter said. "Only don't make it a pot or a pan. Joe's wife, Mary, has a complete set of that copper bottom stuff. Anything but pots and pans so long as it's tin."

"We'll all meet right here," George Grabe spoke up. "If you get there first,

doc, just park and wait. We want to all be there right at seven thirty. Then we'll all go in together."

"Let's see. How many cars'll that be then?" George Grabe said. "There's mine, yours, doc's, Harry's—you're riding with Harry, aren't you, Pete? And Bill, I'll pick you up . . ."

"THE others are here already," Harry Miller said, pulling into the curb.

The two men and their wives got out. An oblong package bulged from Harry's coat pocket. Pete held a similar package in his hand. The others joined them. There was a quick but hushed round of introductions to Dr. Spellman's wife.

"Dr. Spellman's a psychologist—you know, psychoanalyst," Pete Berry whispered to his wife.

"Where's Joe's car?" George Grabe asked, pointing to the empty garage and driveway at the side of the house.

"It would be, too bad if he and his wife were out for the evening," Bill Carter grumbled.

"The lights are on in the house," Dr. Spellman pointed out. "Anyway, I thought of that possibility and called Joe up this morning and asked him if he'd be home this evening. Told him I might be over in this neighborhood this evening on a call and might drop in



I felt a queer chill run up the base of my spine as my finger seemed to vanish in thin air—but then I saw the spout . . .

if he'd be here. He said he would."

"Maybe he went down to Howard Street to get a few cans of beer," George suggested. "Say! You didn't forget the beer, did you, Harry?"

"No. It's in the back seat," Harry said. He went to his car and returned with the case of beer.

Dr. Spellman and his wife led the way up the walk and rang the bell. Mrs. Carver opened the door. Her eyes lit up with delighted surprise when she saw all the company.

"Come on in," she invited. "Joe just phoned from downtown. He'll be home in a few minutes. Make yourselves at home and if you'll excuse me I'll dress up a little." She ran up the stairs in confusion.

The women took up the chairs and the men stood around awkwardly, looking for a topic of conversation. Their eyes slowly settled on one another's gift packages.

"What did you get?" Bill Carter whispered to Harry Miller.

"A can opener," Harry whispered loudly enough so that everyone heard him.

"Ohmigosh!" Bill exclaimed. "That's what I got!"

"Me too," came a horrified chorus of male voices.

"Humpf!" came a chorus of disgusted female voices.

"I should have thought to warn all of you," Dr. Spellman groaned, glancing anxiously toward the stairs to make sure Mary Carver wasn't returning yet from changing her dress. "Now it's too late. You'll just have to not give him anything. I brought a new kind of cake tin. I'll take mine back out to the car too, so none of us will be giving presents."

"What's the matter with a half a dozen can openers?" George Grabe objected. "I think that's a good joke—

all of us giving him can openers."

Dr. Ronald Spellman shook his head.

"Ordinarily it would be," he admitted. "But not with Joe. He has a phobia against the things. As a matter of fact that's the way I first met him—as a patient. He was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I'll tell you about it. But first, let's get rid of our presents."

"I'll put them in my car," Harry said quickly. He collected them and slipped out the front door. Less than a minute later he returned. "O.K., let's hear it," he said, out of breath.

"It was about thirteen years ago," Dr. Spellman began. "Joe Carver had an appointment. When he came into the office he was thin and run down. It was obvious that he was nothing but a bundle of nerves. He was confused and fumbling. One of the first things he did when he came into my office was to reach up with his left hand and scratch his head, then look half sore and reach up with his right hand and scratch the right side of his head. Then he looked frustrated and mumbled, 'All right! Go ahead and itch!'

"I immediately started running over the different rest homes in my mind and wondering which one he'd be able to afford. I didn't have much trouble getting him to unburden himself. He was eager to talk about it. This is the story he told . . ."

* * *

IT ALL began about six months ago.

A new man started to work at the office. I never could pronounce his name and no one else could either. We called him Slide, which was short for slide rule. That was as close as we could come to it. It was something like Shrdlu—no—Shldr! is more like it.

