

Chapter 1 : JULIUS LONG | Horror Delve

*He Walked by Day by Julius Long in Spooky Campfire Stories edited by Amy Kelley Hoitsma.*

Something is odd about the man in Room I do not even know his name. He never patronizes the hotel restaurant, and he does not use the lobby. On the three occasions when we passed each other by, we did not speak, although we nodded in a semi-cordial, noncommittal way. I should like very much to make his acquaintance. It is lonesome in this dreary place. With the exception of the aged lady down the corridor, the only permanent guests are the man in No. However, I should not complain, for this utter quiet is precisely what the doctor prescribed. I wonder if the man in No. He is so very pale. Yet I can not believe that he is ill, for his paleness is not of a sickly cast, but rather wholesome in its ivory clarity. His carriage is that of a man enjoying the best of health. He is tall and straight. He walks erectly and with a brisk, athletic stride. His pallor is no doubt congenital, else he would quickly tan under this burning, summer sun. He must have traveled here by auto, for he certainly was not a passenger on the train that brought me, and he checked in only a short time after my arrival. I had briefly rested in my room and was walking down the stairs when I encountered him ascending with his bag. It is odd that our venerable bell-boy did not show him to his room. It is odd, too, that, with so many vacant rooms in the hotel, he should have chosen No. The building is a long, narrow affair three stories high. The rooms are all on the east side, as the west wall is flush with a decrepit business building. The corridor is long and drab, and its stiff, bloated paper exudes a musty, unpleasant odor. The feeble electric bulbs that light it shine dimly as from a tomb. Revolted by this corridor, I insisted vigorously upon being given No. The room clerk, a disagreeable fellow with a Hitler mustache, was very reluctant to let me have it, as it is ordinarily reserved for his more profitable transient trade. I fear my stubborn insistence has made him an enemy. If only I had been as self-assertive thirty years ago! I should now be a full-fledged professor instead of a broken-down assistant. I still smart from the cavalier manner in which the president of the university summarily recommended my vacation. No doubt he acted for my best interests. The people who have dominated my poor life invariably have. It is pleasant to be away from the university. There is something positively gratifying about the absence of the graduate student face. If only it were not so lonely! I must devise a way of meeting the pale man in No. Perhaps the room clerk can arrange matters. I HAVE been here exactly a week, and if there is a friendly soul in this miserable little town, he has escaped my notice. Although the tradespeople accept my money with flattering eagerness, they studiously avoid even the most casual conversation. I am afraid I can never cultivate their society unless I can arrange to have my ancestors recognized as local residents for the last hundred and fifty years. Despite the coolness of my reception, I have been frequently venturing abroad. In the back of my mind I have cherished hopes that I might encounter the pale man in No. Incidentally, I wonder why he has moved from No. There is certainly little advantage in coming only one room nearer to the front. I noticed the change yesterday when I saw him coming out of his new room. We nodded again, and this time I thought I detected a certain malign satisfaction in his somber, black eyes. He must know that I am eager to make his acquaintance, yet his manner forbids overtures. If he wants to make me go all the way, he can go to the devil. I am not the sort to run after anybody. Indeed, the surly diffidence of the room clerk has been enough to prevent me from questioning him about his mysterious guest. I have been absenting myself from the hotel restaurant and patronizing the restaurants outside. At each I have ventured inquiries about the man in No. No one at any restaurant remembered his having been there. And again, he may have found a boarding-house. I shall have to learn if there be one. The pale man must be difficult to please, for he has again changed his room. I am baffled by his conduct. If he is so desirous of locating himself more conveniently in the hotel, why does he not move to No. Perhaps I can make his inability to locate himself permanently an excuse for starting a conversation. But that is too banal. I must await a better opportunity. HE HAS done it again! He is now occupying No. I am intrigued by his little game. I waste hours trying to fathom its point. What possible motive could he have? I wonder what our combination bellhop-chambermaid thinks of having to prepare four rooms for a single guest. If he were not stone-deaf, I would ask him. At present I feel too exhausted to attempt such an enervating conversation. He must either skip

