SAGA

TRUE ADVENTURES FOR MEN

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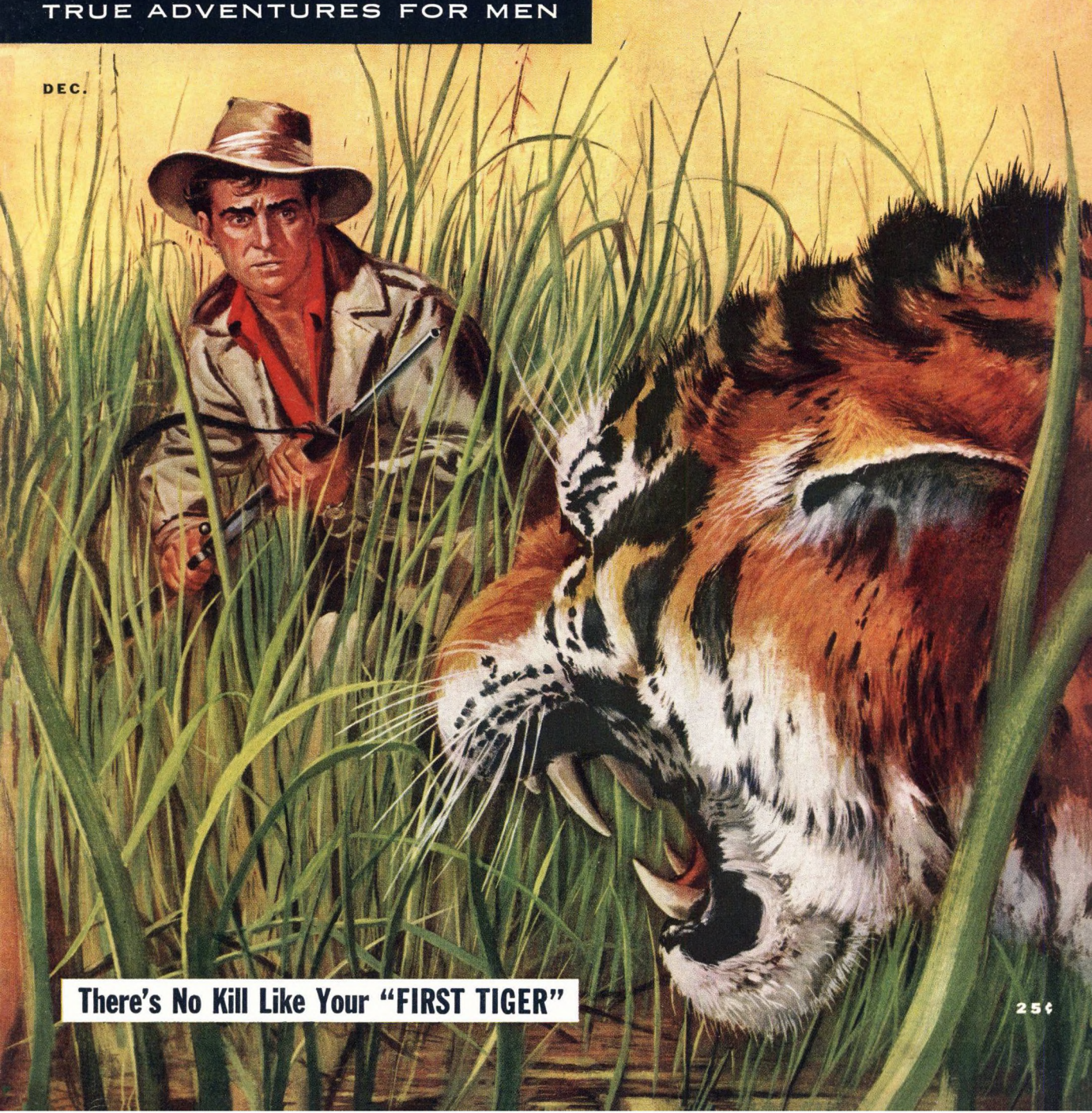
The story of the 1st Marine Division

The Sultan Had Too Many Women!



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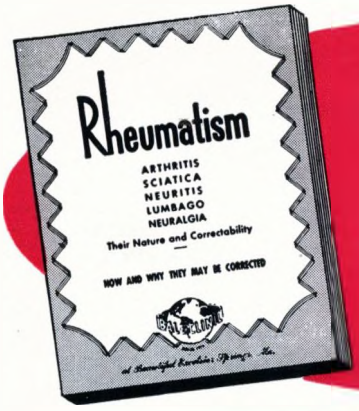

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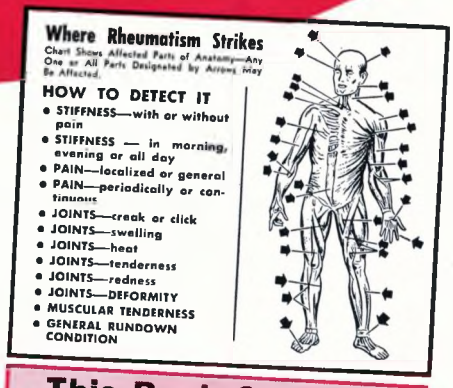

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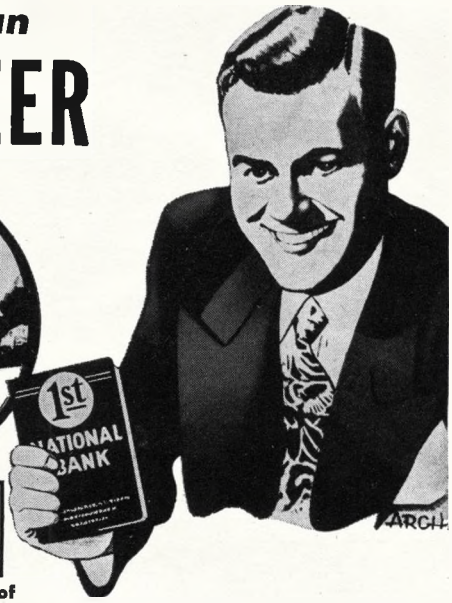

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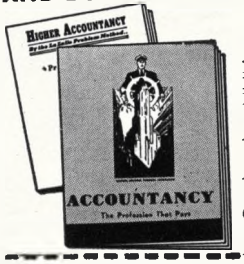

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SAGA / January

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Ten Years on a GI Loan

Ten years ago this December, ex-Captain Frederick John Burns helped make history when he signed Home Loan No. 1 under the GI Bill

To Hell with Martin Bormann

What happened to arch-Nazi war criminal Martin Bormann? Here's one explanation by a sailor who says he, alone, knows

The Boxing Dope Sheet Nobody Talks About

Jesse Flores was the most promising lightweight in the game until he was suckered into the heroin habit

Also In This Issue

Are City Men Sissies?
Thunder 'Round the Horn
Rogue Elephant
and many other features

Above schedule subject to change

SAGA

True Adventures for Men

VOLUME NINE, NUMBER THREE, 1954

CONTENTS / DECEMBER

Cover Painting by Ed Valigursky

SAGA JANUARY ISSUE ON SALE NOVEMBER 30TH

EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Harold A. Wise, Chairman of the Board; Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Philip D. Hyland, Advertising Manager. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.
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AUDITED PAID CIRCULATION ABC

How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey

The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U. S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it *fast* or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject—mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

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SAGA

letters to saga

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

September SAGA's ONE MAN POSSE is interesting but Commodore Perry Owen's mother must have mislaid her history book. Perry's battle on Lake Erie was fought, not on July 29, but on September 10.

Van De Narker
Augusta, Michigan

You're right, pal. But after all, the Battle of Lake Erie was a little before our time.

A MORAL QUESTION

In the September issue of your magazine I read Donald N. Morrison's account of his experiences in France during World War II, THE LOST GIRLS OF DUNKERQUE. It brought back many memories to me, especially a most unpleasant afternoon in southern France in the fall of 1944, when I witnessed the degradation of a pretty young French girl in Marseilles.

A furious mob stripped her and dragged her to the edge of the quay at the end of the Rue Caniberrie, where she was divested of her hair and tossed into the water. The crowd then hurled stones and other objects at her until she swam out of range and fled into the ruins that lined the east side of the Bay of Marseilles. When I inquired what she had done to deserve such treatment I was informed, "She sleep with Boche!" It was a shocking and frightening sight, but war as I saw it then was composed chiefly of shocking sights.

I must confess that at the time my sympathy was with the girl, and I probably would have halted the proceedings had it been in my power to do so. However, as I reflect back and now being more familiar with the background of such attacks I feel less inclined to go along with Morrison's sympathy for these girls. To be sure I have always sympathized with the underdog, but in most of the cases like those in Morrison's story, investigation justified the accusations. For the sake of civilization it was unfortunate that justice was dispensed by an uncouth mob, but one must remember that these people had been under the Nazi's heel for some years. Perhaps many in the crowd had lost members of their families because these girls passed on information to the ruthless Nazis. So who can say with absolute certainty who was right or wrong?

Paul F. Carl
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

You have a good point, Paul. We certainly hold no brief for girls who were sympathetic to the Nazi, or worse, and no doubt most of them got no worse than they deserved. But we also think that in those emotion-charged times the French were apt to act a little hastily in the interest of justice.

HI-G SAFETY

In a recent issue of SAGA you spoke in your MOTOR NEWS column, of a safety belt which could be installed in private automobiles, which would radically reduce fatalities in auto accidents.

If my car were equipped with this device I would feel more secure on the highways in this age of speed and recklessness. Unfortunately, I cannot purchase it in any of our local auto-chain dealers. Could you send me the name of the manufacturer?

G. B. Taylor
Norwalk, Calif.

There are several types of safety belts now available to the public and in the process of development. A good one is the "Hi-G Auto Belt," manufactured and sold by the Air Associates Inc. of Teterboro, New Jersey.

The Hi-G Belt is actually a seat belt and shoulder harness combined. The use of a belt which provides a shoulder restraint affords greater protection, so research men tell us, than a lap-type belt because it keeps the torso from pivoting at the hips and prevents the head and chest from being slammed against the windshield.

From extensive data compiled by the Air Force and the Navy, we have learned that if a human being is properly restricted in his seat, he can survive extremely severe crashes.

GILDING THE LILY

After reading CROCODILE BAIT in your September issue, I have one suggestion. In the future, I think you should tell your artists to read a story before drawing an illustration for it. Ed Valigursky's sketch for that one was pretty exciting, all right, but there seems to be some difference of opinion between him and the author as to what happened. In fact, it reminded me of one of those "What's wrong with this picture?" contests.

As I recall, the hero was standing near a tree when he was engulfed by quicksand, not out in the middle of the river. He wasn't clutching at low bows hanging over the river, dramatic as that is. And the croc slid out of the river, not from the bank. It was a pretty good story. It wasn't necessary to add the serial touch.

Smythe Richards
Sweetwater, Texas

Ed's illustration did slightly fracture the facts. Reminds us of our favorite Baron Munchausen story. Seems the Baron after captivating his audience with a ridiculous story about a harrowing adventure in a den of lions, finally talked himself into a completely hopeless spot. Rising to the occasion when the audience asked with bated breath, "What happened?" the Baron replied calmly, "They ate me."

WAS SHERLOCK HOLMES REAL??

I know it's hard on you people to look up addresses. But would you please look up one for me? I am interested in locating Mr. Sherlock Holmes and it's very important to me. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Clayton Young
Albert Lea, Minn.

The last we heard, Sherlock was still working out of 221B Baker Street, London, England. Are you kidding?

OH, THOSE TURKS!

I read your article on the 25th Infantry Division in the October issue of SAGA, and was a bit disappointed. The story was comprehensive and interesting, but you failed to mention the men with the white star and crescent who served so well at Sandbag Castle, Vegas, Reno, and all through the trying year of 1951.

It was a privilege to have served as American liaison with the Turkish Armed Forces Command in Korea, in spite of the unpleasant circumstances. The hundreds of star and crescent markers at Pusan attest the efforts of the men from Ismir and Ankara.

A chronicle of the 25th Division in Korea without mention of the Turkish Brigade is not complete, and I hope that a proud military tradition does not feel slighted by this omission. General Ardelhün, commander of the Brigade in 1952-1953, who spoke over seven languages, was keenly proud and sensitive of the record of his unit. His officers and men had no superiors.

John Solensten
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The fact that we "missed the boat" in failing to include the exploits of the Turkish Brigade in our story TROPIC LIGHTNING—THE STORY OF THE 25th INFANTRY DIVISION, is our loss, and in no way reflects on the record of the valiant Turks.

For **a** *nswers to your toughest questions write Peter Peters at SAGA, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. C. We have experts on every man's interest from automobiles to* **z** *ebras*

Ask the experts

EVERY YEAR an estimated million hunters invest good money in a hunting dog that probably has a pedigree as long as your gun barrel. They pamper the pup, feed it well, groom its fur—just marking time until the hunting season opens. But then, at the first blast of the shotgun, the pooch runs off howling with fright. Gun-shyness is the most widespread disease of sporting dogs and once it starts it's almost impossible to cure.

Is there any way then to avoid gun-shyness—or is a dog just born that way? Gun-shyness can definitely—and easily—be avoided, if only hunters would practise a few simple rules in training their beagle or fox-hound. Here is an excellent procedure suggested by expert Mark W. Burlingame in the outdoor book he wrote for Hodgman Rubber Company.

First, show the pup his food and let him smell it so that his whole attention is wrapped up in the approaching meal. While he's wagging his tail with excitement, have a friend fire a cap pistol. Do this every time you feed the pup for several days so that he will soon associate the pleasure of eating with the crack of the pistol. After a few days you can substitute a .22 rifle for the cap pistol. It's best to have someone else do the firing so that the pup won't associate the sudden and often disagreeable noise with the hand that brings the food.

When the dog no longer pays attention to the .22, you can start firing the gun yourself from a distance when you bring the food. At this point a gun shot becomes a signal that food has arrived. Soon you can switch to the heavy-caliber arm that you will be using during the season. Once you start this method, keep it up every meal so that the lesson will sink in—and you'll never own a gun-shy dog.

Most Dreaded Forest Creature

What, in your opinion, is the most dangerous creature that inhabits the forest? I say snakes, a friend claims it's the javelina. Who's right?
Sid Guthrie, Alabama

Neither snakes nor javelina, neither black widow spider nor gila monster. Believe it or not, they're all child's play next to the real forest killer of them all—the common tick. Not many outdoorsmen know that it is these minute insects which carry the Rocky Mountain spotted fever, a disease dreaded over much of the country.

Old Guns

In reading stories of the West I keep running across a gun called the "Peacemaker." Can you tell me something about it?
Jim McCutcheon, California

The Colt "Peacemaker" (or "Single-Action Army Revolver") was the traditional arm of the Old West, closely linked with the romantic sagas of frontier days when Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp and Billy the Kid dispensed what was known as "Colt justice." When new frontiers were blazed, the Peacemaker helped protect the settlers against hostile Indians and wild animals.

The Peacemaker was designed in 1872 and, known by various other names such as Frontier Six-Shooter and Single-Action Army, manufactured until just prior to World War II. It was the first large revolver made by Colt's to use self-exploding cartridges and it had a six-shot cylinder chambered for a .45 caliber center-fire cartridge.

Shotgun Load Speeds

Our local shooting club is embroiled in an argument about to split us asunder: How fast do shotgun loads travel? Please give us an answer and restore harmony.
John Savo, Pennsylvania

This question probably rates among the top-ten as most asked of outdoor writers—and among the top-three as causing most arguments among brethren shooters. Here is the answer from the research laboratory of the Remington Arms Company:

When a 12-gauge Remington Express load (consisting of 1¼ ounces of #6 shot) leaves the muzzle, it is traveling at the rate of over 900 miles per hour! Naturally, the further the load travels away from the muzzle, the slower its speed becomes—at 20 yards it is traveling over 650 m.p.h., and at 40 yards over 500 m.p.h. The popular skeet load, for comparison, is a bit slower, getting out of the barrel at approximately 820 m.p.h. and at 25 yards moving at 540 m.p.h.

Royal Road to Rabbit-Hunting

I've spent more hours and used more muscle power than I like to remember chasing after rabbits without getting my fair share of the kill. Tell me, please, is there an easy road to rabbit-hunting?
Eldred Schmidt, Wisconsin

Getting your rabbits is simple if you just remember a few lines of poetry you were taught way back in grade school—"and like a hare whom horn and hounds pursue, pants to the place whence at first it flew." No matter what kind of rabbit you're hunting, just scare him up—and wait at that spot! You can count on his being back in a very few minutes—because a scared rabbit will almost always run a complete circle. And if you miss your shot on his first go-around, stay put because he'll make the same circle again!

—Pete Peters

The Colt "Peacemaker" (Single-Action Army Revolver) was the traditional arm of the Old West.

Most decorated war hero—John Short, only U.S. matador—Escape in Athens—A Saga artist

The Lookout

John Short

Audie Murphy

● FILM STAR Audie Murphy was one of the first ex-GI's to pick up a September issue of SAGA. Like other veterans of the Third Infantry Division, Audie was anxious to read ***THE FIGHTING THIRD,*** the first in a series of dramatic and vivid stories about America's great fighting divisions. Judging from the expression on his face in the picture at the left, Audie seems mighty pleased with the way Glenn Kittler treated the epic story of his old outfit.

Nobody needs to be reminded that ex-Lieutenant Audie Murphy was the biggest hero to come out of World War II. His deeds on the battlefield are now legendary. In all he won 24 decorations: The Medal of Honor; the Distinguished Service Cross; the Silver Star with an Oak Leaf Cluster; the Legion of Merit; the Bronze Star; the ETO campaign ribbon with seven battle stars; a Presidential Unit Citation; the Expert Infantryman's Badge; the French Legion of Honor Chevalier; the Croix de Guerre with two Palms; the Fourragere, and a Purple Heart with two Oak Leaf Clusters. Quite a record for a Texas farm boy who still wasn't old enough to vote on VE Day.

● UP HERE in the U. S., where baseball and football dominate the sporting scene we know as much about bullfighting as we do about cricket—and that isn't much. John Short, the hero of SAGA'S picture story, ***THREE-DAY PASS TO A BULLFIGHT,*** came up with a few observations about Mexico's national pastime we thought might be of interest to SAGA readers.