He had been working there for nearly two weeks before I decided to become friends with him. That delay

wasn't because he wasn't likeable, because he was. He had already become friendly with everyone including me. Now I decided I would like to cultivate an active friendship with him.

One thing I had observed—he never missed bringing a lunch, and it was always three cans, a large can of tomato juice, a can of peas, and a can of some kind of fruit.

He brought them in a sack and he had some kind of metal spouts he poked into the cans so that he could drain the contents directly into his mouth from the can. He kept those spouts in a drawer in his desk.

It was several days before I realized how impossible that was. I didn't really notice before, because you know how a person only sees what they are used to seeing.

Up until I noticed it I never guessed that I would have been much better off if I had never laid eyes on him. But how could I suspect even when I saw it. He ATE, didn't he? That's what fooled me. He ate, even if it WAS out of tin cans.

I KNOW he ate, because I saw some tomato juice spill out of the spout onto his shirt once. I—I'm SURE I saw it.

When he'd finish his lunch he would toss the cans into his waste basket. The way he'd do it was to pick up the empty can by the spout on it, and give it a flick that would toss the can into the waste basket. Then he'd take the spouts to the washroom and wash them off. After that he'd bring them back and put them in the drawer.

One day I got to wondering what brand of tomato juice he drank. He had gone to the washroom to wash the spouts, so I just lifted the empty can out of the waste basket and read the label.

It was a standard brand, but there was something funny about the can that

didn't sink in at first. I turned it over and saw what was wrong. Both lids were smooth and unpunctured!

All three cans were the same, and all three were undoubtedly empty. Their contents had been drained out without poking so much as a pin hole in them!

Impossible? I thought so too. There could only be one rational answer. For some reason Slide was going through the motions of eating without actually doing so, and carrying on the deception by bringing empty cans that were sealed and throwing them away.

Then I remembered a few days before when he had spilled tomato juice on his shirt. THAT hadn't come from an empty can!

I dropped the can back in the waste basket and a strange explanation entered my mind.

A fourth dimension! That was the answer. A sealed tin can was just an open container in the fourth dimension. The spouts acted as tubes in some way, that lifted the contents of the can upward in the fourth dimension, and over the edge, so to speak, dropping them outside the can back in our three dimensional space.

I decided that maybe Slide could be content to merely eat his lunch with them while he worked for wages, but I was built differently. I made up my mind to keep quiet about my discovery and swipe one of those things the first chance I got.

My chance came sooner than I had expected. That very evening at quitting time the boss gave me some extra work that would keep me until quite late. By five thirty I had the office to myself.

With my heart in my mouth I went over to Slide's desk and tried the drawer. It was locked.

Crawling underneath the desk I saw how I could cut away part of the back

of the center drawer so that the rod that locked the others could be lifted far enough to unlock them. It took a precious half hour of hard work, but at last I pulled on the drawer and it slid open.

My fingers shook as I picked up one of the spouts. Without taking time to examine it there I hid it in my overcoat pocket and closed the door again.

Thievery was a little out of my line and I was afraid that if Slide missed one of his spouts the next day all he would have to do would be to look at me and I would give myself away.

I decided to go out and buy a few cans of stuff and try to figure out how the thing worked. If I could do that maybe I could put it back and then Slide would never know about it until the patented product was on the market.

SCHULTZ'S delicatessen was just around the corner. I went in and bought half a dozen cans of sauerkraut, the cheapest canned food there is. With the heavy sack in my arms I caught the bus and went back to my room.

There, with the door securely locked, I adjusted the spout to the can. The spout was open at both ends. I saw immediately that one end could be brought securely against the top of the can when the band was slipped into place around the top.

The spout itself was only about an inch and a half long. Without tipping the can I stuck a finger in. It never reached the lid! About a quarter of an inch from the lid my finger seemed to twist queerly and disappear. Other than the visual queerness there was no sensation except that of wetness.

I pulled my finger out and it brought a few strings of sauerkraut with it!

Taking the thing off the can without spilling out the sauerkraut, I examined

it more thoroughly. Around the end that was supposed to fit against the lid of the can was a strange distorted effect.

I shoved my finger through the spout. When it came out the other end the tip of my finger seemed to jump forward a half inch or less, and where it passed through that strange field it had almost a half inch gap! I could see a cross section of my finger just as plain as if it had been cut off, though no blood dripped from it and it didn't hurt.

