

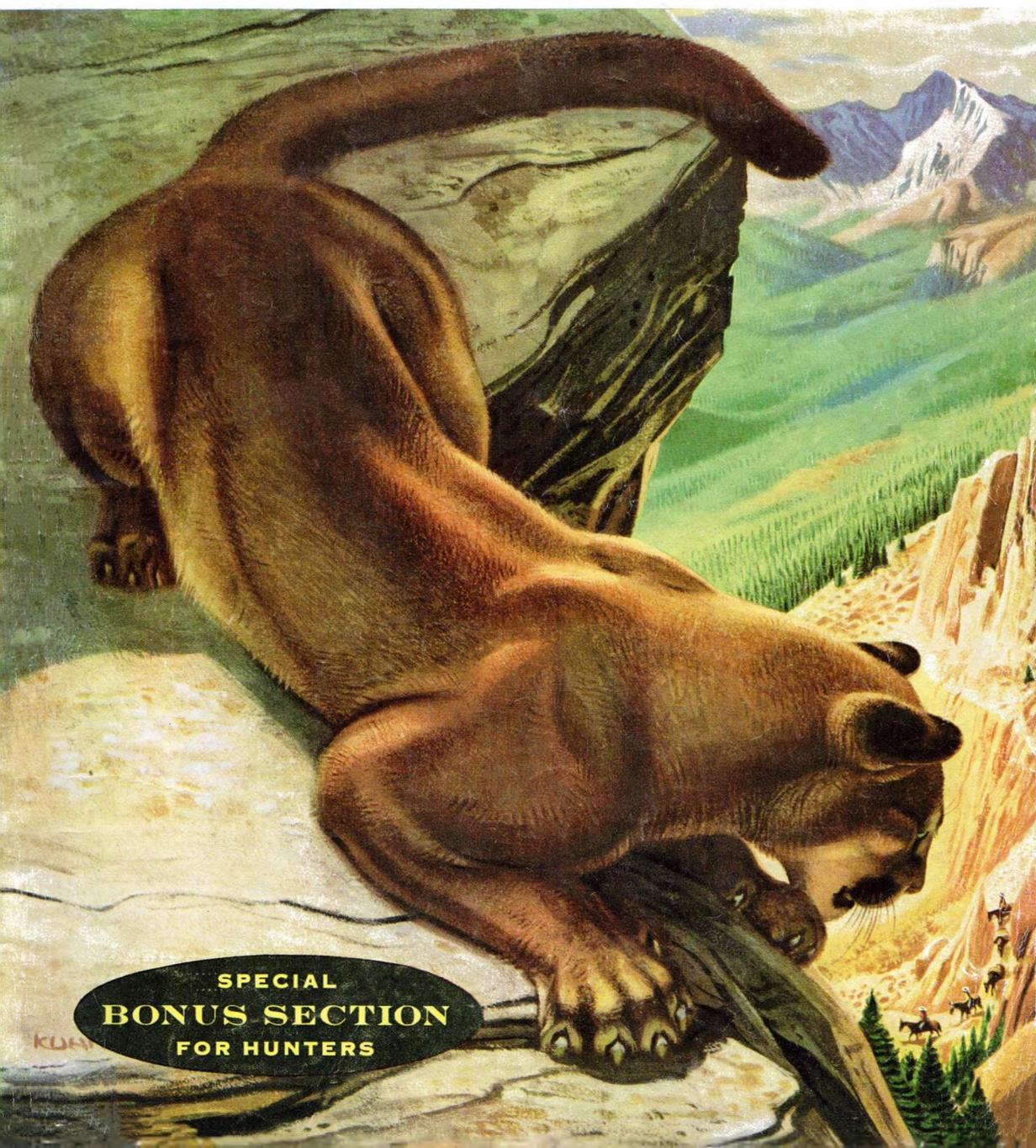
ARGOSY

The Complete Man's Magazine • October 25c

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than the Kremlin

ARE TITLE FIGHTS FIXED?

by Henry Armstrong



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OCTOBER, 1955



Are Monkeys People, or Vice Versa?

(Romance in the Woods)

My Aunt Tillie frowns on this business of sex in the woods. She says, "You should call it Romance, not Sex, because it sounds nicer and even the birds and the bees are entitled to a private life of their own. You and your readers are just a bunch of Peeping Toms."

Well, fellow scientists, nature lovers and Peeping Toms, in spite of Aunt Tillie, the lid's off. Sex is catching on like wildfire and spreading to the far corners of the leafy domain. When a reader first suggested what was going on, I read his letter with childlike innocence. Could all this be happening while I was out there hunting?

Since then I have been deluged with mail revealing the innermost facets of woodland romance. As a result, I have become the hardened Parisian boulevardier of the bird and animal world, the Dr. Kinsey of our feathered and fur-bearing friends.

At this time many of us are planning our hunting trips or are already on the trail. There will be twenty million this year, most of us lugging guns. But not me. I'll be in there with a pair of binoculars, learning about Romance, as Aunt Tillie calls it, and sacrificing myself for you readers. If you make a careful study of this fascinating information, you will be equipped to jump in whenever there is a lull in the conversation. For twenty-five cents you will be a social lion.

Please note, as we progress in our scientific investigation, the amazing similarity between men and beasts. There is much we can learn from them, and probably very little they can learn from us. It won't do them much good, anyway, because they can't read. At least, up to this point in my studies, I haven't discovered that they can, although I suppose one of you wise guys will now write in with absolute proof that animals can read and send me a picture of a horse with spectacles looking at a copy of ARGOSY. But we can benefit ourselves by observing Nature's habits.

Let us, therefore, listen to the reports of some of our

field expeditions. Has your wife ever caused you nervous anguish by her emotional capers during periods of pregnancy? If so, Brother Hornbill has the answer. Says Reader T. A. Oglesby:

"I thought you might be interested in the strange mating of the hornbill birds. I had to do some research on this bird some time ago and still have my notes. Here are some of the facts I found out about them:

"They live in Borneo, on an island not far from our own Philippines, and they can also be found on the neighboring islands of Java and Sumatra.

"The bird's big bill gives him an odd appearance and, although it is light in weight, it is said to be so powerful that he can bite through wood half an inch thick. On top of his big bill is a large casque or bump that makes Mr. Hornbill look like he's wearing an artist's cap two sizes too large. The female looks very much like the male.

"These birds like to nest in hollow trees. During courting season they go house hunting together, even as you and I. When they have found one to their liking, the future Mrs. Hornbill builds her nest. She uses bits of feathers and tree bark, sticking it together with a mud mixture.

"The nest finished, it's Mr. Hornbill's turn to plaster. Using a mixture of mud and his bill for a trowel, he walls up the hole in the tree, thus making his wife safe from enemies—for with the choosing of the nest they have completed the marriage ceremony. Now Mrs. Hornbill helps with the plastering on the inside. They leave a small hole at the top so she will have plenty of fresh air and through which she will be fed.

"Mrs. Hornbill now lays a small oval egg in the nest. It's white with brown and white markings. As she sets, waiting for the egg to hatch, her beautiful feathers fall off. This is probably another reason why she stays walled up in her home. Like any other lady, she wants a new wardrobe before she goes out among her friends. Before the egg is hatched new feathers will grow in and she will be beautiful and presentable again.

(Continued on page 6)

SMART MEN

HAVE AN EYE

FOR A GOOD BUY



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SPORTS-CASUAL SOCKS

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Are Monkeys People, or Vice Versa?

Continued from page 4

"All this time her devoted husband brings her bits of food, feeding them to her with his bill through the small hole. Like many another hard-working husband, he is so busy providing for his family he almost forgets to feed himself. At this time he grows thin and ragged-looking.

"Books on the subject say that all male hornbills are gallant gentlemen. Should a lady hornbill's husband meet with an accident and be unable to return to feed his wife, she will not go hungry. Other male hornbills will take over her husband's job and see that she is well fed.

"Then comes the day they have been waiting for. The baby hornbill cracks his shell and hops out to look the world over. He has no colored bump on his head at this time. He grows that later. He looks somewhat like a baby chicken newly hatched. Now the older birds break down the mud wall and Mother Hornbill, decked out in her new outfit of brilliantly colored feathers, ushers Junior out to meet his proud Papa.

(Signed) T. A. OGLESBY"

How do you like that for keeping the "little woman" in her place? If she tries to give you back talk, just fly off and join the boys. She can't even get at you with a rolling pin. And when it's all over, she emerges like a million bucks, with a brand-new outfit—free of charge! It's just too good.

I'm sure we've all met gals who bristled at the slightest amorous remark. Here's a woody gal with a real talent for bristling:

"After twenty-seven years of roaming Minnesota's forests as a forest ranger. I can vouch for the fact that love life in the wilds ranges from the ridiculous to the sublime.

"One of the most unusual and interesting matings I have witnessed involved a pair of porcupines.

"Now making love to a porcupine does not sound particularly appealing, nor does it seem to be without a certain number of hazards approximating the number of sharp, shiny quills each member of the species would rather be caught dead than to be without.

"In fact, a love affair with a porcupine would seem to compare favorably with an evening on a park bench with a fair damsel clad in a suit of armor, wired to shoot off lethal doses of electricity at the slightest touch.

"But then, I'm not a porcupine.

"This particular mating took place one early spring morning as I followed a woods trail along the edge of a tamarac swamp. I was startled to hear sounds much like those of a whimpering baby, coming from beyond a balsam thicket ahead of me. Curiously, I slipped through the thicket and, in a small opening beyond, witnessed the very private love life of as pretty a pair of porcupines as I have ever seen.

"Near one *(Continued on page 95)*

it's news to men

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES DEPT.: World population is growing at the rate of about 90,000 a day. . . . In the U.S., college graduates are contributing more and more to the baby boom. . . . The number of marriages in the U.S. has fallen from 2,291,000 to 1,484,000 in the last ten years—and the trend to bachelorhood is still going up.

YOU AND YOUR CAR: Eighty-three per cent of all vacation trips in the U.S. are made by auto. . . . One out of every five cars has been driven more than 80,000 miles.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE a fine hunting dog—with no strings attached? Just pay a visit to your sporting goods dealer and fill in a Utica Duxbak Corp. entry blank. Duxbak will draw the winning entry and handle all details of delivery, inoculation, etc.

LIFE'S GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME: Soon you'll be able to buy a paper raincoat in a vending machine, and throw it away when the sun comes out. These disposable raincoats come in small, medium and large sizes and can be adjusted to the individual's figure. . . . Inexpensive paint brushes designed to be thrown away after use—thus eliminating troublesome and dangerous cleaning in inflammable fluids—can be obtained in widths of one half inch to two inches.

FOR ABOUT 60 CENTS a day you can be adequately nourished if you eat the following: a loaf of bread, one-quarter of a pound of butter or margarine, one quart of vitamin D milk and six ounces of orange juice. Saves you the trouble of reading the right-hand side of the menu.

DIAMOND DOINGS: Babe Ruth's record as a great home-run hitter has always over-shadowed his skill as a pitcher. But when he hurled for the Boston Red Sox, he once struck out, in succession, Ty Cobb, Sam Crawford and Bobby Veach, the trio known as "Murderers' Row."

NEWSPERS FOR HUNTERS: A good way to keep comfortable this fall is with Allen-A's new "thermal" underwear, made from a U.S. Navy-developed fabric which traps body heat and launders perfectly. Ideal for active men who work or play outdoors. . . . The C-H Die Co. of El Monte, California has a new tool which accurately reloads center-fired cartridges, forms cases and swages bullets with a minimum of effort. The good men who make this product are the largest exclusive manufacturers of reloading equipment in the world, and this reloading tool is a good one.

OCTOBER, 1955

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MODEL K4

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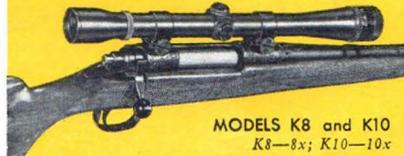
MODELS K2.5 and K3
K2.5—2½x; K3—3x



MODEL K6
6x



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3x—5x Variable Power



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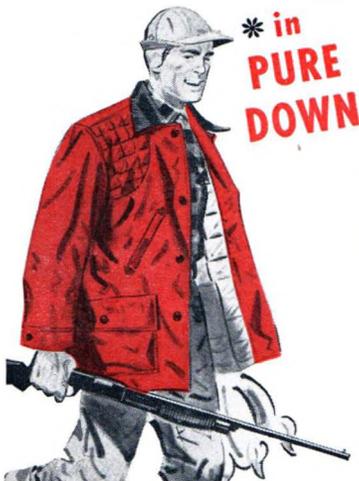
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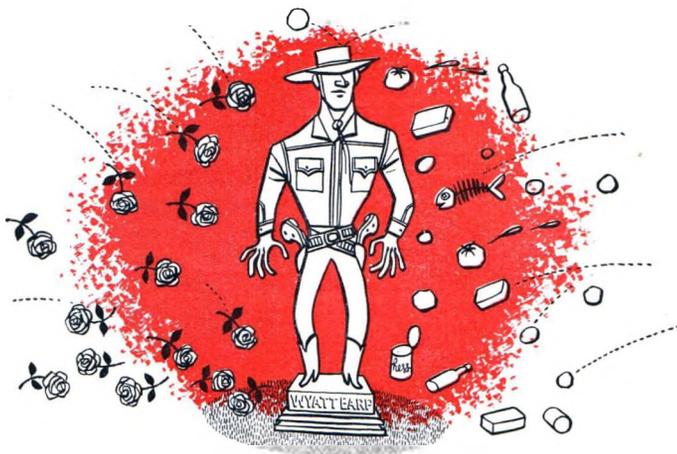
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BACK TALK

205 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



• Edwin V. Burkholder's article, "The Truth About Wyatt Earp" which appeared in our July issue, really stirred the boys up. It's pretty hard not to take sides about such a controversial figure in American frontier history, particularly when his old contemporaries couldn't make up their minds about him. And, brother, today's crop of armchair western historians can't either! With these few tactful words we duck discreetly behind our desks and let the six-guns hold sway.

I was much interested in your Mr. Burkholder's diatribe about Wyatt Earp. It would seem that poor old Wyatt had at the very least jilted Mr. Burkholder's mother at the altar or arrested his father for stealing sheep, to justify such a vindictive and abusive travesty on one of the figures of the Old West.

I, too, know something of the Old West. I was born in West Kansas just five years after Dull Knife's last raid across that country and my folks moved on into the Laramie Mountains of Wyoming before I can remember. I helped drive a band of range horses from Wyoming to Missouri in 1893 the fall before I was ten years old. I went into west Oklahoma in the spring of 1900, wrangling horses for a cattle outfit. . . .

I suppose because of the experiences of my early life I have always felt a keen interest in the authentic history of the Old West and have read many accounts of the Earps and others of our old-time wild men, both good and bad.

I must say I consider such authorities as Walter Noble Burns and Stewart Lake much more reliable than your Mr. Burkholder who shows very clearly that he has depended largely on such information as the *Nugget*, which was known as the voice of the outlaws, and on the

stories of the outlaws themselves rather than upon reliable authority.

There are so many obvious discrepancies in this piece of fiction that I could not go into them here and expect you to publish them, but I would suggest to the readers of *ARGOSY* that they compare this with the writings of such men as Burns and Lake, and to the editor that if he wishes to publish fiction he purchase a better quality than this and publish it as such.

D. IVAN FRITTS

Ontario, Ore.

"The Truth About Wyatt Earp." by Edwin V. Burkholder is completely inaccurate and contains numerous distortions and misstatements. It's obvious the author is personally biased and in gathering his material checked only violently anti-Earp sources.

The Tombstone era of Earp's career is so far out of line with the known and documented facts as to be utterly worthless as an accurate account of the events as they occurred.

Mr. Burkholder refers to a *Rhin* Clanton. The correct name was *Phineas* or *Phin* Clanton.

Tombstone's first City Marshal, *Fred White*—not *Ed White*—was killed by Curley Bill. The bullet entered the *left groin* not the *chest* as reported by the author. The safety committee which the author refers to was the Citizens Safety Committee but put in no appearance that night. Wyatt Earp and his brothers, Morgan and Virgil, arrested Curley Bill, Ike and Billy Clanton and Tom and Frank McLowery and Pony Deal in connection with this shooting. Wyatt was a deputy sheriff of Pima County at this time. White did not die that night. He was alive as late as eight a.m. the next

ARGOSY

morning (see "Tombstone Epitaph of October 28, 1881).

As to the battle at the O.K. Corral, Mr. Burkholder is away off base. It occurred a little after 2:30 in the afternoon and not "in the twilight of early dawn."

Doctor H. M. Mathews, who was also the coroner, definitely did not say Billy Clanton and the McLowery brothers were shot in the back. His official deposition says in part: "... cause of death of the latter (Billy Clanton) were gunshot wounds, one of which was about two inches to the left of the left nipple, penetrating the body; the other was underneath the twelfth rib on the right side . . . Frank McLowery shot in the head and in the belly . . . twelve wounds on Tom McLowery on the right side, believed . . . caused by buckshot." (See Document #94 10/31/81 Justice Court. Township No. 1. Cochise County, A.T., before Wells Spicer, J.P.)

The author gives Sheriff Behan as the authority that the Clantons and McLowerys were unarmed at the time of the fight. This is not what Sheriff Behan swore to at the inquest or at the trial.

At the inquest he stated in part: "I met Frank McLowery . . . I told him I wanted him to give up his arms. He said he would not . . ." Further along in this same statement Behan says: "I afterwards saw Billy Clanton shooting whilst he was on the ground. He was lying on the ground with his legs crossed and his pistol resting on his knees . . ." The best Behan could do toward creating the myth that the outlaws were unarmed was to say in his testimony that: "I am satisfied that two of the parties were not armed; I mean Ike Clanton and Tom McLowery." (DOCUMENT #45, Dist. Court of the 1st Judicial District, County of Cochise, A. T., Inquest on the body of Wm. Clanton, Frank McLowery and Thomas McLowery, deceased. Filed 12/1/81.)

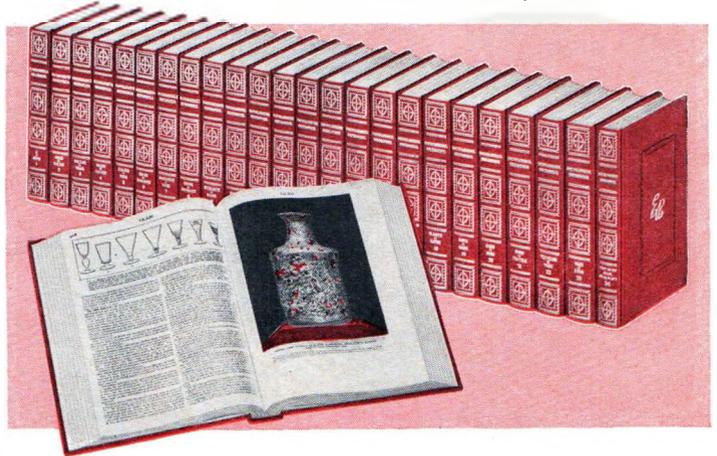
The long-lost court records the author consulted must have been lost only to him. I have had copies of them for several years and some other students of the Southwest have also got copies. . . .

The author mentions the Tombstone *Nugget* and appears to have relied to some extent upon it for some of his material. Unfortunately that paper was very careless in printing the facts. It was the organ of the county politicians and as such reflected only their point of view. The sheet had no love for Earp and usually managed to blame Earp or his followers for just about every crime committed in the region. It was the champion of the cattle rustlers and horse thieves and professed to see nothing wrong with their activities. The other paper, the Tombstone *Epitaph*, was, of course, the champion of Wyatt Earp. . . . In the reporting of facts the *Epitaph* was the more accurate. . . .

Mr. Burkholder is certainly entitled to his own opinion as to Earp's character, honesty and personal habits, but I believe that his article is wholly inaccurate, and contains many distortions and misstatements as compared to the documented official public records.

It is my humble opinion that he has

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done exactly what John Myers writing in "The Last Chance" cautions against: "For decades historians of the Old West have been horn-swoggled by statements notorized only by long beards and a wrinkled, weather-beaten hide." In short, Mr. Burkholder. "You've been took!"

AUBREY H. WILLIAMS

Philadelphia, Pa.

In your July issue there appears an article by Edwin V. Burkholder entitled "The Truth About Wyatt Earp." This piece is full of misstatements and inaccuracies. . . .

Mr. Burkholder makes the following charges:

1. Earp was a coward.
2. Earp shot men in the back.
3. Earp cheated at gambling.
4. Earp ran a house of ill-repute.
5. Earp used criminal deputies.

Now let me give you a list of reliable men who were contemporary with Wyatt who stated in writing that:

1. Wyatt Earp was one of the most fearless men of the Old West.
2. He never shot an unarmed man or shot in the back.
3. He never cheated at cards.
4. He never ran a house of prostitution. There were at times B girls in the Old West gambling establishments, the same as there are today in Nevada where it is legal. . . .
5. In the Old West, peace officers sometimes used "bad men" to help them out. In the War of 1812 Andrew Jackson made use of the pirate Jean LaFitte in the Battle of New Orleans but that did not mean that he approved of LaFitte's piracy. . . .

Here are a few names of distinguished men who knew Wyatt Earp intimately:

John P. Clum, author of "It All Happened in Tombstone," Arizona Historical Society Quarterly of October 1929. Mr. Clum was Indian Agent, San Carlos Reservation, mayor of Tombstone in 1881, postmaster at Tombstone 1881 and editor and founder of the Tombstone Epitaph. . . .

William M. Breakenridge, deputy sheriff of Tombstone from 1880 to 1882. He worked under the crooked Sheriff Behan and was a political enemy of Earp. His animosity against Wyatt was mostly political. Several passages appearing in his autobiography "Heldorado" (1928) confirm statements made in S. N. Lake's book, "Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal."

The Reverend Endicott Peabody, who established the first Episcopal Church in Tombstone and whom Breakenridge greatly admired. (See page 126 of "Heldorado").

George Whitewell Parsons, a Tombstone businessman above reproach who lived in Tombstone in the 1880s and kept a journal of day-to-day happenings. This journal was never published, but it was used to a great extent by John Myers in his book "The Last Chance, Tombstone's Early Days" (1950).

John Hays Hammond 1855-1936 of U. S. Geological Survey and special representative of the President at the coronation of King George V in 1911. He

knew Wyatt in Tombstone, Alaska and Nevada.

William H. Stilwell, judge of the District Court of the First Judicial District, Cochise County of Arizona.

The above named men of distinction, who knew Wyatt Earp intimately, are only a few of those I could name, but a few quotations from them should suffice to indicate what they and dozens of other reliable contemporaries thought of Wyatt.

John Clum: "They all (the Earps) had the reputation of being handy and effective with a six-shooter, but I always regarded them as law-abiding and orderly citizens and I was not a 'tenderfoot'. Wyatt's manner, though friendly, suggested a quiet reserve . . . only once during the entire time he was in Tombstone (December 1879 to May 1882) did he bring his deadly six-shooter into effective action against a foe and that was October 26, 1881 at the O.K. Corral." Clum then goes into a lengthy description of the O.K. Corral fight and completely exonerates the Earps in the battle against a fully armed gang. . . .

William M. Breakenridge describes Wyatt's daring feat of holding at bay a crowd bent on lynching his prisoner Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce, who had just committed a foul murder and deserved lynching. However, Wyatt felt that he should have a trial and by his personal magnetism and his threat to shoot the mob's leaders, persuaded them to disperse and not a shot was fired. (See page 111 of "Hell'dorado.")

The quotations from the works of Peabody, Parsons and Hammond are rather lengthy but they all indicate that Wyatt Earp was a gentleman and a courageous peace officer.

Judge W. H. Stilwell had so little confidence in Sheriff Behan and his gang of cut-throat deputies that he entrusted Wyatt Earp with warrants for the arrest of the goons who ambushed and murdered his brother, Morgan.

In the opinion of all fair minded students of the Old West, the following books should be read: "Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal," S. N. Lake; "The Last Chance," John Myers; "Tombstone's Epitaph," D. D. Martin; "Dodge City—Cowboy Capital," Stanley Vestal; "Western Brand Book—Los Angeles" (1947).

There are fifty or more additional books giving similar treatment to Wyatt Earp. The books cited above all disagree entirely with Burkholder's stories of Wyatt Earp incidents at Ellsworth, Wichita, Dodge City and Tombstone. Furthermore, each incident is backed up by statements of reliable men—not some garrulous cowpoke like Carl Fellers.

The above only skims the surface of the large amount of fully documented material I have that has been published, including letters addressed to me by such men as William McL. Raine, Stanley Vestal and many many others, all refuting every statement made in Burkholder's piece.

I am a member of The Westerners—Chicago, Los Angeles and New York.

WILLIAM D. McVEY

Cleveland, O. (Continued on page 90)

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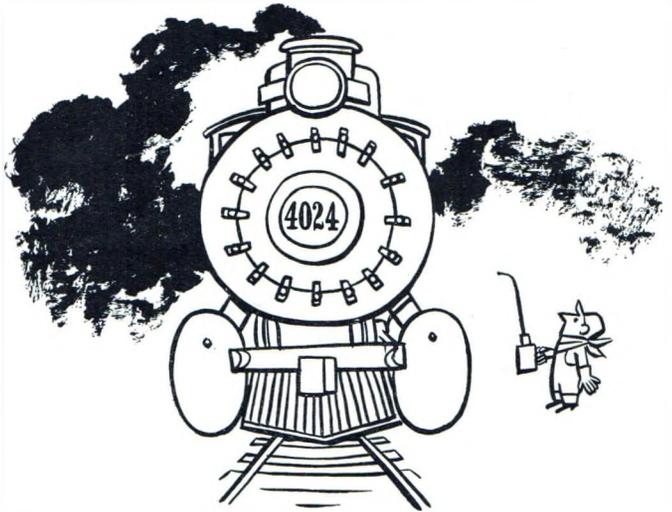
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Since I have been working on the railroad for less than two years, virtually all the engines I have seen have been diesel. However, listening to some of the old-timers here in the Union Pacific shops and yards talk of the feats performed by steam engines has made me curious. What was the largest steam locomotive ever built? Who built it? For whom? What did it weigh? What was its drawbar power? Driver diameter? Bore and stroke? Jack Stevens, Pocatello, Ida.

According to our records, the largest steam engine built was Big Boy made by ALCO. 1941-44, for the Union Pacific Railroad. There were twenty-five which were numbered from 4,000-4,024. 4,000-4,019 weighed 762,000 pounds. 4,020-4,024 weighed 772,250 pounds. Its drawbar power was 135,375 pounds. Its driver diameter was 68. Its bore and stroke was 23 3/4 by 32 cylinders. The statistics apply to both groups.

I would like to know what ingredient would be used to clean up old coins. George Robers, Woodstock, Ontario, Can.

Cleaning or polishing will spoil the value of old coins, as the abrasive contained in all polishes will mar surfaces.

While swapping hunting yarns with a couple of buddies, I happened to mention shooting a fox out of a crow's nest, and was called everything but an honest man. This incident occurred on the Dow Chapman Ranch near Paint Rock, Texas, and the nest was almost in the top of a big mesquite tree. Fox hunters in that part of the country will bear me out insofar as most of the gray

fox there tree, instead of hole up, when the hounds get too close for comfort—usually in a large oak, pecan, or mesquite.

Do you know of any substantiating reports to convince my unbelieving shipmates of the arboreal abilities of these Concho County varmints? W. R. Eckerman, Hyattsville, Md.

Foxes very often tree if the tree is a kind they can run up without difficulty. However, they can't climb like cats since their claws are not adapted to climbing.

There have been cases where a fox will lift itself from bough to bough, if they are close enough together, in the same manner that a dog will climb a ladder or fence, but these cases have been rare.

Although it may seem far-fetched, it is perfectly possible for a fox to reach a crow's nest in a thickly-limbed tree. I guess the little "critters" in Paint Rock must be especially well educated.

I've heard many tales, supposedly true, that the scorpion fish, when caught, will commit suicide by poisoning himself with a large ray attached to his tail. Is this true—or just another tale? Henry J. Caron, Springfield, Mass.

There are many varieties of scorpion fish—about 250—and not all of them are poisonous. It might surprise you to know that a relative of the scorpion fish is the sea robin that is frequently found along our coast. To my knowledge, none of the scorpion fishes have stingers in their tails; the poisonous spines such as those of the deadly stonefish are situated along the back. This would make it just about impossible for the fish to sting itself. Even if it were possible, I doubt if it could kill itself, since most poisonous creatures are immune to their own poisons. ● ● ●

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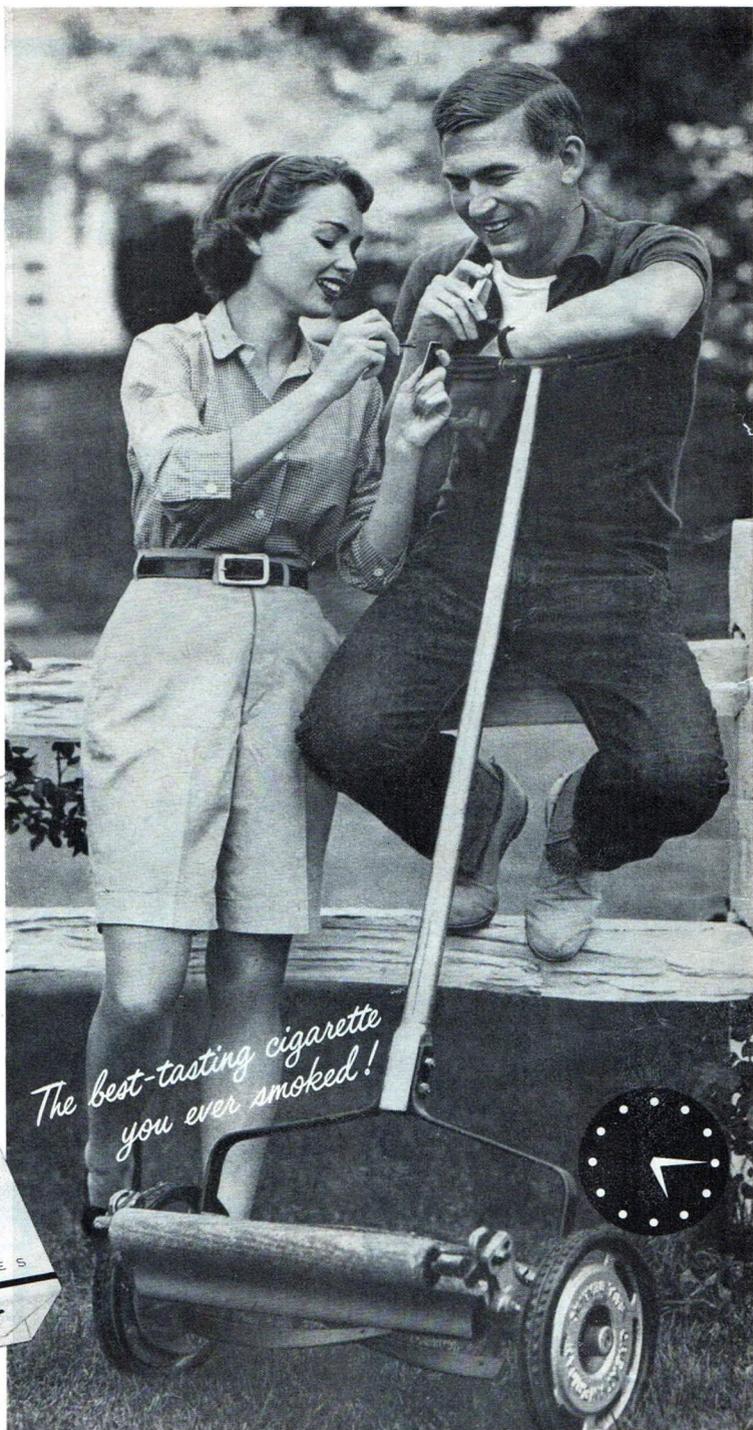
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WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Biggest gamble of his life paid off. Captain Harris finally reaches Freedom Gate and repatriation.

LAST MAN OUT

Here, exclusively in Argosy, is one of the greatest single true stories to come out of the Korean combat—the ringing saga of an American GI's one-man war against the dread bamboo brainwash

by **THEODORE IRWIN**

With an assortment of tortures and human indignities, a dash of starvation, some freezing, a little beating and persistent brainwashing, the Chinese Communists were evidently able to obtain made-to-order "confessions" from certain American POWs in Korea.

But one tough, incredibly stubborn American flier, Captain Theodore Russell Harris, beat his Commie captors to a standstill. Not only did he refuse to sign a

phony confession that the U. S. Air Force "has been engaged in bacteriological warfare," but this "hot potato" actually fought against repatriation under the Commies' terms and had to be carried bodily to the American lines. Harris was the only American POW to be decorated, with the Silver Star, in connection with the extraordinary circumstances surrounding his imprisonment.



B-29 Harris commanded was shot down over North Korea. Badly burned, he was interned, tortured, brainwashed.

This is the never-told-before story of Captain Harris' private war against the brainwashers, one of the most remarkable accounts to come out of the Korean conflict.

Ted Harris, a native of Van Nuys, California, is stocky, medium-sized, thirty-one, his square face softened by a dimpled chin, his voice soft and pleasant. His mild appearance belies his ruggedness. In World War II, he was shot down twice while flying B17s and each time he was able to walk back from deep within enemy territory.

In Korea, during the early part of the summer of 1952, Harris was flying one of the most hazardous missions a pilot can get stuck with in war. After our bombers had finished their day's work over enemy targets, the task of Harris and the crew of twelve he commanded was to fly their B-29, equipped with elaborate photographic equipment and special night-flying instruments, and take pictures of the extent of destruction.

The technique of the recon routine was to fly un-

escorted to the target area, drop huge flares, then snap the pictures from a relatively low altitude. The trouble was that the Reds caught on to the program fast. They'd move anti-aircraft guns into a bombed area fast, wait for the flares to begin dropping about midnight, then blast away with everything they had. It got so they could figure out, from the first flare which lit up, just about where the photographic plane was flying.

When the Reds wanted to be mean, they'd have a few MIGs hovering around the area to pounce on the unescorted reconnaissance plane. The whole business for pilot and crew of the recon plane was something short of a picnic.

On the afternoon of July 3rd, Harris got news of something even more dangerous than usual scheduled for him that night.

"They're worried that the Chinks might be moving a lot of stuff to the front," the operations officer told him. "We've been dropping bombs on the bridge which crosses the Ch'ong Ch'ongang River near the North Korean town of Sinanju, but we're not sure we've knocked the damned thing out permanently. You go over it tonight, Harris, and get us some good snapshots so we'll know whether to fool with it any more."

The officer didn't have to tell Harris that this was a tough one. The bridge area would probably be next to anti-aircraft guns. To make matters worse, the weather reports predicted a clear night with a full moon. That meant MIGs would be out.

And they were, shortly after midnight. Fifteen minutes from the target, Harris got a warning on his radio that enemy aircraft were approaching. He would have been excused for turning back at this, but he kept going.

Over the target the flak was only moderate, but close. Worse, gigantic searchlights on the ground, obviously radar-controlled, got a fix on him.

"Bandits coming in," came over the radio. That meant Red MIGs. They hit him in waves of three. He knew from the jerk of the controls that either the MIGs or ack-ack were getting him.

"Fire in bomb bay!" crackled in his ear. It didn't surprise Harris. As aircraft commander, he realized that he would have to abandon the plane. Turning southwesterly in an attempt to get over the water, he ordered his crew to bail out.

Fortunately, his intercom system kept working long enough for him to make sure every member of his crew was out. He kept the plane under control in spite of the fact that the rudder was jammed and there was no control of the left elevator or left aileron.

During this time, the nose gunner, who was apparently badly wounded, got into the pilot's compartment. Harris helped him check his chute and with a mighty heave shoved him out of the plane.

By the time Harris was ready to leave the flaming plane, he had received ugly second- and third-degree burns around his face, throat, hands, arms and back. Even the wild excitement of shoving the nose gunner out of the plane didn't kill the pain. But this was taken



Despite welcoming committee waiting at Big Switch, Harris refused to be freed until Red Captors tore up bogus confession.

care of the instant he jumped. As a final gesture of irritation to the man who had got it into such trouble, the wildly gyrating aircraft somehow conked Harris on the head as he fell, knocking him unconscious.

"When I came to, I was heading for the ground much too fast to suit me," Harris recalls. "I must have been about four thousand feet up when it dawned on me that this loss of altitude would get me nowhere, so I did the obvious. I pulled the cord on the chute and slowed things up."

During the few moments of his delayed descent, he looked around for his flaming plane but couldn't see it either in the air or on the ground. He figured it had blown itself to smithereens.

He explains what happened then:

"Every guy who bails out over North Korea lands in rice paddies. Who was I to be different? This one, which I'm sure stank more than any paddy anyone has ever landed in, was about a mile from the bridge we were supposed to photograph. From the way my arms and

legs wouldn't work as I tried to get free of the chute, I knew I was in shock. I crawled to some bushes and tried to relax, hoping to make plans to get back to UN lines.