There is a hierarchy in bullfighting similar to the "farm system" in American baseball. A matador needs 15 fights with union "quadrillas" (assistants) before he qualifies as a member of Union Mexican Association of Matadors.

With 13 fights under his belt, John is at present a "novillo," comparable to a Triple-A ballplayer.

Few people are aware that bullfights are rated by judges. According to the skill and daring he exhibits in a match, the matador is awarded a tour of the ring, the lowest award; one ear of the bull, for a fair performance; two ears, for a pretty good job; two ears and the tail, for giving an excellent show; and finally, a rare occurrence, two ears, the tail and a hoof.

When a young matador is breaking in, he must pay for his own bulls, and a good bull runs anywhere from $150 to $1,000. He can get back about 25 per cent of his investment by selling the carcass to the local butcher. So if you're ever South of the Border, don't be surprised if the steak you order for dinner is tough. It's probably the "fightinest" T-bone you ever worked on.

● PHIL EISENBERG, 4th Prize Winner in SAGA'S Story Contest, is a research worker in the Library of Congress. He had been writing poetry for 20 years before he turned his hand to prose, as a result of reading the contest announcement in SAGA. ***ESCAPE IN ATHENS,*** a true story he had picked up during World War II, seemed to Mr. Eisenberg to be just the kind of tale SAGA was looking for. He was right.

Before he settled in Washington, D. C., Phil worked in the Map Division of the Air Transport Command, served three years in the Army, and taught English at New York University.

● RAY HOULIHAN, who did the fine illustration for the prize story, has been an artist ever since he got out of high school. He worked as an artist-reporter for his hometown newspaper, The Worcester, Massachusetts, *Telegram,* and free-lanced cartoons on the side.

He entered the Army in 1943 and spent three years touring Europe with the 8th Armored Division Engineers. During this period he managed to contribute to various Army publications in addition to fighting a war.

After the Army he began to do illustrations for many popular magazines including SAGA.

COMING SAGA

To Hell With Martin Bormann—Ten Years On A GI Loan—The Boxing Dope Sheet Nobody Talks About

● TEN YEARS ago this December, ex-captain Frederick John Burns helped make history when he signed his name to Home Loan Number One under the GI Bill of Rights.

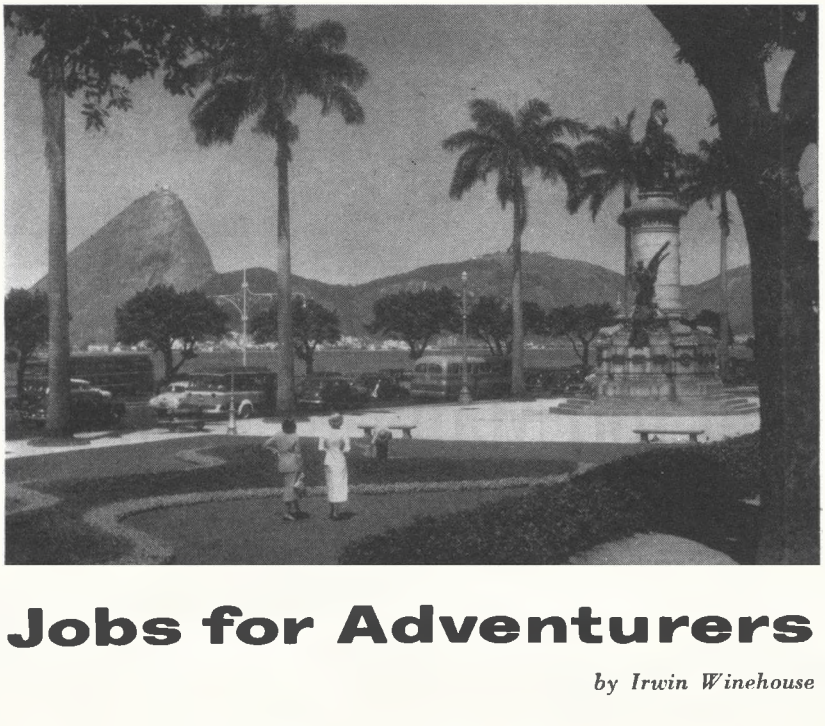
TEN YEARS ON A GI LOAN, appearing in SAGA next month, is the warm and humorous story of the years between—the trials and tribulations of the Burns family in their new house, the growth of their family, and all the other little things that go into the transformation of a house into a home.

● ***TO HELL WITH MARTIN BORMANN*** is one of the most unusual and controversial stories ever to appear in SAGA.

Since World War II ended, people have been speculating about the disappearance of arch-Nazi war criminal, Martin Bormann. Author Robert Lund presents one strange version he picked up from a sailor on the waterfront. Fact or fantasy? We think it's worth considering even if we do have to go out on a limb.

● SAGA is not in the "expose" racket, but we feel ***THE BOXING DOPE SHEET NOBODY TALKS ABOUT,*** by Al Stump, is a story that needs to be talked about.

It's a stirring, dramatic article, backed by facts, about the serious threat to the future of boxing posed by narcotics. Mainly, it's the moving story of Jesse Flores, once the most promising young lightweight in the game, and of how he shook "the monkey off his back."



Jobs for Adventurers

by Irwin Winehouse

THERE'S big job news from "Down Under" and this may be the Christmas surprise for which you have been waiting. According to a survey we've just completed, Australia desperately needs both skilled and semi-skilled workers. At the moment there are some 50,000 unfilled jobs listed with Australia's Federal Employment service—and the word is that the number will continue to increase.

J. R. Murray, Secretary of the Federal Chamber of Automotive Industries, declared recently: "Tradesmen from overseas are wanted at once. One company alone can absorb 500 men immediately."

What is true about the automotive industry is equally true about the construction trade. The Australian economy is expanding at a terrific rate, and there simply aren't enough workers available to fill the job demand.

Wage scales are considerably lower in Australia than they are in the United States, but then the cost of living is also much lower. As a special inducement, the Australian Government will share the transportation costs of any World War II veteran wishing to work inside its borders.

For complete details, write a letter outlining your experience and mail to Consulate General of Australia, 636 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. Construction workers may write to: D. Stewart Fraser, Building Industry Congress, 103 William St., Melbourne, Australia. For automotive jobs contact: J. R. Murray, Federal Chamber of Automotive Industries, 33 Macquarie Place, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

Philippine Islands

The Navy announces the following opportunities for civilians at Sangley Point and Subic Bay in the Philippines. To apply send the Standard Form 57—available at your local Post Office—to Navy Overseas Employment Office, 45 Hyde St., San Francisco 2, Calif.

Wanted: General Engineer. Qualifications for this job call for an engineering degree plus 3½ years of experience in design and developing plans for construction of roads, bridges, sewage, water, power, and communications facilities. You must be between 18 and 50. Minimum contract 24 months. Transportation paid both ways. Salary is $7,040 plus 20%. Territorial Post Differential.

Wanted: Ordnance Technician. Have you had 6 years experience as an Engineering Aide, Draftsman, Technician, Laboratory Mechanic or Computer? If this includes 2 years of work in testing, repair and maintenance on gun directors, gun mounts, ammunition trains or loading machines, you are qualified for this job. The deal includes transportation—bring the family along—on a two-year basis. Salary is $5,060 plus 20%.

Wanted: Supervisory Electronics Engineer. You'll receive $7,040 plus 20% for two years if you have an engineering degree with 3½ years of supervisory electronic engineering.

Teaching Jobs Around The World

There's been a great deal of discontent among American teachers who find themselves severely underpaid. As a result, we've received a host of letters from teachers asking about opportunities outside the U.S. where salaries are about 50% higher than those paid right here at home. Here are some key areas that need teaching personnel:

Alaska—If you're interested in joining the Public School system, write to Commissioner of Education, Juneau, Alaska. There are also teaching jobs in Schools for Natives which are run under the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Write to Area Director, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Dept. of Interior, Juneau, Alaska. Those with an eye toward joining the staff of the University of Alaska should write to the Registrar at College, Alaska.

Cuba—Send your application to the Secretary of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, Havana, Cuba.

Guam—Write to Director of Personnel and Labor, Government of Guam, Agana, Guam.

Hawaii—Public school, high school, and college teaching jobs open here. Address inquiries to Superintendent of Public Instruction, Honolulu, Haiwaii.

Panama Canal Zone—For this area write to Personnel Director, the Panama Canal Company, Balboa Heights, Canal Zone.

Philippines—For public school jobs write to Secretary of Instruction, Malacanan Palace, Manila, Philippine Islands. For college positions, address the President of the University of the Philippines, Manila.

Puerto Rico—Write to Commissioner of Education for Puerto Rico, San Juan, P. R.

Virgin Islands—Write to Governor of the Virgin Islands, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

U. S. Roundup

There are dozens of new projects getting underway shortly throughout the United States, and each offers opportunities for many different types of employment. Here are the latest headlines in jobs. Contact the company indicated.

Louisiana—Construction starts soon on the Greater New Orleans Expressway and approaches over Lake Pontchartrain. The jobs will be handled by Louisiana Bridge Co., Kenner, La., at a cost of more than $30,000,000.

Colorado—It will take five years to complete a $100-million new community near Denver. Plans include schools, shopping centers, playgrounds, parks as well as 6,000 homes. Del E. Webb Construction and the Aldon Construction of Los Angeles are building the development.

Minnesota—Williams Brothers Co., Tulsa, Okla., will construct a 260-mile, 16-in. crude oil pipeline from Clearbrook to the Minneapolis-St. Paul District for the Minnesota Pipe Line Co. Cost will top $12 million.

Pennsylvania—Sherry Richards Co., Chicago, will build the $13.3-million Pittsburgh General Hospital.

California—San Diego gets a new $6.6-million Naval Hospital. Handling the job will be the George A. Fuller Co. of Los Angeles.

Texas—Things are big in Texas, and Houston will one day have the world's largest residential development—housing some 60,000 people. Fifteen thousand homes will be built on a 4,000-acre tract outside Houston. It will take 10 years to complete and cost $200 million. Frank W. Sharp of Houston is handling the mammoth, record-breaking project.

Overseas Roundup

We've often shouted the glories of the modern boom towns of Canada. At the top of the list for 20th Century pioneering opportunities is Uranium City, Saskatchewan. Here Gunner Mines discovered the largest uranium deposit in the Western Hemisphere and full scale production will soon get underway. First step is $19-million worth of water tanks. Horton Steel Works, Ltd., 40 Jennet St., Fort Erie, Ont., will do the building.

Brazil—The city of Manaus on the Amazon River will be the site of a $4-million, 5,000-bbl.-per-day oil refinery. For details contact Southwestern Eng. Co., 5000 District Bldg., Los Angeles 58, Calif.

Puerto Rico—A 25,000 bbl. per day refinery to process Venezuelan crude oil will be erected at Guayanilla Bay by The Lummus Co., 385 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Bahama Islands—Hegeman Harris, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y., will build a $1.2-million hotel here.

The Sultan Had Too Many Women

When the French deposed the Sultan of Morocco they uncovered a fantastic tale of lust, brutality and debauchery straight out of the Arabian Nights

By HENRY JORDAN

ON A HILL overlooking the port of Casablanca rises the gleaming white summer palace of the Sultans of Morocco. Until a few years ago, your chances of getting near the exotic walled-in grounds were zero. But when Sultan Sidi Mohammed V decided to show the rest of the world how democratic a Moorish despot can get, he threw open some of the wall gates to the traveling public. You can now snap pictures of the beautiful palace gardens which, with their riot of hues, scents and exotic plants, seem to come straight out of "Arabian Nights." And if you slip one of the red-frocked guards a proper tip, he may even point out the harem in the distance, a white, cube-shaped building with barred windows, which houses the Sultan's bevy of belles. But don't ask the guard, "How many wives does the Sultan have?" Because the answer will probably be, "Four—and how many have you?"

You had it coming. Moslems don't like to discuss matters of heart and harem with strangers. So why does the guard say four? Because the Koran, their holy book, says no man may have more than four wives. Allah—be He praised—ordered it so. But at the same time Allah, in His infinite wisdom, puts no limit on the number of concubines, or harem dolls, that are supposed to be good for a man. The exact number of a Sultan's concubines is a state secret. The present Sultan, a white-bearded patriarch in his 70s, is reputed to be frugal in this respect. But rumor had it for a long time that his predecessor, Sidi Mohammed V, was a gay fellow who liked to lord it over countless almond-eyed, fair-skinned, heavily scented belly-dancing belles, not counting those he kept, for reasons of punishment, chained to the walls of sub-cellar caves. How large the ex-Sultan's quota really was leaked out only on August 21, 1953—a truly Black Friday in his life.

Just as he did every Friday, the Moslems' day of prayer, the Sultan set out for the mosque in a fast horse-drawn carriage. Riding ahead was a functionary waving a white handkerchief as a sign of peace, and alongside galloped honor guards in their flapping red burnouses. The splendid pageant had no sooner emerged from the palace grounds when its progress was stopped by a detachment of French troops.

A French major walked up to the Sultan's carriage and saluted smartly, then informed him that he was under arrest. The Sultan knew a pinch when he saw one. The French have had the top hand in Morocco and to be Sultan you've got to be in their good graces. Sidi Mohammed V wasn't in favor any longer —lately he had been showing more independence than was healthy. Brought before the commanding French general, he was told that from then on he would have to eat the bitter bread of exile.

But he would be allowed to eat it in comfort. How many of his family and retinue did he think he would like to take with him?

"My wives and 357 concubines," he replied after thinking it over. In addition he would need a number of secretaries, dignitaries and such, as well as 150 slaves.

The French informed him politely but firmly that

the slaves were out. If public opinion in civilized countries found out that slavery still existed, the impression would be very bad. As for concubines, the principle was all right. There are 500 million Moslems in this world and nobody could dispute their right to keep well-stocked harems. But 357, the Sultan was told, was overdoing it. Thirty-five houris—ten percent of his asking figure—was all the French taxpayer would stand for. Finally, after much haggling, the figure was upped to 50.

Assisted by the Grand Vizier and other advisors, the Sultan worked out a list of the ladies to go with him. Next day, surrounded by his cut-down entourage, he sailed to his designated place of exile, Antsirabe. It's on the southeast African island of Madagascar. There his residence is only the Terminus Palace, the termite-ridden local hotel the French Government had requisitioned for him. Thus the Sultan's reign ended, and some day the joys and tribulations of this descendant of Mohammed the Prophet and one-time tourist attraction, may inspire a Broadway hit.

But the Sherif (which rhymes with "thief" and is his official title), was far from being a musical comedy character, as later events were to show. What seemed like the gay, frivolous capers of a puppet ruler, turned out to be only mild comedy relief in a drama of stark horror.

The first rumors of what the ex-Sultan had really been like started up in the *medinas*, the native quarters of the Moroccan cities. At first nobody dared speak above a whisper for fear Sidi Mohammed V might return from exile. But as the months went by and Madagascar began to look more and more like a final stop, the rumors grew louder and finally became a matter of official record. Several complaints were filed against the Sultan and the legend of the enlightened ruler and statesman took a few new turns.

As the stories came out, Sidi Mohammed V emerged as a full-fledged tyrant, a playboy who masked his excursions into cruelty with occasional gestures of charity. There were reports of palace debaucheries and sex orgies hardly repeatable in print, of whips stiff with blood from endless sadistic floggings; of the failure of census-takers to find any trace of many missing palace attendants; of underground dungeons holding strange creatures who had once been men; of prisoners devoured by the Sultan's pet lions.

The Sultan's life was a curious mixture of ancient custom and Western civilization.

None of the grim tales turned out to be exaggerations. Ex-prisoners, harem matrons, guards, ex-concubines, or survivors from prison and torture came forth and told what they knew—though many are still cowed by fear of vengeance.

Finally the authorities acted and the wheels of ancient Arab desert law ground into motion when survivors' families laid claim to "blood money" and punishment against the exiled Sherif.

The parents of a lieutenant in the ex-Sultan's guard named Mulai Balkir started the ball of complaints rolling. Lieutenant Balkir's undoing had been that he was a very tall, good-looking young man. When his superiors detailed him to the harem guard they underestimated the kind of virile appeal he would have for the bored sirens confined in the stuffy harem quarters. His appeal was completely irresistible to one cooped-up harem lady who promptly succumbed to his charms. This wasn't surprising, considering what living conditions in such a stable are

like. Any man would have looked good.

Have a look at Sidi Mohammed V's mysterious harem.

Deprived of its air of medieval mystery, it was simply a luxurious dormitory sleeping around 350. There was what one might call a play room, the size of a gymnasium. With its wall and floor coverings of tinsled, violently colored tapestries, it looked like a box of striped candies done up with glittery Christmas ribbon. In one corner stood a canopied lace-hung bed, all in pink and 15 feet square. This was the Sultan's personal resting place. There was no air-conditioning, and since Morocco is as hot as all blazes, the air was always heavy and steamy. Herbs, blossoms and burning incense filled the room with cloying, sensuous scents. The small, draped windows through which only scant light could filter, were iron-barred.

The wives and concubines never left this jail except to go for walks in a reserved part of the palace garden. Armed guards stationed all around saw to that. Inside the harem only matrons and the so-called "men without vigor," or eunuchs, were permitted. The only exceptions were the red-blooded bruisers who made up the eleven-man platoon whose principal function was to flog the concubines with long rawhide whips whenever they got out of line. Prior to Sidi Mohammed V's rule even the floggers were eunuchs, but as one of the harem matrons was to explain:

"The Sherif found that men without vigor didn't develop enough zest in giving the whip to the ladies of his pleasure."

And whippings they got in plenty, and always in the nude. For gossiping, 30 lashes. For lack of cleanliness, 25 lashes. For insufficient ardor in the Sultan's presence, 100 lashes.