It gave me a queer feeling. I slid my finger in and out, trying to figure out what it might be that could push it out of the three dimensions of the ordinary world and back in again.

I finally had to give up. It would take a smarter man than I to figure it out. That meant that if I returned it right away I might never know. Slide might know someone had used it and get suspicious. Of course he would know that if I kept it; but at least I would have one then, and he wouldn't be able to find out I was the one that had it.

Hiding the gadget carefully, I went back to the office and worked until after midnight rounding up the work I should have finished by nine-thirty.

EVERY evening for the following three weeks I experimented with it. I found that when it wasn't attached to the lid of a can it leaked a little. I spent hours carefully pouring water through it from one pitcher to another and seeing its volume slowly grow less as the water vanished to someplace in the fourth dimension.

I was a little worried about Slide. He didn't seem to miss the thing. He didn't even so much as flick an eye when he opened the drawer the next day and found one of his things gone. The day after, he brought another one to replace it so he would have three of

them again for his lunch.

One day I noticed two fine screws that held the spout onto the ring that fitted around the cans. I stopped at a jeweler's on the way home that following evening and bought a small screw-driver.

In my room I carefully took the spout off the ring. The queer place stayed with the ring. I laid the spout on the table and took the ring to the washstand and ran water into the queer place. It vanished entirely!

That was fun. I held the ring under the tap and turned the water on full. It dropped to the queer field and simply disappeared.

Something wet lapped at my foot. It distracted my attention from the ring. I glanced down. The floor was covered with water.

The horrible truth struck me. Sure enough, when I turned and looked, the water from the tap was running out of the spout! There was gallons of it on the floor that had spilled off the table.

Two hours later when I had mopped it up and gotten rid of the wild tenant in the room below mine, I brought the two pieces of the gadget out of hiding again and stared at them with a sort of horribly dreadful fascination.

Did you ever dread doing something with every atom of your being, yet KNOW you were going to do it? That's the way I felt.

I laid the spout on the table once more, then slowly stuck my finger into the distorted area. Sure enough, the end of my finger crept out of the spout. I wiggled my finger, and five feet away on the table my finger wiggled! It was uncanny!

Suddenly I saw something different. My finger came out of the spout all right, but there was part of it still in the fourth dimension. The reason I noticed this was because there seemed to

be a ring of ice around my finger where it disappeared that hadn't felt that way when the ring and the spout were hooked together.

UP TO that point I had been convinced that the secret of the thing was in its shape. Now I began to figure that perhaps it lay in some property of the metal. If that were so, then a chemical analysis of it should give me the whole secret.

I hunted up the janitor of the rooming house and borrowed his tin snips long enough to trim a sliver off the ordinary end of the spout.

It didn't seem to change the operation of the spout any, for which I felt quite relieved.

The next day at noon I took the sliver of metal to a chemist and asked him to analyze it for me. I had to wait two weeks for the report. During that time I played with the gadget every night, learning more things I could do with it.

Finally the day came when the chemist's report would be ready. I stopped in on the way home and picked it up.

"Of course," the chemist said, "you know I can't be too accurate on the percentages with such a small sample. All the elements are there, though."

I glanced it over while he was talking. There was about three percent iron, fifteen percent nickel, seventy-five percent copper, and two percent lead. Those were the metals. The remaining five percent was a mixture of sulphur, carbon and phosphorus.

"Could you make me up a batch of this?" I asked him.

"I could try," he said. "I couldn't guarantee it to be just like the original, though."

"Could you," I hesitated, "could you make me up about ten pounds of it?"

"Sure," he agreed. "It'll cost you about fifty dollars though."

I wrote him out a check to cover it and the cost of the analysis. When I left he promised to have the ten pounds of the stuff ready by the end of the week.

Saturday I didn't have to work. At nine thirty I was at the chemist's door waiting for him to show up. He didn't show up until almost ten.

"It's all ready, Joe," he greeted me.

Five maddening minutes later he had his coat hung up and the million things done that he felt were more necessary than waiting on me, and brought out a rod of metal half an inch in diameter and two feet long.

