LYNDON JOHNSON: HOW HE WON THE SILVER STAR

SAGA

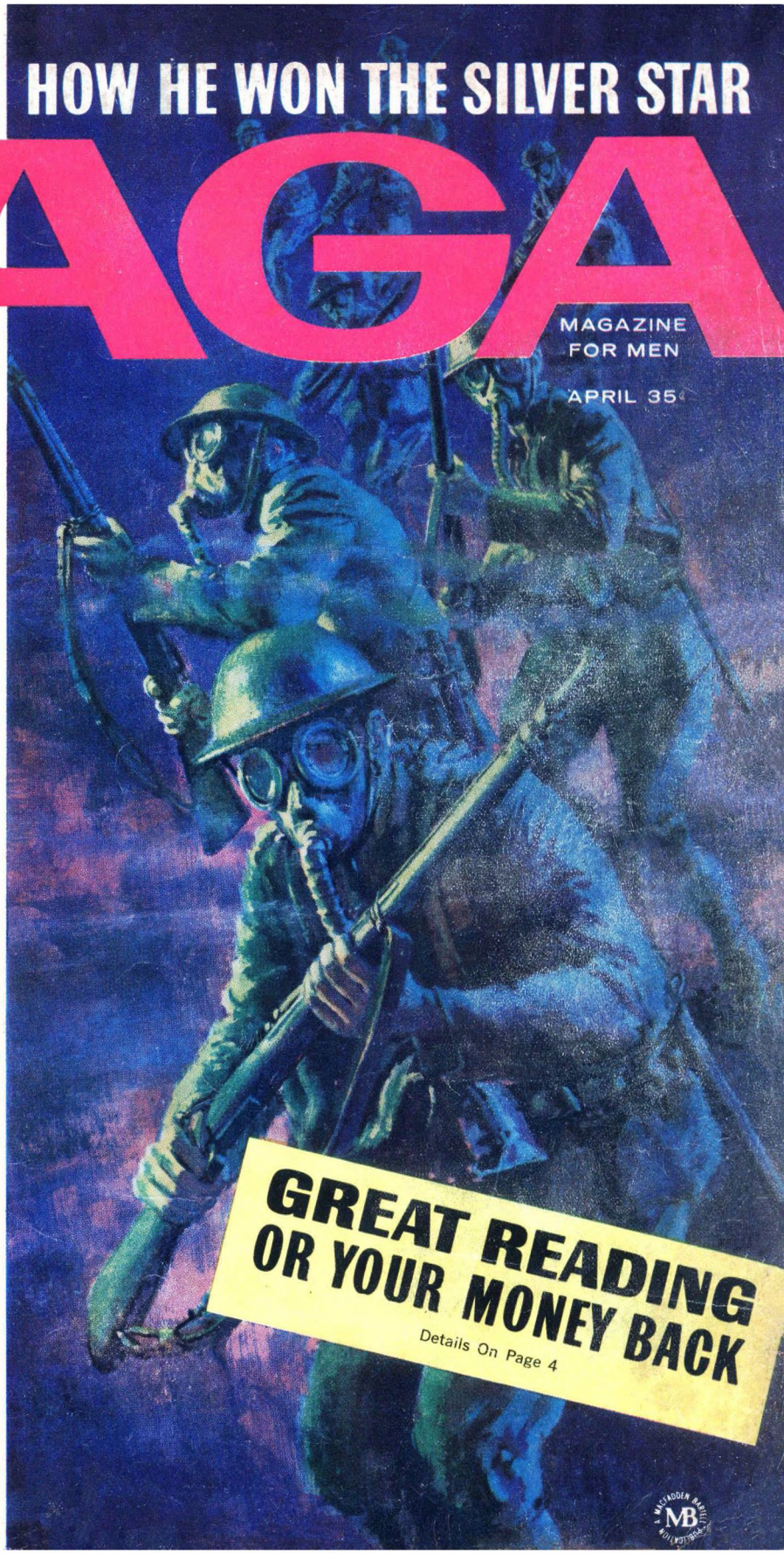
MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 35¢

"HOT CAT" Mickey Spillane's Newest Thriller!

Ken Purdy Picks BEST SMALL CAR MONEY CAN BUY

THE NIGHTMARE BATTLE OF WORLD WAR I



GREAT READING OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Details On Page 4

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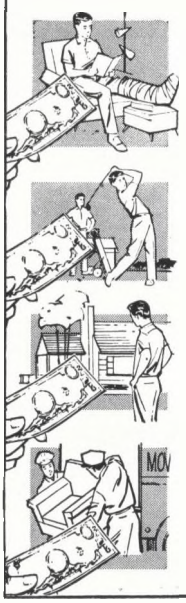

- Emergency
- Medical Bills
- Clothing
- Bill Clean-Up
- Dental Care
- Auto Repair
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- Schooling
- Past Due Debts
- Home Repair
- Building
- Home Appliances
- Moving
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- Consolidation of Debts

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150	8.86	550	30.47
200	11.69	600	33.13
250	14.43	650	35.73
300	17.13	700	38.30
350	19.82	750	40.83
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Mason
Painting Contractor
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Review in Arch. Design & Practice
Review of Mech. Systems in Buildings

ART
Amateur Artist
Commercial Art
Commercial Cartooning
Illustrating
Interior Decorating
Show Card & Sign Production
Show Card Writing
Sign Painting & Designing
Sketching & Painting
Painting for Pleasure

AUTOMOTIVE
Automatic Transmission Specialist
Automobile Body Rebuilding & Refinishing
Automobile Electrical Technician
Automobile Engine Tune-Up
Automobile Technician
Automotive Mechanic
Diesel-Gas Motor Vehicle Engines

AVIATION
Aircraft & Powerplant Mechanic
Introductory Aero-Engineering Technology

BUSINESS
Advertising
Basic Inventory Control
Business Administration
Business Correspondence
Business Law
Business Management & Marketing
Business Management & Production
Canadian Business Management
Condensed Business Practice
Industrial Psychology
Managing a Small Store
Marketing
Modern Executive Management
Office Management
Programming for Digital Computers
Programming the IBM 1401 Computer
Purchasing Agent
Retail Business Management
Statistics and Finance
Systems and Procedures Analysis

CHEMICAL
Analytical Chemistry
Chemical Engineering
Chemical Engineering Unit Operations
Chemical Laboratory Tech.
Chemical Process Control Technician
Chemical Process Operator
Elements of Nuclear Energy
General Chemistry
Instrumental Laboratory Analysis

CIVIL ENGINEERING
Civil Engineering
Construction Engineering
Highway Engineering
Principles of Surveying
Reading Highway Blueprints
Reading Structural Blueprints
Sanitary Engineering
Sewage Plant Operator
Structural Engineering
Surveying and Mapping
Water Works Operator

DRAFTING
Aircraft Drafting
Architectural Drafting
Electrical Drafting
Electrical Engineering Drafting
Electronic Drafting
Introductory Mechanical Drafting
Mechanical Drafting
Pressure-Vessel and Tank Print Reading
Sheet Metal Layout for Air Conditioning
Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
Electric Motor Repairman
Electrical Appliance Servicing
Electrical Contractor
Electrical Engineering (Power option or Electronic option)
Electrical Engineering Tech.
Electrical Instrument Tech.
Electrical Power-Plant Engineering (Steam option or Hydro option)
Industrial Electrical Tech.
Industrial Telemetering
Power Line Design and Construction
Practical Electrician
Practical Lineman
Reading Electrical Blueprints

ENGINEERING (Professional)
Chemical
Civil
Electrical
Mechanical
Industrial Management for Engineers

ENGLISH AND WRITING
Better Business Writing
Introductory Technical Writing
Modern Letter Writing
Practical English
Short Story Writing

HIGH SCHOOL
High School Business
High School College Prep. (Arts)
High School College Prep. (Engineering & Science)
High School General
High School Mathematics
High School Secretarial
High School Vocational

LANGUAGES
(Edited by Berlitz)
French
German
Italian
Spanish

LEADERSHIP
Basic Supervision
Industrial Foremanship
Industrial Supervision
Personnel-Labor Relations
Supervision

MATHEMATICS
Advanced Mathematics
Mathematics and Mechanics for Engineering
Mathematics and Physics for Engineering
Modern Elementary Statistics
Value Analysis

MECHANICAL
Industrial Engineering
Industrial Instrumentation
Machine Design
Mechanical Engineering
Quality Control
Safety Engineering Tech'l'gy
Tool Design

PETROLEUM
Natural Gas Production & Transmission
Oil Field Technology
Petroleum Production
Petroleum Production Eng'r'g
Petroleum Refinery Operator

PLASTICS
Plastics Technician

PLUMBING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING
Air Conditioning
Air Conditioning Maintenance
Domestic Heating with Oil & Gas
Domestic Refrigeration
Gas Fitting
Heating
Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
Plumbing
Plumbing & Heating
Plumbing & Heating Contractor
Plumbing & Heating Estimator
Practical Plumbing
Refrigeration
Refrigeration & Air Conditioning
Steam Fitting

PULP AND PAPER
Paper Machine Operator
Paper Making
Pulp Making
Pulp & Paper Engineering
Pulp & Paper Making

RAILROAD
Car Equipment Fundamentals
Motive Power Fundamentals
Railroad Administration

SALESMANSHIP
Creative Salesmanship
Real Estate Salesmanship
Sales Management
Salesmanship
Salesmanship & Sales Management

SECRETARIAL
Clerk-Typist
Commercial
Professional Secretary
Shorthand
Stenographic
Typewriting

SHOP PRACTICE
Foundry Practice
Industrial Metallurgy
Machine Shop Inspection
Machine Shop Practice
Machine Shop Practice & Toolmaking
Metallurgical Engineering Technology
Patternmaking
Practical Millwrighting
Reading Shop Blueprints
Rigging
Tool Engineering Technology
Toolmaking
Welding Engineering Technology
Welding Processes

STEAM AND DIESEL POWER
Boiler Inspector
Industrial Building Engineer
Power Plant Engineering
Stationary Diesel Engines
Stationary Fireman
Stationary Steam Engineering

TEXTILES
Carding
Carding and Spinning
Cotton Manufacturing
Dyeing & Finishing
Loom Fixing
Spinning
Textile Designing
Textile Engineering Technology
Textile Mill Supervisor
Warping and Weaving
Wool Manufacturing

TRAFFIC
Motor Traffic Management
Railway Rate Clerk
Traffic Management

TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS
Communications Technology
Electronic Fundamentals
Electronic Fundamentals (Programmed)
Electronic Fundamentals with Electronic Equipment Training
Electronic Instrumentation & Servo Fundamentals
Electronic Principles for Automation
Electronics and Applied Calculus
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First Class Radiotelephone License
Fundamentals of Electronic Computers
General Electronics
General Electronics with Electronic Equip. Trng.
Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems Servicing
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APRIL, 1964 Vol. 28, No. 1

SAGA

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

CONTENTS

COVER PAINTING BY DAVID INMAN

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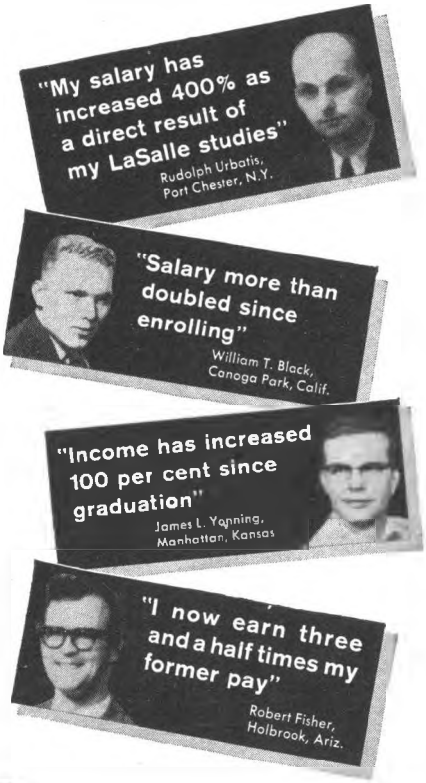
WHO ELSE WANTS A BIG RAISE IN PAY?



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CITY & ZONE ..... STATE .....

COUNTY ..... AGE .....

EDUCATION:

(Fill in number of years completed)

Grammar School ..... years
High School ..... years
College ..... years
Other ..... years

PRESENT EMPLOYMENT:

Kind of position .....

Hours of work ..... A.M. to ..... P.M.

GENERAL INFORMATION:

☐ Single ☐ Married

Estimated spare hours per week available for study .....

ACCOUNTING
- ☐ Complete Accounting with CPA Training
- ☐ Basic Accounting
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Federal Income Tax
- ☐ Accounting Systems
- ☐ Auditing Procedure
- ☐ Controllership
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Modern Bookkeeping

LAW COURSES
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- ☐ Law of Contracts
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers
- ☐ Real Estate Law
- ☐ Law for Trust Officers

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Complete Business Management
- ☐ Basic Management
- ☐ Advertising and Sales Promotion Management
- ☐ Production Management
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- ☐ Credits and Collections
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- ☐ Motor Truck Traffic

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- ☐ Drafting
- ☐ Welding
- ☐ Motor Tune-up

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma
- ☐ Vocational Course

STENOTYPE
- ☐ Machine Shorthand

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"INSIDE SAGA!!!"

A BIG SCOOP ON THE DAY L.B.J. WENT TO WAR

YOU think we're getting cocky, don't you? Well, maybe we are. Anyway, it seemed high time for us to put our money where our mouth is. For many months now, we have been singing, with blatant although pardonable immodesty, of the virtues of our magazine. We feel SAGA is the best, most exciting *reading* magazine of any of the men's adventure magazines. But how to back up our contention? We finally found a way. Beginning this month, we throw this challenge at you:

If, after you have read this issue of SAGA, you truly do not feel that it was "great reading," then we are prepared to give you your 35 cents back. All you have to do is return the front cover of this issue with a letter of 50 words or more detailing your beef, telling us why you did not believe our current issue of SAGA was great reading. And we will send you a refund. We will continue this challenge indefinitely—a new challenge every month—in the hope that: 1) you will not bankrupt us; and 2) we will convince you, and new readers we may pick up along the way, that SAGA is indeed great reading for men.

What better way to start off than by two big stories in this issue: Mickey Spillane's thriller, "Hot Cat," and our absolutely exclusive story on how President Lyndon B. Johnson won his Silver Star.

We are especially proud of the Johnson story, proud that we are able to present the story to the public for the first time. No one else was able to get it—no newspaper, no magazine, no one—not for any price and no matter how much "pull" they have. We got it because of the ingenuity, know-how and intrepid leg work of two veteran military writers, Martin Caidin and Ed Hymoff. Here, Hymoff tells how they managed to get the story:

"It all started with a newspaper clipping—three inches long—that told the public that President Johnson had received the Silver Star during World War II. The official Navy biography of President Johnson, heretofore used in books and magazine articles on his military experience, had the facts wrong. Nobody had any details, including President Johnson himself. He didn't even remember what unit he flew with or

Great Reading OR YOUR MONEY BACK

the name of the pilot and crew members. So we had to start from scratch.

"We spent three days in Washington bucking stone walls. Finally, I ran across an old friend of mine in the Pentagon who had been in the South Pacific at the time as a war correspondent. He put me on to Phil North, retired publisher of the Fort Worth *Star Telegram* and one-time public information officer for the Fifth Air Force. I called North and he told me that President Johnson had flown in a B-26 on the day he won the Silver Star. Then he gave me the big clue. He told me that Air Force General Sam Anderson was also on the mission the same day. That was all I needed, because Sam Anderson is an old friend.

"I had lunch with Sam the next day and he told me as much as he knew. Turned out he knew plenty, that he was the only man who really had the full story. From there, it was just hard work. Anderson gave me the name of the 22nd Bomb Group Association's president, Walt Gaylor. Gaylor was of great help in providing us with names of people who had flown that mission. We telephoned all over the country. We visited people. We talked and kept digging for information.

"We had one other big ace in the hole. Marty Caidin is the author of 48 books, including two on Japanese air combat in World War II, *Samurai* and *Zero*. He is a recognized aviation historian and authority. Thanks to Caidin's contacts in Japan, we were able to secure personal diaries of the Zero fighter pilots who attacked LBJ's plane and the rest of the 22nd Bomb Group. Marty even had the personal diary of one of the aces. It was written in code, and decoded for Marty. From reading these Japanese accounts, both Marty and I are convinced that President Johnson is lucky to be alive today, because the Japanese pilots who bounced his plane and the American formation were the cream of the enemy's naval air arm. In any case, this enabled us to come up with a story as seen by both sides."

The result, for SAGA, is the biggest exclusive story we have ever run. For authors Caidin and Hymoff—a book. On April 29, J. B. Lippincott will publish *The Mission*, by Caidin and Hymoff, an expanded version of our magazine article. If you like the story, you'll surely want to get the book.

Regards,

WE GET LETTERS

EVEREST ADDENDA

Congratulations for the fine article, "I'll Climb Everest Alone," in the December, 1963, SAGA. But author Myron Brenton . . . should have mentioned that Mount Everest is in Northeast Nepal—directly on the Nepal-Tibet border. The top of Everest is 29,028 feet and is believed to be the highest point of land in the entire world.

The cover illustration is very accurate and dramatic and the inside illustration is also very good.

Thanks for a very valuable article. I am studying Mt. Everest—purely as a hobby.

Israel Spaziani
Norwich, Conn.

CASH ON THE SOAPBOX

Regarding "Country Music Backstage," in the February SAGA (by Harold Mehling) everybody responsible, including the drunken jealous fool who informed you, are stupid, greedy liars. And I defy you to sue me for slander or on any angle.

Regarding the picture on page 55, Loretta Lynn is loved by all who know her. She is a lady—and Mr. Mehling, you're a decayed buzzard for calling her a "glamourpuss."

Regarding your remark, "All hands massage heartaches with whisky," again you're a liar, Mr. Mehling. You were evidently brainwashed by someone in Nashville who leans on whisky.

Regarding Ernest Tubb and Hank Snow, whom you pictured on page 56, both are proud of the influence left by Jimmie Rodgers, à la Americana. So am I! Rodgers died in the Taft Hotel in New York in May, 1933—after giving the recording machine all he had to leave us (not 1936, as you said).

Johnny Horton was my closest friend. He neither drank nor smoked. Your connecting him with the rot you have laid out is sickening. He never tasted hard liquor. Name one man that didn't like him, if you can.

Regarding Eddy Arnold, he did not get "off the track." Just as any artist will "try something different," so did Eddy Arnold. He lost no friends with his "Big Sound" recording . . . He's the same Eddy Arnold as always.

I accuse you of lying, Mr. Mehling, in saying that ex-governor Clement put so much stock in country music. Tennessee could get along fine in the industry if New York writers would write New York stories. Are you better than any of us?

I live in California and record in Nashville. The atmosphere is there, so who's fighting Tin Pan Alley? Not Southerners. We don't care. There are no "grass roots" for a primer. We do feel and understand people outside the bustle there in New York City.

You can't type-cast any singer or artist. The audience is wearing Levis or mink. They understand as if they are being talked to personally . . . The people are the same everywhere. . . .

Johnny Cash
Gainesville, Fla.

WANTS MORE

Many thanks to Harold Mehling for his story "Country Music Backstage." Let's have more!

Odis Johns
Covina, Calif.

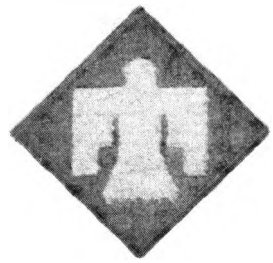
CIVILIZED BARBARIANS

Thanks for another excellent Indian article in the December, 1963, SAGA. You were right about the "Rape Of The Senecas" situation (SAGA, January, 1962)—and you are just as accurate with this later one, "The Last Stand of The Sioux."

I do know the Sioux need help. They have been the most maligned of all the Indian tribes and their story needed to be told. Yes, a lot of our Indian degeneration is their own fault, but that does not condone the so-called "civilized" actions of us white people.

Elaine Waller
Boise, Idaho

THUNDERBIRD VET



Just discovered your magazine a few months ago, and I especially like your division histories. As a veteran of the 179th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division—the "Thunderbird" Division of World War II—I was wondering if you ever did the story of my outfit? If so, can you tell me how I can get a copy of that issue of SAGA?

Please keep up the military true life stories. All the old vets enjoy them immensely.

James Sofrit
China Grove, N. C.

We told the Thunderbirds' story in our February, 1956, issue. We have one copy of that issue we can spare—and are sending it along to you.

Intelligence & Reconnaissance

IF YOU'RE planning to come to New York for the World's Fair, take a loan at your friendly neighborhood bank first. It is going to cost you a bundle.

The admission fee to the fairgrounds is $2 for adults and $1 for children. More than a dozen of the shows and rides will charge $1 or more per person. The price at one show alone will run as high as $6. There is a Continental circus ($1 to $3 per person), a porpoise show ($1.50 for adults), an auto thrill show ($1, $1.50), a wax museum ($1 for adults). Admission to the New York City pavilion is only a dime, but once inside it will cost $1, $1.50 or $2 to see the Dick Button ice show. Parking is $1.50. Prices at the Top of the Fair restaurant are *à la carte*, and the entrées alone go from $3.50 to $7.25. (Plan to eat mostly hot dogs.)

A hotel or motel room in Manhattan will cost $15 for a double (twin beds). Nearer the fair, these rooms will cost about $20. Three meals a day in New York City should run about $10 a person.

Make that a long-term loan.

* * *

SCOTLAND YARD recently asked its constables, pounding beats in London, the world's largest and wettest city, if they wanted to carry guns like the cops in the United States do. The constables said no.

Why? It has something to do with an ancient police theory called "opposite force." This "opposite force" is supposed to work in London, although no one suggests that it would work in New York or Chicago or Los Angeles.

"Opposite force" kind of means that force begets force, that the underworld will always arm itself up to police standard. That is, .32-caliber revolver for .32-caliber revolver, sawed-off shotgun for sawed-off shotgun, tear-gas bomb for tear-gas bomb, night stick for night stick, swift-kicking flat foot for swift-kicking flat foot.

That is the theory, and if it is correct, so long as London constables rely only on their fists and clubs, criminals (in the general if not in the specific) will do the same. The result in London has been plenty of fights between cops and criminals but few shootings—no more than two or three bobbies have been murdered in the line of duty in the last ten years.

But last year 147 London cops were beaten and bruised while making arrests.

Still, the constables don't want guns.

* * *

A 22-year-old Englishman answered a newspaper advertisement for someone who wanted an "out-of-the-ordinary" job. The ad, he discovered, had been placed by a 54-year-old Englishman. What did the 54-year-old want? Someone to murder his wife.

The 54-year-old man was hauled into court, pleaded guilty, was placed on probation for a year, provided he stay in a hospital for that time. The way the judge saw it, the man was living in a fantasy world of sorts. "If one sets out seriously to get somebody to shoot one's wife," the judge said seriously, "one would not put an advertisement in an evening paper."

No, one would not. Certainly not in an evening paper.

* * *

ABOUT three and a half years ago, Steve Fox, a bulldozer operator, was clearing a three-acre tract of land on Long Island and unearthed $89,000 in cash in a metal ammunition box. The money—in $10, $20, $50 and $100 bills—was taken in charge by the police property clerk. For three years, the police held the money, waiting for a legitimate claim to be made for it. When the required three-year waiting period had passed without a claim made, the State Supreme Court awarded Fox the money. That is, two-thirds of it: $59,333.33. The other one-third was left to be divided between the present owner and the former owner of the piece of property.

Fox, taking no chances, announced that he would be around to police headquarters in an armored car to pick up his cash. He was taking no chances.

At the appointed hour, 2:30 on a Friday afternoon, the police and press—those irrepressible twins—were gathered in a garage under police headquarters waiting for Fox and his armored car. At the top of the ramp leading to the garage was an unmarked police car and three plainclothesmen, one of them carrying a shotgun. At the bottom of the ramp were uniformed cops with shotguns and rifles.

Fox didn't show. Instead, an hour later, his lawyer arrived. "Sorry," the lawyer said to the small army of police gathered, "but my client has decided against coming because of security reasons. We have deemed it advisable to cancel our plans because of the publicity and a lack of police protection."

The police, you should know, bristled.

Mr. Fox would come another day, his lawyer said, and without advance publicity.

Then, on the next Monday afternoon, the armored car showed up at police headquarters. Inside was the lawyer. He picked up the $59,333.33 in cash for his client, got back into his protective chariot, headed for the nearest savings bank and deposited the money—where

it presumably got busy immediately earning interest at an anticipated rate of four and a quarter percent per annum.

What fee, we wonder now, do you pay a lawyer for this kind of service.

* * *

AT home she is Barbara Klein. At the Provincetown Playhouse, where she worked for two seasons, she is a promising newcomer to the off-Broadway theater. At Hunter College she is a senior speech therapist. At the spots along Manhattan's Eighth Avenue she is Aysha, the belly dancer "fresh from Damascus."

It happened a little over a year ago. Barbara was busy with her speech and dramatics work. Then she began lunching with a new friend, a Hunter graduate who is Rumanian and dances on Eighth Avenue as "Morocco." The friend suggested that Barbara could do the same. She began giving her dancing lessons.

A few months later Barbara received a grant for graduate study at Hunter and an offer to dance in a Greek night club in Philadelphia; she accepted both.

Since then she has been working regularly, usually five nights a week as Aysha, attending a full schedule of graduate courses at Hunter and Saturdays at a speech and hearing clinic.

That's how the melting pot that is supposed to be New York simmers when it isn't boiling.

* * *

IT WAS a small news item in the New York *Times*:

Stamford, Conn.—The drinking habits of some commuters in the club cars of the New Haven Railroad have come under close scrutiny recently—but not from sociologists or temperance leaders. Three men were arrested here today after they allegedly threatened to tell wives and employers how many martinis some commuters consume on the way home each night. One resident, who makes the hour-long trip in the club car to New York each day, told the police he had paid money to keep his drinking habits quiet.

The police said that other commuters had also been intimidated.

What does this all mean to the commuting caroleer, to domestic relations, to club car camaraderie, to our nation? What man will stand now in a club car,

Intelligence & Reconnaissance

Jack Daniels in hand, and declaim to his neighbor that Sam Huff (or Roger Maris) is a bum? Since this newsbreak, the New Haven has taken on much of the murkiness of the Orient Express. Sure, three informers have been caught. But how many more are still on the loose between 125th Street and Darien, waiting to blackmail the innocent drinker? What hard-working husband, being met at the station at Westport by his wife, is strong enough not to suspect that perhaps she has already received some anonymous tip about him? Or, worse, encouraged the transmission of such information? What innocent father hasn't felt the scrutinizing eye of his too-worldly-wise child on his arrival at home, particularly if he happened to miss the 5:45?

The bar car on the New Haven must be a nightmare of suspicion and sobriety these days. Tippling tipsters lurk everywhere. Highballs are raised in fear and doubt. Bartenders bend silently to their work. Men of generosity refrain from buying one for the road for companions. Secret drinking in the men's room is increasing. A folkway is dying.

* * *

IT WAS 2 o'clock in the afternoon at an oversized shopping center on Cleveland's west side. Four housewives, among hundreds of others, were busy buying their week's worth of groceries. Housewives No. 1 and No. 2, a mother and daughter, saw two men take three bags of groceries from a car parked in the shopping center. They thought little of it and went into a bakery. From there they heard two women scream—housewives No. 3 and No. 4, also a mother and daughter. Number 3 and No. 4 were hollering that their groceries had been stolen from their car. Housewife No. 1, the mother, hollered back, "We just saw them take it."

The four housewives stalked through the parking lot. They saw two men, shabbily dressed, sitting in a car. "That's them," hollered No. 1. Number 4, holding her four-year-old daughter by the hand, stood akimbo in front of the car and hollered, "You'll have to run over me and my child to get out of here."

Number 3 seized an empty shopping cart and shoved it under the car's rear bumper. Number 2 drove her car, parked nearby, up against the grille of the men's car. The men hollered. The women hollered back. The men hollered less. The women hollered more. A crowd gathered, men as well as women, and watched. None joined the four housewives. None, it should be assumed, thought this was necessary.

Number 2 and No. 4, the daughters of the quartet, tore open the car door and fell upon the men with fist and fingernail. Blood began to drip. The two men, scratched and sore and sorry they ever bothered, got out of their car and ran away on foot, heading in the general direction of Columbus.

Cops arrived half an hour later, but justice had already been served.

* * *

THE Society for the Revival and the Preservation of the Pun as a Form of Humor was having its annual convention. That's right, the SRPPFH was meeting, unmolested and non-violently, responding to a clear call—a call that goes something like this:

"Why can't a golfer take a drink? Because he's going to drive."

Or like this: "If at first you don't succeed, try playing second base."

And so was the evening filled with effort and strain and the search for the line that will produce audibly the word "ugh." To subsist through such an evening, one must be armed firmly with two sticks of reality, (1) that a pun is a play on words, and (2) that a pun, any pun, is, without challenge, the lowest form of humor. Then and only then can one listen with undamaged ear to the following:

"Did you hear about the midget who couldn't pay his debts because he was always short?"

"Or the girl who was so ugly she had to wait until winter to get a chap on her hands?"

"You realize, of course, that every time ten Buddhists get together they are required to participate in a strange ritualistic dance. What you may not know is that this gave rise to that famous expression, 'Ten Zens a Dance.'"

Question: Do you believe in clubs for women? Answer: Only if everything else fails.

"Did you hear about my uncle? He died drinking shellac. He sure had a fine finish."

"An explorer landed on the moon, discovered that it was populated by small creatures known as furries, and asked to see their leader. This furry, when he came forward, had a very large hypodermic needle protruding from his skull. 'I,' he said to the explorer, 'am the furry with the syringe on top.'"

Ugh.

* * *

NEW York State Supreme Court Justice Irving H. Saypol does not like bow ties in his courtroom. He has his clerk keep a black four-in-hand ready for those lawyers who dare show up in his court wearing a bow tie. The four-in-hand has been described by one lawyer as "mangy, soup-stained and of uncertain vintage."

A lawyer, addicted to bow ties for 18 years, tells about the Judge's aversion. "I came into the Judge's court for the first time a few months ago in a matrimonial case, and I was wearing a bow tie. It was quiet, conservative, like all my ties. The Judge made a remark about the tie and his clerk told me to take it off. I thought they were kidding me. Then the clerk came over and untied my tie. He gave me that stupid black tie.

"A few days later I was in the Judge's court again, wearing one of my bow ties. I had forgotten about his ban. 'You've been told how to dress in court before,' the Judge said. I told him that I owned only bow ties, and his answer was, 'Everyone owns a regular tie.' He calls the four-in-hand a 'regular' tie. So I went out and bought a clip-on four-in-hand."

The Judge had no comment on the ties.

* * *

A 24-year-old Denver fellow tried to adopt two of his friends. The three of them, along with two other engineers, were living in a two-level home in a section of town where zoning required that no more than three people could live together unless related. Adoption, the fellows realized, would meet the zoning requirement. So they tried it.

The judge dismissed their case but told the fellows they could appeal. The judge was not optimistic. A 24-year-old man with two 24-year-old sons didn't seem to him to be the kind of precedent the courts would be eager to establish.

The judge said nothing about Yankee ingenuity, which should have been worth a point or two. **—Irv Goodman**

"HOT CAT"

A NEW THRILLER BY

MICKEY SPILLANE

Illustrated by Neil Boyle

Cat Fallon inherited more than a dead buddy's airfield. The legacy included two broads who couldn't decide whether to kiss or kill—and a mystery letter that might start World War III

Mickey Spillane

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE


Boyle

SHE'S lying quietly out there on the bottom now—melted, fragmented pieces of metal scattered like dust across the sand, nameless, traceless, but evoking a memory that could make you sweat cold if you knew the truth about her.

Not too far away is another mass of metal, twisted and corroded by now, but still recognizable for what it was. Both masses had been born together and served together, then separated for 20 years to meet again in a fusion of terror that was, fortunately, almost totally unseen.

There was still one other memory . . . a sudden, bright-red, misty memory better forgotten.

CHAPTER 1

I sat there with the half-finished coffee in my hand, watching them service the battered old Mustang on the runway outside. There was nothing of interest there; I had seen it done too many times before. But the blonde reflected in the plate glass window of the bar *was* interesting, especially when she knew I was watching her and arranged herself so I could see her legs from the best angle.

Step one in the big play, I thought. She was chumming for me and next would come the hook. Cute, real cute, I looked like something out of the "Late Show" in an old AAF A-2 jacket with a leather helmet and goggles jammed into my pocket, and she was a dream in a fitted covert suit that made her hair look like a summer sunset.

The trouble was, I knew her, only she didn't know me. Three years ago, Lois Hays had interviewed me in a German hospital to find out why I was interested in making an air drop of ammo into

I hooked my fingers in the waistband of her slacks and with one wrench tore them loose.

Hungary from an old Ju-88. I could have told her it was for the loot, but my face was bandaged and still hurt from the shrapnel slice so I didn't bother. That time she had played the part in a nurse's outfit.

Dominick Lolla, who got me smuggled back to the States on a tramp steamer, knew her, too. He was an accredited *Circut* correspondent and didn't hold much with anybody doing legwork for Duncan Knight, whose "Washington Inside" column was dedicated to ripping apart our military policy.

I grinned at her reflection. *So what the hell, if you need legwork done, get someone with pretty legs to do it.* Hers were beautifully rounded and shiny with nylon until the sheen stopped and there was a quick flash of tan before she pulled the hem of her skirt down.

And when you're looking at legs you don't see people, so when the big guy said, "Mr. Fallon?" it caught me by surprise.

He had an angular face, almost devoid of expression, but ready to be friendly if he had to. His suit was well cut, but not new, and fitted with some peculiar purpose in mind. The smaller man with him was on the mouse side, with an irritated squint to his eyes.

I stood up. "Cop?"

"Lieutenant Trusky, city police." He held out his hand. "It shows?" His voice sounded amused.

His hand was hard. "To some."

"This is Mr. Del Reed from the state's attorney's office."

The smaller guy nodded curtly and shifted his briefcase. "If you have a few minutes I'd like to talk to you," he said.

"What about?"

"You have a few minutes?" Trusky asked politely.

"Sure."

"Then let's find out."

Behind me the blonde uncrossed those legs again and watched us. Del Reed nodded toward the small restaurant section across the room, and when Trusky moved up beside me I could feel the gun at his hip.

"How long did you know Tucker Stacy, Mr. Fallon?"

Del Reed didn't waste any time

with pleasantries. "Since 'Forty-two," I said. "We were in the Army together. Air Force cadets."

"You were in the same outfit together. Two Hundred-fifty-second Fighter Squadron, I believe."

"If you know so damn much, why the questions?"

Reed's face tightened, but a wave from Lieutenant Trusky calmed him down. "All right, let's get to the point," he said. He pulled a folder from his briefcase, held it in his lap and fingered the contents. "You and Stacy were discharged together, shared a brief business venture . . .

(*Continued on page* 58)

The gun came up, leveled, but in our faces she read that we had won after all.

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR GLASS OF SEWER WATER TODAY?

The former Surgeon General of the U.S. put it bluntly when he raged: "The organic pollution alone in our water is the equivalent of eight million dead and disemboweled mules dumped into our waterways each and every year!"

BY KEVIN O'BRIAN
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR SAGA
BY MARTIN BLUMENTHAL

Take a tall glass, stuff it with ice cubes and fill it to the brim with slimy, filthy, smelly, murky water from your local sewer. Then raise it to your lips and polish it off in one long gulp. Madness? Suicide? Neither; merely what millions of Americans are doing—in effect—every day as they lead their normal lives. For we are—to rephrase an old saying—"going to hell in a water bucket." As Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall said recently: "Our most important natural resource is water, and water is the problem about which I have the most concern in the future."

This problem is not restricted to a national cabinet officer, but is widespread. It affects people in all walks of life all over the country, people to whom the slow but inexorable pollution of our water supply is an insidious and little-known creeping national disaster. The reports echo the same sad refrain:

MAINE: "The Bangor pool of the Penobscot," a Down Easter said not too long ago, "vast and turbulent with its white water, once held more salmon than any other pool on the Atlantic seaboard. The first fish caught there in the spring was by tradition sent to the White House." Then, sighing, he went on to complete the sad story: "Today the pulp mills (with the chemical pollution they have pumped into the streams) have cleaned the fish out of the Bangor pool as thoroughly as if they had used hand grenades."

PENNSYLVANIA: "A coal mine went and dumped acid into the Susquehanna. The next thing we knew, the river was a terrible sight with thousands of fish floating in it, white, belly-up, dead. There was such a fuss that the state sent the mining company a bill for $58,000 in damages, but it hasn't been able to collect yet."

LOS ANGELES: "Boats made such a mess of the water down at Newport Beach that they had to pass a local ordinance against installing toilets on a boat, unless they were fitted with chlorinators."

LEXINGTON, MISSOURI: "Up in Kansas City, they throw anything they like into the Missouri River—waste from the factories, dirty oil, even blood and unborn calves from the packing houses. When that stuff floats down to here, the water company has to shut off its intake valves in the river and wait until it passes by. During that time, we get our drinking water from a reserve supply. Down at Jefferson City they have the same problem. Did you know that the state legislators have to drink bottled water?"

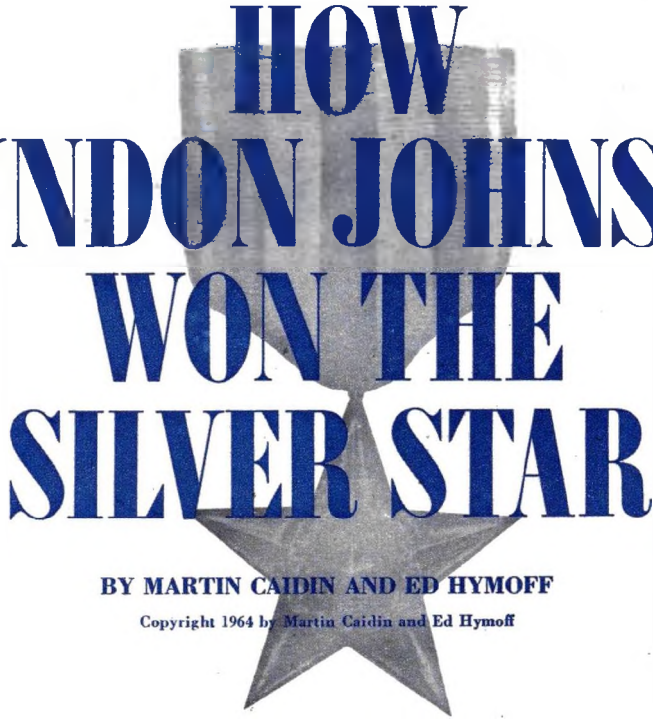
CALIFORNIA: "Look at that dam. Two years old and God knows how many millions it cost. And the whole pool is filled up with mud because nobody took care of erosion upstream."

CHICAGO: "You want to hear about water pollution? Have you heard about Silver Creek? They found old tires, empty oil drums and broken furniture in it. And get this—they counted 28 supermarket shopping carts in the creek. People just don't care."

Says a well-driller, with nationwide experience: "Too many sloppy jobs are being done. I remember some figures for the Minneapolis-St. Paul area: Out of 50,000 private wells, half of them produced impure water.

(Continued on page 81)

HOW LYNDON JOHNSON WON THE SILVER STAR



BY MARTIN CAIDIN AND ED HYMOFF

The Texas Congressman was warned not to fly the hazardous mission, but he volunteered anyway—and was decorated for gallantry in action. Here's the exclusive story, told for the first time!

The B-26 Martin Marauders climbed over the mountainous backbone of New Guinea in a close formation. As the twin-engined bombers crossed the uppermost ridge of the Owen Stanley Range, they moved into a tighter formation for mutual protection. Gunners cocked their weapons and became alert as the airplanes began a wide swing to the right.

Ahead, on the northeastern coast of New Guinea, was Lae, the hornet's nest that held a wing of swift Japanese Mitsubishi Zero fighters. The Marauders were after that field on this early morning of June 9, 1942. They were out to tear up Lae's runways, strafe its planes on the ground and, if possible, set fire to its vital aviation fuel supply.

The 12 B-26 bombers carefully held their staggered V formations, as the pilots anxiously scanned the sky around them. Thick clouds covered much of the jungle, and Zeros might even then be coming up. But if the operational plan had gone well, the Zeros would be gone, lured far out to sea by a decoy force of five B-25 Mitchell bombers, thus providing the Marauders with an unopposed run to the target.

But something was wrong, terribly wrong. The sky between the Marauders and the target wasn't empty. It was filled with a virtual swarm of fighters—more Zeros than the


M Künstler

American crews had ever before seen at one time. Radios crackled as the pilots shouted warnings from plane to plane.

At this moment one of the Marauders staggered slightly. On the instrument panel, needles flickered as the electrical system of the right engine went crazy; the generator blew out. Engine power dropped suddenly. The bombardier jettisoned the plane's heavy load of bombs—to improve its flying characteristics.

At the same moment, the pilot, Captain Walter H. Greer, twisted the wheel and stamped on the rudder pedal. His co-pilot, Flight Sergeant McMullin of the Royal Australian Air Force, shoved the left engine throttle to full power and adjusted the propeller control for fine pitch, to get all the power available from the engine. The Marauder whirled out of the formation and headed for a cloudbank.

Its departure was not unobserved.

A single Zero fighter raced in a long, curving run, the Japanese pilot cutting in beautifully. Cannon shells exploded in the B-26's fuselage and wings, in bright, angry spouts of flame. Bullets whined through the bomber. Greer went into a dive to pick up as much speed as possible, desperately trying to reach those clouds while his gunners squeezed off bursts at the lone Zero. Suddenly there were seven more Zeros lined up behind the first one. They climbed all over the Marauder.

Inside the bomber, a tall man in a U.S. Navy uniform stared out through the plexiglas nose at the terrifying sight before him. Orange flames winked along the wings and noses of the enemy fighters as they raked the diving bomber. Death was close as whining bullets slammed through metal and ripped past the men. Dull explosions boomed each time the Zeros' 20-mm cannon shells found their mark.

The Navy lieutenant commander looked into the face of death, and took mental notes of exactly what was happening. Several of the B-26 crewmen glanced at him in astonishment. If he was scared—and if he had any sense, he should be—he showed no sign of it. He didn't just look out; he seemed to study the frightening scene.

Then the bomber staggered wildly as another cannonade smashed into it.

The Navy officer knew that he might have only seconds to live, but he also knew that his job was to study war at first-hand. He was doing his job. To him, it was as simple as that.

But he did not have to be in this bomber that was being slashed to ribbons by the Zeros, with death only seconds away. He was strictly an observer—a non-combatant. His orders were quite specific about that.

Most of the crew knew nothing about him. They didn't know that, back home, this man was a member of Congress. And how could they possibly know that two decades later this same man—Lyndon Baines Johnson—would be President of the United States?

Three days after the Nagumo Task Force of the Imperial Japanese Navy turned Pearl Harbor into a flaming shambles, 33-year-old Lyndon B. Johnson volunteered for active duty. Although he was a Congressman from his home state of Texas, he was also a lieutenant commander in the United States Naval Reserve. Johnson was ordered to report immediately

Johnson's B-26 was to bomb Lae airfield on New Guinea while the Japanese fighters were decoyed out to sea.

LBJ flew in this B-26. From left: *radio-gunner Lillis M. Walker; bombardier Claude A. McCredie; crew chief Woodrow W. Harrison; pilot Walter H. Greer; navigator Billy B. Boothe; unidentified co-pilot; and turret gunner Calvin L. Markham. Johnson is not shown since photo was taken almost a year later in Australia.*

to the Office of Naval Operations in Washington, D.C., for special instructions; upon completion of his training he would proceed without delay to Headquarters, Twelfth Naval District. Congressman Johnson followed his orders to the letter, and was soon attached to the office of the Chief of the United States-New Zealand Navy Command.