a room or remain where he is, for a permanent guest, a very old lady, occupies No. She has not budged-from her room since I have been here, and I imagine that she does not intend to. I wonder what the pale man will do. I await his decision with the nervous excitement of a devotee of the track on the eve of a big race. After all, I have so little diversion. WELL, the mysterious guest was not forced to remain where he was, nor did he have to skip a room. The lady in No. No one knows the cause of her death, but it is generally attributed to old age. She was buried this morning. I was among the curious few who attended her funeral. When I returned home from the mortuary, I was in time to see the pale man leaving her room. Already he has moved in. He favored me with a smile whose meaning I have tried in vain to decipher. I can not but believe that he meant it to have some significance. He acted as if there were between us some secret that I failed to appreciate. But, then, perhaps his smile was meaningless after all and only ambiguous by chance, like that of the Mona Lisa. I would have been astonished if he had not made his scheduled move, I have almost given up trying to understand his eccentric conduct. I do not know a single thing more about him than I knew the day he arrived. I wonder whence he came. There is something indefinably foreign about his manner. I am curious to hear his voice. I like to imagine that he speaks the exotic tongue of some far-away country. If only I could somehow inveigle him into conversation! I wish that I were possessed of the glib assurance of a college boy, who can address himself to the most distinguished celebrity without batting an eye. It is no wonder that I am only an assistant professor. This morning I awoke to find myself lying prone upon the floor. I was fully clothed. I must have fallen exhausted there after I returned to my room last night. I wonder if my condition is more serious than I had suspected. Until now I have been inclined to discount the fears of those who have pulled a long face about me. For the first time I recall the prolonged hand-clasp of the president when he bade me good-bye from the university.

**Chapter 2 : Remembering Mandela: His Long Walk To Freedom Showed We Can Change The World | Op**

*Summary Bibliography: Julius Long You are not logged in. If you create a free account and sign in, you will be able to customize what is displayed.*

The year was and I was a recent graduate, in South Africa to work for the African National Congress ANC as it transitioned from liberation movement to political party and ultimately, to government. Although he had been expected, news that Mandela had arrived at the shabby headquarters of the ANC Western Cape caused great excitement. I hurried from my office and watched from the open corridor that overlooked the car park as his small entourage emerged from their Mercedes. Our regional head, Tony Yengeni, was there to open the car door. I looked down as a pair of polished shoes appeared, followed by well-pressed trousers and then, finally, the man himself. Looking relaxed and elegant, Mandela was ushered into the building. On the first floor, staff and volunteers hurriedly formed ourselves into rag-tag line, our eyes fixed on the stairwell at the end of the corridor. For each of us, Mandela represented something deeply personal: And then he appeared. Taller than I had imagined. Aged 75 at the time, he was slim with a powerful, dignified presence. He started making his way down the row of activists, speaking to each in turn. For me, Madiba, as he was affectionately known, had been part of my consciousness for almost as long as I could remember. At school, I had done projects on apartheid and for so many years I had marched and protested and campaigned. In , when news broke that Mandela would be released, I went straight to Trafalgar Square in London to celebrate, and the following day I stayed glued to the TV screen for the first glimpse of him. And now here he was, standing before me, his hand outstretched. I did not see him again for almost a year. African National Congress ANC President Nelson Mandela releases a white dove for peace at a rally to commemorate the 34th anniversary of the massacre of 69 black demonstrators by the police, 21 March , in Sharpville, south of Johannesburg. I was responsible for arranging the media, first at a photo-call with schoolchildren in Green Point Stadium, then at a political meeting at Grassy Park and finally at a stadium event in Athlone. Arriving at Greenpoint Stadium on that sunny morning, I was there to meet him and his team. When he saw me, Mandela smiled and, without missing a beat, asked: As news of the calamity filtered out, one of my seniors was concerned about how it might play out in the media. His only thoughts were with those killed and their families. He immediately changed his evening plans in order to visit the injured in hospital. He had no need for spin doctors to instruct him as to what would appear to be the right thing to do. He knew it instinctively. After polls had closed on election day Mandela was in reflective mood. So much to do. Their dreams have become reality. Freedom is their reward. Through his integrity, courage and strength he showed by example what a single individual can achieve, and in so doing he instilled the belief that injustice, whether large or small, can be defeated. Over the next two decades, I saw Mandela from afar several times. Aged 91, he was too frail to come to the commemoration outside the gates of Victor Verster Prison, but he did make a brief appearance in parliament. Speaking that day outside the prison gates, Cyril Ramaphosa, then deputy president, told a small crowd that "as Mandela walked through these gates we were also being set free. As the writer Breyten Breytenbach wrote at the time: I felt an immense voidâ€”both personally and for the world. The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear, Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come.