"I half dozed off. Suddenly, after daylight, I was awakened by North Korean troops poking around the area. Looking for me and the rest of the crew, I assumed. I saw UN planes fly over but had no way to signal. Maybe other members of the crew had got to them with survival radios. But the planes droned overhead without circling.

"About ten in the morning I began to wish that the state of shock would come back. My burns began to hurt pretty badly and I was thirsty as all hell."

Deciding he had to have help fast, Harris stumbled toward a house and got a bowl of water from a child. When the frightened mother saw him, she gave him the unmistakable sign to clear out.

A few minutes later, an old woman, less upset by his ugly burns and disheveled (*Continued on page 70*)



DEATH is my LODGER

Twenty-five women trusted Earl Ferrel. All of them died violent deaths. What was the secret of this mass murderer's fatal charm—and of his amazing ability to outwit the police of two nations?

Terror struck the West Coast on February 20, 1926. San Francisco. Drizzle hung like gray hair over the city's face. Miss Clara Newman removed a sign from her parlor window—"Room to Rent"—and turned an engaging smile on her new lodger.

"It's on the third floor."

"Good. Are we alone in the house?"

"My nephew's just going out. But he can carry your suitcase up for you."

Morton Newman, the nephew, did not recognize the face of terror in passing. Its expression failed to impress him until later, two days later, when he discovered his aunt's hattered body locked in the attic lavatory. Then Newman recalled the lodger as "a dark, Oriental-looking stranger with deep-set eyes, black and staring, with changing phosphorescent lights in them like those of a beast."

Certainly the description fitted the crime. Elderly Miss Newman was the victim of a rapist who had throttled her with iron fingers. The body had been brutalized as though by a vengeful wild man. But the killer had cunningly eradicated fingerprints. Like a shadow he had vanished from the house. Not a clue to his identity or whereabouts could be found. Detective Captain Duncan Matheson and Homicide Chief Charles Dullea were left with an almost featureless portrait of the murderer—a "dark stranger" with black eyes.

At the outset the Newman murder looked like grim

routine. An obvious sex crime. Similar to a number which had plagued the West Coast since the armistice. San Francisco police took the customary steps: dragnet . . . roundup . . . lineup of Skid Row denizens, shiftless drifters, known sex offenders. Matheson's men were still combing this group when, ten days after the Clara Newman slaying, report came of a rooming-house murder in San José.

Date: March 2, 1926. Victim: Elderly landlady, Mrs. Laura E. Beale.

Again the rapist had come and gone like a shadow, leaving a broken corpse behind him in a locked room. Someone reported seeing a "tallish man with long, powerful arms" at Mrs. Beale's door. Someone else described a swarthy vagrant "wearing an army shirt, maybe." The murderer left no track. The trail came to a dead end. Until June 10th.

San Francisco again. The victim: Mrs. Lillian St. Mary, rooming-house keeper, aged sixty-three. Too elderly to cope with the terrible caller who came to inspect the vacancy at 1073 Dolores Street. When the caller departed, the room was no longer vacant. Late that afternoon its occupant was discovered by a boarder, Mr. R. C. Bryan. Mrs. St. Mary lay glassy-eyed on the bed, her head askew, a folded coat under her feet. Red weals ringed her throat. Nine ribs were crushed. Dark blood stained the carpet. The public was spared other, more nauseating details.

Matheson, Dullea and (Continued on page 78)

by **THEODORE ROSCOE**

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK STONE

The murderer left her lying on the bedroom floor like a doll destroyed in a tantrum. The pattern was hideously apparent.





THE BALLAD OF JUBAL PUCKETT

In the mountain country they will sing you all about the outlaw, Jubal Puckett—all except for a grim secret that one man will carry to his grave

by **KENNETH KAY**

It is ballad country down there. They still sing of the sinking of the *Titanic* and how Floyd Collins died and about mine disasters and famous outlaws. The tunes are plaintive and much alike and the verses go on endlessly. They are a musical journalism, recording sad and sensational happenings that touch the hearts and imaginations of the people, and like other forms of journalism are not always accurate in their facts. One modern ballad relates that Jubal Puckett:

“... roamed the land, that bad, bad man,
“Till his kinfolk turned him in.”

Since Jubal's only blood relation is his brother, Gideon, I have always thought the word “kinfolk” a rather delicate touch. The song tells how Jubal killed Sim Larkin and hid from the law until his own flesh and blood betrayed him (*Continued on page 60*)

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GLANZMAN

In a white fury he drove him against the wall. “You yellow disgrace!” he cried. “You sniveling disgrace!”



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Glory came in 1938 when Armstrong took lightweight crown from Ambers.

I FOUGHT FOR KEEPS

Here, in this exclusive story, Henry Armstrong, the only triple-threat champion in boxing history, gives the shocking facts about the prize ring the public never sees

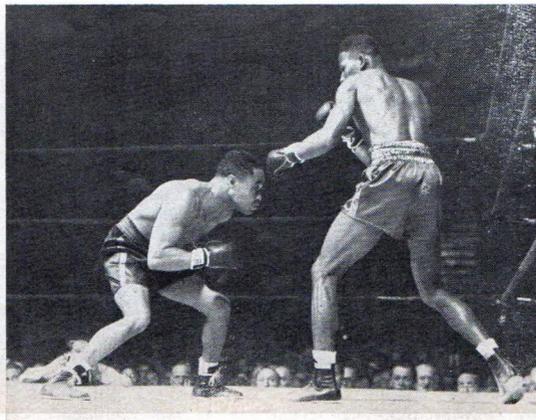
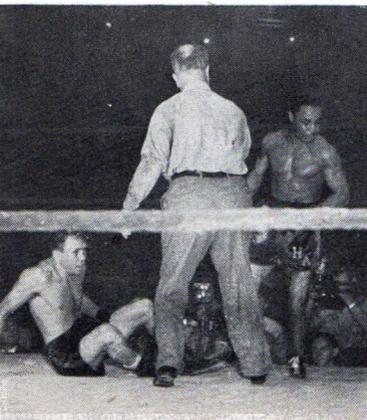
by **HENRY ARMSTRONG**

Homicide Hank, the only triple world champion in the history of boxing, is preaching the gospel now, with a brand new title—Reverend!

I suppose that's pretty hard for anyone in the old fight crowd to believe, but it's the truth. And I've discovered a lot about life since I was on top of the pile sixteen or seventeen years ago, and the newspapers were calling me things like Killer, the Perpetual-Motion Kid and Hammering Henry.

On the outside I'm about the same, except that there's more of me. I'm about twenty pounds heavier, and I have a few permanent marks around the eyes—mighty few, really, considering that I had more than 300 fights. But inside I've changed

Ambers (left) goes under. Champ later used same style against Robinson (right).



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

CAMERA CLIX PHOTO

Armstrong won 400 fights in 13 years. Now a minister, he is still in there punching, urging ring cleanup. His motto: "I fight for God."

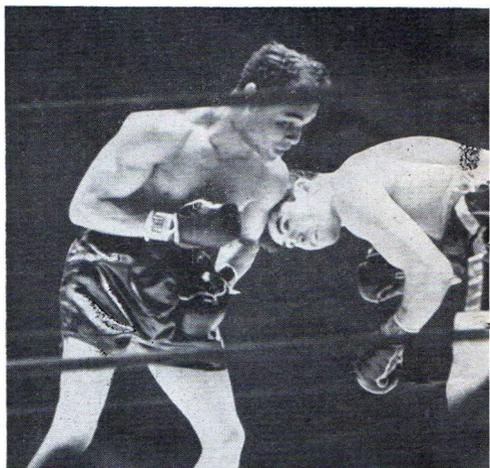


I FOUGHT FOR KEEPS CONTINUED

UNITED PRESS PHOTO



WIDE WORLD PHOTO



Petey Saron (left) was KO'd for featherweight title. Armstrong pulverized Barney Ross, won welterweight crown.

mightily, and there I have more than my share of scars from the years when I was in the ring.

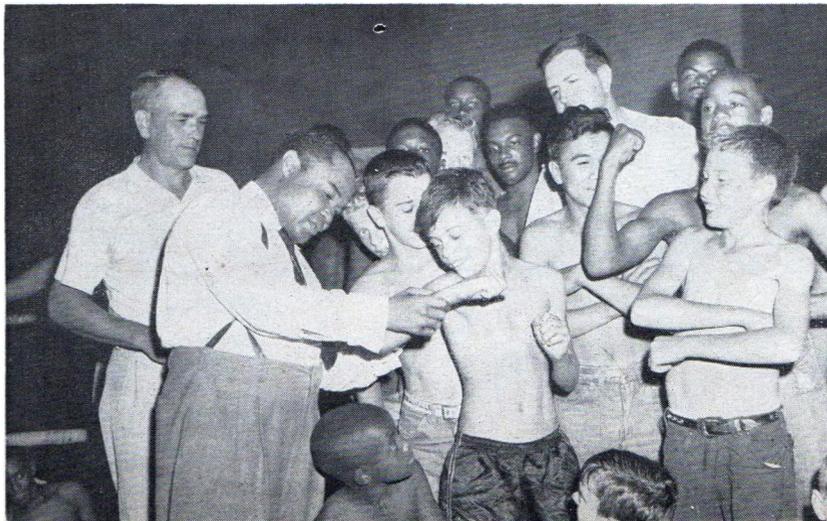
I earned a million dollars fighting and I lost most of it. Some was stolen from me. I'm positive of that. I came up from Los Angeles' skid row so fast that I didn't know what it was all about when fame hit me. And after I slipped out of the headlines, I went all the way down into the gutter again. Liquor did it. I'll never forget the morning I woke up in a Los Angeles jail—the one-time triple champ of the world sprawled out on the floor with a bunch of other drunken bums.

Then one night a wonderful thing happened to me, something that has changed my whole outlook on life. I am fighting for God now, preaching His message that we are all brothers. I'm trying to help a lot of young kids get the right start.

There's something else I'm campaigning for—a cleanup of professional boxing. The thieves and gamblers have taken over the game to a dangerous degree. I want to get them out of it and give it back to the honest folks.

That is the one reason I want to tell you my story, so that you fans can learn all the inside tricks

In personal campaign against delinquency, Armstrong devotes much time to youth groups.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

of prize fighting. I've been mixed up in enough shady deals to know what I'm talking about.

Certainly nobody in Madison Square Garden that hot August night of 1938, including me, was thinking of Henry Armstrong as a future minister. That was the night Referee Art Donovan raised my hand over Lou Ambers. That was the night I won the lightweight title in the toughest, bloodiest fight of my whole life. That was the peak of my career. Featherweight, welterweight and lightweight crowns—all at one time. Nobody has ever equaled that record, and maybe nobody ever will.

I ought to say the obvious thing—that I'll never forget that moment. But the truth is that I can't even remember it.

Ambers had cut me to ribbons around the lips. I was bleeding onto the canvas, and my face was so puffed up I could hardly see. I was ahead on points, but I was so chopped up by the twelfth round that Donovan said, "Hank, if this keeps up, I've got to stop it."

I pleaded with him not to. He said, "Okay, if you've got that much nerve I'll give you a little more time. But any more blood on the ring and it's all over."

My manager, Eddie Mead, and my seconds were frantic. They dabbed on stuff to stop the bleeding, but nothing would slow it down. "Take out my mouthpiece," I said. "I'm going to swallow my blood and beat this guy."

In the thirteenth I kept gulping my blood, walking in, weaving and bobbing like I always did, and counterpunching. In the fourteenth I tasted too much of my own blood and got sick at the stomach. I kept flailing my arms but only got sicker. *(Continued on page 66)*

CAMERA CLIX PHOTOS



Before revival meeting Armstrong inhales oxygen to keep in shape for long preaching session. Social work is other big interest.



Pet project is Youth Foundation he started so underprivileged kids can get a good break.

SITTING PRETTY

They painted Jumbo a pixilated pink, then they helped Miss Marilyn Monroe aboard for her circus debut. It was a crowning success for every watcher, and a night a lucky elephant will never forget



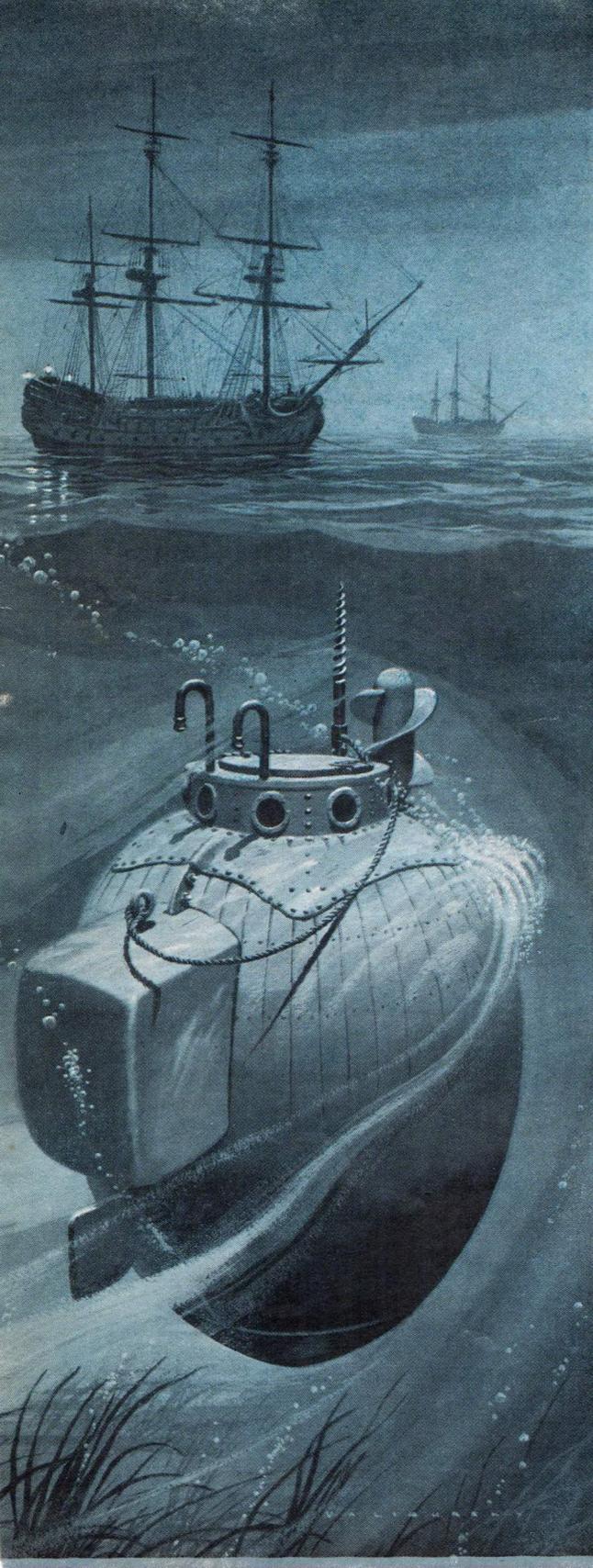
UP PHOTOS

The gala benefit opening of the circus this year was packed to the rafters with 15,000 spectators. In return for the dollars they contributed to the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation they got a preview of Barnum's best plus some added attractions, not the least of which was the beautifully adorned elephant shown here.

Vital statistics: Jumbo is 9 feet tall, weighs 7,632 pounds, has a svelte 12-foot 9-inch waistline and a well-shaped trunk.

CAMERA CLIX PHOTO





The Terrible Turtle

America's first submarine had all the earmarks of an underwater coffin...and to prove its merits to the skeptical brass, one daring Continental soldier volunteered to raid an enemy fleet single-handed on the bottom of New York Bay!

by **GORDON B. STRUNK**

ILLUSTRATED BY ED VALIGURSKY

Through the murky depths, the monstrosity neared its target—the flagship of Lord Howe.

At New London, Pearl Harbor, San Diego and Mare Island the United States submarine fleets lie now in formidable silence—a silence which is symbolic of the service itself. This silence is an integral part of submarine warfare, a weapon in itself. The submarine branch is often called “the silent service” and the term applies not only to the deadly mechanism of the submarine but to the men who live long hours with millions of tons of water riding their backs. It is imperative in submarines that each command or word be heard distinctly and understood well; thus silence in control room and conning tower is vital to the life of this intricate, deadly mechanism and of the crew itself.

Thousands of words have been written about the valiant men who hunted throughout the oceans of the world during World War II. Books and movies have extolled their exploits and yet, nowhere in the entire history of the “pigboats,” is there a single plaque or carved stone tablet to Sergeant Ezra Lee, United States Army, the man who proved submarine warfare feasible.

Sergeant Lee, captain, first mate and crew of the first American submarine, is not even mentioned in histories. Most Naval officers, even submarine officers and vets, evince a blank stare at mention of his name. Yet, to this man and his courage and faith, the Navy and the country itself owes a debt of honor.

A farm boy from Saybrook, Connecticut, David Bushnell, had graduated from Yale in 1775. Bushnell's college career had not been spectacular, probably because he had devoted most of his time and efforts in exploring devices to explode gunpowder under water. Upon graduation he quickly set out to originate an underwater vessel to plant the charges under British warships which were even then beginning to close the American ports.

Two months after the Declaration of Independence the Americans were badly beaten on Long Island and forced to retreat to Manhattan and what is now Westchester. It was one of the darkest times of the entire war. In desperation, the high command authorized a daring attempt to blow up British ships in the manner Bushnell and Dr. Benjamin Gale had devised.

The *Turtle*, as Bushnell called the queer-looking machine, had been tested in the Connecticut River near Saybrook and judged ready for its first real military test. General Samuel H. Parsons of the Continental Army called for three volunteers to learn how to operate the new-fangled secret weapon, a submersible boat. It is noteworthy that to this day, service in submarines is still on a voluntary basis. Sergeant Lee, of Lyme, Connecticut, was one of the volunteers, and certainly no man was more qualified to make this hazardous venture than he.

The *Turtle* was made of oak-frame timber in the shape of a round clam. Bound with iron bands, the seams were calked and the entire surface smeared over

with a heavy coating of tar. It was six feet high and the top was of iron, hinged to the oak frame, and there were eight small windows of glass set in the frame.

Basically, the principle of submerging and surfacing was the same as in today's submarine. A spring foot pedal opened a compartment at the bottom to allow water to flood in. When surfacing was desired, hand pumps were employed to pump out this compartment. Today, high-pressure air accomplishes the same thing instantly. When on the surface, two small tubes admitted air; when submerged, the occupant was committed to whatever happened to be inside the crude oak coffin. Bushnell estimated that the *Turtle* contained enough air to sustain its operator for thirty minutes.

Candles had been tried for lighting, but consumed too much oxygen, so “shining wood” or “foxfire” was employed to light each of the two gauges in the submersible. These instruments were a compass and a depth gauge. The depth gauge was a simple contrivance in which a cork rose in a tube as the vessel descended, a one-inch rise denoting a depth of one fathom, or six feet.

In her bottom, the *Turtle* carried nine hundred pounds of lead for ballast. This could be cut free from inside or lowered by cable and used as an anchor. Motivation was supplied by two sets of paddles, each with a crank to be turned by the operator. One was on the top and aided in ascending, while the other set, on the side, provided the lateral propulsion. By turning at top speed, the craft could be propelled at the rate of three miles per hour, and a crude, fin-like rudder guided the vessel.

The operator must have been a very busy man, but the gailant Sergeant Lee was evidently not taken aback, for he grew more enthused after a few lessons in operation, and was eager to be off on his mission. He believed firmly in the contraption as a great wartime vessel.

The striking power of the *Turtle* consisted of a crude and clumsy boring device, to be extended upward to drill a hole into the bottom of a ship. Then a tube of powder, a sort of torpedo, was to be attached to the ship's bottom and exploded by a time fuse. With all the holes for shafts, gauges, boring rods and so on, it was a miracle that the nifty sergeant wasn't neck high in water at all times, but the thing was amazingly clever in its construction, and the sergeant never complained of bilge or seepage.

While the experimental journeys were taking place in the early summer and spring of 1776 in Long Island Sound, the British had taken possession of Staten Island, Governor's Island and Long Island. Hauling the *Turtle* out at New Rochelle, the schemers took it to the Hudson and launched it. Now the first submarine attack in history was ready to begin.

In August, a sizable British fleet lay in New York harbor north of Staten Island, (Continued on page 64)

THE COURT OF LAST RESORT

The Case of the Phantom Firebug

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Twenty-two died when this shabby San Francisco hotel burned. Start of fire was charged to Holman but no proof exists.





George Holman is under life sentence for murder as result of fire deaths. Case against him depended on testimony of one unreliable witness who has since died.



John Anderson, accuser, had record from Georgia to California.

Marshall Houts has been putting in the last thirty days working on the George Holman case.

You folks will remember Marshall Houts. He is one of the attorneys who represents the Court of Last Resort. He is an attorney at law, an ex-FBI agent, a man who has lectured on law, has written a successful novel ("From Gun to Gavel," published by William Morrow and Company, Inc.), and this fall is putting out a book on evidence and proof to be published by Charles C Thomas. (Editor's Note: Charles Thomas hates periods. He always writes his middle initial without a period and is known in the trade as "Charles-C-no-period-Thomas.")

George Holman, you will remember, is the Negro who is serving a whole series of life sentences at San Quentin. He was convicted of having set an incendiary fire in which more than a score of people lost their lives.

Just about everyone knows that Holman was wrongfully convicted. The officials up at San Quentin Prison, who have had an opportunity to become familiar with Holman and with the case, will tell you "off the record" that Holman is innocent.

When Clinton Duffy was warden of San Quentin he was reported to have stated in effect that, while San Quentin was full of "innocent" men, if you took their word for it, there was one man who really was innocent. That man was George Holman.

The point is—no one does anything about it.

Back a little over ten years ago the police of San Francisco were driven to desperation by a firebug who was setting a whole series of incendiary fires. It got so that the minute the police heard a fire alarm, they became jittery. We mention this because it shows the background in the case, and, as we have pointed out from time to time, backgrounds are particularly important. It is when you have a background of public hysteria, of public pressure on the police force, and all that goes with it, that you are very apt to have miscarriages of justice.

A couple of years or so ago the San Francisco *Chronicle* investigated the Holman case and came to the conclusion that Holman might be the victim of a miscarriage of justice. So the *Chronicle* assigned two ace reporters, Pierre Salinger and Bob DeRoos, to run down the case.

Salinger and DeRoos are expert newspaper reporters. They know their way around. They're not fooled by superficialities and they're not swayed by sentiment. They made a careful, factual investigation and came to the conclusion that Holman was innocent.

The *Chronicle* published a series of articles on the subject. There was a mild furor and finally the Honorable Earl Warren, who was then the Governor of California—now the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court—ordered an official investigation. That official investigation determined nothing. The investigators couldn't reach a unanimous opinion.

The Adult Authority, which is, in California, similar to the Pardon and Parole Board in other states (California divides its criminal problems into two divisions: [1] the younger violators who are handled by the Youth Authority, and [2] the mature offenders who are handled by the Adult Authority), apparently adopted the position that no new evidence had been forthcoming, and George Holman remained in prison.

In the course of time there was a shake-up at the *Chronicle*. Paul Smith, an outstanding publisher, left the paper and is now with Crowell-Collier. Some of the more able men on the *Chronicle* threw in their lot with him, and Pierre Salinger and Bob DeRoos are now working with Crowell-Collier's. But they are still very much steamed up over the Holman case. They know that Holman was wrongfully convicted.

As soon as Marsh Houts got in touch with them they told him that they were not only willing but anxious to cooperate.

Yesterday afternoon I had a three-hour conference with Marsh Houts and Pierre Salinger. I was very favorably impressed with Salinger. He's a down-to-earth guy with a pair of the busiest eyes I have ever seen. They are the trained eyes of an expert reporter.

We sat in the airport talking, and all the while he was talking with us, Salinger's eyes were busy sizing up every man who walked past, watching the loading operations of the airplanes, studying people.

It is interesting to watch a trained reporter at work. Just to check his powers of observation, I asked certain questions

about what had been going on in order to see if he had been taking the scene in with one eye and letting it out the other, or whether he had really been checking.

He had really been checking.

The man has a photographic memory and a mind that is right up on its toes all the time.

Bob DeRoos was down in Los Angeles, and, as it happened, was in touch with Governor Goodwin Knight, getting material for an article which is to be published in one of the Crowell-Collier magazines.

Governor Knight was Lieutenant Governor in California when Chief Justice Earl Warren was appointed to the Supreme Court. Governor Knight took over and all of the political dopesters predicted he was stepping into an impossible situation. He had to fill Governor Warren's shoes, and it was generally conceded those were pretty hard shoes to fill.

Governor Knight, however, didn't try to fill Warren's shoes. He set off on a path of his own, and to the dazed surprise of the political dopesters who had anticipated that Knight would be a sitting duck when it came election time, Knight swept the state with a good healthy majority at a time when Republicans were falling by the wayside. He did this as Goodwin Knight, not as Earl Warren's understudy.

All of which has made Governor Knight an interesting figure in the arena of national politics.

Now, here are some of the new things which have been uncovered about the Holman case. There's enough material to cover several articles, but I'm going to try and condense it and give you readers as much as is possible at this time because I have something interesting to take up with you next month, and I want to give you as complete a report as possible on what is being done in this Holman case.

The evidence in the Holman case is thoroughly cock-eyed. The New Amsterdam Hotel burned. Twenty-two people lost their lives. Holman was in the hotel at the time, visiting a girl friend. It wasn't until some two weeks after the fire that police had any idea that Holman might be connected with it.

How did they get that idea?

A man by the name of John Anderson told them that he had seen a Negro carrying a container, which might have been used to carry gasoline, running out of the New Amsterdam Hotel at about the time the fire started. He said he knew this man by the name of "Bubber."

Why did Anderson wait all that time before he went to the police to tell them this?

Anderson never gave any satisfactory explanation.

Here's George Holman's explanation:

Holman says he knew Anderson and that Anderson knew him, knew his name and quite frequently went to Holman's restaurant (and witnesses are available who will back up Holman's statement on this).

Holman further stated that some time after the fire Anderson showed up and wanted Holman to use the downstairs part of his building, a semi-basement, for illegal activities. He wanted to put in a couple of prostitutes and wanted to give Holman a share of the proceeds. Holman told him nothing doing, and there was a dispute.

Anderson had brought in at least one of the girls, and this girl tried to vamp Holman. She was a good-looking white girl and apparently thought she only had to turn her personality loose on Holman in order to thoroughly captivate him.

Holman wanted no part of it.

The upshot of it was that Holman ordered Anderson out of his restaurant, and Anderson swore that he would get even.

That's Holman's story.

Anderson's story was that he had seen a man he knew as Bubber, whom he subsequently identified as Holman after the police had picked him up, running out of the New Amsterdam Hotel with a can which might have contained gasoline.

Once the police had that evidence, the whole situation began to look entirely different.

Remember that the San Francisco police were on the spot. There had been a series of fires which had undoubtedly been incendiary.

Was the New Amsterdam Hotel one of those incendiary fires?

Apparently not.

Marshall Houts had done a wonderful job of investigating that fire; despite the fact that it is now some eleven years old, he has dug into the evidence which was available at the time, has taken it up with some of the most expert arson investigators in the country, and has an imposing array of facts indicating that the fire wasn't incendiary at all, that it had been burning for some time before it was discovered, probably some time before Holman entered the building—at least at a time when his presence and all of his actions can be accounted for.

The fire was accompanied by an unusual amount of smoke. It was a smoke that is described technically as "mushroom smoke." This smoke is associated with slow-burning fires, or perhaps I should say, with slow-starting fires.

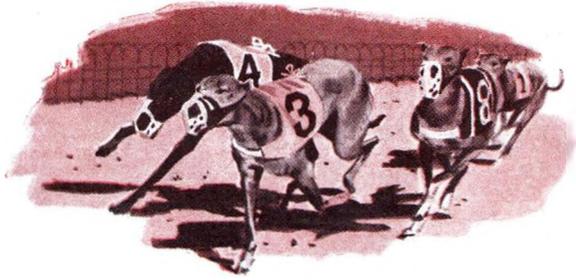
Something catches fire in a room. There is no draft to feed the flames, no oxygen which causes a quick combustion. So the fire makes smoke, the smoke mushrooms up to the ceiling, heat is generated, and gradually and slowly the smoldering fire starts eating its way through the building, all the time generating more smoke, which continues to mushroom.

Then the flames and the heat gradually work through a wall somewhere, so that more oxygen can reach the fire. The fire then starts to burn, and because heat has been pretty well generated, as soon as a good supply of oxygen gets to the fire it starts burning with considerable rapidity.

Fires of that kind, however, have been in the making for a long time before they reach that stage where they start burning with great rapidity—and once they do reach that stage, it's almost impossible to control them because they are consuming preheated materials that go "like a house afire," which is probably where the expression originated.

That's the normal course of a mushroom smoke fire.

The New Amsterdam Hotel was a flimsy building which had been put up after the San Francisco disaster in 1906. It didn't conform to any type of fire ordinance; it didn't conform to anything. (Continued on page 84)



LONG SHOT

There's one day in every gambler's life he wishes he could live over again—the day he laid that first bet down. For Dave Truelow, this was it

It was a chilly evening at the Grange Lane Dog Track and the crowd was thin. The cool wind tore away the brass notes of the band so that the music came across the infield in fragments. There was another four minutes before the windows would close for the seventh race. I was at one of the five-dollar win-place-show windows. Jack Stack, the manager, had moved me up from the two-dollar show window where I had started. Lately he had been hinting about moving me back to the money room. We got along well. He had decided I was steady.

It makes a good job for any young guy. The track pays you fair dough to work behind the windows. If he put me in the money room, I'd draw down a little more.

He moved up beside me and looked at the ticket

numbers and said, "Slow night." Then he shrugged and yawned.

He moved a little closer and lowered his voice. He pitched it so low that Dave Truelow on my left and Stan Garner on my right couldn't hear him. Particularly Garner. "Johnny, you see anything like I asked you?"

"Not a thing, Joe."

"Keep looking," he said, and moved casually away. The minutes were running out and we began to get some business. The dogs had been shut in the starting cages. I had no business when the buzzer sounded, so I shut the window. I heard the zing of metal on metal as the bunny came around the track and heard the roar as the race started. I yawned. I kept thinking about Stan Garner. It wasn't up to

by **JOHN D. MACDONALD**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WALTERS

me to tell Joe Stack that Garner was roughing the customers. He didn't do it often. Just when it seemed safe.

There are a lot of ways to do it. Stan Garner knew most of them. Drunks are the easiest. A drunk puts down a five and wants a two-dollar ticket. Stan counts off the change as three, four, five. But he counts the ticket as three so that the drunk moves off with two dollars in change and his two-dollar ticket. On a windy night like this one, if a drunk bought with a ten, Stan would fast count him out about six dollars and hold it down and say, "Watch the wind, sir." The drunk would shove it in his pocket and wobble off toward the track.

Sometimes Stan would wink at me. He said to me once, "Get what you can, Johnny. The customers will rough you if they get a chance. You have to use the angles to stay even."

Joe Stack was putting me on the spot trying to get me to inform on Garner. I felt no moral responsibility toward Stan Garner. He is a stocky, smiling little guy, crooked all the way through. He'll never go into crime in a big way. But he'll never be honest when he can be crooked. I don't worry about Stan.

I did my worrying about Dave Truelow who has the window on my left. Dave and I were friends in the beginning. We applied for the jobs and got them on the same day. We stopped being friends a month ago when I took it on myself to tell him that he was making a bad mistake playing out of the box.

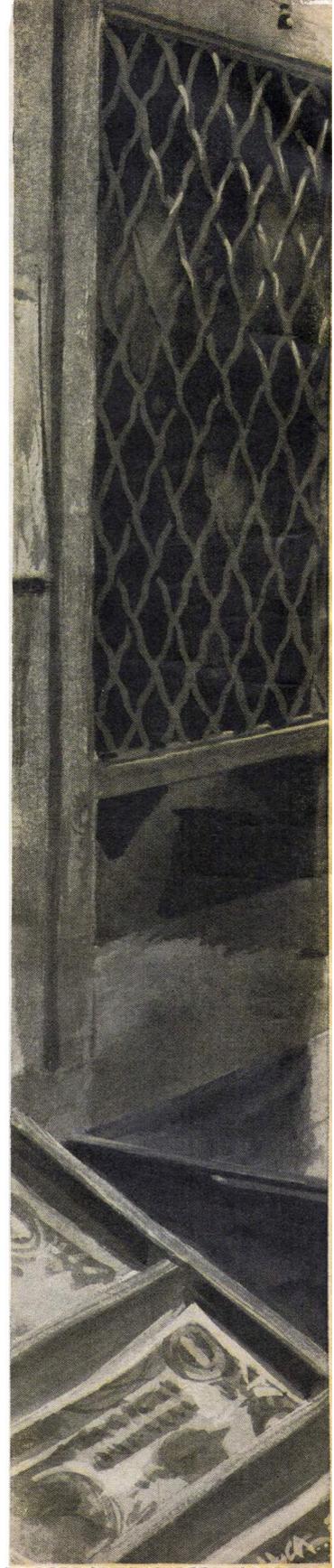
Here is the way it works. When you report in, you're given a money box. If you're just selling, there may be only fifty or seventy-five dollars in it. As you sell your tickets you put the money in the box. Every once in a while a man from the money room will stop around and take out a few hundred and give you a receipt to put in the box. After the last race you have to be able to total out. The money you started with, plus total ticket sales off the machine, less cash and receipts on hand. The management has no objection to our buying a ticket for ourselves now and then. Those tickets are supposed to be purchased with money out of your pants, not out of the box. Sometimes when an owner steps up and makes a good bet just before race time, the information will go all the way down the line and nearly everybody will buy a ticket.

There's no harm in that, if the gambling bug doesn't bite you. But when it bites you and you start playing out of the box, hoping to make out before checkup, then you can be in trouble.

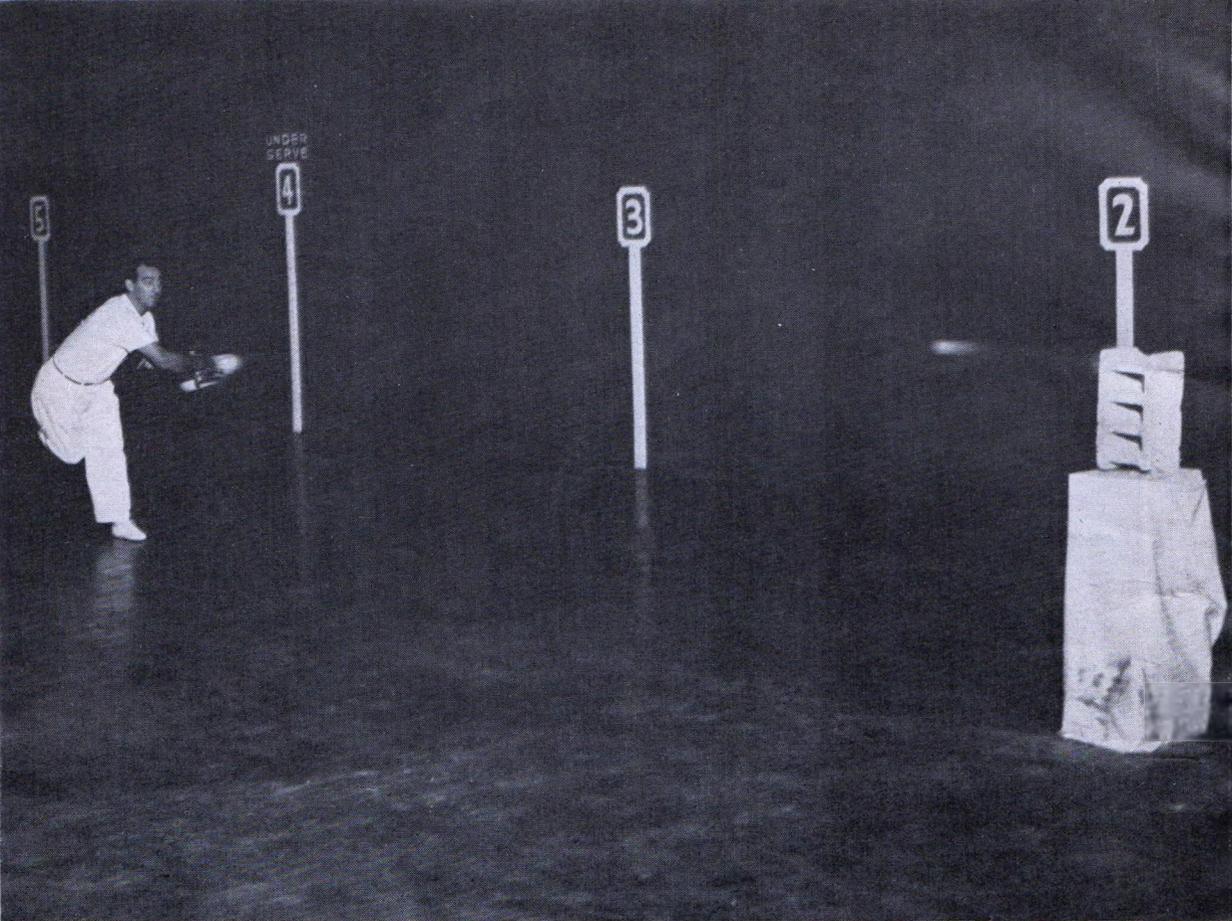
I shouldn't have tried to give Dave a lecture. He knew that I knew he was playing out of the box. But even before that, our personal relationship had gotten pretty tense on account of a girl named Joanne Jamison.