Then everything seemed to stop dead. Lieutenant Commander Johnson fretted for overseas assignment. His repeated requests for overseas duty were politely noted—as was the fact that he was also a congressman—and his requests were ignored. No one wanted to send a congressman off to the battle zone, volunteer or not.

Johnson took action. As quickly as he could, he went to Washington to "talk to the Boss." If the Navy wouldn't let him go overseas, he wanted to use the authority of the Commander in Chief himself—President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Several days later, Johnson had exactly what he wanted. The President assigned him to tour the combat and support bases of the Southwest Pacific. It was in the early spring of 1942, and the Japanese were having a field day. They had landed on the Asian mainland and also captured the Philippines and the Netherlands East Indies. The Japanese Navy seemed supreme on the Pacific; and formations of bombers, protected by the deadly Zero fighters, commanded the skies. The U. S. was being beaten and pushed back along a vast front, and the task of building installations from which to mount a counter-attack was crucial.

President Roosevelt wanted an absolutely trustworthy observer on the scene, who would return to him and "lay the facts right on the line." This is the mission he entrusted to the congressman he knew so well from Washington politics.

On May 21, 1942, Lieutenant Commander Johnson arrived at the Allied advance base at Noumea on New Caledonia. There he ran into two officers whom he was to come to know well in the ensuing weeks. Colonel Samuel E. Anderson and Lieutenant Colonel Francis R. Stevens were both connected with the War Plans section of the General Staff Corps. Anderson was to carry out a tour of airbase facilities in the Southwest Pacific and report directly to General H.H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces. Stevens would study the Army aspects of the same area.

The next day the trio arrived at Auckland, New Zealand. They immediately conferred with American and New Zealand military officials. On May 23 they were in the air again, this time headed for Sydney, Australia.

On May 24, their airplane landed in Melbourne. During the flight from Auckland, the three observers had decided to remain together, believing that by combining the results of what they saw they would all gain a more comprehensive picture of the situa-

tion. They reported immediately to General MacArthur's headquarters.

MacArthur conferred with the three officers and agreed to their requests for a "hard, no-holds-barred" survey of the Air Force and Army installations in Australia and on the embattled islands to the north and northwest. MacArthur took the unusual step of assigning Major Generals Ralph Royce and William Marquat to escort the trio from Washington.

For the next 11 days, Johnson, Anderson and Stevens toured facilities in the huge area surrounding Melbourne, vital because Australia was the "end of the world" for the supply line stretching from the United States.

Building up bases of supply and logistics was a tough job, and the three observers found that simply moving as rapidly as possible from one place to another was an exhausting task. Johnson, Stevens and Anderson came to know the interior of every kind of aircraft, from early-model B-17s to flying boats and decrepit civilian airliners that had been pounding between Australian cities for years.

On June 3, the three observers and their two escorts flew to Sydney, and later that same day took off for Brisbane. There they faced three days and nights of steady travel and inspection, taking pages of notes and shooting photographs to show their respective commanders when they got back to Washington.

Japanese ace Saburo Sakai, who shot down U.S. hero Colin Kelly, was pilot who attacked LBJ's plane.

On June 6 they flew from Sydney to Townsville on Australia's east coast, from which advance base air combat missions were being launched against the Japanese entrenched in the key New Guinea villages of Lae and Salamaua, at the vital New Britain port of Rabaul, and on other islands in the Solomon Group.

Their major interest now centered on the 22nd Bomb Group, a force of men weary from constant missions against the Japanese, and even more tired of fighting a war while crippled by an appalling shortage of spare crewmen, and faced with monumental maintenance problems resulting from lack of parts and equipment.

The 22nd Bomb Group flew an airplane that had become infamous to many fliers—who regarded it as an over-sensitive, short-winged fury that could easily kill its pilots. The men of the 22nd sneered at the charge that the Martin B-26 Marauder was "too hot to handle." As the first medium bombardment outfit to take the Marauder into battle, they had used the airplane with extraordinarily high skill, effectiveness and courage.

Headquarters of the 22nd—which Johnson, Anderson and Stevens visited immediately after their arrival—was at Garbutt Field, just outside of Townsville in North Queensland. To visit the many bases scattered through the hot, dusty, miserable area took a lot of rough traveling. The 19th Squadron of the Group was at Garbutt, but the 33rd Squadron was many miles away at Antill Plains, and the 2nd and 408th Squadrons were at Reid River.

The Group had been in combat since its first mission against Rabaul early in April, 1942. Rabaul was the center of Japanese operations in the Southwest Pacific, and its bristling defenses reflected its importance to the enemy. The fighter squadrons based at Rabaul were superb. They were flown by the Japanese Navy's leading aces—members of the famed Tainan Wing. Three of these pilots, Saburo Sakai, Hiroyoshi Nishizawa and Toshio Ota, had already shot down more than 60 Allied planes—with the war only seven months old.

Between April 6 and May 24 alone, the 22nd Bomb Group had flown 16 missions against these tough opponents. The 22nd flew from Townsville up to Port Moresby in New Guinea, then from Port Moresby on to Rabaul. Maintenance was so primitive that the airplanes were being held together with more ingenuity than spare parts. One Marauder appeared to be a flying wreck, but its crew stuck faithfully with the airplane—despite the fact that the men had to jam a bedsheet into a gaping hole in the fuselage, and fly that way for a week until metal could be found to patch the hole properly.

On the night of June 8, Johnson, Anderson and Stevens slept in a rundown (*Continued on page* 78)

Enemy destroyed one B-26 in Johnson's flight. Another, Colonel Devine's, made tense belly-landing, above.

Generals Royce, left, *and Scanlon welcome LBJ to New Guinea. He went as President's personal observer.*

The hunt was a wild scene of hogs, dogs and mounted riders crashing through the woods.

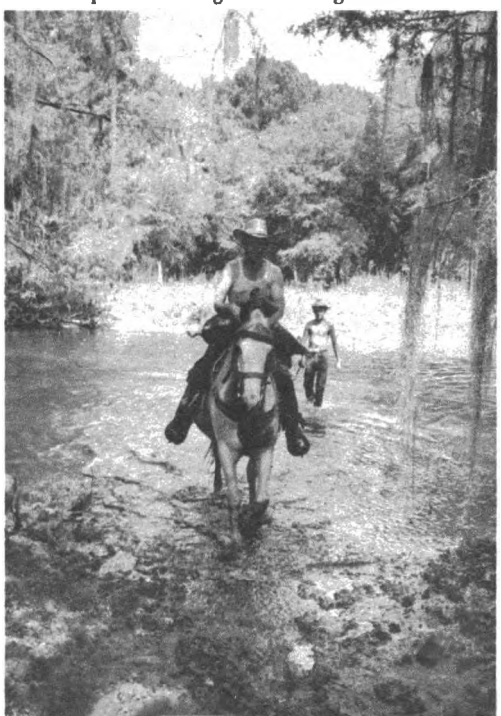
Down in Florida's swamp country they're still hunting the savage wild hog—with their bare hands

HAWG HUNT

BY WILLIAM B. HARTLEY PHOTOS BY PAUL DUREGE

It took both L.S. Blackmon, left, *and Perry Register to hog-tie this just average-sized sow.*

"Bringing home the bacon," Register rides back into camp with a big boar slung across saddle.



MY WIFE Ellen and I had come from Miami to Dunnellon, Florida, to learn how wild hogs were hunted in this heavily wooded and beautiful section of the state. Ellen had hunted wild boar in Europe and therefore knew more about the animals than I, and was intrigued by the idea of seeing them caught alive. She wasn't entirely sure it was possible to catch, overpower and hog-tie a beast generally regarded as one of the most dangerous in the world. As we drove toward Dunnellon, she told me how a wild boar had attacked a heavy Buick she was driving along a road in Germany.

"It tried to slash the tires," she said. And she added, "I understand these Florida wild hogs have tushes that can grow to more than a foot in length. Tushes are tusks. Only the Russian wild boar has longer ones, and he isn't as big. The Florida hogs can weigh more than 300 pounds at maturity."

"Then they can't move very fast," I suggested hopefully.

"I've read that they can outrun most dogs, any man and some horses," Ellen said cheerfully.

On this happy note, we reached Dunnellon, close to the Gulf of Mexico—a town of 1500 residents whom you reach by dialing Hunter on local phones.

We were met by a Miami photographer, Paul Durège, and Joe L. Cobb, a real estate agent and sportsman who had arranged for us to go along on the hog hunt. Joe, a heavy-set, ebullient man, said we were pretty lucky.

"We'll be going out with John Clardy," he told us. "He's the best man in this area. Be ready at three in the morning. The hogs have to be hunted while the ground is moist enough to hold their scent."

At 3:10, Joe picked us up and we drove to Ocala to meet John Clardy at an all-night restaurant. Joe was carrying a .22 pistol. The rest of us were unarmed.

John Clardy turned out to be a man past his middle years with the seamed face and powerful shoulders typical of most woodsmen. He is the local distributor for a large oil company and owns a ranch near Ocala. We drove into the ranch yard and found an abundance of equipment; three white horses in a trailer, a jeep, a panel truck, several dog trailers and the dogs themselves. There was a confusion of canine barking. Somewhere a rooster was crowing.

Three or four men were working on the equipment. We shook hands all around, but it was impossible to identify anyone in the darkness. Later these men would become recognizable individuals.

"Come into the barn," John Clardy said. "Want to show you something." We followed him. He flashed a light into a pen and said, "There's a pretty good-sized wild hog that we caught." The boar, black and mean-looking, weighed more than 300 pounds. Clardy explained that the tushes had been removed to assure safer handling. These powerful tusks are self-sharpening and murderous as daggers. "But don't get the idea that these animals are safe when you don't see tushes," Clardy said. "It takes time for those big, curling tushes to develop, but even a young boar with two-inch tushes that don't show can rip flesh to shreds."

Clardy told us we would be hunting in an area between Ocala and Gainesville, on a ranch that hadn't been worked over for several years. As we drove, he explained that Florida wild hogs are a mixture of a breed originally introduced by Spanish settlers and domestic hogs that have run wild.

Hogs (pronounced "hawgs" in Florida, just as a dog is a "dawg") are considered by experts to be intelligent animals. They are unpredictable because they have a considerable amount of reasoning power. Most wild animals fight more or less instinctively. Not the wild hog. He likes to wage a "campaign," and so becomes a dangerous adversary.

With the possible exception of cats, most domestic

When they were deep in hog country, hunters switched from pickups to horse, later to foot.

animals revert to the wild state slowly. When dogs revert, they generally starve or take to hunting in packs. But the hog eats roots and tubers as his natural diet; an average wild hog can root up and damage most of an acre of farmland in a night. This does not endear him to farmers or ranchers.

"That's how I got into this," Clardy told us. "I'd hunted everything Florida has to offer—deer, bear, panther, small game—and I was getting tired of it. I don't like killing just for the sake of killing. Then, about seven years ago, a rancher who knew I had some dogs asked me to clean the wild hogs off his land. I became interested in hunting them—for sport. Anyone can kill them with a high-powered rifle, but catching them is a challenge. We take 'em back and

either develop them for breeding stock or fatten them up for our own tables. They make just about the best eating in the world."

Clardy explained that his dogs were mainly Catahoula hog dogs of the Louisiana breed, plus a few mongrels. "Some folks like to use fancy mixtures like crosses between Weimaraners and boxers. Nothing wrong with that, but all I ask of a dog is that he's fast, tough and plucky. I don't care what else he is. I think a lot of old Brownie up there in the trailer. I've had him about seven years now. He's been slashed open and sewed back together again quite a few times. Getting a little slow now, but he's a fine dog. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him."

Gradually it had been growing light. We could easily see the horse trailer up ahead with three sacks of hay hanging from the side, so the horses could feed while being hauled.

We had been moving along a highway through open range country studded with cabbage palm clumps, pine stands and live oak. The light was increasing. Then we turned off onto a side road, through a gate and down a trace so indistinct that you read the road mostly from the trees. About half a mile deeper into the woods, we stopped to unload. The identity of the others in the party now became established.

"Blackie" was L.S. Blackmon, an Oklahoman and former rodeo rider who had once run his own show through the Northeast. He pulled on chaps which he told us were from his rodeo days. Perry Register was a slim, articulate man who had been raised in the Okefenokee Swamp country. He had hunted bear for years, but had shifted to wild hog hunting because he found it more interesting. Sam Perryman, a retired native Floridian, was a red-cheeked, stocky man, clearly the senior among us. For most of his life, he had been a cattleman on the huge Florida ranges. Like Blackmon, he wore a sidearm. Then there was Dale Hogan, a husky 16-year-old boy who had persuaded John Clardy to let him come along on the hunt. Young Dale carried a hunting knife in his belt. Register and Clardy were unarmed.

"Bet you never saw this," Register said, showing us strips of bed ticking. "We use these to tie hawgs. Nothing else seems to hold 'em."

"You better hold 'em today," Perryman said with a chuckle.

"You catch 'em, I'll hold 'em," Register replied. "You plan to ride today, Mr. Clardy?"

"Don't think so. I'll come along with the jeep. Rest of you folks can climb up on the back of the jeep."

When the horses were unloaded and saddled, we rode down the indistinct trail to the creek.

John Clardy thought he could cross with the jeep, but decided against it when the water at the far bank rose high on the horses' legs. He left the jeep parked in the trees and we ferried across riding double on the horses.

Then the riders and five released dogs moved ahead while the rest of us followed on foot. The woods were fairly open here, and sharply defined trails six or eight inches wide cut across the pasture grass. Joe Cobb said these were hog trails. We reached a glade that looked as if it had been plowed by a madman with a broken plow.

"This is a fresh trail," Cobb said. "The hogs were here just last night. By the way, keep an eye out for snakes."

Suddenly the dogs began yelping excitedly in a stand of oak just ahead. We found the three horsemen peering up into the branches while the dogs circled and barked furiously.

"Ran into a coon!" Register yelled. "He's treed up there!"

Blackie said he thought the dogs had torn the animal. He wanted to shoot the racoon but the Spanish moss concealed it.

"I believe I see him," Cobb said as he circled the tree, peering up into the branches. Drawing his .22 revolver, he aimed and fired. This was the first shot of the fusillade heard by John Clardy back at the creek. The uncertain morning light, Spanish moss and extreme pistol range made the injured coon a difficult target.

Finally he fell out of the tree, dead. The dogs sniffed the body indifferently, then raced off on the hunt again. Register gave his horse to Cobb and joined Ellen, Paul and me. Horses, riders and dogs now spread over a broad prairie and disappeared.

It got hot, so we settled under the trees at the edge of the prairie and began to slap mosquitoes and swap yarns. I asked Perry Register what to do if a wild boar charged.

"Depends on the hog," he said, grinning. "Some say stand still, others say get behind a tree or climb a tree. Personally, I wouldn't count on runnin'. We've chased 'em at full run across open land when they've outdistanced the dogs and pretty near outrun the horses. And those whites are fast horses."

"They're coming back," Ellen said.

The riders arrived for a conference. Register said he thought wild hogs were in the thick brush along the creek. We back-tracked with riders and dogs ranging ahead. Just as we reached the bank opposite the jeep, the dogs yelped and then began baying. This was followed almost immediately by a wild, unearthly squealing.

"Got one!" Register yelled and dove into the brush. Ellen picked another route toward the source of the uproar. Paul, handicapped by his cameras, raced along the creek bank. I ran into a maze of tangled brambles, turned away from the creek and circled toward the noise. Within seconds, we were all separated.

(*Continued on page 90*)

George C. Marshall

John J. Pershing

Billy Mitchell

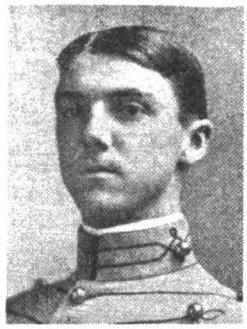
ST.-MIHIEL

The nightmare battle of World War I -where Pershing, MacArthur, Marshall, Patton, Stilwell and Mitchell tasted blood...

BY JACK PEARL

Douglas MacArthur

Joseph W. Stilwell



George S. Patton

ST.-MIHIEL

☐ General John J. Pershing, the famed "Black Jack," spread his hands on the conference table and leaned forward, his jaw jutting belligerently at French Marshal Ferdinand Foch, Supreme Commander of the Allied Armies in Europe. The Commander of the A.E.F. was determined to stand firm.

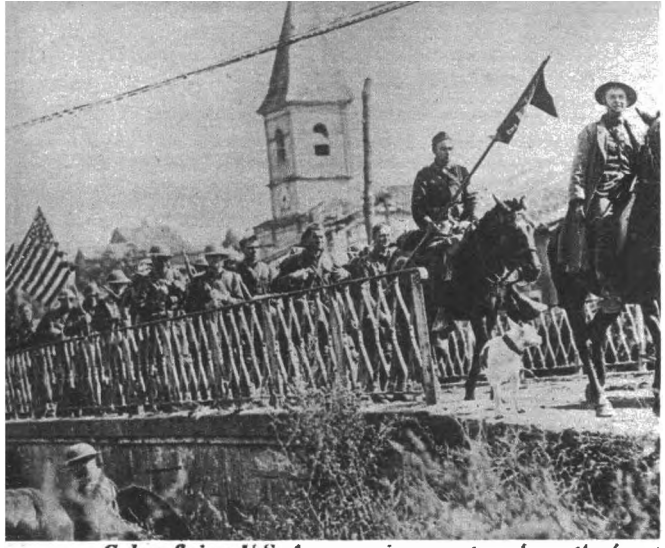
In a voice thick with suppressed anger, he said: "Marshal Foch, you may insist all you damned please! You are the boss, and our army will fight wherever you decide, but it

Illustrated by Stanley Meltzoff

will not fight except as an independent American army!"

Foch, withering under the hard gaze of the man he later called "this impossible barbarian," stood up, beaten, and walked slump-shouldered out the door.

The date was August 30, 1918, and John J. Pershing was fighting the "first" Battle of St.-Mihiel—the untold, behind-the-lines battle the American Expeditionary Force waged against its own World War I allies, England and France.



Colors flying, U.S. Army engineers return from the front.

ST.-MIHIEL

CONTINUED

Dazed German PWs called the American artillery fire the "most nerve-shattering in four years of war."

It was more than 16 months since the United States had declared war on the Central Powers (Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey). There were 28 U.S. divisions fighting in France, and American soldiers were disembarking at French ports at the rate of 250,000 a month. Our doughboys had won respect and glory at Belleau Wood, the Battle of the Marne, Château-Thierry, Soissons and Cantigny. Their victories were not clear-cut, however, because they had been accomplished fighting alongside British and French troops. The Yanks had never fought a major campaign on their own.

"Big, wonderful men," British Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig said of the Americans. "Terribly ignorant of military ways and tactics, of course. But with the proper guidance . . ."

"Let us face facts," the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir Henry Wilson, told British Prime Minister Lloyd George in early 1918. "The French are too weary to fight, and the Americans don't know how."

For a full year, the A.E.F. commander, General Pershing, had been fuming over this patronizing attitude. Every time he met Marshal Foch, the Frenchman would give Pershing a pat on the back and promise, "Soon, my friend, soon, you will have your own army. An American army. Patience, have patience."

In the spring of 1917, the last great German offensive of the war was stopped in the Second Battle of the Marne, with U.S. reinforcements stiffening the resistance of the exhausted French armies. In July, Marshal Foch summoned the Allied commanders to his Bombon headquarters and outlined his plans for an offensive that would bring total victory in 1919. The first step was to straighten out the Western Front—to eliminate the German salients that thrust dangerously into French territory at key rail and road centers, and that were disrupting Allied communication and supply lines.

At this Bombon conference, Pershing decided it was (Continued on page 91)

U.S. doughboys jumped from these trenches in St.-Mihiel attack, drove five kilometers on first day.

Strictly foot-sloggers in World War I, men of the 82nd Infantry Division fought the war from trenches.

Lt. Col. Burn C. Cox, with 5th Division at St.-Mihiel, revisited scene with same outfit in World War II.

Surging past lone competitor, Ed Weinberg's Hot Tomatoe *wins trial heat at good speed of 122.61 mph.*

Supercharged engine makes Tomatoe *hot!*

Part of the color and fun of drag derby is provided by enthusiastic female boosters, who follow winners.

Speed and spills are just a matter of course for the champions who power their souped-up dragsters in this newest, most dangerous flat-water sport

PHOTOS BY JOHN R. HAMILTON

Drag Boat Derby

■ Back in 1961, the Boat And Ski Club of Long Beach, California, decided there was a blank spot in the national power boat racing program—drag racing. They held their first annual Boat Drags that fall at the Marine Stadium in Long Beach, and today the "drags" are solidly established. Although only 1000 racers are involved in this type of high-speed competition, nearly 20,000 persons turned out for the 1962 derby. Unless you and your boat can do 30 mph, you can't even enter this race.

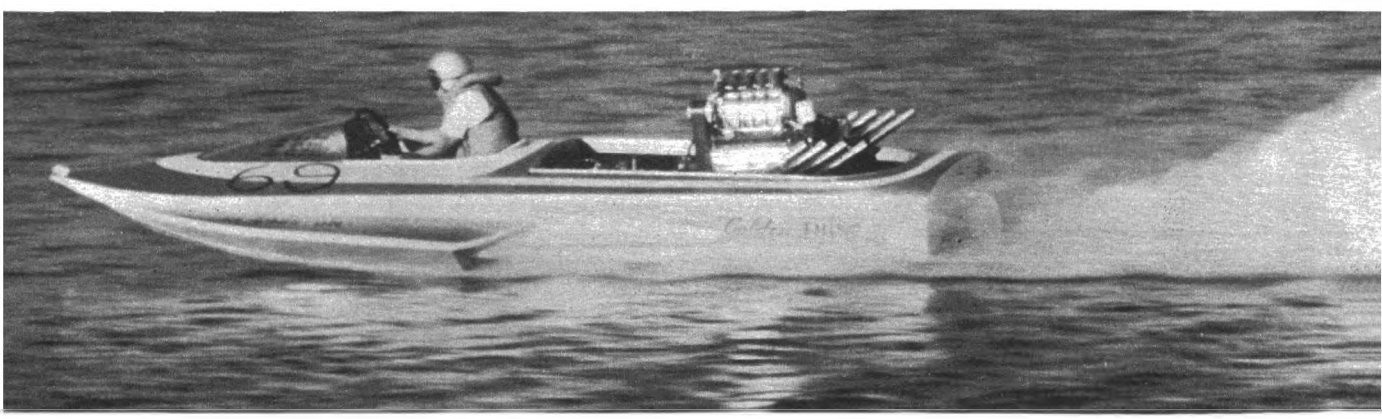
With only fin, shaft and prop in water, drag boat blasts along at over 70 mph.

Porpoising, inboard loses speed, falls behind winner, whose wake can be seen in foreground.

Drag Boat Derby CONTINUED

Powerboat racing is divided into three classes: closed course, marathon and drag. Of the 1000 U. S. dragsters, over 200 showed up at Long Beach, and competed in categories that are broken down into five-mile-an-hour segments: 30-35 mph; 35-40 mph, and so on to 150 mph-and-over. On the first two days of this annual meet, qualifying trials are held to eliminate all but the finalists, who then pair off on the third day. Each trial heat pits only two boats against each other, so that heat winners keep racing until only two remain. The trials often provide more thrills and new speed records than the finals. Driving his unlimited class inboard, "Golden Thing," in the first heat, Chuck Gierth of Los Angeles pushed to a new world's record of 158.17 mph. But in the remaining trials, Gierth was unable to match or better this time, so he had to settle for an official time of 152.80 mph—which still broke his old record of 149 mph. Then, in the outboard category, Chuck Mersereau set a new record of 91.09 mph.

Chuck Gierth of Los Angeles set world record in the unlimited class with 152.80 mph. Old mark was 149 mph.



The inboard boats are distinguished—as are cars on land—by two types of engines, supercharged and "unblown gas" (no supercharger). In the latter category, Don Presson of Fresno, California, set a new world's record of 94.63 mph. The 1962 competitions also produced two new breeds of boat, the "hydra-bout-runaplane," a mutation of the runabout-hydroplane, and the "drag-hydro," created for short-burst, high-speed drag racing.

Shirley Freek of Long Beach Boat And Ski Club posts phoned-in race results on giant scoreboard.

Drag racing provides harrowing thrills. In 1962, three boats flipped at high speeds; a fourth disintegrated.

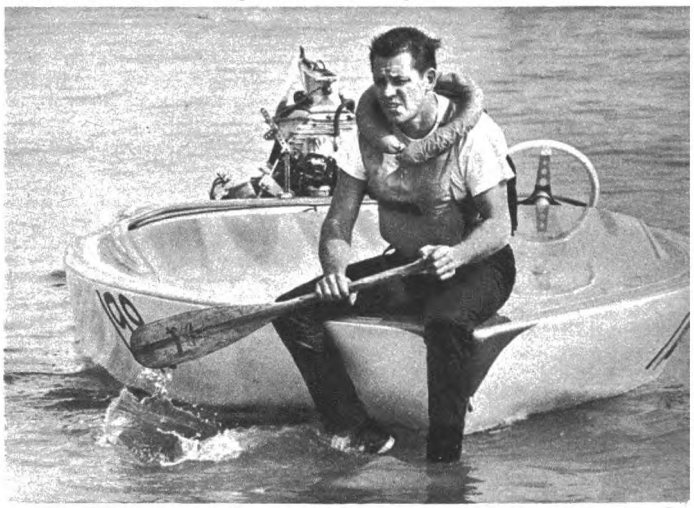
Drag Boat Derby CONTINUED

A drag race is like the 100-yard dash in track—you go all-out, all the way. The straight drag course also sets up the boats for "the fatal flip," as one driver called it. At the speeds achieved by the dragsters, if a boat lifts on a small ripple and becomes airborne, or hits the smallest piece of debris, the dragster can go out of control, fly through the air in a twisting spin and hit with devastating impact. Although skillful driving can eliminate most of this risk, even the world's champions who race at Long Beach are not immune. In the 1962 meet, three boats flipped, seriously injuring two drivers; the other was unhurt. A fourth boat spun into the air and disintegrated.

Barry McCown's **Banzai,** *a very expensive drag boat, draws crowds at every appearance.*

Two drivers were badly hurt in accidents. **Above,** *attendants treat injured driver sprawled on bloody stretcher.*

Dispirited loser uses paddle to bring his boat ashore.



How to Tame an Itchy Dame

BY LESTER DAVID

Passionate or frigid, bossy or clinging, fickle or jealous, spendthrift or nagging—don't let "bitchy" women run your life! Here's expert advice on how to run them!

THIS is the age of the difficult woman.

In Chicago, a man has his hands full with a woman who demands an incredible amount of sexual gratification.

In New York, a man is deeply involved with a woman who needs the approval of other men—many other men. She dips her cleavage ever lower, undulates her body and lets her eyes rove elsewhere.

In St. Louis, an overly ambitious wife is driving her husband faster than he wants to run.

In Denver, a woman is so jealous she sniffs her man's undergarments for traces of another woman's perfume. These males aren't alone with their troubles. The number of men

Illustrated by John Huehnergarth

How to Tame an Itchy Dame

suffering problem females has been spiraling upward at a fantastic rate. The casebooks of psychologists, psychiatrists and guidance counselors are bulging, and divorce court dockets are fuller than they've ever been.

Experts in human behavior explain that never before in our history has the American woman had more freedom, more money, more clothes, finer homes or a generally better life—and, paradoxically, never has she been harder to live with, because of the problems besetting her pretty little psyche.

A man ought to give high priority to learning how to identify these problems—to finding out their characteristics, their origins and, specifically, how to handle them. After all, the chances are lamentably excellent that you may wind up being married to one.

Here is a basic practical guide to the care and handling of difficult women—based on a solid, scientific foundation.

Put Itchy Ida into the spotlight first, because she's all over the place.

Ida's overriding personality trait is dissatisfaction. She is the malcontent, the seeker after new experiences, the bemoaner of her lot in life. Nothing a man does pleases her for long. She shows her discontent in her glance, her voice, her attitudes, her responses. She is petulant, easily bored, often quick to temper or tears. She complains that she is sitting by in a sheltered cove while the mainstream of life flows past her. Daily she compares her dreary and monotonous existence to your "wonderful and exciting" world outside, where you meet people, do things, live. Recognize anyone you know?

Right now, prodded by a best-selling book called "The Feminine Mystique," Ida wants—or thinks she wants—a Career in the Outside World in order to achieve Self-Fulfillment. There, she is solemnly told, lies her Ultimate Happiness.

Ida is thoroughly confused. Should she work? Should she go back to school for more training? Or does her real happiness lie in fulfilling the biological role of a woman—satisfying a man, bearing his young, caring for his nest—and nothing more? Unable to decide, she becomes frustrated—and itchy as hell. When she's like this, she's miserable to live with. She wants, wants, wants—but she doesn't know what or how much. Often she will get what she desires, being a woman, and then she wants something else somewhere else. There is really no satisfying her.

How do you handle Ida and de-activate that infuriating itch?

A two-stage course of treatment is indicated, the experts advise.

The first step: Be a man in your relationships with her, a strong and masculine figure, a male in the fullest sense of the word. Nothing else can satisfy her more or make her more secure. Nothing else can really begin to take the edge off her itch. Says New York psychologist S. M. Whitebook, director of the Nassau Guidance and Counseling Center: "A man can help the undecided woman—this 'Itchy Ida'—simply by being more of a man. In her deepest being, a woman wants to depend upon a man. She needs to know that she can find a kind of emotional shelter in him, which is what we call security. She wants to feel that he is strong enough, confident enough, to care for her, that she can rely upon him to handle the crises of living whenever they may arise."

Psychologist Whitebook believes that any business organization with two presidents of absolutely equal power is headed for trouble. So too with man-woman relationships. Thus he elaborates upon the basic rule for handling Itchy Ida:

When it comes to decisions of consequence, accept her suggestions, listen thoughtfully, evaluate her ideas fairly—but cast the final vote yourself.

You make the decision on where the kids should go to college. You decide with whom you want to socialize and whom you want to avoid. You decide where you want to go on an evening or a vacation. Consult with her on all these matters, of course. If she feels very strongly about a point, and if yielding won't make that much difference, then give in. But never turn over the decision-making power to her.

Be especially careful about the control of money, psychologist Whitebook asserts. He points out that in our society, control over the cash signifies, or eventually leads to, rule of the whole roost. Thus:

You pay the bills. No matter how burdensome the chore may be, find time to dole out the dough yourself to the creditors. Avoid the pitfall many men tumble into early in the game—handing a woman the paycheck and accepting a small allowance for themselves. Nothing can de-masculinize a man more effectively.

If a man is already in the trap, he should make a determined effort to grab hold of the purse strings and, holding them tight, climb out.

"A strong, self-reliant although essentially considerate male not only can earn the respect of a woman, but help her feel more comfortable about herself as a person," says psychologist Whitebook.

But will male strength alone cure Ida's itchiness? Only partly—by reinforcing her own strength as a human being and thus enabling her to see her problem more clearly, reach a decision more readily and have confidence that she has chosen wisely.

Which leads us to Part Two of the treatment: Help her arrive at a decision about her own role as a woman. Ask her to try to look deep inside herself and tell you what she really wants to do. Perhaps she wants only to be a man's woman, but is swept along with the tide because it's fashionable to seek a career. If she is really convinced she wants more than the house and home, explore with her the different avenues she can travel in terms of her education, intelligence and previous experience.

In this way, you can speedily knock out of her mind some romantic but totally unrealistic notions she may have been harboring. She can't very well be an industrial tycoon if she never had a business course, nor a mathematician if she can't add a grocery bill. Find out what she has done, what she's studied, what she's good at—and help her move forward along those lines.

Forcing a woman to stay home against her will may win the battle for you, but cost you the war. You run the risk of having her resent you for the rest of her life. So maybe she should go out and have herself a little career. Why not? After all, more than 23,000,000 women hold jobs these days. She may even become a more interesting person for the experience.

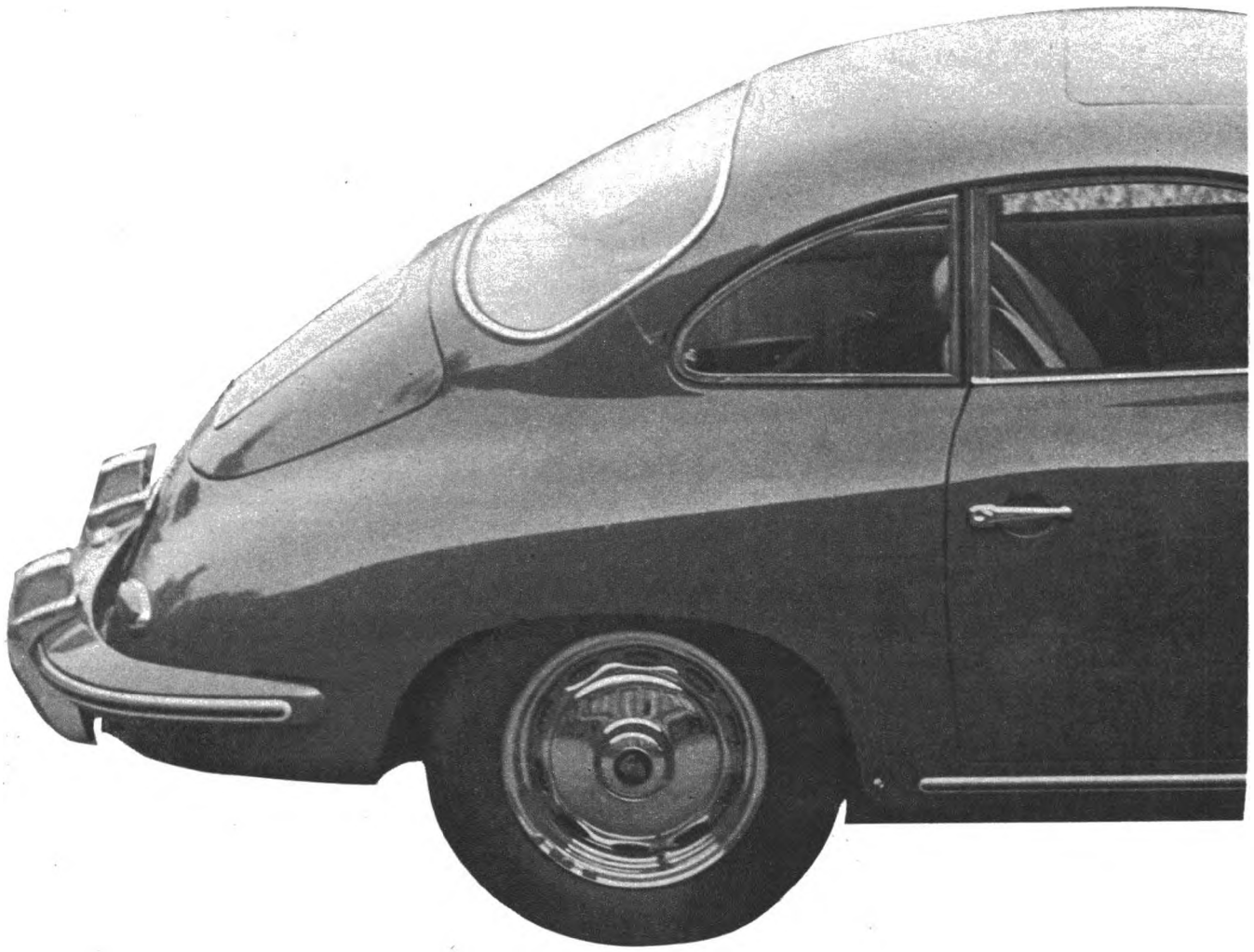
Of course, she can't and shouldn't move into the big stream if it means neglecting the home and whatever is inside—and this you should point out quietly, but logically and very firmly. No woman is justified in imperiling the safety of her home, no matter how excitingly the great outside world beckons.

The whole point, then, simmers down to this: Once Itchy Ida finds in a strong male the security she actually hungers for, once she is made to see what choices there are for her in addition to a life at home, once she takes the big step and sees for herself, her itchiness will diminish and eventually disappear.

Modern woman's itchiness, which is to say her constant craving for something she can't quite satisfy, is also partly responsible for other behavior and personality problems. Being discontented, she may seek a measure of satisfaction in a variety of ways, many extremely irritating, not to say infuriating, to a man.

For example, she may try to dominate him.

Letty, who lives in Detroit, is a case in point. At 32, she is beautiful and shapely, the kind of a woman a man wants to keep. Yet she's making it difficult for Harry, an importer, because (Continued on page 74)



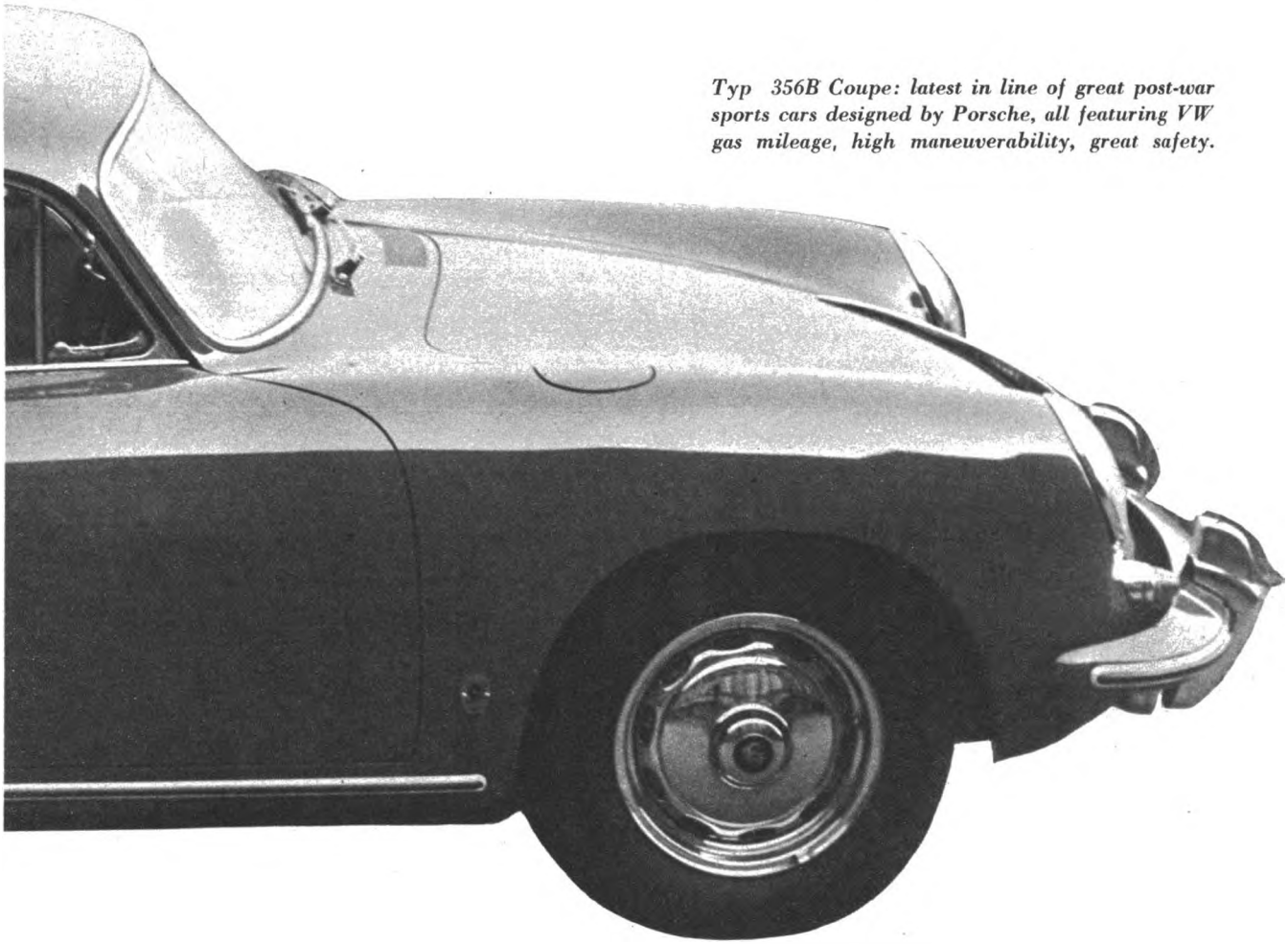
BEST *SMALL* CAR MONEY CAN BUY

BY KEN W. PURDY

You can't build cars with more love and skill than crusty old Ferdinand Porsche poured into his. That's why this world-famous auto expert says that to own a Porsche is to love one

IN THE early days of Adolf Hitler's Thousand-Year Reich, people who wanted to rise in the Nazi firmament always addressed him as *"Mein Führer"*—and preceded this greeting with the universal salutation: "Heil Hitler!"

One man who ignored this formula was *Reichsautokonstrukteur* Doctor Ferdinand Porsche, who preferred the old-fashioned *"Gruss Gott"* as a greet-



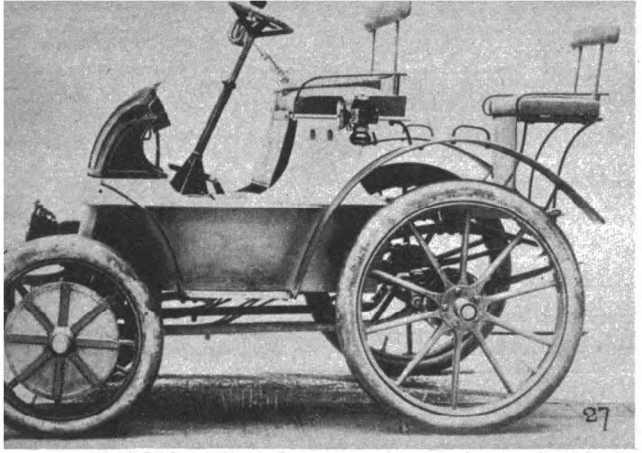
Typ 356B Coupe: latest in line of great post-war sports cars designed by Porsche, all featuring VW gas mileage, high maneuverability, great safety.

ing, and simply called the German leader, "Herr Hitler." Porsche also refused to wear any kind of party uniform.

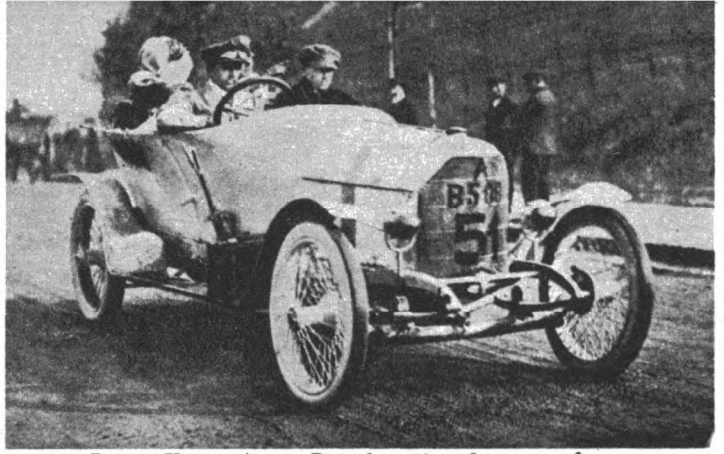
Hitler was an Austrian, like Porsche, and he fancied himself a connoisseur of automobiles. Porsche stood high among the most gifted automotive engineers of all time, so the old man got away with it. After all, he had designed the Volkswagen, as well as the dreaded Tiger tank and the Ferdinand gun-carrier. He also conceived the mighty Mouse tank, a 180-ton behemoth capable of fording a stream 20 feet deep—a good feature, since bridges broke under it like matchsticks.