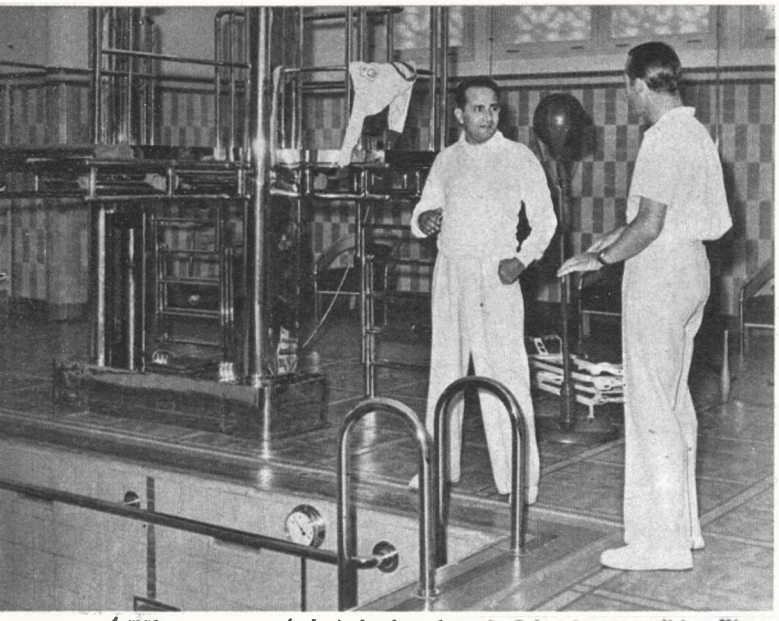
It is a great honor to be a Sultan's concubine, but the rewards, under Sidi Mohammed V at least, were skimpy. Even though he had his pleasure—according to the official phrase—with six ladies a night, everyone's turn came up only once every two months. The girls received no pay and were fed only scraps, leftovers from the Sultan's own bountiful feasts. The Sultan didn't care for fat women. Leanness of body, he believed, stimulated romantic ardor for him.

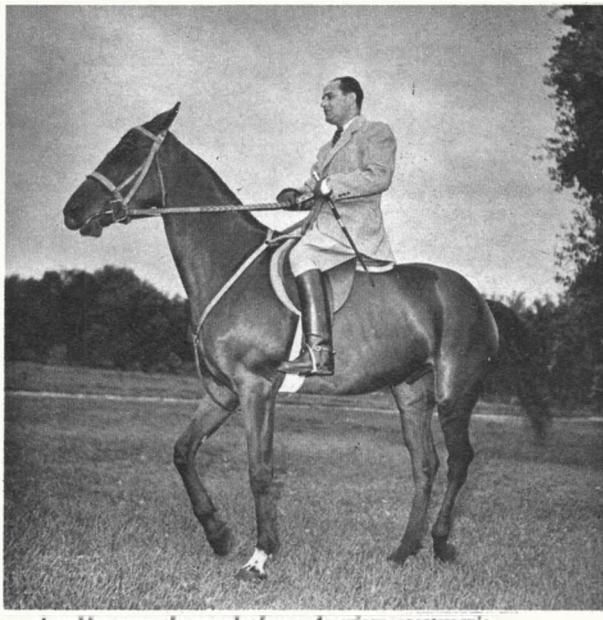
Aside from the brief moments when the harem wenches were allowed to sun themselves in their master's presence, they led miserable lives without activity or distractions of any kind, forever sprawling on carpets or sitting cross-legged on goat-leather hassocks. Their only pastime was the pleasure of conversation. And that was censored.

What does one talk about in a harem? As one of the matrons once explained, "All conversations are about the Sherif." Anything else was considered gossip. Gossip, punishable by flogging, and to be reported by the matrons. No matron dared show leniency, for fear of being turned in herself, either by an ambitious concubine or by one of the other matrons. They would forever snitch on one another, just to break the predominant mood—boredom.

Boredom breeds dangerous dreams, especially in the girls who live for love but have to wait for it months at a time. This was the case of 19-year-old Aysha, a burnished, gazelle-eyed belle from some far-off desert hamlet. One morning in September, 1951, while walking in the garden, Aysha, saw the handsome guard, Lieutenant Mulai Balkir, and was smitten. A few nights later, when the Sultan unexpectedly sent for her, a tearful matron had to report that Aysha was nowhere to be found. Unfaithfulness always sent Sidi into a towering ferocious rage. He personally took command of 2,000 searchers who started looking for Aysha. She was found no farther than the guard officers' quarters, forgetting her troubles in Lieutenant Balkir's ardent arms.

The palace (*Continued on page 91*)





A vigorous program of physical culture kept the Sultan in top condition. His gym and stables were the equal of any American sportsman's.

HIGH STAKES

Nobody was willing to put any money on the gunsel cowboy except his girl, and she was stone broke. So she made the only bet she could

By ROBERT V. WILLIAMS

ORVILLE SLOAT edged his long, narrow frame through the knot of Federal soldiers who were waiting to read the poster Doll Myers was putting up on the yellow clapboard wall of the depot. The railroad had a sign of its own on that wall:

THE RAILROAD WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LIVES OF THROUGH PASSENGERS WHO GET OFF THE TRAIN AT FORT SIDNEY.
(signed) THE DIRECTORS

Orville moved in a little closer as Doll unrolled the new poster and tacked it to the wall with some roofing nails.

"There you are," Doll said, turning to face the blue-uniformed men. "This is gonna be the biggest show this side of Omaha. Pass the word around."

The poster announced a big "Stampede"—a series of contests in calf-roping, bulldogging and bronc-stomping.

"Prizes for all the winners," Doll said, moving the wet stub of a cigar from one side of his thick-lipped mouth to the other. "Admissions two bits. Pass the word around." Doll started to pick his way through the soldiers, glanced at Orville, then looked again as if he had been hit with a sudden idea. "You," he said to Orville. "Come over here."

Orville eyed him up. He had seen him around Sidney, a loud-mouthed whisky drinker, an ex-drummer of barber supplies

ILLUSTRATED BY EMM KAY

He sat up as she slipped into the room and closed the door.

and, some said, the real money behind Mother McCree's Palace of Pleasure. Doll was always promoting something, some deal which almost always meant money for him and sweat for somebody else.

"Wanna make five dollars?" Doll said.

"I got nothing against it."

"Will that skinny mare of yours take a saddle?"

Orville was about to make a crack when he thought better of it. He cast his eyes down, nudged a horse bun with the toe of his heavy yellow manure kickers, and played the dumb farmhand. "She might take a saddle," Orville said. "I know she can plow real good."

The soldiers laughed. Doll wheezed himself red-faced. He had to grab at his cigar to keep from choking on it.

"Good. Good," Doll said, still choking. "That's just what I want. We got to have some humor at the Stampede. You know. Something funny to tickle the kids. You're just the hick to do it, too, I believe."

Orville was used to this treatment by now. He had been in Fort Sidney for just a little over a month now and already he was a town joke. They didn't dare laugh in his face, but he knew what they said about him behind his back. They looked at the heavy yellow shoes sticking out from the short-legged bib overalls and they called him Long John and The Cloud Duster and he didn't have the courage to tell anybody that he was a cowboy and that on his last trail drive to Dodge City the trail boss had skipped with the payroll, leaving him nothing but these clothes and his horse. Orville looked at Doll, who stood waiting for a bite on his offer.

"Just between you and me," Doll said. "Far as everybody else is concerned, you'll be in that Stampede too. Just another gunsel cowboy trying for the prizes."

Orville looked at his clothes again and wished he had about fifty dollars so he could get some fancy jeans and boots. Then Chula wouldn't be embarrassed to show on the street with him. But he didn't have fifty dollars, and five bucks was five bucks.

"Suits me," Orville said, finally. "I'll be your clown."

Doll whacked him on the back. "You pick up a saddle down at the livery stable. Tell 'em Doll sent you."

Orville tugged down the short legs of his overalls, ignored the amused stares of the soldiers, and walked across the street to the Hot Shot Cafe. He lowered his head to keep from knocking off his hat, stepped through the door and eased his six-four on one of the iron stools at the lunch counter. The steamy-windowed lunchroom was full, even at this late hour of the morning. About half of the Fort Sidney garrison was eating, soldiers who were stationed here to protect the gandy-dancers from the Indians. Several miners just off the train from Omaha were stoking up before they took off in their wagons for the gold pickings in the Black Hills to the north. A couple of well-fed farmers, in town to bid on a dwindling supply of alfalfa seed, sat picking their teeth at the counter. Ida, the stocky waitress, tried to move away from a saddle bum who was about to hustle her for a free meal, but she took pity on him and Orville knew she would feed the man. Times were real good in Fort Sidney if you ran a store or a restaurant, a dance hall or saloon. To say nothing of a Palace of Pleasure.

"Same thing, Orville?" Ida asked, coming over to him.

"You bet. Stack and coffee. Where's Chula?"

"I was about to tell you if you gave me the chance. She went over to the slaughterhouse to order a quarter of beef.

She ought to be back by now." Ida wiped the crumbs and egg clots from the counter in front of him.

"You two still at it?" she asked.

"No more than usual. Let me have that coffee now, will you?"

"Sure."

A blue-uniformed lieutenant with a toothbrush mustache sat down next to Orville, looked out one corner of his eye and seemed amused. Orville tugged at the suspenders of his faded overalls and crossed his lanky legs. Just as soon as he got a little money, he would get those fancy striped jeans he'd seen in Wilson's, and a pair of kangaroo leather boots. First thing. Then he'd wear Chula on his arm like a bunch of flowers.

Ida waddled over with his coffee and slid it across the counter to him. He had just saucered it and started to blow when the door of the Hot Shot opened. One by one the soldiers looked up from their breakfast and turned to stare. They always did that when Chula came into the room. She was wearing a new starched apron over a light blue cotton dress which suggested rather than hid her voluptuous, generously rounded figure. She had the dark, clear skin and the black eyes of her Mexican parents; her black, shoulder-length hair was tied back from her ears with a blue ribbon.

"Dear God," breathed the toothbrush mustache.

At the far end of the counter, another soldier put down his coffee, smiled as Chula passed, then applauded politely.

Orville looked down at his coffee and felt sick. He had brought her with him after he had returned from the trail drive to Deaf Smith County, broke, hungry and out of a job. Bringing her here, he had promised her a place of their own to live in, a few head of cattle and enough pasture to graze them. And he had fallen down. Over a month now and all he had was a skinny mare, a broken wagon, the clothes on his back and a ten-cent job in Haldane's Feed Store where he had to sleep in the grain room. And Chula had to take a job for pennies in the Hot Shot where she spent as much time turning down propositions from the soldiers as she did dealing hash and beans. He knew she was sick of the whole setup. She wasn't made for work and he knew that Mother McCree had offered her a special room at the Palace. How seriously Chula was considering the offer, he didn't know, but she was not above holding it as a threat over his head.

"I'm not going to keep this up forever," she had said to him. "I'm not going to keep sneaking around to the back of a feed store forever, just because you don't have enough money for dress-up clothes."

After Mother McCree's offer, Orville knew what Chula might very well do. Anyway, he wasn't going to take a chance on calling her bluff. Still, nobody was going to hire a cowboy in overalls who didn't even own a saddle.

Chula appeared at his end of the counter. She tossed her head as she swept by his stool without speaking, and as she passed, the blue ribbon slipped from her hair and fluttered to the floor. Impatiently she stooped to pick it up. The lieutenant with the toothbrush under his nose rose quickly out of his seat for a better look at Chula's stooped figure.

"Dear God in heaven," the lieutenant whispered. He shook his head in admiring disbelief and sat down again.

Orville spun around on his stool and fingered the knife he used to slit feed bags over at Haldane's. He looked down at the lieutenant's belt buckle. "You always do your praying in here?" Orville said.

The lieutenant pulled in his neck. "I didn't know she was your girl."

"Well, she is," Orville said. Then he spoke in border Spanish. "Chula, come over here."

Her dark eyes snapped as she looked at him and said, with only a slight accent: "You're in America, cowboy. Speak American." Then she bent across the counter and looked straight at the lieutenant. "For you," she said, "I'll tell you this. I'm nobody's girl, and don't you forget it." Then she went back to work, ignoring Orville completely.

Ida winked at him and grinned, but he didn't feel amused. Chula hadn't spoken to him for a week and she had stopped slipping over to stay with him in back of Haldane's.

Orville got up from the counter and went around to the cash box. When he handed Chula his money, she took it tight-lipped. He felt the panic rise up inside him.

"Chula. Listen," he said in Spanish. "Come over tonight."

She said nothing. He got desperate. "Chula, I mean it. I got another job."

She hardly changed expression, but he noticed a flicker in the dark eyes which said she would think it over.

That night he lay in his big bedroll on the straw in the small room back of the feed store. He had just about decided that Chula had turned him down again when the dusty-paned door of the room opened. He saw the full outline of her body as she slipped inside and closed the door quietly behind her. He sat up and reached for her hand, but she pulled away.

"I didn't come to stay with you," she said. "Only to say I'm sorry about what I said this morning."

"You can do both if you want to," he said. "Now sit down here and let me talk to you."

"No. First tell me about this new job."

He hemmed; he hawed; he tried to change the subject. Then finally he had to tell her about Doll's offer. Five dollars to make the kids laugh at the Stampede. Abruptly she struck out at him. He caught her hand and held it fast.

"A clown," she said, exploding the words. "That's all you are. If there was one other man in this town who spoke Spanish, I would go to him and stay there. A clown . . ." She started to cry. "The soldiers . . . any soldier here . . . would take better care of me. They cry for me at Mother McCree's. Why should I stay with you?"

"Because," he said. "Because . . ." He lost his voice in desperation. Finally he got up from his bedroll and grabbed her to keep her from leaving. ". . . because we're going to get all those things I promised you."

"You always say that."

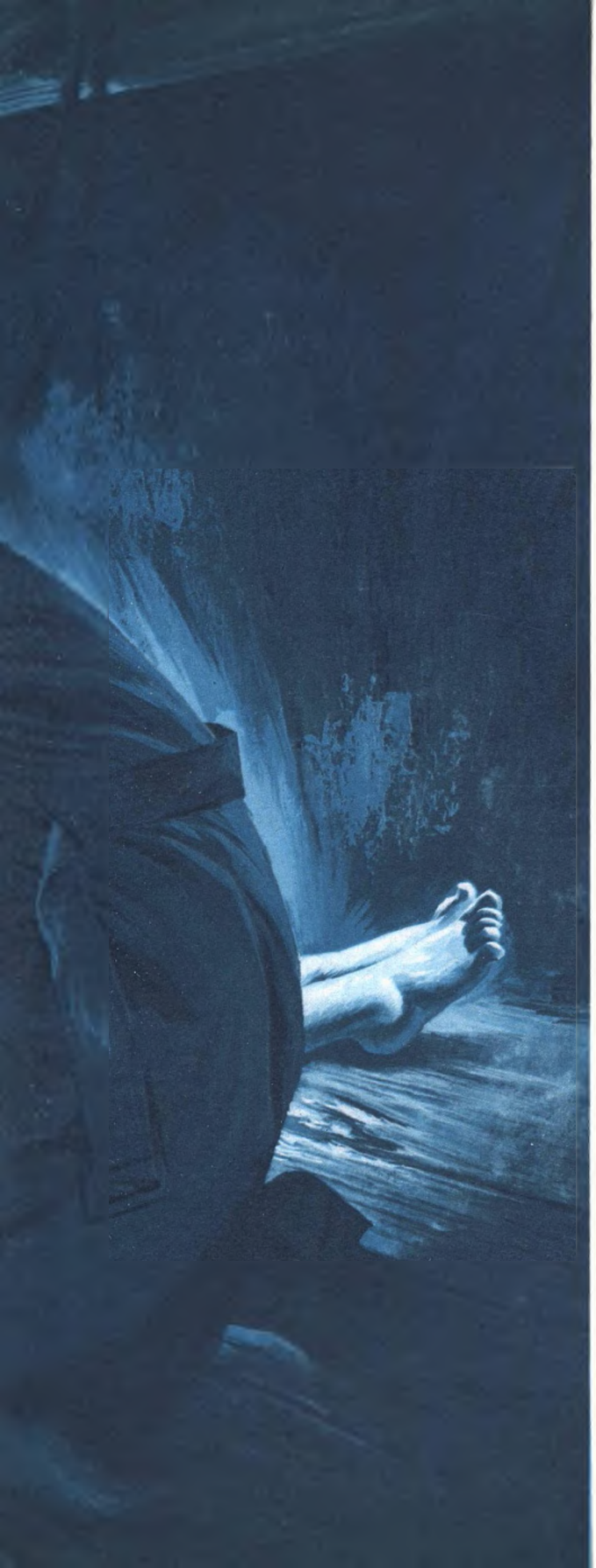
"But this time I mean it. You stay here tonight and I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

She put her sharp little elbows against his chest and pushed. "You tell me now or I won't stay here tonight. I know another place . . ."

"All right . . ." He looked around helplessly. He knew that whatever he told her would have to be good. Good and big. "Listen. Nobody but Doll Myers and me know that I'm just the Stampede clown. As far as everybody else goes, I'm one of the cowboys trying for the prizes. See?"

"No . . ."

"Listen, Chula. There'll be (*Continued on page* 83)



THE GIRL IN THE BELFRY

That Holy Week in "Hoodoo Church" was a season of horror. But the worst blow was when the sex maniac turned out to be a young Sunday School teacher

By HERBERT ASBURY

THE EMANUEL BAPTIST CHURCH stood at 131 Bartlett Street in San Francisco, a big, wooden structure painted a dull red, with a bell tower and belfry but no bell. To the irreligious it was known as the "Hoodoo Church." It had been hit by lightning, it had been abandoned twice and reoccupied, and after a series of small fires the insurance companies had canceled all policies on the building. On April 13, 1895, fate struck the church its most cruel blow—and for good measure struck again the next day.

In the early afternoon of the 13th—it was Saturday, the day before Easter—a dozen members of the Ladies' Auxiliary entered the church to decorate the auditorium for Easter services. Chattering happily, they banked the pulpit with lilies and greenery, and arranged other flowers in vases. Then they went into the library to put some blooms there, and one of the ladies decided to get some books which were kept in a small study, formed by partitioning an alcove off the library. She opened the study door—and screamed in horror. Splotches of blood smeared the walls and the floor, and huddled behind an open closet door lay the half-naked, mutilated body of a young girl. The ladies recognized her immediately as Minnie Williams, a member of the church and a pretty blonde who was affectionately called "Little Minnie" because (*Continued on page* 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL CALLE

SEMPER FI!