Her father is an owner and trainer. During the season they travel from track to track. She and her father and mother travel and live in a big house trailer. An employe named Arn drives the pickup (*Continued on page 88*)

He checked the sheaf of tickets and put them in his pocket. It was a little like watching a man cut his own throat, slowly.





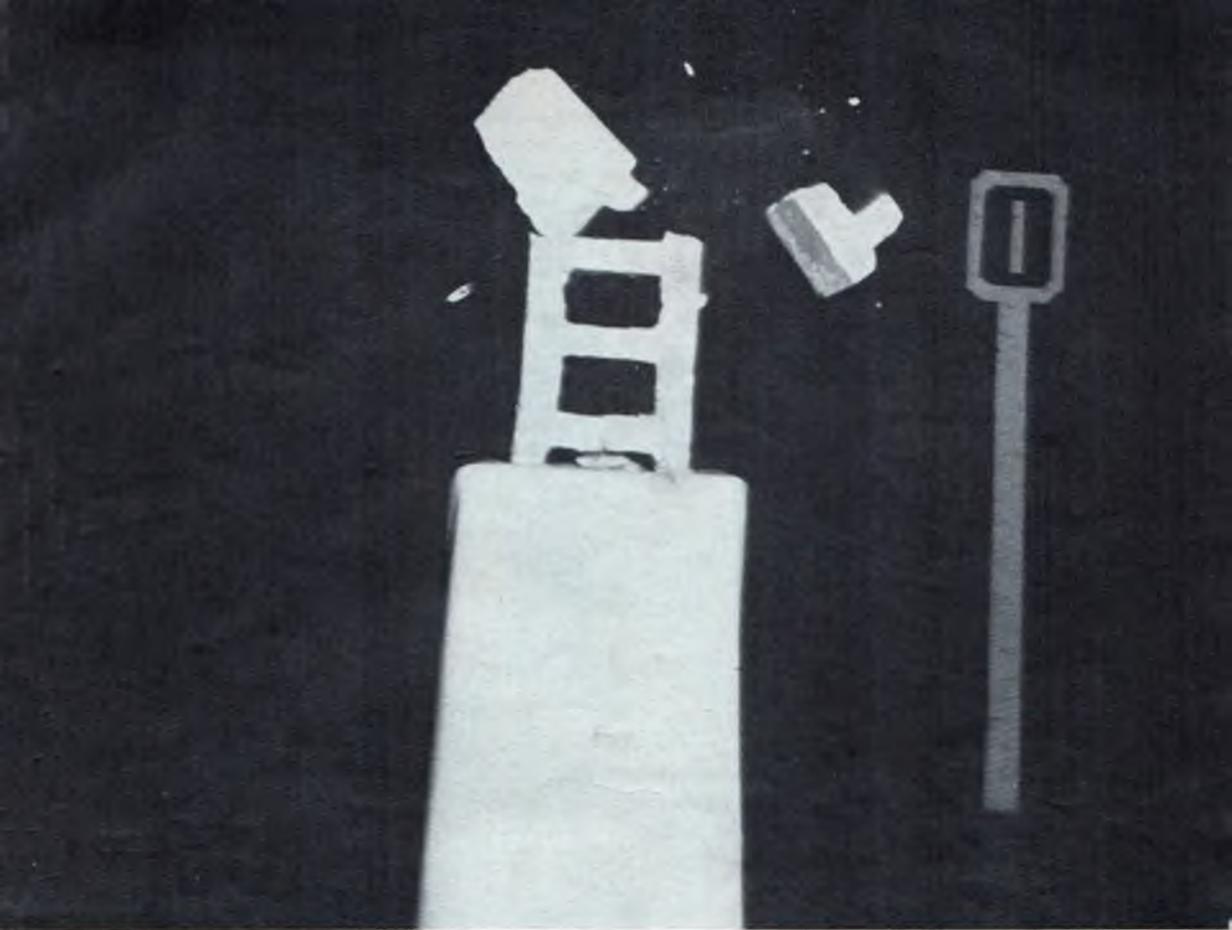


If you've the agility of an acrobat, the speed of a four-minute miler and the nerve to risk being skulled by a



the world's most dangerous game

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KURT SEVERIN



ball traveling at 150 mph, you may become a jai-alai star. That is, if you live long enough to hear the cheers

For a rugged star of the jai-alai world, there's one unique test of skill: the ability to hurl a ball from a wicker basket strapped to his arm at a speed great enough to shatter a block of solid concrete at the opposite end of the court. A player who can do this can also expect to earn up to \$7,000 for an official 100-game season, but there's no extra bonus for the sport's skull-splitting risks. A furiously paced cross between four-court handball and lacrosse, jai-alai is usually played on a court of granite, the one surface tough enough to take the tremendous impact of the world's deadliest hard-rubber ball. When a good rally gets under way with the ball going at close to three miles a minute, it takes a man with muscle, speed and iron nerve to scoop it off the wall and keep it in play.

The world's fastest ball game originated in Spain, is played throughout Latin America and has been steadily gaining attendance here in the States. In Florida alone, a single season's turnover runs to \$6,000,000 worth of pari-mutuel betting by half a million thrill-seeking spectators.





The captain yelled shrilly and Luke caught a horrified glimpse of him sailing through the air to land on the MP.

THE GOOF THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG

It was a war of nerves, and Corporal Dorgan and Private Kew had a corner on that sad-sack commodity . . . until Flying Flo made them her target for tonight

by WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN



ILLUSTRATED BY JACK HEARNE

Luke-the-Dorgan, sometime corporal in Headquarters Battery of the Umteenth Anti-aircraft Group, glumly pulled his heels together and looked at the first sergeant across the desk. Beside him stood Private Kew, his moon-shaped face bland. First sergeants didn't bother Pinky Kew. He bothered first sergeants.

"So," the first sergeant said ominously—he was a disillusioned man named Murphy—"I get soft in the head and give you two jokers a pass to go to town last night and what happens?"

Pinky Kew, standing at ease with his hands in his pockets, beamed unabashedly. "We can explain it, Sarge," he volunteered.

Sergeant Murphy's scowl got blacker. "I don't need no explanations," he grunted. "And take your hands out of your pockets, Private Kew! Already how many times have I told you about that?"

Pinky's expression was tolerant. "About a thousand, I guess, Sarge," he said. "Look, it was this way. I and Luke was—"

"Never mind," Sergeant Murphy snorted. "I already heard. Using bad language to an MP while he was committin' his duty *and* showin' disrespect to Captain ap Kern, the group adjutant!"

"Sergeant," Luke began in a hollow voice. "we didn't know it was Captain ap Kern in that car last night when—"

"Quiet!" Sergeant Murphy said grimly. "Captain ap Kern is goin', I got no doubt, to bury his own dead tonight at about six o'clock. That's when you two clowns report to him. Understand?"

"For what?" Luke asked more hollowly still.

"I will draw you a picture of it," Sergeant Murphy said dourly. "Here is the west gate. Here is Red Road

runnin' out of it to go to a place called CR 213 in Firing Range B. This CR 213 has got an old adobe house standin' at it. It has also got another road, called Ormsby Trail, crossin' it to run north to the OP on Brady Knob. Have you birds got all that?"

"Sure." Pinky answered amiably. "What's it mean?"

Sergeant Murphy looked faintly happy. "It means that you two haul Captain ap Kern out there, hitch onto some sort of a radio gadget on a trailer and haul the whole works back up to wherever the captain tells you to haul the whole works back up to. After a while somebody shoots Flying Flo at the radio gadget."

"Who's Flying Flo, Sarge?" Pinky asked interestedly.

"It ain't a who, it's an it," Murphy said, lapsing back into moroseness. "All I know is that it is some sort of new kind of guided missile that somebody has dreamed up."

Luke began to look worried but Pinky's interest increased. "You mean like one of them big babies that give with a heck of a *whoosh* an' then go sailin' off like a skyrocket?"

Sergeant Murphy gave him an unfriendly look. "I do not," he said. "I mean like an ammunition truck with wings stuck on it which flies to wherever it is goin' and then sets down on it like an artillery shell, Mister Kew. If you got any more questions to ask go ask Captain ap Kern. Now, get the hell out of here."

Outside the orderly room, Luke-the-Dorgan turned glumly down the battery street, Pinky rolling beside him. "Well, we've had it now," Luke said. "You and your big mouth. It's not bad enough that Captain ap Kern will be beating on us, but they're going to shoot at us, too. It'll be a cold day when I go to town with you again!"

"How was I to know," Pinky asked reasonably, "that that guy in the car last night was Cap'n ap Kern? In the dark he didn't look no different from any other bum in civilian clothes."

"You didn't need to say he looked like a rumdum and you'd got a notion to punch his nose," Luke answered angrily. "And when that MP showed up you didn't need to say that you were going to write your Congressman about the Cossacks they got in the Army!"

"Well," Pinky mumbled, "he was ugly enough to be a Cossack."

"Shut up!" Luke snarled. "I could kill you!"

The thing had really started earlier that morning when the brigade Exec, a mean man named Finney, accosted Old Lucillius Dulligan, commanding the Umpteenth AA Group.

The two had been feuding for over twenty years and the Exec looked happy as he thought of the bad news he had for Lucillius. He would, he decided, slug the old goat right between the eyes with it, like a sockful of cold oatmeal.

"Morning, Lucillius," he said sweetly.

Colonel Dulligan glared. He was a tough rooster, used to protecting himself in the clinches, and the syrupy note in the Exec's voice didn't fool him any. This cuckoo, Finney, was shifty as hell on his feet and as false as a lead quarter.

"Stop chattering up there in your tree," he said in a gritty voice. "Get to the point, Finney—if you've got one."

Colonel Finney's mealy smile became a little strained. "Some important people are going to be here tonight. The general wishes to put on a show for them. That's the point!"

"What important people?"

"Staff important people," the Exec said, looking pious.

Old Lucillius snorted. "Why don't somebody chain 'em in the attic where they belong?" he wanted to know. "If that's all you've got to tell me, Finney, I'll go and take care of something important. Like painting garbage cans in a new way some idiot dreamed up."

Colonel Finney's face got red; he had just issued a new order about painting garbage cans and was a little sensitive about it. Also, he was a man who liked to polish an apple whenever opportunity offered and he considered snide remarks about the Big Brass to be in bad taste. Like drinking coffee out of a saucer or snoring in church.

"The general," he retorted stiffly, "thinks it will be a good show if the technical people fire their experimental missile, the Flying Flo, tonight at 2100 hours under simulated field conditions."

"Tell the general that he's got my permission to simulate what he likes so long as he leaves me out of it," Lucillius grunted. "At 2100 hours I will be in my simulated foxhole watching the fight on TV. With a glass of simulated milk in my hand."

The Exec smiled nastily. "At 2100 hours you'll have the Umpteenth disposed in battle positions trying to defend an objective against the Flying Flo," he corrected, taking off the gloves now.

Old Lucillius started. "You mean," he yelled, "that you're planning to shoot that confounded Roman candle of yours at us, Finney? I'll see you barefooted in hell first, you stupid oaf!"

"Not at you," the Exec said smugly. "Over you. The technical people have assured me that it's perfectly safe. And, if anything *should* happen—well, line of duty and all that, you know."

"I won't do it!" Lucillius shouted. "I'll—"

"The orders have already gone down to your adjutant," the Exec interrupted stonily. "And you'd just better be sure this isn't goofed up. I understand there are a lot of vacancies for colonels up in the Alaskan command right now."

He popped into headquarters like a fox going into his hole and Lucillius stomped angrily on to his own office. There he buzzed for his adjutant, Captain ap Kern, and the latter came with his hands full of papers. He was a slender man with eyeglasses and a faintly supercilious expression behind his toothbrush mustache.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

"What's good about it?" Lucillius snarled. "Did you get some stupid order about some stupid demonstration tonight, ap Kern?"

"Yes, sir. I have it here. Do you wish to read, it, sir?"

"I'd rather read an income- (Continued on page 74)

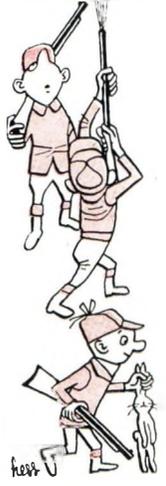


ARGOSY'S 1955

Hunting Roundup

INTRODUCTION BY ED ZERN

Here's a bonus section designed to make this game season your best yet
... new weapons ... new equipment ... new ways to bag better trophies ...
more than a dozen pages of information from America's top outdoorsmen



When the editor advised me that this would be a hunting issue, and requested that I try to go along with the gag, it upset my plans considerably. I had been trying to decide whether to write a baseball story that had been on my mind since last Fourth of July or a somewhat apocryphal yarn about the United States Navy, and hunting was the furthest thing from my thoughts.

A hunting yarn, however, was what the editor ordered, so, being an obliging sort of guy I started searching my memory and, sure enough, I pretty soon came up with one that Bill Chapman told me about a former neighbor of his in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. We had been talking about shooting and I'd mentioned the time I had foolishly shot at a passing broadbill from seventy yards away, when I frequently miss them clean as a whistle on easier angles at thirty yards, and the duck had dropped like a stone. I marked the bird, and when it was plucked and cleaned I found that its body was unmarked, and it took me several minutes to find where a single Number 6 shot had gone through the eye into the brain. We talked about other birds that didn't respond to shooting as they were supposed to, and Bill said that some years ago, when he was living in Pennsylvania, a filthy rich man from Philadelphia owned an estate nearby. This chap, said Bill, decided to be a country squire—and since there were pheasants in the fields in those days, and since shooting was considered a properly squirish pursuit, had blown a large wad on matched sets of Purdy shotguns, custom-tailored shooting jackets, and other high-priced paraphernalia.

When the season—then a month long—opened, the squire spent almost every day afield, but although he flew a number of cock birds he never managed to kill one, and soon all his farmer-neighbors, who were accomplished wing-shots, realized it. Since they were also aware that he had made some comments around town about the lack of élat that characterized their gunning costumes and their guns, none of them lay awake nights worrying about the squire's poor luck.

The second season passed and the gentleman was still unblooded. And when the third season had nearly ended without a pheasant for the laird of the manor, some of his neighbors even began to feel sorry for him. Then, on the last day of the season, four of them, each with one or two ringnecks hanging at his belt, were walking down the road past one of the squire's fields and saw him emerge from a hedgerow, carrying his shotgun.

"Howdy," said one of the farmers. "Had any luck?"
"Ha!" said the squire, beaming triumphantly. "I don't think luck's the proper word. No sirree! More a matter of skill, I'd say. Have a look at this, if you please." So saying, he reached with a magnificent gesture into the capacious pocket of his stylishly tailored shooting jacket, drew forth a beautiful cock pheasant and held it out for the men to admire.

And they would have, said Bill, if it hadn't let out an ear-shattering squawk and flown away over the hedge. That was twenty years ago, he said, and the man still lives there, but nobody has seen him with a gun in his hand since that day. . . .



WATCH THAT MUZZLE!

A gun in the field can be a murderous weapon in the hands of a careless hunter.

Follow these rules the experts use—to make sure the game you bag isn't human

BY PETE KUHLHOF

Careless gun pointing is the sure sign of an inexperienced, untrained and stupid shooter. Alertness, and a conscientious and continuous effort in keeping the gun muzzle pointed in a safe direction will result in safety in the game fields.

Today, the large majority of American hunters are factory workers, brick-layers, professional men and white-collar workers whose hunting is confined to a few days each year. Despite their urban existence they still have the old inherent instinct of the chase. Unfortunately, in some cases, the instinct is all that is there, unguided by any knowledge of, or aptitude for firearms.

No one is a natural-born good shot, nor is anyone born with a clear perception of gun safety. Every shooter should be trained in the proper way to handle a gun.

The task of target identification is of ultimate importance. Most of us certainly know that a deer does not wear a red shirt and cap, and walk on two legs. Yet, during past hunting seasons a number of hunters and bystanders have been shot—with the trigger-happy shooter maintaining, "I thought it was a deer."

Here the answer also is quite simple, but more difficult to put in operation. It is a matter of education and training with firearms until every hunter has the know-how for positively identifying the target, the ability to shoot accurately, and the self-restraint to withhold fire until certain of properly placing the shot.

The National Rifle Association of America deserves a great deal of credit for promoting the Hunter Safety Training Course throughout the country. Public demand

for such instruction has become so great that the course is required by law in an ever-increasing number of states. Classes in hunter safety also are being offered as part of the curriculum in numerous high schools, where this early training will do the most good. In localities where the program is in effect there has been a substantial reduction of accidents. In fact, accidents have been almost nonexistent among those taking the course.

Gun accidents will become nothing more than a nightmare of the past if each of us religiously observes the following few rules:

Always know where the gun muzzle is pointing and be sure that there is no person in front of it, whether the gun is empty or loaded.

Be absolutely sure of the target before aiming and pulling the trigger.

Never take any gun into camp, a vehicle, or home, unless that gun is empty with the action open, or it is taken down.

Always be positive that the action and barrel are clear of any kind of obstruction, no matter how small.

Never leave a gun anywhere unless it is unloaded.

Never attempt to climb a tree, fence, cliff, or steep bank with a loaded gun.

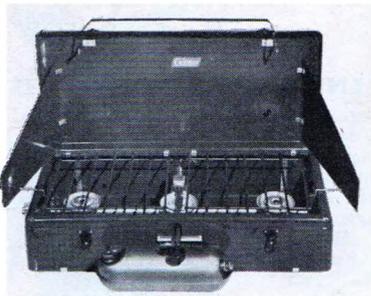
Never shoot at any flat, hard surface, water, ice, or over a hill into unknown and possibly inhabited territory.

Never point an empty gun at anything at which you would not point a loaded one.

And above all—treat every gun as if it were loaded, whether it is or not. • • •

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOT CLARKE

COLEMAN STOVE



PACK (DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE, N.Y.C.)

STANLEY HATCHET



OLIN FLASHLIGHT

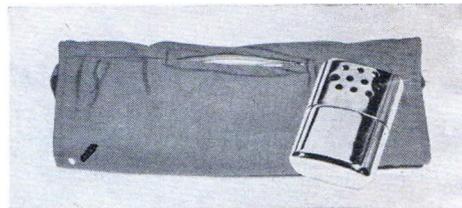
GET SET FOR GAME

A good outdoorsman doesn't get that way by accident. He needs a tough hide, a well-planned trip, plus the proper equipment. Expert Larry Koller tells how you can acquire all three before you open the season

BY LARRY KOLLER

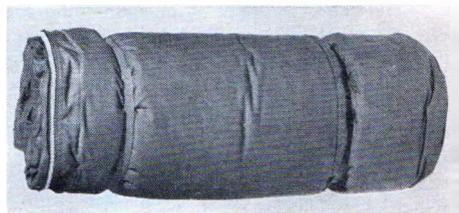
One day early this fall you'll swing up into the saddle, over the broad back of a mountain horse, settle into the stirrups and check your gear—saddlebags packed to tight roundness, rifle in its "hoot"—wondering whether you'll be up to the two-day grind over the rough trails that lie ahead.

It's not a comfortable feeling, I can tell you, if you're a typical Easterner who hasn't been on the back of a horse for more than a decade. And this is only part of the deal. Your big-game hunt will take you into some of the roughest country on the continent. and before you know it you'll be wading swamps, scaling cliffs *(Continued on page 54)*



JON-E HANDWARMER AND MUFF

BERNZ-O-MATIC PROPANE LANTERN



WOODS SLEEPING BAG (ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, N.Y.C.)

ZIPPO SPORTSMAN'S LIGHTER



BAUSCH & LOMB 7x35 BINOCULARS



HODGMAN AIR MATTRESS



CLOTHES FOR THE MAN

Aimed for happy hunting, these clothes are designed to give you the maximum in scientific comfort

Up in the north woods many hunters carry extra shirts, and if it gets really cold they wear one on top of the other.

This principle applies to all good cold-weather hunting gear. Research shows that several layers of loose, lightweight garments are much warmer than one bulky one. Underwear should be two sizes too big for you to provide a cushion of air between you and (Continued on page 54)



BY CECIL LUBELL

On figure: Brooks Uniform Co. quilted cap; Chippewa plaid wool shirt; Woolrich's red wool hunting jacket, mitts; L.L. Bean wool trousers; Ripon wool socks. Boots (top) are Royal Worcester insulated leather, (below) Hood Subzero Pac; Brooks Uniform Co. Under-All jacket. Clothes like these are built for comfort, durability.



MEAT- OR TROPHY?

Whether you're hunting for sport or steak, you need to know how to choose your target. A nationally known hunting expert gives you the inside dope on how to do it

BY ELMER KEITH

Most big-game hunters can be classified in one of two categories—either they're meat hunters or head hunters. Meat hunters are interested solely in food for the table, and they hate the man who leaves a fine carcass, minus cape and head, to be eaten by magpies and coyotes. The trophy hunters are after records, and to them success is achieved only when they can lug home a beautiful head. And they hate the hungry gunner who blasts away at a plump setup of steaks and chops, and at the same time spooks a fine trophy animal out of sight.

I have known all kinds during my thirty years of guiding, including the type that tries for meat and head at the same time. Naturally this isn't always possible. I, too, have hunted more for the dinner plate than the record book, although I also have accumulated some exceptional trophies. An experienced hunter learns to recognize a record head or a tender piece of meat; often he can find both in the same animal. Different species vary, however.

The deer is the most commonly hunted game animal. In the West the big mule deer is quite common. For a good head of this species, select one whose main beams extend out as far as possible past the ends of the ears before turning upward. The typical antler has four points plus a brow point on each side; the wider the main beam extends out past the ear tips, the better.

Generally speaking, the deer with a wide head and a

high back beam is your best trophy. Of course, when you come upon a non-typical rack with many freak points to the side, you will know that you have acquired a collector's item.

Getting a whitetail-deer trophy presents an entirely different problem. Usually you don't have the chance to do much choosing. Your best bet is to hunt a section of woodland where you have seen signs of a big buck, hoping that his head will justify his body size. Seldom will you get any standing shots at a whitetail deer and have a selection of targets. Usually you will have to shoot first and evaluate the head afterward. If you are lucky, it will be heavy with long main beams which extend well out toward the front and spread wide. If the horns are webbed at the forks, you have found a rarity.

The antelope is an easily judged animal that lives and is hunted in open country. Frequently you can study a herd with a powerful spotting scope and make a sensible selection. In judging its head, pick one with the heaviest possible beams and wide paddles (prongs). If possible pick a head on which these paddles project as high as possible. Judge the height by comparing it with the length of the nose. If you can find one with prongs as far above the skull as the length of the nose, you will have a good head.

Next look at the top of the horns. If they rise straight upward, with no curve, pass up (*Continued on page 81*)

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB KUHN

IT'S MORE FUN TO HUNT WITH A DOG

Don't be afraid to make a pet of your hunting dog. If you train him right he'll be well worth his keep in the field or beside your easy chair

BY HENRY P. DAVIS PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

The doves were moving. And Marv's gun was barking with encouraging frequency at the lower end of the cornfield. I was having unusually good success myself, and Bounce, the English springer spaniel that lived at our house, was having his work cut out for him, for the cornfield had a heavy undercover of field peas and morning glories, and downed birds were hard to locate in this tangle.

It was not too long before I had grassed my limit and Bounce had done his usual efficient job of retrieving. Marv's gun had been noticeably silent for some minutes, so I was sure he was ready to call it a day, too.

Peculiar fellow, Marv. I had talked hunting with him a number of times but had never shot with him before. Seemed to like to do things the hard way, and, while I knew he was not a pinchpenny, he decried the use of a dog in dove and duck hunting on the basis of expense.

"Why should I feed a dog all year round when I can use him only during the short open seasons?" he would ask. "It simply isn't worth it. I can retrieve my own game and then I don't have to bother with a dog." No use arguing with a fellow like that. The only way to treat him is to let him learn in the manner he did everything else—the hard way. And on this trip, on which he had invited himself, I hoped to be able to teach him a lesson.

With Bounce at heel, I walked down to Marv's blind. My dubious friend was in a swivet. "Hang it all," he said. "I've got six birds down, all solid hits. They were coming in so fast I didn't have time to pick 'em up

quick and now I can't find 'em." He kicked savagely at the matted cover.

I sat down and smoked a pipe as Bounce, trembling with eagerness, looked on inquiringly. "Would you like a little help from a mighty good dog?" I asked finally.

"Heck, yes," he said. "They're scattered out, but all down to stay."

"Seek dead." I commanded Bounce and waved him into the cover. Marv's eyes fairly popped as he saw the little liver-and-white spaniel ferret through the thick vegetation. Bounce swept the field in shortening circles. Presently his stub tail took on added animation, and he came in with a crippled live dove and delivered it tenderly to hand, dashing away again. Marv grunted grudging approval. As the spaniel loped in with the last bird, Marv broke his silence. "Well, that beats all."

As we drove home, my companion had very little to say. I could understand why, for he had been quite positive in ridiculing the use of hunting dogs. Finally Bounce, who often demands attention, shoved his head over the edge of the seat and rested it on the sportman's shoulder. "Y'know," said Marv. "I believe he kinda likes me."

"Sporting dogs are usually affectionate," I replied.

Another silence. "Well, I might as well admit it," Marv began, as he caressed Bounce's silken ears. "I've been wrong about hunting dogs. This fellow sure taught me a lesson today. Not only that, but he's rubbing it in by being friendly. If it hadn't been for his finding and retrieving those birds, my hunt would have been spoiled,

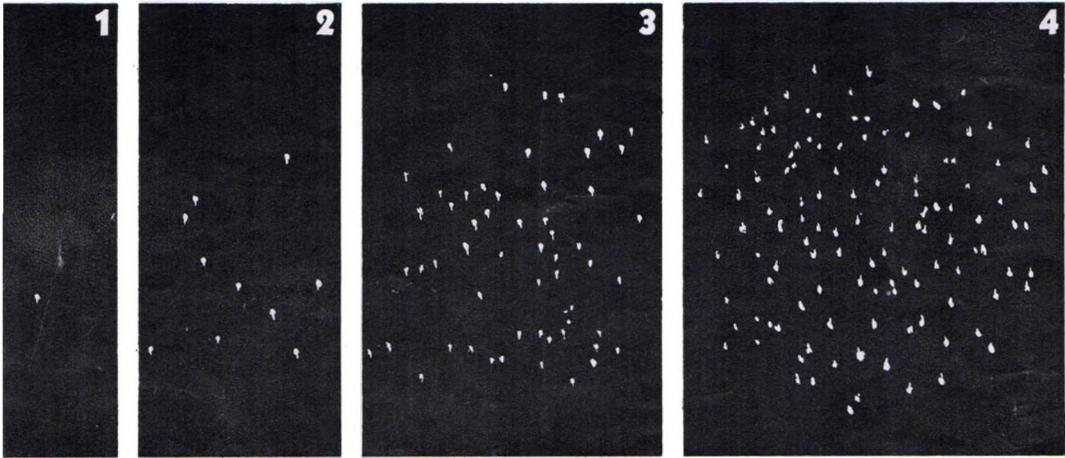


A well-trained sporting dog, like cocker spaniel here, adds thrills, cuts down wild-life waste on upland game hunt.

even though I shot particularly well. I would have lost those birds . . . and no one hates to waste game more than I. Say, what would a good dog like Bounce cost?"

Well, to make a long story short, there's a handsome young Labrador retriever living off the fat of the land at Marv's house now, and no one is more vigorous in endorsing the use of sporting dogs than Marvin.

He is not the only one who has been converted by the enthusiastic work of my springer. And I will have to admit that Bounce is not really an outstanding member of his breed. He's a rugged little fellow, fired up with high hunting enthusiasm that makes him a good rough-and-tumble gunning companion. He's pretty hard-headed at times, yet under *(Continued on page 58)*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOT CLARKE

High-speed movie shows pellets of 3/4-oz.-charge, No. 6 shot from 28-gauge shotgun as they arrive at 40-yard target. Left: First pellet strikes lead-foil screen. In less than 1/100 of a second complete shot charge has arrived.

CHOKE: YOUR SHOTGUN'S SECRET WEAPON

The right choke on your shotgun can mean the difference between a goose egg and a dead bird. Here's how to make sure your shot pattern fits the game

BY PETE KUHLMHOFF

If you've been doing a lot of missing with your shotgun lately, perhaps you are having what the boys call tight-collar trouble—too much choke.

The choke of a shotgun is nothing more or less than a constriction, or narrowing of the bore of its muzzle. By increasing or decreasing the amount of choke in the barrel, the range at which the shot pattern is most effective is increased or decreased.

Every shotgun barrel is factory-bored to one of a number of degrees of choke. The degree of choke determines the percentage of the shot charge that strikes within a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. Full choke puts 65 to 75 per cent within the circle; improved modified (3/4-choke) 55 to 65 per cent; modified (1/2-choke) 45 to 55 per cent; improved cylinder (3/4-choke) 35 to 45 per cent; and cylinder bore 25 to 35 per cent.

In the past a lot of shooters have put their money on the line and lugged home a full choke-barreled shotgun for all-round field shooting. For long shots on ducks, geese and turkeys (say up to 50 or 55 yards) with heavy shot such as size 2 or 4, a full choke barrel gun in the hands of an experienced hunter can really do business. But taking shots normally within 40 yards, say, at ducks over decoys, doves and pheasant, an improved modified or modified choke is better for many shooters. As a matter of fact, modified is pretty good for all-around use. A more open pattern such as improved cylinder is good for up to 30-yard shooting on quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock and maybe rabbits.

Since the war there has been a great improvement in shotgun ammunition. The new shells, with wadless crimps and gas-seal powder wads, pattern closer than pre-war ammo. A gun that once patterned 65 to 70 per cent may now pattern 75 to 80 per cent or more, which is great for pass shooting at the quackers and doves, but these dense patterns when well centered on the target will do a mangling job at the usual 20 to 35 yards upland range. You can well imagine the concentration of about 400 Number 7½ shot within a 15-inch circle at 20 yards. Such a small pattern also means very close holding to get the shot on the target.

When you pull the trigger and the shot charge leaves the muzzle, it is on its own. If you have properly pointed the target and it is within the effective range of your gun, the score should be a "dead bird." With the shot in the air there are two elements over which you have

no control. One is the above-mentioned shot pattern and the other is what ballistics engineers call shot column or string.

Shot pattern is the arrangement of the pellets as they travel through the air and strike a flat target perpendicular to the line of flight. The 10, 12, 16, and 20-gauge shotguns ordinarily are patterned at 40 yards. A large piece of paper is put up and fired on at that distance. The shot should show a fairly uniform distribution at the most densely peppered section and a 30-inch circle is drawn around that area. Then the pellet holes within the circle are counted and the percentage figured.

After looking at a shot pattern, whether it was made on paper or on the side of an abandoned barn, some shooters get the mistaken idea that the load of shot flies toward the target in the form of a sort of wheel or disc of pellets.

All pellets of a shot charge fired through a shotgun barrel do not travel to the target at the same speed. The choke, near or at the barrel muzzle, works something like the nozzle on your garden hose and squirts out the shot charge at somewhere between about 850 and almost 1100 feet per second, depending on the load. Some pellets speed up as they go through the choke, others manage to become slightly deformed and air resistance slows them down more rapidly. The lack of absolutely uniform speed causes the pellets to string out and form a shot column as they fly through the air.

A short shot string is desirable, for no matter how evenly the pellets may be (Continued on page 83)



Twist of the wrist adjusts the new Cutts Adjustable Comp Tube on an Ithaca Model 37 pump shotgun. On the rack left to right, Ithaca Model 37, with Standard Poly-Choke, Stevens Model 58-AC with Savage Adjustable Choke, J. C. Higgins Model 20 De Luxe pump gun with Choke Control, J. C. Higgins Model 60 Autoloader with Chokemaster, Mossberg Model 185-KA bolt-action with C-Lect-Choke, Stevens Model 77-SC with Savage Super-Choke, Marlin Model 90, over-under shotgun with an experimental compensating device that reduces recoil and helps prevent blown patterns.

55'S FINEST GUNS

Want to feel at home on the range? America's gunsmiths have come up with some great new designs—including a rifle that operates by jet-propulsion, and the first lever-action big-game gun since 1898

BY PETE KUHLOFF

Among this year's bumper crop of new guns the hunter has a choice of more and better weapons than ever. A rundown of these outstanding examples will show why '55's shooter is a lucky man indeed.

Winchester has introduced the Model 88, five-shot, clip-fed, lever-action rifle chambered for the high-power .308-caliber cartridge. The gun has several features never before available in a big-game lever-action rifle. The trigger mechanism is part of the lever assembly; the shooter never has to remove his finger from the trigger while operating the lever to extract a fired cartridge. The hammerless action, completely enclosed at the rear, protects against any possibility of gas blow-back. A reversible cross-bolt safety makes its operation easy for the left- or right-handed shooter. The gun takes top scope mounts and a receiver sight such as the Lyman No. 66W-88, which was especially designed for the new rifle. With its stiff one-piece stock as an aid to attaining accuracy, the Model 88 is in every way a high-quality lightweight hunting rifle.

Remington created a big splash in the gun world with the Model 740 Woodmaster, the first American-made autoloading sporting rifle chambered for the powerful .30'06 cartridge. The new rifle is nicely streamlined and falls in line with Remington's "matched set" idea. The action of the 740 is operated by gas from a jet in the barrel, and the five shots (four in the clip and one in the chamber) can be fired as quickly as the finger can operate the trigger. Recovery is very fast for rapid-aimed fire.

Savage brought out a lightweight version of the Model 99 lever-action rifle, making that gun available in three models, the 99-EG, the 99-R and the 99-F, probably the lightest big-game rifle made today. All come in .300 Savage and .250-3,000 Savage calibers. The three models are also being barreled and chambered

for the .308 Winchester cartridge and these new guns will be on the market about the time you read this. With the strong possibility of the .308 being adopted by the armed forces of this country (it is the official NATO cartridge) the outlook for this versatile cartridge in the sporting field appears to be very bright. The Savage Model 99 is the only hammerless, rotary-magazine lever-action rifle, and chambered for the .308 it is more desirable than ever.

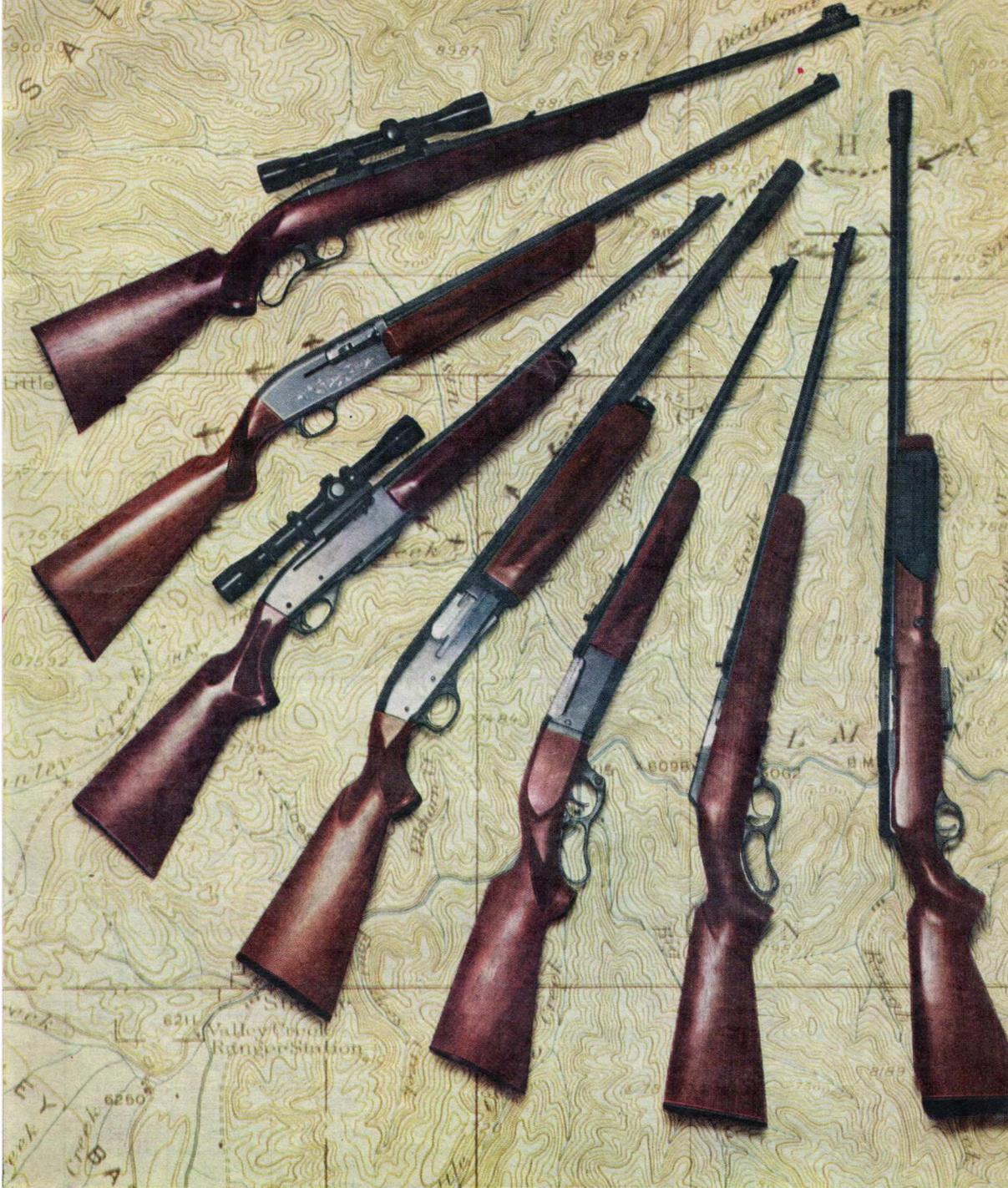
Marlin has a new lever-action .22-caliber rifle called the Model 56 Levermatic, which can be fired exceedingly fast. It has a one-piece stock, and the barrel has the well-known microgroove rifling for fine accuracy.