Porsche also designed the Porsche automobile, an accomplishment which in the view of many constitutes his chief claim to immortality. He may have been the last of the automotive giants, one of the authentic innovators who assured that the 20th Century would roll forward on wheels. Like his fellow inventors, Ford and Daimler and Benz and Royce

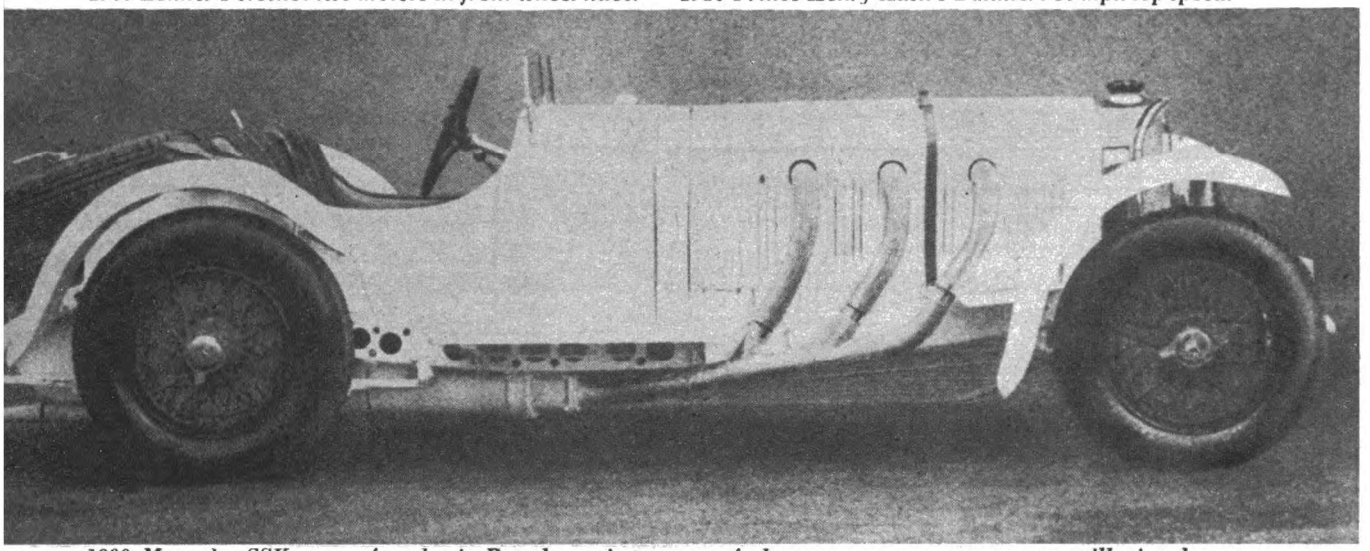
Dr. Porsche: Until his death in 1952, at 76, he made sure that the 20th Century rolled forward on wheels.



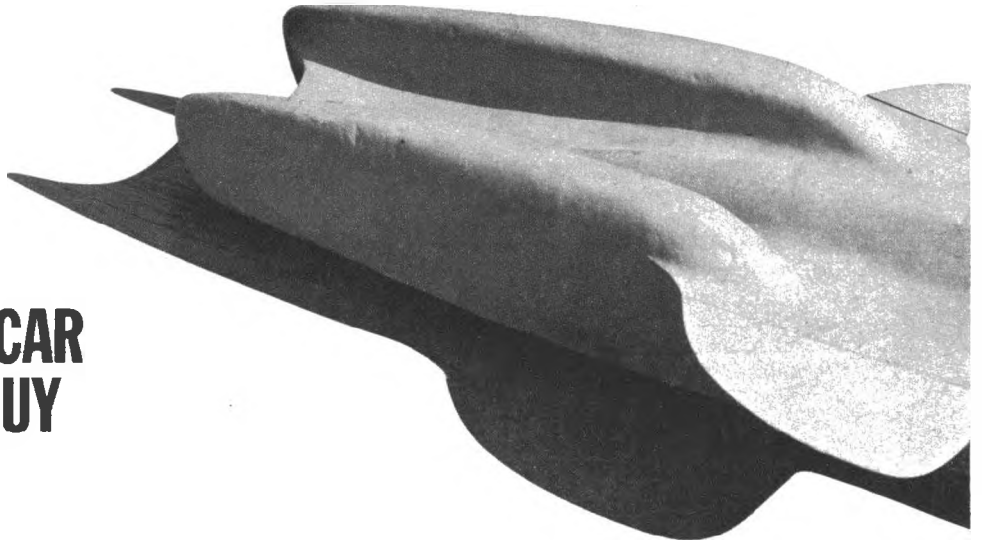
1900 Lohner-Porsche: two motors in front-wheel hubs.



1910 Prince Henry Austro-Daimler: 80 mph top speed.



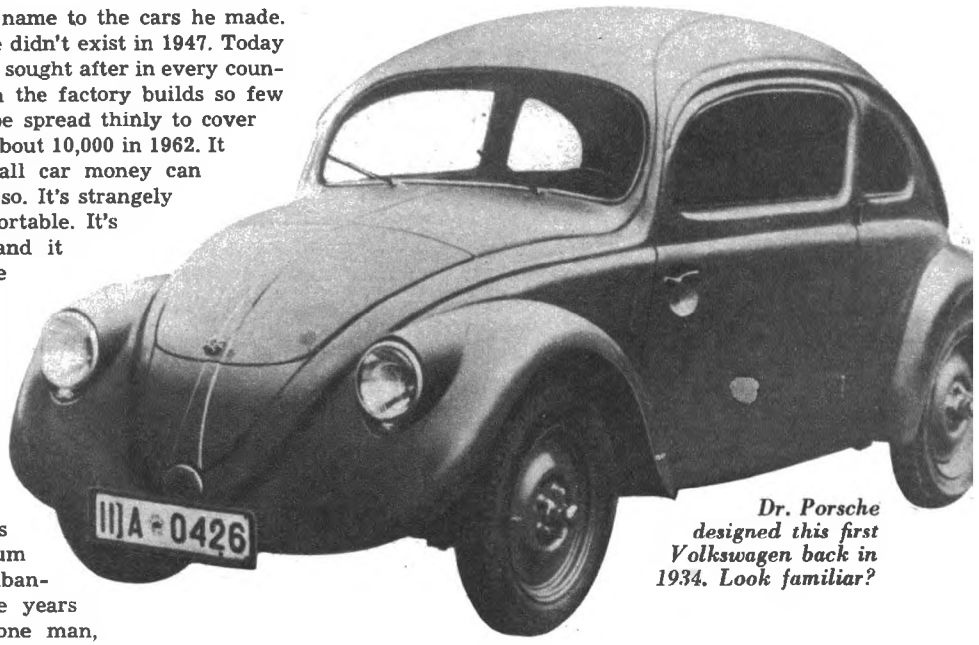
1930 Mercedes SSK: one of a classic Porsche series, many of these superb sports cars can still zip along.



BEST *SMALL* CAR MONEY CAN BUY

and Bugatti, he gave his name to the cars he made.

The Porsche automobile didn't exist in 1947. Today it's well-known and much sought after in every country of the West, although the factory builds so few cars that the total must be spread thinly to cover the world: 8270 in 1961, about 10,000 in 1962. It is probably the best small car money can buy. Many experts think so. It's strangely roomy, surprisingly comfortable. It's quick, agile, very fast and it sticks splendidly to the road—any road. The stamp of old-fashioned German workmanship is on it. Indeed, in the firm's early days, each engine was assembled by one man, who was entitled, when he had finished it—the job took 25 hours—to hammer his initials into the aluminum crankcase. The factory abandoned this practice some years ago, but the mark of one man, Ferdinand Porsche, is still on the car from end to end. Like all great innovators, Porsche didn't have to sign his work to make it recognizable.

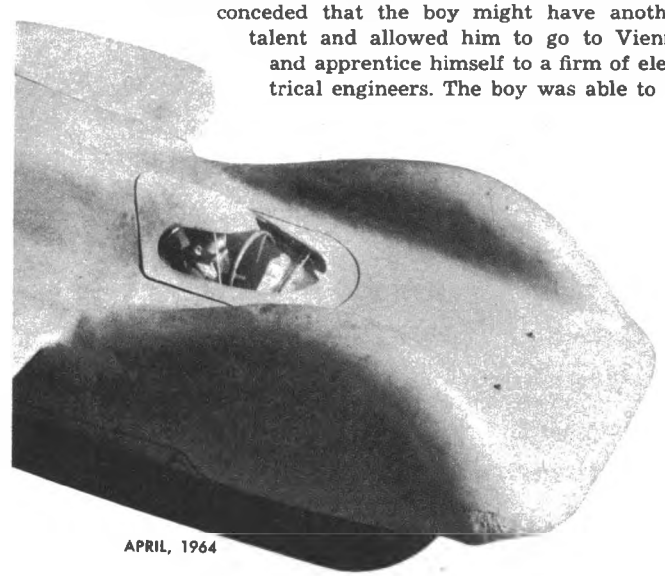


Dr. Porsche designed this first Volkswagen back in 1934. Look familiar?

He started early. In 1890, when he was 15, he installed electric lighting in his father's house in Bohemia. The job required more than merely wiring the house and plugging it into a public utility outlet. Electricity was rare in those days, available in only a few big cities. Porsche first had to *make* the stuff in the basement with a generator, then send it upstairs; and he built the generator, too.

The feat impressed Porsche senior, who was a tinsmith by trade and considered his calling to be so noble that he had insisted his son pursue it. But he conceded that the boy might have another talent and allowed him to go to Vienna and apprentice himself to a firm of electrical engineers. The boy was able to go to school part-time, and by 1900 he was working for an ambitious coach-builder named Lohner. In fact, he was more than an employee; he was almost a partner.

The Paris Exposition of 1900 showed examples of the automobile, the new wonder of the world, and one of them was called the Lohner-Porsche. It was startling, not because it was an electric car, which was common enough, but because it had two motors. They were located in the hubs of the front wheels, which they drove. This made the wheels heavy, of course—253 pounds each—and the batteries weighed another 900 pounds. Although it was cumbersome, the electrical drive worked well: the car could do 24 miles an hour, or 37 flat-out as a racer. The 24-year-old Porsche had produced it in ten weeks. It was something of a sensation, but even Porsche didn't realize that it demonstrated only (*Continued on page* 87)



In 1937, Porsche built stub-winged Daimler-Benz T-80 to break world land-speed record. He thought a 2500-hp airplane engine would let it go 405 mph. But Nazi chauvinism balked him.

"Halt—or I'll shoot you with my broomstick"

Two weeks before Pearl Harbor, US Army "doughboys" were still playing zany war games with dummy weapons

BY EDWARD HYMOFF

THE SOLDIER heard the rustle in the underbrush and whirled around. "Halt, who goes there?" he shouted.

From out of the darkness, a voice replied, "Friend."

"Advance, friend, and be recognized!" the sentry ordered, holding his rifle at port arms. A figure appeared out of the brush, similarly dressed.

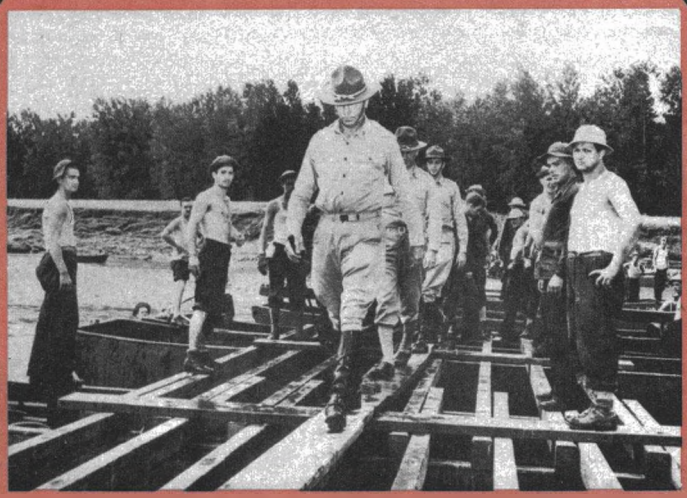
"What's the password?" the sentry called out.

"Ohio," the intruder answered loudly. "What's the countersign?"

"Over the hill in October," the sentry answered, adding, "Pass, friend." Laughter erupted from the underbrush and the Blue Army patrol noisily moved back to its own lines. As they passed, one shadowy figure snickered and said, "Yeah, halt—or I'll shoot you with my broomstick."

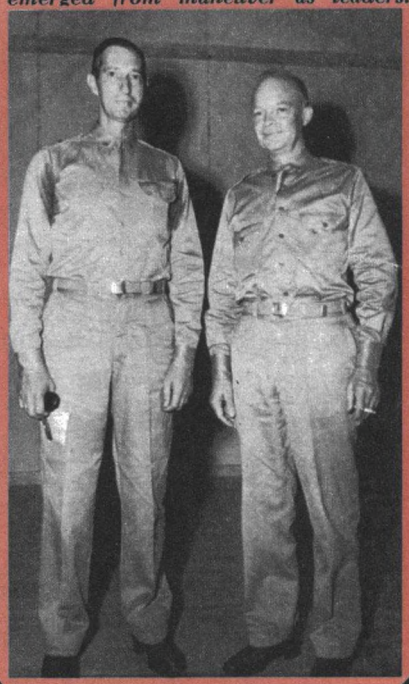
And the wisecrack had a ring of truth to it. This was September, 1941, three months before Pearl Harbor. There was a war on in Europe and in China, but it was still thousands of miles from the U.S. The only "war" involving America was being waged in the swamps of Louisiana, the hills of Arkansas and on the plains of east Texas. The "battlefronts" were part of the first great U.S. Army maneuvers, by which a rabble of reluctant GI draftees were to be welded into a force that might hope to win a modern war.

On Louisiana maneuvers, motorcycle courier "fires" submachine gun in mock strafing attack.



Lt. Gen. Ben Lear inspects 750-foot pontoon bridge spanning Red River. His career foundered when his Red Army failed to win.

Mark Clark and Dwight Eisenhower emerged from maneuver as leaders.



"Halt-or I'll shoot you with my broomstick"

Military professionals would not have bet on this in 1941—the craziest year in the history of the U. S. Army.

It was the year in which GIs, wearing World War I field equipment and helmets, were still called "doughboys." It was the year of the "peep," the tough little quarter-ton vehicle that was the forerunner of the famed jeep. It was the year when cavalry was still considered a fighting combat arm. It was the year when America's first parachute battalions were formed, but Uncle Sam fielded an army without enough tanks, artillery, trucks, rifles or heavy equipment to fight a modern war.

It was a year when only a few high-ranking American military leaders realized that war was just around the corner; the American public simply didn't believe that it could happen to us. Thus the stage was set for the biggest military snafu in American history.

Small-scale maneuvers had been held in 1940; they revealed the U.S. Army's flaws and none of its virtues—if it had any. "We've got to plan for forty-one," General George C. Marshall warned his War Department general staff. "We should hold four maneuvers next year—in the Carolinas, in Louisiana and Texas, California and Washington."

These maneuvers were planned as the mold in which the raw army might be formed; instead they produced the leaders that led the U.S. Army during World War II.

Four field armies were to work out against one another to give 850,000 of America's 1,600,000 soldiers their military training in the field. But Army brass first had to prepare the civilians living in the maneuver areas. Governors issued proclamations calling on farmers and citizens to allow use of their lands as a patriotic duty. Committees were organized in each state to coordinate the land rental program.

But many back country Southern farmers were against the whole business.

"I don't cotton to Yankees," one man protested.

"I seen one of them tank things in a movie," another farmer complained when he was asked to rent his land. "It run right through a building. Nope, I can't afford to lose my barn and pigpens."

Another farmer allowed as how he remembered his pappy telling him that back in the "Great War," the damyankees "stole chickens, hogs, horses and every consarned thing they could lay their hands onto."

General George S. Patton, Jr. commanded 2nd Armored Division. He "cheated" by buying gas with own money.

Henry Cabot Lodge, left, *a Massachusetts senator, was a staff officer for Gen. Patton.*

Colonels and generals, wearing uniforms and full decorations were sent into the South to win over the local populations. "Specifically," read an order signed by General Marshall, "Southern-born officers with Southern accents should be given this most important mission."

The biggest of the maneuvers began throughout Louisiana on September 15, 1941, a rainy Monday morning. The rain soaked 350,000 doughboys (and 50,000 vehicles) as they began fighting what was described as "the greatest sham battle in American history." The attack began before dawn when two armored divisions of the Second (Red) Army commanded by Lieutenant General Ben Lear crossed the muddy Red River to attack Lieutenant General Walter Krueger's Third (Blue) Army.

For two days bad weather grounded pursuit planes and paratroopers. Under cover of the weather, aggressive Blue Army soldiers raided Red Army headquarters. The raider squad rolled smoke pots into the huge circus tents that served as field headquarters, smoking out the Red Army brass. One private entered a small tent and, holding his rifle on the assembled officers, said, "Stand up and drop your weapons. You're all prisoners."

A general indignantly complained that the private wasn't supposed to fight a war that way. "Put your rifle down, soldier, and let us get back to work," the officer said.

"Nuts to you, sir, this is war," the soldier said firmly. "Surrender, or I'll shoot you all dead—bang, bang, bang."

If these maneuvers weren't fought with a "bigger bang for a buck," to quote a defense official 25 years later, they were at least fought with a louder bang for a buck. Sound trucks traversed the battlefields with combat sounds thundering from loudspeakers.

In addition to these *ersatz* battle noises, there were "simulated" tanks and anti-tank guns, too. Six-by-six trucks were hung with signs that read "tank"—and here and there a stove pipe mounted between two tires, with a sign reading "105mm Howitzer," stood for the armor and artillery Uncle Sam had not yet acquired.

The tone of the whole mock battle is well illustrated by a day of "action" between the Red and Blue armies that involved old Number Seven. It was a 30-ton medium tank of the 2nd Armored Division

Weapons were scarce, so many gun crews manned their own weapons, pretending they were large caliber guns.

"Somewhere in Arkansas," 107th Regiment cavalry goes into action against "enemy" in Second Army maneuvers.

commanded by Brigadier General George S. Patton. Number Seven was parked in the woods, its crew asleep on the ground nearby, while the tank company's cooks were preparing a pre-dawn breakfast —the only hot meal that day for the tankers. They didn't know it, but their mission for the day was to drive deep into "enemy" territory to the north, encircle Mt. Carmel, a town in central Louisiana, then return to Red lines that night.

In the early morning bustle, Private Marshall Hatfield—whose family knew something about fighting after many battles with the McCoys—strapped himself in the driver's seat of Number Seven and started up the engine. Crowding in after him were radio

operator Private Howard Eckhardt; Private Max Grant, who handled the wooden 75mm gun; Private Royal Ferris, and Staff Sergeant Joseph Wingo, who was in charge of the five-tank platoon.

Blacked out, Number Seven led the platoon of tanks out of the bivouac area. By dawn they were clanking northeastward across open fields in a cloud of dust that sifted into every cranny of the tank, filtered under the tankers' helmets and gritted between their teeth. Ahead of them, half-tracks scouted woods and hedgerows, protecting the main force from anti-tank guns.

However, they missed one hidden battery of anti-tank dummies, some of the 250 dummy 37mm anti-tank guns that had been built for the 29th Division before it moved out of Fort Meade, Maryland. These had been assembled from old truck parts and other odds and ends of junk.

Although the tank column stopped frequently to get reports from the scout cars, by mid-morning the high water tower at Mt. Carmel was visible over the hills ahead. The tanks rumbled across an open field and into a clump of trees where they rendezvoused with gasoline trucks and refueled. A half-hour later they were on the road again, when they suddenly ran into a roadblock of 37mm anti-tank guns.

The tank gun turrets with their wooden dummy 75s swung toward the roadblock, and anti-tank gunners quickly trained their equally silent guns on the tanks.

There was a long pause. The question was: who had knocked out whom first? An umpire waving a white flag emerged from the underbrush and ran up to Number Seven. "You're out of action," shouted the umpire, a very young lieutenant. The hatch snapped open and Sergeant Wingo, livid and protesting, popped his head and shoulders out. "But, sir, we saw them first," he yelled at the lieutenant, an ROTC officer just called to active duty. Seventeen years of Regular Army duty couldn't buck the 17-day-old authority of the young second lieutenant, who drew himself up and shouted back: "You're dead, Sergeant! Now move your tank off the field. I'm an officer."

"Halt-or I'll shoot you with my broomstick"

Fortunately for the veteran noncom, one of the scout cars drove up. A captain jumped out and shouted, "What's going on here?" The lieutenant tried to explain, but the captain, Sergeant Wingo's CO, shouted even louder. "I'm a captain, goddammit, and I say that my tanks saw the roadblock first and knocked it out."

Another vehicle came roaring up and screeched to a halt. A major from the defending Blue Army hopped out. He in turn overruled the captain. It should have ended there—but it didn't. Other tanks pulled up, more tankers crawled out and got into the fight. They were matched by anti-tank gunners who crawled out of hidden gun positions.

Soon 50 or 60 bellicose young men were crowded around the angry officers hotly debating who had won the skirmish.

Then one tanker private said one word too many to an anti-tank gunner. (*Continued on page 77*)

Short of military vehicles, the Army rented more than 100 taxis from a Texas firm to be staff cars for the maneuvering army.

The leisurely pace of the maneuvers mirrored the U.S. preparedness attitude of the 1930s.

ANATOMY OF A KIDNAP

Relentless research by 80 FBI men and 100 detectives finally broke this "perfect" crime

By DOUGLAS G. HEARLE

YOU COULD taste it right from the beginning. It was one of those stories that made you wish you were on vacation, on another assignment—anything to be away from this place.

It wasn't the neighborhood. It was a fine neighborhood. The lawns were well kept, the houses better than average, the streets clean. Nor was it the house in front of which we stood. Seventeen Albemarle Road was one of the nicer houses on the street. It must have cost $50,000, a white, sprawling ranch house with a blue roof.

As we stood in the rain outside it, shortly before dawn on July 5, 1956, we knew just what it was about this story that made it so repulsive. It was what reporters call a "ghoul" job, a story that takes newspapermen close up to families that have been struck with tragedy. A job that forces us to ask these people prying, hurtful questions. But eight million people in New York City would want to know about this family, and it was our job to breach the wall.

The story was 15 hours old now, but we knew even then that it was going to grow a lot older. It would be a tough story for us to cover and a tough case for the local police officers to crack.

It was a kidnapping. For ransom—and the victim was a baby.

The Fourth of July, 1956, had been a pleasant, still, kind of warm summer day in Westbury, Long Island. Most of the folks who lived on and around Albemarle Road had gone to the beach or the country; their houses were silent and locked. As the sun rose higher, the echoes of one or two lawn-mowers broke the stillness and eventually mingled with the shouts of a half-dozen or more neighborhood kids at play. However, for the most part, the town of Westbury was lazy and still. Those who had chosen to spend the holiday at home had also chosen to spend it leisurely.

That was the mood which hung over the handsome home of Morris Weinberger, a well-to-do wholesale druggist, his wife Beatrice and their two sons: Lewis, two years old, and Peter, who had been born only 33 days earlier.

As the day wore on, young Lewis became slightly restless. To settle him down, the father decided to give the boy a ride in the family car.

Beatrice Weinberger, a former high school biology teacher took baby Peter out in his car-

Drawing by Walter Richards

After "snatching" the baby, the kidnapper dumped him into the underbrush, then began tormenting the parents.

riage for a ride around the neighborhood sidewalks. It was a brief tour, and within 15 minutes she had returned to the house. Peter seemed sleepy and, rather than disturb him by bringing him into the house, the 33-year-old mother adjusted a mosquito netting over the carriage and left it on the rear patio just beyond the entrance to the house—and also visible from the street across 60 feet of lawn.

Baby presents were still arriving in celebration of Peter's recent birth, and many of them were piled up in the living room. Beatrice Weinberger thought this would be the ideal time to store some of them. Husband and number one boy were out from underfoot, and number two boy was asleep. She hurried into the house to do the job. She returned to the patio after a few minutes to change Peter's diaper, but found him sleeping so soundly that she tiptoed softly inside the house again. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passed before she returned to the window looking out over the patio. Casually she glanced through the open window. Her eyes widened. Strangely, the mosquito netting she had affixed over the carriage was disarranged. Quickly she hurried out the door to rearrange it lest some insect bite her child. Three steps across the patio brought her to the carriage. She stopped short and stared in disbelief. The breath left her and it was a full ten seconds before her heart would allow her brain to believe what she saw—and then she screamed long and loud as her fingers gripped the padded edges of the empty carriage.

The Weinbergers had paid extra for the patio when they had bought the house. The flagstones which made up the patio floor had been expensive but were cool on a hot summer's day and delightful underfoot during a cookout. Suddenly they looked hideous to Beatrice Weinberger. With her hands pressed to her cheeks she looked now at the flagstones beneath her feet. There, directly under the abandoned carriage, was a piece of paper which had been torn from a ring notebook. The message, written in green ink, was incomprehensible to her. She crumpled the sheet of paper in her hand and ran, still screaming, across the lawn and wildly down Albemarle Road.

Neighbors heard the screams:

"Help me, help me," she shrieked. "My baby, my baby . . ."

Mrs. Weinberger was still hysterical ten minutes later when her husband and son returned. Shaking uncontrollably, she wordlessly handed Morris Weinberger the crumpled message she had found under Peter's carriage. He smoothed out the letter and his lips trembled as he mouthed the words soundlessly:

Attention.

I am sorry this had to happen but I am in a bad need for money and couldn't get it any other way. Don't tell anyone or go to the police about it because I am watching you closely. I am scared stiff and will kill the baby at your first wrong move. Just put $2000 (two thousand) in small bills in a brown envelope and place it next to the signpost at the corner of Albemarle Road and Park Avenue exactly 10 o'clock tomorrow (Thursday) morning. If everything goes smooth I will bring the baby back and leave him in the same corner "safe and happy" at exactly noon. No excuses. I can't wait.

Your Baby Sitter.

Weinberger reread the note carefully. Then he turned to his wife.

"Have you looked for him?"

She shook her head; the only sounds were those of a heartbroken mother sobbing softly.

"Beatrice, how long ago did it happen? When did you miss the baby?" Morris Weinberger asked.

A neighbor spoke up.

"It was only ten or fifteen minutes ago, Morris, when she started screaming. It must have been then."

Morris Weinberger glanced once more at the note. One order jumped out at him:

"Don't tell anyone or go to the police . . ." It was followed by the awful threat . . . "I am scared stiff and will kill the baby . . ."

He put the note on the table, then walked directly to the phone and asked the operator to connect him with the Nassau County Police Department. Less than a quarter of an hour later, the holiday stillness that had settled over Westbury had vanished.

Westbury is not just another small town. It is a suburb of New York City, and the newspapermen in New York City are a different breed. The slightest unusual activity on the part of the police is uncannily

Plagued by cruel crank phone calls, the Weinbergers went on TV to plead in vain for their baby's life.

Betrayed by his handwriting, kidnapper Angelo LaMarca was caught by FBI. He died in the electric chair.

detected, and on this occasion the only difference is that it took a few hours longer. By evening the reporters whose business it is to know such things knew them and had met with Nassau County police officials. At the request of the officials, the story of the kidnapping was held up while efforts to regain the child were made. However, due to a misunderstanding on the part of a radio station and a newspaper, the story broke late that night. Other papers who had vowed to keep the secret now had to protect themselves and, scant hours before a secret meeting was to take place for the ransom exchange, the name Weinberger was being screeched across the metropolitan area. The secret was no more.

Now it was simply a case of open attempts to keep faith with the kidnapper.

In an attempt to reduce the amount of activity around the Weinberger house, arrangements were made for the throng of reporters and photographers gathered outside in the pre-dawn rain to be housed nearby while a pool reporter stayed with police.

By morning baby Peter Weinberger had missed four bottles, and his mother was sick with fright.

Slowly, methodically, the police went over every detail of information. Peter, who weighed eight pounds, was wearing a diaper, shirt, a yellow and green kimono and a yellow peaked cap. He was wrapped in a yellow receiving blanket at the time he was kidnapped.

A practical nurse, who had stayed with the Weinbergers when Lewis was born, had cared for Peter during his first days at home. She was questioned during the night and immediately cleared of any connection with the crime.

Every house and area in the vicinity of the Weinberger home was searched, but the detectives were unable to come up with a single lead. As daylight arrived, the authorities decided there was but one course of action left open to them. That was to cooperate with the instructions in the ransom note and hope the kidnapper would keep his end of the bargain.

Two packets of money were prepared to pay off the ransom. There were two (*Continued on page* 72)

JACK RUBY'S MARVELOUS MOUTHPIECE

BY ARNOLD HANO

Mel Belli, attorney for the man who shot Lee Oswald, is a legal Barnum who's dangled "human" legs before a jury—and had women strip to the waist in court!

WHEN Melvin M. Belli was chosen to defend Jack Ruby, the man who shot Lee Harvey Oswald, a Memphis attorney wailed:

"Belli will make a Roman circus out of the trial."

Melvin Mouron Belli (pronounced bell-eye, not belly) smiled and said, "That one belongs in my 'ROB' file." He was referring to a bulging file he keeps in his luxurious San Francisco office. The file is marked: "Rust on the Bar." Belli refers to this collection of criticism, emanating from members of his own profession, by its initials: ROB.

It is always a moot point whether Mel Belli will make a "circus" out of a trial. It is not unlike Belli, for instance, to wear cowboy boots in court. With spats. Once he dropped a plastic uterus in the lap of a woman juror. Then in a personal-injury case involving a woman who had lost a leg in a streetcar accident, Belli brought into court each morning a bulky, L-shaped object wrapped in butcher paper. He toyed with the package until his final argument before the jury. Then Belli dramatically opened the paper and dangled the object over the jury box, before circulating it. It was an artificial leg. Belli's client won a $100,000 judgment.

He crams a courtroom with blackboards, colored chalk, skeletons, huge, blown-up photographs, scale models, and all the impedimenta teachers call audio-visual aids and which trial lawyers call "demonstrative evidence." Nor is it limited exclusively to inanimate evidence.

Belli once had a femal client strip naked to the waist, so that he could demonstrate what a botch a plastic surgeon had made of his professed attempt "to give her the breasts of a virgin." The jurors took one horrified look at the scarred breasts, and voted the weeping woman $110,000.

All of which has caused Dean William Prosser of the University of California (where Belli himself received his LL.B. in 1933) to label the boyishly handsome, beefy, white-haired, 56-year-old Belli "a Hollywood producer," and his trials as epics "of the super-colossal."

But it is not a moot point whether Belli has made a circus out of life, and in that circus he has been

Belli, right, and client Jack Ruby: although millions watched Ruby commit the crime on television, don't bet against Belli.

When Belli bet he would race naked around the block, his friends thoughtfully tipped off the sorority girls

ringmaster, high-wire walker, lion tamer, juggler and clown.

Mel Belli once had a Russian valet named Sergei. Belli did not speak Russian. The valet did not speak English. The deadlock was broken by having Belli write out his instructions in English and mail them from San Francisco to the Tolstoi Foundation in New York, where they were translated into Russian, mailed back, and handed to Sergei. "It wasn't very effective," Belli recalls soberly, "when I couldn't find my goddam green tie."

Incongruity—even absurdity—characterizes Mel Belli. One year, when he was running for the office of president of a distinguished academy of international lawyers, Belli was taken aside the day before the election by an earnest friend, who said: "Look, Mel, watch what you wear tomorrow."

So Belli put on a pair of skintight trousers—bright red—and lost the post by one vote.

Belli once owned a parrot named John whose only diet was Jim Beam whisky and coffee. The parrot lived 45 years. Belli also owned a $3000 bloodhound who finally ran away. God knows what *his* diet was. His defection took place the same week Belli's then wife (he's been married thrice; the third seems to be the charm) also left. Belli wept openly. For the bloodhound. At the wife's divorce action, Belli was ordered to make a substantial payment. Belli filled a gunny sack with coins, and placed a dead fish at the bottom. "That was for her lawyer. He *smelled* so."

You might say there was reason for Belli's wives to leave. One year his bride of the moment took off for a brief vacation in Las Vegas. Belli hired a private detective to tail his wife, and then invited a lady friend to his San Francisco apartment. But as private detectives often do, this one lost his quarry in Las Vegas. The door to the apartment opened one night, and in walked Belli's wife.

Leaping out of bed, clothed only in his aplomb, Belli said grandly: "Dr. Livingstone, I want you to meet Mr. Stanley." Then he added: "I *always* wanted to use that line."

Today, Mel Belli earns roughly a quarter of a million dollars a year, into which he makes rapid inroads. There was, for instance, the $50,000 he blew on a movie, *Tokyo File 22*, one of the all-time artistic and financial turkeys. Belli also invested heavily in a restaurant in Redwood City, California, Fong's Iroquois Gardens, a combination of Chinese and American-Indian ownership with Italian cooking—a culinary disaster that still gives Belli indigestion.

Belli has also failed to prosper from Texas oil wells, the invention of a toothbrush that automatically feeds itself a glob of toothpaste, except when it misfires, and a nut cracker that instead of cracking, pulverized. Perhaps most typical was the team-walk Belli sponsored from Florida to California. "I gave two guys seven hundred and fifty dollars and flew them to Florida. They were supposed to walk across the country, stopping off to see friends, and whenever they might be asked what the hell they were doing, they were supposed to answer: 'Mel Belli sent me.' The only walking they did was from the plane to the nearest bar in Miami."

Mel Belli—who drives a Lincoln Continental with hubcaps that cost $56 (each)—lets the milk bills pile up until service is shut off. His phone bills often run a thousand bucks a month, yet he will argue successfully for a minute of free talk because a connection was scratchy.

Not that money is in any way the keynote of Mel Belli. A "woolly eccentricity" describes him far better. When Mel Belli is invited to address the students of Harvard Law School, he announces his subject as: "The Gentle Art of Ambulance Chasing." He once introduced "Professor Julian O'Brien, tax expert," to a seminar of lawyers in Miami. O'Brien turned out to be Mickey Cohen. When rebuked for this disrespect by members of the American Bar Association, Belli called them "dull, dry and gutless."

He fought a $5 litterbug rap in San Francisco, where he had tossed an apple core in the street, by flying in a lawyer from Rome to represent him. There is a splendid irreverence in much of what Mel Belli does or says. On a shelf in his Telegraph Hill apartment sit two black oblong boxes, marked "Jury Box No. 1" and "Jury Box No. 3." "I swiped them from a jury room," Belli explains. "They're fine for carrying whisky to picnics."

Nobody is better at carrying whisky to picnics. Once Belli went fishing in Alaska with fun-loving H. Alva Brumfield, attorney for the late Earl Long ("and even crazier than Long," Belli insists). The two men fished the trout-filled Woolick River, north of the Arctic Circle. Belli was, as usual, dressed for the occasion. He wore a hacking jacket, made especially for him by Anderson and Sheppard of Savile Row; a homburg from Bullock and Jones; Texas boots from Luchessa in San Antonio; and red flannel underwear from J. C. (*Continued on page 84*)

Belli, 56, loathes insurance firms and doctors. "I am a Leo," he explains, "wild, enthusiastic, violent. . . . Like Mussolini."

(*Continued from page 13*)

"Crop-dusting," I interrupted. "We went broke."

". . . Corresponded a few times and except for a squadron reunion in nineteen fifty-four, apparently never had any further contact." His eyes left the folder and drifted up to meet mine.

"So what?" I said.

"So out of a clear blue sky he left you a half-million dollar investment."

I put down my coffee and leaned on the table. The little man was getting to me.

"Is his family contesting his will?" I asked.

Reed's mouth twitched. "You know he has none."

"Is the state?"

"Well, no."

"Don't hesitate, Mr. Reed. You're off limits and you know it. Put it on the line or take a walk. You just don't impress me at all."

"Del is trying to . . . let's say, forestall action, Mr. Fallon," Trusky said quietly.

"The will hasn't even been probated yet," I reminded him. "I'm here because Tuck's lawyer wrote me. Now where does the state come in? So Tuck leaves his old buddy an airfield, the Capital K. I come down here to see what it's all about and the action starts before I even get there."

"Had you known about the will?" Reed said.

"No. But it doesn't surprise me."

"Why not?"

"Because we're two of a kind. Neither one of us had anybody else. In the Army we took pretty good care of each other, and if one of us had been knocked off the other would have gotten his gear."

"Who was your National Service Insurance made out to, Mr. Fallon?"

"An orphanage, Mr. Reed. So was Tuck's. If you read all those papers you should know that."

He ignored the remark. "Do you have a will?"

"What for? Outside of that Mustang, I don't have anything."

Trusky tapped the table with a forefinger. "Old fighter plane, isn't it?"

"You know it. You were there, weren't you?"

The cop smiled and shrugged. "Practical to own?"

"For my purposes," I told him.

Reed snapped the folder shut. "And what may those purposes be?"

I pointed toward his lap. "What do the papers say, buddy?"

"That you worked for a motion picture company. I can't see where owning an airplane . . ."

"You don't see much at all. Were you elected or appointed?"

"Appointed, but . . ."

"Then somebody's pretty damn stupid."

"Listen!"

"Aw, shut up." I looked at Trusky and he was trying not to grin. I said, "I've worked with Demeret Pictures off and on for ten years. When they go on location, I fly the daily takes back to the lab for developing, then hustle them up to the location for screening the next day. But that's beside the point. Let's get to the business you're trying to involve me in."

Trusky said, "If you inherit the Capital K, what do you intend doing with it?"

"Run it . . . sell it . . . how the hell do I know. You got any ideas?"

"I might."

"Then let's hear them."

"Let's see what you do with it first."

It started to come through then, even the bit with the blonde outside. "What was Tucker doing with it?" I asked them.

Trusky threw Reed a sidewards glance and when the attorney nodded he said, "There's been some speculation in higher quarters that your friend might have been engaged in some illegal activities."

"Like what?"

He shrugged again. "Florida's close to enough places to make a lot of illegal things practical if you don't mind getting killed for them." They stood up and Trusky said, "See you tomorrow. We're going through all of your friend's papers, private and business. Everything. You can lodge a complaint if you feel like it."

I gave him a grin that was all teeth. "Hell, why should I? Be my guest."

CHAPTER 2

The wire services had never said much about it. Tucker had simply flown out in the Staggerwing Beech he had liked so well and never come back. He had told Charlie Traub, his chief mechanic, that he was going to do some preliminary work on an aerial survey job he was bidding on and headed for the southern tip of Florida. An hour after take-off, a line squall came up. It was supposed that Tuck tried to fly around it, couldn't get through and ditched in the ocean. An air-sea rescue unit located pieces of wreckage that were unmistakably from his plane.

You get old but never bold. It just didn't sound like Tuck.

Only the local paper played up the incident big. Tucker Stacy was a prominent character in Celada, a war hero who turned an old Air Force auxiliary field into the Capital K and promoted a couple of electronics plants to locate in the area. That, with a booming resort section, put Celada on the map and Tucker Stacy in the city council.

Old Tuck, how he had changed. He sure used to be the wild-assed one, ready to charge into anything. Nine confirmed kills on Me-109s. Tuck? Hey, remember that leave in London? That pair of Scot lassies! Crazy, man. What did they teach them on that farm? Remember? *Remember, hell. When you're dead you don't remember anything.*

I propped the scuffed jump boots on the end of the couch and looked at the ceiling. Across the room, the TV was giving the weather reports for tomorrow. Hot. Clear. Probably local thundershowers in the afternoon.

When the knock came I said, "Come on in," and didn't take my eyes off the ceiling. The door *snicked* shut. "I've been waiting for you," I said.

Lois Hays tilted her head and smiled. "Sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"Why not?"

She was prettier face to face than reflected in a plate glass window. Even though the suit was cut in an almost military fashion, she couldn't hide the full thrust of her breasts or the rich sweep of her hips and thighs.

"You got pretty legs," I said. "Pneumatic. Soft, cushiony."

"I don't know if I should thank you or not."

"Never mind that. Just make the pitch."

"What?"

"Honey," I said, "you made the point clear in the lounge. I dug the bit with the legs and all. I appreciate the generosity. Now let's hear the offer."

For a moment she poised there, motionless, then her face flushed and the anger tightened her mouth. But only for a second. The pink left her cheeks and she laughed deep in her throat. "I think you've known too many hotel rooms and too many . . ."

"Whores?" I added for her.

She didn't get mad. "Like you say, why not?"

I turned my head and grinned. I

couldn't have made a pretty sight. I still hadn't shaved and the scar on my face always showed worse then. "Wrong, baby. I'm a funny sort of guy. I never buy it. It gets given to me or I take it."

"Should I be frightened?" She laughed again and sat down.

"Not tonight, kid. I'm tired. It's been a long day." I closed my eyes and settled back. "What do you want?"

"A story."

"Yeah, sure."

I could feel her smiling. "My name is Karen Morgan. I'm with Barrett Syndicated Features and I'd like to get some background on Tucker Stacy, and, of course, you and your plans. You may not know it, but Mr. Stacy's activities were of great interest statewide."

"Honey," I said, "cut the crap."

I opened my eyes and she was watching me, the softness gone from her face. She was steady, studying me, waiting. "I don't understand," she said.

"Tuck's death is only a local matter," I said.

Her tongue touched her lips. "All right, I'll come clean," she said. "There's been speculation."

"How about that."

"Aren't you interested?"

"Kid, Tuck and I faced death plenty of times. You're bound to get it someday anyway. I've had a plane torn apart under me in a storm."

"Have you checked the weather for the day he died? Several planes flew through that line squall without any difficulty."

"Sugar, inside a thunderhead . . ."

"There weren't any severe ones. I have verified pilot reports to that effect. So does Miami. The squall line was light. A Cessna 90 and two Tripacers passed through it."

"So?"

"So there's been some speculation. . . ."

I twisted on the couch and propped my head in my hand. "What about?"

Her smile was almost disarming. "Were you ever a policeman?"

"No, but I've operated in their area of work."

"Very well. Mr. Stacy, it was rumored, was not above turning a dishonest dollar."

"With all his loot and his investment here it doesn't sound reasonable, honey. As an airport, the Capital K is a going concern. Try again."

She stood up quickly, frowning in concentration, and walked toward me. There was a "woman-with-a-mission" look spread right across her face. "A few years ago he had nothing except a few surplus airplanes. Somehow he managed all this. It came suddenly and expanded fast. The big question is why."

"He was lucky, baby."

"All right. Then the big question is *how*."

I shrugged. Tuck's business was no affair of mine. "Where do I come in?"

She found my eyes with hers. "Supposing he did have an illegal operation going somewhere, then the possibility of his having been killed would be increased, correct?"

I nodded noncommittally.

"And there's a possibility that he would have left some record of a sort."

I nodded again.

"If I could see his papers . . . or whatever effects he left. . . . I might be able to come up with a story." She paused and gave an impatient toss of her head. Hair swirled across her shoulders like a golden wave. "You inherit his property. You could let me do this. Will you?"

"Maybe," I said. "What'll you give me?"

Her eyebrows raised. "What . . . do you want?"

"Try me and see."

For three full seconds she stood there, a curious smile toying with the edges of her mouth. Then her hands went to the buttons of her jacket and flipped them open. She dropped it to the floor, then did the same thing to her blouse. There was another minute pause before her fingers went to the hooks of the brassiere at her back. With a motion of her shoulders, she let it slip down her arms, dangled it a moment in her fingers, then dropped that, too.

The smile was gone now. In its place there was an intense, sultry look she couldn't conceal. Her breasts were magnificently full, seeming to pulsate with pressure that wanted to burst through the taut red nipples. Her breath was jerky and a shudder went through her shoulders to twist down into the supple, trim waist that flowed into her skirt.