Chapter 3 : Scarsdale Man Sentenced For Stabbing Estranged Wife To Death In Shower Â« CBS New York

*WEIRD TALES January, He Walked by www.nxgvision.com Long A strange story about a man who declared he was a ghost - a story that is off the beaten path.*

So he walked to work. After he asked someone for a ride and it fell through, Walter Carr walked all night from Homewood, Alabama, south to Pelham. He needed the job at Bellhops moving company , even though his phone told him it would take him seven hours on foot. I can only be defeated if I allow myself do be defeated. Read More Local police officers helped him Carr began his journey about Friday in Homewood, a suburb of Birmingham. He made it to Pelham by about 4 a. Saturday, but still had a ways to go before he reached the address of the woman he was hired to help move. Pelham police officer Mark Knighten was making rounds in his patrol car when he saw Carr sitting on the ground, catching his breath. Because it was so late, Knighten pulled over to see what was going on. Knighten and his two partners took Carr to breakfast and got him lunch to go. Then they took him to a church to rest before his shift started at 8 a. Police officers in Pelham helped Walter Carr, left, make it to work on time. When Carr continued his walk to work several hours later, another officer found him and drove him the rest of the way to the Pelham home of Jenny Lamey. He said no and got to work. He is hardworking and tough. How many times did he wonder if this was the best idea. But he walked until he got here! I am in total awe of this young man! So he gave Carr his own Ford Escape. Carr is in awe of the support he has received. I thank everyone for taking their time to listen to my story.

**Chapter 4 : Julius Tannen - Changes â€” The Movie Database (TMDb)**

*Julius Long was a lawyer born in Ohio in who penned a handful of horror and detective tales before his death in Some of his stories were published in Weird Tales Magazine during the 's.*

The new website has a cleaner look, additional video and audio clips, revised trial accounts, and new features that should improve the navigation. Close this pop-up window to remain on this page

The Nuremberg Trials: Of the original twenty-four defendants, twelve including Martin Bormann, tried in absentia were sentenced to death by hanging. The author of this account, Kingsbury Smith of the International News Service, was chosen by lot to represent the American press at the executions. Hermann Wilhelm Goering cheated the gallows of Allied justice by committing suicide in his prison cell shortly before the ten other condemned Nazi leaders were hanged in Nuremberg gaol. He swallowed cyanide he had concealed in a copper cartridge shell, while lying on a cot in his cell. The one-time Number Two man in the Nazi hierarchy was dead two hours before he was scheduled to have been dropped through the trap door of a gallows erected in a small, brightly lighted gymnasium in the gaol yard, 35 yards from the cell block where he spent his last days of ignominy. Last to depart this life in a total span of just about two hours was Arthur Seyss-Inquart, former Gauleiter of Holland and Austria. As they went to the gallows, most of the ten endeavored to show bravery. Some were defiant and some were resigned and some begged the Almighty for mercy. All except for Rosenberg made brief, last-minute statements on the scaffold. But the only one to make any reference to Hitler or the Nazi ideology in his final moments was Julius Streicher. Three black-painted wooden scaffolds stood inside the gymnasium, a room approximately 33 feet wide by 80 feet long with plaster walls in which cracks showed. The gymnasium had been used only three days before by the American security guards for a basketball game. Two gallows were used alternately. The third was a spare for use if needed. The men were hanged one at a time, but to get the executions over with quickly, the military police would bring in the man while the prisoner who proceeded him still was dangling at the end of the rope. Ropes were suspended from a crossbeam supported on two posts. A new one was used for each man. When the trap was sprung, the victim dropped from sight in the interior of the scaffolding. The bottom of it was boarded up with wood on three sides and shielded by a dark canvas curtain on the fourth, so that no one saw the death struggles of the men dangling with broken necks.