In the shotgun department, Browning introduced the Double Automatic in 12-gauge. The gun features very fast reloading and ultra-quick takedown with completely interchangeable barrels available in three lengths—26-, 28- and 30-inch, with a variety of chokes.

The new J. C. Higgins (Sears, Roebuck) Model 60 is a gas-operated semi-automatic shotgun of 12-gauge available with plain barrel, ventilated rib barrel, and in the Deluxe model with ventilated rib barrel with choke-master for choke control (seven degrees of choke from extra full to skeet).

Mossberg has entered the pump-action shotgun field with an unusual clip-loader, the Model 200, available in two versions. The 200K Model has the Mossberg Lect-Choke for recoil reduction and choke control; the 200D Model features interchangeable full and improved cylinder-bore choke tubes with modified choke tube available on special order.

Besides the above mentioned guns, Winchester, Remington and Savage have introduced some worthwhile .22-caliber rifles. Due to lack of testing time, I will have to give you the report on these and several other current guns in a later issue of ARGOSY. • • •



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY WENDY HILTY

NEW GUNS include (left to right) Winchester Model 88 lever-action rifle with Weaver K4 scope sight, Weaver detachable top mounts; Browning Double Automatic 12-gauge shotgun; Remington Model 740 Woodsmaster Auto-loader rifle, Lyman 4-power All-American scope; J. C. Higgins Model 60 Deluxe semi-automatic 12-gauge shotgun; Savage Model 99 Featherweight rifle; Marlin Model 56 Levermatic .22; Mossberg Model 200 12-gauge repeater.



CLOTHES FOR THE MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

the garment. Boots should be at least a size too large so you can wear two pairs of wool socks. Rubber boots give surer footing and keep your feet dry, and a good hunting jacket should have enough pockets to hold most essential small equipment.

One last tip: Make sure your handkerchief is red. Through the business end of a gunsight, a white handkerchief looks a lot like the flip of a deer's tail.

Clothes for upland game shooting should be light in weight, tough and closely woven, and loose enough to give plenty of movement for rapid snap shooting. Look for boots of soft, pliable, oil-treated leather, cut high enough to protect the legs in rough country; non-skid soles are a big help. ● ● ●



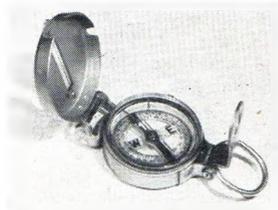
Figure: Duofold red underwear, cotton-wool blend; S. E. Woods feather-lined Chill-Dodger vest, (Abercrombie & Fitch); Paris belt; Duxbak cotton drill pants, Adler socks. Left: Under-All pants.

GET SET FOR GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44



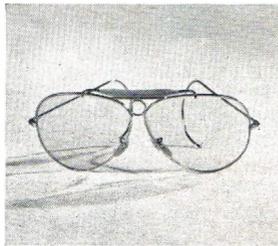
FIVE-INCH KNIFE
CORCORAN'S, SOMERSET, MASS.



LENSATIC COMPASS
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KODAK PONY 135 CAMERA



BAUSCH & LOMB HUNTING GLASSES

and rock slides, putting out more effort than at any time since your high-school football days.

Perhaps you won't be undertaking anything as ambitious as a Western big-game hunt. Even if you're only making a deer hunt into your own personal camp you'll need to get ready on three counts: good planning, some toughening of your office-softened frame, and making sure that your personal list of equipment is suited to your hunt plans and the trophies you'll be after.

A Western mountain trip for elk, sheep and bear is likely to be the biggest hunting venture you'll undertake in this country. Once you've decided on your outfitter, say the Copenhageners of Ovando, Montana, you'll check by letter for the dope on what weather to expect and the kind of country you'll be in.

If it's timberline or higher, look for chilly nights and mornings with plenty of opportunity for some high climbing. And here your footgear will be most important, for your horse, mountain-trained (Continued on page 56)



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though he may be, can take you just so far in the rugged terrain of the Rockies. In this section you'll find that hunting and living at elevations of 6,000 feet or more above sea level will present some problems you're not likely to encounter at home; for example, just breathing.

A friend of mine who hunts the Rockies every year toughens up his leg muscles and breathing apparatus as part of his everyday routine of living and working by climbing stairs instead of using elevators. He works in a thirtieth-floor office, and for a month before his hunting trip he climbs the stairs. Does wonders for the leg muscles and the breathing.

His week ends just before the hunt are spent in mountain hikes and for the last week before starting the trip he goes to a riding academy for a couple of hours a day to toughen up the rear end to the saddle. This sort of preparation takes time and effort but it pays off on the trip.

Almost every phase of hunting game, big or small—with the possible exception of duck shooting—requires a good bit of unaccustomed physical effort. You'll find that a couple of weeks training in toughening leg muscles is a big help even in bird shooting. Get out and walk, the rougher the country the better, in whatever spare time you have before the season gets around.

And, needless to say, if you're packing a twenty-pound spare tire around the middle you'd better get it off before buying that hunting license. Twenty pounds around your middle will hurt your feet and strain your legs just as much as carrying a twenty-pound pack sack.

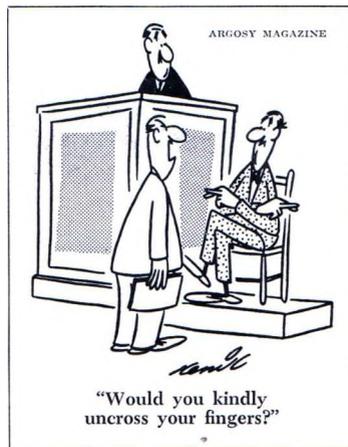
If you're making a big-game hunt, the one factor that's likely to disturb you most is your shooting ability in strange country. The bird shooter won't have too many practice problems if he has a hand trap and can get a friend to throw him a few hundred birds a couple of weeks before hunting begins. That's all it takes to sharpen your eye and gun swinging. But in hunting big game in mountain country you've got problems you've never before encountered.

For one thing, the clear air of high-altitude country will make it all the more difficult to estimate shooting ranges. If you spot a mule buck across a canyon he might look to be 200 yards away but actually will be closer to 300. You won't be able to cope with this successfully until you get into the game area, but your guide can help you in most cases when game is spotted. What you should do ahead of time is shoot your rifle on the range to get accustomed to firing over these longer distances and do as much woodchuck or other varmint shooting as time will allow. Any Western big-game guide will tell you that the most deadly game shots to come out West are the chuck hunters who use their big-game rifles in summer for varmint shooting.

Naturally, if you're going to hunt in mountain country, you'll want the flattest shooting rifle you can get, something in the nature of the .270 Winchester or .30-06 Remington, for these rifles alone

will smooth out a lot of errors in judgment or range.

Another factor likely to disturb you is your sight picture on strange big-game animals at unknown ranges. If, for example, you've never seen a big bull elk outside the zoo there's a good chance that you'll have trouble in putting your sights on him in the right spot if he's a couple of hundred yards away. To get the right kind of sight picture and shooting practice, make up a set of silhouette targets, using pictures of game animals or gun company circulars for your models. Check dimensions of the big-



game animals at the local library and cut the targets from cardboard to the correct scale for, say, twenty-five yards.

Using a big mule-deer buck as a model you'll find that these animals will stand about forty or forty-two inches high at the shoulder, so for a twenty-five-yard target you'll cut a silhouette about five inches high at the withers, which will give you sighting practice on this animal at the 200-yard hunting range. At the same time, such targets, if they're accurately scaled, will greatly aid your judgment of range, since you can make direct comparisons with their body size against your front-sight or telescope-sight reticle.

This system works better than trying to compare width of post reticle or scope dot against body size to determine range. Use your silhouette targets properly and get exactly the sight picture you'll need at given ranges and from these you can make quick estimates for correction.

The deer hunter who shoots whitetails in heavy cover can't get any shooting practice that compares with work on the running deer target. These are simple to make and use if you have a safe background for them out in the country. You can use your .22 rifle on them for pretty near all of your practice. The idea is to teach you to swing the rifle in much the same way you use the shotgun, but you'll be aiming rather than simply pointing and the process is quite a bit different.

Once you've got the swing and lead right down with the .22, change over to the rifle you'll use in the woods. The high-power cartridge will shorten your lead on the moving target since the bullet travels noticeably faster than the rimfire, but the important thing to establish at the outset is the swing and quick pick-up of the sights that's essential to accurate shooting on moving targets.

The simplest type of running-deer target is one using the gravity system. Use about 100 feet of 1/8-inch steel cable and a pair of very free-running pulleys. Nail a pair of two-by-fours to either side of a piece of thin plywood large enough to handle the target, and mount pulleys on one of the strips. The other will give the weight you need to carry the target down at a fair rate of speed.

Rig your cable so there will be a drop of six or eight feet over the 100-foot travel and tighten it either with a wire stretcher or use the "Spanish windlass"—a loop of cable which you'll twist together with a stout stick to tighten up the whole rig. Near the end of the target's travel, mount a pair of strips cut from an old inner tube to act as a bumper. Stretch these between two trees so that the target frame hits one first, then the other, to slow it down gradually.

Get paper running-deer targets from Stoeger Arms, New York City; they can be had running either to right or to left, whichever way you want to do your shooting. To make an authentic setup it's a good idea to run the target right through natural growth so all the problems of deer shooting will be duplicated.

Most useful in this running-deer target shooting is a pair of rifles with the same actions and sight setup. With the .22 you can get lots of low-cost practice, handling the same action type you'll use in the game country. This is important, for under the excitement and stress of shooting at or just seeing game, you can do some foolish things if you aren't familiar with the action of your rifle.

For the big-game hunt a pair of good glasses are vital. If you're hunting elk, sheep, goat, antelope or bear you'll wear a pair of binoculars just as you do a jacket. A good part of your hunting will be right from the seat of your pants, as you scan the rock slides and alpine meadows to locate game.

With good glasses like Bausch and Lomb's or Bushnell's you'll get good definition so you can evaluate a trophy head without making a wasted stalk of many hours. Further insurance on the trophy is the use of the 20X spotting scope. This is certainly heavy and clumsy to carry but you can always palm it off on your guide. The scope carries well on the saddle, though, and isn't too much of a load when you're hill climbing. You can rig the leather carrying case to your belt, or your guide's. With the 20-power glass you can be reasonably sure that the ram 2,000 feet above you on the rock slide carries a pair of curls big enough to warrant the leg-wearying climb up to get within shooting range.

For the deer hunter in Eastern timber or for any sort of big-game hunting in timber, the Bushnell palm-pocket glasses in 6- or 7-power are useful under some conditions. Nothing helps more than these to pick out legal game from a herd when you're hunting in "bucks only" areas. Since the glasses take up hardly more room than a package of cigarettes, you can keep them with you all the time in a shirt pocket.

Besides your equipment for the actual hunting and shooting of game the most vital bit of gear you can take along is a good sleeping bag and an air mattress to fit it. No one can do a good job of following a tough, hard-bitten local guide with any chance of keeping to the pace unless he's had a good night's rest every night. Don't try to get by with blankets spread over the traditional woods bed of balsam boughs. To get any sort of comfort from a bough bed you need one about two feet deep and it will take you a day to collect the boughs to build it.

If you're hitting wilderness country for deer—as many thousands of hunters are doing to get away from the crowds—don't fail to school yourself in compass reading. Get a geological survey map of the area you're to hunt, study it well enough so you'll know all the salient landmarks—mountain peaks, streams, swamps and lakes—and memorize their relation to each other from your camp location. Learn to use your compass before you get into your camp.

On a pack trip with horses, your personal gear will carry well in a regulation duffel bag, but by all means get the type that has a full-length zipper so you won't have to pull out the whole works to get at an item in the bottom. Your saddle rifle should be carried in a heavy leather boot, right at hand for instant use. Spare rifles will be amply protected in the regular rug-type cases which will be "man tied-up" with the rest of the gear on the pack animals.

If you're back-packing for a woods deer hunt get a large Duluth-type pack-sack big enough to handle all the larger items, and a small rucksack for little stuff like ammo, camera, toilet kit, etc. This you can sling comfortably from the top of the big sack, so it's handy for stowing lunch, rain parka and other small items for daily trips from camp.

Your personal items, in addition to compass and glasses, will also include a hunting knife or a strong-bladed pocket knife. A small pocket axe will come in handy for splitting kindling wood. Fifty feet of nylon cord of 300-pound test is very useful for handling game and tying up duffel.

A jointed cleaning rod, a box of patches and a can of gun oil as well as a screwdriver small enough to fit your sight screws are also essential. You may not need to do much gun work on a week's trip, but it's surprising how often minor things will go wrong when you're in the woods or mountains.

For a tent camp in the deer woods you'll need a good wall tent ten by twelve

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†To be used only in shotguns with 2¾" or longer chambers in good shooting condition.



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or twelve-by-sixteen, depending on how many hunters will be in the party. A twelve-by-sixteen is comfortable for six men and can handle eight in a pinch. To heat your tent get a small sheet-iron stove. Don't try to depend on outdoor fires for cooking and drying out clothing. Keep the heat inside where it belongs.

For cooking and lighting, the three-burner Coleman stove with folding oven and the two-mantle lamp are just perfect. The stove will give enough cooking surface to feed half a dozen hunters, and a couple of gallons of fuel will last for a week's hunt. Cooking over the open fire is romantic but not too practical in cold weather, and if you hit rain and snow it's just about impossible. In mild

hunting weather and in smaller tents, both your stove and lamp will throw off enough heat so you won't need to use the sheet-iron wood burner.

The important thing about preparations for the fall hunt is not to put them off until the last week before the season gets under way. It pays off to spend a month or more in getting the preliminaries out of the way.

The great thrill in being out of doors during the game season lies in knowing what it's all about. Lining up the sights and pressing the trigger when you find your trophy is only a brief moment of your hunt. The anticipation is always as much fun as the realization, paying off in comfort as well as success. ● ● ●

It's More Fun to Hunt With a Dog *Continued from page 49*

enough control to lie still and patient in a duck or dove blind. He takes whistle and hand directions well enough to get the job done. And he's worth his weight in silver dollars when there's a tough retrieving job to be done—to say nothing of the cheerful, devoted companionship he provides in season and out.

A dog like Bounce is exceedingly valuable on a dove hunt. Incoming doves seldom shy away from working dogs and the owner can stay in his hide-out waiting for another shooting chance while the dog makes the retrieve. Doves, like all other game birds, are hard to find in heavy cover, and no man in the world can seek them out with his nose alone. Crippled birds that have hidden themselves well can be readily brought to bag by a determined retriever.

I have long contended that the use of a retrieving dog, no matter what breed, is about the most important individual contribution a sportsman can make to the conservation of wild-life resources. The necessity for salvaging every head of downed game is becoming more and more important with the gradual shrinkage of wild-life populations, and the man who fails to retrieve the game he drops does an injustice not only to himself but to his fellow sportsmen.

But, regardless of the value of hunting dogs in searching out, finding, handling and retrieving game, the pleasures of the hunt are truly multiplied when a brace of well-trained gun dogs enters the picture. The fellow who goes upland-game or waterfowl hunting without a dog is really missing half the fun.

There are many breeds of hunting dogs in the sporting-dogs groups which embrace those that point game, such as pointers and setters; those that flush game, such as the spaniels; those that are retrieving specialists, such as Labradors, Golden and Chesapeake; and the trail hounds. There are a million thrills wrapped up in the work of any one of them, for all are striving to please their masters and to provide him with sporting shots.

In quail country, a brace of any of the pointing breeds is almost necessary

if the hunt is to be successful. Pointers and setters are usually chosen in this open country where wide areas must be covered. Yet the closer working breeds, such as the German short-haired pointer, Brittany spaniel and Weimaraner can do a highly productive job, too.

It is truly fascinating to watch a good bird dog quarter an area, searching with head high at a rapid pace, handling the terrain, cover and wind direction, with hunting intelligence. To see him slam into an intense, immobile point, with every muscle taut, always brings a tingle of anticipation to even the most experienced gunner.

Sure, a lot of dyed-in-the-wool gunners have very good shooting luck in walking birds up in grouse and woodcock covers. But it is pretty discouraging to hear bird after bird flush well in front of you without getting even a line on his flight. Yes, there's keen anticipation in this type of hunting, but there is never the thrill that comes when the tinkling bell on a grouse dog's collar comes to a sudden stop. And when you drop Old Biddy to the point of your good dog, you just about break out all over with the upland gunner's greatest joy.

Training your own hunting dog can be fun, too. One can derive a lot of satisfaction from seeing a young and green canine pupil develop into a well-grounded, efficient gun dog under one's own direction and teaching. But before you attempt any training program, take stock of yourself. Are you willing to exercise the seemingly endless amount of patience required to do the job well? Patience is the most important asset in training. One burst of temper, even under the most trying conditions, will very likely undo all the previous good work.

Acquaint yourself thoroughly with the task you want to accomplish. Ask the advice of experienced friends, secure their guidance if possible. There are a number of good books on the market which outline for the amateur or professional the training steps that lead to the education of a good hunting dog.

One word of advice: Take it by easy

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stages. Don't crowd or rush the young dog's training. Make each lesson a short one and keep him interested. A play or romp session after each lesson will do much to take the drudgery out of the task which, with a little ingenuity, you can develop into a game. There are some fundamental training rules in any of these books which will work well with most dogs. However, you must remember that each dog is an individual and what will work with one might fail with another. Study your pupil well and know his personality thoroughly. Gain his affection and respect and you'll find he will always be anxious to please. Training your own hunting dog can be a thrilling pastime if you will only exercise great patience and proceed slowly.

Another never-to-be-forgotten experience that any proud owner is glad to brag about is watching his dog circle and head off a running cock pheasant, pinning with regularity, for dogs learn this accomplishment only through the hard work of rugged hunting experience. When it does occur, that dog has paid for his purchase price, his upkeep and his training, all in one spectacular act.

If you've never seen a good retriever work from a duck blind, you've been missing some of the greatest thrills in the entire category of hunting sports. Here is real wild-life salvage wrapped up in dog hide, accompanied by strong swimming ability, the uncanny use of a remarkable nose, high courage and determination of the "never-give-up" variety. The loss of crippled ducks and geese is an enormous annual waste, the greater portion of which could be prevented by the use of retrieving dogs.

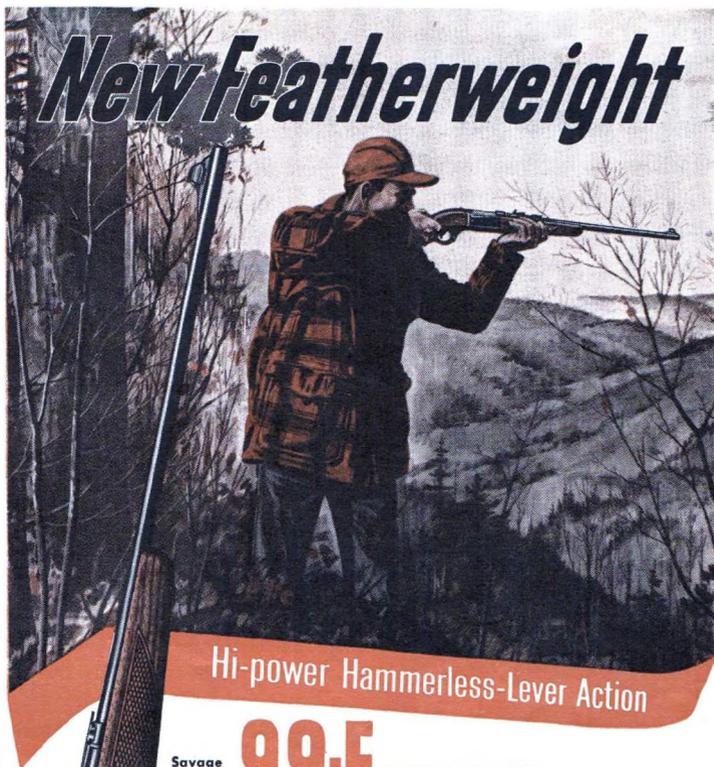
The pleasure that comes with the ownership of a good gun dog can hardly be properly told. There is an understanding between dog and man, an affectionate relationship that belies description. The loyalty of the faithful dog, his desire to please, to curb his own natural instincts in obedience to man's will, is beyond our comprehension. Outwardly, we may seem to take all this for granted, but deep inside we never cease to marvel at the dog's fidelity, and we cannot fail to be proud to call him our own. We are ever ready to condone his mistakes, and sing his praises.

There is a lot to be learned from dogs, particularly in the hunting field. Here is where teamwork between man and beast becomes more than a routine activity. Better sportsmanship is developed and the hunter begins to think in terms of the varied pleasures of hunting rather than the taking of game alone.

It was as a hunter that the dog first began his association with the human race. And it is as a hunter that he can furnish his master with the greatest of hunting thrills.

As a tonic, an educator, an understanding companion and a highly capable asset to the gun, the shooting dog is a very, very valuable animal. Without him the hunt is lacking in flavor. Yes, it's just more fun to hunt with a dog. • • •

OCTOBER, 1955



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Model

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It's the lightest big game rifle made! Weighs about 6½ pounds. Designed for easier carrying — faster handling—speed and accuracy when seconds count.

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Here's the ideal rifle for saddle or brush use—wherever compactness, light weight and quick pointing are called for.

See the new 99-F Featherweight at your dealer's . . . take it in your hands, feel its perfect balance. It'll be your next big game rifle.

Also available in 99-EG (standard) and 99-R ('scope) models.

NEW — Light weight — Only 6½ lbs.

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The Ballad of Jubal Puckett *Continued from page 21*

most scurvily and got him sent to the state farm for ten years. The sightless guitar player who was singing it to the Saturday crowd of tobacco eaters down by the Combsville mule market had some brand-new verses. In a tuneless falsetto he described the jail break and the Starkeyville bank robbery and how Jubal terrorized the land once more.

"... that bad, bad man.
"Till his kinfolk turned him in."

These days bank robbing is a federal offense and they'll send Jubal to a real prison this time. Besides, he promised Gid he wouldn't escape again. So I guess there won't be any more verses to the ballad and I guess the Jubal Puckett legend is intact.

Still, though, the ballad doesn't have the facts straight.

They jumped us that rainy night when Gideon's pickup forded Indian Creek and lurched up the gravelly bank to his cabin. I was drowsing, every city-soft muscle aching with weariness. You keep up with Gideon Puckett on a three-day Cumberland Plateau bear hunt and you know you've been somewhere. I was longing sleepily for the warm featherbed Jenny would have ready for me—and then they threw that light on and crowded around, pointing guns.

"Out!" said a harsh voice. "Quick now, with your hands up."

I stumbled out into cold rain and went ankle-deep in mud. "Turn that thing off." I protested, shading my eyes with my hand. "You're blinding me."

"Drop the light, Sergeant." said a rumbling voice. "Who's this you got with you, Gid?"

With the spotlight lowered I could see two state troopers in black rubber raincoats and a heavy-muscled man in soaked

mackinaw and corduroy cap with the ear flaps down.

"What in tarnation you doing, Hub Rodgers?" demanded Gid indignantly. "Flashing lights and pointing rifles at people! That's Neal Patterson there, of course. Who'd you reckon it was?"

The loose-fleshed face peered and a big, wet hand crunched mine. "Why sho, now, sho. Jenny said Gid was off hunting, but she didn't say with who. When'd you get home, Neal?"

Rodgers was sheriff of Combs County. He'd been a pallbearer at Papa's funeral. "Howdy, Hub." I said. "I came down the other day for a little hunting with Gid."

"Well, I declare," he rumbled. "You ain't changed a mite. Neal, you be sure to come by and see Mother 'fore you go back Nawth."

One of the troopers made an exasperated sound. "This a family reunion?"

Hub swung his head ponderously. "More'n you might think, Sergeant. This boy's knowed the Pucketts all his life. Now if you'll just hold your horses I'll tell Gid here why we had to stop him."

A gust of heavy rain spattered the truck bed, and Gid's sore-footed old blue bitch, Sal, and her four grown puppies jumped out and ran under the house. Jenny came to the porch carrying a lamp. Gid waved and she went inside.

"What's going on, Hub?" asked Gideon.

The sheriff scratched his sagging jowls. "I sho hate to tell you this, Gid," he said apologetically. "but old Jube's gone and played hell. Him and two others busted loose from the state farm and tried to hold up a bank over at Starkeyville. They killed them other two convicts, but old Jube got away. He's hid out somewhere close by."

Jubal Puckett! There is a porcelain

crown in my mouth, souvenir of the tooth that red-headed big brother of Gideon's hit with a rock the summer I was ten and he was fifteen.

Gid's gaunt shoulders slumped wearily and he bowed his head. "You say Jube helped hold up a bank?" he whispered incredulously.

"Well, he drove the car they used," said the sheriff. "And the way the law sees it, Gid, Jube's just as guilty as if he'd gone inside with a gun like them others did. They found the car this morning in a quarry across the ridge. That's how we know he ain't far off." He looked uneasy. "Besides, Gid, one of them convicts told us before he died that Jube was heading home to settle his score with you. You know what score he was talking about."

"I know," said Gid tiredly. "Come up to the porch, gentlemen. It's wet out here in the yard. You told Jenny about this, Hub?"

Hub nodded. "Be good was you to go speak to her, son. She's been right worried, thinking Jube might be laying out there in the woods watching the house."

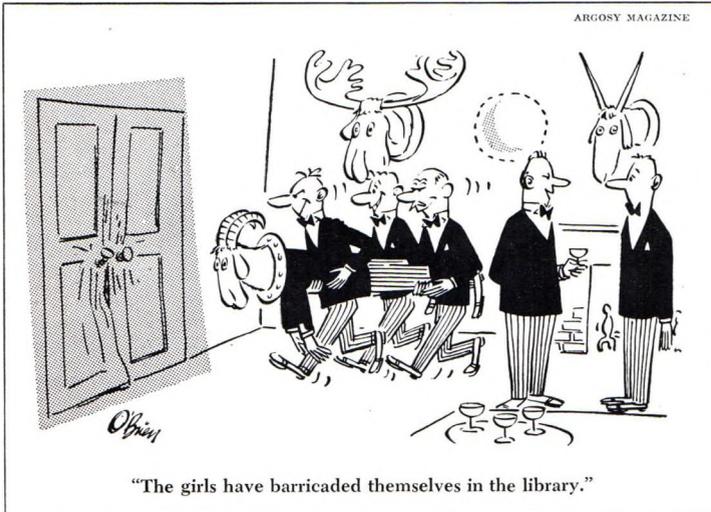
We walked to the porch through a drumming rain. Indian Creek, rising fast, roared through the gorge above the hollow, and the dark forest pressed in around us. I thought about Jubal Puckett waiting in it somewhere with a gun, with his fox-red hair and sneering grin, with his hunter's patience and the hate in his green, glistening eyes.

I've known Pucketts ever since I turned old enough to straddle my father's saddlehorn and ride with him to hunt and fish the slate hills. I hated Jubal, even before he broke my tooth, but Gideon was my friend, a dark, still boy who idolized and always stood up for his brother whenever old man Puckett got a bellyful of Jubal's meanness and took a strap to him.

After Mr. Puckett died Jubal went helling across middle Tennessee like a grinning red dog-fox, spending what money the old man left on sugar liquor and lowdown women, while Gideon farmed the home place and courted Jenny Holcomb.

Then the draft started and Jubal high-tailed it home and went farming. It wasn't farm enough to exempt both of them so Gid got reclassified 1-A and spent the war guarding some bridge out west. When he came home he found the place run down and Jubal sulking. It was a mule farm—no tractor—and Jube hadn't been able to get gasoline—to go see his old cronies and girl friends.

Gid married Jenny and started building the place up again and, tight as things were for them, he kept Jube in pocket money and tried to make him take an interest in the farm. Instead, Jubal got wilder and meaner, drinking and gambling and brawling, and ended up with ten years for manslaughter after knifing Sim Larkin over a two-man crap



game down on the Duck River. I was away during all that time. but that's how Hub Rodgers told it later.

Jenny came out to the porch again and the two troopers took off their hats. She's a pretty, placid girl with the fair Holcomb skin and hair, but now she looked like a ghost with two burnt holes for eyes. Gid patted her shoulder.

"What you figuring to do, Hub?" he asked quietly.

The sheriff walked out into the muddy yard and studied the lay of Gid's buildings—the cabin against a wall of dark evergreens and the barn and meat house off to the other side. He came back, wringing water from his corduroy cap.

"If you don't mind, Gid," he said, still sounding apologetic. "I'd like to put the sergeant in the house and this other feller in the barn and I'll take the meat house. There's men hunting Jube all over the woods, and dogs, if the rain ever lets up enough to use 'em, and I don't think he'll ever get this far. But if he does, we want to be here."

Gid shook his head. "You don't need to do that, Hub. If Jube shows up, I'll bring him in."

The sergeant laughed skeptically. Gideon stared at him until he stopped.

"Looky here, Gid," said Hub worriedly. "that ain't any good. Jube's got a gun and he's dangerous. You ain't forgot the wild way he took on in that courtroom, have you, naming you a Judas and swearing he'd get even?"

"I ain't forgot," said Gid stoically, "but I can't let you fellers bushwhack Jube on Puckett land. Besides if he's hunting me I won't hide behind nobody."

Jenny moaned and buried her face in Gid's wet jumper. He drew her to him and stroked her bright hair.

"You're acting pigheaded, Gideon," rumbled the sheriff. "Jenny, talk to him."

She shook her head. "Gideon has to do what he thinks is right," she said in a faint voice. "But if you stay, Gid, I want to stay, too."

"This is stupid," said the sergeant decisively. "It don't matter what you want, Puckett. We've got a fugitive to catch."

"If you want to catch him, mister," said Gid softly. "laying for him here ain't no way to do it."

"Why not?" demanded the sergeant.

Gid laughed contemptuously. "You don't know Jubal Puckett, friend. He won't come to the house long as you're inside a mile of it. He'll smell you further'n most hounds, hear you better than a bat, and he can see in the dark. You won't freeze him out of the woods and you won't starve him, either. He knows every cave in the ridges, every hickory and chinquapin, all the trout holes and turkey roosts and deer beds. Jube could stay hid in there for years, with the whole police force hunting him."

Hub Rodgers nodded glumly. "I got to admit he's an awful good man in the woods."

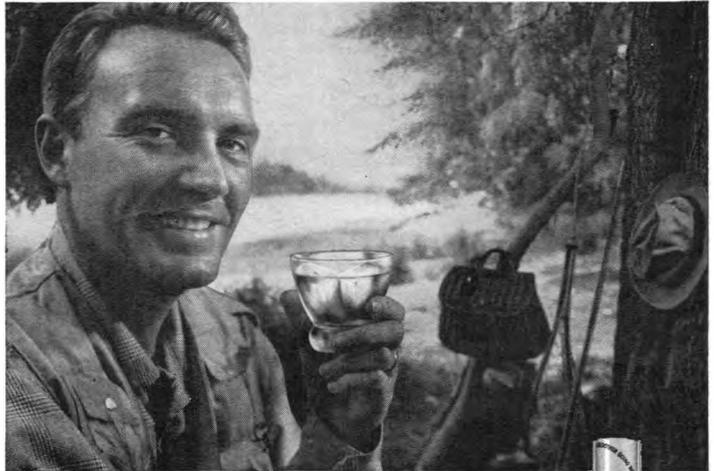
But here's a better. I thought, looking at Gideon's thin, steel-spring body.

OCTOBER, 1955

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THE LEFT HAND OF GOD

TODAY'S moviegoing taste for the daring and the different in screen entertainment is decidedly satisfied by the new CinemaScope attraction, "The Left Hand of God." Rarely has there been a more offbeat and more intriguing story. Based on William E. Barrett's controversial best-seller, "The Left Hand of God" relates the story of a flyer-adventurer, played by Humphrey Bogart, in China in 1947, and his escape from a sinister Chinese war lord (Lee J. Cobb) in the guise of a Catholic priest. The complications ensue when Gene Tierney, a nurse at a Chinese mission where Bogart takes passing refuge, finds herself falling in love with a man she believes to be a priest. This delicate situation is handled with great tact and taste. Additionally, "The Left Hand of God" provides noteworthy performances from a handful of others, including Agnes Moorehead, E. G. Marshall, Jean Porter (as a Eurasian), Carl Benton Reid, Victor Sen Yung, Philip Ahn and Benson Fong. They weave excellent character parts into the tapestry of Barrett's story, filmed by 20th Century-Fox.

Mark this down as one of the dramatic highlights of the year. • • •

Only Gid won't go in after him. Not a second time.

"How do I know you ain't trying to get us out of the way so you can help him escape?" said the sergeant warily. "I know how you hill families stick together."

The sheriff snorted scornfully. "You know a mighty heap, don't you? Maybe you know it was Gideon brought Jube in the first time. Unarmed, too, and Jube with a rifle."

"Maybe I was wrong to do it," said Gid somberly. "I promised him he wouldn't get nothing but a few months and they gave him that ten years."

"I know," said Hub, sounding embarrassed. "That's what I told you to tell him. But who'd of thought that little knife cut Sim Larkin had would go into blood poison and change a misdemeanor charge to manslaughter? It wasn't nothing nobody could foretell, Gid. You was just doing what was right."

"To my own brother?" said Gid dully. "I guess you heard that song they made up. About how his own flesh and blood turned him in." He stared at the rainy night, cracking his knuckles nervously.

"But you'd still bring him in again, you said. You mean that, Gid?" the sheriff asked.

A muscle quivered on Gid's lantern jaw. "I ever lie to you yet, Hub?"

"No," said Hub, sounding dissatisfied. "I got to admit you ain't."

"Well, remember it," said Gid shortly. "Now if you want Jube to come in, clear on out and give him a chance to."

"I won't be responsible," warned the sergeant.

"You won't be," grumbled the sheriff. "You're in my jurisdiction now. But I don't like it neither, Gideon Puckett, and I think you're addle-brained. Jube ain't the same brother you used to could handle. He's a fugitive bank robber and a hardened convict that's swore to get you."

"I'll still bring him in," said Gid patiently.

"Obstinate as a mule, ain't you?" snapped Hub peevishly. "All right then, we'll do it like you want. We'll park up on the ridge top till you holler for us. One thing sure, though, I ain't leaving Jenny down here. I'm taking her to stay with Mother till this thing blows over."

"I won't leave Gid," said Jenny, holding his arm.

He stroked her hair again. "You better go, hon. It's a kindly thought, Hub, and I'm obliged."

"But you can't stay alone," cried Jenny. "I'd just die, thinking about you down here by yourself. Keep Neal with you, anyway. Jube wouldn't be scared off by Neal. You'll stay, won't you, Neal?"

The last place in the world I wanted to be was in that cabin with Jubal Puckett sneaking up on it. "Sure," I said, trying to sound careless. "I'm too sleepy to travel any more tonight, anyway."

"Dang it!" said Gid irritably. "I don't need nobody to stay with me. Go on with Hub, Neal. No sense you getting mixed up in this."

"Then I won't budge," said Jenny.

"Nor us, neither," said Hub.

The two troopers looked at each other disgustedly.

