

for Africa is of no importance. What matters most is the fact that here I met a Dr. Edny Giles.

As I recall, I was dressing for a party to be held in the dining room as an honor for one of the distinguished guests on board, when a small, unattractive character with horn-rimmed glasses magnifying the interest of a pair of darting eyes, entered the room. So engrossed was he in the book he was reading, that he failed to notice that he was in the wrong cabin. He proceeded to make himself comfortable by pulling off his shoes and producing a half-pint of the finest quality, never losing interest in the book that he was holding in one hand during all this time.

While I stood observing this unique character, he seemed to sense my presence and looked up. Realizing he was in the wrong cabin, he began apologizing profusely.

Before his departure he introduced himself as Dr. Edny Giles, a mineralogist.

His profession, being an unusual one, interested me greatly. Being more than uninterested in the conversation of my other shipmates, I implored him to meet me at the party in order that I might learn more about his work, and his plans for the future.

Dr. Giles agreed to meet me, and true to his word was waiting for me when the party began.

We talked freely at the party, and afterwards when we walked unnoticed onto the deck. I remember best the latter part of the conversation for the refreshing breezes helped to clear my mind of the confusion of trying to be a pleasant companion to all those on the inside. Dr. Giles confided to me that his mission to Africa was to examine a newly discovered mineral found in the Belgian Congo and Anglo-Egyptian Sudan regions. It would take longer on this expedition than previous ones, for he had none of the assistance which he had been accustomed to on former expeditions. Obviously, there was not a great deal of congeniality between Dr. Giles, and one of the assistants that had come with him regularly before, for he referred to him several times as a "sniveling, cowardly weakling."

Dr. Giles accepted my offer to accompany him on his trips and searchings of this expedition, although my offer was somewhat hesitant because of the many risks that surely would be involved.

As a child, I had been provided with everything I ever wanted, and perhaps because of that more than anything else, now desired something that couldn't be bought in any store for any price. Something I had never had in any measure. Adventure was the rare product that I wished to gain from my new life as an explorer. It was with pouncing delight that I prepared myself for the things to come and embarked on an expedition alike nothing I had ever experienced before.

Our ship docked at Pointe Noire; then proceeded to cross into the Belgian Congo region. For communication, we carried with us a native boy, Bulu by name, who understood all language of that region.

The country was not unlike the tropical forest region of South America except it was more densely inhabited and was higher in some areas. The tremendous rains and fierce heat had produced a tangle of vegetation and trees so thick that they could be penetrated only over the narrow footpaths beaten by the feet of the natives; for hundreds of years.

Few large animals ventured here except the elephant and the hippopotamus. The giant trees, interlaced with vines and gigantic creepers, formed a natural shelter for the chimpanzee and the gorilla. Innumerable other varieties of monkeys dwell in this foliage, feeding on wild nuts and fruits, coming to the ground just for water.

We stopped at one of the pigmy villages to trade some invaluable trinkets for tobacco, beans, and yams. The menacing stares of the pigmies were indeed frightening; but despite this and our many hardships, I was enjoying the expedition more and more.

Dr. Giles, after collecting several specimens of the mineral for which he had special interest, proceeded into the region of the Sudan.

There, until recent years, many of the natives had been cannibals. They still practiced scar-tattooing and filed the teeth of the upper jaw into points. Witchcraft and fetishism had a strong hold upon them as we soon learned.

We had started into the area where the mineral was supposed to be found in the greatest abundance, when two natives with weapons forced us to retreat to the village. There, we were greeted to the chief, and several of his council men.

After a short conference, we were taken into a small hut, where we were imprisoned until nightfall.

We were sitting very silently in the hut with full awareness of the danger of our situation when a messenger from the chief entered to inform us that to advance into the area, it would be necessary for us to witness a religious rite. He added that we must never tell what we had seen, for there was a curse on he who told. It was believed that the person who was not faithful to the trust would die after sundown on the day of his infidelity.

We gave our consent, realizing the importance of excavating the mineral, and of being allowed to proceed with our work. We were taken one at a time. Bulu firstly, Dr. Giles secondly, and then myself. I was escorted to the edge of an immense circle of people. In the circle, the witch doctor tended a huge fire.

As I was seated, a hush passed over the people, and the witch doctor began a weird chant that was soon taken up by the people.

As this chanting grew in volume, the people began dancing wildly, flinging their arms and legs with almost complete abandonment. Then one by one they walked through the flames, appearing to feel nothing.

After immersing from the flames, they gathered in a group around the fire. From the billowing smoke, a shadowy semblance began to take form. As it grew more distinct, I felt a stabbing pain in my heart as if it were a dagger of ice. Then with a sudden series of motions, the vision began to take form. A great ringing filled my ears, accompanied by the moan of voices seemingly in a severe anguish.

As the swirling black mass enveloped me, I realized this grotesque specter was Satan.

With that, the man seemed finished with his story. For a while, there was silence. Not being able to confine my curiosity any longer, I asked what happened to Dr. Giles and Bulu.

"I am not certain," he replied, "for I was found wandering dazedly about in the jungle by an American hunting party. Perhaps they were never found."

"But this is fantastic," I said. "What makes you sure this wasn't a dream?"

The man started to speak, then clutched his hand to his heart as he slumped to the floor. I rushed to his side, but knew immediately that there was nothing to do. There was no pulse. I glanced at the clock. It was past six, after sundown.

Anonymous

## Dedicatory To—

From what mount has descended to us this spirit  
Our realm to haunt with charm, even to Olympus rare,  
What doors, what casements have opened in Paradise to lose  
This psyche, who on shimmering wings comes, our fate to share.

Did you from an ethereal Leucadia as Sappho plunge  
When sick from love for Phaon chose the ocean's pall  
Not into the sea, but into our midst in blessed descent  
To bring new hope, new life with dazzling fall.

Where from so strange a dress you wear  
As if clouds from celestial gate did you attire  
And your voice fresh as dew-damp valley lily  
Does speak in strains from Apollo's lyre.

This sweet I breathe from your unseen musk  
Is after scent of Hebe draughts served the Olympian through  
Your unspoken reverie, I hear with plaintive memory  
As Pan, when in ready embrace, sighed a song.

I feel that my lips have received a kiss  
As given Endymion while on Latmos, he slept  
And into my sweetest dream a soft rustling gown  
With nebular purity has quietly crept.

What cause to behold with gaze entranced  
The sight of Diana, queen of silver throne  
When she to you smiles nightly adoration  
For light and beauty which are your own.

As time for you has been a search  
So it has for me spun its flight  
And now we meet in infinity's lap  
As naturally as falls the curtain of night.

Come Minerva and let me sit with you  
Forever in vernal cool of sacred olive shade