"This is one," he said. "How does it look?"

It had exactly the right color. When I touched it I KNEW it would do the trick.

"It looks O.K.," I said casually.

"Fine," he answered. "I'll get the others."

He brought out five more rods and wrapped the six of them up.

"Queer stuff," he commented dryly.

I had to agree with him. When he was wrapping them the paper had behaved strangely. At the ends it had wrapped itself much as thin iron sheets might cling to the poles of a magnet.

As he handed the package to me a crucible dropped to the counter after materializing out of thin air.

"Oh, there's that crucible that I was looking for yesterday," the chemist exclaimed.

I left the shop hurriedly. My last glimpse of that chemist was of him standing with the small crucible in his hand and a thoughtful frown on his face.

There was probably a thoughtful frown on MY face too. I was beginning to see that my surmise had been correct; that the abilities of the "can opener," as I had begun to think of

the spout thing, were derived completely from the material it was made from.

The six heavy rods laid side by side were exhibiting the same fourth dimensional effects.

I WALKED down the street toward the bus line carrying the package under my arm. I hadn't gone a block before people started staring at me. One woman shrieked, dropped a sack of groceries she was carrying, and fainted. My first impulse was to stop and help her. There were others with the same idea and I was in a hurry to get to my room, so I didn't stop.

I got to the corner bus stop and waited. The bus came along in a few minutes. The driver saw me and pulled over, getting ready to stop.

Suddenly the driver's eyes took on a glazed, horrified look. He shifted gears with a grinding clash and stepped on the gas, zooming down the street like the hounds of hell were on his heels.

Puzzled by this climax to the peculiar behavior of everyone, I glanced down at my package for the first time since I had left the chemist's. Then I received a shock.

I had cradled the package containing the six rods in the crook of my arm, with my hand hooked into my belt for support. It was still that way, but the center section of the package had disappeared completely. So had the elbow of my arm, leaving a gory stub attached to my shoulder, and a gory forearm casually gripping the belt of my trousers.

It didn't really alarm me. After all, I had spent hours shoving a finger through a small fourth dimension warp. I knew my arm was still whole.

So also was my side, even though a neat section of it seemed to be gone. I could understand now about the woman fainting and the bus driver dashing

away. But I couldn't just stand there exposed that way.

I bent over and gently upended the package so that one end rested on the sidewalk. Standing away from it I looked down at my arm and side once more. They were whole again. That settled that.

The package was a different problem. It stood there, seeming to be two separate packages, one resting on nothing above the other. It was beginning to percolate in my mind what had probably happened.

The metal was similar to a magnet, only the lines of force and the poles were at right angles to what they would have been in a normal magnet. The lines of force were also at right angles to every direction in the three known dimensions!

That created a strong field in the middle of the bundle of rods, leaving the two ends exposed and seemingly normal.

It had probably taken a few minutes after the six rods were laid together before their molecules clicked into the pattern they were in now.

The field seemed to act on any kind of matter and pulled it into the fourth dimension when it went into the field. That was why my arm and a neat half moon section of my side had disappeared, leaving parts of me so startlingly exposed.

How far out did the field extend? I cautiously approached the package. My knees began to vanish as they came within a foot of it.

I bent over and grasped the bundle by the upper part and tried to lift it. Its ten pounds were too much to hold at arm's length. The package swung in toward my body, exposing half of a beating heart, spongy lungs, and a partially digested breakfast.

Another bus came along and pulled

into the curb. I squared my shoulders and decided to brazen things out. The door was open. I picked up the package and darted through the opening.

Fortunately the bus was nearly empty. The driver didn't look around when I stepped in, but merely glanced at the fare box to be sure I paid my fare, and then got the bus into motion.

The few passengers paid no attention to me as I scurried down the aisle to the rear and sat down. If any of them had taken a good look at me they would have no doubt fainted, because I looked at myself and almost did. My midsection had vanished to leave my body almost cut in two except for a shaved-off backbone with exposed nerves.

THE bus sped along. There were few passengers at that time of the morning. People were going downtown rather than out into the residential sections.

I sat there looking out the window and ignoring the hole in the back of the seat ahead, the opening in the side of the bus, and all the other vanished things within the field of the rods.