"Oh, for the land's sake!" exclaimed Gid. "Have it your way. If Neal wants to stay, let him, though I don't know what for. Now go on, honey. Hub'll take you up to his house and everything'll be all right in the morning."

"Come on, Jenny gal," said the sheriff. "Let's get going so I can get back. And Gid, Neal, don't you-all take no foolish chances. You stay armed and on the lookout."

"Jube's my brother," said Gid stubbornly. "I ain't going to shoot him."

The two troopers stalked to their white sedan, disapproval in every measured stride. Jenny clung to Gid, weeping, and the sheriff, turning, stumbled and grabbed me for balance. When he straightened I felt the cold weight of a revolver slipped inside my shirt. He winked at me and with clumsy kindness plucked Jenny from Gid and led her to the car. We watched it grind in low gear through the creek and mount the hill trail, the whine of its engine audible until they crossed the ridge. After that the rain sounded louder and the dark hollow seemed lonelier than ever.

I followed Gideon into the still cabin and opened the bolt of my bear rifle to make sure it was loaded.

"You won't need that thing," said Gid. "Put it in the rack."

"But look, Gid, you don't know where Jube is. We ought to be ready for him."

"Now, Neal," he said calmly, "you're here because you wanted to be. I didn't ask you to stay and I wish you hadn't. Long as you did, though, you got to do what I say. Now rack your rifle."

I looked at him in mystification. "Listen, Gid, I don't want to interfere with your plans, but—"

"Let's just leave it like that," he said.

I put the rifle away, adjusting Hub Rodgers' pistol under my coat at the same time. Gid didn't have to know about that, at least. I watched him closing doors and shuttering the windows, a gaunt, sallow man in blue overalls. I had fished and hunted with him for twenty-five years, but I really didn't understand him at all. With a killer—his own brother—after him, Gideon moved about the cabin carelessly, whistling that lugubrious ballad they had made up about Jube. I realized again that however close you get to the people of the slate hills you can never really know them.

There are two kinds of people in Combs County—those like my father's family, the Pattersons, who came from Virginia early enough to seize the phos-

phate-rich bluegrass valley, and people like the Pucketts and Holcombs who followed the Cumberland ridges down and had to settle for narrow creek bottoms and slaty hillsides.

My kind of people are gone. Chemical plants and knitting mills have taken the valley, and the last Patterson land was sold for phosphate mining to put me through Vanderbilt and pay my father's debts. He was District Court Judge until he finally wore out one summer afternoon and tipped gently forward in his favorite splitbottom chair where the old men sit in the sunshine on the courthouse lawn. There's been nothing left for me down there since, but I get back to hunt with Gideon whenever I can.

Time has done little to people like the Pucketts. Once you leave the graded roads and take the rocky trail to Gid's cabin with its mossy, shingled roof and stone chimney, you've moved back a hundred years into the past. The big yellow poplars and straight-grained pines have been timbered out, but second growth is thick and the streams run through the limestone gorges as deep and clear as when the trace that followed the ridges was the only road from Nashville to Natchez. The people are of the past, too, with tribal loyalties and ideas the rest of us have forgotten.

"I could use a little coffee," said Gideon sociably. "How about you?"

He filled the pot and put it on the stove. Then he listened at the back door, went to the front one and listened again. A cold wind passed through the cabin. He shut the door, sighed, dragged a rag rug aside and lifted a trap door that led to his root cellar. Old Sal and her four grown puppies came tumbling out and went snuffling in the kitchen.

"Come on up, Jube," said Gid calmly. "They're gone."

I backed to the wall, trying to get my hand to the pistol under my shirt.

"Howdy, Judas," said Jubal Puckett, his six and a half feet of bone and gristle uncoiling through the square hole. He was slimed by clay, ripped by brambles and his whiskers glinted red in the lamp-light. There was a green shine in his eyes and he was grinning that dog-fox grin. "Ought to shoot you right now," he said lazily, "but I never was no man to hurry pleasures."

Gideon didn't even look at the nickel-plated .38 in Jube's hairy fist. "Knowed you was down there soon as I seen Sal and the pups go under the house," he said. "Same place you always hid when Pa went on a rampage. Set down, Jube. There'll be coffee in a minute. 'Spect you could use it."

Jubal grinned at me. "Ain't flustered hardly a-tall, is he, for a Judas that knows his time is come? Hear your pa's dead, Neal Patterson."

I nodded, my mouth too dry and my throat too constricted to speak.

He clucked regretfully. "Too bad. It was your old man gave me them ten years. I was aiming to square accounts with him, too." He sighed. "Well, if you

can't get the cock, reckon you got to take the cockerel. Accommodating of you to be here. Neal. Saves me hunting you up."

"Leave Neal alone," said Gid. "He ain't going to interfere in nothing." He moved toward Jubal, slight and insignificant against his brother's red height and breadth. The nickel-plated revolver jumped up in Jube's hand, but Gid brushed past to get the steaming coffee-pot and three cups.

"My, my," said Jube admiringly. He thumbed the pistol hammer down and rubbed the front sight against his teeth. "Ain't he cool? Wish some of them old hard cases up on that prison farm what's always laying it on about how tough they is could see old Gid. You sure take it good, Judas."

Gid poured coffee and Jube laid his shiny gun on the table. I thought about trying to pull down on him then, but something must have showed in my eyes because he leered and dropped his hand by the revolver warningly.

"Well, Jube," said Gid, blowing on his coffee. "what's on your mind?"

Jubal laughed joyously. "If you ain't the beatin'est!" He sucked in coffee noisily. "Why, baby brother, seems like you ought to know."

Gid nodded. "Maybe so, but I still wish you'd tell me."

"Why, it ain't no riddle," said Jube, beginning to look puzzled. "You lied to me and tricked me into turning myself into the law—my own flesh and blood, like it says in that song."

"That all that's on your mind?" asked Gid, drinking coffee. "You sure you ain't made up something else to be mad at me about all that time you been laying up on that prison farm listening to 'em sing that ballad and reading them old newspaper clippings about your trial?"

"Ain't it enough?" demanded Jube, reddening. "Ain't it enough to make a man come back and get even?"

"No," said Gideon, sounding sad. "For some men, maybe, but not you, Jube. Oh, you might think about it, you might lie about it till it got to seeming real to you, but you wouldn't never do anything about it. Not you, Jube."

Jube licked his lips furtively.

For a second there tonight," continued Gid, his face paling and a funny smile coming on it. "I thought maybe it might be so. I heard about that bank robbing and for a second I thought—Lord help me, I almost hoped—it might be true. But then they said all you done was haul your precious hide out of there leaving them fellers to get shot, and I knowed you was still the same old Jube." Suddenly his eyes glittered. "You chicken-hearted coward!" he cried in a strangled voice and slapped Jube viciously.

Jube leaped to his feet, roaring, the pistol cocked and quivering. "I'll kill you!" he bellowed. "I'll kill you, Gid!"

Gideon folded his arms, that funny smile still on his face. "Come on," he said softly, almost coaxingly. "Come on and do it, Jube."

They had both forgotten me. I threw

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the coffeepot at Jubal's head and when he ducked I was on him, jamming the sheriff's pistol under his ear. His hard body caved in and he sank to the floor, belly up, fear in his eyes.

"Grab his pistol, Gid! Grab it."

"For goodness sakes, Neal," said Gideon, sounding annoyed, "where'd you get that gun from? I told you to stay out of this. Get up from that floor. Jube."

"Stay out?" I exploded. "Why, you damn fool, he was about to shoot you."

Gid looked at me with that curious smile and patted my arm. "You're a good friend, Neal, and that was a brave thing you done. But Jube wasn't going to shoot nobody."

He dragged Jubal to his feet and handed him back the nickel-plated .38. Jube stood swaying, green eyes blinking, a thread of saliva stringing down from his open mouth.

"Finish what you started," said Gid quietly. "Go on and shoot me." His voice crackled. "Shoot, damn you!"

Jubal's hand began to shake. "I—I can't, Gid," he whispered. "You know I can't."

"Shoot!" thundered Gideon. His hand smashed Jubal's mouth. "Shoot, you crawling coward!"

The big man covered his face. "No, Gid, no," he whispered, crouching and bending away.

In a white fury, nostrils dilated, Gideon drove his brother across the room and against the wall, with swinging slaps. "You disgrace, you yellow, sniveling disgrace!" he cried, his voice breaking. "Been better if they'd caught and killed you, but Lord help me, I couldn't let 'em. Pa tried to whup some sand into your craw! I reckoned it killed him, finally, knowing Pucketts had bred a thing like you."

He stopped, panting, his forehead sweating. "Promised Pa I wouldn't let nobody find you out. Went to the Army for you. helped send you to prison, a Benedict Arnold to my own brother. the way folks see it, because I thought up

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there at least you'd be safe. But you wouldn't stay! Lied yourself into a hole, lied about how hard and mean you are till you had to make that jail break with them fellers or admit what a coward you are. You going to stay in prison where you belong this time?"

"Yes, Gid, yes," said Jube, cringing from the murderous glitter in Gid's eyes.

"Neal," said Gideon, a tear running down his cheek, "I'd give most anything for you not to see this." He dragged his hand across his wet eyes. "Look at me, all tore up! See why I had to get Hub and them fellers away? They'd-a shot the poor booby."

I was wholly bewildered. "But Jube's bad reputation, Gid? What about that killing?"

"Sim was an accident," said Gid, wearily. "They was drunk and waving knives, but there wasn't no fight. Sim Larkin didn't have no more grit than Jube. Just another talker. But he tripped and fell on Jube and that knife slid in him. That's all." He stared at the fireplace moodily. "It don't take nothing much to get a reputation. Jube's big

and acts mean and always run with a bad crowd. Folks was scared to cross him. Nobody never tested him when he cock-a-doodled. He's bull-strong and good on a hunt—least till you get your bear turned. Folks take a few things like that which are so and match 'em with a lot of stuff they just hear and it all adds up to a reputation for being brave and ugly-mean. Take you. You believed everything you heard about Jube, when all you really knowed was that he busted your tooth when you was a kid."

He paused, glaring at Jube, who was dabbing a huck towel against his face in the kitchen. "Lord, I don't blame you! He's my own brother, but I had to grow up, mighty nigh, to find out there wasn't nothing behind all that muscle and quarreling and cussing. Used to hate Pa for whupping him. All the poor old man was trying to do was lick some backbone into him. A Pucket!"

"Well, he sure had me fooled," I admitted. "I thought you were a goner when he pulled that gun. I'm still shaky."

"He's fooled everybody," said Gid bitterly. "Even fools himself till it comes right to the point. Jube couldn't have pulled that trigger on me. It just ain't in him! You, Jube! Don't you say nothing when them policemen come. Let 'em wonder how come you to turn in again. Neal," he looked at me shyly, "I reckon you won't say nothing, will you?"

I slapped his shoulder and walked out on the porch. The rain had stopped and a white mist choked the hollow. I lifted the revolver and fired three times to bring Hub Rodgers.

The blind guitar picker shuffled down the street, the lines of the ballad quavering in the afternoon air:

"... held up the bank at Starkeyville, two convicts dead as sin,
"Jube roamed the land, that bad, bad man,
"Till his kinfolk turned him in."

I reckoned Gideon had nothing to worry about. ● ● ●

The Terrible Turtle *Continued from page 29*

along with several transports. At eleven o'clock on a dark but balmy night, two whaleboats put out, towing the *Turtle*. Near the Battery, Sergeant Lee entered the *Turtle*, the top was clamped down securely, and he set out on his one-man attack. Even in broad daylight, under favorable conditions, a trip in the underwater monstrosity was hair-raising and almost suicidal. Incidentally, once the top was clamped on, the *Turtle* could not be opened from inside. It is a shame the sergeant never recorded his emotions as he plied the murky depths on this fateful night.

Myriad possibilities of disaster were present: if the lead weights should come loose the sergeant might suddenly be standing on his head, helpless; should any one of the many openings spring a

leak, he must certainly drown; floating debris might break a window, and then death by drowning would be quicker; then too, a strong jolt might conceivably set off the devilish torpedo and blow him and the *Turtle* to bits.

As has been noted before, the sergeant was a cool customer, and he pushed aside all apprehensions and devoted himself completely to his mission. His target was the *Eagle*, the sixty-four-gun flagship of the mighty Lord Howe. The tide was strong, and he made better time than he had anticipated. In fact, he overshot his target area, and was rapidly drifting out to sea before he was aware of his miscalculation.

For two and a half hours then, Lee

worked feverishly at the cranks to get back before daylight, for the queer craft would be destroyed instantly if spotted by the British. In the pre-dawn twilight, a huge hulk loomed near, and Lee was sure he had located the *Eagle*.

He now set about to attach the oaken, egg-shaped torpedo to the ship's bottom. The torpedo contained a hundred and thirty pounds of powder, a clock, and a gunlock with a good flint which would not miss fire. The clock was set to explode the charge twenty minutes after the torpedo was unscrewed from the *Turtle*.

A long boring screw extended upward from the *Turtle's* top, and this was to be screwed into the ship's bottom. Then a rope on a pulley attached to the shaft of the screw would pull the torpedo up to the ship's bottom. All Lee had to do

then was plug the hole in the *Turtle*, and get out quickly.

Probably Lee didn't take time out to philosophize on what a momentous instant this was in naval history. He opened the seacock and flooded the compartment and the *Turtle* lowered beneath the hull of the huge flagship. He felt the *Turtle* rubbing on the ship, and in pitch blackness, except for the phosphorescent glow of the foxwood at the compass and gauge, he began boring. Inside a few moments, however, he discovered that he was getting nowhere. He paddled along a few feet and tried again. Still the screw would not penetrate the hull above.

He dove deeper and came up on the other side of the ship and tried several more times. At last he surrendered to the disappointing conclusion that the *Eagle* was copper-sheathed below the waterline, and that the screw would not penetrate the sixteen-inch copper plating.

Noting that he could now see dimly by the light from above him, Lee knew that it was time to get away, before full dawn broke. He had four miles to go before he could consider himself safe. Already he could hear sounds from on deck. He surfaced momentarily to get an air supply, then submerged after taking a quick bearing, and headed north toward the Battery, cranking like mad. Fate was with him, for the tide had turned again and was now giving him added impetus.

He was forced to surface every so often to make sure of his bearings, and presently he could see hundreds of troops drawn up on the shores of Manhattan Island, staring open-mouthed at the strange apparition in the waters. Suddenly a huge barge put off and bore down on the *Turtle*, and Ezra Lee now cranked for his life.

Quickly it became apparent that he could not escape and he reverted to his own ingenuity to get him out of a tight spot. He pulled the pin which released the egg-shaped torpedo, letting it float free on the water. He suspected that the British marines would haul it aboard out of curiosity, and blow themselves out of the water. He later said that he fully expected to be taken also, and had resigned himself to being exterminated along with the enemy. But the British suspected some Yankee trick, and lay off at a safe distance, watching warily both the torpedo and the *Turtle*. Lee kept paddling frantically, putting a respectable distance between himself and that huge oak egg.

The British took the cue and the barge put back to shore, and it was lucky for them that they did. Suddenly the torpedo let go with a deafening roar, blasting bits of iron and wood sky-high, along with columns of water. So violent was the detonation that it could plainly be heard on the tip of Manhattan Island at the Battery.

General Israel Putnam, General Parsons and others saw the explosion and waited to welcome the intrepid sergeant as he climbed gratefully from the *Turtle* at Whitehall Stairs. Though a failure, the

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attempt had thoroughly convinced the military that the *Turtle* could do powerful damage, and plans were laid for future tries.

As for Ezra Lee, he, like thousands of submariners who came after him, developed an instant and deep love for his "boat," and he was eager to be off again.

Several days later, another attempt was made on a frigate off Bloomingdale, but the watch spotted the *Turtle* and gave the alarm, and Lee was forced to abandon his second try.

It was not until a year later that a crew member of the British frigate *Cerebus*, lying in Black Point Bay, a bit west of New London, later to be the cradle of the submarine fleet, hauled in a line which seemed fouled in the steering gear. No sooner had he hauled it aboard to investigate the queer-looking object attached, than it let go with a tremendous roar, blasting the frigate to bits and killing three members of the crew.

The courageous Sergeant Lee had drawn blood at last, and the submarine became definitely a weapon to be reckoned with. Captain Symons of the *Cerebus*, in reporting the disaster to Admiral Parker, deplored the barbaric and ingenious methods used by the cunning, secretive Americans.

The *Turtle* was moved to the Delaware River, where it laid many floating mines which did much damage to British ships, to the terror and anger of the British sailors. This was celebrated by Francis

Hopkinson's doggerel verse, "The Battle of the Kegs."

It was not to Sergeant Lee that the first failure could be laid, for though American Intelligence was working fairly well at that period, no one seemed to have discovered, or at least to have passed on the discovery, that the *Eagle* was sheathed in copper. Had it not been, or had a Longfellow happened upon Sergeant Ezra Lee and the *Turtle*, he might have taken his rightful place in history alongside Revere, Wayne and Nathan Hale.

As it was, Lee did not go entirely unnoticed or unappreciated. General Washington himself congratulated him and utilized the courage and reliance of the sergeant in his far-flung spy system. Later, Ezra Lee served with distinction at the battles of Trenton, Brandywine and Monmouth.

Lee died at Lyme in 1821, respected and honored as one of the heroes of the Revolution, at the age of seventy-two. Long after the war ended, in a letter to Thomas Jefferson, George Washington wrote of the *Turtle* and Ezra Lee: "I then thought and still think it was an effort of genius."

The devastation of American submarines in the Pacific during World War II may well be credited to the valiant efforts of a hardly known Army sergeant in the Revolutionary War, Ezra Lee, submarine pioneer. ● ● ●

I Fought for Keeps *Continued from page 25*

I could hear ringing sounds in my ears. My eyes got hazy and the whole world seemed to be full of bubbles.

Just before the bell to start the fifteenth and final round, I almost blacked out. Everything was all mixed up and blurry. All I knew was that Ambers was out there, and that I had to stay on my feet and beat him for the title. I was too close to it to let it slip through my fingers. That was the only thing I could think of.

The whole world was full of little black goblins, and they were all screeching at me. I got up at the bell and started to swing, and that's all I remember. I just kept fighting and fighting and fighting, and I don't know what happened. They say I was still swinging after the final bell and they had to grab me to stop me.

Then the referee held up my hand. I've seen pictures of that moment, but I've got to admit it's a total blank to me.

When you're at the top like that everything is glorious. Man, you're big! Everywhere you go you hear the words, "Champ, champ, champ." You have more money than you've ever seen before, and everybody hangs around you, telling you you're the biggest thing in the world. Boxing is the most wonderful game ever.

I see plenty of things differently now. Most of all I realize the truth about boxing: It is a fine, wonderful sport. It's a real test of manhood, and a fine example of fair play and sportsmanship. There's good religion in honest boxing. But, as I already said, the gangsters and crooks have gotten into it, and they are corrupting boxing. They are doing terrible harm to a fine sport, and they must be brought under control before they ruin it. Now, with millions of people watching the fights on television, it is absolutely essential that all crookedness be wiped out.

I know what I'm talking about, because I was mixed up in some shady stuff myself. I did things I'm very ashamed of now. It isn't much fun to tell all this, but I think it is my duty. I feel that God has commanded me to cleanse my soul. Maybe these backstage secrets of how big-time boxing really works will help build up pressure for a cleanup.

The first thing I want to confess is that I fought dozens of amateur fights under the name of Henry Armstrong after I had previously fought professional bouts under a different name.

Back in the early Thirties, three of us drove from St. Louis to Pittsburgh in a rickety old touring car to become pro fighters. My real name is Henry Jackson, and while I was there in Pittsburgh I fought for money under the name of Melody Jackson. The three of us were so broke that we couldn't buy proper food; all I had to train on was whole wheat bread with jelly and pot likker drained off vegetables.

My first professional fight was a featherweight six-rounder against a southpaw named Al Iovino. When I got

into the ring I was weak with hunger. This Iovino guy hit me in the stomach with his southpaw and knocked me out in the third round.

Years later when I was training to fight Lou Ambers, this fellow Iovino turned up in New York. He told the newspaper men how he had licked me once before, but none of them could ever find that fight in the record. No wonder. They were looking for the name of Henry Armstrong.

"Melody Jackson" died several months after that fight with Iovino when I was bumming my way to Los Angeles on a freight train with my pal Harry Armstrong. We decided to rename me Henry Armstrong and call ourselves brothers. Fight fans used to read a lot of stuff about how my brother was my trainer. It's not true. We aren't related. And when I started fighting as an amateur in Los Angeles I never told anybody I had been a pro before, and nobody ever asked. But I had been in the professional ring before, and it was wrong to pretend I was an amateur.

People often asked me whether it is true that fighters take dives. I'll have to admit it often happens. And a dive is a bad thing that cheats the fans. I'm proud to say that I've never taken a dive. Once when I was on my way up, though, my manager advised me to take it easy so I wouldn't win; we were in the other fellow's home town and my manager claimed he had an "understanding."

When I was riding high and running up that string of twenty-seven straight knockouts, I know that some of the fights were fixed so the other fellow would take a powder. At least, I'm pretty sure they were. Eddie Mead, my manager, pulled a good many tricks I didn't know about until later. I never really wanted to fight that kind of bout; I just wanted to knock the other guy out. But Mead "arranged" them that way so I would look extra good; that was to build up the gate.

One of those deals I did not know about came unstuck and really got me into a jam. The other fellow agreed to take a dive in the fourth round for \$2,500; then he tried to double-cross me by catching me napping and beating me.

I didn't know about the \$2,500 deal until after it was all over, and I didn't like it. But I always obeyed my manager—which I know now was a mistake. Mead told me we would draw a big gate and it would be a pushover.

I was to make the other man look good in the first two rounds, then soften him up in the third and knock him cold in the fourth. At that time I had been fighting so often that I was tired and not in the best of condition. But that wasn't supposed to make any difference, the way the deal was set up.

This other fellow was supposed to weaken in the third round, but when it came around, he was fighting back hard. He was hitting me from every angle, jumping around this way and that. In-

stead of slowing up he was getting stronger. I wasn't much worried; I figured he might be mixed up in his timing.

Then came the fourth, when he was supposed to hit the canvas. He slugged back even harder, and some of those punches had a tremendous drive to them. Nothing happened, not even a stumble.

"Man, that dirty bum has double-crossed us," my trainer yelled in my ear between rounds.

That made me mad. There was going to be a knockout, all right—the kind he wouldn't forget. In the fifth I went out bobbing, bouncing, crossing with my right, just plowing in and throwing a hundred punches a minute the way I used to when I was really warmed up. In the next two rounds I hit him with all I had. And I knocked him out cold.

He had thought he would catch me asleep and be a big man against the champ. All he was able to collect was an iron-studded KO—without the \$2,500.

I never took a bribe. But once I had a big one offered to me, right at the height of my career. What a stink that would have made if I had released the story to the public! I realize now I should have told the boxing commission about it.

The bribe offer was for \$15,000. I was supposed to take a dive in the fight with Ceferino Garcia for the world's middleweight title in Los Angeles on March 1, 1940. This is the story of how it happened.

I was training in Pasadena, near Los Angeles; my own house off Central Avenue was being remodeled. At nine o'clock one morning about a week before the fight my trainer got me out of bed. He said there was a meeting of some sort downtown at the gym on Main Street and I was supposed to be there.

It was ten o'clock when I walked into the gym. Hardly anybody was around. In the back room a bunch of fellows were standing in a corner. I recognized Mead, my manager, but I didn't know any of the others.

I had no idea what was going on. I sat down. Then one fellow put a pile of money on the table, fanning it out like a deck of cards.

"This is all yours," he said to me.

"What for?"

One of them said, "Well, champ. I don't quite know how to tell you this, but they want you to take a dive in the third round."

I knew what was happening then. "Come again," I said. "I don't get you." "Just go down in the third round, Hank, like Garcia knocked you out."

It made me mad that they would try such stuff on me. I thought everybody knew I didn't do such things.

"Not for a million!" I answered. "I'm going to fight just as hard as I know how." More talk. Then I told them once and for all, "I'm not going to be bothered with this any more after today. Otherwise I'm going to the authorities."

To this day I don't know whether Gar-

cia or his manager knew anything about the deal. Maybe it was just one of those things the gamblers dream up.

But the whole fight was smelly. There was even trickery about the weights, too. I know. I pulled it myself. I was fighting Garcia for a middleweight title, which means that neither man should weigh over 160 pounds. Ceferino was weighing about 153 or a bit more and I was barely hitting the scales at 140. That was about my usual weight, except when I trained to make the 135-pound lightweight limit.

In California the law states that both boxers in that particular contest must weigh within twelve pounds of each other. The publicity was all out and a lot of tickets were sold. It didn't look as though I could make the weight.

That's where the funny stuff came in. At the weigh-in they let me get onto the scales with a towel wrapped around my middle. That towel was soaked with water to make it heavier. Underneath it, taped way up high on my legs, were two lead weights. They added enough weight on me to get me inside the limit.

Illegal? Sure it was. But I figured I wasn't hurting anybody. In all the time I was a fighter, I never minded getting in the ring with a fellow lots heavier. But it was wrong. I know that now.

I didn't win the middleweight championship that night—at least not officially. A lot of people think I beat Garcia by a big margin, but the referee called it a draw. He took two rounds away from me, saying I fouled Garcia. That made it a draw, and Garcia kept his title.

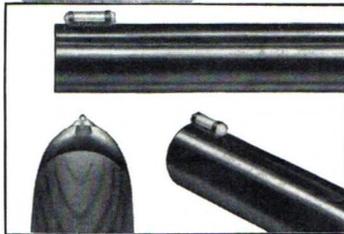
I still think I was robbed. But maybe it was God's way of punishing me for a dirty trick I had pulled on Garcia in New York several years earlier.

It was in 1938 and I was defending my welter title. Garcia had not yet grown into the middleweight class, but he was having trouble making the welter limit of 147 pounds. He was a mighty mean opponent with that famous bolo punch of his. So Mead figured we could weaken him if we made him train down to the welter limit, and then get the fight postponed for a while. Garcia would have to keep struggling to stay down around 147 during the postponement, and he would lose some strength in doing it.

I was training at the old Hippodrome in New York. They played jai alai there at night and set up a boxing ring for me in the day time. Just before the scheduled day of the fight Mead told me, "We're going to take the ring down today and have you work out on a canvas tarpaulin spread out on the floor. That floor is slippery underneath. Go out there and shadow box. After a couple of rounds I want you to slip and fall down. Don't get up. Just lie there and act as if you wrecked your sacroiliac."

I did what he said. I slipped and went down. I pretended I couldn't get up, and lay on my stomach yelling. They got me out of there in a hurry and took me to a doctor. I guess Mead had him fixed. The doctor wrapped me in bandages and I hobbled to a hotel and talked to the reporters. I told them how I had hurt my sacroiliac and couldn't stand straight

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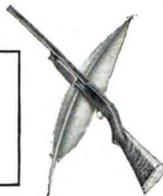
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I had always admired Barney and the way he was standing up to that beating proved what a champ he was. So for the last three rounds I bluffed my punches. I threw right swings and left hooks to his jaw a mile a minute. They looked good even if they were just bouncing off his gloves. I knew how to miss and make it look good. That was another trick I'd learned.

Beating Barney Ross was one of my greatest achievements in boxing. It was just Ross's time to go.

As I look back, it's ironic that the beer-drinking habit I developed intentionally while training for Ross led me to the heavy drinking later that almost ruined my life.

Yes, my own time came soon enough. I gave up the featherweight title because I grew too heavy; I lost the lightweight back to Ambers and the welter crown to Fritzie Zivic. Then I had a rematch with Zivic, trying to regain the title.

That last was one of the most vicious fights I had ever fought in the Garden. I lost it. The old machine had run down. I had been fighting so much that my arms weighed a ton, and I felt there were spikes through my feet to the floor. My eyes were cut to ribbons, and the doctor told me I shouldn't fight any more.

I still have a clipping of Joe Williams' column in the New York *World Telegram* the next day, telling how hard I tried that night. His piece ended: "Armstrong passed in the shadows a heroic figure." I'm proud of it.

So I quit. The glory was over. But all too soon I discovered that most of the money had vanished, too, and so—like many others—I tried a comeback. I did pretty well at it. I took in lots of money during the war, but lost most of it in taxes, high living and a try at managing other fighters.

After the war I hit the skids. With nothing to do and just enough money left to drink on, I went roaring up and down Central Avenue in L.A., getting stiff night after night. I kept playing it as if I was still champ, bragging how good I was and always trying to fight somebody whenever I'd had a drink too many. My friends must have been disgusted with me. But I still thought I was such big stuff that I didn't realize how low I'd sunk. I was drifting. Life had lost all meaning; I had nothing to live for. All I ever thought about was myself.

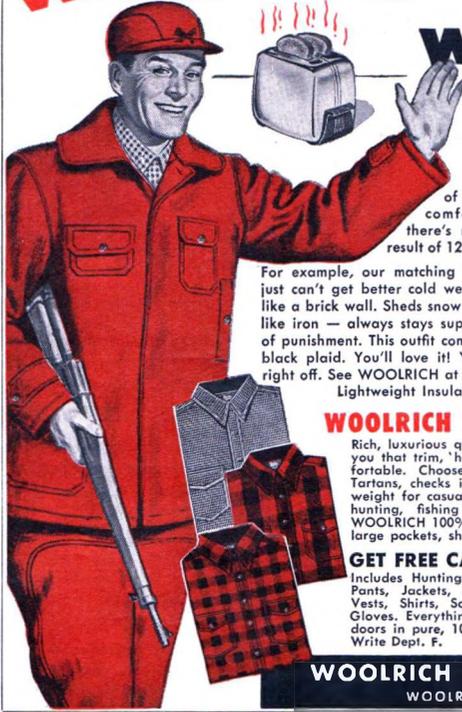
One night I smashed my car into a light post—drunk again. Two policemen told me to get in their squad car and I took them both on. Well, you can guess who won that fight. I was fined ten dollars or two days in jail, suspended.

"Henry Armstrong, you're letting down a million boys," the judge told me.

Even that didn't stop me. More parties, more drinking. My wife got fed up and filed for divorce.

Then came what I consider a miracle. The Lord was ready for me to do His work. I had been brought up in a religious family and my wife's father was a minister. But I had never paid too much

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attention to religion. and I paid practically none at all to it after I became a fighter.

One night I went to bed fairly early, tired to death and mixed up. I had a dream. I saw myself standing out in the middle of the Los Angeles Coliseum, preaching to thousands of people, waving my arms and shouting. "Truth! Truth!"

I came to with a start. "You're having nightmares." I told myself. "Better have a drink." So I dressed and went down the avenue to a bar. I had a bunch of potent Moscow Mules.

When I got up from the bar I was staggering. My friends tried to help me, but I got a crazy notion it was the police again and swung on them. I went weaving out to my car to drive home.

I vaguely remember starting down Central Avenue the few blocks to my house. The next thing I recall, I was driving up the Pacific Coast highway past Malibu, twenty-five miles away. How I got there without smashing up, I'll never know. The Lord was protecting me, I guess. Where I was going I haven't the faintest idea.

Then the strangest thing happened to me, a feeling I had never experienced. It seemed as if I didn't have my hands on the wheel. The speedometer showed seventy-five miles an hour. All I could see was the white line in the middle of the road, and there was a fuzzy thought that kept telling me. "You're going straight but in the wrong direction."

I turned my head toward the ocean,

and a huge wave seemed to slap me in the face. It could have been a blast of wind. But to me it meant something more — something I can't explain even yet.

Slowly I turned and drove home. I got out the Bible. I found a passage that has stuck in my mind and been a guide to me ever since—John I, 13. It says, "What were born not of blood, nor the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

I told myself. "You've got to preach, to give that word to the world."

My taste for drink vanished that night, and I found my life's true purpose. Since then I have studied hard and become an ordained minister in the Baptist Church. My first sermon was titled: "It's Later Than You Think." I have organized a youth foundation in Los Angeles, and I have preached dozens of sermons around the country.

Fighting still interests me, but just as a game. Once in a while I see a big scrap, like the Marciano-Cockell slaughter in San Francisco. I regret that boxing today has no really great champions, like Jack Dempsey or Joe Louis. Marciano wouldn't have had a chance against either of them. But I realize that I have moved on into something that is greater than boxing.

I am happier today than I ever was at the height of my boxing fame. As I found out the hard and bitter way, you can't be champion forever. But you can serve the Lord eternally. That is what I am trying to do.

appearance, led Harris to what looked like a small hospital or doctor's office. One patient lay in a bed with his stomach exposed after an operation. With relief, Harris thought he'd get medical treatment there. As he tried to talk the "doctor" into giving him some treatment, a soldier with a Russian burp gun in his hand walked up to him.

Thus did the saga of Harris' headache to the Communists begin. It's not inconceivable that the soldier who captured him is at present working in Siberian uranium mines for that morning's deed.

The next seven days are a hazy blur of horror for Harris. Shackled in the back of a truck, he was put on public display. The only respite from this humiliation was being jerked to the local military headquarters and questioned endlessly. Feigning semi-consciousness, he told them nothing during these sessions.

While on public display he did get one idea across to the citizens of the area. His arms were free enough for him to get his thumb up to his nose from time to time and wiggle his fingers at the guards. The curious kids who hung around him picked up the gesture and pretty soon everyone was trying it, giggling and laughing. The guards weren't sure what was going on and didn't know whether to laugh themselves or try to stop the whole thing.

Toward the end of the seven days, the interrogations tapered off, to Harris' surprise. "Then I realized that my burns were so infected their stench was sickening," he explains. "Nobody could stand being in the same room with me."

His condition, his refusal to talk, and the nose-thumbing fad he had started made the North Koreans happy to get rid of him. Someone had told them the significance of the gesture and the officials were furious. But it was too late to do anything about it.

The Yankee nose-thumber was delivered by the North Koreans to a Chinese interrogation camp which he figures was about thirty miles from Pyongyang. During the trip he was half-conscious, and for the next three weeks he lay almost unnoticed on the floor of a house being used as a sort of hospital. Medical attention was scant but some super-recovery power he possesses began to function and his wounds began to heal.

Then he was moved from the house to the interrogation camp itself. "I was placed in a short trench dug into a hill," he says. "It was covered with thatch and had a grass door. I wasn't allowed to walk and was forced to remain in a sitting position of attention on the ground throughout the daylight hours. At all times, I was kept in solitary confinement."

The next few months were an unequal battle between the Communists' determination to get Harris' name on various confession statements, and Harris' iron resolve not to sign anything, coupled

with his delaying tactics which slowly drove his interrogators crazy.

They wanted him to sign any confession—taking part in germ warfare, chemical warfare, radiological warfare or agent-dropping over China. They even tried to get his name on a paper admitting he had engaged in bacteriological warfare against the Huks in the Philippines.

Their most ironic effort was trying to get him to admit to waging psychological warfare. They couldn't have asked for

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more firsthand evidence of his part in such warfare than his present attitude.

After one particularly rough session in which they threw every charge in the book at him, he finally said, "I will admit to robbing piggy banks when I was a youngster. That's one you didn't know about!"

The questioners, not understanding what they had heard, believed that they had at last broken Superman. When they discovered he was only needling them, one of them wanted to shoot him on the spot.

At one session, when Harris refused to sign a confession, a frustrated, furious interrogator picked up a board and crashed it into his face. At this, Harris slowly stood up and, before the Chinese could defend himself, the POW socked him, knocking him against a wall.

Speechless with rage, the Chinese officer promised Harris that his days on this earth were numbered. Next morning, the officer escorted Harris to a small field adjoining a makeshift basketball court which was used by some of the prisoners.

He ordered Harris to dig a grave with the shovel he thrust at him. The job took about an hour. As he was finishing, a six-man firing squad lined up with rifles cocked and ready.

The Chinese officer then told Harris he

was to be shot and that the only thing that could save him was signing a full confession of everything from germ warfare to maltreating Chinese officers. Harris refused and the Red officer went through the motions of having the squad take aim and fire.

All that happened, however, was six loud clicks. The guns had not been loaded.

"It sounds like I was brave at the time," Harris says now. "But believe me, if it had taken just one step to get me to freedom at that moment I would not have had the strength to take it. I was literally paralyzed with fright!"

The Chinese officer swore loudly, dismissed the firing squad and ordered Harris back to his solitary confinement.

His Chinese captors retaliated against Harris' defiance with every indignity and harassment they could throw at him. On several occasions he was forced to take long walks at night in the pouring rain. All he had as protection was a thin blanket to throw over his head.

Then he'd be placed in a cage without heat until his hands and feet were frost-bitten. When this didn't work, they'd handcuff and shackle him in torturing positions for hours on end. This treatment would be interspersed with threats to his wife and child back in the United States. His reply to all this would be some insult which sent the camp officials into a rage.

He tells about the food he received during this period:

"On many occasions, hungry as I was, I couldn't eat the food. One time the guard threw my untouched food to a little half-starved Korean dog that hung around the camp. I had seen the dog nibbling on dung in the yard. But the dog refused to eat what the guard threw at him.