The Story of the 1st Marine Division

First to strike back in World War II, they stemmed the tide in the steaming jungles of Guadalcanal and fought the Japs across the Pacific to the bloody sands of Iwo Jima. Outnumbered in Korea as no troops ever were before, their motto was "No retreat or surrender!"

By GLENN D. KITTLER

"Blood, sand and tears." was the lot of

DAWN raced through the South Korean hills. A Marine sergeant cautiously raised his head above his foxhole rim. The hillside below him was shell-pocked. In the rice paddies which checkered the valley beyond, enemy bodies floated in the smelly water. Dust raised by the night's battle—the first Korean combat for the Marines—hung like a purple fog in the morning's hot air.

The sergeant glanced at the surrounding trees, splintered by the storm of bullets that had made the fight so fierce. In the sudden silence, medics were carrying away the wounded and the dead.

"Well," the sergeant muttered, "we have met the enemy, but they certainly ain't ours."

the First Marine Division in the Pacific War, a heartbreaking ordeal of tropic sun and jungle, rocky atolls, dusty beaches, and elusive enemy.

"That's for damn sure," came softly from the next foxhole.

The sergeant pushed back his helmet and looked over his shoulder at the rising sun. It was going to be another scorching day.

"Hey," he called, "what's today's date?"

"August 7. Why?"

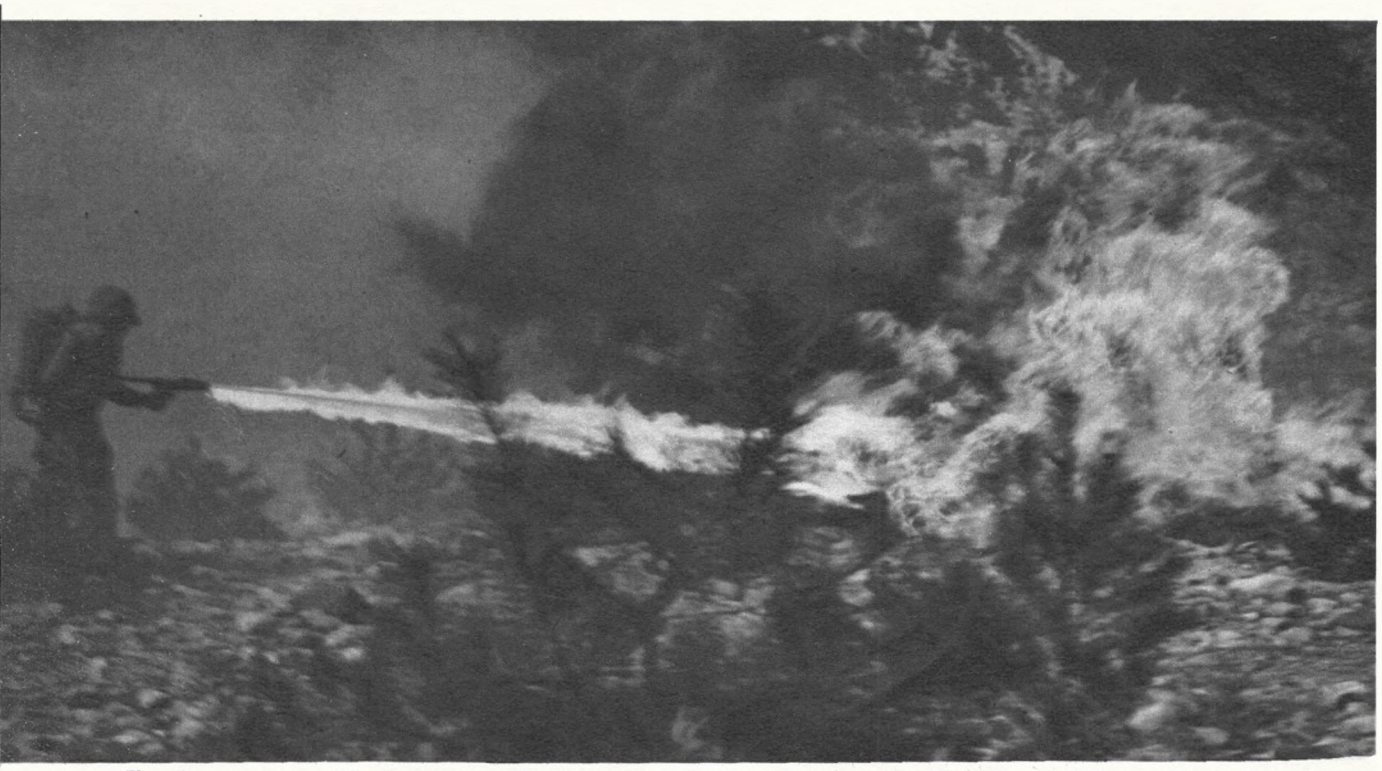
"Jeez, eight years ago right now we were landing at Guadalcanal."

"Happy anniversary."

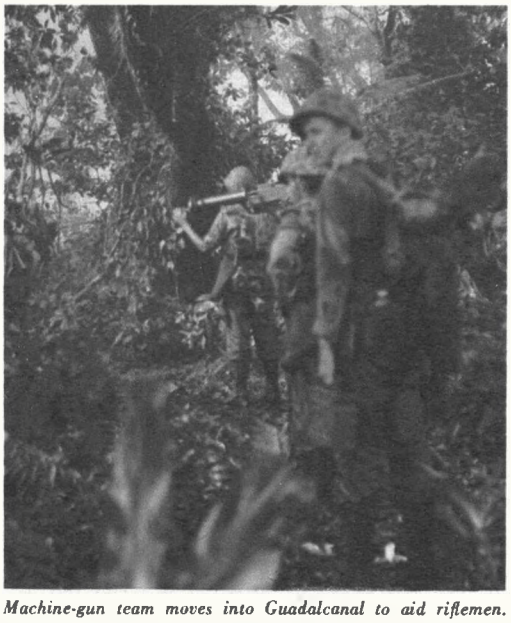
For men of the First Marine Division who had time to remember, it was a weird anniversary. During the past month, there had scarcely been time to remember anything. The Korean War had been a week old when the Division received orders to ship units to combat. In less than another week, the contingent went aboard at San Diego.

No time for maneuvers. Three days before sailing, two Pershing tanks had been driven out on the California range and gunners took turns, each firing two rounds. The next time the guns were used, they were killing Communists.

Briefings were held at sea. Nobody knew much about the country where the Marines were now commanded to fight. Equally little was known about the enemy. One fact was desolately certain: Army forces already there on occupation duty had been ordered to retreat.



Flamethrowers were scornfully relegated to second combat teams by Colonel Lewis (Chesty) Puller. "Where do you fix the bayonet?" he asked.



Machine-gun team moves into Guadalcanal to aid riflemen.

Marine Brigadier General Edward A. Craig told his men: "You will never receive an order to retreat from me. All I ask is that you fight as Marines have always fought. If you do that, I can ask no more."

So off to war they went, not only to do their best to win but to uphold a tradition, and it was this tradition that made them different.

Compared to the Army or Navy, the Marine Corps had always been a small unit. To rate big, they had to be tough. To be tough, they had to be proud, and so pride became as much a part of every Marine as his rifle, his helmet, his canteen. No other outfit had the same cocky confidence. No other outfit demanded—and got—the roughest assignments, wherever the battle. No other outfit was so passionately eager to be the first to fight—and to fight close. Push-button wars might be all right for the Army or Navy, but the Marines practised what they preached: Battles were won by riflemen close enough to spit in the enemy's eye as they killed him.

Out of this attitude, Colonel (now Brigadier General) Lewis "Chesty" Puller, an up-through-ranks idol of every Marine, scornfully put flamethrowers on the second team of combat. Seeing one for the first time during World War II, he examined it, fired it, then said:

"Nice weapon. Where do you fit the bayonet to it?"

This was the attitude that carried the First Marine Division from Guadalcanal to Cape Gloucester, to Peleliu, to

Okinawa. It was with them on the Pusan-Masan highway, at Inchon, at the Chosin Reservoir.

For months before Pearl Harbor, the newly formed First Marine Division had puzzled military experts. On maneuvers, the division stormed beaches of Cuba and North and South Carolina.

"What kind of war are you expecting?" experts asked.

"The worst," Division leaders replied. "When you want to learn about beachheads, we'll be ready to teach you."

Nobody could foresee then that beachhead tactics would prove to be of vital importance during the next five years, but somehow the Marines sensed it and prepared. Out of maneuvers grew the need for special invasion vehicles, and from Marine drawing-boards came the answer: the amphibious tractor—amtracs, which later were invaluable in every World War II landing.

The waters at Guadalcanal were filled with amtracs, that August morning, 1942, when the Marines swarmed ashore. Across the bay, Raiders attacked Tulagi. But something was wrong. There was an unnatural stillness in the air.

"Where t'hell are the Japs?" platoon sergeants hollered at each other across the quiet beaches.

None appeared. Initial probes were made on both the 'Canal and Tulagi, with only an occasional sniper or a stray Jap encountered. Jap bombers arrived and attacked the convoy, but despite the easy pickings the Nips managed to damage only one destroyer. Elements of the 5th and 1st Regiments began moving toward their objectives, practically unopposed. The Raiders drove deep into Tulagi, meeting only scattered trouble.

"This is war?" a brassy Pfc grunted, as he hacked his way through the thick bush.

"I thought these Japs were supposed to be such supermen," piped another.

"Wait," a wise old-timer warned. "The bastards are up to something."

And they were. They were up to a game Orientals could play best: waiting. They had been waiting for months.

Medical Corpsmen administer blood plasma to a fallen comrade and cut away clothing from his wounds at a dressing station in the Solomons.

War correspondent Ernie Pyle, later killed on Ie Shima, was always a favorite with combatmen. He could "rough it" with the best of them.

By now, every Jap had memorized the jungle islands. They'd dug caves in every mound, hung snipers in every tree, rimmed every clearing with machine-gun nests. Now they need only wait until the Marines walked within range.

On the tiny nearby Gavutu and Tanambogo islands, the Japs didn't have to wait long. Little more than a beach and a hill, the small islands demanded a big price. Landing attempts by 2nd Regiment units were repeatedly beaten off. Despite terrific Navy bombardments, the only serious damage was to the very places where Marines had hoped to land. Men who succeeded in reaching shore were immediately pinned down by accurate Jap mortars.

By night, nobody wondered where the Japs were: They were all over the bloody place.

On Tulagi, Japs were infiltrating Marine positions ceaselessly. Within three hours, the Raiders fought off five Jap counterattacks. Across on Guadalcanal, bat-eyed Jap snipers picked off Marine patrols in the pitch dark.

To clear Gavutu and Tanambogo, men who managed

U. S. Marine tanks and infantrymen push through the blazing, bullet-

to reach the hills tossed grenades into the caves. After the Japs got smart, they tossed the grenades out again. But the Marines were smarter; they tied grenades to long sticks, pulled the pins, then thrust the live charges into the caves and held them there until they exploded.

The only injury suffered through this method befell a captain. He had his pants blown off.

For the next two months, there were few quiet hours in the Guadalcanal zone. Jap sea and air superiority kept the battle undecided until its last moments. Bringing in reinforcements, the Japs packed the 'Canal with 40,000 men, of whom 30,000 were to die before the fighting ended. Nightly bombing raids by enemy craft rendered Henderson Field useless most of the time, often pulverizing the few Marine planes berthed there. Off shore, American ships lost heavily in sea battles, frequently firing at each other in the confusion.

And there were enemies besides Japs: mosquitoes and jungle rot. Malaria knocked some 6,000 Marines out of action. Hundreds more were made helpless by the fungus growths between their toes, fingers, arms and legs.

But the Marines fought. Drenched by jungle rains, bogged down by jungle mud, baked by a jungle sun, hungry, weary, parched, isolated in an eerie corner of the world, they fought.

When Japs attacked Marine positions at Lunga Point, Sergeant John Basilone, a machine gunner, went three days without rest or food to hold them off. Again and again, they rushed him. Each time he sent them running. Grenades and mortar fire exploded all around his dugout, but he refused to move. Before the Japs retreated, 38 of them were killed by Basilone's bullets. Only then did he leave his position, and simply because he could no longer fire effectively over the heap of dead bodies.

The Marines learned early that the only good Jap was a dead Jap, a lesson that had cost a patrol of fine men. Word had come, during the second Guadalcanal week, that a contingent of Japs up-island were ready to surrender.

This looked like a prize. Prisoners would talk, and the Marines needed information of the size of the Japanese force and its plans. Twenty-five Marines, all excellent scouts and marksmen, were sent to accept the surrender. Three of them returned alive. The rest were ambushed at the point of rendezvous. A few bodies were later found floating in the river, but there was no trace of the others.

Sergeant Charles C. Arndt, who survived, reported that he saw Japs hacking with swords at the bodies of his wounded buddies. It had been a ruthlessly cannibal assault. The Marines remembered it at Bloody Ridge.

If ever a monument is raised to the First Division, it should be there, atop the scraggly hill just beyond Henderson Field, for here the Division was baptized in blood. Men on the ridge, those nights of September 12 and 13, were glassy-eyed for months. No one had ever seen so much death.

Bombardments came relentlessly, from Jap infantry, from Jap planes, from the Jap fleet in the bay. Japs on the hill outnumbered Marines ten to one. To cover the 1,800-yard perimeter, the Marines were spaced every five yards. Men went hours without contacting another Marine.

"I never felt so goddam lonely in my whole life," said one of the men who came back.

It was a hit-and-run fight. First, down came the Japs, hurling grenades, firing from the hip, shouting, screaming, only to be stopped by a solid wall of Marine bullets. Then up raced the Marines, running headlong into the same fury.

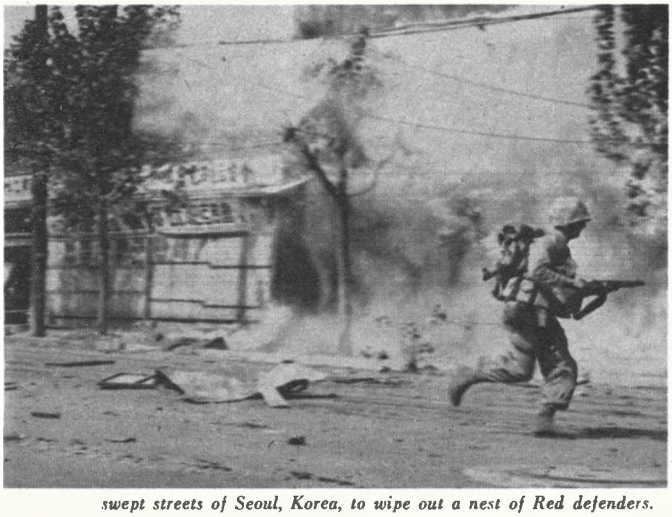
There were moments of hell when some Marines were too stunned to move. It was the will to win that made them fight, the pride of victory. Major Kenneth D. Bailey told them: "If we lose this hill, we lose Guadalcanal." Too many Marines had already died to let that happen.

So close was the fighting that, in the melee, both Japs and Marines zigzagged across the battleline. Yards back, the Marine artillery sweated out orders to commence firing, but the panic on the hill was too tight to use the big guns.

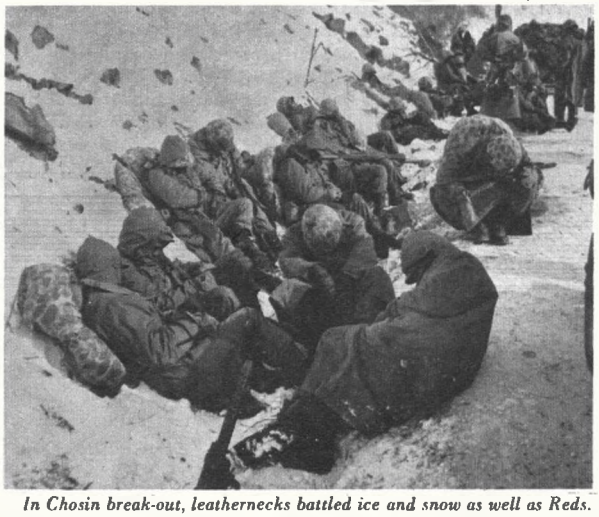
Over-confident, the Japs vowed to give the Marines no respite. To expose Marine positions, Japs used calcium flares, then attacked in the gray light. This was their mistake, and the Marines grabbed at it.

"Move the men back," Marine (*Continued on page 78*)

Official U.S. Marine Corps Photos



swept streets of Seoul, Korea, to wipe out a nest of Red defenders.



In Chosin break-out, leathernecks battled ice and snow as well as Reds.

RELAX, IT MAY NEVER HAPPEN

To hear the flight instructor tell it, you'd think the cockpit of a big bomber was safe as a church pew. It seemed so until the raid on Berlin

By ALLEN READ

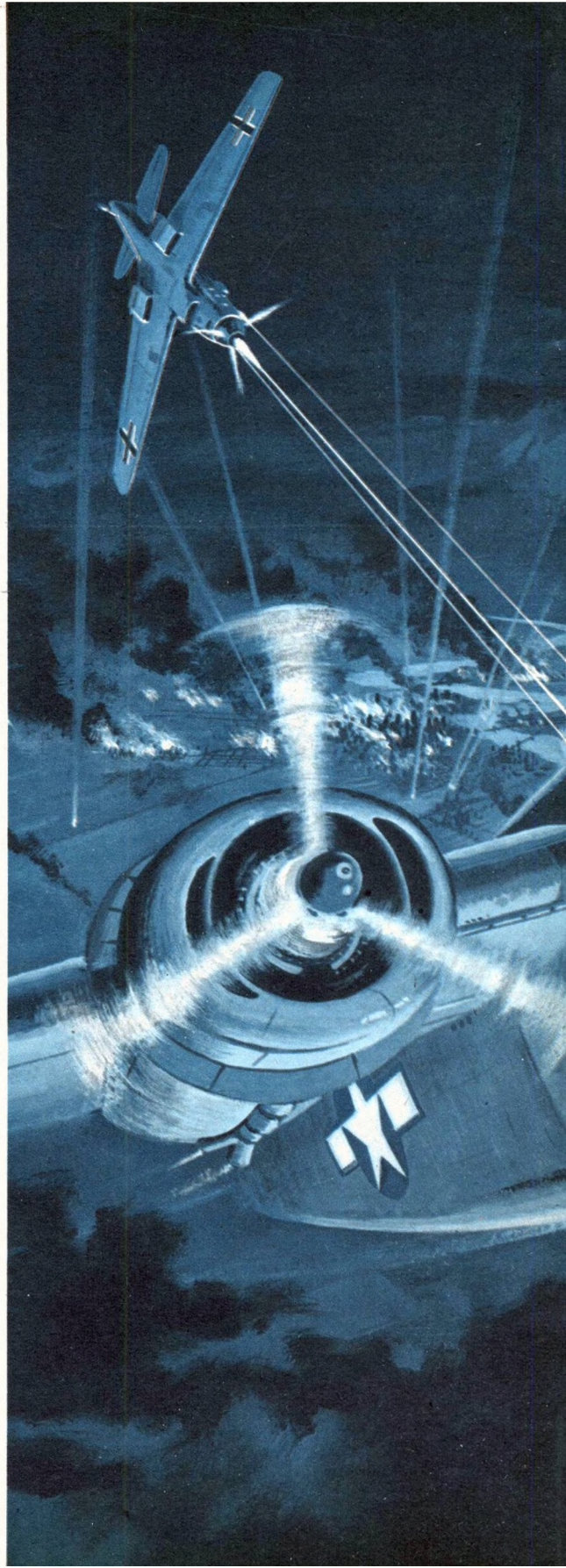
During the last stage of my war-time flight training, I had an instructor who was inordinately fond of quoting a favorite axiom. He was a tall, youthful-looking squadron leader, with a bald pate more than offset by a magnificent handlebar mustache, and he had logged more flying time than a mother robin with a nest full of hungry young ones.