I hadn't moved. I just watched her. It was something she had never done before and showed it, and the doing had turned her into a person she had tried hard to conceal. She swayed toward me and in another moment would have taken the step that would put her inside my reach. Already I could see her hand groping, feeling for the zipper at her side.

I got up quickly, walked to the door and turned around. "Nice act, Lois, but you'll never make the big time."

It was as if I had belted her. The longing disappeared and for a moment there was a hint of fear, then something else.

"*Lois*?" she said.

"We've met before, baby. You didn't get what you came after then, either."

CHAPTER 3

From the air the runway system of Tuck's airport was shaped like a capital K, and that's how it got its name. It was built during the war as an auxiliary to nearby Martin AAFB, but not enough B-24s or 17s put down there to cave in the runways so it was in top shape. Tuck had erected a fine operations building, attached a lounge and restaurant, added a motel unit and a group of specialty shops built around a generous swimming pool. There was a golf course bordering the south edge of the field, several tennis courts, an adjacent highway and, at the far end of the field, away from the social center, the hangar area. Not a very military setup, but a profitable deal in these days of fly-in vacations. At night, each burning light read like a dollar sign. The motel units were filled, maintenance and repair was going on around the clock in the hangars, and overhead was the sporadic drone of light planes coming into the pattern.

At 9 o'clock I got one of the kids who drove the caddy cars to take me to the hangars. Tuck had had his office there, where he liked it best . . . in the middle of engines and airframes. Sam Devin, Tuck's attorney, would have preferred his own office, but he was looking to please what might mean a new account, so he came where I asked him to.

Sam was a short, wiry guy with a grey crew-cut. He was probably pushing 60 but moved like 30. His eyes gave him away. They had seen the inside of too many courtrooms and too much misery. We shook hands briefly, and Sam said, "Charlie Traub will be here in just a minute. Mind waiting?"

I said no, poured myself a beer from the cooler in the corner and sat down. Charlie Traub came in like a little fox terrier, introduced himself to me on the way to the cooler and pulled up a chair.

In one way he was like Sam. He had the stamp of the old-time flier

all over him, from his stained white coveralls to the wrench scars on his knuckles. They were both about the same age until you read their eyes. There was still a lot of life left in Charlie's.

Sam spread his papers out on the desk. "Ready?"

Both of us nodded.

"Fine." He picked up the top sheet, glanced at it briefly and put it down. "Tucker's will provides for two persons. Charlie Traub here gets twenty thousand in cash, three airplanes specified here and a five percent participation in the profits of the Capital K. He is to remain here in his present position for one year before he can be fired.

"And to Cat Fallon here goes the entire rest of Tucker's estate. I haven't had time to itemize the assets, but to give you an idea, I'd say the cash value of his properties is about a million. On deposit is some two hundred thousand dollars."

"Anything else?" I asked.

"Just a personal letter to you, Mr. Fallon." Sam fingered an envelope and handed it across the desk to me. It was sealed and the note inside was undated. From what it said, it seemed neither important nor cryptic.

Dear Cat: Keep things going for me. There aren't too many of us left. A few maybe, but not many. Like Verdo and Cristy. Have fun. Don't choke on a banana.

I felt myself frowning at the note the second time I read it. Who the hell were Verdo and Cristy? The names sounded familiar enough, but I sure couldn't recall them. Back in the old days, Tuck knew everybody on the base and in town. Me, I didn't give a damn for any of them. Verdo and Cristy! Well, hello to them wherever they were. I folded the note and stuck it in my pocket.

Sam said, "Now for your immediate plans, Mr. Fallon . . ."

I waved him off. "Let's keep things running the way they are. Charlie knows the maintenance end and the rest of the staff must be on the ball. The Capital K has been making money. I'll take a look at Tuck's personal end and see how I can fit in. Hell, I got no place else to go anyway. Sound okay?"

"Fine with me," Charlie mused.

Sam stood up and began collecting his papers. "I'll have everything in final form in a few days," he said.

"Before you go," I said, "just one more thing. Between us."

Both of them glanced up sharply.

"Did Tuck have something going for him?"

They exchanged sharp looks, then Charlie squinted and looked at the ceiling." "Like what, Cat?"

"Let's cut it clean. Was he involved in anything illegal?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because, Sam, the cops are already asking questions and I gave my approval for them to poke around Tuck's papers. How does that sound to you? Upset any applecarts?"

He didn't hesitate. "Nope. They can look all they want. If Tuck or anybody else were involved with an illegal operation to my knowledge . . . or even if I suspected it . . . I wouldn't be here."

"Good enough. How about you, Charlie?"

"As far as I know, nix. He made some smart deals, but legal right down the line. He never chiseled or stole and his credit was tops. He's flown out of here alone many a time without bothering to tell me where he was headed. I didn't check his flight plans or even know if he filed any. But hell, a guy's entitled to some time off. So maybe he went to Vegas or to one of those fancy fly-in fields where they have a cat house at the end of a runway. Okay?"

I thought it over and nodded. "Suits me. I just don't want my neck stuck out."

"You're the boss now," Charlie said. "Any orders?"

"Yeah. Fix me up with one of the motel units. I'll have my stuff sent over from the hotel. And run a hundred-hour check on the Mustang."

"No trouble. What about parts?"

"Trans-Florida Aviation over in Sarasota has a full stock of P-Fifty-one components. And since we have some loot in the bank, don't go scrimping. My instrument panel is outdated, so get the King Radio catalogue and mount me up. I want new tires and canopy on the baby and find a reticule for the gunsight."

"You got a K-fourteen on that thing?"

"Uh-huh."

"What for? You can bust your head if you . . ."

"I always wear the shoulder harness locked on landing, buddy. Besides, I might want to shoot somebody."

"Oh," he grinned, "a nostalgic."

"There aren't too many of us left," I said. Then I remembered it was what Tuck had written. I tried to remember who Verdo and Cristy were. There was some reason why I should remember them, but the reason was 20 years old and only a hazy recollection now.

The kind of circles I traveled in made it no trouble to enlarge my contacts. One call to Slim Upgate in New York put me through to a lead man in Celada named George Clinton, and with a clearance like Upgate he was glad to give me a run down on Tucker Stacy. Briefly, he told me, Tuck was a wheeler-dealer who operated on a comparatively small scale, liked what he had in Celada and decided to stick around. Clinton hinted that Tuck had some outside interests, but speculated that they lay somewhere between a man's normal attachments for girls and gambling. He didn't think it was anything in the rackets.

When I mentioned the cops, Clinton shrugged, but Del Reed's name brought a squint to his eyes and he made a couple of phone calls. After the last one he hung up, dragged on a cigar and told me Del Reed was the state man handling any of the operations involving the new Cuban setup, especially the anti-Cuban bunch in the Miami area.

"Where would Tuck fit into that picture?"

"I could guess," Clinton said.

"Then guess."

"He had planes, an airfield. Now you guess."

"Smuggling?" Clinton made a vague gesture. "No, that's not logical," I continued. "He couldn't get into Cuba to start with. Besides, they come out in bunches. They commandeer boats generally."

"The big ones?"

"Aren't most of the big ones already here?"

Clinton studied his cigar a moment. "Yes, I'd say so." He looked up at me. "There's still a bunch operating in the mountains like Castro did."

"No dice, friend. Castro's was an army of poorly trained malcontents who were glad to see Batista go. It's not like that now. With Russian and Chinese Commies in there running things, whatever opposition shows its face will get smeared like a bug. The groups in the mountains are scattered little units. Any real opposition to Castro will come right out of the States."

"You never know what the Commies are going to pull," Clinton said. "Well, if there's anything else you want any help with, let me know."

"I will."

"You want me to pull the local fuzz off your neck?"

"That's a real power play, friend."

Clinton made another small gesture with his hands. "I'm a heavy contributor to certain campaign funds. Little favors I can get."

"Save them until we need them."

"Suit yourself," he said.

Out of habit, I checked the weather before I hit the pad. The latest out of Miami had a tropical disturbance building up. The weather men had already named the hurricane Ingrid. It was enough to put a crimp in the traffic pattern even though the sky was clear and the wind a gentle five knots from the west.

Charlie Traub's crew had already started tearing down the Mustang, and after a cursory look around, I walked back to the end unit of the motel that had been Tuck's, stripped down, took a shower and flaked out on the bed.

For a while I lay there with my hands behind my head, trying to get inside Tuck's mind. Damn, there wasn't one reason in the world outside of sentiment that would have made him leave me all his goodies. Big wheelers just don't have sentiment. I had known too many of them. If I had been an operator who could make a go out of what Tuck had built up, I could see a reason, but I wasn't an operator.

So maybe it *was* sentiment, like that reflection back to Verdo and Cristy. I'd have to look them up, whoever they were. Maybe a couple of late replacements from a repple-depple in '45. Tuck always did baby the new ones. Me, I watched out for me first.

Sentiment? No, there was another reason somewhere. Meanwhile, I had a half million bucks to play with and no sentiment involved. It was going to be a lot of fun. One big ball and to hell with everybody. When it was over and spent, I'd climb back in the rebuilt Mustang and find some more fresh sky to find a buck in.

That's how I fell asleep.

And when I woke up she was standing there in the moonlight with a gun in her hand pointing it at my head. Not a little girl-type rod, but a fat black musket that was a .38 police positive with a four-inch barrel. In the pale yellow glow from outside I could see the dull grey of the slugs in the cylinder.

She was only smaller than average in height. The rest of her was all magnificent woman that slacks and a sweater couldn't hide. Only the total black of her hair lightened her face by contrast. No sun-worshipper could have had a more luxurious tan.

She saw my eyes open. "Don't move, *señor*," she said.

"I could use a sheet over me."

"I've seen naked men before."

"Drop dead," I said, and flipped the sheet over myself.

"You almost *did*, Mr. Fallon. Don't move again."

I could see the expression on her face, a peculiar set to her eyes. She wasn't fooling. It had been close. Very slowly I settled back and folded my hands behind my head. Never trust a broad with a gun. If she could use it, that made it even worse.

"Your play, baby."

"Quite, Mr. Fallon." Her voice carried a soft Spanish inflection.

"Am I supposed to know you?"

I could see the tip of her tongue wet her lips indecisively. "Not necessarily. I am Sharon Ortiz."

"Cuban?"

She didn't hesitate. "My father was Spanish. We lived in Cuba. My mother was Irish." Her mouth smiled over beautiful white teeth, but there was no humor there at all. "But *I* am Cuban, *señor*."

"And what do you want with me?"

"Right now I am to decide whether you would be better dead or alive."

"Great. How does it look?"

Her hand tightened around the .38. I hadn't figured out yet how I was going to take it away from her. "Don't be flippant, Mr. Fallon. This is not a toy."

I gave her words back to her. "I've seen guns before."

"Yes, I imagine you have."

"Then either use it or tell me what the hell you want."

Her eyes never wavered from mine. "You prefer to stay alive?"

"Sure."

"Then you are to stay here, out of sight. You are to see no one, talk to no one. You will give us . . . one other person and myself . . . authorization to inspect all of Tucker Stacy's personal belongings and this entire installation. Then you may live."

"Thanks. Now what are you after?"

"It isn't necessary for you to know."

"Sorry, baby," I said.

She was going to do it, damned if she wasn't. She thumbed the hammer back for single-action release and took one step toward the bed to be certain of her target and that's what happens when you send a girl out to do a man's job. When you shoot somebody you do it *then* and from where you stand. You don't take time to single-action a double-action gun or step into the target where a guy can kick the piece right out of your mitt with one foot and yank you into the sack with the other.

It doesn't take much to turn a tough broad into a soft one. You take all their defenses away when you grab them by the collar and rip the clothes off their back. I hooked my fingers in the waistband of her slacks and with one wrench tore them loose with the pink things underneath. The spitting, clawing tiger became a sobbing, frightened woman in seconds.

She was beautiful, a terrified, beautiful animal with black hair and tawny skin and big, round eyes filled with horror—not so much at what she thought was going to happen to her, but at the mistake she had made.

I said, "You could have caught more flies with honey than with vinegar, baby."

Then, instantly, the woman touch was there again and she saw her out. *Give a little, get a little,* she was thinking.

"But not this time, baby." I grabbed her by the arm, dragged her off the bed and hustled her to the door. I gave her a shove outside where the scream she started broke off into a gasp when she realized she was naked in the world.

I laughed, locked the door and went back inside. I found the .38, stuck it in my pants hanging on the back of a chair and sat on the edge of the bed. She'd be back. You don't do things like that to a broad who comes calling with a gun without her coming back.

Outside, the wind had picked up a little. It felt good rolling across my chest. I pulled the sheet up and went back to sleep grinning.

Hell of a thing. Two of them almost back-to-back, Lois and Sharon. I was throwing away more than most guys ever got.

CHAPTER 4

At 7:30, I had breakfast and went over to the operations building. Charlie Traub was already there with Del Reed and Lieutenant Trusky. When I nodded to Charlie he came over, both hands jammed in his coverall pockets.

"These clowns been poking around ever since dawn," he said.

"I told them they could."

"Not in my private office. They got two men over there now cleaning up the mess they made. I won't

stand for that crap. You know what they're looking for?"

"How would I? Hell, let them look. The sooner they get done the sooner they're out of my hair."

"Sure, but you better talk to Trusky."

"Why?"

"You'll find out."

I told Charlie to get back to the hangars and walked to the files. Everything from them was spread across the counter while Del Reed fingered each sheet carefully.

"Find what you're looking for?" I asked.

Del Reed put down a folder. "Not yet, Mr. Fallon, but we will."

"If Tuck ever went to Cuba, I doubt if he'd file a flight plan."

This time both of them stopped at once and turned toward me. "You seem to know a lot, Mr. Fallon," Del smiled. There was no friendliness there, just the smile of a lawyer baiting a witness.

It took Trusky to break through the ice. "Knock it off, Del. He's played too many of these games." His eyes glued themselves to mine. "Suppose you try talking a little bit, Fallon. Like where your information comes from."

"Back issues of the Miami papers," I lied. "Interesting articles about your partner here and his pet activities . . . the Cuban bit. That's all he touches . . . that's all he's assigned to. Right?"

"Go on."

"So it figures, Lieutenant. Tucker had planes and an airfield. He had an interest in politics. He's suddenly dead and the Cuban expert turns up to go through his records. Now let's tighten things up a little. Let's go into my office where you two can talk to me. If I like what you say, I won't throw up any roadblocks. You're here at my convenience, and I can crowd you out any time I like. Try subpoenaing anything and the story comes out. I don't think you want that just yet. Okay, now what do we do?"

Trusky looked at Reed. The little man glared at me and nodded.

"Clean up the mess first," I said, "then meet me in my office."

Later, over Reed's objections, Trusky laid it out. He said, "You know the background on the Cuban deal. Right now the ticklish part is that anti-Castro people ready for an armed attack are here in Florida. It's something that should be dealt with on a national level, but because of the peculiar circumstances and the proximity of Cuba, it's all centered in the end of one state. Our people have put up with it and are better qualified in most cases to deal with things.

"However, all the anti-Castro bunch aren't Cubans. Plenty of U.S. types are right there with them. We suspect your former buddy Tuck was one of them."

"So what?" I said. "I feel the same way. What's wrong with that?"

Del Reed stood up impatiently. "Wrong? I'll tell you what's wrong. If it's played out politically or economically that's one thing, but when it comes to any acts of violence it could touch off a hot war. Don't you realize the Reds are just waiting for us to make a move so they'll have some excuse to come to the aid of Castro? Don't you think they'd have a beautiful piece of propaganda going for them if one of our citizens got caught up in an international mess?"

Reed leaned on the desk, his face livid. "Tucker Stacy was reported to have made numerous unauthorized flights out of the country. He was reported seen in the company of several well-known anti-Castro people on several occasions."

"Reported," I reminded him, "not proven. And if you do prove it, what can you do? He's dead."

"Exactly." His face was bright with sweat now. "And supposing his death was not accidental and it gets out. Do you realize the stink our own people will make? You realize how much closer that can push us to all-out war?"

"Maybe it's about time," I said.

Del rubbed his hands together until he regained his composure. "Don't be stupid. Nobody wins with a war."

"Maybe not, but you could still be doing this wrong."

"Then *you* tell *us*," Trusky said. "Let it die. No harm is done."

Reed's face showed his contempt for my suggestion. "Unfortunately, the damage might already be done. Tucker Stacy was a brilliant promoter. There's no way of telling how far he went or what was involved. One thing we're sure of. Your friend was in the hottest juggling act that's come up so far. All we know is that something big was underway and he was part of it. We have to know what it was. Do we have your cooperation?"

"Sure," I said, "only you have a time limit. Three days. That ought to be cooperation enough."

"Well?" Trusky asked.

Del Reed nodded. "That will do it."

Before they could leave, there was a rap on the door. It swung open and Charlie Traub poked his head in. "Some broad here for you, Cat."

"Send her in."

The request was almost useless. Lois Hays came sweeping past Charlie before he could ask her. I grinned, waiting to see the malice in her face, but there was none. "Well, hello, sugar," I said. "Meet Mr. Reed and Lieutenant Trusky."

Something happened to Del's face. It seemed to freeze up. "We've met before, Mr. Fallon."

"Yes, in a courtroom, wasn't it?"

"Quite. Now, if you'll excuse us, Mr. Fallon, we'll get on with things." He nodded curtly to Lois, and walked to the door with Trusky behind him. The cop's eyes were half closed, and I could sense his mind working. Halfway out, Reed paused and said over his shoulder, "I can expect a confidence between us, can't I?"

"I wouldn't worry," I told him.

Lois had seated herself behind the desk and was sucking gently on a cigarette. Her eyes were laughing at me now. She answered my question before I could ask it. "No, I'm not mad. In fact, I think you were kind of cute. Anybody else would have gone all the way."

"I've been there, baby, it's nothing new any more."

"But I'm curious, Mr. Fallon . . ."

"Cat."

"All right. Cat. You said we had met before." She blew a cloud of silver smoke toward me. "Where?"

"Uh-uh. I like my advantage. Maybe some other time I'll tell you. Right now get on with your pitch. What's it this time?"

She waved one hand toward the closed door. "You had an important visitor. What's he doing here?"

I shrugged and slid off the desk. "The same thing you're doing."

Her eyebrows went up with mock curiosity.

"Come on, quit the games. I wasn't born yesterday, kid. He's a state rep engaged in political work dealing with the Cuban situation. You're a nosy legman for a political reporter. You both want the same thing."

"And what would that be, Cat?"

"Whatever you think Tucker Stacy was doing for the anti-Castro bunch."

"It would make a good story. It *is* my job, you know."

"Happy landings."

"Will you help me?"

"What for?"

"I could guarantee you certain rewards." She grinned impishly.

"Sex isn't a reward with me, baby. It's a functional necessity. Like lunch. Got any better offers?"

Lois snubbed out her cigarette in an ash tray, glanced at me and picked up her handbag. She smiled, cocked her head and said, "Give me time. I'll think of something."

I waited until she was almost out. "Lois. . . ."

She looked back at me. "Yes?"

"What are you after?"

"Have you gone through your deceased friend's things yet?"

"Casually."

"Did he traffic in bananas?"

"Beats me."

She smiled again. "If you find out, I'm at the Jackson Hotel."

"Swell. I'll bring a bottle."

"Why waste time drinking?"

"Yeah," I said as she closed the door.

Bananas! Now it was bananas. What was it Tuck's letter said? . . . "Don't choke on a banana."

I got Charlie Traub, two of his assistants and three girls from the office. We spent the rest of the day going through every piece of paper in the files. There wasn't a thing mentioning bananas anywhere. I said the hell with it, went back to my motel unit to clean up for supper. The second I stepped inside the darkened room I knew I'd been had. The first solid *thwack* caught me rolling away but brought me to my knees. The second one did the job and was almost a relief. The sudden swell of unconsciousness blotted out the terribly explosive pain that seemed to be bottled up inside my skull, dulling it little by little until it was only a memory.

There were three of them there: two small dark men in grey business suits and a taller, sardonic type who sat comfortably in a chair, watching me with mild amusement.

I lay on the floor at his feet, my legs drawn up behind me and taped to my wrists behind my back. A piece of the same adhesive had been plastered across my mouth so that the low moan of pain I let out seemed to come through my nose. Each eye was a separate ball of torture, the ache in my head seeming to be concentrated at the pupils. Every pulse beat was an individual torture.

Either the pain moderated or my tolerance to it increased, because I could see and hear again. There was wind, but it came from outside the building, gusts rattling the palm leaves and whistling as they twisted past the corners of the motel.

"Feeling better, Mr. Fallon?" His eyes danced again and the pencil-line mustache twisted as he smiled.

All I could do was glare at him.

"Don't try to talk. Until you fully understand your predicament, I merely want you to listen and understand. Then you may speak. Let me remind you—one attempt to draw attention here and you will regret it." He turned his head to the man beside him. "Juan . . ."

With a practiced move, the little guy flipped open a knife.

"It can be painful, Mr. Fallon."

He didn't have to point it out. I'd seen it all done before. I let my eyes wander past his face and take in the room. They had destroyed it pretty well. The one in the chair smiled again. He reached inside his coat and found an envelope. When he pulled out the letter, I saw it was the note Tucker had left for me.

"I'm going to remove the tape from your mouth, Mr. Fallon. I want you to explain something, and if it is satisfactory we will simply leave you here. Frankly, dead men can cause trouble. However, you can make me kill you, if you wish. Your life is a very impersonal matter. Do you understand?"

I nodded. I had done business with these types before.

"Take off the tape."

The man with the knife bent over, felt for the edge of the adhesive like he was going to peel an apple, caught it and ripped it loose with a jerk. I felt the skin of my lips tear and I almost made a fatal mistake of trying to catch his nose with the top of my head. He grinned, realizing my intention, and squatted there with the knife, ready to slip it into my belly.

"You have control now?"

"I know the rules," I said.

"Good." He fingered the paper, holding it up so I could see it. "A carefully guarded note from your late friend, no?"

"No."

"Then why hide it where you did?"

"It wasn't hard to find. I just considered it personal, that's all."

"Perhaps. But I think you couldn't quite figure it out and kept it as a memorandum."

"Why?"

"Ah yes, why. We know that Tucker Stacy had little or no previous contact with you, so I agree that you have no knowledge or interest in his . . . let's say, ventures. However, as his inheritor, you do have now, and it is likely that you think to capitalize on *everything* he was involved in. Therefore you do not wish to let anything slip through your fingers. Reasonable?"

"Yeah, but not true," I grunted. "What the hell is this all about?"

"Who are Verdo and Cristy, Mr. Fallon?"

"I wish I knew."

"Ah, but you do."

"Sorry, buddy, but that's one thing you can't get from me. Whoever they are belongs to twenty years ago."

"Tucker Stacy seemed to think you would know them."

"He was wrong." It was the way I said it that made him frown.

"Yes, that could be, but there are ways of probing a man's mind to make him remember."

"So hypnotize me."

Very languidly, he screwed a cigarette into a holder. "You are in no position to be facetious, my friend."

"So go screw yourself then."

The little guy with the knife pricked the skin of my neck. He was enjoying his work.

I said, "What's this all about?"

"It is better that you don't know. None of it is your affair."

"Then you're at a dead end, buddy."

The tall one nodded and pulled at his cigarette. "If we could be sure of that, your chances of survival would be much improved."

There was a sudden shriek of metal and something smashed against the window frame. Like a cat, the little guy was at the light, snapped it off, then opened the door a crack to peer out. He turned, closed the door and flipped the light back on. "It is the window shutter, *Señor* Marcel. The wind . . ."

His voice cut off at the look the tall guy gave him. I faked a groan and laid my head back to cover the moment. *A name. At least I had a name now. Señor Marcel.*

When I opened my eyes he was watching me. Then, after a few seconds, he seemed to make his decision. I was a nothing. I couldn't have caught his name. "This note, Mr. Fallon . . . it mentions choking on a banana. Could you explain that?"

Inside my head the pounding started again. Cramp spasms were starting up my neck and all sensation was gone in my fingers. "I don't know what the hell he meant. Get off my back, will you?"

The knife touched me again. "Shall we try another way, *señor*?"

Marcel pulled the cigarette butt from the holder and dropped it into an ash tray. "No, not this time. I

think our friend here is telling the truth. It is quite possible that he might learn something later. In that case we shall pay him another visit." He stepped toward me and looked down at me, his eyes cold little slips of ice. "You are a smart man, Mr. Fallon?"

I didn't answer him.

"If you are, you will say nothing about this. We have people around and if it is necessary to eliminate you I will be more than happy to accommodate. If you even become a nuisance, this will happen. You may, for instance, speculate on your friend Tucker Stacy."

Before I could grasp his meaning, he made a motion to the one with the knife, the tape was slapped on my mouth, and with a smile of pure pleasure he swung the sap at my head and the world was all dark, pinpricked with a million lights that went out one by one.

CHAPTER 5

I didn't realize I was awake until the beam of a light seared my eyes. I had been in a state of half consciousness when the flash beamed itself at my face, twisting a knife into my brain. A curiously lilting voice said, "Maybe this time I shall kill you, *señor*."

Sharon Ortiz.

It won't take much, I figured.

The light made a circuit of the moon, spotting the disorder and the strewn papers. "They found something," she accused. Then the light hit my face again. "You will tell me."

I was past the point of argument. I didn't care one way or another. There was a lot I wanted to tell her that could be summed up in two distinct words, but something always made me play the angles.

She leaned forward and caught the tape over my mouth by a corner. I squinted my eyes against what was to come, but unlike the others, she worked it loose carefully. "What was it?" she hissed.

"Bananas," I said. "That's all those damn fools wanted to know about."

Air whistled through her clenched teeth. "They know!"

"Nuts."

"Mr. Fallon!" I was looking right down the barrel of the .38 again.

I said, "He left me a note. He told me not to choke on a banana. Now drop dead. I'm sick and tired of being caught in the middle of all this."

Slowly, the gun dropped so that it pointed at the floor. The light bouncing off the tile threw a soft glow around her, making her hair shimmer like new coal. "Yes, I realize. You are typically American, *señor*. Nothing is of any importance to you except your dollar and yourself. You are making it so easy."

Sharon Ortiz knelt beside me and I felt her fingers at the tape behind my back. She stripped it off with a harsh, tearing sound, not trying to be gentle. Then she stood up to watch me writhe helplessly as the blood flowed back into my arms and legs.

"I don't think you are worth killing, *señor*. Maybe later, but not now."

"That's what everybody thinks."

"I hope your friend gave you good advice. Don't choke on a banana. If I were you I would not even look for one. Good night, *señor*."

For a half hour I lay there rubbing myself back to normal. When I could walk, I found a bottle of Four Roses in the kitchenette and mixed a drink. Damn Tuck and whatever he was up to. Why did he leave me trouble? I had enough on my own. Damn every one of them. I was tired of being kicked around like a stray dog. Well, the Capital K was mine now and I was going to run it. Nobody else. Just me and my way. You get one chance in life to cut out of the ditch and this was mine.

By mid-morning, Charlie Traub had the Mustang ready. It was crouched in the hangar like the deadly, hungry thing it was, defanged now, but ready to scream back into the blue where it belonged. Charlie came over wiping his hands on a dirty rag, and when he looked at me his eyes narrowed.

He pointed out the hangar doors. "You going up? Wind's pretty stiff."

"Not enough to bother this bird."

"Ingrid is cutting in on Jamaica. Looks like she's coming this way. We ought to be tying down a lot of kites pretty soon.

"Good. Look, am I gassed up?"

"Ready to roll."

"Get her out on the ramp. I might want to take off in a hurry."

"Sure, Cat. Thought you wanted that jump seat installed, though."

"I'll tell you when. You see Trusky and Reed around?"

"Sure. Since six A.M. they've been asking everybody questions. "What do you think they'll come up with?"

"What do *you* think, Charlie. You were closer to him than anyone else." I paused and studied him. "Was he involved with the Cubans?"

For ten seconds he stared out the door, then came back to me. "Sure he was, Cat. He was the contact man between Miami and the ones in Cuba trying to oust the Commies."

"How do you know, Charlie?"

"Like a maid who washes your clothes. She knows if you're clean or dirty. Some things you can't hide. Bullet holes in wing fabric, for instance. Sand in the fairings from beach landings. Certain fuel loadings and special harness rigs for cute drops and pickups. He had some good cover for what he was doing, but he didn't fool me none." He looked down at his hands and stuffed the rag in his back pocket.

"And whose side were you on, Charlie?"

His eyes bored into mine. "I hate that Commie bunch," he said.

I held out my hand. "I'm with you."

George Clinton was having lunch when I found him. He waved me over, put down his paper and offered me a cigar. He said, "I had a call from Slim Upgate to make sure you got what you needed. You got some big friends, buddy."

"I did him a favor once."

"Pays off. What can I do for you?"

"Any connections in Miami?"

"What kind?"

"Guns and ammo to the bunch in the mountains."

"You can check that through surplus sales."

"Not this time. The stuff would go through too many hands. Besides, a lot of arms dealers have held the stuff for years, waiting for something like this. It'll be strictly black market for these shipments. Our State Department isn't clearing anything through to Cuba the easy way."

"I know. They do everything basackwards. Now they got real trouble on their hands."

"How about it?"

"Where can I reach you?"

"Suppose I call you. How long will it take?"

"Couple of hours."

"Where can I reach you?"

He jotted down a number on the back of a match book and handed it to me. "Keep your fingers crossed."

"Sure," I said. "And find out if anyone knows a guy named Marcel."

Clinton took the cigar out of his mouth slowly. "Andre Marcel?"

"Could be. Tall, thin guy with a mustache and an accent."

"You're asking for trouble, Fallon."

"That's all I been getting. Who is he?"

"If he were in the rackets, you'd call him an enforcer. He's a troubleshooter for any country with money to spend. The last I heard of Marcel

he was operating in Panama. He was responsible for re-routing the drug traffic that used to come into the States from Algiers up through Italy and Spain. He saw to it that only the stuff out of China got in."

"So two birds got killed with one stone," I said.

"Right. The Red organization piled up loot and the moral breakdown was speeded up here with the influx of H."

I got up to leave.

"Fallon . . . How far is this going? Are we covered?"

"Nothing will involve you."

"Good. Let me know if you need a couple of hands. I know some boys who will be glad to do a favor for Slim, too."

I called Lois Hays from the lobby of the Jackson Hotel and was invited right up. When I knocked, she opened the door and stood there smiling at some secret joke, waiting while I took my time to look at her.

The sheer black negligee was all she had on, carefully arranged so that the neckline plunged in a wide open V that laid bare half her breasts before it swept into a knotted belt.

"Like? she asked.

"Neat, but not gaudy," I said.

She chuckled and led me into the room, quite conscious of the fact that the sun streaming through the window in the far wall did more than just silhouette her figure. It illuminated it with cleverly distorted shadows that were uncomfortable to watch. Sitting down was another contrived production designed to jolt the stability of any situation. Almost carelessly, she crossed her legs and let the flesh of her thighs sparkle through the slit in the gown.

I showed my appreciation and looked—like I was supposed to. The only trouble was that there was nothing new about it. But women never seem to take that into consideration.

"You said you'd bring a bottle."

"And you said why waste time."

"So?"

"You were right. There's more to do."

"And what's that supposed to mean?"

"Bananas. You asked me about them. So has everybody else."

I slid into a chair beside the phone and glanced at my watch. "You brought the bit up, so you must know something about it. You're in the news business. You're covering something to do with the Cuban situation. Whatever the bananas are, they're not quite a secret and since I'm involved I'd like to be let in a little bit more before I stick my neck out."

"And how far will that be, Mr. Fallon?"

I watched her a few moments, then I said, "All the way, kid. Somehow it revolves around me. I don't know how, but I intend to find out. I got the strange idea that without me the whole thing can work."

"Possibly," she told me.

"Or something else."

She paused in the act of reaching for a cigarette. "And what might that be?"

"Maybe it's just necessary to be sure I *don't* know anything—because if I did I might want to follow through on what Tuck started."

"What do you intend doing?"

"I'm going to satisfy my curiosity, sugar."

"That's what killed the cat."

"Not this cat. Can I use the phone?" She waved her hand to go ahead. "Long distance?" I asked.

"It'll go on expenses." She snubbed the cigarette out and unfolded from the chair. "I'll get dressed."

The long-distance operator made a good missing persons tracer. She started with an obsolete number, but finally ran down Joe Conway operating a propeller rebuilding shop in south Jersey. He was another guy from the old 252nd Fighter Squadron whom I had seen on rare occasions since the war. He had put in a lot of pub time in London with us. Like Tuck, Joe had known practically everybody on the base.

For ten minutes, he rehashed the old days in a bubble of enthusiasm before he realized there was something I wanted. He had read of Tuck's death and didn't seem surprised at me inheriting his estate. All I told him was that Tuck mentioned two other guys and wanted me to look them up—Verdo and Christy.

After a moment's silence, Joe said, "Jeez, pal, those names are familiar, but I'll be damned if I remember who they are. You sure they were with our outfit?"

"They must have been. Think they were late replacements?"

"Could be, but I knew most of those, too. This real important?"

"Yeah."

"Tell you what. I see Whitey Thompson once in a while, and he has an album full of pictures of the old bunch. Suppose I go over what he has and see what I can do."

"I'd appreciate it, Joe."

"I'll get right on it. Keep your head out of the cockpit."

"You know me."

When I hung up, I dialed George Clinton to see if he had found anything out. "Cat Fallon, George. Find your man?"

There was a small hesitation, then, "Yeah, I got him."

"Well?"

"Your buddy Tucker Stacy was working against the Castro bunch, all right. He was making arms drops, but from what I gather it was more of a cover for something else. He was closer to the political situation."

"What do you mean?"

"He was hauling important people in and out of Cuba, working on the big end. Now listen, these people of mine have funny sources of information. It's damn reliable, and in their kind of work they have to be sure of the score. At the same time, they don't want to get involved. They come up with more stuff than the CIA. You know what happens if any of this leaks through you? Even Slim Upgate won't try to help you."

"I'm clued in, buddy."

"Okay then. Ever since the Bay of Pigs, something big has been in the works down in Cuba. Nobody seems to know what it really is, but it's mighty explosive. Our own agencies have been working on it and running up against a wall. Whenever someone gets inside the Castro outfit and learns something, they never show up again, so their counterespionage must be pretty good. Whatever's going on, Stacy was wise to it. He got so hot none of the boys would do business with him. They'll peddle guns, ammo, equipment—but nix on politics. They can be hit from both ends if they try.

"How about Andre Marcel?"

"A Castro boy. He doesn't give a damn about arms shipments because the Reds can out-supply anything the black market can send over from the U.S. He's strictly political. A rough guy. I'll tell you something else, too. Nobody seems to think Stacy died accidentally. He had some live cargo with him when he went down, somebody from the hills with proof of what was going on down there."

I said, "That's all?"

"That's all anybody will talk about. What comes next?"

"A trip to Miami. I want to find out a little more about that accident. And give me a contact there."

"Try Felix Ramsey at the Cable-Hurley Supplies Company. It's listed in the book. Felix runs the operation from behind the scenes. He'll go along with whatever you want as long as it's in line with policy."

"Got it. Thanks."

"Good luck. You want my boys?"

"I'll handle it."

When he hung up, I called Upgate in New York and passed on the word. Slim seemed pleased and wished me luck, too, without asking what I was doing. I cradled the phone and sat there thinking the thing through. But it still boiled down to just one thing . . . who were Cristy and Verdo?

"Do I look all right?" she said from the doorway.

Lois Hayes was sheathed in black, the sheen of a soft fabric clinging to the curves of her body. A wide belt nipped her in at the waist, giving the thrust of her breasts the look of aggressive jetpods on a Boeing 707. I had to laugh.

She frowned. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing. What's the outfit for?"

"I thought you'd take me with you."

"Why?"

"Because you're looking for something. So am I. It may be the same thing."

"What'll you do with it when you find it, kid?"

She took a few long-legged strides into the room so I could get the full effect. "I want to write about it. That's my job."

For an instant she had that dedicated look again, then she turned slowly and gave me the total charge of those deep blue eyes. "Will you take me?"

I shrugged. "Why not. Maybe you can pull some strings I can't. Only let's go now before I get sexy."

CHAPTER 6

Hurricane Ingrid had picked up speed since the last weather check. Miami had it at full strength with winds over the 100 mph mark and alerts going out all along the coast. So far the state was only tasting the far-reaching effects of scud and heavy gusts, but in a few more days Ingrid was going to tear things apart if she stayed on course. The patrol planes had it heading directly for Cuba, and if it followed the normal track, it would continue toward Flordia.

Charlie Traub felt a little uneasy about me going out, but I filed a flight plan for Miami, made a visual check of Mustang and helped Lois into the jump seat. She wasn't going to be comfortable and I didn't care, but there was no word of complaint from her at all. Installing that back seat knocked out the fuselage tank, but I didn't need the range much.

I started up, checked the mags at the end of the runway and got a tower clearance for take-off. Once in the air, I switched to the Miami frequency and stayed on a heading until the airfield was in sight.

Lois made my first contact for me, a local reporter named DeWitt who had written the original story of Tuck's disappearance—the one the wire services picked up. We met over coffee in a restaurant and he laid out a folder of clips on the incident. There were several pictures of Tuck beside a plane at the Capital K, one at a ground-breaking ceremony somewhere in Celada and another taken outside the state capitol. Most of the copy was devoted to his activities in helping build Celada from a nothing town to a national tourist spot, but because of the unknown factors surrounding his death, the details mainly centered on the squall line he was supposedly caught up in, the extent of the search and the statement of the helicopter pilots who spotted the wreckage and the fisherman who collected a few fragments.

I jotted down the names of the pilots and the fisherman, thanked DeWitt and got on the phone to the airbase. Captain Rob Olsen was on alert but at his home, and when I located him he said he'd meet me at the club in an hour. This time I let Lois rent a U-Drive-It on her credit card and drove on out to the field.

The captain's story was concise . . . it was a routine search mission in a given area that extended no more than ten miles off shore on the supposition that Tuck had simply tried to skirt the storm and got caught up in it. He had pictures of the pieces of flotsam from the Staggerwing Beech. Enlarged, they showed a seat cushion, pieces of fabrics and a dented GI gas can with a familiar white band and a large K beneath it. Twisted around the can were unmistakable parts of aircraft framing and more fabric. Since his helicopter was not equipped with floats, Captain Olsen had not made an attempt at pickup, but radioed the location to his base. Then a boat was sent out. However, before the patrol boat arrived, the fisherman got there, attracted by the chopper, salvaged the wreckage and later handed the remains over to the government launch.

Before we left, I told Captain Olsen I was a pilot, briefed him on my background and asked him what he thought of the squall line.

"That's the funny part," he told me. "It wasn't that bad. The Beech could have made it without any trouble, I'd say, but you know thunderheads. Maybe he hit it at the wrong spot."

"But it *could* have been torn up in the storm?"

"It could have been."

"Thanks, Captain."

Later Lois said, "What now?"

"I want to be certain of something."

"Do you mind telling me what you are really after?"

"I don't think you'd understand."

"Why not?"

"Because you aren't curious enough, honey. You sit and listen while I talk—like you knew all along what's going on and are just letting things stall out. You're supposed to be a reporter with a newsy nose. You gather facts for a political hack who is always after our government policy, but you aren't prying a bit."

She made a wry face. "All right, I know what you're after."

"Tell me."

"You want to know how Tucker Stacy died."

I grinned at her. "I *know* that, sugar. I want to know *why*."

"Go right ahead then. You're doing fine. You'll make a good story yourself if nothing comes of this one. If you have something more specific for me to do . . ."

"I have."

"What?"

"Miami is loaded with anti-Castro people. You know any of them?"

"There are some who have appealed to our government. There's their government-in-exile and . . ."

"Okay, try them. Get to the big ones and see what you can come up with on this bananas thing."

Her eyes darted to my face.

"You got it from someplace. Where?"

She licked her lips, then: "A rumor. The person who mentioned it was killed before he could testify before a Congressional committee."

"That Gonzales guy last week?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. He had come over in a small boat that had floundered halfway across and drifted for a week. He was near dead from exhaustion and exposure. I was there when they took him off the rescue boat. I heard him mention the word."

"So he was hungry."

"Could be."

"Suppose you find out. Think you know the right people?"

Lois nodded. "I can try. Shall we meet later?"

"There's a Paramount Motel across from where we rented the car. I'll stay there tonight."

She started to smile.

"Two rooms," I said.

The smile turned into a pout.

"Adjoining," I added.

"I'd like that," she said.

Rather than have DeWitt come out again, I went to the office and had him show me the editions of the paper that carried the account of Gonzales' death. When he didn't appear for the hearing, he was found choked to death in his roominghouse near Washington—even though a police officer guarded the building. Investigation showed that the killer had gaincd entry by climbing a tree in the backyard, forcing a second-floor window and making his exit the same way. It was assumed the killer was a Castro fanatic.

DeWitt said, "That wasn't the first one of those."

"Oh?"

"This town is loaded with people from both sides. Hell, it's open warfare around here no matter whom you favor. Luckily for us, they keep it pretty much inside their own quarter, but the situation is going to blow some day. By the way, you know who this guy Gonzales was?"

"Nope."

He thumbed through some later editions and pulled one out on its rack. The story was on page four, a resumé of the rescue and subsequent murder of Gonzales. It said he was formerly employed by one of the ousted American industries in Havana.

After I finished, I said, "What about it?"

"Nothing much," he shrugged. "Up until now they'd been playing the guy like he was a peasant climbing off the farm. Turns out he was a chemical engineer. What I'd like to know is what he wanted to spill to the Congressional committee."

"I don't think it would matter. They never seem to listen to anybody anyway."

"That's how it goes. Need anything else?"

"Where can I find that fisherman?"

"The one who picked up the plane wreckage?"

"Uh-huh."

He told me to wait, dug into some other files until he found what he wanted and handed me a slip of paper with a name and address on it.

Peter Claude Watworthy was a dried-up little guy who had spent too many years in the sun. His face, neck and hands were withered and brown, but toughened to a leathery consistency. He sat on the back of his trailer puffing a pipe, staring into the sunset with obvious pleasures and let me speak my piece.

Finally, he put the pipe down and propped his feet up on a crate. "I been wondering about that, too, son. Up to now, nobody's asked me—and I ain't about to be traipsing off tellin' what's none of my business anyway."

"Mind talking about it?"

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and started stumping in a fresh load. "Not at all, son. Like to talk, matter of fact. Don't get much chance to any more, seems like. You want to know about that airplane, huh?"

"Anything you can tell me."

"Well, I think the papers got it all wrong."

"How's that, Mr. Watworthy."

"Peter Claude's the name."

"Sure."

"I been out three days fishing when it happened. Now I ain't saying I'm sure, y'hear? I'm saying what I *think*."

"That's good enough."

"The night of that storm . . . after it was all over . . . I seen this flash in the sky. Could've been a rocket a long way off, could've been anything else. Anyway, there was just that one flash. Around here, you get so you take things into consideration. Nothin' I could do about it, and since nothin' came over the radio I just forgot about it. It wasn't until two days later I saw that there helicopter and went looking to see what the trouble was. That was when I found the stuff in the water and gave it to the government men when they come out.

"Peculiar thing was, if that plane went down in the storm, the stuff would've wound up on the shore by then. If it did come from the flash I seen, it was about in the right place."

Impatiently, I sat and made nothing out of it.

"Later, I got to thinking about something else I found," the old man went on. He eased off the seat and shuffled toward the cabin where he rummaged around in a box. When he came back he had the handle and part of a suitcase in his fingers.

I took it from him, examined the charred edges and the peculiar way the leather was shredded into its fibrous parts. One end of the handle broke loose and I saw where the brass clasp had been almost melted.