"I had watched the Chinese troops around the camp working on garden projects in their spare time and noticed that they carried the human excrement, mixed with water, to the gardens in pails. One pail had a number five painted on it. The same pail was used to bring the rice to me at mealtime."

Throughout this period of torture, his burns were slow to heal and the pain was agonizing. In an act of sheer brass, he got an audience with the camp commander and accused the dumbfounded Chinese officer of giving him only enough medical treatment to keep him strong for the interrogation sessions. The officer denied this. But when Harris fooled him into believing he had a highly contagious skin infection that would spread to the whole camp, he got better medical attention.

This trick strengthened Harris' will to resist, and Chinese officials in charge of the camp threw up their hands in despair and decided to send him to a prison inside China where they had more subtle techniques to extract confessions.

"About January twenty-fifth," he relates, "I was blindfolded, handcuffed, thrown into an open truck and driven to a prison at the outskirts of Mukden, China. I knew I was in China because I heard trains running, which they didn't do in North Korea. I also heard aircraft flying about, but the truck failed to take cover, as they always did in North Korea when planes were overhead. As we approached villages and towns, the guards forced me to lie down and covered me with a blanket. I believe this was to hide my presence from the civilian population."

At this new camp, before they could even show Harris to his cell, he began the needling tactics he had used so effectively before. He insisted on an audience with the camp commander, and the audacity of his request produced it.

"By what authority or international law have you brought me to China?" he demanded of the astonished Chinese colonel.

Harris wanted to get his protest on the record and he also wanted to know whether China had declared all-out war against the United States. For months he had been without any news at all other than camp rumors which reached him through the guards.

"Believe me, Captain," the Chinese colonel said icily, after regaining his composure. "you are in no position to demand anything."

During the next two months, Harris was subjected to a different type of treatment—more subtle questioning, sometimes more brutal handling. The interrogations were formal, usually in the presence of two or more officers and a recording clerk.

Once, they tried to get Harris to sign the minutes of the interrogation. He refused. He stubbornly declined to sign anything or give information beyond what he had volunteered a thousand times before.

At the same time, living conditions became worse. He was restricted to going to the latrine twice a day. They made his room very hot, then let it get down to freezing. They tried a hundred other physical and mental tortures.

Then, about the first of April, this crew of captors gave up on him. Blindfolded and handcuffed, he was sent to a prison which he judged to be close to the heart of a city. His new cell was wet and musty, evidently below the surrounding water table. His bed soon became damp and moldy, full of insects.

For the next six weeks, Harris was brought before what was termed a military court. Promptly he trotted out his favorite countermeasures. He'd demand to know by what right he was being tried. He would shout for counsel to represent him. His accusers would scream back at him. And so it went. During most of his mock trial he was forced to stand at rigid attention. Hundreds of the questions thrown at him were stupid and irrelevant, aimed at trying to shake his stubborn composure.

The always present question, however, was whose composure was being shaken by the proceedings.

"Considerable emphasis was given the charge that I had violated the sovereign territory of the Soviet Union," he explains. "I was told that I had to confess and that when I did, I would be forgiven and treated as a prisoner of war instead of a war criminal."

Toward the end of the six weeks, it was apparent that his captors were losing patience. This inspired them to try the box treatment.

"The box," Harris says, "was barely large enough to accommodate me with my head forced down between my legs and my knees drawn up to my shoulders. In one end of it was a half-inch hole, the only ventilation."

When this torture failed, they added another ingredient to the box. For twelve or fourteen hours, guards would pound on top of it with sticks. When Harris was finally released, his clothing would be saturated with perspiration, his body dehydrated, his arms and legs paralyzed.

For a month after the last time that happened, his ears buzzed continually.

On his last appearance before this so-called court, he was informed that he had been found guilty. They didn't say of what, nor disclose the nature of the sentence. That night he was blindfolded and returned to the prison outside Mukden, where he found a whole new way of life waiting for him.

There were no interrogations, food was better, and he was even allowed to take baths. Then he discovered the pitch. He was handed a stack of "progressive" literature with instructions to read it. They gave him a pipe, tobacco, matches, a new uniform, a clean cell.

"When will I be allowed to be with the other prisoners and communicate with my family?" he asked one of the guards a month or so after this treatment began.

"That depends entirely upon your political consciousness," he was told.

On the evening of September 2nd, Harris was informed that the war was over and that he would probably be turned back to the UN forces.

"I suspected a trick," he says, "when they told me to prepare a statement and sign it, stating that I had been treated well as a prisoner of war, but I decided to go along with it."

The one true line he wrote in that statement was, "In my fourteen months of confinement, I received more education than I had in the previous twenty-nine years of my life."

Later that night, he was overjoyed to see for the first time the other members of his crew. The pleasure was reduced by a harsh order for no one to speak. They were put into a darkened weapons carrier and taken to a train. At the train, they were herded into two cars which began chugging toward Kaesong in North Korea. Now the atmosphere was more cordial than it had been in the past.

On the afternoon of September 4th they arrived at Kaesong. There, the POWs



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Hunting and Fishing

WITH GIL PAUST

FOR POOR SHOTS: Over eighty per cent of poor marksmanship is due to flinch, that involuntary spasm which makes a shooter pull up his sights and blink his eyes just as he yanks the trigger, in anticipation of the blast and kick to come. And most poor shots who flinch don't know it—and keep right on missing. If you don't do so well, it may be your trouble. Get a friend to watch you when you shoot. Let him load your rifle or shotgun and ask him to leave it empty once and not tell you about it. If the barrel jumps and your eyelids flicker when you pull the trigger on the empty chamber, you're a fincher. The remedy is lots of practice, first with a .22—and even this will make you flinch at the beginning. Practice dry firing with your larger weapons at every opportunity. Then shoot live ammo, the more the better, until your subconscious gets used to it and no longer spoils your aim. And watch your score improve.

GAME BIRDS GALORE: In most states the upland-game season starts in September on the licensed preserves. They offer the sportsman as much bird hunting as his wallet will afford. The season usually lasts through December or longer. All preserves stock pheasants and some supply chukar partridge, mallard ducks and quail. Costs vary from \$4.50 to \$6 per bird, and the price includes the use of the operator's bird dogs—if you don't have one of your own who has been sweating out the hot spring and summer just waiting to chomp down on a plump rooster. At the \$6 rate, four hunters can enjoy a day in the woods and ten pheasant dinners for \$15 a man.

HOMEMADE MAGNETIC FLY BOX: If you're keen on this type of fly holder—and it does frequently have its advantages—it's easy to make one in any design, shape or size. Just choose your box, then go to a 5-and-10 and buy a few small kiddie toys with alnico magnets fastened to their bottoms. Pry off the magnets and fasten them to the inside of the box with a strong glue. If you prefer to carry flies in your hat, drill a couple of small holes in the magnets and sew them to your hat band.

VASELINE CURE-ALL: Of all the items you can pack with you on a hunting or fishing trip, one of the handiest is a tube of Vaseline. It will prevent rust and lubricate your firearms or tackle. Rubbed into leather boots, gloves or gun cases, it will preserve them and make them waterproof. Also it's a first aid for all kinds of cuts, scratches, sores, burns, chapping, and insect bites. A thin smear rubbed on your windshield, if freezing rain or snow is expected, will make ice easy to remove.

CARRY AN OUTBOARD INBOARD: Many sportsmen who use trailers to carry their boats to and from hot fishing waters make the mistake of leaving the outboard motor perched on the transom while whizzing along the highway. In most trailers, the end of the boat overhangs, giving the heavy motor sufficient leverage to exert a damaging stress on a light boat's frame, especially on a bumpy road. The transom isn't strong enough to take that punishment, but the boat's seat is. If there's no room in your car for your motor, clamp it horizontally to the top of a seat, preferably the one directly over the trailer support upon which the boat rests. Use strips of inner-tube rubber under the clamps to keep from marring the wood, and place a boat cushion under the power unit where it rests on the seat. • • •

were hauled in a truck to a tent village outside the city, where they were put into separate tents and not allowed to converse.

The next afternoon, Harris and his crew were marched to an amphitheater and lined up on a wooden stage. Civilian newsmen and photographers milled around in front, shouting at the men and taking pictures. An interpreter explained that this was a Chinese and North Korean People's Court.

Silence was ordered and a document was read in Chinese and repeated in North Korean.

When it was translated into English, Harris launched his final courageous rebellion against the Communists. With the newsmen and photographers on hand, he couldn't have picked a more receptive audience.

The interpreter began reading: "Theodore Harris and the rest of his crew have voluntarily admitted that the United States Air Force has been engaged in bacterial warfare against the Northeast province of China . . ."

Harris' voice, usually quiet, shattered the stillness of the amphitheater. "That's a goddamned lie!"

The other prisoners gasped at his audacity. The audience buzzed with excitement. The confusion caused by his outburst broke up the meeting.

Harris rushed at the interpreter, demanding that those words be stricken from the document. The confused interpreter didn't know what to say.

"I refuse to be repatriated under a falsehood!" Harris yelled.

Those prisoners present who didn't know to what fantastic lengths Harris had gone to resist signing a confession were unable to appreciate his feeling at this moment. They were convinced he had gone nuts.

Twice that evening, after he was brought back to camp, Harris got to Communist officials and demanded that the allegations be removed from the document. He kept insisting that he would refuse repatriation.

It wasn't an easy decision for Harris. He desperately wanted to get back home to his wife and daughter. "With freedom so close, thinking of home and my family was almost unbearable," he says. Yet, he told himself, accepting repatriation under the conditions of the bogus "confession" would have been no different than having signed one when the Communists first asked him for it months before.

He had also had some doubts about what was happening. Kept isolated in a tent, forbidden to talk to any of his crew, Harris had no idea whether any of them had signed a "confession", and certainly he didn't want a confession charged to him alone. When he tried to communicate with his men, the guards firmly stopped him.

Brushing aside his doubts, Harris decided to stick it out, come hell or high water.

The guards kept close to him, eyeing him curiously. They wouldn't believe

what the interpreter told them about Harris' refusal to go back in the Big Switch.

Next morning, when final plans were being made to repatriate UN prisoners. Communist officials realized that Harris was not fooling and that this stubborn Yankee pilot was going to require some special treatment.

"I sat in front of my tent and smoked my pipe. Finally the trucks arrived and the officials came around and seemed surprised that I was not prepared to leave. Again I explained my reasons. All that happened was that a Red soldier was ordered to pack my belongings and throw them into a truck. Tents were taken down and the rest of my crew were loaded in the trucks. I stayed behind, waving good-bye to them as they left. I was the last UN prisoner left in camp."

Today, even Captain Harris is a little hard put to explain his emotions and what he hoped to accomplish by this final act of defiance. In view of his heroic refusal, he was furious that the Commies would blandly claim he signed a confession. Sitting alone in the abandoned camp, all he felt was hate, bitterness, and frustration. He was determined to prove that his will was stronger than that of his Communist captors.

He wasn't alone with his thoughts for long. An interpreter and a squad of Red soldiers drove up. Three of them grabbed him and tried to force him into a jeep. He fought, kicked, hit at them savagely.

Astonished at his savagery, the Reds retreated in confusion. As they drove off, Harris shouted at them, "If you want to get rid of me, bring that paper with my confession out of it!"

He had noticed that the local commander kept looking at his watch and he'd caught snatches of conversation which indicated that his captors had to get rid of him by a certain time. This realization that they were under orders to meet a deadline strengthened his resolve. For the first time during his fourteen months of imprisonment, he felt the heady exultation of having the Commies in a corner. He wanted to make them squirm. At this late date, he knew they couldn't shoot him, and the Communist commander would be in trouble if they didn't get him across the line. He realized that his repatriation was inevitable, and making the Reds sweat gave him sheer joy.

A few minutes later, a group of soldiers returned and dumped his personal effects on the ground next to him. Probably nobody will ever know to what headquarters the strange case of Captain Theodore Russell Harris was then referred. From his POW file of resistance, psychological warfare and harassment of Communism, it was obvious that the cause of international Communism would best be served by forcing Harris back among the Capitalist reactionaries at all costs.

An hour later, a new elite corps of about thirty troops, in superior physical condition, rode up in a jeep and an old

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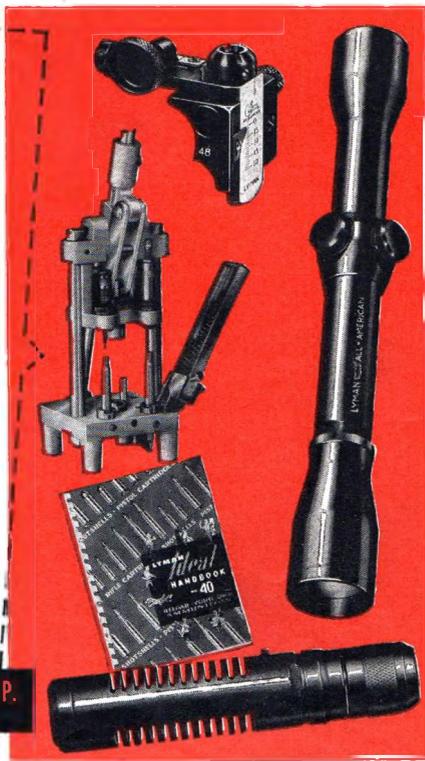
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truck. Again the top officer kept looking at his watch, shouting at his men to hurry. They were in such haste to meet their deadline that the driver wouldn't stop the engine of the truck.

This time, the Red soldiers leaped on Harris as he flailed his fists, kicking and kneeling them, yelling curses in an explosion of defiance. Grunting and groaning they grabbed his arms and legs, managed to lift him into the truck. There six men actually sat on his writhing body as the truck rolled away.

En route to the scene of the Big Switch, the truck got stuck trying to ford a river. Harris fought free for a minute, struggled to break away, was finally subdued.

Across the river, a jeep was waiting. After another battle, Harris was carried and handcuffed to it. That was when he finally relaxed.

They arrived at the gate of Panmunjom just as the last two UN prisoners were being checked through.

An American colonel greeted him. "Well, Harris," he said, "you're the last man out."

There's a curious epilogue to the Harris drama. A few days later, on September 7, 1953, the Chinese Communist paper, the *Daily News Release*, published by the Red-controlled Hsinhau News Agency, astonished its readers with the following strange item which seemed to run completely counter to the party line:

"An order received from the Political Bureau of the Korean People's Army

states that Theodore Russell Harris and his crew of RB 29 bomber No. 1727 of the 91st Strategic Reconnaissance Squadron of the U.S. Far East Air Force were captured in July, 1952.

"While in custody Harris and the others were charged with criminal activities in invading the territorial air of the People's Republic of China, and also of dropping germ bombs on and parachuting special agents into China.

"But on the basis of the results of investigation, the People's Republic of China came to the conclusion that Harris and the rest of the eleven men had no direct connection with the aggressive activities against China.

"Therefore it is decided to exempt them from prosecution and send them back to the Korean Democratic People's Republic. Accordingly, Harris and the rest should be repatriated immediately."

When Harris was medically examined after his repatriation, our stunned medics had to admit that despite his ordeal, they could see no mental or physical reason why he couldn't begin flying jet fighter-interceptors. He asked for this duty and he is now finishing training in F-89s.

Perhaps the only evidence of the fantastic experiences Ted Harris endured are a few white scar patches around his neck and face, souvenirs of the horrible burns he suffered when his plane crashed. And there's that solemn look that lurks in his dark brown eyes. • • •

The Goof That Laid the Golden Egg Continued from page 40

tax blank," old Lucillius said gloomily. "What's the thing say?"

Captain ap Kern sniffed and rattled off a spate of military verbiage. The Ump-teenth Group would set up an anti-aircraft defense for a simulated Corps headquarters located at CR 213. Minimum distance of troops from target—so much; safety regulations—so and so; firing with live ammunition to be permitted between azimuths this and that. Observation post for visitors on Brady Knob.

"We're on our way to Siberia, ap Kern." Lucillius said morosely when his adjutant had finished. "That fat Dillinger at headquarters has set us up like ducks in a shooting gallery. He knows damned well we can't stop that confounded sky-rocket of his from plopping down on that target with a bang. I can just hear the smug buzzard now when the place we're supposed to be defending goes up.

"Why, Colonel Finney, one of those egg-headed VIPs will gargle. I understood that Colonel Dulligan was defending that target. How come it just went up like a Fourth of July balloon?"

"Tch! Tch!" that unspeakable Jukes will tell them, happy as a half-witted grig. 'It must be that old Dulligan has goofed. Undoubtedly a change of climate would do him good.'

"Bah, ap Kern! Well, have you got any ideas?"

"It's very simple, sir," ap Kern said, looking down his nose. "The Flo is intended to supplement long-range artillery

fire against enemy rear installations. It is a missile of the passive homing type."

"I'm not interested in the blasted thing's love life," old Lucillius snorted. "All I'm interested in is . . . What the devil do you mean, ap Kern? Passive homing type?"

Captain ap Kern's face took on the expression of someone asked to explain ABCs to a backward child. "The Flo, sir, carries a device which enables it to seek out its target without control from the ground. You set the mechanism properly, fire the missile, and from there on it homes on the objective like a carrier pigeon. Is that clear, sir?"

"Like a dirty windowpane," old Lucillius grunted. "Go on."

Captain ap Kern looked superior. "Through judicious inquiry, sir, I have learned that Colonel Finney's people mean to place a radio transmitter of a special sort at CR 213 this afternoon. This transmitter, mounted on a trailer, supposedly will give off radio emissions such as might be expected from a Corps headquarters. Tonight the Flo will, of course, be set to home on those emissions."

Old Lucillius glowered. "And that what-you-call-it is the thing they're going to shoot at, ap Kern?"

"Naturally, sir," ap Kern said, looking smug. "And naturally that provides us with a perfect counter-measure. We'll simply send a jeep to CR 213 after Colonel Finney's people have gone, hook up and tow the trailer with its transmitter a couple of miles up into the firing zone.

Then at 2100 hours, which is Time Zero, we'll put up an intense barrage with our guns. Suddenly . . . boom! The Flo will, of course, have come down on the trailer, but who's to say we didn't shoot it down with our guns since it missed the target by two miles?"

"Might work, at that," Lucillius said thoughtfully. "Wait a minute, ap Kern! If we're supposed to have knocked the thing down with our guns, how are you going to explain why there isn't any transmitter at CR 213 when Finney and his VIPs come snooping around?"

Captain ap Kern continued to look smug. "Sir, I've learned that the transmitter, which is supposed to send out only such radio emissions as might come from a Corps headquarters, is as rigged as a set of Tia Juana dice. I think Colonel Finney is going to keep visitors strictly away from CR 213 when the place doesn't go up in smoke the way he has planned. He knows there'd be some pretty red faces around here if *that* little scheme was discovered."

"Humph!" old Lucillius grunted, a gleam in his eye now. "Hell of a sneaky scheme you've cooked up, ap Kern. Couldn't even think of doing it! . . . You sure it'll work?"

"Like a clock, sir."

Colonel Dulligan's face relaxed into a craggy grin. "I can just see the look on that stupid crook's face when he finds he's been hoist by his own petard, so to speak. Who's going to go to CR 213 and move that transmitter, ap Kern. We don't want any foul-up."

Captain ap Kern smiled loftily. "Naturally I'll go myself, sir. Taking a couple of good men with me."

Captain ap Kern, dressed in issue denims and a GI cap, was standing on the steps of his office when Luke-the-Dorgan and Pinky Kew got there at 1800 hours. Luke climbed out of the jeep and saluted and hoped that the captain had forgotten last night's little misunderstanding. The captain hadn't.

"Well, what do you want?" the latter demanded, giving the two soldiers a suspicious stare. "Why aren't you in the guardhouse?"

"Sir," Luke mumbled, "Sergeant Murphy said for us to report to the captain at 1800 hours for a special job."

Colonel Dulligan looked blank for a moment; then his face began to get red. "Oh, no!" he said shrilly. "Not you two! You go back and tell Sergeant Murphy to send me two other men. Any two other men! And step on it! I'm late now."

"Sir, I don't think it'd do no good to step on it," Pinky Kew said thoughtfully from behind the jeep's wheel.

"Why not?" ap Kern snapped.

"Because the sarge has already gone out to the range with the rest of the battery," Pinky told him in a confidential tone. "I an' Luke are the only ones left."

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" ap Kern said



ARGOSY MAGAZINE

Bill Miller

"When we first came you didn't fish all the time."

between his teeth. "I might have known something like this would happen!"

He glared at the two for a moment, then shrugged angrily and came on down the steps. He waved Luke into the back of the jeep and slid into the front seat beside Pinky Kew.

"Head for the west gate," he snapped. "And you can just remember that I've got my eyes on the two of you. One foul-up and you'll land in the guard-house for the rest of your lives!"

They went through the gate and turned into a dirt road. Pinky driving like a jockey and gravel skittering back from the wheels. In the rear, Luke shuddered and hung on, momentarily expecting the captain to blow his top; but the captain didn't seem to notice the jeep's careening gait. Luke didn't know it but Captain Peter ap Kern was feeling well pleased with himself at the moment. This should be a fine evening's work, the captain was thinking. It showed what a man with a little brains and imagination could do. Yaas.

Once he roused himself to snap acidly, "You missed that bump, driver," and Pinky turned his head to regard him, letting the road take care of itself while he smiled blandly.

"Can't hit 'em all, sir," he explained. "That last one I didn't see in time. You gotta—"

"Watch the road, damn it!" Captain ap Kern yelled.

In the rear Luke-the-Dorgan was having some reveries of his own—not pleasant ones. Time seemed to be galloping faster than the jeep as the dusk dropped down, and he became more and more aware of the portent of the things the first sergeant had said in the orderly room that morning. In just a little while someone was going to shoot a big black buster in here and it looked as though Corporal Dorgan was headed smack into where the hoorah would be.

This whole business had a goofed-up smell to it.

Colonel Finney riding in a staff car chauffeured by a colored soldier named Jenks, had passed through the west gate and taken Red Road some twenty minutes before Captain ap Kern and his crew had swooped out of the post. The Exec was a downy bird who left nothing to chance and he meant to make a swing by the setup at CR 213 just to make sure everything was in order. Then he'd turn north on Ormsby Trail—which was little more than a cow track through the scrub—and come to the OP on Brady Knob just in nice time to greet the general and his guests who would be arriving by the better road on the Knob's other side. The Exec smiled quietly to himself as he rode.

His assistant, Lieutenant Pete Maddox, would already be at the OP, he knew. Pete was a good boy and he'd have everything ready: the tent fly up; communications working; the radar—which the Exec had capily provided in order to keep a surreptitious eye on things down at CR 213—checked in. Yes, things were going well. The Exec's smile grew

broader. He'd hang old Dulligan's hide on the fence this night!

They went through the unguarded gate where Red Road entered the danger area, and the Exec frowned and told Jenks to stop, then looked impatiently around. He had told them to have an MP here just as an added safety precaution, but none was in sight. What the colonel didn't know was that the MP had lost his way and was now still a half-mile off, coming toward the gate along the old trail which had once led to Brady Knob. The Exec thrust his lower lip out petulantly and told the driver to go on.

He had, however, recovered a degree of his good humor when, fifteen minutes later, they came to CR 213 and the ruined adobe house. The trailer, with its boot-leg equipment, was there as it should be, sitting as serene as a duck on a pond, and Colonel Finney's smile reassured its former beatitude. Organization—that's what it took!

"Turn up Ormsby Trail now, son," he said heartily. "Looks like every thing's okay here, but I wanted to be sure. Wouldn't have put it past the Umpteenth to have tried some monkey business."

"Yassuh," Jenks agreed solemnly. "I know some of 'em boys, suh. Like Mistuh Pinky Kew. They tricky, all right."

He turned into the scrub, winding in and out. Bad going here for a staff car. They had covered half the distance to the OP when the Exec glanced at his watch and scowled. Getting late.

"Step on it, soldier!" he snapped suddenly.

Private Jenks jerked, startled, said, "Yassuh!" and stepped on it. They skidded around a turn and off into deep sand. Wheels spun futilely. For ten sweating minutes Jenks tried to get out while the Exec fumed in the back seat. Then Jenks gave up.

"Suh," he said resignedly. "it just ain't no good. That jeep ought to be at them crossroads back there by now. You want I should run back an' say will they come give us a lift?"

For a moment there was a pregnant silence. Then Colonel Finney asked very, very slowly, "What jeep, Jenks?"

"At one Mistuh Pinky Kew bringin', suh," Jenks said. "I see him in the motuh pool jus' before we leave. He say he bringin' a jeep theah to haul a trailah away some place, suh."

Colonel Finney jerked as though he had been stabbed. Then howled like a wolf. "Oh, no!" he yelled. "Those crooks can't do this to me!" He hit the ground in a running jump and went galloping back down Ormsby Trail, showing nice form for a fat man out of condition.

Private Jenks looked wonderingly after him, and shook his head. "Nevah hear a man holler like that before," he said thoughtfully. "Sound like a catamount in a graveyard."

Daylight was almost gone as the jeep neared the barbed-wire boundary of the danger area, and the goose pimples were growing bigger along Luke's spine now.

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The road dived into a wash; climbed out again to where a gate was open with a big MP standing in it, hand raised. The MP that Colonel Finney had missed. He looked mad as Pinky slammed on the brakes and they skidded to a stop a scant yard away.

"Where the hell you monkeys think you're goin'?" the MP demanded, giving Captain ap Kern's denims a dirty look. "Beat it!"

Another jeep stood by the gate and the MP was, Luke noted unhappily, the same one that Pinky had called a "nosy Cossack" last night.

Captain ap Kern straightened angrily in the front seat. "Get out of the way, soldier!" he snapped. "I'm in a hurry and I'm late now!"

The MP's eyes narrowed suspiciously as he stared at ap Kern. "Don't I know you from somewhere, bud?" he demanded, scowling again at the denims and the GI cap. "Leave me see your pass!"

"I haven't got any damned pass!" ap Kern snapped nastily.

"AWOL, huh?" the MP grunted. "What I figured."

Captain ap Kern's face got a brilliant red. "I don't need any pass!" he yelled. "I'm Captain ap Kern, adjutant of the Umpteenth AA Group, on official business! Get out of my way!"

The MP's heavy eyebrows went up and he looked almost happy. "Well, well," he rumbled. "Ap, huh. You look kind of like an escaped prisoner to me. In the brig's probably where I seen you before, huh?"

"Naw," Pinky Kew said, sticking in a

helpful word. "He ain't nothin' but an adjutant. Mac. Just like he said—"

The MP jerked forward at the sound of Pinky's voice and the pleasure deepened in his rocky face. "Why, if it ain't my fat pal that don't like Cossacks," he rumbled. "Now this is real cozy!"

Pinky Kew said, "Oh-oh!" under his breath as he got his first good look at the MP in the gloom. His next action was pure reflex as he jammed his foot down on the throttle.

The jeep leaped forward, wheels spewing gravel as Luke grabbed to hang on. The MP tottered, his arms flailing wildly as he tried to regain his balance; then one of his big paws clamped onto ap Kern's wrist as a drowning man grabs at a straw. The captain yelled shrilly and Luke caught a horrified glimpse of him sailing through the air to land on top of the MP. The jeep gathered speed and fled down the road in the growing dark leaving an awesome burst of profanity behind.

For a stunned few minutes they hurtled along in silence, Pinky crouched with his arms wrapped around the wheel and his foot stamped to the floorboard. Luke hung on, his mind in a temporary paralysis. The jeep reached the crest of a low hill and Luke looked back. The road to the rear was empty. Morosely now he hoisted himself across the back of the seat and sat beside Pinky.

The latter looked cautiously at Luke out of the corners of his eyes. "That MP upset me, kind of," Pinky mumbled finally. "How was I to know the cap'n would fall out, Luke?"

"I could cut your throat," Luke

snarled, his mind beginning to function again. "Turn around, stupid. We got to go back."

"I kind of think the cap'n may be mad about now," Pinky mumbled some more. "That MP's probably been beatin' on him—the cap'n wearin' them GI clothes an' all."

That possibility shook Luke a little. "We got to go back," he repeated but his heart really wasn't in it.

"Then, when we get back, the MP beats on us," Pinky mentioned practically. "Maybe we ought to just take off through the boondocks an' sneak back to barracks until things kind of cool off."

"That'd be just dandy," Luke retorted sourly.

"Then why don't I and you just go on to the crossroads, Luke?" Pinky mumbled. "We could hook up the trailer an' bring it back, an' the cap'n would be so happy to see he don't have nothing more to worry about that he wouldn't remember to chew on us, huh?"

"I'll just bet he wouldn't," Luke grunted, still more sourly.

But there was something in what Pinky said, he had to admit. He looked at his watch, saw numbly that it was even later than he had feared. Then Pinky snapped the headlights on and the beams showed the crumbling walls of the adobe house ahead. They were already at CR 213 and a big trailer with stuff on it stood there in the road. Luke jumped out as Pinky braked the jeep to a stop.

"Back her up," the former grunted tersely. "Let's hook onto this thing and get the hell out of here before something else happens!"

Luke had just latched the pintle and was straightening when there was a crashing in the brush and a shadowy, thick-set figure stumbled toward them, arms waving. A voice croaked hoarsely.

"Get away from that trailer, you bandits!"

"Holy cow!" Pinky yelled. "It's that MP! He must of laid the cap'n out an' snuck down here after us!"

Luke stood frozen, staring numbly as he saw Pinky's chunky figure rise in the front seat; then go hurtling through the air. For a moment there was a confused threshing in the bushes. Then silence. Then a single chunky figure stood up, silhouetted against the lights.

Pinky's voice bellowed righteously, "Get up, you bum! Think you can scrag the cap'n an' get away with it, do you? . . . Hey! The guy's out like a light! Just like an MP. What do we do now, Luke?"

Luke moved forward like a man in a trance—then stiffened as though he had suddenly been confronted with a ghost. The fringe of the headlights fell across the supine figure on the ground and illuminated its face. Luke felt sick. Very sick.

"It's no MP," he said hollowly. "It's Colonel Finney." . . .

Captain ap Kern, who had commanded both the MP and his jeep after some argument at the range gate,



looked harriedly at his watch for the dozzenth time. The jeep was stalled off the road two miles from CR 213 and the minutes were running out damned fast.

"Hurry up!" ap Kern snapped. "We've got less than—"

"I think I got it fixed now, sir," the MP said morosely, pulling his head from beneath the jeep's hood. "I'll just give it a try."

He started around the vehicle, still shaken from finding that he had been fighting with a captain back at the gate. Then he yelled and jumped back as headlights came up out of a draw directly ahead and bore swiftly down. Another jeep went by, rocking like a ship in a heavy sea, and towing a trailer as it went on down the road.

The MP staggered over to the stalled jeep and clung to it, even more shaken now. Then he said in a hollow voice, "If I ever get out of this damn Army, so help me I'll never—"

Captain ap Kern was staring with a sort of fascinated horror at the cavalcade which was fast disappearing down the road. "Good Godfrey!" he choked. "It's Dorgan and Kew and they've got that confounded trailer that the Flying Flo people will be shooting at any minute now! Get this thing started, damn it! Get it started—and quick! We've got to catch them before everybody goes up in smoke!"

"Hey!" Luke yelled above the whipping wind in the jeep ahead. "that was a jeep back there, stupid! Stop!"

"I seen it was a jeep," Pinky answered grimly. "An' I also seen that it was that MP with it. You want he should catch us now with that colonel conked out in the back of this heap?"

Luke lapsed into a morose silence again.

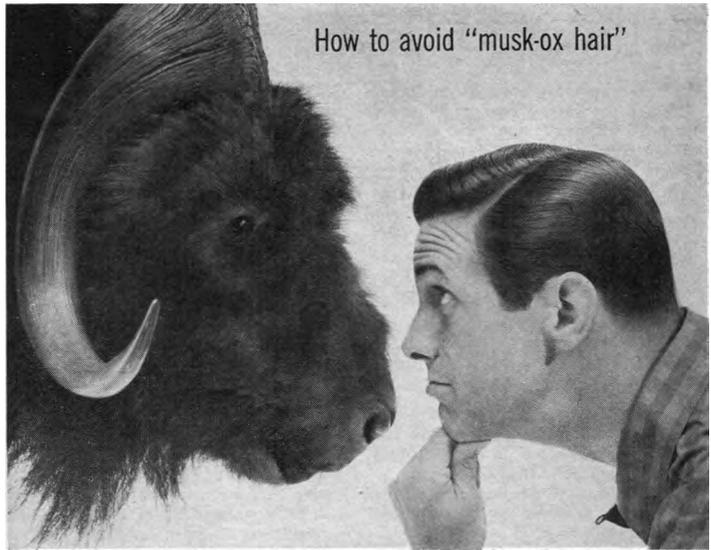
They rocketed on down the road and presently the headlights showed them the gate ahead. It was closed. Luke looked back over his shoulder and saw that the headlights of the other jeep were coming fast now. They were, he guessed sourly, dead ducks. Then he grabbed for the seat as Pinky swung the jeep into a violent turn.

In the pursuing jeep, Captain ap Kern saw that maneuver. "They're taking that old trail that cuts across to Brady Knob where the general and all the observers are," he said with fresh horror in his voice. "They'll lead Flying Flo over there with them the way you'd lead a dog on a leash! Well, this tears it!"

At the OP on the crest of Brady Knob a little group was gathered about Lieutenant Pete Maddox, Colonel Finney's assistant. The latter shuffled his feet nervously as he looked at his watch; Colonel Finney hadn't showed up yet and Time Zero was almost at hand.

The general gave Pete a sharp look. "I understood that Colonel Finney meant to conduct a briefing, Lieutenant," he said.

Lieutenant Maddox looked unhappy. "I'm sure the colonel will be here any minute, sir," he mumbled. "He's prob-



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ably just making some last-minute check—"

"Five will get you ten that he's cooking up some last minute skullduggery." Lucillius Dulligan, standing at the back of the group, spoke in a hoarse stage whisper. "I know that crook."

The general started a little and peered toward Colonel Dulligan. "Eh?" he asked. "What was that, Dulligan?"

"I just said he goes by the book," old Lucillius said sweetly, peering back. "Thorough man, Finney!"

A corporal came from the direction of the radar and trotted up to Lieutenant Maddox. "Sir," he said in a worried whisper which carried, "that target is moving!"

"Nonsense!" Pete said loudly. "You're imagining things!"

Then another voice, with stark unbelief in it, carried across the night. "Corporal! That damn thing's changed direction! It's headed right smack for us!"

An unholy light illuminated Lucillius Dulligan's face. "Head for the bushes, boys!" he shouted in stentorian tones. "Finney's comet will be buzzing around your ears in a minute!"

The jeep, towing the trailer, shot down a gentle slope and hurtled out onto a flat. Luke turned his head to look back. Colonel Finney was mumbling something unintelligible back there; the other jeep was coming on a scant fifty yards away. Then the night suddenly exploded with sound. Gunfire seemed to

whang from all sides, and overhead fire-fly winks of light marked bursting shells.

Colonel Finney suddenly roused and howled crazily. "Great Lord!" he yelled. "That's the Umpteenth opening up! Flying Flo will be dropping on us like a rotten egg any minute now!"

He dived over the jeep's side as Pinky slammed on the brakes and followed, Luke at his heels. The other jeep, too close to stop, rammed into the trailer, and out of the corner of his eye Luke saw two shadowy figures come hurtling across the windshield. Then there was a terrific flash of light high up in the air and a thunderous boom and a concussion that slammed Luke's face down.

Finally, after what seemed to be an eternity, Captain ap Kern's voice lifted shakily in the night. "Merciful Heaven," he mumbled piously! "the Umpteenth really did shoot that thing down. We towed it right into their barrage!"

Corporal Luke-the-Dorgan and Pinky Kew faced each other from opposite bunks in the guardhouse.

"Well," Pinky said philosophically, "here I and you are, Luke. Seems as though some days you can't lay up a cent. That's what my old man always used to say."

Luke gave him a sour look. "You and your old man," he said morosely. "We're probably in here for the rest of our lives."

Pinky lay back and put his hands be-

neath his head. "The provost sergeant has got a kind sort of a face," he said thoughtfully. "Maybe we could get to like it here, Luke."

First Sergeant Murphy's voice drifted in through the bars. "You got 'em here, O'Toole?" it asked.

"I got 'em," the voice of the provost sergeant answered. "I'd rather have termites. They're yours if you want 'em."

"I don't." Sergeant Murphy's voice came back gloomily. "But I got no choice. I am standing outside the colonel's door a little bit ago and he is

laughing like he will bust a suspender. So I peek in. Captain ap Kern is there, too, not looking happy.

"So they get you into a fight with an MP," the colonel says and laughs some more. "An' they clout old Finney on the noggin and tote him under the barrage where he damn near gets blown up by his own confounded contraption! An' you should have seen the Old Man diving into the bushes!" Then he laughs so the tears run down his face. "Where are they, ap Kern?"