One hot August afternoon we had climbed to 3,000 feet due west of the city of Calgary to practice a few power stalls and steep turns. Down below, the grain fields of the rich foothills country shimmered hazily in the sweltering heat of the midday sun. In the distance, the majestic Minnewanka range of the Rockies loomed up on the horizon, half-hidden by ominous thunder clouds.

I had my usual death grip on the controls, prepared to take instant action in the unhappy event that the plane should suddenly disintegrate in mid-air. Observing my nervous tension, the squadron leader leaned toward me and said, with a grin: "Relax, it may never happen."

As I puzzled over what he had said, he explained, "I have control. I'll show you what I mean." He (*Continued on page* 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY ED VALIGURSKY

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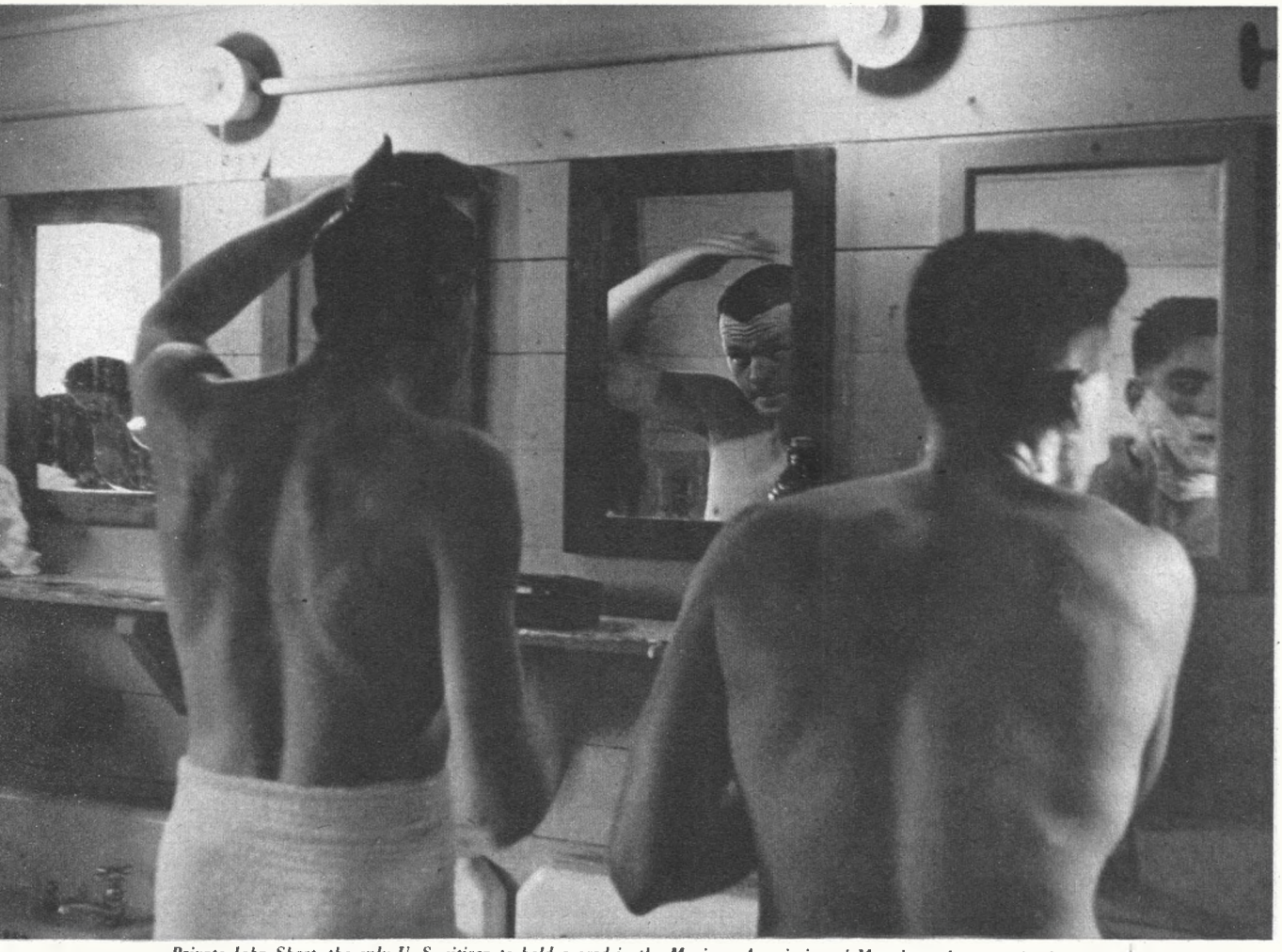


Private John Short, the only U. S. citizen to hold a card in the Mexican Association of Matadors, cleans up for his journey to Matamoros, Mexico. where he is on the card to fight a bull in the local "Fiesta Brava." John is regarded by aficionados as a future star.

THREE-DAY PASS TO A BULLFIGHT

While his fellow GI's spend their weekends in town making time with the girls, Pvt. John Short, the Army's only professional matador, makes his "passes" at El Toro

PHOTOS AND TEXT BY JERRY DANTZIC

His three-day pass was scheduled to begin Saturday morning, but a last minute inspection holds him up until after noon.

It's been a year since John has faced a live bull. In that time his only practice has been some work with the company mascot, trained to follow a cape.

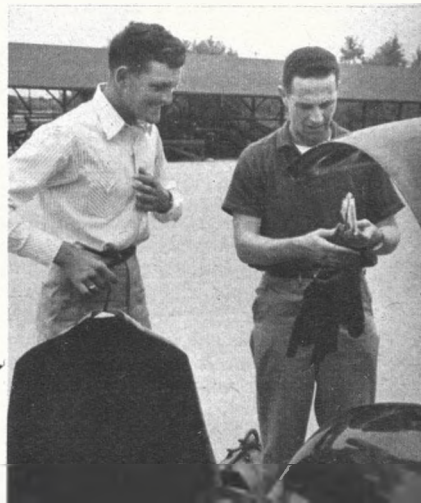
PRIVATE JOHN SHORT, a tall, wiry, good-looking young recruit from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, walked up to his first sergeant in the company orderly room at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and asked for a three-day pass to go to Mexico.

"Three days?" the topkick echoed. "What's up, John? You going to fight a bull?"

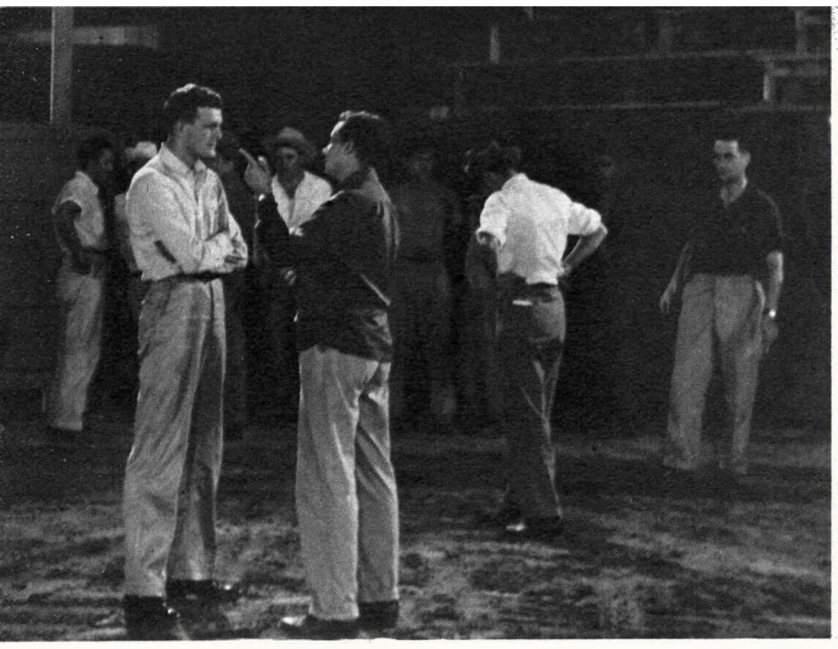
Any other soldier would have figured the first sergeant was pulling a Milton Berle, and would have laughed respectfully. Private Short didn't even smile.

Besides being the only professional bullfighter in Uncle Sam's army, John Short is the only United States citizen to hold a card in the Mexican Association of Matadors. He is sufficiently skilled in his odd vocation to be regarded south of the border as a prime prospect for future stardom in the bull ring.

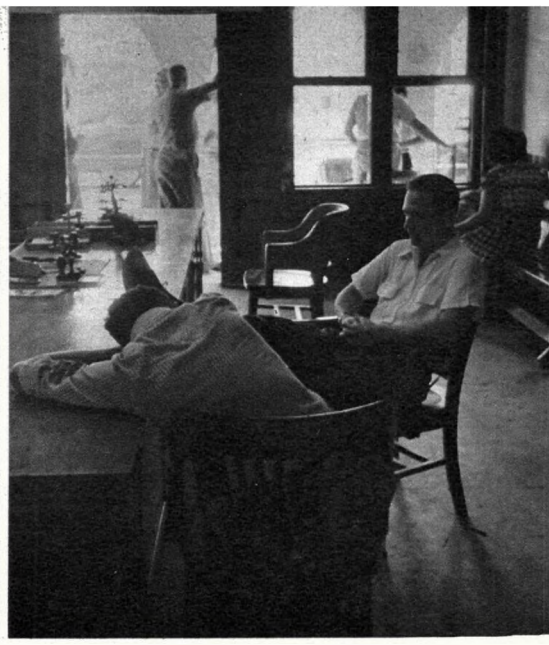
As he explained to his topkick, Short had heard from an old friend, Enrique Borja, the Mexican promoter, that there was going to be a bullfight *cartel* over the weekend at Matamoros, about 280 miles from Fort Sam. Borja wanted John to fight in the *corrida*, for having an American soldier on the card didn't figure to hurt business at all.



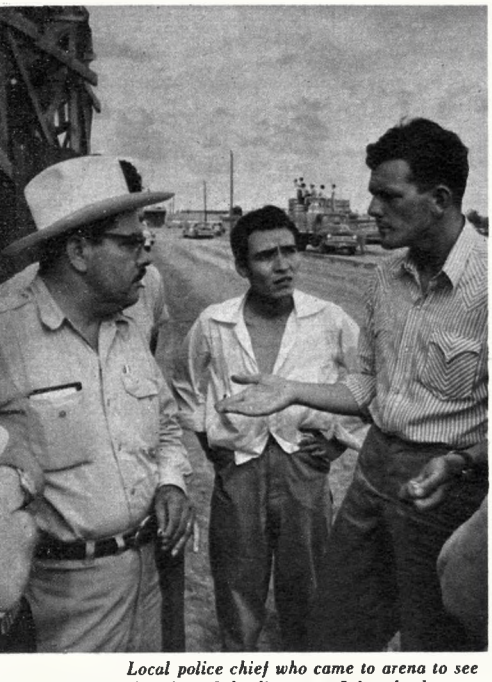
With his buddy, Pfc Ray Zweig, a former Detroit lawyer, he begins eight-hour ride to the border. →



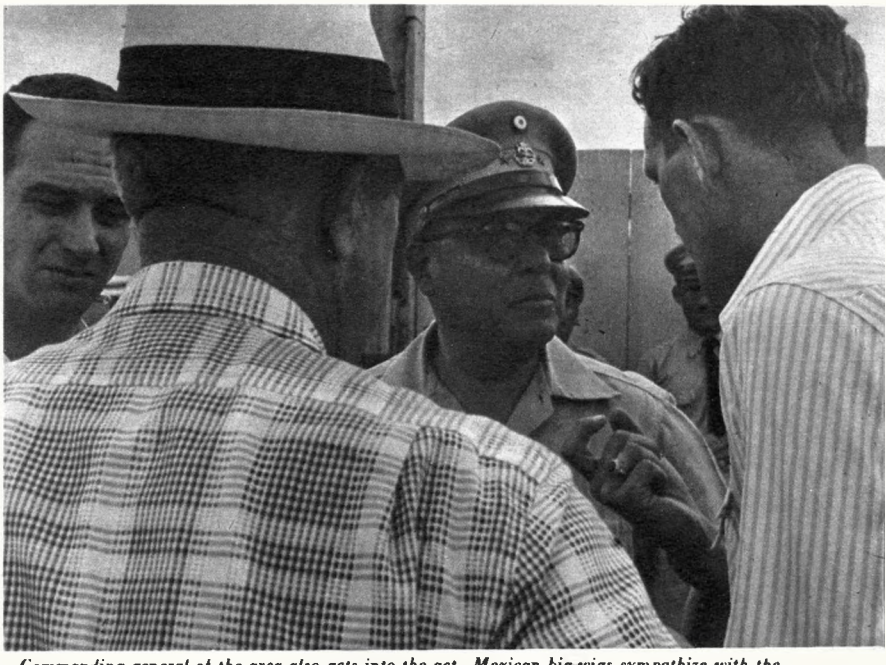
Bad luck plagues John in Matamoros when immigration officials refuse to let him fight without permit. At arena, promoter Borja advises him to appeal to higher authorities.



John, head bent in despair, seeks the aid of a U. S. border official who has Mexican political friends.



Local police chief who came to arena to see American fight, listens as John pleads case.



Commanding general of the area also gets into the act. Mexican big-wigs sympathize with the young soldier's plight, and promise he will not be arrested—at least not until after he fights.

In high spirits, John and an army buddy, Pfc Ray Zweig, a former Detroit attorney, took off in Ray's car for Matamoros. As soon as they pulled into town they ran into trouble. The promoter of a second *cartel* to be held on the same day threatened to have John tossed into the clink if he fought without a proper work permit from the Minister of the Interior. When John contacted Enrique Borja, who was making last-minute preparations for Sunday's *Fiesta Brava* at the arena, the promoter laughed the whole thing off and assured him it would all be straightened out by the morning.

Sunday morning, however, brought the rival promoter to the hotel again with two immigration officers. They turned a deaf ear to John's vehement protestations that in three years of fighting bulls in Mexico he had never needed a permit, and left him with a final warning that he would

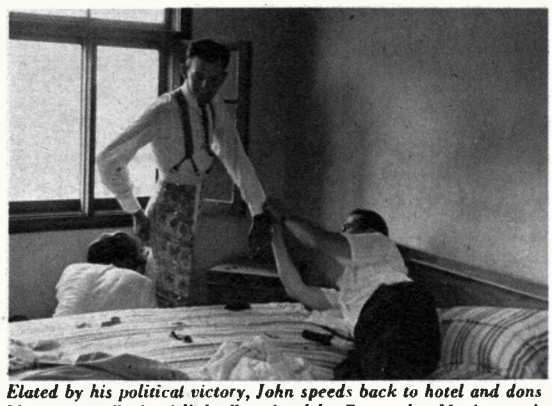
be arrested if he so much as tried to step into the ring.

John tried to contact the American consul and the Mexican mayor in turn, but both eminent gentlemen were away for the holiday. It was now after 3 P.M. and the bullfights were scheduled for 5:00. Finally, an old border hand, Sgt. First Class Len Vingott, with numerous acquaintances in Matamoros and widely noted for his ability to get action in quasi-diplomatic affairs, came to the rescue.

Corralling both the Mexican general in charge of the area and the local chief of police, who, by coincidence, were both at the arena waiting to see the *Americano* fight, Vingott exacted a promise that John would not be arrested —at least not until after the fight.

Breaking all speed limits back to the hotel, John donned his *traje de luces* (suit of lights) and sped back to the arena just in time to fight one of the last bulls on the card.

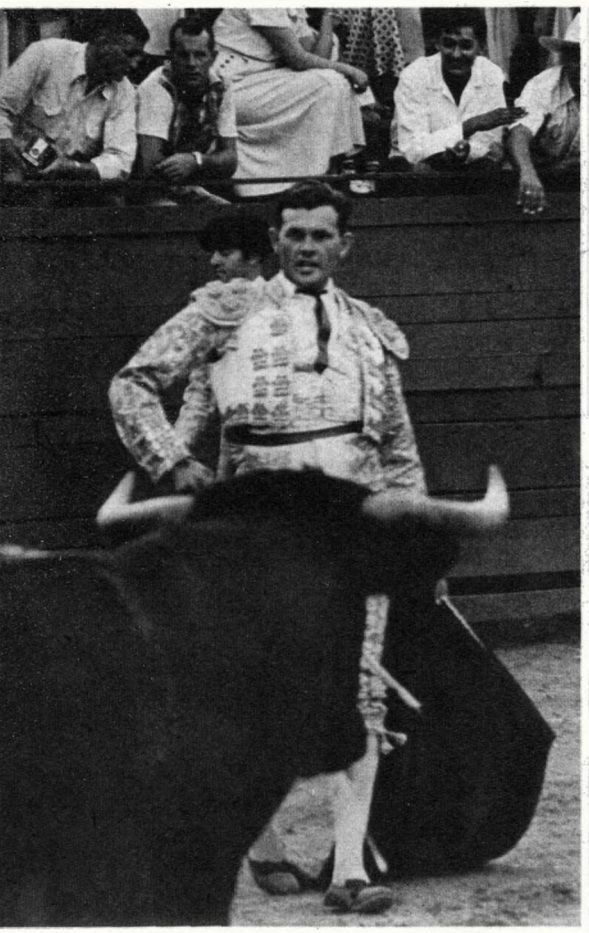
In a whole year, his only practice had consisted of a few hours of cape work—"shadow boxing" so to speak—



Elated by his political victory, John speeds back to hotel and dons his costume, "suit of lights," assisted by Ray and a Mexican pal.