Von Ribbentrop entered the execution chamber at 1: He was stopped immediately inside the door by two Army sergeants who closed in on each side of him and held his arms, while another sergeant who had followed him in removed manacles from his hands and replaced them with a leather strap. Von Ribbentrop was able to maintain his apparent stoicism to the last. He walked steadily toward the scaffold between his two guards, but he did not answer at first when an officer standing at the foot of the gallows went through the formality of asking his name. When he was turned around on the platform to face the witnesses, he seemed to clench his teeth and raise his head with the old arrogance. I wish peace to the world. Then the hangman adjusted the rope, pulled the lever, and Von Ribbentrop slipped away to his fate. Field Marshall Keitel, who was immediately behind Von Ribbentrop in the order of executions, was the first military leader to be executed under the new concept of international law - the principle that professional soldiers cannot escape punishment for waging aggressive wars and permitting crimes against humanity with the claim they were dutifully carrying out orders of superiors. Keitel entered the chamber two minutes after the trap had dropped beneath Von Ribbentrop, while the latter still was at the end of his rope. Keitel did not appear as tense as Von Ribbentrop. He held his head high while his hands were being tied and walked erect towards the gallows with a military bearing. When asked his name he responded loudly and mounted the gallows as he might have mounted a reviewing stand to take a salute from German armies. He certainly did not appear to need the help of guards who walked alongside, holding his arms. When he turned around atop the platform he looked over the crowd with the iron-jawed haughtiness of a proud Prussian officer. More than 2 million German soldiers went to their death for the fatherland before me. I follow now my sons - all for Germany. With both von Ribbentrop and Keitel hanging at the end of their rope there was a pause in the proceedings. The American colonel directing the executions asked the American general representing the United States on the Allied