"In the guardhouse, sir," the captain says. He don't seem to think it's funny.

"Get 'em out!" the colonel says. "I ought to have you in there instead. An' see to it they get three-day passes!"

"So here I am, O'Toole. Trot 'em out," finished Sergeant Murphy.

"Even after a goof like that?" O'Toole asked, shocked.

"A goofed-up goof yet," Murphy agreed sadly.

Pinky got up from his bunk and stretched. Then strolled cheerfully to the door.

"A goof that laid a golden egg. Sarge," he corrected in an indulgent voice. "Them passes, please, sir?"

Death Is My Lodger *Continued from page 19*

their squads worked overtime, non-stop on this one. All men on Homicide and Robbery were assigned to the St. Mary case. And, again, the trial faded.

A pall hung over the Bay area. There had been five unsolved murders and not a clue to the killer.

Mrs. Beata Withers answered the doorbell. Perhaps it was her son home early from vocational school. Or possibly someone inquiring about the "For Sale" sign on the house. Attractive Mrs. Withers, a thirty-five-year-old divorcee, wasn't worried about any California Lodger. Not in Oregon.

It was someone to see about the house. Mrs. Withers invited him in, and closed the door. Time: around two p.m.

Some time later, a terrified boy, Mrs. Withers' son, was sobbing in Portland Police Headquarters. "She was in this old trunk. Jammed under the tray. I could see her d-d-dress . . ."

The inquest disclosed that Mrs. Withers had died of suffocation. Her face was swollen, her clothing in disarray. But, visiting the house at 815 East Lincoln Street, Detective James M. Tackaberry could discern no evidence of violence. He was fascinated, however, by a diary which the young grass widow had kept.

To the considerable embarrassment of a former employer and ardent admirer of the young divorcee, the police concentrated on the "love tangle." But by morning of the 21st, Portland's finest were on another tack. Incredibly, they decided the woman had *died by suicide!*

Presumably Mrs. Withers climbed into the trunk and let the lid fall upon herself. Suffocating, she clutched her throat, tore her dress, ripped her stockings, and deliberately expired. Detective Tackaberry deduced all this from a poem he discovered on the attic wall. Framed for decorative display, the poem read:

Build for yourself a strongbox,
Fasten each part with care,
When it is as strong as your hand can
make it,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide there all thoughts of your failure
And each bitter cup that you quaff.
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

On November 24, 1926, elderly Mrs. Florence Monks was slain in Seattle, Washington. The pattern was clear: house advertised for rent . . . murderous caller . . . strangulation, rape, mayhem . . . body secreted under a bed . . . some minor items of stolen jewelry.

The alarm made the pioneer air waves. Easterners fiddling with cat-whisker crystal sets in an effort to get the Seattle Harmony Kings, were liable to tune into depressing static.

"The murder of Mrs. Monks, coming only six days after the recent slaying in San Francisco . . . Authorities are convinced the killer was in Portland on . . . Obviously the fiend who struck in Oakland, San José and Santa Barbara . . . Police are looking for a man named Adrian Harris, age thirty or forty, dark complexion. . ."

They were hunting the author of ten of the most atrocious murders in West Coast memory. But it was not until the eleventh slaying that they had any inkling of the murderer's actual character.

Less obtuse than some of his colleagues, Detective Archibald Leonard of the Portland force had from the first suspected a maniac. In the wake of the Seattle slaying, he went to that city to

compare notes. He did some astute work on the Myers murder. When three frightened old ladies of South Portland reported a lodger who'd offered jewelry for sale, Leonard was able to identify the gems as belonging to Mrs. Monks of Seattle.

More important, he obtained a fairly detailed account of The Lodger's looks and personality. A pair of prominent ears. The forehead broad and high. A rather sad expression. The man's identity remained to be certified. But he had told the old ladies (saved by their number) that his name was Earle Nelson.

Two days before Christmas, Nelson arrived in Council Bluffs. His advent was announced by Mrs. John E. Beard who told a neighbor she'd just rented her "second-floor, back" to a "nice, quiet man from California." That night Mrs. Beard's ravaged body was discovered in a closet. The "quiet man" was gone.

On the morning of June 8th, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hanna picked up a hitchhiker on the road north of Emerson. The man told the Hannas he was going to work for a contractor at St. Boniface, near Winnipeg. He wore a tan cloth cap, a frayed red sweater, nondescript trousers and leather house slippers. The Hannas willingly gave him a lift into Winnipeg.

About three o'clock of that afternoon a stranger thumbed the doorbell at 133 Smith Street.

"The sign in your window . . . I'd like to engage a room."

"Come in," said Mrs. Catherine Hill. Mrs. Hill was a plain woman with a sturdy look about her. The stranger observed that some people were upstairs. He also noticed a young girl hurrying through the hall. Diffidently, he took a parlor chair.

"My name's Woodcots," he told Mrs. Hill. "Earle Woodcots."

Herself observant, Mrs. Hill noticed that the man wore a threadbare blue serge, the double-breasted coat with the buttons missing down one side. His shoes were sploshed as though with mortar.

Apologizing for his grubby appearance, Woodcots explained that he was working for a builder at St. Boniface across the river. He offered a dollar deposit for his room. Then his gaze drifted

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ON SALE OCTOBER 20

along the ceiling as though he were watching clouds.

"I'd like a quiet room. For religious contemplation."

When he asked about the nearest church, Mrs. Hill felt satisfied.

Early the next morning Mr. Woodcots was gone—Mrs. Hill thought to early chapel. But Mr. Woodcots did not go to chapel. Loitering in the office, he waited until the coast was clear—breakfast over, grown-ups gone to work or out shopping—then he ducked back into the house. One tenant remained indoors.

Mr. Woodcots with the gentle smile and pious eyes went quietly upstairs. A young girl in a middie blouse came from her room with a comb in her hand.

The "Gorilla Man" had found a new victim.

Late that afternoon William Paterson, an electrician, returned to his home on Riverton Avenue. The children, aged five and three, were playing in the dooryard. "Where's mommy?" Paterson asked. The tots didn't know. Paterson assumed that his wife had stepped out on some errand.

At seven o'clock he prepared supper. Then he put the little girls to bed. The five-year-old remembered something about a man, someone who'd entered the house to inquire about renting the spare room.

At ten o'clock, thoroughly worried, Paterson telephoned the police. Had an accident been reported?

"No hospital report on any woman of your wife's description," came the reassuring answer.

Could Emily have left a note of some kind? Uneasy, Paterson searched the desk. Then, opening a closet, he noticed his suitcase down from the shelf. Examining the bag, he found the clasp broken, and seven ten-dollar bills missing. Also taken from the suitcase were a Bible, and a sheaf of documents, some keepsakes. His best suit, a gray whipcord, was gone from the closet. A hammer from the kitchen had been tucked into the bag.

Later William Paterson voiced excruciating testimony. "Fearing something was wrong, I went down on my knees at the bedside and asked God for strength and guidance. I was rising from my knees when I glimpsed the sleeve of a coat . . ."

It was a blue coat, double-breasted, the buttons missing down one side. Other wretched garments were bundled under the bed. These castoffs concealed the body of Emily Paterson. She had been strangled, ravaged, hammered.

Meantime a new alarm, word that a fourteen-year-old girl was missing, sent police rushing to Mrs. Hill's rooming house on Smith Street. The child's parents were frantic. "She's been gone for hours. We can't find her anywhere."

"There was a man here," Mrs. Hill said. "He—he had an odd stare. But he seemed very devout, talked about the saints and all. Only he hasn't been back for two days. His room is locked, and—"

The officers broke in the door, and

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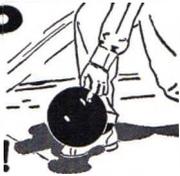
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found the girl, crushed, strangled, thrust under the bed.

Leslie Morgan, storekeeper at Wakopa, a crossroads whistle stop a few miles from Boissevain, was a cautious man. Probably because his store contained the Post Office and as postmaster he was first to read the out-of-town papers and police circulars, as well as the village mail.

When a stranger walked in, a farmhand in overalls and straw hat, Morgan dealt him sharp scrutiny.

"Pack of cigarettes, please. And some cheese and that orange pop."

"Certainly, friend. Certainly." (Where had he seen that face before?) "New around here, aren't you?"

"From British Columbia. Here to work on a ranch."

"Well! Set down and be comfortable, Mister—"

"Wilson. Virgil Wilson. . . Hot day, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is. Here's your drink." (But the man wasn't any Canadian. Speaking colloquially, a Canadian would have said, "Is it ever hot, eh?")

"Just sit there. I'll have your cheese in a minute. Got to go around back and stamp some mail. Only be a moment."

The stranger could see Morgan stamping the mail. What he couldn't see was Morgan's eye snapping side glances at a row of police bills on the inside wall of the post-office booth. Or Morgan's hand going into a drawer for a revolver.

The mail train was due in a few minutes.

"Just a second, Mr. Wilson. While I take these bags out to the platform."

Outside, Morgan ducked over to a tavern. On the phone: "Police? He's here! The killer."

"Hold him."

Animal instinct must have telegraphed a warning. When Morgan returned to the crossroads store the stranger was gone.

Leslie Morgan set out in one-man pursuit.

He overtook his quarry on a country road. The killer turned with a savage grimace. Then slowly he raised his calloused hands. For the first time in his career, this mass murderer found himself facing a gun.

Constable Grey took the prisoner to Killarney, nearest town with a jail. That night he picked the cell lock with a nail, slugged the guard unconscious, and broke out.

Manitoba rose as one man to bring him back. In Killarney the women and children were herded into Town Hall. Farmers armed with shotguns, pitchforks, rifles, combed the bush. Provincial and Winnipeg police were rushed to the scene by special train. Deputies, posses, bloodhounds, swarmed across the landscape.

A Mountie spied a shadow in underbrush near a railroad spur. The officer caught the skulker from behind. "You, there! Turn around!" The man spun, wide-eyed. In reflex ferocity, murderous hands jumped at the constable's throat. A moment of furious struggle. Then a

blow from the Mountie's automatic felled the man.

Whimpering, he told the police his name was Wills, swore he'd never been in jail.

As he sat in the dock, during the trial, he didn't look like a mass murderer. As reported by the *Manitoba Free Press*: "Nelson was dressed in a suit of slate-gray, polka-dot tie, soft collar with a cream shirt, and a pair of black brightly polished oxford shoes. He had a healthy flush on his cheeks. . . He has put on weight since his long confinement."

Ferrel listened attentively to the opening testimony. Among the dozens of witnesses there was his aunt, Mrs. Lilian Fabian—the relative, finally located, who had reared him in California. And the girl he'd married (under the name of Earl Fuller) at St. Andrew's Church in San Francisco. These women plead for him, and the lawyers harangued, and Ferrel nodded and smiled. Then as the days went by and his terrible history was reviewed in its serial continuity of death and horror, he lost interest. Finally he stared fixedly at the ceiling, remote, bored, as if this dreadful biography had nothing to do with him.

His lawyers labored hard in his behalf. The defense was insanity. They had a case. His aunt recalled how, as an orphan, he'd been an odd, untractable youngster, morbid, moody. When a schoolboy, he'd suffered concussion of the brain from an accident. His behavior had never been normal.

While a draftee in the Navy in 1917, he was arrested for molesting a child in a basement. Mare Island rejected him as a psychopath, and the Navy turned him over to Napa State Hospital where he was confined as a mental patient.

At Napa he became violent, pulled out his eyebrows with tweezers, was placed for long periods in a strait jacket. Three times he escaped from and was returned to this asylum. Late in 1924 he escaped again. In March 1925, while he was still missing, the asylum discharged him, refusing to assume further responsibility.

Ferrel denied everything. "I never killed a single person. I was never East of Nevada. I never saw this Mrs. Paterson or Lola Cowan. Would I lie and commit a sin?"

The jury pronounced him guilty.

He remained incarcerated for about a year while doctors argued and lawyers appealed.

The Crown was unforgiving. On January 13, 1928, Earl Ferrel was led to the Winnipeg gallows.

On the eve of his execution Ferrel stated sadly: "Since the day of my birth I have been sadly handicapped by the sins of one of my parents, who left a taint in my blood which has caused me agony of mind and body."

That parent, then, was accessory to mass murder. Twenty-five innocent souls, and Earl Ferrel, himself, were doomed when a weary doctor scribbled the stigma on his birth certificate: "Sphilitic."

Meat—or Trophy? *Continued from page 47*

the head; it usually will run no more than twelve inches in length. But if the horns curl and extend above the paddle as far as the paddle extends above the base of the skull, you have a real trophy. The more the tips curve backward, the longer the horns will be.

Three things—the size of the base, the width of the paddle and the curvature of the top of the horns—determine the class of an antelope head. The hunter must get out among the animals to study as many as possible before selecting and stalking one for a trophy. Antelope vary greatly in size. The large one is usually the one with the big head.

The mountain goat is difficult to judge. Pick an old billy whose dirty yellow color distinguishes it from the younger ones. Don't look in a herd; the herd will be composed of nannies and young billies. The prize will be way off by himself. The best head is almost always on the large goat. Select the biggest goat you can find—it may go to 450 pounds—and hope the head does it justice. Try to determine if the little black horns have heavy bases and a lot of curl at their tops. Judge the length of the horns by the distance from tip of nose to base of horns.

The trophy hunter should pick a band of sheep of large size and then select the heaviest head. The size of the animal's tracks help. Clean, pointed, unbroomed heads (undamaged points) may appear very large, but the old bunger whose horns are badly broomed yet carry their heavy weight around to the battered tips usually has the larger head.

Some sheep carry a close, compact head, with horns making a tight curl. These seldom measure in the record class unless they are over the full curl and their tips curve upward and outward away from the head. On the other hand, the very heavy, wide head may not appear to have quite a full curl, but if it has a big, wide curve and the broomed tips come up above the level of the nose in profile it may well measure for the record.

Some sheep horns curve sharply upward and then make a beautiful swing, while others appear flat on top and curve backward sharply and around. Usually the high head will have the greatest length if the points come above the level of the nose. Pick the heaviest, widest head, and then look for the length of the curl when the sheep turns. The curl should come up to the top of the nose for a trophy, even on a big, heavy, wide head. Some will have a very wide curl, and these will usually be broomed off badly and seldom get beyond about thirty-four to thirty-six inches in length.

The ram big in stature will carry a much larger head than will the small ram. Sometimes the horns of the smaller may have the complete curl and look like record heads, but when you put the tape on them they will show a thirty-four-inch to thirty-six-inch curl and a

13½-inch to fourteen-inch base. The big heavy rams will have bases going up to sixteen inches and while their curl may not appear as long as that of the small rams, they will actually measure a great deal more. On a big, wide, heavy head, when the broomed tips come up to the level of the nose or above, you will have something in the forty-inch class.

Rarely do you see a big ram with wide, heavy horns that not only make the full curl but also turn upward and outward at the tips. This is the dream of all sheep hunters and if you should find one, you will have a trophy to be proud of.

The elk is one of the easiest of all heads to judge. Look for a large animal first, then examine it for the heaviest possible horns, the greatest length of points and the longest main beam. Spread is secondary to these requirements. The average big bull will carry six points, but older animals often will develop seven or more points to the side.

As a rule, the really big heads are on the big and old animals. Tracks which show rounded and worn toes, and very wide tracks which print deeply in the ground, will indicate old age and heaviness. If the bulls aren't too old, they may be carrying heads of record class. The best elk heads come from bulls twelve to twenty years old.

A moose head is not easy to judge. You should pick one with a good spread and wide and long palms. The brow formation should be well developed. The big moose head, like that of the big elk, always stands out, but the former is more deceiving and one should get a good front view if possible to obtain some idea of spread as compared with the width of the animal at the chest. As with elk, the farther back over the withers the horns extend the better, since on a moose this denotes long palms. Next, look for palms with as many long, heavy points as possible, and if you can find them on a good brow formation, you have a moose trophy.

The sixty-inch head is rare in Canada but quite common in Alaska. Picking one that measures sixty-five to seventy inches requires a lot of hunting. I've looked over many Canadian bulls in British Columbia and found that the average big one carried a spread of from forty-five to fifty inches. I saw but one that would go sixty inches.

The caribou is easily judged. It is an open-country animal, as a rule, although I have hunted the big Osborn caribou in fairly dense timber during fly season. Most often it will be found around the little alpine lakes and meadows where it is easy to spot and evaluate. Spread is not the criterion of a good head, although it helps. The most beautiful caribou racks are the heavy, massive ones of good length with heavy top formation and, if possible, double brow points.

When you find one with those rare double shovels also carrying thirty-five to



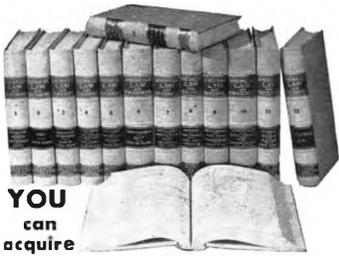
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forty points with good heavy beams and wide, heavy top formation, then you have the ultimate in a caribou head. Many of the older bulls, like old elk, run to long antlers with very few points and rounded tops. A good bull will have the white neck strip extending back across both shoulders, and if you cannot see this mark, there is not much use in making a long stalk to look more closely. The big caribou often roams alone early in the season, but as the rut starts, it will be found fighting for the cows.

When you find a good one, go after it immediately, for it may well be twenty miles away by the next day. The caribou is a nervous animal, and while I have seen some standing looking at a lone-some tree for hours, I have also seen some constantly on the move. It is one of our finest game heads, but a trophy specimen takes a lot of searching.

The best bearskins are usually obtained in the spring, especially those of the mountain animals of the United States and Canada. The exception is the great brown bear and coastal grizzlies of Alaska which often rub themselves in their dens before emerging.

It rains a lot up where you hunt these big beasts, and a wet bear hide is hard to judge. You should work in as close as possible before shooting, both to insure getting in a killing shot and also to judge the pelage to see if the animal is worth taking. Fall hunting of this bear is not recommended since the foliage makes observation difficult and, in addition, the bear is in short fur almost to hold-up time.

The sows and cubs come out first in May but the huge old bears which usually winter high on the north sides of mountains seldom appear until June. In looking for a big bear, you can ignore the wide, well-worn trail made by sows and cubs. When you find two trails with a ridge of grass between them about eighteen inches wide, like double trails made by a small caterpillar tractor, then you will know you are in the country inhabited by the big old bears of trophy size. If you are lucky enough to find a big one, which is also in good fur, then you have one of the top trophies of any country. This combination is very rare.

Selection of a good meat animal offers none of the problems involved in trophy hunting. It is a relatively simple proposition. A yearling, or a two- or three-year-old, is usually for frying. The main thing is to kill a meat animal cleanly with one shot, preferably in the heart or lungs, so that it bleeds internally. It will be dead when you approach it, and the blood clotted in the lung cavity will come out completely when it is dressed. One which has been wounded and must be chased is not fit to eat. I can't understand how some hunters can stomach a deer which has been run by dogs. Gut-shot animals are quite strong to taste since their prolonged activity causes the lymph glands to taint the meat.

As a rule, young animals, although nice and tender, do not have the amount

of fat or flavor of their elder relatives, but the latter must be taken before they are made active by the mating urge. The finest of all venison comes from big, old bucks just before their rut. Deer, antelope, elk and moose as well as sheep and goats are fine meat if killed at this time. In hunting deer for meat, I have always preferred to get out early in October and to kill the largest old buck I could find when it was fat and lazy and had been eating mushrooms for a couple of weeks.

Mountain sheep are the absolute tops in eating meat and a big old ram is the best of all if killed before the start of the rutting season. After that both deer and sheep meat become strong and lean since the animals run off their fat.

Elk are at their best actually in August before their rut, which starts about the last of August or the first of September. Then a big bull is very tasty. After the rut is in swing and during the hunting season in October you should strive for a young, fat and tender squealer bull, three to five points preferably, which the big hells have whipped out of the herd.

Spikes or yearlings are good frying meat but, like calves, are more on the order of veal with little flavor. Many elk hunters strive for the big black cow. Usually the dry cows are darkest and the meat is fine, but a wet cow is tough and does not carry so much fat. For my own taste I prefer a five-point bull to any other elk. This is a large animal, it has the flavor of good matured beef, and it is usually hog-fat and delicious.

Robinson Crusoe meat is very fine eating if taken from a young billy goat or dry nanny killed before the rut in November. An old billy, fat and killed early, is good but requires very strenuous cooking since it is a tough animal. Antelope, even the big old buck, is very fine if killed clean with one shot and not allowed to run away wounded. An antelope shot after the rut has started when it has been chasing the does, tastes just as strong as a February jack rabbit.

Caribou and moose are both good meat, the former about as fine as elk if killed when fat and before mating. Heavy game such as moose and elk require ten days aging before it is edible. If you want meat for immediate consumption, then the younger animal is the better, but if it is to be stored for later meals and you have plenty of time to age it properly, the elder animal is preferable.

The inland bear in the fall, when fat on berries and roots, makes excellent eating. I have taken the loins out of several mountain grizzlies about six or eight years old and found them most excellent chops. In the spring, bear meat is far less palatable, being as a rule stringy and tough. Their rut occurs in June, at which time either sex is inedible.

Whether you are hunting for meat or trophy or both, an important adjunct is a rifle powerful enough to kill at the first shot. Not only does it make your job easier, but it keeps the beast from damaging its prize head. And it will insure you a feast of the finest. ● ● ●

Choke: Your Shotgun's Secret Weapon

Continued from page 51

distributed on a flat piece of paper, if they are strung out too far it might be possible for a target to fly through, between the shot, and never be touched. With a fairly short, concentrated column, many pellets get to the target at the same time.

It always has been quite a chore to measure the shot string as it flies through the air and not too many years ago no one knew if the majority of the shot was in a 10-foot or a 30-foot string out where the game was moving.

Now the technicians at Winchester-Western take high-speed motion pictures to get exact measurements of the length of shot strings. They set up the camera, which takes 6000 pictures per second, so that it is focused on a lead foil screen backed by powerful lights. The shotgun is fired at a distance of forty yards and as each pellet perforates the foil it is photographed as a pin point of light (see photographs). Knowing the speed factor of the photographs and the speed of the pellets it is a cinch to figure the length of the shot string.

It has been determined that about 90 percent of the pellets of a high-velocity load of Number 4 shot form a shot string measuring approximately 9 feet in length at 40 yards. (In case of No. 7½ or 9 shot at shorter ranges, and with less choke, the string measurement would be even less.)

With the shot traveling the 9 feet in less than 1/100 of a second, a canvas-back or Mallard duck flying at top speed of 90 miles per hour could move only about halfway through a 30-inch shot pattern and certainly would be lambasted every time if well-centered in the pattern.

Degree of choke has a definite effect on shot pattern and string. With certain degrees of choke more nearly perfect for certain kinds of shooting, the all-around scatter-gunner needs several shotguns with degrees of choke suitable for his hunting conditions. One single-barrel gun with a device that will give the degree of choke needed will do the trick also.

The first contrivance of this kind was the Cutts Compensator, originally designed to reduce recoil by dispersing the powder gas through fins or slots at the end of the barrel. The marines found it of great value on their submachine guns and today it is used on many rapid-fire guns to soften recoil and hold muzzle climb to a minimum.

The Cutts was adapted to shotguns with the addition of interchangeable tubes to control the shot pattern.

The Cutts Compensator has no effect on the breech pressure nor on the velocity of the shot charge. About twenty-five years ago ballistic engineers of the Hercules Powder Company did exhaustive tests with the Cutts and found that it reduced recoil up to about 40 percent or

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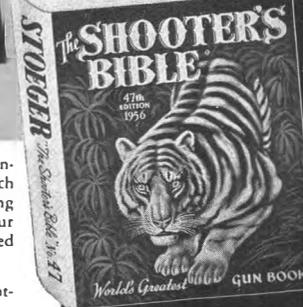
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slightly more. By use of the six interchangeable Comp tubes, shot patterns for all shooting from 20 to 70 yards may be obtained.

Now the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation has introduced an adjustable Comp tube for their Cutts Compensator that gives the degree of choke desired by a quick twist of a knurled collar.

The first of the "twist of the wrist" type of adjustable choking devices, the Poly-Choke, was invented by the late E. Field White. Taking the familiar garden hose nozzle as his inspiration, he split the end of a cylinder-bore shotgun barrel lengthwise in a number of segments and applied a screw collar to compress the segments and form a choke.

The original (now the Standard) Poly-Choke has nine degrees of instantly adjustable choke. Several years ago, in 1948, the Ventilated Poly-Choke was introduced. In addition to the changeable choke it features reduced recoil by diverting the powder gas through slots which are forward of the constriction section of the device.

Now there are several choking contrivances on the market. The Weaver Choke is similar to the Cutts Compensator in that separate choke tubes are employed with it.

The POWER-PAC also employs separate pattern tubes. They are designed so that they lie inside the compensator body, rather than extend forward as with the Cutts and Weaver.

Some of the gun companies have their own adjustable chokes. Savage-Stevens have the Savage Adjustable Choke for instant choke selection. With gas dispersing sleeve, which reduces recoil and prevents blow patterns, it is known as the Savage-Super-Choke. O. F. Mossberg and Sons have two types of chokes for their shotguns. The C-Lect-Choke can be adjusted for any degree of choke by rotating a sleeve. Gas slots are cut into the barrel itself to reduce recoil and eliminate blown patterns. They also have interchangeable choke tubes that screw onto the end of the barrels of several models of their shotguns.

J. C. Higgins (Sears, Roebuck and Co.) mount the Chokemaster on their De Luxe pump and autoloading shotguns. The Chokemaster is knurled-sleeve adjustable for the various degrees of choke and has the gas-dispersing feature.

An adjustable choke is a boon to the "one gun" shooter and this device may be attached to any single-barrel (auto-loader, pump, bolt-action, or single-shot) scattergun.

The Case of the Phantom Firebug *Continued from page 32*

It was a building of flimsy wood, with wood partitions, wooden floors, cheese-cloth and wallpaper. It was a cheap lodging house and vermin had become quite a problem. The owners had resorted to insecticides, which had thoroughly soaked into the wood and which contained a certain percentage of oils.

Quite naturally, if no one set the fire, then George Holman's conviction was a very definite miscarriage of justice.

On the other hand, if somebody other than Holman set the fire, Holman is innocent.

At the time of the trial, Frank Kelly, who was the Chief of the Bureau of Fire Prevention and Investigation, was certain that the New Amsterdam Hotel had been fired by an incendiary.

What made him so certain?

At the time of trial he gave a lot of reasons. We won't go into listing those reasons at the present time, but we will state that Marshall Houts has made an analysis of the testimony and submitted that analysis to some of the outstanding arson specialists, who shake their heads and either contradict Kelly's conclusions or state frankly that they don't believe it is possible as a matter of good investigative procedure in arson cases to reach any such conclusions from the facts which Kelly says he had available.

Is it possible that Kelly's testimony, his judgment and his whole line of thinking were influenced by the fact that police came to him and told him they had proof that the New Amsterdam Hotel had been burned by an incendiary?

If that is the case, the only proof that the police had was founded on Anderson's testimony.

At the time of trial the only testimony that could, by any stretch of the imagination, connect Holman with burning the hotel was Anderson's testimony.

In this connection, Marsh Houts made a startling discovery. He found that at the time of the coroner's inquest into the twenty-two deaths, Frank Kelly had testified before the coroner's jury.

Here's what Frank Kelly said at that time:

QUESTION: Was there any evidence to lead you to believe it was a set fire?

ANSWER: No, Doctor. Not even—there was, you might say, not enough evidence at the stairway that it could be taken into—it was burnt to nothing but the ash.

QUESTION: You have no idea, then, as to what might have started it?

ANSWER: No, not any more than has been mentioned. We had a detail out that evening, and I was in charge of it, due to the fact that there were several other fires in the immediate vicinity that same evening and about six fires Sunday evening out in the Mission District and—

QUESTION: And all of those were definitely set?

ANSWER: They were all definitely incendiary.

QUESTION: Have you anything else on this fire that might be of interest to the jury?

ANSWER: No, I cannot recall anything, Doctor.

QUESTION: All right, sir.

That would certainly seem to indicate that much of Kelly's subsequent conclusions had been influenced by the fact that the police had found Anderson.

In any event, Holman was convicted on

the strength of Anderson's testimony. Now, who was Anderson?

He was presented to the jury as a witness. There was nothing said about his background as far as any illegal activities were concerned. The jury took him at face value. The prosecutor took him at face value. The attorney who was representing Holman didn't cross-examine him as to his background.

Marshall Houts looked up that background.

Now then, here's what Marshall Houts found about Anderson's background, here's Anderson's record, both prior to the time of his testimony and after his testimony:

CRIMINAL RECORD OF JOHN ANDERSON
 Name: Johnny Anderson (Negro)
 Alias: John B. Anderson, George Green, Lucien Anderson
 Age: 29 (1935) Height: 5' 8½" Weight: 148
 Eyes: maroon Hair: black and k Complexion: black Nativity: Illinois Occupation: lab
 Res. 238 Townsend Street

Marks and scars: 1 Tattoo Bust of a Red Cross Nurse, forearm inner, 111 Scar over left eyebrow. Scar over the right eyebrow. Scar inner corner right eye. Scar under nose.

- 6-24-28 Montgomery, Alabama, as Jones. Chg. Dangerous and Suspicious
- 4-2-33 Los Angeles, Calif. as Anderson. #30621-M-13. Susp. Robbery, Tetrick-RU Susp. Robb. Rel. 4-5-33
- 4-5-33 33521 Tetrick-RU Vag. Idle \$25x10 susp. D.
- 8-21-33 2736 D-1 Santa Barbara Drunk and Dis. Peace 90 days Co. J.
- 11-5-33 2738 D-1 Santa Barbara Vag. 6 mos. CJ 5 mos. susp.
- 1-1-34 1605 Ventura County Assault and Batt \$200x100
- 5-23-35 52613 San Francisco 245 PC
- 5-24-35 S. F. Calif. as Anderson. #52613. Chg. Viol. Sec. 245 P. C. Sgt. Brannan and Posse (B)
- 5-24-35 Made an assault with a razor upon Ira Woods, #232 Townsend St. 6-20-35: Held to answer. M. C. 12
- 8-27-35 6 Months Co. Jail. Superior Court #6 90 days.
- 11-8-36 As John Anderson. 238 Townsend St. arr 245 P. Code R. Wertz. Dismissed. Municipal Court. Dept. No. 12.
- 7-7-36 As John Anderson, 238 Townsend St. arr. Res. Officer D. the Peace. F. Schmalzing 'B'.
- 7-8-36 Resist Officer. Dismissed. 3 months SS. on Dist. Peace. Dept. # 12. Mun. Ct.
- 7-16-36 30 Days 'SS'. Mun. Ct. Dept. No. 12
- 1-27-37 As George Green. 422 Brennan St. Arr. Vag. with P 1629 John Andereregl. 27.37 90 Days 'SS' #10
- 2-20-37 As John Anderson. 787 Harrison St. Arr. \$1000 Vag. Sergeant Hallisy. Posse E. 30 Days 'SS' Mun. Ct. Dept. No. 9
- 3-6-37 As George Green No Local Arr. Asslt to Murder. T. Marlow. A. Novembri.
- 3-6-37 Did assault one Louis Larrande. 1741 O'Farrell St., with dagger and with intent to commit murder. Held to answer: Mun. Ct. #10
- 3-24-37 Asslt to Murder (without jury) Pleading Guilty A. D. Weapon. 1 year Co. Jail. Sup. Court 6.
- 1-24-38 As John Anderson. 1885 O'Farrell St. arr. \$100 Vag. T. Marlowe G. Fitzpatrick.
- 1-25-38 30 days SS Mun. Ct. Dept. #12
- 1-28-38 Dismissed. Mun. Ct. #9
- 1-28-38 As John Anderson. 1685 Geary St. arr.

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- \$100 Vag. with 52613. F. Hughes. J. Ny-lund. Dyer Torre.
- 3-10-38 As John Anderson. 906 McAllister St. arr \$1000 Vag with 56517. 56984. W. Casey Posse E. Dismissed. Mun. Ct. #9
- 5-3-38 As John Anderson. 1969 Sutter St. arr. \$1000 Vag. Serg. Benn Posse. Dismissed #9
- 7-9-38 As John Anderson. 1969 Sutter St. arr. \$1000 Vag. with 57983. and 1149. H. Frustrick Posse
- 7-11-38 Dismissed Mun. Ct. #11. Re-booked Assault to Com. G. B. Injry.
- 7-9-38 Assaulted George Baruxis, 23 Ritch St. by slashing him about the abdomen with a knife.
- 7-12-38 Held to answer; Mun. Ct. #11
- 9-19-38 Co. Jail for 90 days. S. C. #6
- 4-12-39 (44083-Hamlyn-Va) MC 41.27c (Drkg) 1 day D30 4-12-39
- 5-14-39 Seattle, Wash. as Anderson. #24888. Chg. D. C. Drunk Roller, 10 days SS
- 8-13-39 (78543 Tuller-13) MC 41.27a (dk) \$5 x1 D30 8-13-39
- 9-23-39 (8394 Hamlyn-Va) MC 41.27 a (dk) \$10x5 D30 9-23-39
- 11-3-39 (19411-Brooks-1) MC 41.27a (dk) \$5-x2 D30 11-4-39
- 1-21-40 (42088-Galey-1) MC 41.27a (dk) \$5x1 D30 1-21-40
- 2-11-40 (48906-Bradley-Va) MC 41.27a (dk) 10 day D30 2-11-40
- 3-8-40 (57174-Brooks-1) Vag Lt hrs 30 ds 27 Sp D30 3-8-40
- 3-11-40 (58147-Brooks-Va) MC 41.27a (dk) 30 ds 1 susp D30 3-11-40
- 3-29-40 (63974-McArthur 13) Mc 41.27a (dk) \$5x2 sp D30 3-30-40
- 4-2-40 (64991 Tully-13) MC 41.27a (dk) \$30-x15 D30
- 4-17-40 (69235-Peterson-Va) PT 5 ds D7 4-30-40
- 6-22-40 (A 7084 Harris-1) Vag Lt Hrs 30 ds Sp 6 mos Prob D30 6-23-40
- 9-5-40 (A25129 Harris-1) MC 41.27a (dk) 1 da susp D30 9-6-40
- 10-26-40 Pittsburgh. PD 6385 as Anderson charge drunk \$10 fine.
- 1-25-41 John Anderson. 1639 O'Farrell St. Arr \$1000 Vag. J. Fitzpatrick A. 1-25-41 Dism. #12
- 3-3-41 John Anderson, 1959 Sutter St. Arr \$1000 Vag. J. Cooney. A. 3-3-41. Dismissed M. C. 12.
- 3-14-42 John Anderson, 1890 O'Farrell St. Arr \$1000 Vag. F. Fitzpatrick (E) 3-14-42. Dism. Mun. Ct. #12
- 2-28-43 SF as John Anderson, S. P. Hospital, Chg. Sec 415 P. C. (Dis. Peace) Abttery-Resist an Officer, H. Smith.*L. Ferrrogario E Bailed.
- 6-29-43 On Dist. Pre-30 das CJ 1 da SS on Battery c/jg 90 da CJ 1 da SS conc. on Reste Off. 90 Day CJ ss MC #9.
- 5-5-44 SF as Anderson, 1740 Buchana St. Chg. \$1000. Vag. W. Smith (E). 5-6-44 Dism. M. C. #9.
- 7-27-44 (71825-26 Austin-Met) Drk 20x10 sp prb D30 7-28-44 Susp SSTA
- 10-29-44 (2551 Johnson-Met) Drk Rel by wvr D30 10-30-44
- 11-15-44 (8200 Fuller-1) Drk 30 ds sp pro D30 11-16-44
- 12-6-44 (16428 Fuller-1) Drk 15 ds D30 12-7-44
- 12-21-44 (22778-Chapman-1) Drk 4 ds D30 12-21-44
- 12-29-44 (26482-Oun-1) Drk B/F D30 12-31-44
- 1-29-45 SF as John Anderson 417 Third St, Chg: Disturbing the Peace. Resisting an Officer and Battery/ Spec. Off R. Pate (Shot by Officer Pate resisting arrest--taken to SF Hosp.)
- 2-26-45 Returned to City Prison fro SF Hospital.
- 3-8-45 Resisting an Officer. 1 year S. S. on Probation M. C. #12 Battery. 6 mos. S. S. on Probation, M. C. #12
- 3-12-45 (59034-Kenny-1) Susp 487 PC
- 4-14-45 (72367-Carter-1) (GT Pers) Rel 3-4-45
- 4-18-45 (74135-Wilson-Trf) (GT Pers) Rel 4-18-45
- 4-26-45 (76651-Sprinkle-1) Drk 60 ds sp Prb D30 4-26-45
- 5-5-45 (79689-Carter-1) Drk Rel by wvr D30 5-5-45
- 5-8-45 Disturbing the Peace. 90 Days SS on Probation. M. C. #12
- 7-15-45 (2784-Brown-1) Susp 487 Pc (GT Per) Rel 7-18-45
- 7-20-45 (4494-Austin-Met) Susp 211 PC (Robb) Rel 7-23-45
- 7-28-45 (7176-Weaver-1) Drk 25x5 D30 7-29-45
- 8-14-45 (12814-Chapman-1) Drk 60 ds sp Prb D30 8-16-45
- 9-12-45 (21909-Johnson-1) Drk 30 ds D30 9-13-45
- 11-10-45 Bkg #43098 Drk 61 ds O/W 60 sp D30 11-11-45
- 12-7-45 (52994-Brady-1) Susp 211 PC (Robb) Rel 12-10-45
- 12-19-45 Bkg #58078 Drk 180 ds sp Prb D30 12-20-45
- 1-4-46 Bkg #63868 Drk 30 ds sp Prb D30 1-4-46
- 1-26-46 Bkg #72648 Drk 25x5 sp Prb D30 1-27-46
- 4-11-46 Bkg #7249 Drk 27 Rel by wvr D30 4-11-46
- 5-11-46 (20004-Allunso-1) Drk B/F D30 5-12-46
- 7-24-46 (50705-Duncan-1) Susp SSTA rel 7-25-46
- 8-19-46 (79151-Bixby-13) Drk 10x2 D30 8-21-46
- 8-2-46 (54484-Feltonberg-1) Drk rel by WVR D30 8-3-46
- 8-3-46 (55094-Cooper-13) Drk rel by WVR D30 8-4-46
- 8-11-46 Bkg #58372 Drk rel by WVR D30 8-12-46
- 8-15-46 Bkg #59855 Drk 30x15 das D30 8-15-46
- 9-6-46 Bkg #69662 Drk 10 das D30 9-6-46
- 9-20-46 Bkg #75763 Drk rel by WVR D30 9-21-46
- 9-25-46 Bkg #77934 Drk rel by WVR D30 9-26-46
- 10-1-46 Bkg #79974 Drk rel by WVR D30 10-2-46
- 10-6-46 Bkg #82091 Drk 60 das o/w 2 Sp D30 10-7-46
- 12-10-46 Bkg #8244 Drk B/F B/W Iss D30 12-11-46
- 12-22-46 Bkg #13375 Drk 20 das D30 12-23-46
- 12-23-46 (13827-Hunt-R&I) B/Warr 068664 (30) Intoxication 20 das D30 12-23-46
- 1-11-47 Bkg #21533 50x25 D30 1-12-47
- 2-7-47 Bkg #33233 Rel by WVR D30 2-9-47
- 3-11-47 Bkg #47586 Drk 20 das D30 3-11-47
- 5-11-47 Bkg #75193 Drk 50x10 D30 5-12-47
- 5-27-47 Bkg #82504 Drk 30x10 Susp D30 5-28-47
- 6-8-47 Bkg #88024 Drk rel by WVR D30 6-9-47
- 6-11-47 Bkg #89259 Drk 30 das D30 6-11-47
- 7-11-47 Bkg #3585 Drk rel by WVR D30 7-12-47
- 7-22-47 Bkg #8407 Drk rel by WVR D30 7-22-47
- 7-29-47 Bkg #11791 Drk rel by WVR D30 7-29-47
- 8-5-47 Bkg #15177 Drk 15 days D7 8-7-47
- 8-21-47 Bkg #23318 Drk Rel by WVR D30 8-22-47
- 8-22-47 Bkg #23556 Drk 10 days D30 8-24-47
- 9-11-47 Bkg #32707 Drk rel by WVR D30 9-11-47

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 1-6-48 Bkg #83836 Drk Rel by WVR D30 1-6-48
 2-4-48 (00283-Beck-Met) Susp 211 PC (Robb)
 Rel 2-5-48
 2-7-48 (796-Nelson-Met) MC 55.05B (CCW)
 20 days D30 2-8-48
 4-19-48 St Dep of Public Health
 SACTO Died (L A Co Gen Hosp)

And in addition to this official record, Houts discovered the following:

REPORT FROM ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE

ARRESTED OR RECEIVED	DEPARTMENT AND NUMBER	NAME	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
5-14-3	PD, Seattle, Wash. 24888	John Anderson	Dis. cond.	10 days
10-26-40	PD, Pittsburg 6385	John Anderson	Drk.	\$10 fine
9-16-42	PD, Oakland 37615	John Anderson	415 PC	10-3-42 \$30
10-24-45	PD, Oxnard 4892	John Lucias Anderson	Drk. & STTC	Bail forf.
1-22-46	PD, Winslow, Ariz.	John Lucias Anderson	Drk. D. P.	\$10 & 5 days
9-26-46	PD, Riverside 17781	John Anderson	Drk.	Fined \$25 or 12½ days in jail
4-13-47	PD, Las Vegas, Nev. 51768	John Anderson		
4-12-47	PD, San Bernardino 7-88	John Anderson	Vag.	30 days susp.