"Got that out a way, near where the flash was." He paused. "Ever see anything like that before?" he asked.

I nodded. "I've seen bomb damage do things like this to leather."

"Dynamite, son. I seen it happen, too. Now you know what I've been thinking?"

"I think you're right, Peter Claude." I handed the fragment back to him. "Hold on to this in case I need it."

"Trouble, son?"

"There's always trouble, Peter Claude."

"How right you are, son."

When I reached the Paramount Motel, I picked a Coke out of the machine and stuck my key in the lock. I closed the door, flipped the light on and the Coke stopped halfway to my mouth. "What the hell . . ."

"Come right in, Mr. Fallon," Del Reed said. He pointed to the two sitting on opposite sides of the room, big men with bland faces that had the mark of government service stamped on them.

"Do you have a warrant, Reed?"

"Do we need one?"

"Okay, what do you want?" I glanced around the place. "How'd you find me here?"

"We've had a tail on you, friend. I'm glad you were truthful about your flight plan. We picked you up the minute you got here. You've been asking a lot of questions."

"Your business?"

"We're making it that. These gentlemen are federal agents. Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones. Improbable names, but theirs nevertheless."

"So what?"

"If you care to be inconvenienced, it can be done. It's your choice now."

"I don't get it," I said.

Jones, the heavy one, spoke, scarcely moving his mouth. "We've run a pretty thorough check on you, Fallon. You have a few things in your immediate past that might not stand a good investigation."

I put the Coke down and sat on the arm of a chair. "Kill it, buddies, I've had the con by the experts. This you'd do sure enough, except for one thing."

"And what would that be?" Jones asked.

"Time. You need time. You want to know something. Okay, so do I, so quit wasting time."

They passed a quick look between them and the other one nodded. Jones said, "Sometimes we have to take certain risks in this business. But first let me tell you something . . . from this moment on, you'll be involved with national security. Break it and you've had it. Clear enough?

"Clear enough," I repeated.

"You know what you're doing?" Del said angrily.

"Keep quiet, Reed," Jones told him.

"It's out of your hands now." He leaned forward, staring at me. "When the Russians folded in Cuba, they shipped their missiles out. Aerial photos showed them lashed to the decks of ships, and information from our agents confirmed the fact up to a certain extent.

"Go on."

"Whether or not the nuclear warheads were removed couldn't be proved. Let's suppose something, Mr. Fallon. Suppose one of those devices were installed in a ship and that ship headed for some strategic port here in the States and blown while it was docked."

He stopped there and sat back, waiting for me to digest it.

Finally, I said, "So that's what 'banana' is."

The look went between them again. "What's that, Mr. Fallon?"

"Banana. It's a boat. A ship."

"Where did you find that out?"

"Tucker Stacy mentioned it in passing."

"No jokes, Fallon."

"Is it a ship?" I asked softly.

"Yes. That isn't the name, but it's a ship. It's a code name the Cuban underground gave it."

I looked at the three of them. "Where is it?"

"Someplace at sea."

"You don't know?"

"We can't get inside the hurricane area to find out. It cleared Cuba to get away from the storm and that's all we know. But what we want is . . . what do *you* know, Mr. Fallon?"

"No more than you do, but Tuck knew about it.

"We knew he was involved with them. What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing, but it was obvious why he was killed." Jones's eyes narrowed at the word. "That's right, he was murdered. Apparently he was bringing someone back from Cuba in the Beech and a dynamite bomb got loaded aboard with him. Somebody else had to get out fast with the information so Gonzales went. He got knocked off before he could talk too."

Jones grunted, "Stupid."

"Why?"

"We should have had him before the committee. They wanted him recovered from the trip. We could have gotten the information earlier. Damn amateurs." He took a heavy breath and settled back. "That isn't locating the ship, Fallon."

"You won't get it from me. That's all I know."

This time it was Smith who spoke. His voice was a hoarse growl that didn't go with his face. "We're beginning to wonder. You might have a personal angle."

"Like what?"

"The Hays woman. It could be a pay-off for a new story. It could be something else."

I just looked at him.

"You're looking for a kick in the teeth, boy."

"It's just a thought we'll keep in mind. I hope you don't plan on going anywhere soon."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to be your closest companion until this thing gets settled. Someplace in your mind you got a bug. It says you got something we want to know. I've been in this business too long not to smell things like that—and sooner or later I'm going to get it out of you."

"Lots of luck."

He ignored the crack. "Tucker Stacy told you something else. You're still thinking about it. I want to be around when you find out what it is."

Jones and Del Reed got up then, but Smith didn't move. They weren't kidding anymore. They said good night pleasantly, opened the door and left. I looked at Smith and he grinned, then switched on the TV. A newscaster appeared. Hurricane Ingrid was a blaster. All ships were being warned out of the area and the local citizens were being warned to batten down. Ingrid was over Cuba, still on course, picking up speed and increasing in wind velocity.

I walked to the phone, told the switchboard operator to get me a direct line and take time and charges, then I dialed through to George Conway up in Jersey. I asked him if he had seen Whitey Thompson about his old squadron pictures.

"Got right to him, Cat. Look, we went over everything, but he couldn't remember anybody named Cristy and Verdo. He wanted to know, could it've been a squadron call name or anythin? He remembers the names, but not who they belonged to."

"We were all color and animal calls, George. Red three and four, Tiger Two . . . you know."

"I'll keep working on it. You'll call me back?"

"Roger."

I hung up and went back to watching television. Verdo and Cristy! Who were they? What were they? They hung there in the past of 20 years ago, meaning something Tucker thought I'd understand without any trouble at all. Why? What made him think I'd get the angle? So we were fighter pilots. We flew Mustangs and escorted B-17s and B-24s in and out of Germany. We did some low-level strafing, a little photo-recon work, covered the invasion and horsed around London. What else? I couldn't figure it. I squatted down on the edge of the bed and gave up.

Lois Hays was due in. It was going to be a long night.

Maybe. The little gust of air on my neck turned me around.

Smith turned, too, and died before he ever saw who it was. The bullet from the silenced gun caught him right in the middle of his forehead.

Andre Marcel said, "You have been speaking to the wrong people, my friend. Now you will come with us. You will speak with us, too, and if you will speak well you will die quickly like your government friend there—not slowly like so many others have died before him."

CHAPTER 7

It was a small room filled with the smell of the sea, and I could hear the waves lashing at pilings beneath my feet. The wind was alternately shrill and sorrowful, building in strength.

They had me on a table, stripped to the skin, an overhead light blazing in my eyes. The hypo had worn off and I was fully awake. I could feel my heart pounding inside my chest. Andre stood above me, the two goons on either side. Very delicately he ran a finger over two scars on my body. "I've seen these marks before, Mr. Fallon. They were professionally inflicted."

"Algiers," I said. "I'm still here."

"Quite. They never had a chance to finish, did they?"

A shudder ran through me, I wasn't as brave as I thought. I strained at the ropes that held me spreadeagled. I was lucky the last time in Algiers. The French had come just in time. And I couldn't have talked because I had nothing to say. Still, the Wogs would have gone ahead with the job. It was that way now, too.

"You are familiar with Arab torture?"

I didn't answer him.

"Ah, I see you are. In that case, let us forego a few of the more basic steps and come quickly to those appliances that seem to guarantee results." He reached for something attached to the table and brought up a pair of insulated wires. On the end of each one was a battery clip that could carry a lot of amperage.

"In case you have forgotten, this is an unusual instrument. One end we

attach like so . . ." Andre Marcel snagged the clip in my ear lobe. I winced, but it was nothing compared to what was to come.

"The other end," he said, "will be attached to your testicles. At given intervals, a switch will be thrown and . . . ah, I see you realize what will happen. Not only is it most painful, but totally destructive. You would no longer be a man if you lived. You would never again know a woman or even want to. Most probably, however, you would die right here after hours of living with the pain centered in your vitals. Unpleasant to contemplate, isn't it, Fallon."

"You haven't got long to live, Marcel."

"So! You did catch my name." He looked at the guy beside him. "You see?"

The one he addressed twitched nervously. Mistakes could be fatal in his business.

"Still," Andre said with a humorless smile, "like you, I am still alive, but my chances of survival are better. Now, shall we proceed?"

"I can't tell you what I don't know."

"We shall see. First, what did you tell the government police?"

Sweat ran into my eyes and started to burn. I played it cagy and gave him facts. He would know them anyway. "They know Stacy was killed because he was trying to get information back about the nuclear warhead on the ship."

"What ship?"

"You call it *Banana*."

Marcel nodded slowly. "Good. You are telling the truth. Where is that ship going?"

"I don't know."

He reached out and jammed the clip up between my legs and the teeth bit into me. I started to yell when he said, "The switch, please," and the yell rose into a wild scream that didn't sound like my own voice at all. When it stopped, the sweat poured down my face and my whole body jerked spasmodically for a moment before the pain came.

Marcel let me taste it fully, let me realize that it was only that of a second's duration, let me imagine what it would be like if it had continued longer. "Who are Verdo and Cristy, Mr. Fallon?"

I shook my head. I saw his nod toward the one at the switch and I tried to tell him that I didn't know anything—but my tongue seemed to bloat suddenly at the incredible sweep of pain that came over me like a tidal wave of liquid fire.

When I tried to talk, my lips couldn't form the words and my chest heaved convulsively. The sticky warmth of blood trickled down my wrists and ankles from where the ropes bit in when I strained against them. The sheer terror of knowing that there *was* nothing I could say turned my brain into a mad thing.

"You will have a minute to speculate, Fallon. Time to recover, time to reconsider, then we will begin again."

My mind raced with something to tell him. *Verdo and Cristy, Verdo and Cristy. They alone could break me loose from this. Who the hell were they? Who? WHO!*

"Very well, Fallon, once again, who are Verdo and Cristy?"

He was ready to nod again. Then I had it. I had Verdo and Cristy. Not who, *what*!

And I was going to tell him. The hell with them all. He could have it.

The blast from Sharon Ortiz' gun caught the guy at the switch full in the face. His head came apart in pieces, and before they could hit the floor she nailed the other one in the chest. He fell into Andre Marcel enough to ruin his aim and tumble him to the floor on one knee. I could see his expression as he looked up at her, the almost simpering grin of an idiot not knowing what to do yet knowing too what was coming. He started to make an imploring gesture when Sharon smiled back at him and almost casually pulled the trigger of the .38.

The first bullet hit Marcel in the stomach and he grabbed his gut as he doubled over. He looked up imploringly, holding his hand out, and the next one went through his palm into his chest. It slammed him back into the table where he coughed once and said something foul in Spanish. Then Sharon took deliberate aim and planted one right between the horns.

Very gently, she removed the clips attached to me. Then wiped the sweat from my face with her scarf. "You have not been hurt, *señor*. They had a long way to go before you were hurt."

"Get me loose," I breathed.

"First I must look at you."

"Damn you."

"Why, *señor*? I remember you looking at me like so not long ago. Can you imagine the things I could do to you now?"

I didn't answer her.

Then she smiled. "But they would not be unpleasant," she said.

In spite of what had just happened, I felt some crazy things go through my mind. "Stop it."

Deliberately, she did something, then grinned again and reached in the pocket of her coat and pulled out a small knife. It took only a second to cut me loose. My clothes were in the corner on a chair and I dressed while she watched, never without that damn smile. She didn't know it yet, but for this she was going to get fixed. Soon and good.

I said, "How long were you outside?"

"Long enough to know you wouldn't tell them anything, *señor*."

She didn't know, I thought. *She was wrong, but she didn't know.*

Sharon changed then. The smile faded and a look of serious concern crossed her eyes. "I know whose side you are on now, *señor*."

The shadows dancing across her face gave a different life to her beauty. Her hair was a deep midnight glow, her lips lushly ruby, the Irish and Spanish in her trying to come out at the same time. I felt the firm swell of her breasts brush against my forearm and I ran my hand up her shoulder. Beneath her suitcoat, she was warm and a muscle under my fingers trembled.

"How did you find me, Sharon?"

"By following Andre Marcel. He is so smart as to be stupid sometimes. He does not realize that our organization is also efficient. We are small, perhaps, but necessarily efficient. I knew he would keep contact with you. You are the key, *señor*, to all that we have."

"I know what the score is now, honey," I said. "The whole deal. I know about the ship you called *banana*."

"And where it is going?"

"Not yet."

Stark disappointment flooded her face.

"In a little while, kid, just a few minutes more. Look, where are we?"

"On a wharf in the south end."

"There's a phone nearby?"

"I know where one is."

"Good, let's find it."

I got Charlie Traub out of bed and asked him if Tucker had ever taped any of his plane-to-tower conversations.

He said, "Sure, whenever he wanted a permanent record the tower operators would cut in a tape. Why?"

"Back in the old days, Verdo and Cristy were wire recording devices we could call while in flight on photo-recon missions if we spotted some-

thing in a hurry and didn't have time to jot it down. It was a squadron deal our own intelligence officer installed. Tuck still used the system, but with tape. You have a recorder handy?"

"One in the tower."

"Okay, put me on that extension and get up there. Get out the tapes of Tuck's last day. He may have called in, and if it was an automatic setup the tower operator never knew what was on there and just filed the thing."

When he made the exchange of extensions, I held on and got the rest of the information from Sharon. They had definite information on the removal of the warheads and the installation in the ship, but Castro's security was so tight that's all they had. A top agent named Manuel Alvada was to come out with Tucker with documented evidence of the switch, but the plane had been sabotaged by Andre Marcel's men. Gonzales was a technician who had stayed on in Cuba deliberately with intent to buck Castro and the know-how to get inside their major operations. When he defected they knew why and waited for him to show up in the States, Marcel preceding him there. The one thing he didn't know, however, was where the ship was headed.

Charlie came on then.

"Ready on the tapes."

"Roll it."

I heard Tuck's voice then, the drone of the engine in the background. Very calmly he stated his position and the fact that he was flying out an anti-Castro agent with the story of *Banana*. He was taking no chances. In the event something happened before he could land he wanted the statement on record even if it wasn't documented.

Banana was a World War II Liberty ship named *Leona*. It was scheduled to sail for the Panama Canal where it would be blown up. It was to be quite a coup. In this day of the airlift and almost overnight reconstruction, the damage wouldn't be enough to impair our military or economic might. But that wasn't the intent of *Banana*. It was a propaganda program the Reds had set up that would work against us. With all the unrest in Central America, the *Leona* would blow and the Commies would say that it was a deliberate United States action to give us a chance to move directly into South American countries to "protect" them—thus offsetting a true people's movement against capitalistic governments. To back them up would be proof that the Panama Canal was an almost outdated project in these modern days of transportation, not even large enough to take modern carriers or battlewagons.

The cold war would become hot. The Reds had a live excuse of their own to move in militarily and the shooting would start. With the Red propaganda machine rolling, who would be on our side? Great!

Tuck's voice suddenly cut off. He had died.

I hung up and explained it to Sharon. I watched her pale. "It's too late, isn't it, *señor?*"

"Not now, not after all that's happened," I said. "It's never too late, Sharon." I looked up the number George Clinton gave me. I got the watchman at Cable-Hurley Supplies Company and he gave me Felix Ramsey's home number.

Ramsey didn't like me dragging him out of the sack, but when I mentioned Slim Upgate he was ready to do anything. I nailed it fast. I wanted two 500-pound demolition bombs to swing under the Mustang and I wanted them installed right away. He stuttered a little when I told him, but he said he'd have a truck out at the field in an hour.

I had one more call to make. This one was the big one. I got the man named Jones after three tries and told him to listen carefully and not bother tracing the call. I told him Smith was dead and so was the guy who killed him. I told him where they were. I also told him there was only one way the thing could be handled, and it was my way. If our government stepped in there would be hell to pay and the propaganda bit would go right on, but modified a little. The Reds would play up the attempt but capitalize on the fact that when they blew the whistle on the plot it was their men who were killed performing a public service and the U.S. who tried to destroy the evidence of it. It was all very neat and covered from every angle.

Calmly, Jones said, "Then how will it be done?"

"I'll do it. They'll never come back to me, brother."

"And you want what from me?"

"Get the reports from the planes patrolling the hurricane area. One of them might have spotted that ship. Can do?"

"Will do. How do I reach you?"

"I'll call you from another phone," I said and hung up.

The men were waiting by the Mustang with a truck. It didn't take long to swing the two bombs under the wing or to hook them up. When they were ready, the guys simply looked at me curiously and drove away.

I made the call to Jones. He had the information at hand, but his voice sounded shaky. He started, "Listen, Fallon. . . ."

"No time, friend, this is it. When it's over I'll explain. Not now. What about that ship?"

"She was spotted. In fact, the planes directed her through the best section of the blow." He gave me the last coordinates and I wrote them down. "I know what you're planning, baby. You got me on a hook and I can't say a thing."

"Don't try."

She was waiting for me by the plane, her eyes shiny with tears. "You think you can do this thing?"

"I'm going to try like hell, baby."

"Then take my love with you, *señor*." She reached up, her arms going around my neck and her mouth was a volcanic thing of sweetness and fire that said everything at once, promising everything, and I remembered what she did to save my life and felt a wild hunger for the woman she was, full and glossy, vibrant with a love she was giving to me.

When I took my mouth away from hers I said, "I'll be back, Sharon," then I climbed in the old P-51 and went through the starting procedure.

The tower didn't want to clear me, but I never gave him a chance to tell me so. I headed into the wind and eased the throttle forward and fought the side gusts until I was off the ground. Then I climbed to 30,000 feet, over the storm, picked up my heading, held everything at max cruise and waited. The moon above made the rolling clouds of Ingrid look like grey snowbanks that gave way to the 60-mile width of the hurricane's eye before narrowing across its southeast quarter. Then I passed it.

CHAPTER 8

I found the Leona ten miles off her course estimate. To make sure, I swept in low with my landing lights on, wheels and flaps down. There was her name plastered across the stern in fading white paint. I got the gear retracted before the first bursts of gunfire winked at me from the decks. I picked up altitude and circled the ship below.

Two chances, that was all I had.

I made the first pass from the stern, dumping her over from 15,000 feet and releasing my bomb at 2000. Be-

hind me came a shuddering *whump*, and when I looked back I could see the yellow glow of the burst and the lurch of the ship as she caught the near miss. There were lights on the deck now and in their beams I could see the antlike figures of men running. A spot flicked on and tried to catch me, but there wasn't much chance of that. If they knew what they were carrying they'd be worrying about saving themselves, not killing me.

I took the Mustang up again and got set for another pass. I started to make a 180-degree turn into the run when I felt a sudden lightening of the ship, a quick uplift on the left wing and the insides wanted to drain out of me. Down below, the other bomb tore harmlessly into open water a half mile from the *Leona*.

It was too late after all.

For one second I thought of a suicide run, but I didn't have the guts for it. In helpless anger I circled over the *Leona*, cursing that battered old hulk and wishing I still had the six .50s mounted that could at least tear some holes in her, damning the idiots that mounted the bomb, but mainly damning myself for not having checked everything out.

I took one last look below. This time there *was* something different. The ship had stopped. It had heeled over sharply to port and was low in the water. I took another chance and went in again with the gear down and the lights on. I saw what had happened.

The first bird had been a near miss, all right, but those rusted plates of the ship's bottom were too old to take the concussion. They had folded and I had won. Damn it, *we* had won!

I eased the stick over and got out of there, getting on a return heading. But I couldn't help looking back. I was far and high enough away to see it safely when it went off. No big flash. No mushroom cloud. The *Leona* must have been underwater when it happened. Just a beautiful, diffused glow that changed colors in a soft pattern that rippled out gently and just as gently receded.

Ingrid came into sight again, her eye and front quarter reaching out for Florida. I beat her in and taxied up to the hangar where Sharon was still waiting, the wind whipping the dress tight around her legs. The tower was trying hard to get me to get under cover and the lights of a truck were coming toward me. I waved the truck off, motioned that I was going up again and the guy yelled something unintelligible and swung around.

As he did, the motor coughed twice and began to run rough until I idled it at higher RPM's. The old trouble was back again, despite Charlie's work. I wouldn't be able to shut down and re-start now without getting into it—and I wanted to get the hell out of there.

I edged in close to the hangar doors where there was a windbreak, locked the breaks, hopped out and chocked the wheels.

It was a bad thing to do, but I had no alternative.

Sharon came into my arms with a rush, burying her face in my chest, sobs of joy coming from her like that of a happy puppy. I shouted over the roar of the engine behind me, "She's gone. It's all right now . . . we have it made."

"As long as I have you back, my big one. . . ."

"Inside. I have one call to make."

I pushed her ahead of me through the door into the hangar and felt for the light. The place was empty; everybody had cleared out in advance of Ingrid. I picked the phone off the wall and dialed my number.

The voice in the doorway said, "Hang up, Fallon."

We both turned around.

Lois Hays stood there, her face a mask of pure hatred, the gun in her hand a cold, deadly thing. I put the phone back.

"Yes, I'm sure of it now, Lois. I knew how Del Reed, Jones and Smith could have found me, but not Andre Marcel. You were the only one who knew about the Paramount Motel."

"You're quite right. I told him."

Outside, the wind was a tearing shriek. Ingrid was here. So was death. I felt Sharon's hand grope for mine, find it and hold tight.

I said, "It's too late, Lois. The *Leona* is down, the bomb is gone. The propaganda is a dead issue."

"Is it? I think not."

Somehow, she had figured an angle and I knew I was sweating. Her smile was as deadly serious as the gun in her hand. I measured the distance to her and thought about Sharon's gun, but each time Lois Hays was following my thoughts as though she could read my mind.

"No," she told us both, "there is not one thing you can do before I kill you. Not one thing."

Trying to play for time, I said, "How can you make it, kid?"

"If you thought about it, you'd see. Tomorrow the papers will carry the story with Duncan Knight's byline and we'll still win. Pity you won't be able to see it."

"What story?"

"How an American citizen carried out an act of unprecedented violence —aided and abetted by authorized agents of this country—and destroyed a harmless Cuban vessel engaged in commerce with a neutral country. Don't you just see how the rest of the world will eat that story up? Oh, I know what you intended the world to think . . . that the *Leona* went down in the midst of a hurricane, and certainly it could be assumed that such an old ship would succumb to hurricane seas. But you're out of luck, Fallon. It will be my story."

"And us?"

"When accused of the act, you tried to take me captive and I had to shoot you both. Who would deny that possibility when they know of the three men lying dead on the wharf. Fallon, you're better off dead. And me, I'll live to work another day. I'll see that my story is well supported and I don't think the government will want to go into the matter any more than is necessary. They want no part of a shooting war."

She smiled again and raised the gun a little higher. "Outside, please. We might as well keep it clean. I don't want any shots heard—not just yet."

She stepped back through the door as we came toward her.

Tuck's words: *There are still some of us left.*

Yes, there were.

We stood in the fierce forefoot of Ingrid, with our clothes snapping around our legs, our faces stung by sand that was ripping by. I held Sharon as tightly as I could and kept walking. Lois was still backing up, almost ready to pull the trigger. We walked forward and kept on walking, the three of us that were left—two in the front and one behind and all the while the crazy scream of the wind was the only sound we could hear.

The gun came up, leveled on the last step Lois took, but in our faces she read that we had won after all. There were still some of us left like Tuck had said, two in front and one behind her.

She started to scream as she backed into the great churning blades of the prop on the Mustang and dissolved into a red, misty froth that was carried away in the gale.

★ THE END

SAGA

Anatomy Of A Kidnap continued from page 53

packets because Albemarle Road was horseshoe-shaped and twice ended on Park Avenue. Detectives weren't sure which corner the kidnapper had in mind.

By early morning one reporter, representing all news media, and more than 50 policemen were hidden throughout the neighborhood. The heavy rain which had started during the night kept the streets all but deserted. Relentlessly, the minutes ticked by. Shortly after 8, Morris Weinberger, hatless, his silver hair sticking to his furrowed brow, stepped out to the sidewalk. Under his left arm he carried a manila envelope. He walked slowly down Albemarle Road toward Park Avenue. His wife left through the rear door moments later and walked in the other direction. She too carried an unmarked envelope. The two packages were both in position by 8:15. Now the hidden men watched from neighbors' houses and cellars, from parked trucks and in disguise. The mailman, making his rounds earlier than usual, was actually a detective. So were two telephone linemen who worked in the shelter of a canvas tent on a pole midway up the block. The neighborhood appeared normal in every respect—except for the two sodden envelopes that rested a block apart under the signposts at Albemarle Road and Park Avenue.

The deadline—10 o'clock—passed. Nothing happened.

Eleven o'clock came and went, and then noon. Finally, at 12:50, a detective retrieved the two packages.

With the news that the kidnapper had not picked up the ransom money, roles changed. Strangely, Beatrice Weinberger grew stronger under the heavy weight. That afternoon she stepped out on the patio from which little Peter had been stolen and, as her husband stood beside her, head bowed, she asked the reporters to appeal to the kidnapper.

"Please tell him in your papers," she pleaded, "to leave the baby in a church or a temple. No one will bother him. We just want our baby back."

She also outlined the baby's formula and prescribed vitamins.

As in all crimes prominently played up in newspapers and on radio and television, the screwballs and cranks began to write and call. That night, scant minutes after films of Mrs. Weinberger making her appeal were televised, a man called. Morris Weinberger took the call.

"We have your baby," the voice snarled. "I'll be watching the afternoon papers for your reply."

No demands were made.

The next day, Weinberger's answer ran in all three New York evening papers: "I am ready to meet your demands. I am awaiting your call."

He waited in vain. The ad was never answered. The voice never called again. Some warped sense of humor had been satisfied at the pathetic expense of a tortured father.

Another crank called on Friday morning, shortly before 10. This time the voice ordered that the ransom be raised to $5000. The answer was to be made via the NBC news telecast at 11 that night. Weinberger, grasping at anything that might save the life of his infant son, made arrangements with the television network. That night, TV newscaster John K. M. McCaffery made the personal announcement to the morning caller.

"Mr. Weinberger has asked this station to tell you that any demands you make will be met. There will be no interference by authorities."

Again, heartlessly, nothing happened.

Saturday passed without incident, and then at 7:30 P.M. on Sunday night a third voice called the Weinberger home. This time the mother took the call. The man directed her to drive about 15 miles to a corner in the adjacent county of Queens, one of the five boroughs of New York City. Near this corner, the caller said, she would find a parked Ford with a "for sale" sign in the window. She was to put the money in this auto. Once again the figure mentioned was $5000.

This sounded like the real thing. The man had told her that the baby was well and if she followed instructions she would have him back that very night. With her heart beating like a triphammer, Beatrice Weinberger left the house with the money and drove to the rendezvous. She found no Ford. Frantically, she parked her own car and walked a block in each direction, peering into the window of each parked car in search of the telltale sign that would show the car was for sale, but she found nothing. It was nearly 11 P.M. before the woman, weeping, climbed back into her own car and returned home.

The Weinbergers were still sitting in their kitchen that night when the phone rang again. It was the same man. Morris Weinberger answered, but the caller demanded to talk to Mrs. Weinberger. Her hands quivering, she took the phone. "Hello."

"I saw you park, Mrs. Weinberger."

"Why didn't you . . . why wasn't the car there?"

"I would have pulled over next to you, but I saw the cops behind you."

"But there were no police. I came alone. Honestly, I was alone."

"I thought I saw a flashing light."

"No, you're mistaken. I was alone. I want to cooperate."

Apparently the man was calling from a pay phone because at this point in the conversation the telephone operator cut in to ask for more money. She heard part of the conversation and, instead of cutting in vocally, she traced the call. The booth was located in a Queens bar and grill. The operator notified police. They raced to the location, a few blocks from the rendezvous point to which Mrs. Weinberger had gone that evening. But the booth was empty.

The man had hung up before giving the mother any further instructions except that he would call again.

He did call again. One hour later, he directed both parents to bring the money to another bar and grill in Queens. This time the police answered the demand and swooped down on the tavern. Again the caller was gone, but this time the detectives found that only one person had used the phone within the past few hours, and a patron knew his identity. The police staked out his house.

An hour passed before he called again. At 2:40 the voice told the parents to bring the money to St. Joan of Arc's Church in Queens. Here, he said, they would find their baby. This time they ignored the call. Twenty minutes later, as he arrived home, the man was taken into custody.

A recently married, jobless ne'er-do-well, he readily admitted making the calls that night as he toured a string of saloons with a companion, a jack-of-all-trades who was also out of work. The second man, the father of four, admitted making the call two days earlier requiring Weinberger's answer to be broadcast on television. Both, however, were merely hoaxers. Neither knew anything about the child except what they had read in the newspapers.

Mrs. Weinberger appeared in court on Tuesday, July 10, against the two and, at the very moment she was testifying, the phone rang in the Weinberger home. Her husband took the call. He was told to take $5000 in a blue bag to a mailbox just off Exit 26 of the Northern State Parkway. This busy road passed within two blocks of the Weinberger home.

County Detective Timothy Ring, disguised as a gardener, raced to the location immediately and loitered in the vicinity. Weinberger arrived a little later, but no one else.

Mrs. Weinberger came home from court shortly after lunchtime. When she got word of the new phone call her hopes began to rise, as they had with each preceding call. Maybe this was the real kidnapper. She sat at the kitchen table going over the details of the latest contact with her husband. They were still in the kitchen when, at 2:30 P.M., the phone rang again.

By this time, a tape recorder had been installed to pick up all conversations over the Weinberger phone. It captured this dialogue:

"Hello . . ."

"Hello. Mrs. Weinberger?"

"Yes."

"Listen, do you want to see your kid or not?"

"Mister, who is this?"

"Well, it's the party you would be interested in. I called up earlier."

"Yes . . ."

". . . and I don't know who answered. I made an appointment and no one showed up."

"We kept that appointment. My husband was there."

"Nobody was there. I was there over an hour. Well, now, on Exit Twenty-eight, right by the sign. If you want, I'll be there at most in half an hour."

"Now wait a minute. Let me get this straight. I'm nervous. What do you want me to do?"

"Put the money in the blue cloth bag and take it to Exit Twenty-eight. You'll find a note, and it will tell you where to find the baby in an hour's time."

"You're only giving me half an hour."

"That's all. You can make it in fifteen minutes. I know. I already done it. I'll be watching as you go by."

The line went dead.

The word was quickly relayed to Detective Ring, who was still working around Exit 26. He hurried up to the exit now specified. No one was in the vicinity. A few moments later Beatrice Weinberger arrived with the blue cloth bag.

Ring, with rake and clippers, worked nearer to the signpost. After looking over the area for half an hour, he signaled Mrs. Weinberger to leave, and then examined the area around the sign. Sure enough, weighted down by a small stone, he found a piece of paper folded in thirds. It read:

"Put money under seat covers ahead and right."

Nearby, just off the Northern State Parkway, he found them—a pile of discarded seat covers. Although badly torn and worn, they hadn't been exposed to the elements very long. They had obviously been placed there by the contact. These had been designed to serve as his ransom drop.

A bogus package of bills was prepared and placed under the seat covers and

the area staked out. No one ever went near them.

July 11 dawned. Seven days had passed since Peter Weinberger had been kidnapped. Now, at last, the Federal Bureau of Investigation could enter the case. For the past 18 months, a Congressional committee had pigeon-holed a bill that would have allowed federal agents to step into a kidnapping case 24 hours after an abduction. Now the mandatory period of a full week had expired and the FBI was free to enter. Outraged by the needless delay, New York Congressman Kenneth B. Keating urged passage of the law immediately. It was passed, but not in time to do the Weinbergers any good.

With the arrival of the FBI under the supervision of John J. Kelly, the New York Agent-in-Charge, the Weinbergers' hopes rose again. Within the next 24 hours, the FBI established without a doubt that the note picked up by Detective Ring near Exit 28 was written by the same person who had written the original kidnap note. It was also established that the seat covers had been designed for a 1950 or 1951 Plymouth.

Agents and detectives again spread through the community going over every possible detail and re-questioning everyone who had made any statements thus far. Among those re-questioned were two teenage brothers who had reported seeing a man in a shabby automobile parked about 200 feet from the Weinberger home on the day of the abduction. The boys, who had been on their way to a stickball game, remembered the auto because the man behind the wheel had kept his face from view by reading a newspaper held very close to his face. The car was green, they recalled. They didn't know the year or the make. Officials took them to headquarters and showed them pictures of autos of various manufacture and vintage. They both selected a photo of a 1951 Plymouth.

Meanwhile, the agents had put the notes through a series of tests and minute examinations. Graphologists concluded that the handwriting of the kidnapper was definitely male and showed distinctive characteristics in the formation of 16 letters of the alphabet. This was the strongest clue yet deduced.

Kelly immediately put through a special request to Washington, and that same day no less than 80 FBI handwriting experts from all parts of the nation were hurriedly dispatched to Nassau County. As each one arrived, he immediately began briefing a given number of Nassau policemen as to how to spot these peculiarities in script. In all, more than 100 county policemen were put through the special graphology course, and then they joined the 80 specialists in a job of unending drudgery.

It was a two million-to-1 chance, but it was a chance. One hundred and eighty men settled down to a job of checking signatures on a mountain of auto licenses, auto registrations, voting registers, tax records and probation files for all the counties on Long Island—Suffolk, Nassau, Kings and Queens. At first they stuck to only Long Island residents, because, in his telephone conversations with the stricken family, the kidnapper had indicated a thorough familiarity with the neighborhood.

Meanwhile, these things were happening. The two phone hoaxers were indicted for attempted extortion . . . the body of an infant found in the Hudson River turned out to be another child . . . and a man in Greenville, South Carolina, was arrested for demanding $10,000 of the Weinbergers.

Then, on August 22, the two million-to-1 shot paid off.

Two FBI agents had gone to Brooklyn to study about 900 active probation reports. After three hours, they were asked by a stenographer if they wanted to take a look at three records she had been working on before she filed them away with 13,000 other inactive cases.

Agent Francis Cogwell took the three and started with the top file. He went over it and then went over it again. After a third close scrutiny he handed it to his partner.

"How does this look to you?"

It looked good. Mighty good.

The signature at the bottom of the file was that of Angelo LaMarca, thirty-one years old. LaMarca, who lived in Plainview, Long Island, had been arrested on June 22, 1954, in a homemade still in Islip, Long Island. LaMarca had received a 90-day suspended sentence and had been put on a year's probation.

Four of the letters in LaMarca's signature sharply resembled the script on both kidnap notes. The "M" was oversized, as was the "L." He tailed off his "G" in a manner similar to the kidnapper, and the loop in his "E" was almost closed, as it was in the ransom notes.

Cogswell immediately telephoned his superior, Dr. Fred M. Miller, senior analyst of the documentation section of the FBI.

"I think we've got something," he reported.

After seeing the signature of Angelo LaMarca, Dr. Miller agreed with the suspicions of Agent Cogswell. Immediately, the investigation shifted to Plainview. Within hours, agents and police discovered that LaMarca was a taxi driver and mechanic. He was married and had two children. They also found that he was heavily in debt because of a home mortgage he should never have been carrying. He had bought the $14,900 house using $700 the builder loaned him for the down payment. He was also in arrears on a $900 freezer, $500 storm windows and owed $400 to a loan shark. In the ten months since he bought the house, LaMarca had paid only one monthly installment of $116 toward his mortgage. If ever a man was a likely suspect in a "get-rich-quick" scheme, he was it. They also established that LaMarca owned a car—a green 1951 Plymouth.

A stake-out was put on his home and bench warrants for a search of the premises issued. LaMarca and his wife returned home about midnight that night. They had been visiting friends in nearby Elmont and had left their children with LaMarca's parents.

As the couple approached their home, the police stepped out of three parked autos. LaMarca, a slight, swarthy man with the suggestion of a mustache, and wearing soiled green coveralls, immediately became belligerent.

"What the hell do you want?" he demanded.

The officers produced the search warrants and asked for admission to the house.

"Don't worry about anything," LaMarca told his wife. "They don't know what they're looking for. Anyhow, they have the wrong place."

He opened the house and the search party went inside.

One important clue turned up almost immediately. Detectives found a bottle of green ink in the bedroom—the same type of ink that had been used to write the ransom notes.

For two and a half hours, the cab driver was questioned at his home, but he admitted nothing. His wife was cooperative, but she had no helpful information. She claimed that her husband was a wonderful father. They had lived in Brooklyn, she said, while LaMarca operated a service station there. Their son had been stricken with polio in the late summer of the previous year and the bills had begun to pile up. Finally, the gas station went out of business and the family moved to Plainview. LaMarca's brother, a taxi owner, had given him a job.

At 2:30 in the morning, LaMarca was taken to FBI headquarters in New York. He still refused to admit having anything at all to do with the missing Weinberger baby. Finally, a recording of his voice talking on the telephone with Mrs. Weinberger was played back for him in the presence of his wife.

LaMarca's head dropped into his hands and he spoke into the floor:

"Send her out of here and I'll tell you what you want to know."

The 50-day-old case had been solved.

LaMarca told different stories. At first he attempted to implicate others, but as each version was disproved, he ultimately admitted that he had done the kidnapping alone.

"I needed two thousand dollars awful bad," he told his interrogators. "I thought about robbing a bank, but it was too risky, so I decided to try ransom. It was the only thing left for me to do."

He had left the baby, almost immediately after taking him, in some underbrush off the Northern State Parkway. The child was probably still there. He had tried to collect the ransom the following morning, but en route to the corner of Albemarle Road and Park Avenue he became frightened and decided not to attempt it.

He pinpointed the spot where he had abandoned the helpless infant somewhere near Exit 37 of the parkway.

Sixty men searched in the rain through the brush, goldenrod, cherry, scrub oak and honeysuckle vines. It was Agent Robert Boger who found the remains—bits of moldy cloth over the decomposed body of an infant. The baby had died while lying face down in the heavy foliage. The cause of death was any of three things: starvation, exposure or suffocation.

Now the frightened kidnapper was talking only about himself, trying to paint a sympathetic picture.

Beaten and unloved as a child, he had found happiness with his wife and kids. In the Army, he said, he had driven an ammunition supply truck in France; three days after the Normandy invasion he had been wounded—taking shrapnel in one leg. He offered a scar to prove his heroism. He had served three and a half years in the Army.

Police quickly proved that LaMarca was a liar. He had indeed served in the Army—but only for two and a half years. He had been court-martialed for going AWOL. He didn't arrive in England until 60 days after D-Day. The scar on his leg was from a childhood accident, not shrapnel.

On November 5, 1956, LaMarca went on trial before Nassau County Judge Mario Pittoni in Mineola, Long Island. A jury of ten fathers and two grandfathers with a total of 32 children and ten grandchildren among them heard the case. When it was over, it took the 12 men just four hours and 53 minutes to reach a verdict. When the prisoner LaMarca was brought before them, he had to be lifted to his feet and supported by two guards.

There were two counts and two verdicts:

Murder: Guilty.

Kidnaping: Guilty.

There were no recommendations for mercy. He was sentenced to death.

Legal maneuvers prolonged Angelo LaMarca's life for another 20 months, but he died in Sing Sing's electric chair on August 7, 1958.

He probably died completely ignorant of the fact that the Weinbergers had somehow re-established their lives. Another son was born to them on November 21, 1957. ★ THE END

How To Tame An Itchy Dame continued from page 39

she has adopted boss-man tactics. *She* tells Harry where they're going, what they're doing, whom they are seeing. *She* sets the compass and charts the course.

Why? Letty used to be a top-salaried private secretary before she covered her typewriter to marry Harry three years ago. Now she harbors a smoldering anger against the social system that keeps her chained to home and fireside. Jealous of Hank's fun and freedom on the outside, she has determined to impose her will upon him as a gesture of defiance.

The basic rule: When you become aware that a woman is attempting to dominate the relationship, put her down, gently but very decisively, in every situation of any importance that arises. Psychologist Whitebook advises: "Undertake a definite campaign to assert your own dominance, even if it takes two to three years. It may be difficult, but it can be done successfully."

Thus, react with strength to everything that may come up in the course of day-to-day living. Keep a firm hold of every rein there is. If she tells you she's going to shop, go to the beauty parlor or have coffee with the girls, no dominance is involved. But if she informs you that she's having the place painted, ordering new shrubbery, or even inviting some new friends she's met for a party at your house—pull the reins taut. These things concern *you*. Tell her so, then decide what *you* want to do.

An important caution: There is a gulf of difference between being a firm boss and a tyrannical one. A firm boss is kind and considerate as well as decisive; a tyrant is petty and nasty. If you must say "no," say it with consideration and love!

An integral part of the technique of handling Dominating Dora is to offer her rewards for feminine behavior. A Chicago painting contractor picked up this technique by accident, one psychologist says, and found that it worked wonders. After weeks of resisting her attempts at domination by withholding money from her, he came home one evening to find she had prepared a delectable roast chicken dinner, complete with wine. Up to then he'd received either cold meals or curt notes to pick up his own.

He was so grateful for the switch that at the end of the meal he kissed her soundly and handed her a $20 bill to buy a thing or two for herself. Next night, and the next and next, he found dinner waiting. A few more little gifts gradually opened her eyes. Her efforts at domination waned.

Gifts of one kind or another, judiciously given, will speed Dora's feminization. Naturally, you won't tell her why you are rewarding her, but she'll know!

Suppose a woman begins to use sex as a weapon to get what she wants? Without uttering a word, this Frigid Frieda can let you know with painful clarity that unless you accept her as a boss, she has absolutely no intention of accepting you as a lover.

When sex is used as a weapon of female punishment or vengeance, many men react wrongly. In New York, for example, a young truckman became furious. He slapped his wife viciously and committed a virtual rape. Others berate their women, while still others act like the Philadelphia insurance man, who told his sad story to a psychological consultant. "She won't have any part of me," he said sadly. "Night after night I try, but she's either 'too tired' or not feeling well or 'not in the mood.'" Asked what he does about it, he replied: "Nothing. What *can* I do? I won't force her. I just lie there and fume."

Men in similar circumstances are advised not to fume, fret or force. Psychologist Whitebook counsels this course of action:

Inform the woman you know why she is acting the way she is, and that you have no intention of taking it. Warn her that unless she acts sensibly, you plan to leave the house and that the responsibility for your action will be hers alone. Talk calmly, though firmly, keeping your temper in check. The aim is to convince her logically, not to browbeat.

Then, if the sexual deep-freeze persists, *carry out your threat*. Stay away for a few hours, even the entire night. On your return, if she asks where you went, don't answer; leave it to her imagination. And her imagination can be vivid, giving rise to all sorts of fantasies. The technique, repeated a number of times if necessary, will jolt most Frigid Friedas into an agonizing reappraisal of their behavior.

Occasionally, a woman's dissatisfactions will be channeled into her libido, and the result can be an inordinate desire for sexual gratification. It's as though she is trying to forget her woes by taking overwhelming doses of physical sensation, much as an alcoholic drowns his sorrows in drink.

Of course, there are many women whose strong erotic drives are natural, whose sexual needs have no relation to a discontent with their roles in life In any event, the highly sexed female who demands more than a man has the energy or inclination to grant certainly ranks as a problem.

Virtually every authority questioned offers the same piece of advice to men: The manner in which you satisfy a woman is of no real consequence, just so long as she is satisfied.

According to Dr. Albert Ellis, one of the nation's foremost experts on love and sex: "Most women and far too many men have grown up with the notion that sexual gratification should be obtained only in the prescribed manner, and that anything else is wrong, perverted or somehow less satisfying. These preconceived, erroneous ideas about sexual fulfillment do considerable harm to both."

As a matter of fact, Dr. Ellis points out, it's a rare male who can satisfy the fully healthy, sexually released woman by sexual intercourse alone, "for the good reason that whereas the average man is capable of having intercourse several times a week, innumerable women are capable of having it several times a day.