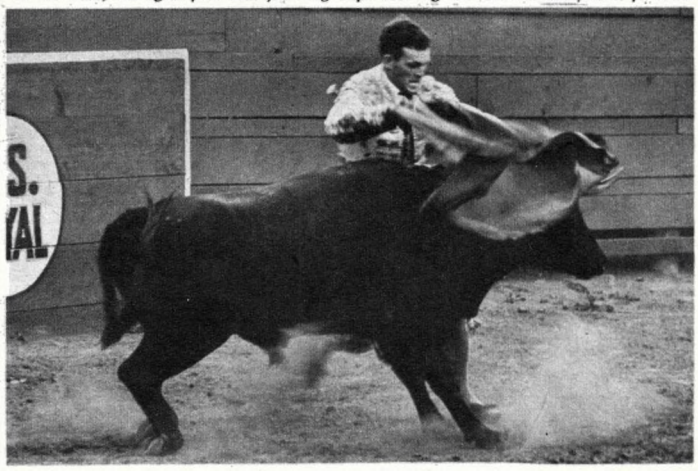
Although it's well past five o'clock, starting time of the "corrida," promoter Borja promised to save one of the last bulls for him. In a state of emotional exhaustion from his hectic day, John relaxes wearily on way to ring and asks, "How in hell can I fight a bull now?"

Apprehensive and uncertain after his long layoff, John studies the bull as his "banderilleros" make a few preliminary passes. In the next phase of the contest the "picadores" will pierce "el toro's" powerful neck muscles with lances. Then the "banderillas" will be placed.

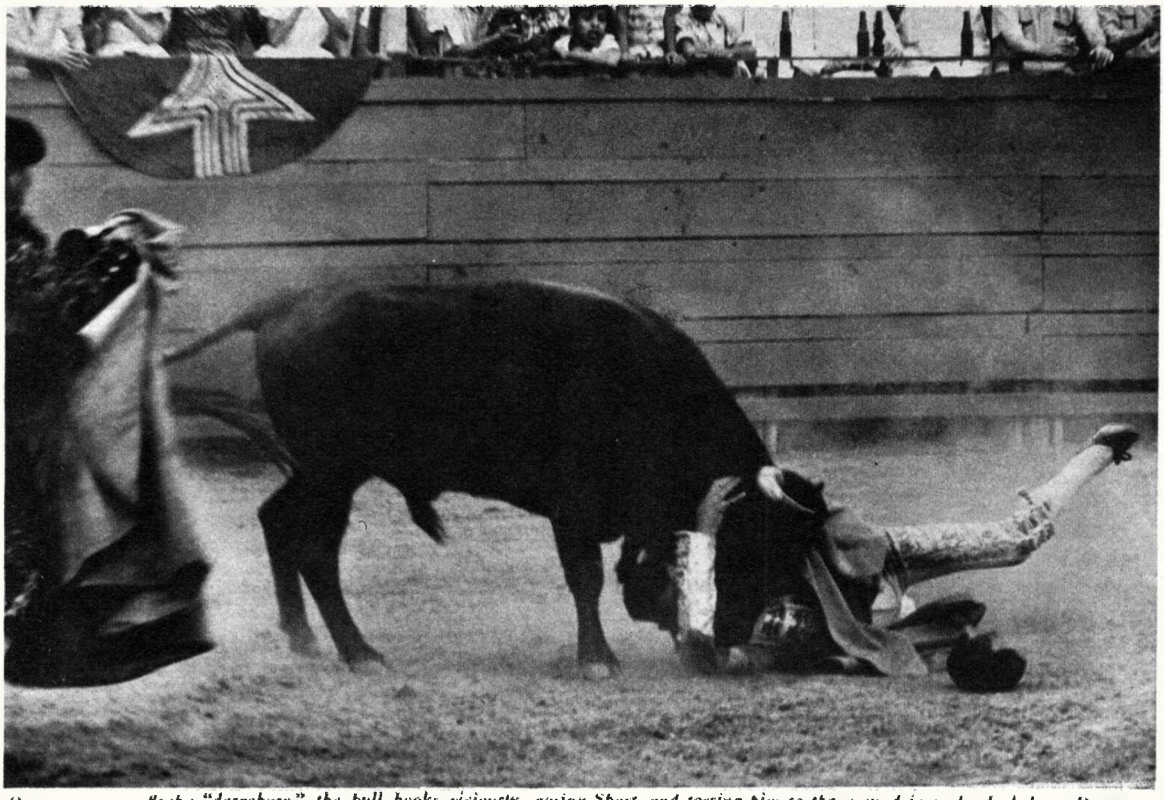


The crowd watches expectantly as John enters the ring, prepared to hoot at the brash young American.

Skepticism turns to thunderous "Oles" as John gains confidence and works closer to the bull, his agile feet and flashing cape leaving the animal dizzy and furious.



Bellowing angrily, the bull charges repeatedly, chopping at the elusive "muleta." Around and around they go, the man side-stepping just inside the sweeping horns.



On one pass, a flashy "derechazo," the bull hooks viciously, goring Short, and tossing him to the ground in a cloud of dust. Despite a three-inch gash in his thigh, John, for the first time more angry than tired, got up and finished the bull to the delight of the crowd.

at Fort Sam. This, together with the fact that he was tired and nervous from the hectic experiences of the day, made him a little shaky. But after his first *quite* and a series of flashy *Gaoneras*, he gained a lot more confidence and was eager to continue.

In a match made more dramatic when the bull hooked a three-inch gash in his thigh, John won thunderous "*Oles*" from the crowd who had come to hoot the brash American. Despite the fact that impresario Horja pleaded with him to quit, he got to his feet and went back into the arena to finish off the bull. His first sword thrust was wide of the mark, and it took two more to bring down the big brute. He dedicated the animal's death "to eternal friendship between the Mexican and American people."

It turned out to be a good omen. When he reported to the immigration officials the next day at the border, the chief was smiling. "When you come back again, please have the proper papers," he said. "Now go home!"

His determination wins John approval of immigration officials who let him off with a gentle reprimand.

Illustrated by Ray Houlihan

ESCAPE IN ATHENS

Hess was a pompous Nazi fool but the Germans had the city in their grip and it wasn't going to be easy to sneak out a girl on their "wanted" list

By PHILIP EISENBERG

THIS was the day he had been dreading. As he sat there, in the private office of this detestable Major Wilhelm Hess of the Nazi SS in Athens, he could hear military lorries and armored vehicles rumbling along Queen Sophia Street. Through the window, he could catch a glimpse of Acropolis Hill, serene in the distance, the ruins of the Parthenon etched against the sky. But in this moment of sharp anxiety, Captain Peter Kopelos, liaison officer of the Ministry of Police, was not thinking of "the glory that was Greece," or how it had once inspired the great German poet, Goethe. He was not thinking of his native land at all—its magnificent past, its wretched present, its uncertain future—but only of Dorothea and how to save her from this horror that was closing in on her.

"Captain," the major said as he toyed with a paper-cutter, "this order came down from higher headquarters. Is that clear? We want all of these third-degree Jews, these pseudo-Greeks hiding behind relatives by marriage or maintaining other devious connections. They are wealthy and powerful." The major deliberately pointed the paper-cutter at Kopelos. "And we are convinced they are taking a leading role in this so-called underground movement."

Kopelos said nothing, and Hess went on: "Our first step is to get them into the open—legally, mind you. We know who they are. It's a matter of form. Once they are registered, they will be in the same category as the other Jews. And we will deal with them accordingly." He smiled. "That is why we need you, Captain. We must have a list of these names tomorrow. After that, they will be given two days to register. The details we leave to your Ministry and its efficient Greek police." He shook his head imperceptibly. "And, Captain, we don't want to have a hand in it, if we can help it. Our policy of neutrality in these affairs, you know—"

He tapped the edge of the knife on his desk. "But . . . if it is not handled properly, we will have to step in . . . and that will be bad for your Ministry . . . and for you, Captain. Our liaison has heretofore been correct and efficient. It will be in your interest to maintain it so. These small favors, you know . . . my car, and other things . . . you will undoubtedly desire to retain these privileges. So use your influence, Captain Kopelos."

Kopelos' expression was impassive, but he was thinking clearly and rapidly—the vivid image of Dorothea dominating his mind. Nothing must happen to her. Greece and the war, the German conquerors, the Allies and their promises of freedom, all these faded before the horror of the concentration camp—and Dorothea a slave, or even worse.

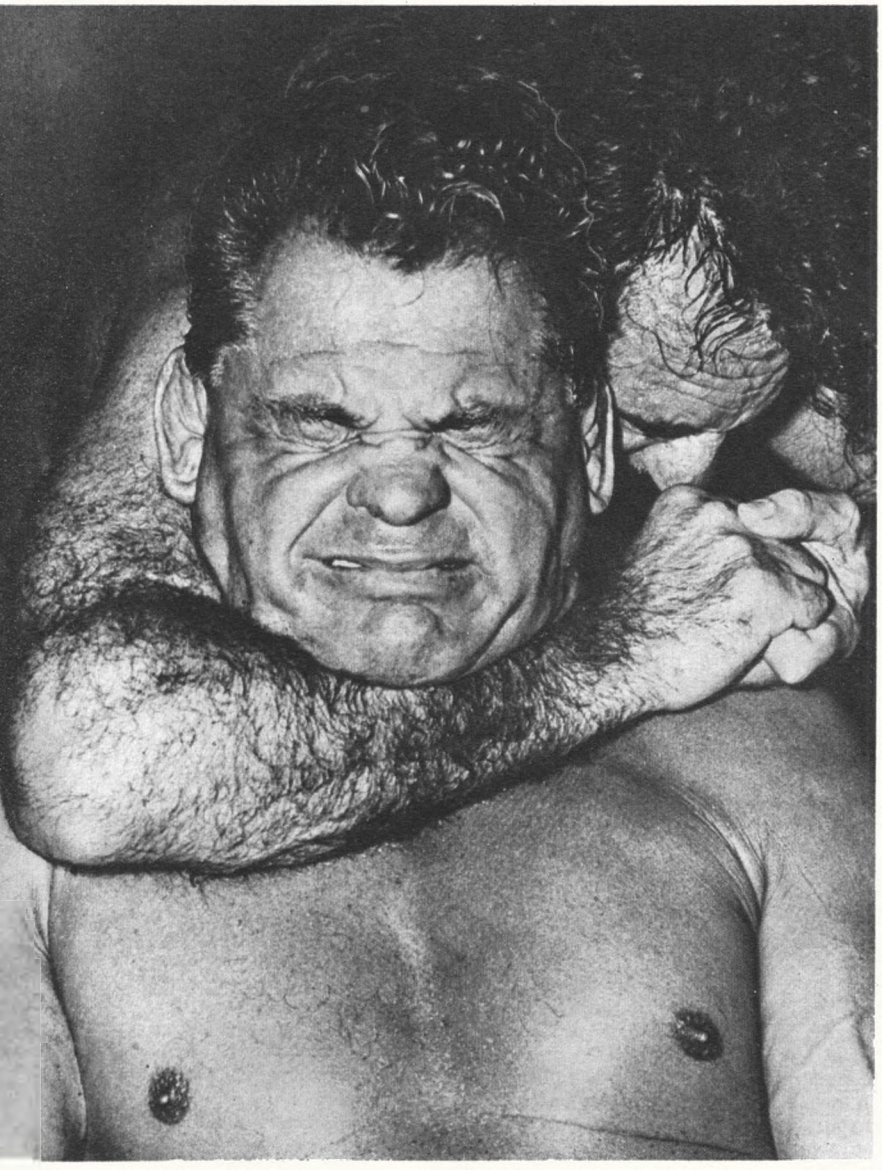
The captain had a sudden impulse to seize the paper-cutter and drive it into the major's arrogant throat, but he remained calm.

"You know, *Herr* Major," he said, " this is not an easy task. Most of these Greeks are not Jews. Some may be married to Jews and some are perhaps only distantly related. We do not have records on everyone."

Major Hess smiled tolerantly. "For your Ministry, Captain, this should be an easy task." He emphasized Kopelos' words. "Surely you do not wish to be suspected of collusion with the enemy." He picked up the knife and began to clean his fingernails.

"You shall have a list of the names tomorrow. *Herr* Major," Kopelos said. (*Continued on page* 66)

SAGA'S PRIZE PHOTO



1st Prize—*L. V. McNeely of Salt Lake City, Utah, took his camera to ringside and caught "The Baron" putting the squeeze on Sandor Szabo. Taken at f8, 1/100 sec. with a Rolleiflex.*

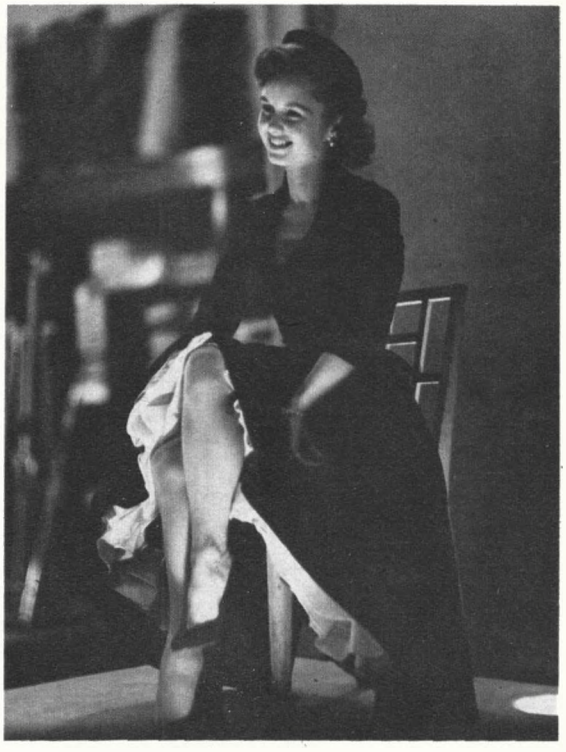
2nd Prize—*We landlubbers would but a sailor has no choice but to face*

WINTER is on top of us again, and in harmony with the season a more somber mood prevails in the Saga Photo Contest. Now that those balmy summer evenings are a thing of the past, most of us will have our noses poked into our TV sets once more. We'll be seeing a lot of "grunt and groan" artists like these two in the 1st Prize photo. Wild winter seas will present an exciting spectacle, too. And even though the Bikinis are packed away in mothballs a girl

CONTEST

5th Prize—*George F. Marks of Alberta, Canada, knows a spot on the Black Mud Creek where the fish practically catch themselves.*

think twice about accepting the challenge of an angry sea like this, the fury of the storm. Taken by 2nd Mate Th. de Lange with a Rolleiflex.



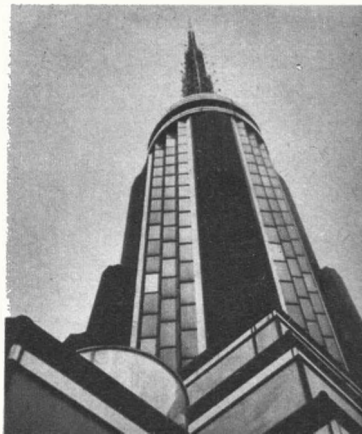
3rd Prize—*Kaljo Parn was on the ball when film star Debbie Reynolds visited his home town. He snapped her with Mentor Reflex.*

can still be glamorous with her clothes on. June or January, tourists will always visit the blustery heights of the Empire State building. And all during these cold months in the future, we'll be dreaming of finding a fisherman's paradise, come next spring, as the old gent at the top of the page seems to have done. You, too, can win prize money for shots like these.

Send your photographs to the SAGA PHOTO CONTEST EDITOR, Box 1762, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. For as long as the contest lasts, we will pay $50 for 1st Prize, $25 for 2nd, $10 for 3rd, and $5 for every other photo we use each month for as long as the contest lasts.

On the back of each photo, you must print your name and address and any other technical information you feel is pertinent. All entries must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, of a size to contain your photographs, if you want them back.

4th Prize—*Sgt. Gene Lowery shot the observation tower on the Empire State with a Brownie Box camera.*→



THE MAN WHO SAVED

Henry Lease wasn't ready to die. With the buffalo hunters outnumbered a hundred

IF THE RIDGEPOLE in Hanrahan's saloon hadn't snapped with an earsplitting crash, the "Little Battle of the Alamo" never would have been fought. The 26 men and one woman at Adobe Walls might have been murdered in their sleep without getting a chance to draw a bead on the Indians who crept up on them silently in the dead of night under the leadership of the half-breed Comanche chief, Quanah Parker. History has since made that ridgepole one of the most famous relics of the old West.

In 1825, when a short cut was carved through the Cimarron country to the Santa Fe Trail, a trading post

ADOBE WALLS

By EDWIN V. BURKHOLDER

to one, he crept out alone and routed the redskins by blasting wave after wave to eternity

was established on the site of Adobe Walls. Some years later, Colonel John Bent built a settlement there. It was promptly burned and pillaged by the Indians, but Bent was a stubborn man. He rebuilt the settlement with adobe walls several feet thick. But even these walls did not keep the Comanches away, and the site eventually was abandoned.

In 1872, the buffalo hunters who were moving into the Panhandle established their headquarters at Adobe Walls. There were six buildings inside a low-picket stockade. Hanrahan's saloon, the largest, was at the north end. Next to it was a blacksmith's shop and then Bjll Olds' Restaurant. Then came Rath and Wright's Store and Meyer and

Illustrated by Herb Mott

Leonard's Store. The sixth structure was a small storehouse.