So that was the man whose testimony sent George Holman to the penitentiary for life.

What kind of a man is Holman? Holman was an illiterate Negro, but he was honest. He hadn't been in trouble. He was running a restaurant and trying to mind his own business.

You can get pretty good evidence of a man's caliber after he goes to prison.

Holman's institutional record is outstanding. He has learned to read and write, he has taken advantage of the educational facilities offered at San Quentin, and he has not a single black mark on his record.

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Pat Brown, who was District Attorney at the time Holman was convicted, is now the Attorney General of the State of California. Marsh Houts and Pierre Salinger went to Attorney General Pat Brown and showed him Anderson's record. He told Houts and Salinger that at the time he had used John Anderson as his star witness he had no idea of the man's criminal record.

What would have happened if the jury

could have looked behind the scenes and seen John Anderson for what he really was?

Do you think they would have sent George Holman to prison on the strength of testimony given by a witness such as Anderson?

It is all but inconceivable that any man could have run up such a police record as that of Anderson. The fact that a man of that caliber could have been running around loose for year after year is almost inconceivable—but there's his record in black and white.

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the case, it is quite possible that something could be done.

Therefore, if you folks will drop Governor Knight a letter, just stating that you're part of this far-flung Court of Last Resort, that you are interested in the Holman case and that you would like to have his office make an investigation in view of the facts disclosed herein. We have a feeling that Governor Knight will ask one of his assistants to make that investigation.

A governor can't be personally responsible for everything that goes on in his official family, but he is nevertheless the head of that official family and is, therefore, the person you have to address when you want action.

Long Shot Continued from page 34

truck which pulls the big dog trailer. They have a nice string. Dave and I both fell for Joanne at about the same time. She is button-sized, with blonde hair like silk, and big dark eyes and lashes and brows. She always seems to be half laughing at you. She likes nice things and nice places to go. She is content with a hamburger and drive-in if that's all you can swing. But she is more contented—and shows it—when you can have drinks at the Tampa Terrace and dinner at Ybor City. She's fun to be with. She sparkles.

As I said, it is a good job to have. But it is not such a good job when you start competing for Joanne. The money seemed to melt away too easily. And money is the pulse of the track. Gambling is the only reason for the existence of the track. Money beats in the air like a drum you can't quite hear. If the drumbeat gets in your blood, then it can be a very bad job indeed. If you check out short, the management can be very, very difficult. Perhaps the atmosphere is emotionally unhealthy. Without trying to sound too moral, I can say that it is only unhealthy if you have the streak of weakness that permits you to cheat. I had honesty hammered into me right from the year one. I wasn't capable of forcing myself to play out of the box, and I guess that was what Joe Stack had sensed and what made him anxious to help me along.

I knew Joe Stack was being devious. I knew he'd guessed that my friend, Dave Truelow, had been playing out of the box and had been lucky at it. So he told me to watch Garner. I don't know what he was trying to prove, or what he thought I would do. Dave had gotten the inside track with Joanne. But he was beginning to act a little jumpy because of his betting activities. I knew that all I had to do was tell Joe Stack that Dave was playing out of the box regularly. Joe would fire him. He wouldn't be able to wine and dine Joanne, and she would have to be content with my more meager date money. But I couldn't do it.

After the races were over I saw that Dave checked out with no difficulty. From

As far as I know, there is nothing at the present time pending before the Adult Authority or the Governor's Pardoning Board. Nor do I think that statements from us would be sufficient to influence the parole board (the Adult Authority). But if Governor Knight would ask one of his assistants to check into this situation, I am satisfied that an interview with the Attorney General of California, an independent investigation of the facts in the light of the information we have made available would result in a report which could be considered by the parole board as the basis for action. So just ask Governor Knight if he won't ask one of his assistants to check the facts.

the way he glanced at me I guessed that he'd had a pretty good evening. Joe, as usual, gave me a ride back to my place after the armored car had been dispatched. As we drove out by the empty parking lot Dave passed us in the small used convertible he had bought. The top was down and I saw Joanne beside him, some sort of white net affair over her pale hair. It hurt to see her going out with him. But there wasn't much I could do about it.

"I wonder if Dave gets any sleep at all," Joe said.

"He gets some."
"You aren't as friendly with him as you used to be. Break up over the girl?"
"I guess so."
"Nice-looking girl, Johnny. Nice expensive little item."

I was glad he didn't continue it. I was glad he dropped it right there. After I was back in my room it took a lot of time to forget about Joanne. I could see her walk, and see the way her mouth curved when she smiled.

We had a huge crowd on Friday night. It was the kind of evening the Chamber of Commerce likes to think Florida has all the time. Colored spots played on the infield fountains. The dogs ran hard in the white glare of the floodlights. The windows were busy. It was a bustling, good-humored crowd, with heavier money than usual.

When we had a breathing spell after the fourth race, and I had over four thousand dollars' worth of receipts in my box, Stan Garner winked over at me and said, "Davey is ailing."

I glanced at Dave. He was looking straight ahead. His color was bad and his face looked sweaty. I looked back at Stan Garner and raised one eyebrow in question.

"He went heavy on Dancing Ann. Maybe four hundred dollars' worth," said Stan.

Dancing Ann had been hit, and rolled on the first turn. I whistled softly. I hadn't been keeping track of anything outside my own window. Garner is the type who can work hard and still be able to keep his attention on ten different things at once.

I looked at Dave again and I knew this was the night when he was going to come to the end of the string. He had a bad case of the fever and up until now it had paid off. But it had changed and I sensed that he was going to ride it all the way down. It wouldn't be a pretty thing to watch. I couldn't be happy watching it, even though it meant that Joanne might be my girl when it was all over.

We were running ten races. He made no bet on the fifth—at least, no bet I could see. I saw him bet the sixth. By then the word had got around. A lot of us saw him bet the sixth, holding the keys down for a frightening length of time, the bell bonging as each ticket was printed. He checked the sheaf of tickets and put them in his pocket and made a pencil notation on a piece of paper under the counter. His hand shook as he made the notation.

"About two hundred." Garner whispered. "On Skipjack, I think."

The word was passed along. All the men behind the windows sweated out the sixth race. It was vicarious disaster. It was a little like watching a man cut his own throat, slowly. Skipjack came in fourth. We watched Dave Truelow. He looked five pounds lighter than when he had reported.

He made another sizable bet on the eighth. Garner called across to him. "Getting in a little heavy, Davey?"

Dave turned slowly. His voice and eyes were expressionless. "A little."

"How much, kid?"

"Eleven hundred."

That word was passed along, too, and I found that I, like the others, was pulling for Dave to come out of it. But I knew he wouldn't. And I think he knew he wouldn't. Luck goes sour and it won't come back.

I don't know how Joe Stack heard about it. He has his own sources. I didn't see him coming, but suddenly he was behind Dave. He stood there. He didn't say anything. I saw Dave look back at him and then hunch closer over his work. Joe stood there throughout the betting on the ninth race, and then went back to the money room.

When the results were posted on the ninth, Dave turned toward Stan Garner and me. He had a crazy look on his face. "That's what I needed to get even. Boxer Box. That's what I was going to play. Eight to one it paid, and I didn't get one dime down."

"He'll have himself a good time figuring this last one." Garner whispered to me. "Two favorites and six tangle-fave. He can't get enough down on either favorite to make it all back."

"What will they do with him?"

"This isn't any twenty- or thirty-buck shortage, Johnny. They'll hold him for the cops."

Dave waited until moments before the board closed. Once again he held down the keys. Garner stood on tiptoe and looked across. He checked the numbers against the starting position and said,

in a tone of awe, "Kathy's Prince! Good God!" Then he shrugged. "He's down eleven hundred. Another hundred won't make it hurt any worse."

I tried not to look at Dave as the race was being run. We couldn't see the finish line from the windows. We could all hear the sound of it, the rising roar as the dogs came around the final turn and into the stretch. Dave stood utterly motionless. Then the crowd sound died away abruptly, and people began to move toward the exits and the big parking lot.

The P.A. system announced a photo finish between dogs one and seven. Seven was Kathy's Prince. I looked at Dave. He wavered and held onto the edge of the counter for support. I began automatically to prepare my check-out. The band had finished its final number of the evening.

I was looking at Dave when it was announced that seven had won. I saw life come back into him, saw his shoulders straighten and his color come back. He gave us all a big, wide grin. One hundred down at twenty to one would clear up the shortage and give him nine hundred more.

A half hour later I stood in the shadows of the stand on the parking lot side and waited for Joe Stack. I had seen Dave drive out with Joanne. I had heard her laughter, like clear silver in the night. I felt abused and tired and shabby. I leaned against a pillar and smoked and waited for Joe. The lights were out, the fountains still.

Joe came walking heavily out. "Oh, there you are. Wait long?"

"Not too long."

We walked to his car. We got in and he put the key in the ignition but he didn't switch it on. He turned toward me. I couldn't see his face in the darkness. "Don't let it get you, kid."

"What do you mean?"

"It didn't happen last time. It didn't happen tonight. It might not happen next time, but it's going to happen. You can bank on that. It's as sure as sunrise. Don't play dumb with me, either. I mean Dave. Like with Henny Penny, the sky is going to fall on his head. Tonight he has the money and the girl and everything."

"I guess he does."

"You don't have to see it happen, do you? I mean, you don't have to have it driven into your skull."

"No, I don't, Joe."

"And when it happens, will it teach him anything?"

"It might."

"Don't kid yourself. He's had the smell of it. He's had the fever in him. They don't recover from that. I've been waiting for a word from you and you haven't given it. Maybe I like that. Anyway, I'm firing him."

I couldn't even feel good about that. "That's too bad," I said, and I really meant it.

"I think we'll see a lot of him. On the other side of the windows."

"But not for very long."

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"No, Johnny. Not for very long. Now you can take your innings with blonde if you want to. Does that make you feel good?"

I sat and thought it over. He was waiting for an answer. I remembered the sound of her laugh in the night. I had kissed her twice, and I remembered both those times, remembered them with a great deal of pleasure.

"I guess it doesn't make me feel good, Joe."

"You off blondes?"

"I . . . I guess I'm off that one. I guess she's more than I can afford. Maybe I can find one like that sometime—but a

girl who'll settle for a hamburger and a bus ride."

He laughed and started the car. We didn't talk on the way back. When he let me off he said, "I do a little betting myself. I bet on you, Johnny. And I think I've won—all the way across the board."

He let me off on the usual corner and I walked back to my room. I thought about Dave and Joanne and I found I didn't feel bad at all. I'd dropped a weight off my shoulders. I didn't feel tired, abused or shabby. I felt pretty good. There seemed to be a pretty fair likelihood that I was growing up. ● ● ●

Back Talk *Continued from page 11*

Your article on Wyatt Earp was of great interest to me. I have always had a distaste for stories printed in the light that western desperadoes and vigilantes are heroes, but how are we the ordinary Joes who have just a normal education and have forgotten most of that to know this author to be authentic? Sure he could show us some beat-up old manuscripts along with testimonies from various old codgers seeking notoriety which could convince us regular schmoes, but the real problem will be in proving it to the experts.

I don't expect you will print this, but I imagine that there are quite a few more of your readers who feel the same way I do.

OWEN R. DIEZ
Cincinnati, O.

Oh, yes, we are at the moment eagerly awaiting an article on how loathsome Davy Crockett is.

• You sold us. You'll see at least three fiction pieces in every issue from now on, Okay?

WE CRASH THE DIAPER SET

Being a subscriber and great admirer of your magazine, my husband decided to start our son early as being a "chip off

Herbert Wombe
Woods, Vt.

• So far the mailbag tally is about two to one in support of Wyatt Earp. As for us—shakes of the O.K. Corral!—we're just as neutral as could be when it gets around to shootin' talk.



You can't start them too early.

WANTS MORE FICTION

This is the first time I have ever written to a magazine about what I think of it. A few years ago you used to publish a magazine that contained quite a few good stories. Good fiction pieces about all sorts of things. Over a period of time you have cut down on your fiction stories and put in all sorts of other things. What has happened to you people to change your type of magazine? It is no longer ARGOSY, but rather an imitation of some other magazines that are on the market. Which I might add are better in their field than you are (in theirs).

Another thing: In your Back Talk section, why, why is there always some cutting or sarcastic remark after a letter by a reader? Let me amend that statement a bit; I should have said almost every time.

I first started reading ARGOSY Magazine many years ago when my father used to buy it.

Mrs. ARTHUR J. GRESSNER
Rochester, N. Y.

Would like very much to know when or if you ever intend to go back to some more good fiction.

• Nice going, Mrs. Gressner. The first time your boy writes to Back Talk, we'll print his letter, and that's a promise.

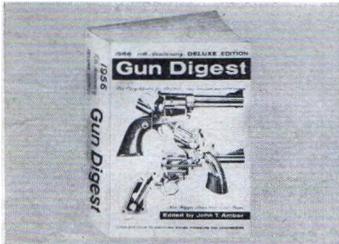
The by way, the story in the June issue, "The Grenade," was very, very good. Only one story in the entire issue.

We would like to be able to answer every letter we receive, but the volume of mail is such that an individual answer to every letter is impossible. But every letter is read, and we answer as many as we can.

THE EDITORS

STOP TO SHOP

This section is not composed of paid advertising; it is an editorial feature



Anybody who likes guns should add this mammoth and informative book to their library. It's the tenth edition of the Gun Digest, and its 292 pages are filled with dope on all types of guns, modern and antique. Also has sections on chokes, scopes and mounts, cartridges, reloading tools, etc. \$2.50 ppd. Gun Digest Co., 227 W. Washington, Chicago, Ill.



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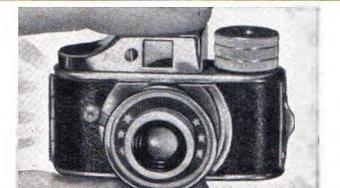
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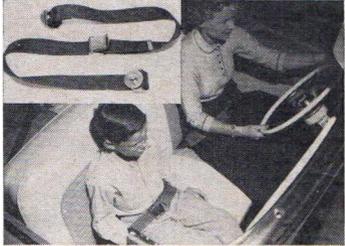
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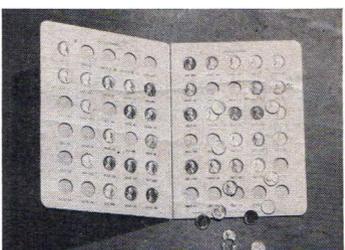
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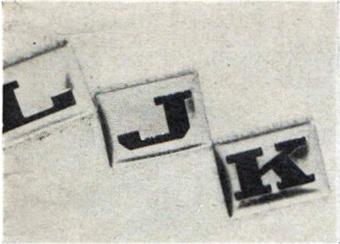
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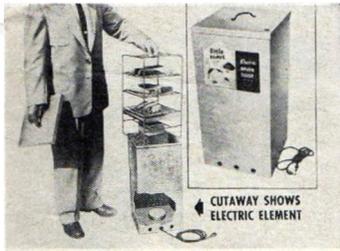
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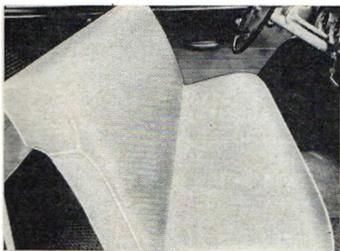


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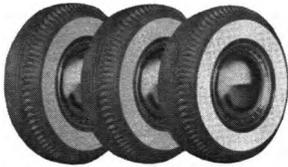
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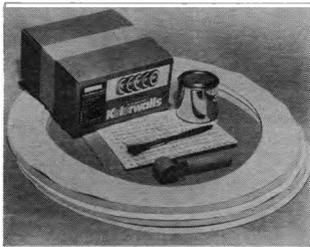
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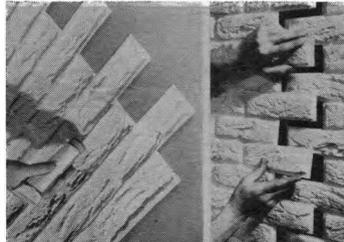
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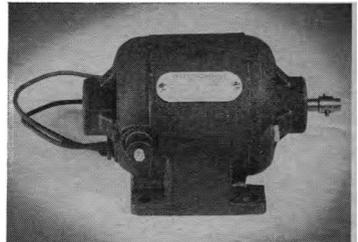
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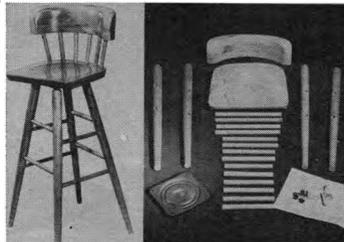
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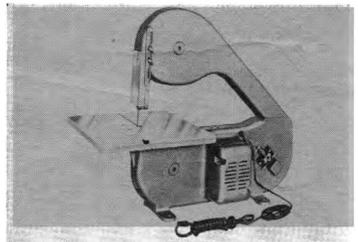
A nice way to dress up the basement playroom, or almost any room for that matter, is with this new rigid vinyl wall covering which duplicates nicely the form and texture of brick and stone. It's fire-resistant, and is easily mounted with a special adhesive. Prices start at 63¢ per sq. ft. For complete information write National Vacuum Molding Corp., Yonkers, N.Y.



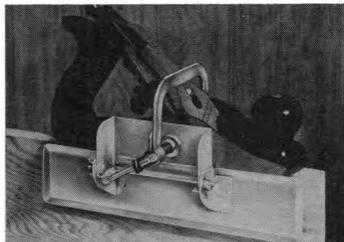
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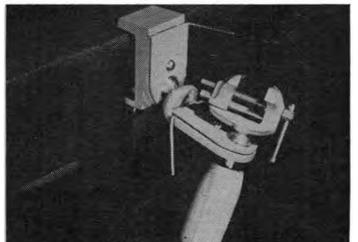
This is an excellent buy in a kit—a swivel Captain's Stool with a sturdy, concealed ball bearing swivel, thick knotty pine seat and back, hardwood legs and rungs. All parts are completely pre-fitted, drilled, sanded, etc. Easy to assemble from step-by-step instructions. Specify 30 or 24" seat height. \$11.95 express collect from Yield House, No. Conway, N.H.



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If you'll look closely at the above vise, you'll see it's different from any other made. It has two ball swivels—one under vise head, the other at base—which lets you in effect bring the vise to the work. Pivots to any angle, locks securely. Very sturdy. With 2" jaw opening, \$14.90 ppd.; with 3" opening, \$39.90 ppd. Bellows Mfg. Co., 2427-A N. Fitzhugh, Dallas, Texas.

Are Monkeys People, or Vice Versa?

Continued from page 6

side of the clearing the smaller, and obviously the lady porcupine, moved unconcernedly about, apparently oblivious to anything and everything. A dozen feet away, the ardent swain was far from indifferent. First he stamped his front feet, then jumped stiff-legged on all four feet together. Sometimes he moved toward the lady until, his courage failing, he would turn and move away, all the time keeping up his dance. At every third or fourth jump he would utter one of those baby-like cries.

"This performance went on for nearly thirty minutes until finally the male, in an ardent burst of passion, bounced up to her side, increasing the frequency of his cries and the speed of his jumping. The lady, no longer indifferent, gave a few stiff-legged hops and cried, happily I hope, in unison with her boy friend.

"The 'modus operandi' of the two loving porcupines was about like this. The lady, after a bit of joyful hopping, bowed her head, arched her back and became motionless. Her lover, with a few more cries, carefully placed his front paws about her neck and carefully eased himself backward into a properly loving embrace. Thereafter, she became most co-operative and they moved in unison until the act was completed. Moving backward into the proper position seemed very practical to me as a porcupine's quills point from north to south and any direct approach from the rear might be very uncomfortable, if not disastrous.

"A few minutes later they parted and she wandered off into the woods, he trailing along behind.

"Returning that way a few hours later, I discovered both of them perched high in a tree, happily gnawing bark for their wedding supper.

"By the way, the babies, usually twins, are born fully equipped with quills; further proof of the hardihood of Mama Porcupine.

(Signed) GEORGE GAYLORD"

Reader Gaylord proves that even the gal with the sharpest retorts has a soft side. It is advisable, however, not to feed her tree bark for your wedding supper.

Just to show how far this business of Romance can be carried, kindly observe the following. This lady neither talks back nor slaps, and the plumbing is so arranged that if she blushes and says no, you can simply disregard her and make love to yourself:

"Your article in ARGOSY on 'Romance in the Woods' is hot stuff, a real contribution to adult education. But nobody seems to have thought of an animal which I would like to nominate as the champion example of how love will find a way.

"A creature without eyes, nose, or ears would seem to be considerably handicapped as a lover. This is the fix in which the amorous earthworm—*Lumbricus terrestris*—finds itself, yet it not only seeks and finds a mate, but is able to double as

both Romeo and Juliet, as each produces both sperms and ova in separate organs.

"After dark the worms crawl out on the surface of the ground. Something similar to our sense of smell, located in their skins, enables them to find each other. Their courtship does not seem a very dramatic business to a human observer, but it serves the purpose, ending with the wiggly lovers locked in an ecstatic embrace during which each impregnates the ova of the other, which subsequently develops in the clitellum—that smooth, unsegmented ring up forward which holds a fishhook so well.

"I frequently prepare for a day's fishing by hunting night crawlers on the lawn with a flashlight. It always makes me a little sad when I happen to interrupt a happy couple.

(Signed) F. M. CRANE"

The lesson in this particular case, fellow students, would seem to be that if you're going to be romantic on the lawn, watch out for flashlights.

Now make way for Reader Slim Temple. He brings us this dramatic tale of Romance in the Bayou:

"C. E. (Crup Ear) Bishop sure did some sputterin' and spittin' over the way those eagles carried on. I'm wondering if he and the other 'baker's dozen' were blushing. They should be ashamed for peeking like that. But he's right. I have witnessed this whirlwind romance several times here in Terrebonne Parish, Louisiana, between 'Ma and Pa' Bald Eagle. (I have never seen a golden eagle in these parts.) I must say our national bird can cut up more didoes in the air than our air force pilots can with a souped-up jet. At least, they cannot duplicate the feat in question.

"I once read an article by some smart cookie that said, 'Man has learned more about flying in the past twenty years than the birds have since they were created.' Well, I doubt if he ever saw the 'mad dance' of the bald eagle.

"But, Brother Bishop, you haven't seen anything until you've seen La Belle Alligator and her 'long green' beau in an amorous embrace.

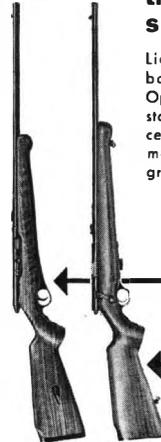
"I am representative for a large land and fur company. My territory takes in nothing but deep swamp and marsh lands. I have seen 'nature in the raw'—or all the carrying-ons between our native fur-bearing animals: mink, coon, otter, muskrat and nutria. Even of 'Brier Turtle isn't so slow when the little 'filly' crawls out of the mud in the spring, with her green mossy back and a gleam in her eye.

"Last year, while inspecting our marshlands in the Palmetto Bayou area, I was on the observation platform of our good boat *loua* when I saw a clearing in the roseaus (the roseau is a cane-grass which grows up to fifteen feet tall) about three hundred feet from the bayou bank. I started breaking a trail through the roseaus, swatting several nests of bees out of the way and nearly stepping on a big Congo. When I came near the edge



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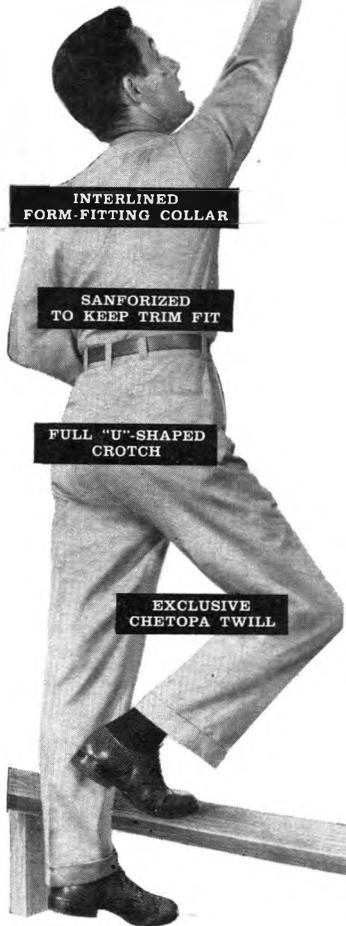
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EVERY GARMENT UNION MADE—UNION LABELED

of the clearing the most God-awful noise froze me in my tracks. Even though it was smothering hot in the roseaus, the cold chill that ran down my spine made my knees weak. I swung the 25-35 Winchester carbine, which I strap-carry on my back, into position and pulled back the hammer for action. After several minutes of shaking in my boots. I eased forward to the end of the clearing, and there I saw what few men have seen, even in nightmares. Two twisting, rolling, tail-slapping 'gators, longer than my own six feet, were locked in combat. Their jaws were locked into each other's, but after a few minutes they lay quiet. Soon their heavy tails began beating the peaty humus of the marsh again. The mud and grass flew and the very marsh trembled. After a few minutes of this, the jaw hold was broken and the real battle began. It is hard to describe the fight between these two monsters, but if you've ever seen two bulldogs have it out, then you have a faint idea of what I saw.

To my surprise, the smaller of the two, which measured but seven feet two inches, soundly whipped his larger eight-foot eight-inch opponent, who turned tail and made for the opposite side of the clearing.

"Up to this time, I had not seen the little lady, hardly over five and a half feet. She was standing high on her scaly legs near the edge of a water hole, about twenty yards away. A deep-throated grunt came from the winner of the battle as he ambled toward the water hole to claim his prize. After lying head to head for a few minutes, they circled each other several times, both emitting low grunts. Then all hell broke loose. The biting and slapping of tails almost convinced me that I was seeing another battle between males. He was probably giving her the 'treatment' for causing him so much trouble, for, as abruptly as it all started, it stopped. Then she realized he hadn't called to bring her ice cream and cake. Well, if you boys think our fair Monroe has everything, you should see our La Belle 'Gator when the pangs of passion possess her. All was quiet and peaceful for some time, except for the throaty cooing from the maiden. Then it all started again, biting, slapping of tails, and finally they went into the water hole with a splash.

"The story doesn't end here, for the 'king-sized papa' wasn't a bit pleased with the turn of events. He was out of the roseaus and almost to the hole before I saw him. He hit the water hole with a splash and was no sooner at the bottom when La Belle 'Gator shot up out of the water and clawed her way up over the edge of the marsh and was off into the tall grass.

"The gentlemen pulled a song and dance in the hole for several minutes and then were out on the marsh again, rolling, biting and trying to get in licks with their powerful tails. Then came the jaw-lock again, and quiet, about ten yards from where I was standing. Well, I wanted those two bull hides, so, taking careful aim and squeezing the trigger, I put a slug into the right ear of the smaller one. The left side of his head flew in pieces. Working the lever of the rifle, I caught the larger one in a good spot and he lost the top of his head. It was then I discovered that the larger one had his left front foot missing, an old amputation, probably from getting caught in a trap.

"It took nearly two hours to strip them of their skins and get back to the Iowa. After fleshing the hides, I measured them, then salted and rolled them on a stick. They brought me two bucks and a quarter per foot in Morgan City.

"The alligator is an 'outlaw' in our neck of the woods. They destroy the young of our fur-bearing animals, so on my next trip out I went after the fair La Belle. She was deep in the hole. I took my hook, on the end of a sixteen foot pole, and finally she bit, after punching her a few times. She was still sassy and full of fire, and since I wasn't in a romantic mood, I put the hatchet to her head. I took her back to the Iowa and hung her up and snapped her picture with my Argus C-3.

"Well, I was forty-five bucks to the good and saw a first-class fight. But if you want to call this 'Romance,' you can have my share, and so can your Aunt Tillie.

(Signed) F. A. (SLIM) TEMPLE"

Let me tell you something, Slim. My Aunt Tillie says she may not know a lot about Romance, but she knows enough to recognize a cold-hearted scoundrel when she sees one. You have no Romance in your soul to shoot a pair of lovers after such a memorable honeymoon. Aunt Tillie says you can go down in your old bayou for all she cares.

Of course, the lesson in this tragic case is that if some other gent beats your game, give it up. If you go back, you may get your block knocked off, and the woods are always full of other gals.

That's the end of the lesson for this month, folks. Too much of this emotional stuff might give you a set of ulcers and then you wouldn't be any good for Romance.

Continue to send in your letters, Brother Scientists. We'll pay five dollars for every one we use.

Have a good time hunting and, if you can't find anything to shoot at, take along a pair of binoculars. You may get a bigger surprise.

See you next month. ● ● ●

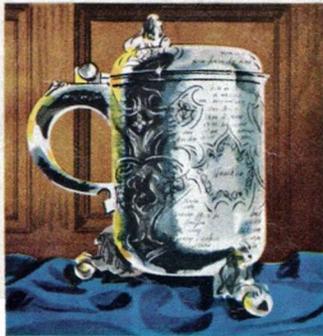
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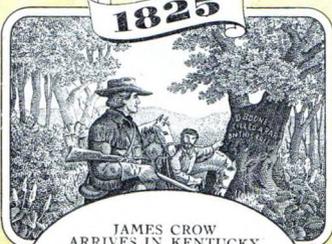
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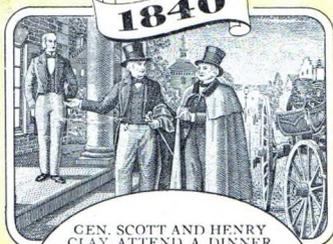
1825



JAMES CROW ARRIVES IN KENTUCKY

Pioneer James Crow reaches the frontier in 1825 and within a decade revolutionizes the making of Kentucky whiskey.

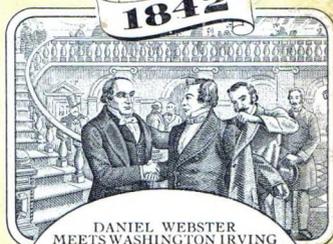
1840



GEN. SCOTT AND HENRY CLAY ATTEND A DINNER

At home, or when dining out, as he did with Gen. Scott, Senator Clay takes pleasure in introducing his guests to Old Crow.

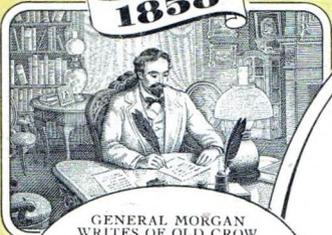
1842



DANIEL WEBSTER MEETS WASHINGTON IRVING

It is in such distinguished company as this that the great American orator enjoys his favorite bourbon, Old Crow.

1858



GENERAL MORGAN WRITES OF OLD CROW

The man who later became the leader of Morgan's Confederate Raiders offers to send Old Crow to Dr. Fox of Lexington, Ky.

1955

Enjoy the whiskey of celebrated men

OLD CROW

now milder and lower-priced!

Great men of history enjoyed Old Crow more than a century ago. Today, it is available to you in a lighter, milder, lower-priced 86 Proof bottling, as a companion to the famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond!

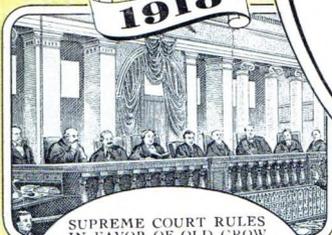
1876



BRET HARTE ENJOYS A DRINK WITH MARK TWAIN

What finer whiskey to celebrate author Bret Harte's completion of one of his best stories, than Twain's favorite, Old Crow!

1918



SUPREME COURT RULES IN FAVOR OF OLD CROW

A unanimous decision of the Supreme Court ends more than 1800 litigations over the improper use of the Old Crow trademark.

1953



Old Crow makes history with a lighter, milder bottling at a lower price!

OLD CROW INTRODUCES MILDER 86 PROOF BOTTLING

Now, whiskey buyers can enjoy a prestige bourbon at a popular price—Old Crow 86 Proof—companion to the 100 Proof Bond.

TWO GREAT BOTTINGS!

86 PROOF

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Milder, lower-priced than the historic 100 Proof Bond.



BOTTLED IN BOND

100 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

The most famous of bonded bourbons available as usual.