"A husband can generally bring release to a woman by continuing foreplay to its conclusion, or in any way he pleases so long as neither party objects," continues Dr. Ellis. "If both accept the fact that love-making does not follow a certain rigid script that bans improvisations, a man can usually satisfy a woman no matter how highly sexed she may be."

Dr. Mary S. Calderone agrees. She is medical director of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America and a noted authority on sex. "A man," she points out, "might by caresses, both manual and oral, gratify his wife's desire on occasions when he himself feels none."

If a woman wants from five minutes to a half hour of sex daily, Dr. Ellis says, a man is well-advised to provide it. Otherwise, her frustrations and dissatisfactions may crop out elsewhere and give him far worse trouble. And psychologist Whitebrook adds this interesting observation: "Barring a real physical problem, no man should ever reject a wife who wants sex. And no wife should ever reject a husband. No excuse is permissible—except one that involves a real physical condition."

You take it from there.

Suppose the woman flirts with other men at parties? What do you do with a Flirtatious Flora type? If she is a dyed-in-the-wool man-chaser, you have a large problem that requires professional help. But if she is a basically good kid with no real intent to follow through on her coquettishness, what's the trouble?

Dr. Ellis suggests that if you love the girl and you're sure she doesn't mean anything by it, then what's so terrible about flirting? "The confident male," he points out, "who knows deep down he has the love of the woman, will tolerate a little flirting on her part. He knows where he stands so why should he fret?" If another man finds your woman attractive enough to chat with her for a while, in your presence, it's a tribute to your own excellent taste.

A much bigger headache to a man is Jealous Jennie. Make no mistake—a truly jealous woman is sick. In Canton, New York, a young waitress confessed to police that she had murdered a handsome golf pro as they drove across a college campus. "He didn't want me around any more," she said. In California, a woman smoldered with jealousy when her boss, whom she secretly loved, invited another woman to a late dinner. She went to his home, shot him to death, then drove to a vacant parking lot and put a bullet through her head. Just before she killed herself, she telephoned a friend to confess the slaying of her employer.

Often a woman obsessed by jealousy will spend all her time thinking of ways to spy on a man and catch him in the act. For example, a Pittsburgh woman had convinced herself that her husband was having an affair with his new secretary, younger and prettier than herself. She began using their home extension phone to eavesdrop on his calls, ransacked all his pockets and papers,

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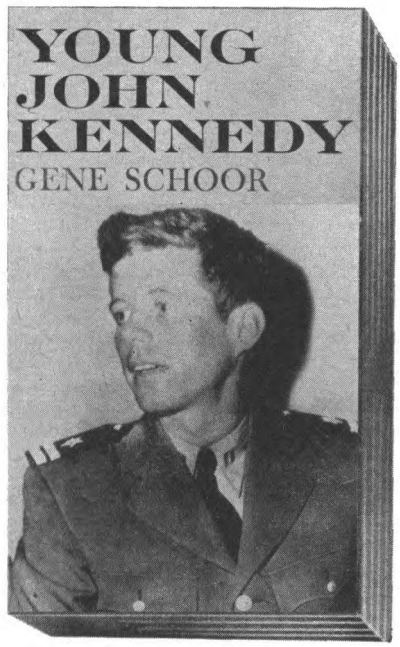

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SAGA

and even got a close friend in the office to keep her eyes open for signs of infidelity. She examined his handkerchiefs and underwear for evidence of perfume or cosmetics he may have wiped off, and once, when she spotted a red smudge, took it to a chemist for analysis. Was it, she wanted to know, the kind she used—or was it someone else's?

The jealous woman is almost always a woman who is unsure of herself. She feels a threat, real or fancied, to her happiness and self-esteem. When a woman who feels this way faces the loss or threatened loss of her loved one, she is overwhelmed by a sense of utter defeat. "I am alone," her unconscious self tells her. "I need love to bolster me and there is no love. I feel so lost and worthless."

So fearful is she of aloneness that even the merest suspicion, however trivial, that her man is slipping away can fill her with fear and frenzy. These fears can then grow and grow until they erupt in anger explosive enough to destroy him or herself, or even both.

The woman who is acutely, destructively jealous needs professional treatment. If her jealousy is in a mild stage, the man himself can act as a psychotherapist by bolstering her feeling of personal self-worth as much as possible. Make her feel capable, able to handle herself and her life adequately. Give her the feeling that she counts, that she's a person on her own account. The less dependent she feels, the more she can stand on her own feet, the less scared to death she will be that she will lose you.

When the Gallup Poll asked men to name women's ten worst faults, nagging topped the list. Few things annoy a man more, and sometimes to the point of serious harm. Dr. Kenneth C. Hutchin reports in the British Medical Association's journal, *Family Doctor*, that wives can literally nag a man to death. Anger and frustration, the doctor points out, can be dangerous emotions for men who battle the competitive outside world all day long, and "the wife who always insists on having the last word often has it." Adds Dr. Desmond Curran, a British psychiatrist: "A nagging wife can drive a man into a breakdown faster than bad working hours or conditions."

Why does a woman nag? Because she's perfectionist, insisting upon having things done the way she wants them, when she wants them. Because she wants to impose her own grandiose demands upon a world which, of course, has no intention of playing along.

Mild nagging isn't hard to control, the experts say. In all cases, stay calm; popping off will only start fights. If you can, accede to some of Nagging Nellie's less onerous demands and endure some of the less bothersome complaints. But if you really want action, send her to nagging school.

You conduct the school. Like so:

Lesson 1—Inform the lady, kindly but firmly again, that she's a bit of a nag and that you will soon prove your point.

Lesson 2—For one full day, keep track of each time she nags. Make a mark on a piece of paper every time she admonishes or instructs you, with a brief explanation of the subject matter. At the end of the day, show her the proof.

Lesson 3—Tell her all this nagging is annoying and, for both your sakes, it ought to be stopped. Tell her to keep her own nag tally, looking closely to see specifically what she's nagging about.

Dr. Paul Popenoe, general director of the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, is an advocate of this tally method of nag cure. He suggests telling a nagging woman:

"If you are continually reminding him that he has not done something which you want done, see if you can't do it for yourself.

"If you are continually criticizing something he does, make up your mind either to ignore it or to find some indirect way of dealing with it."

Lesson 4—Maybe, counsels Dr. Popenoe, she needs more outside interests—a hobby, a garden or more friends. "She can afford to try a lot of different remedies," he says. "The one thing she can't afford is to continue nagging." Help her acquire these interests, if they are lacking.

Lesson 5—Tell her not to keep telling you something you already know. For instance, if you snore and you know it, you don't need to be reminded of it constantly. Ask her: "What good does it do to make me feel lousy about things I can't help?"

Let's turn now to beauty. Beautiful women are desirable commodities by our standards. And yet, although a pretty girl may be like a melody, all too frequently the tune sounds more like "nobody knows the trouble I've seen."

The man who ties up with a Bombshell Betty may be in for a king-sized headache. A dish all her life, Betty often grows up into a vain, capricious woman completely wrapped up in her own looks and figure. Everything is secondary to Betty's prettiness—she will spend hours in the beauty parlor, and the dinner, the kids and the house can go to hell. She diets constantly, frets over a pimple and, even worse, is very likely to be a sexual disappointment because she takes her vanity and selfishness into bed with her. She cannot yield to a man—he must yield to her, as men have all her life. She mustn't have her hair mussed or her lingerie wrinkled.

A lovely girl, says Hugo L. Bourdeau, executive director of the Baltimore Marriage Counseling Service, can be an extremely happy one—provided she doesn't misuse her God-granted advantage. It's up to a man to see that she doesn't utilize her beauty to get everything she wants for nothing. Giving her what she demands feeds her feeling that the world is her little oyster.

So *don't* feed Bombshell Betty's vanity by over-complimenting her. *Don't* allow her to buy all the dresses and lingerie she wants. *Don't* curl up and purr every time she rubs her litle finger up your wrist and asks if you'd just do that one itty-bitty thing for her. *Don't* give her the cash or charge accounts so that she can dally in beauty shops all the livelong day. *Do* praise her for her other accomplishments until she begins to get a better perspective on the world.

Caution: A beautiful woman who has been fawned over most of her life has undoubtedly gotten the notion that she's especially valuable and desirable. Therefore, don't crack down so hard that her world collapses. Use gentle pressure to build up her other qualities, while downgrading the emphasis on beauty.

What do you do with Clinging Clara, the female Peter Pan who never grew up, the cuddly baby doll who doesn't want to make any decision more crucial than selecting a television program to watch? And even then she may have trouble.

It's hard to spot Clara in advance, the experts warn. Sometimes, she will act clinging and cuddly in the wooing period to build up your own ego, then abruptly turn into a Dominating Dora. Often, however, she will continue to cling, and then she can be an especial nuisance.

Clara is always leaning on you or someone else. Have a few people in for dinner and she's on the phone asking her mother for advice. Ask her to get a new piece of furniture and she begs off. Face her with a fairly important problem, like maybe having an appliance break down at a critical moment, and she cracks up.

If you really want to help make Clara more independent, you can—but, one authority points out, there are some men who prefer women that way. The Lolitafanciers, this expert says, deliberately seek out "Baby Doll" types because they most closely resemble the adolescent females that attract them sexually. "These men," he asserts, "are wise enough to realize that they cannot have affairs with young girls, so they pick women who look and act like them, but who nonetheless are chronologically, if not emotionally, older."

But if you have a Clara who is getting under your skin, undertake a campaign to make her more independent. It's almost like teaching a child to stand on his own feet. Give her problems to solve, simple ones to start with, and tell her that you expect her to handle them herself. Don't permit her to hedge or put them off. If she comes to you with a problem and asks "What should I do?" don't give her the answer. Hear the story, sure, but then say that you have every confidence in her ability to take care of it herself. And let her! She'll get angry with you, even furious, like any child having a temper tantrum, but it will pay off. As Dr. Popenoe points out: "She must come gradually to see that it's more fun to live in her own right."

If her feelings of dependence aren't too deep-seated, she can even undertake her own regimen. Explaining to her that the adult individual accepts his or her share of responsibility may make her see things differently. Tell her to keep tabs on herself, to find out exactly in what areas she is shirking responsibility. Then work on these areas with her, forcing her to make the decisions.

Finally, we come to Spend-happy Sandy. Money flows through her long, tapered fingers like bubble-bath powder. She buys, buys, buys, racks up charge accounts all over the place, comes home with wrong change. Money means little to Sandy.

In Sandy's case, money is generally a way of seeking satisfaction. Her extravagance often is a sign of her discontent with the way things are—and now we have come full circle from Itchy Ida. Because, at heart, Spend-happy Sandy is itchy, too. She wants, but she knows not what. So she buys. She sees a bargain and, unable to discipline herself, she acquires it, only to discover that it gives her no special satisfaction.

The solution? First, remove the temptations by clamping down hard on Sandy's funds and charge accounts. Second, teach her all you know and can learn about proper money management. Third, try making her more secure by being the man she really wants you to be.

And so there you have them, the Difficult Women you are likely to meet. Bear in mind that in every case, if the problems are deep, professional help may be needed. But if the woman's personality structure is basically strong enough, you can do a great deal to improve matters.

Think about it this way: If your car starts giving you trouble, and you have no intention of trading it in, you fix what's wrong. Why do any less with a woman you love? ★ THE END

"Halt—Or I'll Shoot You With My Broomstick"

continued from page 49

The two men exchanged punches, and the "war" immediately became official between the Blue and Red Armies. In seconds there was a wild melee on the dusty road leading to Mt. Carmel, Louisiana. Officers tried to break it up, but brawling enlisted men ignored them. And rank proved to be no protection against the enlisted knuckles of the opposing army.

The word spread and other units of both armies soon began to settle matters when umpires ruled against one or the other. The situation only got worse when umpires—all officers—began to rule for their particular branch of the service.

When two rival forces clashed, the umpires decided which one had to fall back by adding up the fire power of each side. Rifles were counted as 1, an automatic rifle as 3, a machine gun as 10, and then these figures were adjusted according to distance between units. Umpires carried red flags, the waving of which meant that *all* action was to stop immediately. The growing number of slugfests between enlisted men and officers from both sides began to produce entirely too many casualties—for a war fought entirely with blank ammunition.

"Rules must be obeyed," ordered Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, War Department director of maneuvers, who was later seriously wounded in North Africa, and then killed in France, at St.-Lo. "Rules be damned," growled George Patton, whose combat flamboyance was already in evidence.

Patton's 2nd Armored Division was assigned to Major General Ben Lear's Red Army. The maneuver plan gave Lear most of the armor and the Blue Army's Major General Krueger, who later commanded the U.S. Eighth Army in the Pacific, only infantry divisions. Fortunately for Krueger, he was assisted by a young Lieutenant Colonel named Dwight D. Eisenhower—his operations officer. Eisenhower planned the entire Blue Army campaign, the strategy and tactics working so well that Ike was called to Washington before the maneuvers ended, promoted to brigadier general and put in charge of War Plans

To reproduce combat logistical realities, gas rationing was imposed on the tankers, but Patton, independently wealthy, signed a number of blank checks and had his staff officers scout the countryside buying up extra gasoline. Where he couldn't rent fuel transport trucks, he bought them.

So the 2nd Armored Division ranged far and wide with its 385 tanks and 1900 trucks. "Self-sufficient," is how Patton described his armored force, adding "It's the strongest force ever devised by man."

He moved his division deep behind Blue Army lines. Since Eisenhower made his troop dispositions on the basis of the tank gas ration, he was stunned when he got the report of an armored penetration. The 2nd Division had pulled the impossible stunt—striking so deep behind Blue Army lines that it was obvious Patton had obtained extra fuel.

Patton had cheated; despite this, the Red Army lost the campaign, because of Eisenhower's brilliant planning. The professionals protected their own, however: no one lodged a complaint about Patton's methods. In fact, "Blood and Guts" Patton benefited from his stunt. Eisenhower remembered the tank man's ingenuity when he later selected Patton to lead a corps in North Africa and the Third Army in Europe.

While the maneuvers were on, Congress was debating extension of draftees' one-year term of service—because "the national interest is imperiled." A howl of dismay resounded from the Louisiana "battlefields" when the year was extended to 30 months. October, 1941, was the end of the original year, and now, "Over the hill in October" became the draftees' sad refrain.

Morale slumped. While the Japanese were planning the Pearl Harbor attack, the U.S. Army faced a serious crisis. The AWOL rate rose 70 percent.

The most important single reason appeared to be national uncertainty. In Europe, World War II had begun; in the Pacific, relations with Japan were at the breaking point.

The second reason was equally serious. To a considerable extent, National Guard divisions were commanded by incompetent officers, appointed and promoted more for their political power than military ability. Further, many Regular Army officers faced the coming conflict with World War 1 tactics.

The terrible performance of one major was a primary reason for one National Guard division being sent back to camp for another round of basic training and a new commanding general.

There were even "war" correspondents covering the maneuvers. One reporter went out in the field in a rented taxi and interviewed an infantry company marching toward the "front."

While the taxi driver drove in low gear, the reporter stuck his head out of the back window and questioned the soldiers. He asked one of the doughboys what outfit was marching by. "Company A, 147th Infantry," the foot soldier said, adding sarcastically, "motorized."

Another reporter found a Red Army reconnaissance troop led by Lieutenant Fred I. Fox, the Sergeant York of the maneuvers. Fox's outfit had knocked 20 officers and 35 Blue Army enlisted men out of action. Fox had the publicity instincts of Patton so he paused in the midst of "battle" to give an interview, only to be chased off by the enemy when he was halfway through—it was a Blue Army patrol hot on his trail. Twenty minutes later he was back—a POW. The reporter had a chance to finish the interview.

"How were you finally captured?" the newsman asked Lieutenant Fox.

"By civilization," the officer answered. "I'd never have been captured on my run back to the Red River bridge if I hadn't got caught by a red light in Alexandria."

The demands of civilization also stopped a good many units from digging in. Many of the land leases taken out by the Army did not permit the digging of foxholes or gun emplacements. One regimental commander solved the problem and received a commendation. He had each man at his command post outline a foxhole on the ground and post his name next to it.

But the action was not all simulated. On the third day of the Louisiana maneuvers, two squadrons of Navy bombers, supporting the Blue Army, were told to "destroy" Red River bridges. The Red Army also had its pursuit planes in the sky. Lieutenant John W. Bubroski, flying a P-40 fighter, bounced a Navy bomber, passed under it and then pulled up sharply. His Kittyhawk fighter slammed against the larger Navy bomber. Bubroski's plane fell to the ground in flames, killing the young pilot.

There were other deaths, nearly 500—the price of the most realistic maneuver ever held by the U.S. Army to that time, and the price of two decades of unpreparedness.

Blackout driving caused accidents, working under speed and stress caused strained backs, and careless food handling caused dozens of cases of food poisoning. Fifty-seven soldiers suffered appendicitis attacks. Before the maneuvers, the Army had predicted that in the first two weeks about 40,000 soldiers would be hospitalized for various reasons, including 136 deaths—expected during the first week. However, when the first two weeks' casualty figures came in, Army officials were relieved. Only seventeen soldiers had died—seven in vehicle accidents, one by suicide, two by drowning, two by disease and five in aircraft accidents.

One of the "villains" of the war games was 62-year-old Lieutenant General Ben Lear, a former cavalryman, Olympics horseman, crack rifleman and stern disciplinarian.

His disciplinary methods earned him notoriety that had repercussions in Congress. While Lear was playing golf, a truck convoy of 350 of his men from the 110th Quartermaster Regiment drove by. Lear was not recognized by the soldiers, whose eyes popped at the sight of girl golfers wearing shorts. Some of the men on the trucks yelled, "Yoo-hoo!" When Lear, wearing civilian clothes, remonstrated with them, he was called an "old goat" and told where to go—in barracks language. One private even gave him a Bronx cheer.

Outraged, General Lear ordered penance—a 15-mile hike with full packs in 97-degree heat, and also a motor trek of 285 miles. Several of the men dropped from heat exhaustion and a few wrote to their congressmen. As a result, "yoo-hoo" became the catchword of the nation, and its echoes were heard in the halls of Congress.

The reverberations of the modern war being fought in Europe had not yet reached the tradition-bound U.S. professional. Even Eisenhower—by his own admission—had not foreseen the value of guerrilla warfare, tactics he was later to appreciate keenly before and after D-Day in France. The "fifth column" was a Nazi-perfected innovation for taking over smaller countries with small groups of secret agents strategically placed. But in Louisiana in 1941, the U.S. Army generals barely thought about such unorthodox warfare.

The shocker came in the friendly little city of Monroe. In late September the town was full of visitors—handsome, sun-tanned young fellows who nodded courteously to matrons, smiled at the girls, quietly drank sodas at the drug stores and spoke politely to merchants.

Early one evening, this peaceful picture changed abruptly when 400 of these "tourists" whipped out military caps, cartridge belts and pistols, several of them even producing submachine guns from guitar cases.

Suddenly, the apparently unrelated tourists became a smoothly operating fifth column unit. They overpowered city officials in their homes, took over the waterworks, power plant, telephone and telegraph offices, the newspaper and radio station. While this well-coordinated plan was progressing, an airplane dropped leaflets warning the civilians that an army was marching on the town and that "resistance" would be futile.

While the townspeople were still stunned, wondering if the whole thing was a joke, trucks with screaming sirens entered Monroe, filled with troops throwing smoke bombs and firecrackers. Machine guns were set up at intersections and on rooftops. Mortars and 37mm guns were placed at strategic intersections. An hour later, a special newspaper edition announced the suspension of church meetings, food rationing and the requisitioning of automobiles, gasoline and foodstuffs. Meanwhile, a small band of fifth columnists, young men who had lived in Monroe all their lives, passed out pennants welcoming the invaders. The conquest was climaxed by the appearance of "General Squarehead." Wearing a World War I German helmet and speaking in a guttural voice, he made a victorious entry into town, surrounded by storm troopers.

General Squarehead was really Cadet Ed Glusman of Louisiana State University's Reserve Officers Training Corps. The 800 invaders and 400 fifth columnists, were also LSU students.

The Red and Blue Army sectors were clearly defined on campaign maps. Monroe was deep inside Blue Army territory, so when a G-3 officer handed a dispatch to Colonel Dwight D. Eisenhower, he exploded. "Impossible!" Ike exclaimed, after reading it, "there can't be any 'enemy' troops this far north!" General Krueger's command was thrown into an uproar and units were immediately dispatched to Monroe to recapture the town.

"Who's the damned fool who moved that far into 'enemy' territory?" General Lear shouted when he received word that the Red Army had taken over a town deep inside Blue territory. Staff officers were jarred. They made dozens of calls on the field phones, trying to discover the identity of the unit. "All units are accounted for, sir," an officer reported to General Lear a half-hour later. "It isn't one of ours."

But intelligence was still insisting that the town was under military control, so umpires were sent up to Monroe to find out who was holding the town. A peep with a white flag fluttering from its radio antenna drove to the outskirts of Monroe where two officers carrying white flags began walking into town. The town was silent in the hot September afternoon.

"I wonder if they want us to surrender?" General Squarehead asked one of his aides.

"I dunno," replied one of the storm troopers as he hurriedly leafed through an ROTC manual. "There's nothing in here about how we're supposed to surrender. All it says is that a white flag means truce."

The ROTC "renegades" were perplexed by the official Army envoys, who were merely curious to know which unit was stationed in the town—"so we can keep the record straight," an umpire colonel explained. Then, as he listened to the story of the unauthorized raid, the colonel stared in amazement.

The word was passed back to headquarters of both armies. "College hijinks!" Ike snapped. "Let's get an order out to all ROTC units to get the hell out of this operation. We've got enough college officers lousing things up."

Unappreciated and duly censured, the ROTC cadets pulled out of Monroe after halting the maneuvers for 48 hours. They were just too far ahead of their time.

The maneuvers tried to forge an army too quickly. Afterwards, General McNair made a sobering observation: "Our men have to shoot real ammunition to know that they can score hits," he said. "It's my opinion that if they had ammunition and had the guns they are supposed to have, they could go to war in three or four months."

Pearl Harbor occurred one week after additional maneuvers ended in the Carolinas. In the next few months, National Guard generals and field grade officers were forcibly retired—the majority of them political appointees, who were practically useless as military leaders. The entire Army was shaken up. The soldiers remained, but the officer corps was turned upside down. Old Soldier Lear dropped into virtual obscurity and his staff officers, as one military commentator reported, "were practically carried off in boxcar lots."

There were goofs on both sides in the maneuvers. This was a training ground for the U.S. Army, but for the brass it was a crucible that produced leadership at a time the nation needed it most. ★ THE END

How Lyndon Johnson Won The Silver Star

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building that served as a hotel in Townsville. The three officers had completed their tour of the local base facilities, agreeing unanimously that the only way to "round out their education" was to make a raid against the Japanese air fields on northeast New Guinea.

It was not an easy decision. It is difficult to imagine the terrible conditions under which the crews of the Marauders and the few Mitchells fought the Japanese. Worse than the operating conditions were the survival chances.

These were—bluntly—very poor. The mission scheduled for June 9, was to be against the Japanese fighter airfield at Lae, and that alone promised furious opposition from the Zeros. For the Lae Wing was the most successful of all the Japanese fighter organizations.

Several high-ranking officers flatly advised Johnson not to go on the June 9 strike. They said it was asking to be killed—and no one wanted to be responsible for sending a congressman to his death—especially when MacArthur's headquarters had made every attempt to place VIP status on him.

Lyndon Johnson could understand their fears about his flying against Lae.

The Marauders first took off from Garbutt Field and the outlying bases, laden with fuel and bombs. They landed at Seven-Mile Strip in the Moresby area, where they refueled and sat out the night in order to make their strike early the next morning.

Each mission, then, had to be flown over a distance of 2600 miles (2400 miles over open, shark-infested waters). Of this distance, 1300 miles had to be flown while hauling a full load of bombs—and the short-winged early-model Marauders were hardly ideal for flying on one engine with a heavy load.

Even flying over New Guinea was a treacherous adventure, for the Owen Stanley mountain range rose to 13,000 feet and the passes were rarely below 7000 feet; and thick clouds often covered the range. At Port Moresby itself, conditions were no better than wretched. Only one field was adequate for mounting any bombardment operations—Seven-Mile Strip. There were no decent living quarters, no food but emergency rations, no radar, no air raid sirens—but plenty of malaria.

Several officers pointed out to Johnson that the morning of a raid was the most likely time for the Japanese to bomb Moresby—and that casualties usually ran high even before a mission got started.

But Lyndon Johnson—and the two colonels he had come to know so well in the previous weeks—believed that the only way to learn the facts first hand was to fly the mission scheduled for the morning of June 9.

The operational plan called for two B-17 heavy bombers to take off from Australia and to attack Lae from very high altitude, in an attempt to draw off the Japanese fighters. To add to the effectiveness of the strike, the five B-25 Mitchells would go in first at low altitude, engage whatever Zeros were sent against them and, after bombing Lae, then try to decoy the Zeros out to sea.

The timing had to be precise. As the Japanese fighters swarmed after the Mitchells, 12 Marauders of the 22nd Bomb Group, led by First Lieutenant Walter Krell, would hit the Lae airfield, then run for Port Moresby. The plan called also for 11 Bell B-39 Airacobra fighters to meet the Marauders over the mountains, and escort them home.

On the afternoon of June 8, the 12 Marauders left Australia for Moresby. Johnson, Anderson and Stevens would arrive early the next morning, while the Marauder crews were completing their briefings. But the plan began to fall apart on the morning of June 9, and it kept coming apart.

The three officers left Townsville aboard an old Boeing B-17D called the *Swoose* (remember the hit song—"half-swan, half goose"?). Unfortunately—as one officer aboard the bomber recalled—the navigator of the *Swoose* "sort of lost his bearings and sure as hell got lost for a while." As a result the *Swoose* landed at Moresby almost an hour behind schedule—which irritated the Marauder crews, who were aware of just how vital timing was to the success of their mission.

Johnson, Anderson and Stevens wasted no time in boarding the individual bombers in which they were to fly the mission. Colonel Anderson climbed into the lead airplane flown by Lieutenant Krell. Colonel Stevens joined First Lieutenant Willis G. Bench.

Lyndon Johnson had been assigned to a Martin B-26A Marauder (B-26A-MA, Serial Number 01488) flown by Captain Walter H. Greer. Walt Greer was then 27 years old, and the other men described him as "one of the best pilots who ever handled a bomber."

On the side of the airplane was a drawing of an unusual rabbit, with the title of *Heckling Hare* painted in large letters. Johnson noted also that the airplane carried a second name—*Arkansas Traveler*—on its fuselage. He learned that this B-26 Marauder was the third *Arkansas Traveler* flown by Walt Greer. The first was wiped out in a training accident back in the States before the war. The second bomber had been blown to pieces by the Japanese during a raid against Moresby.

Co-pilot of the *Heckling Hare* was RAAF Flight Sergeant McMullin; bombardier was Sergeant Claude A. McCredie; the radoiman-gunner was Corporal Lillis M. Walker; the navigator, Lieuten-

ant Billy B. Boothe; two enlisted men manned the main guns—an unidentified gunner took the top turret, and Barron was both engineer and tail gunner.

The observers—Johnson, Anderson and Stevens—occupied similar positions aboard their airplanes. Each man was in the radio operator's seat located just beneath the navigation bubble (plexiglas dome), which would allow them to stand and survey what was going on in any direction.

The first airplanes into the air for the combat strike on June 9 were the two B-17 bombers. They took off from Australia, climbing steadily as they headed for the Lae airstrip. While they were en route, the five B-25 Mitchells took off from Three-Mile Strip. Their mission was to go in low and fast and pull the Zero fighters away.

When the Mitchells were in the air, the 12 Marauders of the 22nd Bomb Group roared down the runway of Seven-Mile Strip.

Because of the mission's altered timing (caused by the late arrival of the *Swoose*), the precision of the attacks was lost. The five Mitchell bombers were on a course that would put them over Lae not *after* the two B-17s made their high-altitude runs, but at almost exactly the same time. The Japanese were certain to ignore the high-flying Fortresses and to concentrate on the low-striking bombers—and thus the heavy bombers would not draw away any Japanese fighter strength.

At the Lae airfield itself, a strange set of circumstances affected the outcome of the impending battle. Twenty-five Zero fighters were being maintained on intercepter alert, but the pilots really did not believe an attack would take place that day. There had been no raids for four days, and on the 9th of June, the weather was bad.

Alongside the runway, Hajime Yoshida, a Japanese photographer from the newspaper *Yomiuri*, was busy shooting portraits of the Japanese fighter pilots—including Japan's greatest ace. As the American bombers roared toward Lae, Yoshida was about to take a picture of seven Japanese pilots—including top ace Saburo Sakai.

There had been a sudden break in the clouds, and sunlight streamed down on the airstrip. Eighteen pilots stood by their planes, while Yoshida photographed the remaining seven. He set his camera on a tripod, arranged the pilots for a group portrait, and set the self-timer. Then Yoshida hustled over to stand with the seven pilots before the shutter clicked.

The camera had just snapped when—at exactly 8:40 A.M.—the Japanese Navy gunners manning the anti-aircraft batteries along the strip started shouting: *"Enemy planes! Alert! Alert!"* Buckets, drums and hollow logs were pounded loudly as warning signals, and two buglers blew furiously.

"Because we were taking this particular photograph," Hajime Yoshida explains today, "Sakai and the other pilots in this group were some distance from their fighters. Consequently, they were delayed in the wild scramble, and they took off behind the other fighters. As a result, they were unable to press home their attacks against the American "decoys"—which were being hit hard by the first eighteen Zeros. Ironically, this delay enabled Sakai and his men to be the first pilots to attack the B-26 Marauders!"

In the lead Marauder, Walter Krell stared ahead of him, scanning the skies over New Guinea. "We came over the Owen Stanley Range still in a climbing attitude," Krell explained, "and then we swung off to the right to begin our bomb run." Behind the pilot's compartment, Sam Anderson looked ahead through the plexiglas navigator's dome.

Everyone was trying to look out to sea, where the other U.S. planes were to have drawn away the Japanese fighters. But then Krell gaped in disbelief. There were the B-25s, all right, *but they had made their attack along the wrong course!* Instead of flying *away* from the B-26s, the five Mitchells were flying *toward* the Marauders of the 22nd Bomb Group—bringing a swarm of Zeros with them.

"It was a flying circus," Krell relates. "There must have been twenty or twenty-five enemy planes—the most I had ever seen up to that time on one mission. They were like a cloud of mosquitoes.

"We immediately dropped our bombs to lighten the planes. My radio operator, Sergeant Pat Norton, began to fire his 50-caliber machine gun. I'm sure that we shot down four planes. Our plane was the only one with 50-caliber guns in the waist positions—Norton had salvaged them from a wrecked B-17 . . ."

In the midst of the planes attacking the B-25 Mitchells was a Japanese pilot named Saburo Sakai; he was the pilot closest to the approaching Marauders. Sighting the formation of 12 bombers, he immediately rocked his wings to signal the other pilots (the Japanese flew without radios to keep the Zeros as light as possible), and rushed at the new attackers.

At this moment Sakai saw a single B-26 fall back from the American formation—the Marauder flown by Walt Greer, with Lyndon Johnson as the observer. The curving path taken by the American bomber brought it closer to Sakai, who went at full speed after the B-26. During those few seconds, the *Heckling Hare* was far from the other bombers as it dove for cover.

A large group of Zeros scrambled behind Sakai's fighter as Greer, at 14,000 feet, shoved the Marauder into a frantic dive, seeking the safety of the clouds. But the Japanese raked the B-26 mercilessly. But even as the Marauder ran, its guns sent a Zero whirling out of control. The bomber was still above the clouds when, suddenly, the fighters broke away to attack the main B-26 formation—their task was to protect Lae airbase, not chase single planes. Given a blessed respite, the *Heckling Hare* plunged into the swirling mists.

The Zeros now bore down on the other Marauders. "Sam Anderson would hop up to the step and look out through the navigation bubble," Krell said. " 'Let me look!' he'd yell. And every time he popped up in the bubble we'd be bounced by Zeros and Sam would drop right back to the floor because it seemed like the Zeros were really coming at him with all guns blazing. We were *all* scared."

And that was the worst of it—for Johnson, Anderson and Stevens. It wasn't so bad if you had a gun in your hands or were at the controls; at least you were doing something. But in three planes—the three observers, the lieutenant commander and the two colonels—could only sit still and take it. They couldn't fight back.

Lieutenant John Ewbank led the second group of Marauders. The bomber to his left was flown by Lieutenant Gerald Crosson, who gives yet another view of the battle: "As we were approaching the target, I saw the B-25s coming on with Zeros all over them. We never got to the target because the B-25s, which

had led the Zeros right into our flight path, had already dropped their bombs and alerted the entire area.

"When the Zeros saw us, they dropped the B-25s and really came at us. They picked up our bunch about five miles from the target. My flight, led by Johnny Ewbank, saw all this and we veered away from the action. We passed over Lae and we hit Salamaua a bit further down the coast. . . ."

Crosson didn't know it then—and not until very recently, for that matter—but he, too, had a date with Saburo Sakai. He recalls one Zero fighter in particular that savagely pressed home its attacks against the Marauders, closing to point-blank range.

This particular Zero roared by only two or three feet over Crosson's bomber, then plunged after the Marauder piloted by Willis G. Bench—in which Colonel Stevens was flying as the observer. With the Zero's cannon pouring shells into the Marauder, Crosson saw the fighter over the bomber; then there was a tremendous explosion. Crosson reported later in intelligence debriefing that the Zero had smashed into the tail of Bench's airplane, and that the collision had caused the explosion that destroyed both the bomber and the fighter.

But Crosson was wrong. Of all the Japanese pilots in action this day, only one reported (with confirmation of several other fighter pilots) that he had closed to point-blank range against a Marauder, and that the bomber exploded into wreckage in the air. That pilot was Saburo Sakai. The single terrible blast caused by his cannon shells wiped out the entire crew of Bench's airplane, and claimed also the life of Colonel Stevens. But Sakai's plane was not damaged.

The Number Four Marauder in the lead V, with Lieutenant Colonel Dwight D. Devine II in the cockpit, was badly mauled by several Zeros. Devine and his co-pilot, Powell, dove desperately for the safety of the clouds, when a single Zero broke out of the milling pack and raced after them. Once again, exhaustive screening of all records and pilot reports reveals that the Zero was flown by Saburo Sakai. He closed in against Devine's B-26 and fired with his two cannon until his ammunition was exhausted. Then, still behind the diving bomber, Sakai emptied his two machine guns.

He couldn't believe that the American plane was still flying; in fact, as the Marauder reeled and plunged into the clouds, he believed that it was falling out of control. For several moments, Sakai was correct in his belief, but within the cloud bank, Devine and Powell managed to regain control of the shattered airplane.

Back at Seven-Mile Strip, Brigadier General Martin F. Scanlon had watched the *Heckling Hare* come in for a landing. It was obvious from the way the plane flew, and the rough sound of one engine, that they had had trouble. The slash marks of the bullets and cannon shells attested to the battering the airplane had taken, and Scanlon was delighted to learn that no one aboard the plane—including Lyndon Johnson—had been wounded.

Scanlon and Johnson counted nine more planes coming in to land. They learned from the other pilots that Willis Bench had been lost with all aboard, including Colonel Stevens.

But where was the last bomber—Devine's? Everyone studied the sky as a shattered wreck limped its way toward the runway. The ship was riddled from nose to tail with holes and tears, and the whole belly was torn into twisted metal. Dwight Devine slid down the runway in a perfect crash landing.

The final reckoning of this battle did not take place until very recently, when we were able to match the detailed mission flight logs, the order of battle and the records of individual pilots and other details of the mission.

On June 9, 1942, the Japanese believed—and claimed—that they had shot down four Marauders of the 22nd Bomb Group. We know now that this is not so, that the only loss in the air was the plane flown by Willis Bench. The Marauder flown by Dwight Devine had been accredited to Saburo Sakai as an official kill; the Japanese ace himself did not claim the kill, but the airplane seemed so torn up that the Japanese decided to award him a confirmed victory. Two other Zero pilots claimed definite kills—like so many other pilots, they were obviously premature.

Even more premature were the claims of the Americans. Walter Krell states that his crew shot down at least four Zeros; Sam Anderson believes six fighters were destroyed. Several other gunners claimed kills that day—for a total of nine Zeros shot down by the Marauders. The truth is that the B-26s destroyed only one Japanese plane on this mission, the Zero shot down by Walt Greer's gunners.

Fate works strangely. Exhaustive study of all records makes it clear that Saburo Sakai was the man who led the attack against the *Heckling Hare*, the Marauder in which Lyndon Johnson flew. And it was Sakai who caused the loss of the B-26 in which Colonel Stevens was flying.

This is the same Saburo Sakai who, on December 10, 1941, shot up and set afire a B-17 Flying Fortress flown by a man who soon became known to millions of Americans—Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr.

The strange circle of fate does not end there, however. In the control tower at Clark Field on the day Colin Kelly was shot down by Saburo Sakai was Frank Kurtz. It was Frank Kurtz who looked up and watched the flaming Fortress plunge into the earth in a flaming funeral pyre for Colin Kelly, whose body struck only 200 yards from his bomber.

And it was this same Frank Kurtz who had flown Lyndon B. Johnson, Colonel Anderson and Colonel Stevens in the *Swoose* from Townsville, Australia, to Port Moresby, New Guinea, so that they could make the mission.

Back at MacArthur's headquarters after the raid, the General was visibly disturbed about the mission that Johnson had flown—particularly in view of the death of Colonel Stevens. "You're a naval officer," MacArthur told Johnson, "you didn't have to fly this mission. Nor did Colonel Stevens."

Lyndon Johnson answered, quietly and briefly, that he had no choice but to fly the mission.

Lyndon B. Johnson and Samuel E. Anderson were each awarded the Silver Star medal for their voluntary participation in the mission of June 9, 1942. General MacArthur made a posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross to Lieutenant Colonel Francis R. Stevens.

It wasn't much of a ceremony. As Johnson and Anderson left MacArthur's office, the General remarked that he didn't have any medals available just then—they would be presented later—but that they could pick up their ribbons "in the outer office." End of ceremony.

On June 18, Johnson and Anderson flew an Australian plane to Sydney. Three days later, on June 21, they flew from Australia to Noumea. On June 22, they were at Suva in the Fiji Islands—and Lyndon Johnson took sick.

Doctors quickly diagnosed his illness as pneumonia—contracted during his constant exposure to all kinds of weather and conditions during his weeks of traveling and base inspections.

Sam Anderson left the same day for Pearl Harbor. On his arrival there, Anderson went straight to the office of Admiral Chester Nimitz, explaining that Johnson was too ill to travel.

Medical facilities at Suva were hardly first-rate, and since a doctor's report expressed great concern for Johnson's health, Nimitz ordered a PBY flown at once to Suva with a doctor and a nurse, and with canned juices and emergency foods. After several days of special medical care, Johnson responded sufficiently so that he could be flown to Pearl Harbor for further treatment.

The lieutenant commander resting in the Pearl Harbor hospital was unaware that during his absence, in the spring of 1942, more than 22,000 qualified voters filed his name as a candidate for re-election in the Tenth District of Texas. With the petitions went this notice: "It is the overwhelming sentiment of the voters that Lyndon B. Johnson should again be nominated for Congress."

No one even tried to run against him.

On July 16, 1942, Lyndon Johnson was honorably discharged from the Navy. President Franklin D. Roosevelt had ruled that all members of Congress serving in the armed forces would be of greater value to their country by carrying out their duties as elected representatives of the people. and ordered them back to Washington.

President Roosevelt and Congressman Johnson spent many long hours together, reviewing Johnson's blunt appraisal of conditions in the Southwest Pacific. Later, he made public some of his views:

"We needn't fool ourselves about the invincibility of our pursuit ships," Johnson said. He warned that the Japanese "have a real fighter plane (the Zero) and we have a long way to go before we can rear back and rest on our laurels. So far as our fliers are concerned, I only want to say this: If we get them the goods, they will deliver. Our men are extremely capable. However, we shouldn't overlook the fact that we are sending a great many pilots up now who are less experienced than the Japanese pilots. . . ."

As he spoke, Johnson no doubt recalled the sight of Saburo Sakai's Zero fighter boring in on Walt Greer's B-26. Pilot Sakai came out of the war as Japan's top surviving ace, with 64 kills. He would like to visit the United States and meet, under happier circumstances, the tall Texan he almost shot down over New Guinea 22 years ago. He would also like to renew acquaintance with his former antagonists in the 22nd Bomb Group when they hold their reunion in July this year. The men of the 22nd say they'd be delighted to see him—out of the cockpit of a Zero.

Today, the memory of what happened on June 9, 1942, is still clear in Lyndon Johnson's mind. He remembers it every day as he pins on a tiny replica of his Silver Star ribbon. The President is almost never seen without it.

★ THE END

Have You Had Your Glass Of Sewer Water Today?

continued from page 15

There was a worse case on Long Island, in a housing development, where sixty out of about ninety wells were bad. Portsmouth, Rhode Island, took the prize, though. It had a development in which the water from twenty-four out of twenty-five wells wasn't safe to drink."

RHODE ISLAND: "I'm an oyster fisherman; that is, I used to be. The sewage that they've thrown into the ocean ruined the oyster beds and put me and a lot of other guys out of work."

TEXAS: "You know that song that says 'Remember the Red River Valley'? You can remember it for something else besides a lonesome cowboy. There's so much oil brine and mineral from the banks in the Red River that it can't even be used by industry, let alone be drunk by people. Sure, one town has put in a fancy water-treatment plant, but look what it cost!"

RENSSELAER, NEW YORK: "We had to boil our water because we had a hepatitis scare, thanks to folks upstream who pumped raw sewage into the Hudson."

KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE: "We had a sudden attack of typhoid from bad water. One person died and eighteen more almost did."

NEW MEXICO: "This is atomic territory. They put in a plant to process uranium up in Durango, Colorado, on the Animas River. It wasn't long before the water of the Animas, drinking water for the towns of Aztec and Farmington, showed radioactivity one-half to one and one-half times more than was anywhere near safe. They made the uranium plant put in a water-treatment center, finally. Now the folks in Aztec and Farmington are safe, but the scare hasn't worn off yet."

How serious can water pollution in the U.S. be? Is it just another one of those "menaces" that make scary reading, or is it real? Listen to a prominent water engineer:

"If WP (water pollution) is not checked, it can make the U.S. run out of water in another generation, at about the year two thousand. This country has an average annual rainfall of thirty inches. Most of it vanishes through evaporation and other ways too complicated to explain. That leaves two inches and they yield about six hundred and fifty billion gallons of water a day. That is what we have to work with at the moment.

"These days, we actually need and use about half the water we have. Farmers use one hundred and forty billion gallons a day for irrigation. Industry uses up about one hundred and sixty billion gallons every day. Families, offices, hospitals and the like use about twenty-two billion gallons every day. For example, every time somebody flushes a toilet, there goes five gallons. A load of laundry in a washer uses up maybe seventeen gallons. If you take a short shower, it's thirty gallons but if you soap and sing for a while, sixty gallons are gone. Give or take a bit, we all run through about three hundred and twenty-five billion gallons a day. So right now, there's a good margin of safety in the supply.

"But in terms of water, nineteen eighty is not too far off. The best figures we have show that in nineteen eighty industry alone will need three hundred and fifty billion gallons a day. Farms, homes and offices will use up another three hundred billion. In other words, in nineteen eighty we will need every bit of the daily six hundred and fifty billion gallons that we get from the sky.

"Now let's jump ahead another two decades, to the year two thousand. In that age, we will need about thirteen hundred billion gallons every day, or *twice* what the heavens now provide. What are we going to do about that? Does anyone think the skies can suddenly begin to provide that much, just because we need it?