On June 25, 1874, the most famous hunters from all over the West gathered at Adobe Walls for a big buffalo hunt, among them Billy Dixon, Henry Lease, Henry Armitage, Bill Ogg, Bat Masterson and others noted for the notches carved in the stocks of their buffalo guns. The one woman in the settlement at the time was Mrs. Bill Olds who did the cooking for her husband's restaurant.

Early in the day, word reached Adobe Walls that two hunters had been killed by Indians the day before, north of the Cimarron, but the news didn't dampen the pre-hunt celebration held that night in Hanrahan's saloon.

It was a loud affair, but even so the whisky didn't flow too freely. The buffalo hunters had a big day ahead of them, and they all knew that queasy stomachs and throbbing heads might easily spoil the occasion. By 12:30, they were all asleep on the ground outside the stockade. It was traditional that no buffalo hunter ever slept inside during a hunt.

At 1:40 A.M., the ridgepole in Hanrahan's saloon gave way for some unknown cause with a loud snap that carried across the plains like a gunshot. The hunters turned out of their bedrolls and reached for guns and cartridge belts, thinking that the settlement was under attack. It didn't take them long to discover it was a false alarm, and they all tumbled into Hanrahan's saloon to have a look at the source of the commotion. While they were there, they had a drink to soothe their jangled nerves. And after that, they were all so wide awake that they decided to repair the pole. It was dawn before they started back to their blankets for a few hours of much-needed sleep before the hunt.

BILL DIXON, who was to become one of the greatest scouts of the Old West, and Henry Lease, a long, lanky rancher, were having a last smoke before they turned in when they spotted what looked like a herd of buffalo advancing slowly toward the settlement out of the morning mist.

Suddenly Dixon let out a yell. "Back to the stockade, everybody: It's the redskins!" The alert Dixon had recognized immediately the Indians' old trick of disguising themselves under buffalo skins.

Seeing the hunters scrambling back to safety, the Indians realized their surprise attack had been thwarted and threw aside their disguises. Out of the hills in back of them poured a thousand or more wild and screaming Kiowas, Cheyennes and Comanches, hugging the backs of their ponies as they launched a fierce frontal assault on the low-picketed stockade.

All the hunters reached the building safely with the exception of the Shadler brothers, who had gone back to their wagon after the ridgepole was fixed and fallen into a dead sleep. The last to be aware of the unexpected attack, they were engulfed by the first wave of charging Indians before they could reach the stockade. Under the horrified eyes of their friends, they were cut down by tomahawks and trampled under the horses' flying hooves.

The Indians straightened up momentarily on their ponies as they neared the picket fence, waving scalps, rifles, and bows and arrows. In that instant, 25 guns roared from the inside of the adobe walls and a dozen or more of the attackers pitched forward into the swirling dust. There was a second volley and more fell. The guns blazed in a continuous roar, punctuated by the screams of the dying and wounded Indians. Five, six, seven volleys. The ranks of the Indians wavered and then broke. They whirled on their horses and fled to the safety of the hills. When the dust cleared away, the defenders of Adobe Walls saw the bodies of the redmen piled up outside the stockade like cordwood.

IN HANRAHAN'S saloon, Henry Lease walked away from a window, his face coated with dust, powder and sweat. "They'll be back soon," he said.

"Why so, Henry?" Bill Olds wanted to know. "What makes you think it's anything more than a typical hit-and-run Injun attack?"

"Quanah Parker," Lease said quietly. "That's why. He was leading them."

There was a simultaneous intake of breath by the buffalo hunters and a stifled sob from Mrs. Olds. No name in the Old West produced such terror in the white man as that of Quanah Parker, the half-breed chief of the Comanches. There was considerable mystery about his parentage. In 1830, Cynthia Ann Parker, a beautiful Texas girl, had been kidnaped by the Indians. Nobody ever knew what happened to her. Searching parties spent a year trying to find her without success.

Then, years later, an Indian who had the name Quanah Parker rose to be chief of the Comanches. He claimed to be the son of Cynthia Ann Parker, but this was never proved. He was ruthless and bloodthirsty, a brilliant war tactician. His hatred of white men was so deep and implacable as to be almost a form of insanity.

With Quanah Parker leading the attacking band, the defenders of Adobe Walls knew they were up against a tough proposition. Their greatest weakness was that they were spread out in three buildings, with no form of communication between them. Henry Lease, Harry Armitage and Billy Tyler tried to sneak out of the saloon, hoping to get to the Rath and Wright Store where Bill Dixon was stationed. But they didn't get far. From the low hill came the crack of rifles. A bullet hit Tyler in the head. Lease and Armitage got back to the saloon with bullets cutting the dust around them.

Twenty Indians came over the hill, keeping their bodies against their ponies. They didn't attack the stockade but circled around to Belton Creek where the hunters' horses were tied, cutting them loose and chasing them away.

Then a group of 100, riding hard against their ponies, came toward the settlement, their horses weaving in and out so the rifles couldn't pick them off. Inside the three buildings, the defenders waited until the Indians got near the stockade and straightened up. Then they fired. Twenty Indians went down, but as they did, there was a bugle call to the right, near where the Shadler brothers' overturned wagon lay, and from the north came a second attack. As the second force neared the stockade, the bugle sounded again, and a third force about 100 strong came from the south.

As soon as they got to the stockade, the bugle sounded still again and a fourth group charged down the center of the hill in a frontal attack.

The four-pronged assault threw the defenders off guard, and as one group got to the stockade and directed their fire-power against it, another group, moving from a different direction, was able to come charging down in safety.

Indians began crawling over the low fence and the defenders had trouble picking them off. At the same time,

new forces were answering the continuing bugle calls.

In the saloon, Henry Lease cried, "If we don't get that damned bugler, we're licked! I'm going to have to go at him!"

"I'm with you," Harry Armitage yelled.

Lease walked to the door of the saloon, opened it and slid outside on his belly with Armitage behind him. The roar of the big buffalo guns over their heads made their eardrums crackle. The dust and the scorching heat, mixed with the sickening stench of blood, was suffocating. They crawled over bodies of dead Indians, the few who had managed to get inside the stockade.

Bullets fired from rifles manned by Indians on the hill sent up eddies of dust around them, but they managed to reach the fence.

"That bugler's at the Shadlers' wagon," Lease said.

Armitage pulled himself up on the stockade. A rifle bullet hit him in the right shoulder and he fell back in Lease's arms. "It ain't nothing," he protested, trying to pull himself up.

"Stay on your belly, you fool," Lease said. "That bugler's mine."

Raising himself up slowly, Lease let two bullets clip the air over his head. Then there was a pause in the firing and he was over the stockade in a leap, landing on all fours. The bugler, crouched under the Shadlers' wagon, swung his rifle in Lease's direction.

Lease went down, flat on the ground, and as the bullet passed over his head, he brought his six-gun up and slip-thumbed it. The bullet crashed into the face of the bugler and blew off the top of his head.

The defenders behind the adobe walls covered Lease with a barrage of bullets as he crawled back to the stockade. When he reached it, he paused for a minute.

A volley from the foxholes perforated the fence over his head. While the Indians were reloading, he cleared the pickets in a single bound and crouched on the ground near the wounded Armitage.

Dragging Armitage at his side, Lease made it back to the saloon with bullets spattering wickedly all around him. The door to the saloon opened and eager hands pulled them inside.

"The bugler," Lease said grimly, "won't bugle any more."

The death of the bugler stopped the Indians in their tracks. Those at the stockade, unable to withstand the withering fire from the defenders, turned and raced their ponies back to the hill.

A strange and unreal silence fell over the settlement and the stockade, the acrid smell of powder filling the stifling hot air. Out beyond the stockade, a few Indians among the piles of dead moved weakly. A pony with a broken leg tried to get up and then fell down, kicking pathetically. A kindly bullet from the rifle of one of the defenders put it out of its misery.

A half hour, and then an hour, passed and no attack. The stillness was eerie, almost terrifying after the din of the battle. When evening came, the defenders were still waiting for some sign of Quanah Parker's new plan of attack.

Billy Dixon, Bermuda Carlisle and Henry Lease walked out to the stockade. They found the body of Billy Tyler, pulled it out from under some dead Indians, and gave it a quick burial. Then they went out to the Shadler brothers' wagon, found the two brothers dead and scalped and the bugler with most of his face blown away. The silenced bugler proved to be a renegade white, probably a deserter from the army, who was never identified. He was buried alongside the Shadler brothers, (*Continued on page 87*)

Exploding dynamite splattered Indians high and wide, ending the war dance. But the Comanches quickly rallied and closed in.

FIRST TIGER

By HARRY DURKIN

as told to Hal Hennesey

WHEN I FIRST came out to Assam, I had a number of ideas about Asian hunting. Most of them were wrong. It was Rapunji, my tough little tracker and guide, who set me straight. Despite my experience, Rapunji showed me that I was as green as any swivel-chair *sahib* he ever had taken on a rubberneck *shikar*. It took me two weeks to wise up to the differences between Asian and African hunting.

One of them lies in the terrain. After a lifetime of trekking across the flat, open veld, the 4,000-foot jungle-shrouded Khasi Hills seemed as rugged as the Himalayas. At the end of my first day on the trail, I was wheezing like a punctured steam engine. My legs felt as though both kneecaps were gone. It made me miss a couple of easy shots. Rapunji, who was apparently one solid 150-pound muscle, shook his head worriedly. He must have been wondering how the hell I

I had done my share of big-cat hunting and I thought I knew all the answers. But

Illustrated by Herb Mott

had ever managed to make a living as a hunter.

At the end of the second week, I told Rapunji I was ready to take on a tiger. Rapunji was too polite to give me his opinion.

There are two popular ways of hunting these great striped killers. Popular, no doubt, because neither method is especially dangerous. The first is to build a platform (*machan*) in a tall, sturdy tree and wait for a tiger to come along and be shot. This, to my mind, is a fine way for a group of Girl Scouts to spend a weekend. The second is to blaze away from the top of a 12-foot elephant. This is slightly more hazardous because you're likely to get seasick from the ride.

A third method—which I don't recommend for Girl Scouts—is to stake down a dead buffalo for bait. Then you build a *boma*—a six-by-six enclosure made of thorn bushes—about 15 feet away and wait in it all night until a tiger comes close enough for you to blast a soft-nosed slug between his fiery eyes.

The final means of getting your trophy is to track him down on foot until you catch up with him in the tall grass. Only two types of hunters choose it—the most experienced and the most foolhardy.

Rapunji and I set in search of our tiger on foot.

The stocky native *shikari* warned me of the dangers. He glanced with wrinkled brow at my little .375 H&H magnum double. "The gun, *sahib*—it is very small. Will it kill a tiger?"

"This rifle," I told him, "has killed over 50 lions. A lion and a tiger are practically the same animal—both are cats, equal in size and equally vulnerable to a 300-grain bullet traveling half a mile a second. Relax." Rapunji didn't know what I was talking about, but it relieved his mind.

As a matter of fact, *I* didn't know what I was talking about! By the time I found out, it was almost too late.

Anyway, two days passed before we got onto our tiger. About mid-morning, a native runner from a nearby village dashed into our camp with his lungs and eyeballs bursting. The story he gasped out between gulps of our precious Australian beer made Rapunji grin like a jackal.

"A tiger, *sahib*—a slayer of cattle!" said my guide. "Only last night, he killed in this man's village. His spoor is fresh."

Within an hour we began the track-down. From a partly eaten water buffalo on the edge of the village, the tiger's huge pug marks led into the wild green jungle that covers the lowlands. Rapunji and I went in alone. I didn't want my first tiger chase ruined by a bunch of excitable natives.

For most of the afternoon, the hunt was routine. About two miles from the kill, we arrived at the tiger's temporary lair. He had lain there during the morning, digesting his meal. Since the flattened area was a few degrees warmer than the surrounding humus, it was obvious that the cat had cleared out only after becoming aware of our approach. One thing I noticed was the smell. The nose of the white man is a dull instrument compared to that of most natives; we can't distinguish one animal smell from another, usually. The tiger, however, really stinks. I could detect the strong, pungent odor in the grass 15 minutes after he had left it. So far, this was the only noticeable difference I had found between the tiger and the lion.

I was soon to discover more important ones.

Rapunji and I increased our speed. We knew that the tiger was less than a mile ahead of us. We wanted to catch up to him before darkness made a stake-out and a *boma* necessary.

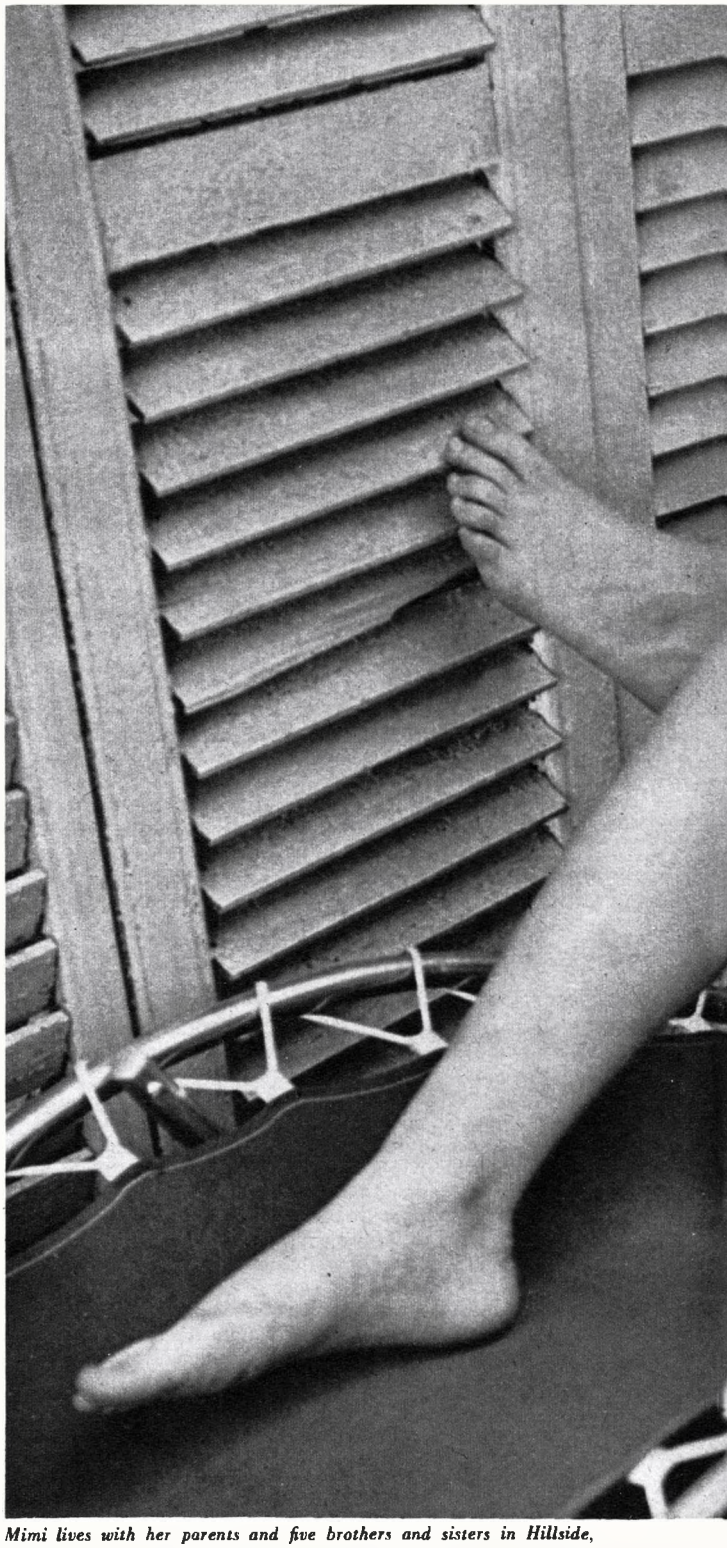
A little after noon, the trail left the jungle to wind across a wide, flat area of head-high lalang grass. My guide warned me to be especially (*Continued on page* 89)

it took a close brush with death to teach me the difference between a tiger and a lion

SAGA'S GIRL OF THE MONTH

Mimi Lynn, a 19-year-old French-Canadian college girl, has a problem. A shy miss, green-eyed, auburn-haired Mimi wants to be a top fashion model and actress, but isn't sure she's got what it takes. What do you think?

PHOTOS BY PETER MARTIN



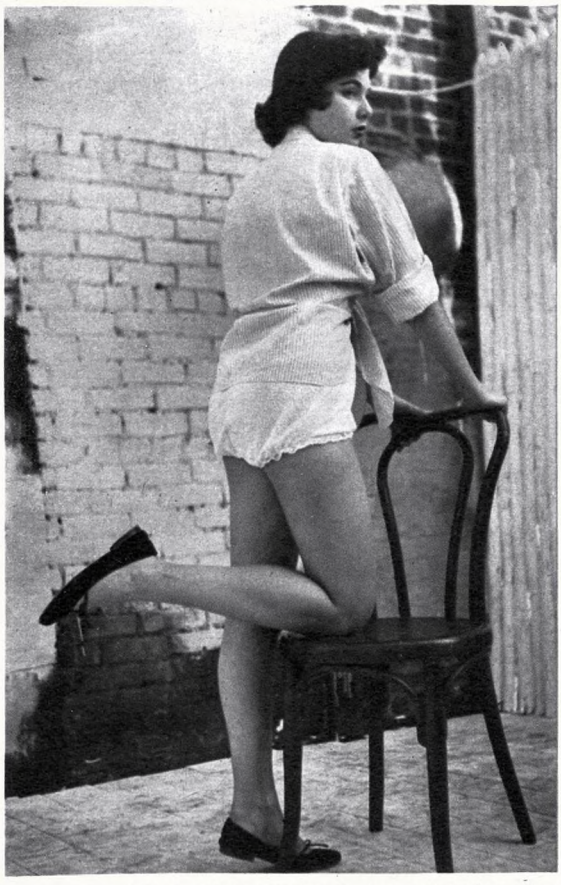
Mimi lives with her parents and five brothers and sisters in Hillside,

New Jersey. She worked as a salesgirl in a fashionable dress shop until her boss told her she had the legs and figure to become a model.