When we got to the corner where I would get off I rang the bell and waited until the bus stopped before grabbing my package and scurrying off.

Fortunately the driver was thinking of something other than watching me. And fortunately there were no people on the street. I made it to my room almost at a run, slammed the door behind me, and upended the package on the floor.

An idea had been percolating inside my skull that made me shudder. I knew that if I held the thing near my head, my head would go into the fourth dimension. It wouldn't kill me or hurt me, if the vanishing of other parts of my body was any criterion.

I couldn't resist for long. After pac-

ing up and down and debating it I gave in. I don't know exactly what I expected to see. In a story you might expect the hero to see a green pasture with a gentle cow with three horns grazing peacefully while a beautiful girl is being pursued by five-legged horrors.

Actually, up to a certain point, I saw the same things I had been seeing in the room. Then they sort of blurred and came back into focus in reverse. I lowered the package of rods of that metal until, judging from the position of my arms, my head and shoulders were invisible outside the field.

At that position I couldn't see a thing. Everything was absolutely black. Feeling a little disappointed I lifted the rods slowly as high as I could reach and set them back on the floor upended again. I didn't want to lay them down and have part of the floor vanish so the fellow in the room below would start kicking like he did about the water seeping through the floor.

The experiment had left me a little dizzy. I felt funny in other ways. For one thing, I felt and behaved as if I were clumsy. That's the way I analyzed it at first.

It would be impossible to describe the sensation when I first discovered what was really wrong. I became thirsty. The trip downward to get the metal rods and the excitement and rush on the way home had made me thirsty. I went over to the wash basin and reached up to open the medicine cabinet and get my drinking glass.

Just that. I reached up to open the medicine cabinet. You wouldn't think there could be any possible thing about that to send chills up your spine.

If my hand had been a claw with all the flesh rotted off, if I had suddenly discovered that my hand was gone and there was only a bleeding stub of a

wrist, it might have startled me; but it wouldn't have sent those chills up my spine. And yet what happened is quite simple to state.

In my mind I gave the order for my right hand to raise the knob of the cabinet door. My left hand was the one that came up at the command.

That's all that happened. That's all that happened THEN. Yet, its happening was the first conscious realization I had of what had taken place when I stuck my head in that field.

BEFORE the day was over I had explored the full, devastating consequences of that rash act. I proved that my head had switched about in some unimaginable way so that right was left and left was right.

My right hand had the clumsiness that had normally belonged to my left hand, and my left hand had the skill that had belonged to my right, except that my right arm was less clumsy than my left had been, and my left was less skillful than my right had been.

Writing was impossible. The only way I could write proficiently was with my left hand, and writing backwards. It was readable in the mirror.

I put my head back in the field several times in an effort to make the switch back to normal. No results. Some fiendish chance had interchanged the parts of my head that first time.

Without trying, I knew what it had done to my typing skill. Anyone who has learned to type knows how hard it would be for me to have forgotten my old reflexes and to learn to type all over again.

Unable to type or to write longhand, there was no use in going to work Monday.

I glared at the package of rods, blaming it for my trouble. Then I noticed something. The visible ends of the

package were growing shorter slowly. When I had upended the package on the sidewalk there had been six inches of each end clearly visible. Now there was less than two inches!

The logical thing to do occurred to me. Separate the six rods. Unfortunately the chemist had tied the package with strong twine in the middle. The middle was undoubtedly still some place but there was no way to get at it to cut the twine. I tried every way, but couldn't break even one rod loose from the others.

I'll never forget the terrible hours of that Saturday night as I sat watching those visible ends melt slowly into nothingness.

Somewhere around midnight they quietly melted away. For several minutes there was nothing visible, but there was a feeling of something still there. Then a hole appeared for a second in the floor, and filled back again.

I knew what was happening. The rods were falling to the center of the Earth! I could visualize them shoving the matter that entered the field to one side into the fourth dimension. That was what had to be happening because two objects can't occupy the same space at the same time.

Over Sunday I gradually realized to the full what my desire to make a better can opener had brought me to.

That can opener? It had disappeared. I'll always believe that in the proximity of the larger field the small field of the thing had grown stronger, and it too went completely into the fourth dimension and sank into the Earth.