"I want to frighten people with the figure of thirteen hundred billion gallons a day," the water engineer goes on, "because it reveals the importance of checking and preventing WP. Fundamentally, the figure is not frightening at all, except to the layman. If we keep our water clean, we can use it over and over as it flows from our lakes and rivers to the sea, where we lose it. If we keep our water clean, we can use the basic six hundred and fifty billion gallons a day four, five, six or even ten times, and stretch it easily to far more than the thirteen hundred billions we will need in the year two thousand. But if our water gets polluted the first or the second time around, then it's 'goodnight, Mabel.' Then we will be far short of our need long before the year two thousand rolls around. Do you see now how important it is that we keep our water clean?"

To the many people who *don't* see the importance, a conservation-minded journalist once snorted: "One of the great troubles with our highly mechanized living in the U.S. is that the average citizen's curiosity about water resources ends at the bathroom faucet."

For those whose curiosity has survived, this is what the textbooks tell us . . .

Nature, in her wonderful way, has designed rivers and streams so that they can eliminate normal wastes and impurities that fall into them and thus cleanse themselves. They can do this because flowing water can absorb oxygen from the air: streams take oxygen through ripples and waves, and lakes take it from the winds that whip their surface. Once the oxygen is in the flowing water, it feeds the bacteria, the plants and the fish that need it to sustain life.

Water bacteria—the textbooks explain—fall into two main categories. *Aerobic* bacteria live near the surface and depend on oxygen for their life. *Anaerobic* bacteria live deeper in the waters, can survive without oxygen. So long as not too much waste is thrown into the water, aerobic bacteria destroy their share of it and the anaerobic theirs, and between them the two types of bacteria keep the water clean.

But when too much waste is dumped into water, both kinds of bacteria run wild. The aerobic multiply madly, trying to keep up with their water-cleaning job. Increasing rapidly, they use up the available oxygen and they die. Then, too much waste sinks to the bottom and the anaerobic bacteria multiply frantically, trying to combat the threat. In order to stay alive, the anaerobic bacteria draw what they need from the water, hydrogen and sulfur, and combine these elements into hydrogen sulfide—the gas used in schoolboy stink bombs. The river begins to smell foul and to get dark.

Next, the plants below the surface—

By AL GOVONI

BBC's Tribute to JFK: *That Was The Week That Was.* In a matter of days after the assassination in Dallas, the first of a flood of recorded "tributes" to the late President Kennedy began to pour from the wax works, and the end is not yet in sight. Yet none has—and we doubt that any will—surpass this one which was taped from a live performance on the British Broadcasting Corporation TV program, "That Was The Week That Was," barely 24 hours after the President had been murdered. A videotape was shown on American TV in the following week; it is still being hailed as the finest and most touching tribute paid to JFK during a solid week of round-the-clock programming devoted almost entirely to his memory. It has dignity, taste and sensitivity to the tragedy of the event, yet it remains singularly free of any taint of the maudlin. It is all the more remarkable for the fact that so fine an effort was written and produced not only so rapidly, but by Englishmen whose keen perception of our—and the world's—loss makes this a tribute not only to Kennedy, but to America as well. Decca.

The Victors: The original sound-track recording of the score of Carl Foreman's first picture since "Guns of Navarone" proves again that the best music being written today is being done for the movies. Composer Sol Kaplan has caught the flavor of music popular during the World War II era, yet he manages to inject into it a variety of moods to match the action on screen—drama, excitement, sadness, humor and tragedy. Additionally, he has produced a wistfully haunting love theme, "My Special Dream," which cannot miss an important, timeless future in the catalogue of romantic music. Colpix.

Jazz et Jazz: It is frankly stated in the program notes that this is a series of jazz experiments, and it's a remarkable session indeed. The conductor is noted French composer-critic Andre Hodeir, who also wrote everything heard here, much of it as background music for a number of French films. Some of it, to quote the notes, "belongs to that genre of recent musical experiments known as 'musique concrete' in which instrumental sounds are recorded on tape and then by means of electronic manipulation, subjected to all kinds of sonic transformations and modifications." We hasten to add, however, that these are not merely a collection of weird sounds; they are, on the contrary, cohesively and melodically welded into a jazz entity which is fascinating. Best track is "Jazz Cantata." Included in the brilliant personnel are Kenny Clark, Raymond Guillot, Roger Guerin, Nat Peck and Martial Solal. Philips label.

Bill Evans, *His Piano & Orchestra Play Theme from "The V.I.P.s" and other Great Songs.* Ain't that a hell of a title for what is really a pretty good jazz LP? So forget the title and listen to the music, because Bill Evans is a solid keyboard man who, with a big clutch of fine sidemen behind him, turns out a bull's-eye session devoted mostly to "score" music. Scores from movies—foreign and domestic; scores from some of the better television series, and some original tunes loosely described in the liner notes as "themes." About the only reason we can think of for billboarding "The V.I.P.s" theme in the title is to plug the movie, for of all the tracks on this wax, this one struck us as the least impressive; it is Miklos Rozsa, but not at his talented best. Much more impressive, you're bound to agree, are Lyn Murray's theme from "Mr. Novak," "Walk on the Wild Side," "More," and "The Man With the Golden Arm." MGM.

Gerry Mulligan/Chet Baker: *Timeless.* Pacific Jazz has unearthed a set of great waxings by the memorable Mulligan Quartet of 1952-53. In the opinion of many of the faithful, none of Gerry's aggregations since then have come close to the quality of that combo. Mulligan's baritone and Baker's brilliant trumpet complemented each other like hog jowls and blackeyed peas. Bob Whitlock was on bass and Chico Hamilton on drums. That is the roster on six of these tracks, which include "Walkin' Shoes," "Love Me or Leave me," "My Funny Valentine" and "Freeway." The other six tracks have an assortment of subs for most of the foregoing, although Baker is heard on all. Every groove is solid, but we think you'll agree that Side One is the big noise on this record.

the algae—die from lack of sunlight. After that, fish die from lack of algae to eat and oxygen to breathe. Bass, bluegills and trout vanish first, because they need the most oxygen. Carp are hardier fish, and that's why many half-polluted waters become "carp streams." Finally, of course, all life in the river dies.

Every year, millions of tons of topsoil wash into our waters because of improper soil conservation practices. Since the topsoil has organic matter in it, the water bacteria try to break it down. As the bacteria get overworked and multiply to excess, silt settles on the leaves of water plants, so that they cannot absorb the sunlight they need. It also smothers the spawning beds of fish and keeps fish eggs from hatching.

Some years ago, the former Surgeon General of the U.S., Thomas Parran, raged about the effect of sewage: "The organic pollution alone in our water is the equivalent of eight million dead and disemboweled mules dumped into our waterways each year!" Sewage carries typhoid, diarrhea, dysentery, enteritis and polio. The poisons in sewage-infested water include the coliform bacteria that spread several gastro-intestinal ailments. These coliform bacteria can survive the water-purifying process because they are carried through it in the bodies of microscopic worms called nematodes. Nematodes have been found in at least 13 U.S. rivers, and actually breed in sewage-treatment plants! What this sort of pollution does to drinking water has been neatly capsuled in the repugnant phrase: "Had your glass of sewer water today?"

What's the answer to water pollution?

"The first answer is just plain civic responsibility," says an official of the U.S. Public Health Service. "Our citizens must understand that they have a duty to pass on the water they have used as clean as they got it. Too many towns think that their sewage is somebody else's problem, somebody downstream. Several Iowa cities put their sewage into the Missouri River, and a lot of it went as far downstream as Omaha, Nebraska. Even after Omaha built one of the finest water-treatment plants in the world and began spending thirty-six thousand dollars a year for chlorine alone, its drinking water still tasted like hell-fire."

"After a sense of responsibility," says the same official, "comes scientific knowledge. The American people must learn that cheap sewage-treatment equipment doesn't do the job. Many towns with people of good will try to get by with what we call 'primary treatment' screens. These just break up the solid sewage and then people trust that bacteria will somehow do the rest of the job. But anyone who takes the trouble to study the problem a little more will discover that to be really safe, his town must provide for 'secondary treatment,' too. In this, the sewage is filtered through crushed rock, bacteria are scientifically added to it and all of it is aerated. That way, any town can eliminate at least ninety-five percent of the solids and poisons that it would otherwise add to water—and that's not a bad record."

The statisticians of the U.S. Public Health Service offer figures to show how important efficient sewage disposal can be:

- 100 million people in America get their water from streams and 105 million people have sewers. That means water intakes and sewage outlets are located pretty close together, and sew-

age treatment becomes vital.

- 20 million people live in towns that do not treat their sewage and 2900 brand-new sewage works are needed to remedy this.
- Three million people are served by obsolete sewage-treatment plants and 1100 such plants must be modernized.
- 25 million people live in towns whose sewage-treatment plants are inadequate and 1630 such plants must be enlarged.

How much sewage is improperly treated? Half of it.

What will it cost to change this picture? At least $5 *billion* by 1965.

If this is the "big picture" there are also some interesting—if irritating—sidelights that are particularly connected with modern living. These are boat pollution and detergents.

The story is not unique. In 1940, there were two million pleasure boats in the U.S. Now there are more than eight million. As the number of boats grew, the damage done to lakes, rivers and oceanfronts from inadequate boat toilets became positively disgraceful. New Hampshire took the first remedial step in 1958, when it ordered that each boat toilet had to be approved by the State Public Utilities Commission. It set a penalty of $500 and a year in jail, or both, for any owner whose boat discharged raw sewage. Many states have since followed New Hampshire's example. Under the pressure of public authorities, boat toilet manufacturers have designed chemical grinders and chlorinators that render the sewage harmless. These cost $190 to $300; for about $300, there is a no-water, no-chemical gadget that burns the sewage on board with bottled gas.

Household detergents, too, have a way of kicking back on their users. "I used detergents like everybody else," an Oregon housewife declared, "until I began to get crazy, foaming water from my tap. Somebody told me it was from detergents getting into the reservoirs. Then somebody else told me the chemicals in the detergents can be toxic when they get into drinking water. If that's so, are detergents toxic in my dishwasher or in my washing machine? I wish somebody would tell me. All I know now is that I'm worried about them."

Many people consider detergents a source of water pollution as well, but the experts don't agree. One anti-detergent chemist says: "They cause water to foam at the tap. You can treat soap in water-treatment plants, but detergents—which have a petrochemical base—are much harder to handle. The phosphates in detergents escape treatment and make the algae in drinking water grow too fast. Other chemicals in detergents pass through the treatment plants and when they become a part of drinking water they build up low concentrations of poisons in the human body."

To these charges, a pro-detergent chemist retorts: "Nonsense! Any foaming at the tap is caused by too much aeration at the aeration plant. It has nothing to do with detergents in the water. As for the poisons detergents are supposed to deposit, the solution is the same as for other sewage products. Hold the waste at the treatment plant long enough, use the right materials to treat it and you will eliminate the problem."

No matter how this argument ends, friends and foes of detergents agree that the constant invention of new chemicals puts a heavy burden on the authorities charged with water purification, since these authorities must test each new substance for potential danger and their numbers are too small to do the job. Therefore it behooves the manufacturers to do a reasonable amount of self-policing. This has led to the suggestion that detergent manufacturers stop using the hard-to-treat petrochemicals and make detergents from sucrose, which can be readily broken down by the microorganisms normally present in sewage-disposal plants. For several years English detergent manufacturers have been making a low-sudsing product and these are now making an appearance on the American market.

Industrial pollution is the third major source of water pollution and takes an infinite variety of forms. Let's just list a few, to suggest the range.

More than 7000 new chemicals appear on the market each year. How can water treatment experts cope with all these potential new menaces when they are doubtful about their ability to handle just detergents?

Before it was cleaned up in a masterly example of conservation practice, the Schuylkill River in Pennsylvania was called "too thick to navigate and too thin to cultivate," a local comment referring to the river's heavy coal dust that blackened the water. Besides, coal mines have drained millions of tons of sulfuric acid and iron pyrites into Pennsylvania rivers each year.

The scum of oil wastes and tars has coated streams near the western oilfields and smothered all water life in many areas. The oil industry has, however, embarked on a massive anti-pollution campaign.

Steel plants release toxic phenol during the coke-quenching process, flue dust from the top of blast furnaces, mill

scale (flakes of iron oxide scraped off steel before it is rolled) and "pickle liquor" (the sulfuric acid that is used in removing the remaining iron oxide).

Dairy plants, meat packing plants and canneries all release animal and vegetable wastes that bountifully feed water bacteria, make them multiply too fast and thus exhaust the oxygen in the streams.

Pulp mills discharge toxic wash water and the very fine fiber waste they release can clog the gills of fish and asphyxiate them.

Herbicides and pesticides are real menaces to water. Over 60 million pounds of pesticides alone are used each year. As they run off crops during rains, water becomes polluted. "The chemicals in pesticides can travel a thousand miles in water without losing their strength," says one expert. Another expert noted: "One part per million of a strong commercial insectide can kill fish and make drinking water unpalatable." Thus, vital as they are to crops, agricultural chemicals are big killers of fish and serious threats to human life when they enter water.

According to the U.S. Public Health Service, water pollution currently costs the nation more than $1 *billion* a year. This whopping sum includes the costs of water treatment and the losses in real estate value due to polluted water. But it does not include the heavy costs of illnesses incurred from contamination, nor the killing of some 15 million fish a year (more than the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service annually stocks in the nation's streams), nor the loss to recreation-seekers when lakefronts and shorefronts must be closed. The $1 billion does not reflect the threat of water pollution to the nation's future water supply, nor does it indicate the great esthetic setback we suffered when we lost the delights of taste and aroma of cool, clear water.

Strides have been made in what is almost always a problem much harder to correct than detect. The Ohio River Valley Water Sanitation Commission——ORSANCO—has gone a long way since its inception in 1948 to cleaning up the 981-mile waterway stretching from Pittsburgh to the Mississippi. Industry learned good water habits when pressure brought by citizen groups made voluntary action seem far preferable to legislative action. Figures tell the story of improvement. Almost 1000 of the 1500-plus plants located in the Ohio's drainage area make completely satisfactory disposal of their wastes and 250 more at least meet ORSANCO's minimum standards. Eighty percent of the sewage in the area is properly treated. And the Ohio River Valley is more attractive and more pleasant to live in.

Elsewhere in the U.S., industry has also made a beginning. At Bound Brook, New Jersey, the American Cyanamid Corporation installed a plant which can treat 17 million gallons of waste water a day. The Bethlehem Steel plant at Sparrows Point, Maryland, was built with a $2 million installation for cleaning its water wastes. Industry has considerable interest in keeping U.S. water clean: by 1975 it will be using two-thirds of the available supply.

The federal government has increasingly addressed itself to the war against water pollution. A 1956 Congressional bill appropriated $50 million a year to help the municipalities build sewage plants. The federal "seed money" stimulated $1.5 billion worth of new sewage-plant construction in the years 1956-1960, increasing such construction by 64 percent.

In 1961, a new Congressional bill appropriated $150 million a year for the same purpose, and sewage-plant construction increased even faster. The new law also permits the federal government to combat pollution on any navigable river, not just on interstate waters.

While the battle against water pollution is gaining momentum, it is not won. Industry and the federal government cannot do the job alone. What is still needed is the dedication of the citizens everywhere.

"If people ever understand the issue and get excited about it," says a water conservation specialist, "they will exert the necessary pressure on private and commercial offenders and vote the funds to combat pollution. Such enlightened civic action will have its reward in the health of our people, in the beauty of our natural surroundings and in sufficient pure water for the growth of our economy and our nation." ★ THE END

Jack Ruby's Marvelous Mouthpiece continued from page 57

Penney. The anglers had brought along all sorts of expensive fishing tackle, but mainly they clubbed the trout unconscious with empty Jim Beam bottles. When they finally tried to board the plane to return—bearded, red-eyed and reeking of fish oil and bourbon—the stewardess insisted they sit in the check room. So the boys cut open some pillows and stuffed the feathers in the ventilating system. It was, literally, a case of the feathers hitting the fan, and when Belli and Brumfield left the plane, the pilot threatened to sue for damage. Belli—his head miraculously cleared by the word "sue"—wondered aloud whether the airline had a legal permit to seat passengers in the checkroom. That ended that.

I can go on like this. And I shall. In Mel Belli's lofty Telegraph Hill apartment there is a huge refrigerator. It is bricked on three sides, because the sight of those glaring white surfaces esthetically offends Belli. Inscribed in Latin on the bathroom floor—in front of the toilet—is the Latin legal expression: *Res ipsa loquitur*: The thing speaks for itself. The same bathroom has a steamroom where the inscription reads: *"Cave volcanus"*: Beware the god of fire. Belli also has a steamroom in his Montgomery Street office, which occupies space in one of two buildings he bought and refinished a few years ago—for a half-million dollars. The party to celebrate the opening of these new offices, in January, 1960, was attended by 1800 persons, including Beverly Aadland, Erskine Caldwell, Harry Bridges, and the street cleaner. The attorney had not as yet decided how to decorate the tile walls of the office steamroom.

"What I'd really like," he mused, "is a mosaic on one wall depicting a huge, naked buttock of an insurance adjustor, with a sign reading: 'Holy Grail Insurance Company.' On the other wall, a mosaic of myself, dressed as Robin Hood, firing an arrow straight at that butt."

If you gather that Mel Belli entertains some antipathy toward insurance companies, you are correct. Although Mel Belli has handled his share of crimi-

nal cases—such as the Ruby trial—he is primarily a damage-suit lawyer, representing plaintiffs who invariably are seeking money judgments in civil court suits against insurance companies. Belli's success in such action has led to his title as America's King of Torts. A tort—for those who have thus far been fortunate to avoid them—is a damage, an offense, for which civil action can be taken. You suffer a tort when you are damaged by a car, or by a brick, or by a slanderous accusation, or by the sight of a dead mouse in your bottle of soda pop. If you can prove that the damage you suffered was entirely somebody or something's fault—that it resulted from his or its negligence—you are entitled to collect money. For nearly 30 years now, Mel Belli has been winning substantial monetary awards on behalf of his clients from seething insurance companies. Although one night, while tipsy, Belli urinated in the doorway of an insurance company, he claims this does not completely sum up his attitude toward insurance companies—which are his golden eggs. "Every morning that I arise I put out my prayer rug and genuflect toward the east," he says, "depending on where I am and in which direction is Lloyd's of London."

Still, Belli really does not like insurance companies. He insists they spend their waking hours "dreaming up ways to short-change cripples." To explain why, he quotes a client who explained why he had asked Belli to represent him:

"When I was injured, the insurance adjustor came out to the house and said: 'I suppose you're going to get a lawyer, and I suppose you're going to get that son of a bitch Belli. Let me give you just one word of advice. Go to anybody but him.' "

The client immediately called Belli. "If you're his son of a bitch, then you're my lawyer."

Mel Belli does not restrict his hostility to insurance men. "God, how I despise the phony nobility of the professional man," he once said to this writer. "Worst of all is the doctor. It's a good thing the gap between the professional man and the bricklayer is decreasing, salarywise. Unfortunately, instead of the professional man starting to take on the healthy, common sense of the bricklayer, the bricklayer is becoming more like the professional man. The gobbledygook jargon of an itemized bill from a plumber, for instance, is exactly the same sort of nonsense you get from a doctor or a lawyer. And speaking of lawyers, I just received a bill from an English lawyer of whom I had asked some precedents, and at the end of the lengthy bill was the item: 'Thirteen shillings for perusing this bill.' "

And bankers! Whenever Mel Belli hears a bank clock chime away an hour, he will stop what he is doing and nod his head, eyes far distant. To Belli it is not simply 2 o'clock. "Listen," he will say. "Another Midwestern farmer with six children and a tubercular wife has just had his farm foreclosed, his mortgage called in. A banker is receiving the tidings of foreclosure with joy in his heart, and is sending the message by those chimes to every other banker in America, to let them know of the latest success. Bankers in Turkish baths, bankers at the Yale Club, bankers in penthouse apartments with their mistresses will all celebrate the occasion by marching straight to their banks and kicking all their employees in the balls."

When a friend of Belli's, Joe H. Tonahill, became a bank president in Jasper, Texas, Belli sent him what he calls his bank president's kit—steel file, bottles of ink eradicator, six sticks of dynamite, sandpaper to erase fingerprints, and airline schedules to countries with which we have no extradition treaty.

All this is Mel Belli and the circus master in him was inevitable.

Melvin Mouron Belli was born in the gold town of Sonora, California, on July 29, 1907. "I am a Leo," he says. "A Leo is wild, enthusiastic, violent. Like Mussolini."

Perhaps the single most influential figure in his life was Belli's father, Caesar Belli. There was a name—and a man—Caesar and War in one package! He was the handsomest man in all of Tuolomne County, so everybody said. He liked the fine things in life. Caesar Belli always owned the latest, most expensive automobile. He was the first man to drive a car over the 9000-foot-high Sonora Pass, into the Sierras, and for some obscure reason received a traffic ticket for the feat—perhaps because there was no road. He smoked long, slender, expensive cigars. He was a banker—not the foreclosure type—who not infrequently could be found across the street during banking hours, leaning against the mahogany bar of A. E. Elsbree's saloon on Washington Street. Today, that same mahogany bar is in Mel Belli's office. When Caesar Belli went hunting or fishing, he always packed the best liquor. "There is a tale, purely apocryphal," says Mel Belli, "that once when Dad opened his camping pack and discovered he'd put in Panther Sweat instead of Mumm's, he went straight back home, fifteen miles. It is not true. There were two swallows that night. First, his pride. Then, the cheap booze."

Caesar Belli got bored with banking and became a grape rancher. One year when he had the best crop of his life, he put $3 million worth of grapes on freight cars and shipped it all back east where he gambled the grapes would arrive in good shape at a supply-short market. A series of wildcat strikes developed along the railroad, and Caesar Belli's three million dollars burst in the hot sun and rotted away.

Caesar Belli—dead broke—hopped into his new Packard roadster and was

gone for a week. Mel Belli knew when his father had returned. "There was the sound of that Packard roaring up the driveway and into the open garage," he says, "and then the splintering crash as it went right on out the other end. I ran to the window just in time to see the old man climb out of the car, kick a tire or two, shrug his shoulders and march straight in for the cupboard where he secretly kept his liquor. I never saw such aplomb!"

That was Caesar Belli. A man who winked at life, and at other women.

The boy's mother was Leonie Mouron Belli, a socially conscious beauty who had crab meat shipped in from New Orleans, watered down the liquor Caesar Belli tried to hide so cleverly and bore her husband's winking in bitter silence. In this simmering hostility, the boy grew up.

An only child, he was fussed over. "They dressed me like Lord Fauntleroy, down to the glass jock strap. Maybe that's why today I wear such flashy clothes." When Mel Belli appeared in Dallas, prior to the trial of Jack Ruby, he wore cowboy boots and a coat with a Persian lamb collar.

Mel Belli, the boy, was not permitted to get dirty. Dirt infuriated his mother. So the boy rebelled by playing in the musty, dusty cobwebbed basement of his grandmother's drugstore on Washington Street, where Anna Mouron, first woman pharmacist in California, kept a skeleton's head. Belli loved to handle the old skull. Soon he knew as well as any medical student exactly how a man's jaw worked, and what made up the marvelous labyrinth of a cheekbone.

Belli was not an outstanding scholar. He found school oppressive. Of a Sonora grade school, he says: "If you ever came up with a question, or with an answer that wasn't in the book, they'd throw you in Cell Block Ninety-nine."

But he found in himself a natural talent for oratory and debating. The first time he faced an audience, in his sophomore year at high school—so he told writer Robert Wallace—he felt giddy with a sheer sensual joy. "It was like swimming in a pool of warm oil."

Orator Belli was chosen to deliver the valedictory at his high school graduation. Instead—with his folks in San Francisco, enjoying a brief vacation—the boy invited several friends to the house and cracked open Caesar Belli's private stock. He got drunk, missed graduation, and was refused his diploma until Caesar Belli and a friend of the family—a retired judge—threatened to sue the principal, in Mel Belli's name, for the sheepskin. Belli got his diploma, and eventually found himself studying law at Berkeley.

The rebel had been moulded. People call Belli a screwball. It is a word he uses of himself. Errol Flynn—with whom Belli buddied considerably before the actor's death a few years ago—shaded the word slightly. He called Belli "*un peu spécial.*" A little special. And where did Flynn call Belli this? In a foreword to a book by Belli and attorney Danny R. Jones, titled: *Belli Looks at Life and Law in Japan.*

At law school, Belli would enter into wagers as to how many flies or beetles he would swallow whole. One night his fraternity brothers at Delta Tau Delta bet he wouldn't run around the block naked. A substantial pot was put up. Unknown to Belli, the fraternity boys had not only tipped off all the sorority girls in the area who were, at the moment, sitting in parked cars, fingers on headlight switches, awaiting Belli's entrance, but also, through an anonymous call, had alerted the police. Belli tiptoed down the stairs to the street—more than *un peu naturel*—and began running. Instantly the street was flooded with light and the tittering of females. Two prowl cars picked up the trail.

"All I know," Belli says today, "is I broke the world's record for the four-forty." He won his bet, and escaped the police.

In 1933 Mel Belli became a lawyer. He got a few jobs with law firms, at depression wages, and eventually rented a tiny office of his own with an orange crate for a desk. He had almost no cases, and when he had cases his clients had no money, so he decided one day that as long as he was broke and getting nowhere, he might as well go broke making a name for himself. He trotted over to San Quentin, and made friends with the inmates of Death Row. Soon Belli was handling the desperate last-chance cases of killers, rapists and kidnappers, all seeking pardons, reprieves, new trials or at least the governor's ear. The very first condemned man Belli represented turned out to be an English subject, and Belli found it necessary and expedient to place a phone call to Anthony Eden, on behalf of his client. The client was hanged, but Belli was in the papers. He's seldom been out of them since.

Unlike most much-heralded lawyers, Mel Belli will admit to losing cases. In an early criminal case, back in 1934, two of his clients were hanged. A few days later, another client was hanged. At a luncheon a short while later, the victorious prosecutor introduced Belli jokingly as "the young lawyer who lost half his clients the other day when the trapdoor was sprung at San Quentin."

Belli corrected the prosecutor gently: "Not half my clients. All of them." The prosecutor, incidentally, was Earl Warren.

Those old hangings haunt Belli even today. He has two recurring dreams; nightmares, actually. In one, he is a condemned man on Death Row, waiting for his executioners. He is wakened at dawn. He walks between his keepers, a priest murmuring at his side. The rope is fitted about his neck. A blindfold is slipped over his eyes. In silence, he stands on the trapdoor, and waits. . . . Then he wakes screaming, seconds before the door falls from beneath his feet and plunges him into hell, strangled.

In the second dream he is called before a judge, told that his license is being revoked, that he cannot practice law. He is disbarred. This, too, wakes him with a scream, and Belli—a realist—says it is the worse dream of the two.

Still, he remains a rebel, a man dedicated to the removal of Rust on the Bar. He takes the cases other lawyers avoid, and today clients seek Belli not only because they believe he will give them a good day in court, but because he will give them any sort of day at all. Nobody else will. Belli has, for instance, handled the case of a man who, lacking a handkerchief, leaned over the curb and hand-blew his nose. Along came a car and broke his jaw. In California, as in most states, if a plaintiff is in any degree negligent, he has no case. Belli had to prove his client was not negligent when he leaned into the street. He won. And so it goes. Belli himself went to court and sued the San Francisco Giants because the Giant management had promised to put in radiant heating beneath the seats at Candlestick Park. Belli bought a season's box and froze his tootsies. He sued, collected $1597 from the Giants, used the money to plant poplars and daisies on Montgomery Street, outside his office.

He remains—always—*un peu spécial*, this despite the special restraints of his lovely wife, Joy. One night a few years back—it must have been 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning—my phone rang, and when I answered it, there was a grinding, crackling noise, no more jarring at that hour than a woodpecker on the bedpost.

But the voice was gentle, as always. A doctor once called Mel Belli's voice "as melodic and compelling as the singing voice of the immortal Caruso."

Belli said: "Come on up. Errol Flynn is here. He's throwing oyster shells in the garbage disposal. They make the *damnedest* noise." To this day I am mildly disappointed with myself. I didn't dress, and fly or drive or team-walk the 500 miles to San Francisco. Instead, I went back to bed.

Still, I have seen Mel Belli, in court and out, and I was there along with Beverly Aadland, Harry Bridges, Erskine Caldwell, and the streetcleaner, when he opened his new offices in January of 1960. It is a splendiferous place, from crystal chandeliers to the steam-room in the basement. There are dark-stained Douglas fir floors, charcoal window shutters, red damask wallpaper, a velvet windowseat, and fire-black brick walls (the building survived the 1906 earthquake and fire) plus an open courtyard with a fountain and a pool of goldfish, a 12-point stag mounted over a filing cabinet, a black wrought-iron gate at the entryway, brought in from New Orleans; and outside in the damp San Francisco breeze, a black-and-gold shingle that reads: "Melvin M. Belli, Lawyer."

It was all oddly familiar, but it wasn't until elderly Dave Snodgrass, dean of Hastings Law School, was invited to visit the upstairs offices by a half-clad dancing girl, hired for the opening festivities, that it became clear as to what it all reminded us of. Dean Snodgrass eyed the dancing girl, the velvet and damask and the closed upstairs rooms, and he said: "I'll just have a glass of champagne. I'm too old for that upstairs stuff."

The dean had his point. On one wall across from some shelves of medical books, are the tusks of a female walrus. Nearby stands a slender ivory-appearing affair, about the length and dimension of Willie Mays's baseball bat. It is the male organ of a walrus.

Still, it was an orderly celebration. The morning of the opening, Mel Belli appeared on a radio show, and the interviewer asked about the mahogany bar that had been trundled down from the Mother Lode country.

"It is a purely literary and non-functional bar," Mel Belli said easily. "I am on the wagon."

He was, indeed, on the wagon. It was 9:15 A.M., and Belli hadn't had a drink since the night before, nor would he have another for two or three hours.

But even then—even as the 3500 Pisco punches were being consumed—Mel Belli took time to round up his partners Lou Ashe and Richard Gerry and the dozen or so junior partners, clerks, investigators, secretaries and all, for a business meeting in the basement library. Mel Belli—who says his hobby is work, and I have never seen a man work longer hours—ran through the

firm's pending cases, and then returned to the spirit of the day's events. He wanted to know what had been done about his request for a totally black tomcat for the office.

"It's got to be black," he said. "A big black tomcat, with big knockers that sway back and forth. There's nothing in God's world that's prettier to me than a big black tomcat with big knockers walking up red velvet stairs."

The meeting adjourned, and a week later Mel Belli was in Maine, beating in the brains of an insurance company, winning $155,000 for two injured Chinese-Americans—$55,000 more than had ever been paid out in a personal injury case in Maine.

It does not pay to confuse the two Mel Bellis. ★ THE END

Best Small Car Money Can Buy continued from page 43

half of a really bright idea.

If you owned a car around the turn of the century, and if you weren't too old, you competed with it. Porsche was a superior driver, and in September, 1900, he set a new record in a hill-climb competition near Vienna. It was right after this run, or, very possibly, during it, that the second half of his bright idea occurred to him: instead of using batteries, why not use a generator to supply the power? He put one in and called the result—which ran on gasoline—"Mixed Drive." It's a system still in use all over the world: Trains using it run tens of thousands of miles every day. It was a basic, ingenious and most useful idea—and it established Porsche as a figure of consequence in the new automobile age.

Ten years after his triumph at the Paris Exposition, Porsche went to the Austrian Daimler company, later named Austro-Daimler. A car he made for Austro-Daimler was one of his few failures: it was a 30-horsepower touring car named after one of the daughters of a wealthy financier, Emile Jellinek. Jellinek had money invested in both the Austrian and German Daimler companies, so a car was named for each of his daughters, Maja and Mercedes. The Germany company's Mercedes became world-famous—the firm today is now Mercedes-Benz; poor Maja's car never caught on at all.

To the end of his life, Porsche would rather design a race-car than eat. In 1907 he got an amazing 77 miles an hour out of a mixed-drive Austro-Daimler. It had water-cooled brakes, a device believed by many to be a daring innovation when it was tried by Briggs Cunningham in the late 1950s. (They didn't work well for Cunningham; they hadn't for Porsche, either.)

In 1910 he came up with the still-famous "Prince Henry" Austro-Daimler. Named after the Prince Henry "tours," or trials, and no wonder. Carrying a full four-passenger body, it would do better than 80 miles an hour, and handle in such a superior fashion that it won first, second and third places in the 1910 Prince Henry competition. Porsche himself drove the winning car, and the Austro-Daimlers conceived on his drawing-board took home nine of the 12 trophies offered that year.

In 1907 Austro-Daimler began to build engines for airships—unlikely looking devices held aloft by gas balloons, the predecessors of dirigibles. Later, airplane engines were manufactured, and one that Porsche designed in 1912 was a "flat" four-cylinder air-cooled type which clearly shows the origins of the Volkswagen. By 1918, the end of World War I, Porsche was making aircraft engines that were rated at 300 horsepower, and one of them had three machine guns built into it.

But Porsche's real triumphs during World War I were his mixed-drive "trains." He put a big gasoline driven generator in a tractor-truck and led the electricity by cable to as many as ten trailer-trucks that had hub-motors in their wheels. These vehicles could go almost anywhere. They could cross shaky bridges, for example, one at a time: The truck crossed first, then the crew ran a long cable back across the bridge and the trailers came over one by one. This principle is still in use. A Porsche train moved one of the biggest guns used in World War I, a Skoda mortar that weighed 26 tons *without* its carriage. Porsche made this weapon mobile by using six 150-horsepower tractors, each pulling a trailer. Each trailer had eight wheels, and all 48 wheels had driving hub-motors.

Porsche seems to have viewed both great wars primarily as interruptions of his really important work. He was certainly profoundly disinterested in politics, and that was only one of a long list of subjects, phenomena, pursuits and occupations for which he felt no interest. He read almost nothing of a non-technical nature. Music moved him very little and the stage bored him, but he did enjoy sailing and he liked to go hunting—but he wouldn't kill anything. When Porsche found a film he liked he went to see it again and again.

After the armistice which ended World War I, his path and Austro-Daimler's began to diverge. Two of his basic views irritated the Daimler management: 1) Porsche thought that racing was important; 2) he believed that constant experimentation was necessary. An Austro-Daimler "Sascha" model won the 1922 Targa Florio, but the board of directors was not ecstatic. Porsche's habit of interrupting production to make detail changes was so notorious that a gag about it circulated in the Austrian auto industry: A man bought an Austro-Daimler in the spring, and when he returned in the autumn to buy a spare part he was told there was nothing in stock for such an old crock, that four new models had followed his purchase. Friction increased until in 1923 Porsche, by then managing director of the company, worked himself into a towering rage and quit to go to the German Daimler company.

The Germans thoroughly understood racing and its marks-and-pfennigs publicity value as an effective substitute for expensive advertising. Ferdinand Porsche stayed five years and a bit at Daimler-Benz, where he created a series of automobiles that will be talked about as long as man moves on wheels: the S, SS, SSK and SSKL sports-racing machines.

Besides automobiles Porsche designed trucks, tractors and several other items. His first car was something probably best called the K-wagen, although purists would like it to be called the 33/140 or 33/180 or the 24/100/140—the terms referring to the horsepower it did or did not produce. Porsche redesigned the car, giving it more power and almost adequate brakes. He called it the 36/220, or

model S. This was the first of a line of long-bonnet, outside-pipe, supercharged Mercedes-Benz cars, dashing in appearance and startling in performance—and a big hit with the blades of the day.

In 1929 the S became the SS, for Super Sport, producing 170 horsepower normally, or 225 during the 20 seconds the instruction book said it was safe to leave the blower hooked up. The idea was to get the thing going with the supercharger and then maintain speed with the engine breathing normally. For technical reasons too complicated to explain here, this optional supercharger produced a high-level scream which had considerable effect upon pedestrians and equestrians. The SS, although it was a passenger car like the others, won many races, and the SSK, which followed it (*Kurz* for short —it was eight inches shorter) was really formidable. A further modification of the SSK, the SSKL (the L is for *Leicht*, light), was turned out after Porsche had left Daimler-Benz. It would do 156 miles an hour, a fantastic speed for the day, and could beat *grand prix* race cars. All the S-series cars were sound, reliable, unfussy automobiles, and many of them are still running fast today.

After six years with Daimler-Benz, Porsche returned to Austria, to Steyr, but the new situation immediately soured: Steyr was taken over by Austro-Daimler and he was thus delivered into the hands of his enemies. He quit and never worked for anyone else again.

Instead he set up a design office of his own in Stuttgart with a partner, Alfred Rosenberger, and some old associates such as engineer Karl Rabe. Business was good from the outset, the first job being a two-liter car for the Wanderer company. Porsche's biographer, Richard von Frankenberg, says that the Wanderer was given the job number 7 to conceal the fact that it was really number 1. Such devices soon were unnecessary. Porsche's formidable reputation attracted considerable business. In 1932, he was invited to Russia and offered an impressive array of privileges and prerogatives: overlordship of Russian motor vehicle production, *carte blanche* to experiment as he pleased, a blank check for research. But there was one condition: He could not leave Russia. Except for that, he might have taken the position.

Porsche signed the Volkswagen-design contract on June 22, 1934. The first VWs were built in the garage of his villa in Stuttgart. In 1937, a run of 30 were built by Daimler-Benz and driven two million miles on test by Nazi SS men chosen at random. The cornerstone for the Wolfsburg plant, where the VW is still made, was laid on May 26, 1938 and Adolf Hitler, who was on hand, said he wanted the car called the "KDF," the initials of the Strength Through Joy organization, members of which put up the money for the car through a save-in-advance coupon-book scheme. Cooler heads prevailed, however, and it was called the Volkswagen or "Peoples' Car." It is startling to realize that this ugly little beetle, which is selling like mad in nearly every country in the world with roads enough to drive it on, was designed by the fabulously gifted Porsche almost 30 years ago, with such brilliance that the hundreds of designers who have studied it since have been able to improve it only in minor ways.

Just as great an accomplishment, if shorter-lived, was the mighty Auto-Union race car. This 16-cylinder monster may have been the most spectacular racing machine the world has ever seen. At any rate, it had a very radical design feature: the large engine was placed in the rear. Today every *grand prix* car of consequence is rear-engined, but in its day the Auto-Union was unique. Perhaps partially for that reason, it appealed to the directors of the Auto-Union company when they decided to go into big-time racing. (Auto-Union was composed of four concerns: Audi, D.K.W., Horch, Wanderer.)

The first Auto-Union car was called the P-Wagen, or Porsche-Wagen, and produced 295 horsepower. It first competed in 1934, broke three world records and won the German, Swiss and Czechoslovakian *grands prix*. An improved model was produced, the B, and the final version, the model C, had a theoretical top speed of 205 miles an hour although for the sake of acceleration it was usually geared to a 175 mph top. The 16-cylinder, six-liter engine was in the rear, where its weight, bearing on the rear wheels, increased the road grip with a consequent benefit to acceleration. The fuel tank was next, in the center of the chassis, where the decreasing weight wouldn't interfere with balance as fuel was burned—a gallon of gas took the car only three and a half miles—and then came the driver. His feet actually reached so far forward that they were within the arc of the front wheels. This made the Auto-Union the hardest-to-handle race-car of modern times. Only *virtuosi* could cope with it. A race-car spends much of its time going sideways, and the mass of engine-weight in the Auto-Union made it prone to skid, and before that, to oversteer. ("Oversteer," a term beloved by "in" sports-types, signifies a tendency for a car's rear end to come around in a turn; understeer is the reverse: a tendency to go straight, or plow.) Because the driver of an Auto-Union sat so far forward, the message that the rear end of his *macchina* had begun to slide sideways was a long time reaching his brain. Consequently, he had to have exceptionally quick reflexes to do something about it.

The drivers, Tazio Nuvolari, Hans Stuck and Achille Varzi, were all competent on Auto-Unions, but they had grown up on front-engined cars, which seemed to be a handicap. Bernd Rosemeyer, who came to the Auto-Union team from motorcycles, was the best. He was very quick; he had to be. To watch a film showing Rosemeyer steadily making short, flicking corrections of the steering while running at 140 mph along a *straightaway*, is to realize what a handful the Auto-Union must have been to steer on any kind of curves.

Rosemeyer handled the Auto-Union very well until January, 1938, when he made a terminal error in judgment: he took a special stream-lined Auto-Union out on the Frankfurt *autobahn* in an attempt to exceed the 270-mph record set by Rudolf Caracciola in a Mercedes-Benz. The error in judgment resulted because the day was breezy. Rosemeyer ran under an overpass flat out and was hit broadside by a light summer breeze as he emerged. It was not enough to cool his brow, but at his speed it was enough to insure that his body was picked up, with hardly a mark on it, a quarter of a mile a way. Today, no one would try to run a car 270 mph on a two-lane highway, even in a dead calm. Had Porsche known, Rosemeyer would have been forbidden to try it, no matter what record the Mercedes had just set.

The competition between Auto-Union and Mercedes-Benz was fierce in the years just before World War II, because both firms were being subsidized by the Third Reich as propaganda instruments. From 1934 on, almost no other car could win a race, and when it did happen, as when the Alfa-Romeo won the German Grand Prix of 1935, it was freakish: the legendary Tazio Nuvolari drove the victorious Alfa-Romeo that day, which may have been the absolute peak of his incredible career. Nothing like the cars used in this mad competition have been seen since: a 1937-Mercedes-Benz put out 646 horsepower and weighed less than an MG! Ferdinand Porsche's Auto-Union was competitive with only 520 horsepower, and he remained convinced of the worth of the rear-engined position even though it made driver-procurement difficult. After all, *grand prix* drivers are always hard to find, since it's a big year indeed that finds 20 of them alive in the world

Porsche applied the rear-engine idea to a car he designed to attack the world land-speed record for Daimler-Benz, in 1937, as a contract project. Porsche laid out a wind-tunnel shape 29 feet long to weigh two and eight-tenths tons. Short wings sprouted from the sides of the body just behind the driver, their function—they were negatively loaded—being to exert a downward force, help keep the wheels on the ground. The power was a V-12 Daimler-Benz fighter plane engine rated at 2500 horsepower, and capable of 3030 for brief spurts. Porsche thought the rig would do 405 miles an hour on the Utah salt flats, but a Nazi bureaucrat named Huhnlein, who was dictator of German motor sport under Hitler, stipulated that the record be made on German concrete.

The war prevented the record attempt, which was a bit of luck for whomever would have had the honor of driving it, the chances of his survival being at least 20 to 1 against. The Porsche record-car was outdated by the time it could have run, well after the Hitler War, and it is today in the Daimler-Benz museum at Unterturkheim.

The Tiger tank which Porsche designed and which, mounting the famous 88-millimeter gun, was so devastating to Allied armor when it first appeared—and for some little time afterward, too—used Porsche's old "mixed" system: constant-speed gasoline engine running a generator.

When the war ended, Porsche was not immediately arrested by the Allies, since there was no suggestion that he was a war criminal. But the French finally did pick him up, and they asked him to design the 4CV Renault, the small, rear-engine model produced in heavy quantity during the 1950s. It was a good, cheap car, even though some wags called it "Porsche's Revenge."

