

Shanghaied

PENN STATION

(Cont. from p. 5)

BILL HANNER

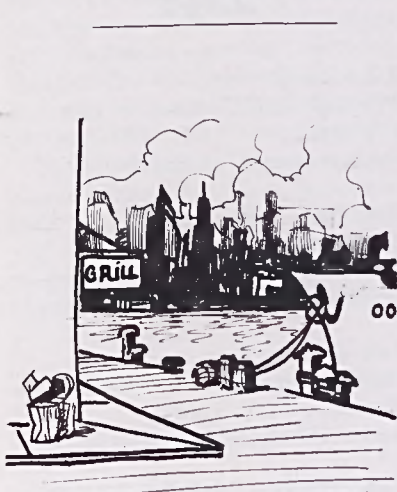
brisk and he was elated by the feeling of a successful job. It was when he succeeded for that he noticed the two men behind him. At first he thought they were cops, but he saw that their dress was that of seamen. He took several turns, trying to lose the men, but they stayed right behind him. In desperation he headed for the waterfront. Then he took the wrong turn. The street he was on led back to a warehouse, and the only way out was the way he had come in.

The two men moved apart, one coming in on either side of him. One grabbed him while the other hit him with a blackjack. The man with the blackjack picked up the unconscious man's satchel and threw it in a nearby trash can.

"He won't be needing that for awhile, not where he's going," he said. "I guess that fills out the crew."

"You didn't expect anybody to volunteer with the cargo we're carrying, did you," his mate asked.

"We better hurry if we're going to sneak out before the Coast Guard makes its inspection," replied the first man. "I wonder what the captain will give us for this fellow?"



my train would leave, and he informed me that I would have to wait an hour. I tucked my ticket into my pocket and picked up my luggage. When I picked up my shaving kit, I noticed something dripping from it. On further investigation I discovered that the fall to the marble floor had been too much for a glass bottle of after-shave lotion.

I turned from the window just in time to see an old friend going up the stairs by which I had earlier come in. I called to him, creating a terrific echo in the beautiful glass dome overhead. He did not seem to hear me; so I ran after him. Just as I reached him and said, "Hi Bill, I did not know that you lived in New York," I realized that I had never seen the guy before in my life. He stopped, looked at me, shook his head, and then went on.

As I walked down the steps, I had a strange feeling that everyone in the station had his eyes on me. I was sure that everyone did when I caught my heel in the cuff of my trousers and fell the rest of the way, baggage and all, to the bottom of the stairs.

I then decided that it would be best to go out and get something to eat. I put my luggage in a locker and successfully ascended the stairs without causing any major commotion. I found a nice little restaurant and ordered a hamburger and a drink. The waitress returned with my food and a new bottle of catsup. I unscrewed the cap and tried to pour out the contents. Because the bottle was new, the catsup would not come out. I tilted the bottle upside down and gave it hard smack on its posterior end, which sent catsup spattering over my light-blue cord suit.

Again everyone was staring at me. I wiped off as much as possible, ate, and left. Just as I walked outside, it began to rain. It started as a slight drizzle; so

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