Monday morning I called the office and told them I wouldn't be down for several days. I planned to go back to the chemist and have him make another ten pounds of the stuff.

I didn't even make the trip down after reading the morning papers. They

told the story of what had happened to him and I could guess what had really happened.

His wife reported him missing. She and the police had gone to his shop. The doors to his lab were bolted on the inside. His hat and coat were hanging on a coat hanger. There was no trace of him. He had "vanished from the face of the Earth." Those were the very words the newspaper used.

It was Wednesday before I got up enough courage to get hold of Slide and confess all and ask him to get me out of my predicament. I called the office. One of the fellows answered Slide's phone.

"Didn't you know?" he said. "Slide quit Saturday. He gave notice early last week. Didn't say where he was going, either."

I got his address from the employment office of the company and called that number. His landlady told me he had moved out without leaving any forwarding address. I advertised for him in all the papers. No results.

I was stuck. Absolutely stuck. I couldn't earn a living unless I could write and use a typewriter. I called up the office again and talked the boss into giving me a three weeks' leave of absence. In that three weeks I found out that I was going to have a tougher time learning to write and type all over again than I had had in the first place because there were too many deeply ingrained, mixed up things to unlearn.

At the end of the three weeks' leave of absence I had to call up and quit my job. That was two months ago.

* * *

"THAT was his story and he stuck to it," Dr. Spellman said, lifting his eyebrows and spreading his hands. "I sat him down at a typewriter and asked him to type something. He started to

type and nothing but nonsense came out.

"He didn't have much money saved up, but it happened that there was a rest home out in the suburbs that needed a janitor and hadn't been able to keep one more than a month at a time. He took the job and stayed there, working as janitor and following my instructions.

"In two years he was as good as ever. I never was able to rid him of his phobia against can openers though. Just the sight of one upsets him."

The doctor shook his head sadly. "I hate to think what would have happened if he had gotten six of them all at once tonight."

"Do—do you think that story he told was true?" Harry Miller's wife asked timidly.

"True?" Dr. Spellman laughed uncomfortably. "He was convinced it had all happened. But of course it was all in his mind."

The sound of a door closing came down the stairs. It was followed in a moment by Mary Carver.

"Hasn't Joe come yet?" she asked. "I wonder what could be keeping him?"

"He didn't know we were going to be here," George Grabe said. "He might have run into somebody he knew and stopped to chew the fat for awhile."

"Well why don't you open some of your beer?" Mary suggested. "I'll get an opener and some glasses from the kitchen."

"Let me help you, Mary," Mrs. Miller said, rising quickly.

The sound of footsteps on the front porch made them pause at the kitchen door. A key clicked noisily in the lock. The front door swung open.

Joe Carver appeared briefly, smiled, and disappeared again as another man stepped through the door. Joe came

in after him and closed the door.

"Well well, well well," he said. "This IS a surprise. Mary, I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Chuck. Chuck, this is my wife, Mary. We're going into business together Mary."

"Glad to know you, Chuck," Mary said. "If you'll excuse me a moment, I was just going to get some glasses for the beer."

"Wait a bit, Mary," Joe said. "I've got a big surprise for you. This is our tenth wedding anniversary—remember? But first—Chuck, this is Bill Carter, and Mrs. Carter . . ." The introductions went quickly.

"And now—" Joe looked around, then started for the kitchen. "Be back in a second," he tossed over his shoulder. He came back with a tray of glasses and passed them around, insisting that each person take one.

"Anyone got a can opener?" he asked.

There was a stunned silence.

"Never mind," he said.

With a deft motion he plucked a can of beer out of the case setting on the table. With another deft motion he plucked something out of his coat pocket.

"The very latest can opener," he said. "Chuck Schordulski and I just formed a partnership to manufacture them."

He attached it to the beer can swiftly and poured the contents of the can into Dr. Spellman's glass. Then with a swift motion he loosened the can opener and held it up so that everyone could see it.

"Simple little gadget," he said. "But look at THIS!"

He held up the can and twisted it around to show it at all angles, then tossed it to Dr. Spellman.

"Look, doc," he exclaimed triumphantly. "NO HOLES!"

THE END