Control Commission if those present could smoke. An affirmative answer brought cigarettes into the hands of almost every one of the thirty-odd persons present. Officers and GIs walked around nervously or spoke a few words to one another in hushed voices while Allied correspondents scribbled furiously their notes on this historic though ghastly event. In a few minutes an American army doctor accompanied by a Russian army doctor and both carrying stethoscopes walked to the first scaffold, lifted the curtain and disappeared within. They emerged at 1: The hangman mounted the gallows steps, took a large commando-type knife out of a sheath strapped to his side and cut the rope. This had all taken less than ten minutes. This was Ernst Kaltenbrunner. He entered the execution chamber at 1: With his lean haggard face furrowed by old dueling scars, this terrible successor to Reinhard Heydrick had a frightening look as he glanced around the room. He wet his lips apparently in nervousness as he turned to mount the gallows, but he walked steadily. He answered his name in a calm, low voice. When he turned around on the gallows platform he first faced a United States Army Roman Catholic chaplain wearing a Franciscan habit. I have done my duty by the laws of my people and I am sorry my people were led this time by men who were not soldiers and that crimes were committed of which I had no knowledge. Field Marshal Keitel was pronounced dead at 1: The scaffold was made ready for Alfred Rosenberg. Rosenberg was dull and sunken-cheeked as he looked around the court. His complexion was pasty-brown, but he did not appear nervous and walked with a steady step to and up the gallows. Despite his avowed atheism he was accompanied by a Protestant chaplain who followed him to the gallows and stood beside him praying. Rosenberg looked at the chaplain once, expressionless. His was the swiftest execution of the ten. There was a brief lull in the proceedings until Kaltenbrunner was pronounced dead at 1: Hans Frank was next in the parade of death. He was the only one of the condemned to enter the chamber with a smile on his countenance. Although nervous and swallowing frequently, this man, who was converted to Roman Catholicism after his arrest, gave the appearance of being relieved at the prospect of atoning for his evil deeds. The sixth man to leave his prison cell and walk with handcuffed wrists to the death house was year-old Wilhelm Frick. He entered the execution chamber at 2: He seemed the least steady of any so far and stumbled on the thirteenth step of the gallows. Julius Streicher made his melodramatic appearance at 2: While his manacles were being removed and his bare hands bound, this ugly, dwarfish little man, wearing a threadbare suit and a well-worn bluish shirt buttoned to the neck but without a tie he was notorious during his days of power for his flashy dress, glanced at the three wooden scaffolds rising menacingly in front of him. Then he glanced around the room, his eyes resting momentarily upon the small group of witnesses. By this time, his hands were tied securely behind his back. Two guards, one on each arm, directed him to Number One gallows on the left of the entrance. He walked steadily the six feet to the first wooden step but his face was twitching. As the guards stopped him at the bottom of the steps for identification formality he uttered his piercing scream: The rope was being held back against a wooden rail by the hangman. Streicher was swung suddenly to face the witnesses and glared at them. He went down kicking. When the rope snapped taut with the body swinging wildly, groans could be heard from within the concealed interior of the scaffold. Finally, the hangman, who had descended from the gallows platform, lifted the black canvas curtain and went inside. Something happened that put a stop to the groans and brought the rope to a standstill. After it was over I was not in the mood to ask what he did, but I assume that he grabbed the swinging body of and pulled down on it. We were all of the opinion that Streicher had strangled. Then, following the removal of the corpse of Frick, who had been pronounced dead at 2: Wearing a sweater with no coat and looking wild-eyed, Sauckel proved to be the most defiant of any except Streicher. Here was the man who put millions into bondage on a scale unknown since the pre-Christian era. The sentence is wrong. God protect Germany and make Germany great again. God protect my family. Ninth in the procession of death was Alfred Jodl. With the black coat-collar of his Wehrmacht uniform half turned up at the back as though hurriedly put on, Jodl entered the dismal death house with obvious signs of nervousness. He wet his lips constantly and his features were drawn and haggard as he walked, not nearly so steady as Keitel, up the gallows steps. Yet his voice was calm when he uttered his last six words on earth: Jodl plunged into the black hole on the scaffold. He and Sauckel hung together until the latter was pronounced dead six minutes later and removed. The Czechoslovak-born Seyss-Inquart, whom Hitler had made ruler of Holland and Austria, was the last actor to make his appearance in this unparalleled

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scene. He entered the chamber at 2: He looked around with noticeable signs of unsteadiness as he limped on his left foot clubfoot to the gallows. He mounted the steps slowly, with guards helping him. When he spoke his last words his voice was low but intense. I believe in Germany.

### Chapter 5 : He walks to school every day "for one year". | WordReference Forums

*Julius Long, author of Ghastly Little Ghost Stories, on LibraryThing LibraryThing is a cataloging and social networking site for booklovers Home Groups Talk Zeitgeist.*

### Chapter 6 : Julius Long | LibraryThing

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### Chapter 7 : The ides of March: Julius Caesar is murdered - HISTORY

*"The problem with my head," Julius expounded, "is that there are not enough leaves on it." Julius thought about this puzzle for a long, long time. He walked, and he thought, and he thought.*

### Chapter 8 : Ghosts on My Shelf: "The Boys' Toilets" by Robert Westall

*Long was advancing on Browne in the third when he walked into a thunderous right hand that detonated on his chin and rendered him unconscious. "Credit to Julius, he really came to fight.*

### Chapter 9 : Summary Bibliography: Julius Long

*The Pale Man by Julius Long. The Pale Man () is featured in our collection of Halloween Stories. Something is odd about the man in Room*