Porsche's next pit stop was in Italy. An old-time driver, Piero Dusio, was head of the firm Cisitalia, which had a bright but brief existence. In 1947, Dusio wanted a world-beating *grand prix* car and asked the Porsche office, then headed by Porsche's 38-year-old son Ferry, to design it. Most of the fee went to France and when, as a result, Dr. Porsche came home, the son's Cisitalia G.P. car so closely followed the father's ideas that the latter found nothing to change in it. It was a 12-cylinder, rear-engine car with four-wheel drive. Unfortunately, Piero Dusio drove into a financial rut and the car was never fully tested or developed. It went briefly to the Argentine, where Peron's merry men fiddled around with it, and ultimately was returned to Porsche. Built to an international formula now out of date, it might have been spectacularly

successful, had a few million more *lire* been available to get it rolling. Porsche expected it to do 210 miles an hour and it seemed to handle well. Its four-wheel drive was radical in the extreme in 1947, but Stirling Moss won a race in England in 1961 with a four-wheel drive Ferguson, and Porsche's use of the system in 1947 may ultimately show itself to be one more example of his extraordinary prescience.

When it appeared in 1948, the first Porsche was called the Typ 356 because that was the job number Ferry Porsche had assigned to it when it had been started at the time of the Cisitalia affair. The idea was a logical extension of Ferdinand Porsche's pre-war wish to make a sports-car version of the VW. The first Typ 356 was loaded with VW components: engine, springs, gears, steering. It was bought by a Swiss, and an article about it in a Berne auto magazine brought in a sprinkling of sight-unseen orders from dealers who were willing to gamble on Porsche's name and the enthusiasm of the Swiss writer. Only a few orders could have been handled in any case, for the "factory" was pressed to complete five cars a month. For years it was held as gospel that every Morgan coming out of the famous but tiny British factory had been painted by one man using one brush. That story isn't true, but the first Porsche bodies *were* all hand made, by the same panel-beater, an old craftsman who had worked under Dr. Porsche at Austro-Daimler.

The car first appeared at the Geneva Auto Show in 1949. It impressed the sophisticates. Instead of the parallel girders that, joined together, form the chassis of most cars, the Porsche was built on a boxlike pressed-steel structure of immense rigidity and strength; the springing was by torsion-bar (a system which Porsche is usually credited with having originated in 1933), and the engine was air-cooled. The over-all dimensions of the first Porsche, incidentally, were the same as they are today.

Still, no one—Dr. Porsche included—thought the car would sell in quantity. The first car had an 1100 cc. engine, but by 1950 Porsche was using a 1300 cc. version which could do 90 mph. Even the 1100s were quick enough to win the class and the Ladies' Cup at the 1950 Rally of the Midnight Sun in Sweden. This was the first important sporting success (Porsche was the first German firm to re-enter competition after the war) but others came quickly, and sales began to mount into what might be called a promising boomlet. There were enough Porsches in September, 1950, and their owners were devoted enough, to make a rally to Dr. Porsche's home in Stuttgart for his birthday on September 3. He died a few months later, in January of 1952, in his 76th year, at the end of a life into which he had stuffed enough creative work to make satisfactory existences for three men. He left more than a small, specialized automobile-manufacturing firm behind: the main business of Porsche was manufacturing tractors by the thousands. Also, the Porsche company still gets a royalty on every Volkswagen that comes off the production lines at Wolfsburg.

Like the Auto-Unions, but to a much lesser extent, the early Porsches oversteered. I ran one off the road within the first hour of my ownership, and later that day I nearly put it sideways into a 30-foot cabin cruiser (on a trailer). The fault was soon corrected, and the Porsche was recognized as ready for competition. In 1952 the Porsche system of balking-ring synchromesh appeared, making gear-changing fantastically quick and easy; big, well-cooled brakes were put on the car. The engines are now bigger and tougher, which is revealed by the formidable competition successes of the car over the last decade.

One of the first extra-quick Porsches originated outside the factory, at the hands of Walter Glockler, VW distributor in Frankfurt. The first Glockler-Porsche had the 1100 cc. engine and a light chassis and body. Next he made one using the bigger, 1500 cc. engine. This one, running on alcohol fuel, could do 130 miles an hour. Max Hoffman, the American distributor, brought it to the United States and won several sports-car races with it.

By 1951 Porsche had built more than 1000 cars. Driven by two French racers, a Porsche won the 1100 cc. Class at Le Mans that year. In the same year, the car broke all kinds of records for long-distance high-speed running, from 500 miles to 72 consecutive hours. Porsches have always been formidable in long-distance races, for the same reason that the Volkswagen can run up six-figure mileage on the speedometer without engine trouble: short stroke and low piston speed. The distance traveled by a single piston batting up and down in the cylinder is a reliable indication of the stress under which the engine is working, and a guide to its probable life. A speed of 2500 feet a minute is universally held to be safe and reasonable. At about 65 miles an hour, the Volkswagen pistons are running only about 1650 feet per minute. Ferdinand Porsche never believed in the light, highly stressed, short-lived and extremely fast racing-type engine for use in anything but racing cars.

Some of the cars produced under Ferry Porsche's aegis since his father's death owe little to the Volkswagen engine: the 550 Spyder and Carrera and RS and RSK models, for example. Stuffing a four-cylinder engine with four overhead camshafts into an area that had looked full when it carried only the first cousin to a Volkswagen, and getting back 130 horsepower is a *tour de force* the old doctor would have appreciated, even if it does take an hour and a half and a special tool to change the spark plugs.

The Porsche's affinity for long, rugged races came to a peak in the brutal Sicilian Targa Florio of 1959: first, second, third, fourth.

The body style of the Porsche has been altered so little through the years that one can hardly tell the first from the last. There was only one ugly one, the 1954 "Speedster." It was built for the American market (really only for the sunny sections of the American market), and it was truly horrible-looking only with the top up, under which condition it was hard to see out, too. Few were made.

It's a businesslike little bucket, today's Porsche, just as it was in the beginning: comfortable as a cradle, safe as a church, sure-footed as a mountain goat; fast, nimble, and put together by people who still think it's important to have all the screw-slots point the same way. Really, it's a lot older that 1948; it goes back, through Ferry Porsche's mind and Ferdinand Porsche's mind, to Paris and 1900, at least. There's a little of those big, splendid Austro-Daimler limousines and touring-cars in it, and a little more of the 200-mph Auto-Unions that carried so much power they could spin their back wheels at 85 miles an hour.

It's hard to know how one would go about putting much more into an automobile. ★ THE END

Hawg Hunt

continued from page 24

A dog—King, I think it was—suddenly bolted past me. The thought struck me that it was strange to see the dog running *away* from the action. Before the thought was completed, a reddish wild hog with black patches crashed out of the brush directly in front of me, paused, eyed me for a split second then took off toward the creek with King after him.

I plunged on and almost crashed into Register. Evidently the hog had crossed his path as well as mine.

"You see that red sow?" he yelled. "Doubled back, looks like. I'd like to tie that hog!"

The woods were now a confusion of sound. Register headed after the red sow while I kept moving toward new squeals, shouts and baying. A huge black boar with tushes that gleamed in the sunlight ran parallel to me for a moment, then crashed into a snarl of brambles. He looked fully as big as the one we had seen in John Clardy's barn.

I remembered I had a wife somewhere in this bedlam and decided I'd better find her and make sure she was all right. I gave the family whistle and heard her reply above the squeals and shouts.

Ellen was in a clearing with Cobb. They were watching Register tie the legs of a squalling 60-pounder. He had pinned the animal's head with his knee and was struggling to knot the bedticking on a thrashing hind leg. (Try this on a domestic pig for a bare idea of the problem.) In spite of this, Register got all four legs tied in half a minute, and the hog suddenly stopped squealing. We learned later that they sometimes die if tied for too long.

Farther up the creek, the dogs were baying at another hog. The sound changed to violent barking. Joe Cobb headed that way on foot while I told Perry Register about the big black I had seen.

"Caught a glimpse of him myself," Perry said, "but I sure wish I could get that red!"

We lifted Ellen into the saddle of Cobb's horse and asked her to keep an eye on the tied hog so the animal wouldn't be ripped by passing dogs. Later she told me that after Perry and I left, hogs and dogs passed through the clearing like a military convoy. Even the big black crashed through, wheeled away and headed toward the creek.

Her horse had started after the hog, but she had been able to hold him in. She had got a clear view of the battle in the middle of the creek between the boy, Dale Hogan, and 250 pounds of ill-tempered wild sow. Dale finally got the animal to shore and tied it under John Clardy's advice.

Blackie and Sam Perryman had crossed and recrossed the creek several times and were now evidently running a hog quite a way downstream. The sounds of this chase died away, but the last dogs turned loose by Clardy were working the creek banks close by. Suddenly, Perry and I heard new squealing and headed for it. The dogs had cornered an 80-pounder and Dale, having waded the stream, was struggling to hold it down by tail and hind leg. When he got it tied, we sat down to rest for several minutes. The woods were strangely quiet—so quiet that I could hear Ellen call out furiously, "I'm not going to stay here and miss everything, Bill, where *are* you?"

"Down here!" I shouted. "But don't try to ride down. It's full of cypress knees and your stirrups are set too long."

She came anyway, at a respectable walk, and I remembered that these magnificent horses were trained to move at a full run through woods so dense that an average horse would break a leg within minutes.

Joe Cobb joined us then and asked how many wild hogs had been tied. No one knew exactly; the action had been far too fast and confused. By comparing notes, we estimated that we had one 80-pounder, a 60-pounder and Dale's big black.

"No, there's one more," the boy said. "The others brought in a male that will go two hundred pounds. It's already in the carrying trailer along with the black."

"Anyone remember where we left the one Ellen was watching?" Perry asked. I told him I thought I could find it and we started off, only to get lost for several minutes until I remembered that Ellen had been in an oak glade. We found it, then, and Perry carried the 60-pounder back to the creek and across to the jeep. Ellen and Paul had already crossed by horse. I decided to wade over, being already generously smeared with mud, while Perry Register took the horse back to pick up the remaining hog. John Clardy looked exceedingly pleased with the morning's work.

In a few minutes, Perry came back with the fourth hog and placed it in the carrying cage. The black sow was panting heavily. Clardy and Perry discussed throwing water on it.

"Might kill it," Perry said. "It's mighty hot."

"I don't think so. Let's try."

During the morning, there had been little time to think about danger. Too much had been happening too fast; even now, it was only about 9:30 and the most intense action had consumed about 15 minutes. But now, in the cautious movements of John Clardy and Perry Register, we were reminded of the danger.

Perry inched open the wooden gate at the side of the trailer cage and flipped a coffee can full of water over the sow, moving like a man reaching for a cobra. "Animal could rip your hand in two," he muttered.

"Try another," John Clardy suggested. "But watch it."

Perry flipped in more water, keeping his knee against the gate in the event of a sudden rush. Presently the big sow stopped panting.

"That black's going to make good breeding stock," John Clardy remarked. "And those others have enough black markings to indicate that they've got plenty of the wild strain left in them. Let's pull the rig up from the bottom here and see what happened to Blackie and Sam."

"Sure wish I'd tied that nice red that kept flirtin' with Bill and me," Perry said. I thought it was decent of him to include me.

Ellen rode off along the left leg of a fork while we went right with jeep and hog trailer. Just as we reached the other leg of the Y we saw Sam riding in. His face was flushed and he was grinning.

"Got another nice black about half a mile down this trail," he called. "Register can get him with the jeep and rig."

We sprawled under the trees again while Perry drove off. Sam and John Clardy began to talk about the new dogs.

"That little beagle works just fine," Clardy said. "The one with the Airedale in him works pretty well, too, but they're both too anxious. You notice that, Sam?"

"They'll have to get hurt a bit. I sure hope they don't get hurt too much. Say, you know how we tied that black? Had to use Blackie's shoe-lace. Then we anchored his boot with a dog collar."

"Here they come," Clardy said, laughing. To Blackmon, he called, "Looks like we got two Blackies back!"

Blackie grinned and dismounted. "When do we eat?" he asked.

"Might as well eat here and now."

Among the abundant rations were some sausages that Ellen and I found to be delicious. I asked what they were.

"Wild hawg, of course," John Clardy replied. "Sam made it up."

Although I was hungry, I found I was too tired to eat very much. I noticed that Ellen, who usually has a healthy appetite, was also eating lightly. Suddenly I realized that all of us—Ellen, the men, the horses and dogs—were exhausted and hot. Even Blackmon, who rode with a professional skill beautiful to watch, pushed his hat back and mopped sweat from his face.

I roughly totaled the weight of hogs we had taken. As nearly as I could estimate, more than 750 pounds of fighting animal had been chased, wrestled, subdued and caged during the morning.

A dog came sniffing too close to the food and one of the men asked Blackie to "whap him." Blackie shook his head. "Hit him yourself," he said. "I won't hit another man's dog."

Clardy chuckled. "It's worse to pet," he said. "Never pet a dog or a woman."

"Or a man," Ellen observed tartly. There was a rumble of laughter. Feeling accepted, she asked, "How about these wild sows that have dropped litters? Don't the piglets die?"

"Wouldn't take a sow that wasn't drying up," Sam Perryman said. "I'd turn her loose. But if the little ones are about two months old, they'll usually survive unless bears or panthers get 'em. And that can happen anyway. It's a tribute to their intelligence that they've managed to survive their natural enemies as well as man."

"As well as the damn fools that shoot 'em," someone muttered.

"That's a point of view, boys," Clardy observed. "Can't blame the rancher. But it's sure better to hunt for sport and also to put 'em to practical use. You kill a wild hog and you're killing thousands of pounds of potential good meat. That makes no sense."

The talk shifted to past hunts. On one, a dog had been so badly ripped along its belly that his guts hung out. The men had pushed them back in and held them in place by wrapping strips of cloth around the animal. About an hour later, a vet had sewed the dog up. Ten days later it was walking and a little more than a month later, it was hunting again.

"We've seen dogs tossed six feet in the air by wild hogs," Clardy said. "Even hurt, a good dog like Brownie'll come back to the fight."

"Men ever been hurt?" I asked.

"A few in this area, but none too bad. Fact is, good dogs keep the hogs pretty busy, but you try not to make many mistakes. If a wild hog ripped a man like they have dogs, I imagine the man would have his fill of hog hunting for a while." No one disagreed with that.

Most of the dogs were lying down, but Brownie had raised his muzzle and was sniffing the air curiously. I asked Perry Register what he was doing. There was a slight scent from the caged wild hogs—an animal smell rather than the typical pig smell—but the dog, indifferent to this odor, was sniffing the fresh wind.

"Smells a wild hog," Perry said.

"Well, boys," John Clardy said solemnly, nodding toward the dog, "anybody care to go wild hawg hunting today?"

Someone chuckled. One of the horses stamped and whinnied; the huge Florida horseflies had already streaked their flanks with blood. Rain crows were squawking back in the woods. I glanced at my watch. It was just noon.

"I know someone who wants to go," Blackie said, hitching up his gun belt. "Brownie. But I believe I have another appointment."

"I have one, too," Joe Cobb said. "With a long nap."

"Then let's pack up and haul out," Clardy ordered. And he added, "This was a pretty good hunt."

Again no one disagreed. ★ THE END

St.-Mihiel

continued from page 29

now or never. Haig, Foch—and also French Prime Minister Georges Clemenceau, England's Lloyd George, and even King George himself—had warned him not to upset the status quo. They urged him to go along with the piecemeal commitment of U.S. troops wherever they were needed. But "Black Jack" would have no more of it. Bluntly, he announced that as of August 10, 1918, all U.S. forces were to be assembled under exclusive American command.

To Pershing's surprise, the British and French acquiesced—almost too easily. Haig agreed to release the U.S. units attached to his command. General Henri Petain, the French commander in the field, said he would also release his American troops. Furthermore, Pershing's First American Army would be assigned the job of reducing the St.-Mihiel salient, a dagger which the Germans had held at the heart of France for almost four years.

The St.-Mihiel salient was a triangle of steel, concrete and natural fortifications, 30 miles wide at its base, 25 miles long on its southern leg and 15 miles across its western leg. Packed within this wedge were the heights of the Meuse River valley, dominating the western flank, where German artillery was massed hub-to-hub, with a fire direction center on Montsec, at the apex, from which German guns on the heights could be directed to fire on either arm of the triangle. Protecting the German defense lines across the base, was the Woevre Plains, a marsh that was almost impassable eight months out of the year. Finally, along the southern arm of the salient, there flowed an erratic stream called the *Rupt de Mad*, which could change in one rainy night from a gurgling stream to a raging torrent.

General Maximilian von Gallwitz, group commander of the nine German divisions within the salient, had boasted in a 1918 New Year's toast that he could hold St.-Mihiel against "all the armies of the world."

Pershing was not complacent about the task Foch had bestowed on him. His battle plan called for an army of nearly 600,000 U.S. and 100,000 French troops, which Foch had promised him, to attack Von Gallwitz' nine understrength divisions. The odds would be better than 6 to 1 in the Allies' favor.

On August 16, Pershing began to assemble his First American Army. He was scheduled to attack by September 12, at the latest, so he had less than one month to prepare. Strategically, the enemy troops occupying St.-Mihiel harassed Pershing even while they were passively occupying their trenches, for they held the vital Paris-Nancy and Toul-Verdun rail lines, plus all the original roads which had linked these cities before the salient was established.

In addition to the half-million men who had to be moved to this 40-mile stretch of front, at least one million tons of ammunition and supplies had to be accumulated. To accomplish this, American engineers hacked roads out of rock and forest; they erected a huge suspension bridge across the Aisne River and laid 300 miles of railroad track. The credit for planning and executing this "miracle of logistics" went to the First Army's G-4, a young colonel named George C. Marshall, Jr.

The First Army would be supported by 3000 artillery pieces, directed by General Summerall, and 1500 airplanes —the largest group of aircraft assembled since the start of the war.

"What on earth will we do with all those planes, Billy?" Pershing demanded when Colonel "Billy" Mitchell first presented the idea to him.

"Kick hell out of the German Air Force for one thing," Mitchell said. "Then the bombers can pulverize their ammunition and fuel dumps and knock out their artillery and rail lines."

Pershing's eyebrows lifted. It was an extravagant claim. In the early years of the war, the function of the airplane had been limited primarily to reconnaissance.

Mitchell's teacher and idol, Major General Hugh Trenchard, chief of the Royal Flying Corps, complained bitterly. He and Mitchell visualized huge air fleets blasting a way for advancing armies and hammering enemy installations, roads, rail lines and supply dumps with bombs. But it was not until the closing months of the war, that Billy Mitchell was able to sell this idea to General Pershing.

While Pershing was struggling to assemble his American army in the final weeks of August, he realized that the "sporting manner" in which Haig and Foch had bowed to his determined stand at the Bombon conference had been only a polite subterfuge. The British and French commanders actually fought hard to keep control of the American troops under their command and thus block the formation of an American army.

Pershing ran into even greater difficulties with supplies. When the United States entered the war, the British and French had urged that American war industry concentrate on manufacturing machine guns and rifles, scarce items in the Allied arsenal. They promised that the A.E.F. would be supplied with British tanks and French artillery.

Now, when Pershing requested that they honor those promises, Sir Douglas Haig and Marshal Foch both hedged. The British could not spare any of their heavy tanks; the French could not spare their precious 75s. But Pershing persevered. Theatening and wheedling, he

got the French 75 mm guns, but he had to settle for 270 light tanks.

The French even "lost" the First American Army's requisition for barbed-wire cutters; but Colonel George C. Marshall solved that one by sending teams of doughboys all over the French countryside to buy cutters from civilian stores.

Only the resourceful Billy Mitchell could have assembled an air armada of 800 fighter planes and 650 bombers. He obtained fuel and spare parts by outright bribery, trickery and, occasionally, theft.

On August 29, the First American Army relieved the French along the perimeter of the St.-Mihiel salient. On August 30, Marshal Foch arrived at Pershing's new Ligny-en-Barrois headquarters. "We must revise our plans, General," Foch said stiffly.

Pershing listened incredulously as Foch outlined the "revisions."

Instead of driving directly through the Hindenburg Line, if the attack went well, Pershing's objectives were to be limited to flattening out the salient. Furthermore, while the St.-Mihiel offensive was underway, Pershing was to release several American divisions to the French to fight between the Meuse River and the Argonne Forest. Foch was not subtle. Now that Pershing had formed his American army, the marshal was breaking it up again.

Pershing struggled to mask his anger. "I'm bewildered, Marshal," he said. "The machinery of this battle has been operating for over a month. Only yesterday your orders went into effect, placing me in command of this sector. I don't understand this change at all."

"Well," Foch said, "things are going so well on other sectors that we feel we should press the enemy where they are weakest."

"If we rout the Germans out of this salient, the chances are we can keep them running," Pershing countered. "We can probably overrun Metz and the Briey Iron Fields. That would really hurt them. This offensive could end the war before September is over."

Unwittingly—or possibly shrewdly—Pershing had touched on the leading motive behind French and British reluctance to approve the formation of an independent American army. With the end of the war in sight, their leaders were already planning post-war Europe. The nation whose armies won the last decisive battles would speak with most authority at the conference table—especially when the "spoils" were divided and boundaries were redrawn. Neither the British nor the French wanted any American interference in their schemes.

Foch said he regretted having to split up Pershing's army, but that he had no choice. "There is no reason for it to interfere with your attack on the salient, however," he added blandly. "The divisions you are losing will require certain tactical changes, of course. I think you will agree that it will now be wise to limit your attack to the south face of the salient."

Pershing gaped. To assault the St.-Mihiel salient on one side only would defeat the whole purpose of the operation. As originally conceived, the battle plan was to pinch off the salient at the base, the two attacking forces closing like the jaws of a vise and trapping the German defenders within the triangle. Furthermore, this new plan would expose U.S. troops to great risks, since the German artillery on the heights above the Meuse valley could concentrate their fire on the single force.

Pershing bluntly told Foch that he wasn't sending *any* divisions to fight under French command. Reluctantly, he accepted Foch's decision to limit the objectives of the St.-Mihiel offensive, but rejected the Frenchman's suggestion to attack only from the south.

Foch was furious at what was—technically—Pershing's "insubordination."

"I say your men *will* fight on the Meuse-Argonne sector! I insist you follow my orders!" he shouted.

It was then that "Black Jack" Pershing made his classic retort: "*You may insist all you damned please . . . Our army will fight wherever you decide, but it will not fight except as an independent American army!*"

After Foch stalked out, Pershing summoned his staff to an emergency meeting. "We've got to come up with something fast. Another session like that one and France will declare war on the U.S.," he said.

The problem seemed insoluble. Foch demanded that the Americans take part in the Meuse-Argonne offensive planned for September 20. Pershing was equally determined that his army would not be split. To meet both conditions, the First Army would have to engage in two major battles on two sectors of the front within eight days—the St.-Mihiel offensive could not be launched earlier than September 12.

"We couldn't be ready until the middle of October," General Hunter Ligget said gloomily.

"Well, I don't know," said General Hugh Drum, his chief of staff. He turned to sandy-haired, pale-eyed George Marshall. "Let's see what our 'magician' has to say about it. What about it, George? Cutting all the corners and allowing for a few miracles, how long would it take us to pull off a double play like that?"

Colonel Marshall had anticipated the question and was ready with his figures. Without hesitation, he said, "With a little luck—assuming we clean this one up on schedule—we could attack between the Meuse River and the Argonne Forest on September 25."

There was a murmur of disbelief from the staff officers. Even Pershing was startled. Marshall's eyes never wavered under the four-star general's stare.

At last "Black Jack" spoke. "I like your confidence, Colonel. We'll take your word for it."

Armed with this assurance, Pershing was ready on September 2 when Foch returned with General Petain to resume their disagreement. He listened as Foch repeated his demand that "units" of the American army participate in the September 20 Meuse-Argonne offensive.

"Marshal, will you postpone your offensive for five days if I make American troops available to you?"

Foch decided promptly. "That is no problem at all. The twenty-fifth it shall be!" Smiling smugly, he asked, "And which of your divisions will you make available, General?"

Quietly, Pershing said, "The entire First American Army! Where do you want us to report?"

Foch was aghast. "Surely, you are joking?" he said.

"Not at all, sir," Pershing replied. "Just assign us a sector and we'll be there by the twenty-fifth."

So ended the First Battle of St.-Mihiel.

There were some who said that what Pershing achieved was not so much a victory as the right to "trial by ordeal." The First American Army would assault the St.-Mihiel salient on September 12.

(*Continued on page 95*)

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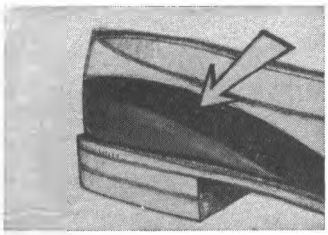

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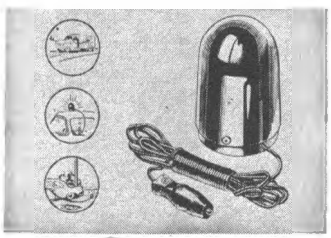

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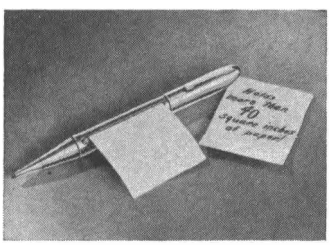

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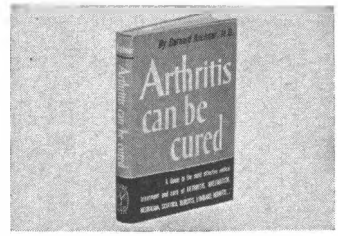

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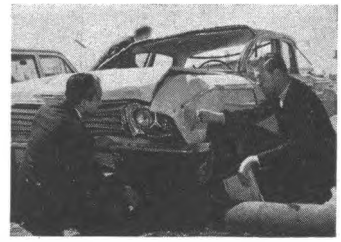

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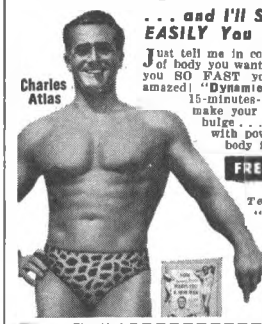

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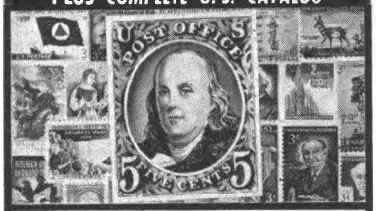

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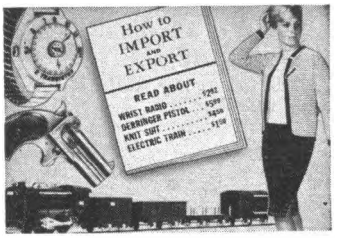

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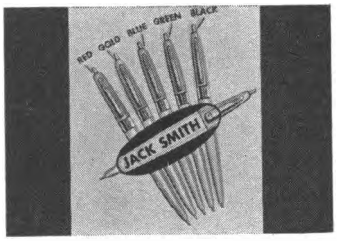

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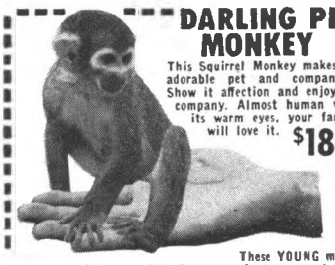

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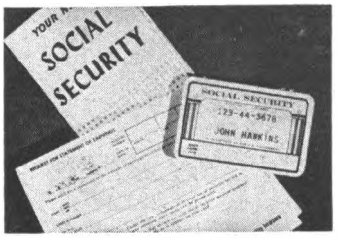

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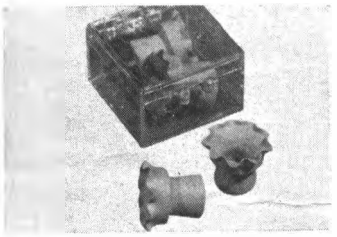

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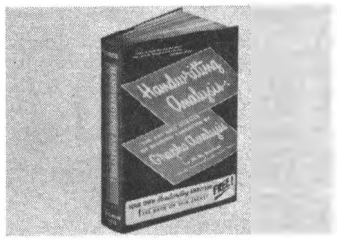

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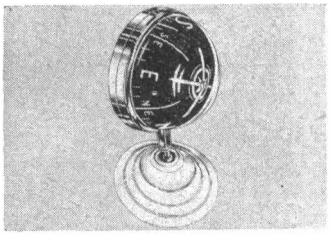

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(*Continued from page 92*)
Four days was the maximum time Pershing allotted his troops to complete this formidable job. Assuming all objectives were captured by September 16, only nine days remained for an army of 600,000 men and nearly 3000 guns to move 60 miles over bad roads from the St.-Mihiel sector and take up new positions along the 90-mile Meuse-Argonne front.

The assembly at St.-Mihiel of the First American Army, over 650,000 strong—including some French troops—was a brilliant operation, guided by General Drum and Colonel Marshall. Convoys moved only during darkness. By dawn they were hidden in groves and orchards, so that German observation planes could not spot them. The Germans knew the Americans had taken over the St.-Mihiel sector, and that reinforcements were being moved in. But their estimates of how many new troops were far too low.

With Summerall running First Army's artillery show, Pershing resolved to trim his artillery barrage to the bone. His big guns opened up just four hours before H-Hour—at 0500 on the morning of September 12! To further insure surprise, the main body of attacking infantry was only deployed along the western and southern faces of the salient on the night before the attack.

Final briefing of corps commanders took place in Pershing's field headquarters on the evening of September 11. By that time, most of them had been so thoroughly indoctrinated that they almost knew Pershing's 14-page plan by heart.

Briefly, its main features were these: The leading role was to be played by IV Corps, which lined up against the middle of the south side of the salient. It was shaped like an arrowhead with its tip pointing at the town of St.-Mihiel. The veteran 1st, 42nd and 89th Infantry Divisions, leading the advance, would swing in a 60-degree arc to the northeast as the battle progressed, with the 1st Division, on the left flank, "closing the door" on Vigneulles. The "door" was to pivot on the "hinge" at Bois-Vandieres, with the 82nd holding down the "anchor." This attack would jump off at 5:00 A.M.

Three hours later, V Corps would attack from the west, the 4th Division anchored at Watronville, the 26th Division swinging in an arc to "close the door" on Vigneulles from the near side.

The corps commanders synchronized their watches, then Pershing shook hands with all of them and spoke a few words of encouragement to each.

"Now I think I'll go to bed and forget all about this damned business," he grumbled to an aide. He was up again, however, before the first echoes of Summerall's artillery rumbled over Ligny-en-Barrois.

General Summerall personally directed the fire on the 1st Division's front. The classic artillery fire pattern was the "creeping barrage." The guns were zeroed in just short of the target, then were gradually elevated salvo by salvo so that they pulverized an entire area—in depth. But, by scrupulously examining photographs of the German fortifications at St.-Mihiel for days before the attack, and studying intelligence reports, General Summerall was able to pinpoint enemy machine-gun nests, dugouts and key communications trenches. On the night before the attack, Summerall assigned specific targets to each of his gun batteries and stationed his own specially trained artillery observers in the 1st Division's front line, with direct phone lines to the gun pits. The procedure went like this:

"Number nineteen, your first shot was wide and to the left, and short. Right five degrees. Elevate one degree."

"Right five, up one," came the reply.

Crack! The 75 jumped in its gun pit and the shell screamed toward the Germans.

"That's better, your second shot was right on the line, but you're still wide. Go right one more degree."

"Check," *Crack!* The 75 kicked again.

"That's it! On target! Fire for effect!"

Shortly after the artillery commenced firing, it began to rain. Pershing cursed the weather. "If this goddam rain keeps up, the Woevre will be a big sump hole. Our tanks and trucks will be up to their hub caps."

Taking key staff officers with him, Pershing drove to the front—to an observation point on top of old Fort Gironville. The growing daylight was scarcely noticed; the sky over the salient had been lit up for hours by a great Fourth of July display. Flares, star shells and flaming German ammunition dumps created an awesome sight.

The minute hand on Pershing's watch stuttered toward 12 at an agonizing pace. Then it was there! All along the 25-mile front, signal flares exploded and whistles screeched simultaneously.

With rifles, packs, helmets, gas masks, hand grenades, demolitions, wire cutters, entrenching tools and extra bandoliers of ammunition weighing them down, the long line of doughboys climbed out of the trenches and charged toward the first German defense works.

The Americans had not been in the war long enough to develop a barbed-wire phobia. Largely due to General Summerall's sharp-shooting artillerymen, who kept the enemy machine-gunners pinned down, the infantry had enough time to cut their way through or blast open gaps with bangalore torpedoes. When speed was essential, the doughboys had other methods which amazed French observers in the trenches.

The speed and force of the U.S. attack shocked the Germans. Their outposts were overrun within minutes. The Wilhelm trenches—the first defense line—were taken after only token resistance. Prisoners were moving back faster than the MPs could handle them.

On the left flank, the 1st Division was advancing faster than the rest of the IV Corps, according to the timetable of the tricky pivotal movement designed to close the door on Vigneulles.

An enemy artillery barrage was building up to a crescendo when V Corps jumped off from the west at 0800 hours. All the German guns on the heights of the Meuse and the heavier artillery in Metz were concentrating on the southern U.S. force. The surprise blow from the west threw their observers into confusion. Hurriedly, the defensive artillery had to be split and half of it swung around to meet the new threat. As Pershing had predicted, this took the pressure off IV Corps, and the lagging advance began to move swiftly ahead again.

Overhead, Colonel Billy Mitchell's air fleet droned toward its objectives. Two groups of 400 fighters each ran interference for the bombers. The Germans put every available fighter plane in the air, but it wasn't nearly enough. Mitchell shuttled his fighters from one side of the salient to the other. One group would lure the Germans into a fight over the southern flank; then, when fuel and ammunition were running low for both sides, the second American brigade of 400 fighters would take off and strike at the west flank of the salient. The outnumbered Germans had no other course except to land and refuel and reload, while the U.S. planes made unopposed attacks.

The unveiling of the first United States armored force was a disappointment, however. Of the 275 light French-made tanks which took part in the battle, 177 of them were in the 304th Tank Brigade under the command of Lieutenant Colonel George S. Patton. Patton's tanks were supposed to break through ahead of the 42nd Division. But before they reached Essey, on the Germans' second line of defense, more than 100 were out of action—and not by enemy action. Mud, carburetor-clogging dust and empty fuel tanks were the enemies of these early tanks. While Patton—his "Blood and Guts" reputation on the rise—cursed and sweated over broken parts and clogged air vents, and kicked his faithless "tin cans" like a cavalryman chastising an unruly mount, passing infantrymen shouted, "Get a horse! Get a horse!"

Patton was in no mood for smart alecks when a tall, thin man—dressed in such an outlandish uniform that Patton mistook him for a correspondent—came strolling up smoking a cigarette and swinging an officer's riding crop.

"Having a little difficulty, Colonel?" the stranger asked.

Patton glanced briefly at the olive drab sweater, the muddy trousers and the crumpled cap. "What the hell do you think we're doing, having a picnic out here?" he snapped.

Almost instantly, Patton saw the other man stiffen in anger. Only then did the colonel's eyes come up to the brigadier general's star gleaming above the top of the sweater.

Patton snapped erect. "General . . ." There was nothing to add, so he simply saluted.

Brigadier General Douglas MacArthur returned the salute, unable to repress a smile.

"At ease, Colonel," he said. "Don't let it get you down." He tapped the side of the tank Patton was working on. "These tanks of yours are going to dominate the character of war for the next hundred years."

"Thanks for saying so, General," Patton said. "I'm glad someone beside me has faith in them."

There was the whistle of an incoming shell. Men scattered in all directions off the road, yelling: "Hit the dirt!"

The two officers, a general and a colonel, sized each other up. The general went on smoking his cigarette unconcernedly.

Patton's voice was almost bored. "Well, sir, how is the war going along up there?"

Before MacArthur could answer, another shell exploded just behind them, so close that dust and debris fell all over them. Instinctively, Patton ducked his head. The general just smiled.

"Don't worry about 'em, Colonel. You never hear the one that gets you!"

"Yes, sir," answered Patton, red-faced.

By noon, the First American Army had secured all of its first day's objectives, and was still driving. By mid-afternoon, the 1st Division was attacking the final German defenses within the salient. On the west, as had been anticipated, V Corps was meeting heav-

ier resistance due to the natural defense barriers of the terrain, but was nevertheless advancing steadily. At the salient's tip, French troops had moved into St.-Mihiel virtually unopposed. Encouraged, they pushed forward recklessly and ran into solid German resistance.

Aerial reconnaissance showed the roads leading out of the salient were jammed with retreating Germans and truckloads of equipment. At dusk of the first day, the Americans had almost reached all of the second day's objectives! Pershing was ecstatic. By even his most optimistic estimates, he had not counted on success of this magnitude. Suddenly it seemed possible to close the door at Vigneulles before the day was out.

"Think of it," Pershing said to his staff. "We'd bag the best of nine German divisions!"

But how to do it? On the west, the 26th Division was slowing down. The 1st Division was astride the main road leading into Vigneulles, but the Germans were putting up a stiff defense. What was needed was a flank attack. Pershing considered Colonel Patton's tanks, but dismissed the idea because of the poor showing they had made that morning. Then sentimentality overcame the ex-cavalryman's reason.

"Goddammit! That's what we have the horse cavalry for!" Since the beginning of the attack, three troops of the 2nd Cavalry Regiment had been waiting impatiently just behind the infantry. Immediately, the general issued an order which would send the cavalry behind Vigneulles to cut the rail line and roads leading back to the salient's base. Unwittingly, ironically, with this order Pershing, who loved the horse soldiers better than any other branch of the Army, signed the death warrant of the cavalry as a combat arm.

Armed with sabers and pistols, the dashing cavalrymen slipped through a breach in the German front and galloped north, seeking glory. Glory was not there, only oblivion. The German soldiers guarding the important roads leading in and out of Vigneulles were veterans, securely dug in and supported by more than the customary number of machine guns.

Reports in captured German archives tell a tragi-comic version of this operation. One German company commander wrote:

"We could not believe our eyes. . . . Across the plains they swept toward us, howling like wild Indians, banners flying in the breeze. It seemed somehow unreal . . . as if we were watching an act in one of those American Wild West shows. . . . I was hypnotized . . . I almost forgot to give the order to fire . . . The fact is I was sorry to give this order. . . . These were courageous men, if foolhardy. I could not help but recall Tennyson's 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.' . . . The Americans, unlike the Germans and the French and the British, must have been ignorant of the effect modern weapons of war have on those poor dumb cavalry beasts. . . . Mortars, machine guns, grenades greeted them harshly. . . . The din was terrifying. . . . Eyes rolling back in their heads, the horses reared, bucked, whinnied. . . . The first wave of attacking cavalrymen were almost all unseated. . . . The horses then retreated as fast as they could from the punishing fire. . . . Sadly, the troopers did not display similar intelligence. They attacked us with pistols and sabers! A few bursts from our machine guns shocked them to their senses, and shortly they were running after their mounts. . . ."

That same night, General Pershing canceled all requisitions previously submitted to the War Department for cavalry remounts.

At dusk, "Black Jack" got on the phone to V Corps commander General George Cameron. "Get the Yankee Division moving," he ordered. "I want at least one regiment in Vigneulles before daylight."

At 2:15 A.M. on September 13, Cameron got on his field phone and awoke Pershing.

"The Fifty-first Brigade is in Vigneulles. What the hell has happened to you guys on that side?"

"Good work, George," Pershing said happily. "I promise you, you won't have to wait long."

Pershing promptly phoned 1st Division HQ and asked for Charlie Summerall. "The Twenty-sixth beat your boys, Charlie," he needled Summerall. "What have you got to say?"

"Not a damned thing, General. You go back to sleep and I promise you you'll have your birthday present by morning."

Pershing laughed. He had completely forgotten that September 13 was his birthday!

As soon as Pershing hung up, Summerall got his chief of artillery on the wire. "Joe," he said. "Your boys have been doing the impossible all day. Now they've got to do even better." Ignoring the protests from Lieutenant Colonel Joe Stilwell, he continued, "The Old Man wants the door closed by daylight."

Now the murderous tempo of the 1st Division artillery picked up. After the battle, German prisoners said that in four years of war they had never been subjected to such a nerve-shattering experience as this American barrage. Their last defenses crumbled, and by dawn, elements of the 13th Infantry Brigade had pushed into the outskirts of Vigneulles. At 6 A.M. the 1st Division made contact with the 26th Division. Army HQ received a terse, joint communique from Cameron and Summerall:

Our troops are masters of the field.

General Ligget shook hands with General Pershing. "Happy birthday, sir!"

Pershing grinned. "It couldn't be any happier."

Just 26 hours after it had jumped off, the American First Army had eliminated the St.-Mihiel salient—two days ahead of the timetable.

The celebration that carried the length and breadth of France was second only to the mood which would prevail after the Armstice. For four years, St.-Mihiel had symbolized the invincibility of the German war machine. Now, overnight, it had become the symbol of the disintegration of the Kaiser's juggernaut. The victory made heroes of the American doughboys.

"St.-Mihiel established one irrevocable fact," said General Pershing. "The American army was not fictional."

Prime Minister Clemenceau rode triumphantly into St.-Mihiel on the afternoon of September 13 in the company of Pershing and U.S. Secretary of War Newton Baker, who had come all the way from Washington to observe this "big test" of the First American Army. Young girls strewed roses on the cobblestone streets and blew kisses at the doughboys. The President of France, Raymond Poincaré, arrived to throw a victory party for the First Army.

After the champagne-and-roses spirit of the victory, some of the jubilation of the First Army soured. "We could have walked right through the Hindenburg Line and taken Metz," lamented General Summerall.

Other criticisms were sharper: "The failure to push north from St.-Mihiel ranks as one of the worst blunders of the ages! Marshal Foch and his staff are solely responsible."

"It's a glaring example of the fallacy of a limited objective policy," complained young Colonel Patton. His 304th Brigade tanks had more than made up for their poor showing in the opening stage of the battle, bravely filling the gap caused by the cavalry disaster and racing out far in advance of the infantry. They cut in behind retreating pockets of Germans and planted themselves astride roads and rail lines. At one point, Patton took his light Renaults several miles behind the Hindenburg Line to collect vital reconnaissance data.

Upon his return, he received a severe reprimand from his commanding officer. "How dare you jeopardize men and equipment like that? Whoever heard of a commander letting himself get cut off from his own lines? Suppose the Germans had captured you, Colonel?"

The colonel grinned. "They might have caught us," he said, "but could they have held us, sir? General, I had more than one hundred seventy tanks in action the past couple of days, and only three of them were knocked out by enemy fire. Just eight men dead and fifteen wounded! Can you name any other combat unit that can show a record like that? Christ, there has never been anything like the armored tank in the history of war. It offers the chance to inflict the maximum casualties on the enemy with minimum losses to yourself. That's the basic mathematics of war, sir."

For the magnificent achievement of his Air Service, Billy Mitchell won his brigadier general's star. The devastating effects of his air strikes permanently established the airplane as a modern combat weapon.

The First Army captured 16,000 prisoners at St.-Mihiel and inflicted severe casualties on the Germans. Pershing's losses were comparatively light—7000 dead and wounded.

September 13 through September 16 were spent in mopping-up operations and making preparations for the September 25 offensive between the Meuse and Argonne.

The "Big Switch" of the First Army from St.-Mihiel to the Moselle-Argonne sector was a victory of another sort, almost as brilliant as the crushing of the St.-Mihiel salient. Under the direction of George Marshall, it was completed in just over six days, and enabled the combined French-American offensive along the Meuse-Argonne front to smash the Kaiser's armies decisively.

The "Stroll at St.-Mihiel" is a dusty memory in the history books, obscured by such names as Stalingrad, Bastogne, Omaha Beach, Iwo Jima and Pork Chop Hill, but its significance is in no sense diminished by these later battles.

"St.-Mihiel," said George Patton, "was where we learned the ground rules of modern warfare."

Patton, MacArthur, Marshall, Stilwell and Summerall—and many others who planned and executed the bigger battles in World War II—all learned about war when they first tasted blood at St.-Mihiel. ★ THE END

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