



THE OUTCOME

The world's great cities lie in dust,
And the clouds above are atom mist;
The rocket steel is left to rust,
And only the vultures still exist. . . .

Silence now, and dying sun,
No longer heard are the plans of men; -
Rusting steel, and broken gun,
And the black rocks cool in the night
again. . . .

A hundred million dreams are dead,
And the air is calm where the vultures
glide;
While the atom mist makes the stars
shine red, -
And the land is silent, and the space
is wide. . . .

By J. B. WOOD



Have an important appointment coming up?

Have to make a speech? Or make love?

Telagog will pull you through the crisis . . .

. . . by remote-control



He tried frantically to control his