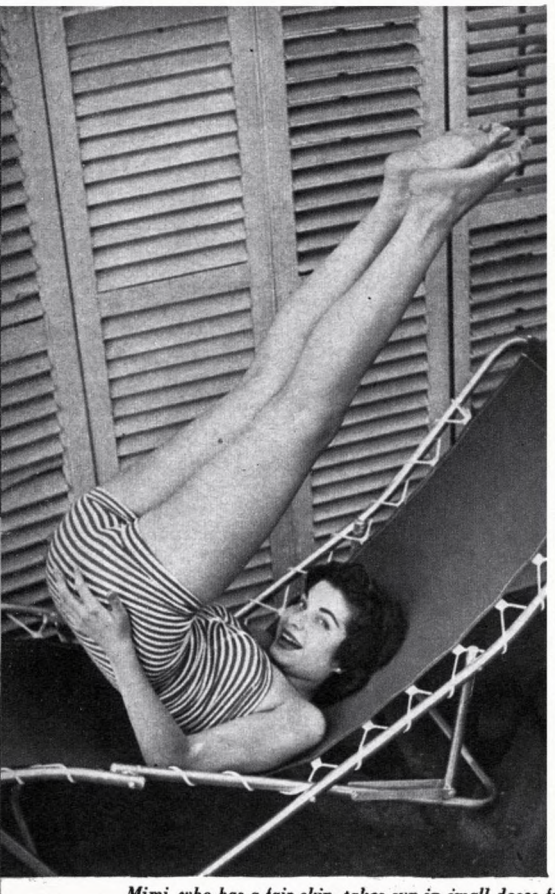
After a day of holding rigid poses it feels good to loosen up.

In between her modeling jobs, Mimi attends New York University, where she studies voice and dramatics. In shot at extreme left she does a

Most girls look ungainly straddling a chair; not Mimi.



deep breathing exercise. In two center shots she strikes an attitude of innocence in contrast to the real "sexy" pose at the right.



Mimi, who has a fair skin, takes sun in small doses from photographer's rooftop while waiting to work. It's a nice view for the neighbors.

To catch the roving masculine eye, a gal must take good care of her hair, which is what she's doing here. Note the little brush in her right hand.

BLOOD AND SALT WATER

The old-time sea captains were a law unto themselves. For the most petty offense they could lop off a limb, cut out a tongue, or flog a man until his ribs burst open

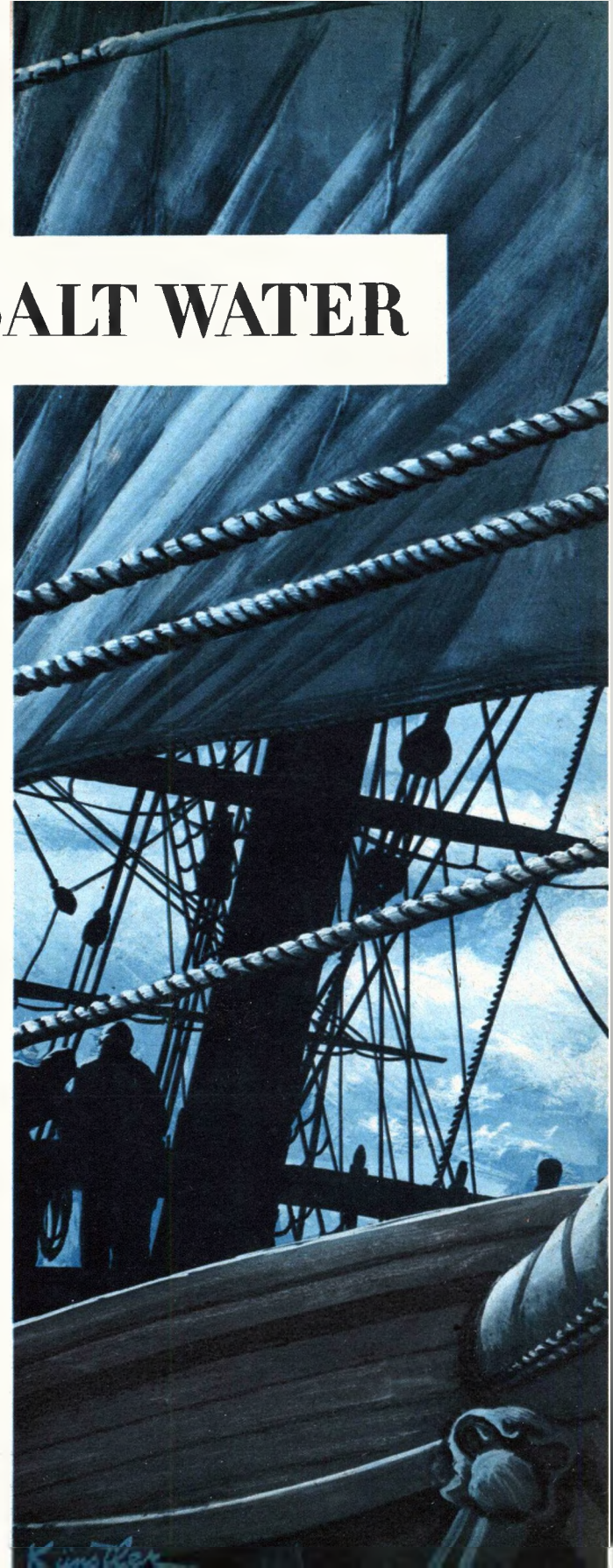
By EUGENE BURDICK

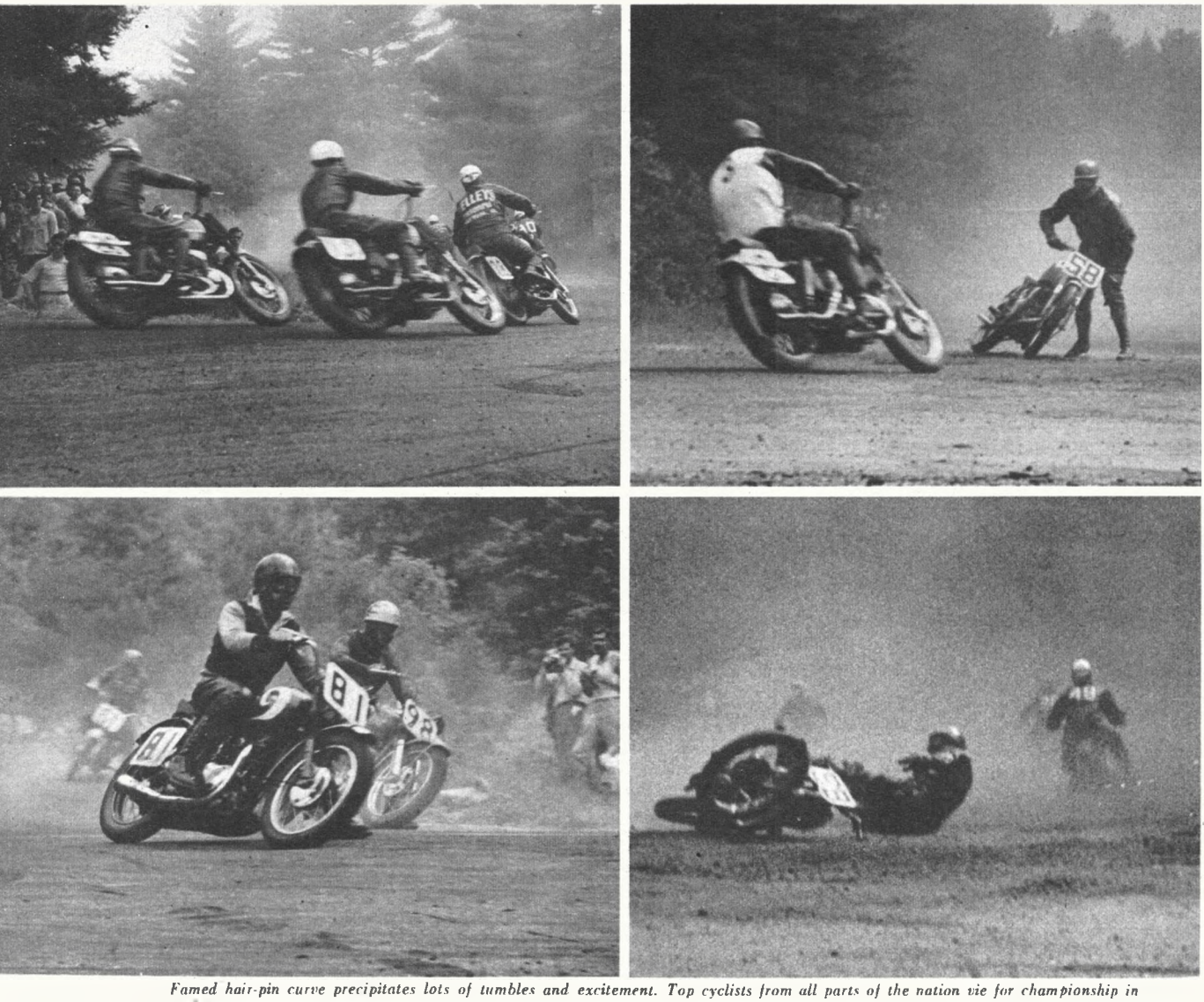
IN SEPTEMBER, 1835, a young law student, white with anger, sat down to write a pamphlet called *Cruelty to Seamen.* It was the end of an era. For the young man was Richard Dana, Jr., who was later to write *Two Years Before the Mast* and other works attacking the savage, bloody, driven life that seamen led aboard ship. Under the impact of Dana's writing the laws began to change, and within a generation a radical transformation had taken place.

The event that caused Dana to write his pamphlet was a rather typical trial held at Boston. The trial proved that a certain Henry Burr had signed on as a cook in Liverpool to sail with the ship *Caravan* to Boston. Burr proved to be a poor cook and the master, a man named Nichols, and the mate, named Crouch, attempted to improve his cooking by beating him regularly. They beat him by the mizzenmast, in the galley and in the forecastle. They beat him with their hands, with marlin spikes and with rope ends. Burr's ears, eyes and mouth were always black and full of blood; blood dripped from his finger tips. But his cooking didn't improve, so Nichols and Crouch added another punishment. They took to throwing water on Burr whenever they saw him.

At the trial, one of the *Caravan*'s crew testified that he never saw Burr dry during the whole voyage. On a cold spring Atlantic crossing, the constant wetness was a fine, sharp torture. Burr was awakened by a pail of icy salt water on his face, (*Continued on page* 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY MORT KUNSTLER



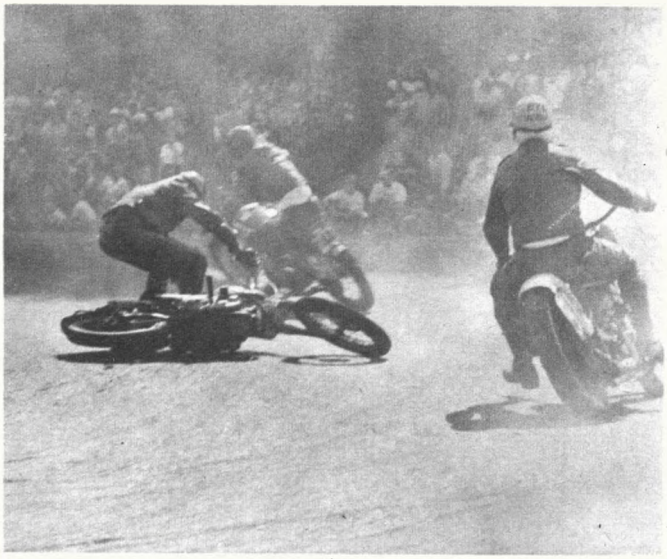


Famed hair-pin curve precipitates lots of tumbles and excitement. Top cyclists from all parts of the nation vie for championship in

TWO-WHEEL CIRCUS

There are plenty of thrills and spills in New England's annual 100-Mile National Championship Road Race, the ruggedest speed marathon in the world

PHOTOS BY GEORGE ZIMBEL



100 grueling laps over this dangerous one-mile course. At right, a mechanic keeps tabs on laps, though two judges check each entrant.

TO MOTORCYCLISTS and motorcycling fans the world over, the name "Laconia" means what "World Series" means to baseball enthusiasts. Since 1938, thousands of cyclists have flocked to New England each year to attend the Gypsy Tour of the New England Motorcycle Dealers' Association, the highlight of which is the 100-Mile National Championship Road Race, held annually in the "Million Dollar" Belknap Mountain Recreation Area. The Gypsy Tour is a three-day affair that is recognized as the greatest such event in the world.

The big race consists of 100 laps over a rugged one-mile course with a dangerous hair-pin curve that precipitates plenty of spills and chills. It's rough right from the start.

This year, Joe Leonard, a 20-year-old garage mechanic from San Jose, California, roared to victory and a new course record. Leonard's time was 1 hour, 51 minutes, 3.91 seconds as compared with the previous record of 1 hour, 53 minutes, 51.57 seconds set in 1953 by Eddie Fisher of Parkesburg, Pennsylvania.

Leonard's great victory was attributed to his skill in piloting his Harley-Davidson into the sharp curves, especially the famed hair-pin, faster than his rivals, and getting into high gear quicker on the straightaways. He finished 2 minutes, 12 seconds ahead of runner-up Warren Sherwood.

The fight for second place was a seesaw affair and a

Winner Joe Leonard, his face showing the strain of his one hour, 51 minute, 3.9 second ordeal, wipes away grime as he accepts praise.

jinx seemed to ride the position. In the early stages of the race, Paul Goldsmith of St. Clair Shores, Michigan, and Don Tindall of Montalvo, California, engaged in a nip-and-tuck battle for the spot. At last Tindall outdistanced Goldsmith and was breathing hot on the heels of Leonard. Near the halfway mark, other riders stepped up the pace and Harry Fearey of Pekin, Illinois, was now pressing Tindall. Then coming into the backstretch on the 67th lap, Tindall took a

←

Officials of the American Motorcycle Association make mechanical check of all winning bikes to make sure there are no AMA violations.

After the big race is over, contestants and spectators write finis *to three hectic days of fun and excitement and get ready to hit the road.*

Gloom prevails in the camp of "No. 79," seated on truck beside his bike as his forlorn crew packs up for home. Oh well, there'll be other years.

bad spill. Seconds later Fearey tumbled in almost the same place.

Two laps later, Roger Soderstrom of Bloomington, Illinois, had his engine kick out, and Johnny Hood of Trenton, New Jersey, took over the second slot, followed by Goldsmith.

Hood was at first acclaimed as the official second-place winner, with Sherwood a poor fifth. Then it was discovered that Sherwood had actually driven 102 laps instead of the required 100! This error had come about as a result of an early stop he had made in the repair pits. The repairs had cost him a good deal of time, and most of the spectators—and apparently the officials, also—hadn't taken much notice of him when he got back into the race.

A careful examination of the "roll check," however, revealed that Sherwood had made such a rapid and miraculous recovery that one checker had actually missed him on two laps. The error was rectified and the 30-year-old garage manager from Cornwall, New York, was officially credited as runner-up.

Reaction among the "also rans" to champion Leonard's record-breaking time was typical: "Wait till next year!"

THE DEER IT TOOK

THREE YEARS TO KILL

It seemed as if Blackfoot must have more lives than a cat. Two previous clashes with the big 12-point buck had left a couple of veteran hunters frustrated and mystified when he took their best shots and vanished into thin air

By STAN SMITH

NEAR THE DEER RUN, the hedgerow grew into a snowbank and beyond that an acre of pines. The tracks criss-crossed at this junction, coming down from the pines where scattered clumps of buck laurel still sustained life. And every once in a while, if you listened hard enough, the sound of a doe blatting, the stomp of a buck pawing, broke through the silence of late afternoon.

This was my second meeting with Blackfoot. The previous winter—'49—I had found this spot at the end of a day's camp. I had cleared the snow from the base of a fallen tree and had sat perfectly motionless for the better part of four hours. I was just in the process of checking out when I'd heard the big deer crashing through. Not walking. Not pussy-footing. Crashing through.

I waited. Froze.

The .348 was ready, hammer back, lined with the woods. Then the hedgerow parted and the biggest deer I had ever seen stood fixed against the whiteness. Ten-points stood out in frightening distinctness. His weight was easily around 270-300 pounds. And the peculiar thing about him was that his front left leg was jet black. These things mark a deer—mark him so that the gunner never forgets the moment, the feeling, the mood of the incident.

A white blob on the base of his neck crossed the sight. Then I fired, the cannon tearing up the silence, the deer crashing back and over on his side and then disappearing into the hedgerow.

One of the cardinal rules of sane deer hunting is to sit on one's haunches for a respectable period of at least 20 minutes while the deer has time to bleed. This I did with the utmost self-restraint, burning up at least a half-pack of cigarettes and wondering how big a hole the silver-tipped .348 had torn.

At the end of my self-imposed waiting period, I walked hurriedly to the spot, noted a clump of hair, blood and a deep impression in the snow where the black-footed animal had fallen. This, I thought rather foolishly, would be a matter of maybe another ten minutes. The blood and the wobbling tracks would lead me to my prize. But, on the contrary, it led only to the hedgerow, a stone wall eight feet high and a small hole at the base of a snowdrift.

After tracing and retracing the course taken by the wounded deer (a dozen times at least), I found myself confronted with the proverbial dead end. A thoroughly gunshot animal with a hunk of lead

that would stop a bear, up and disappearing! Tie that, please.

At dark, I gave up the track, returning to camp and enlisting several sympathetic ears who, after locking my weapon in the cabinet, poured a couple of stiff shots into my cup and then proceeded to cut the shirttail from my crimson hunting shirt. They had deemed it a miss, and so to the collection of sacrificed shirttails, they added one more. Mine.

For fully 12 months, I had brooded on the one shot of that eight-day hunting trip. One shot. A downed deer which, as I had clearly seen, had fallen —had yielded hair, flesh and blood on white snow. Now, a year later, I was back and off to my right, about 500 yards, stood my friend, the veteran big-game hunter, Len Scandur.

Scandur had not exactly scoffed at my story. But then again, neither was he exactly convinced that such a deer existed in New Brunswick's woods. By prearranged signal, I knew when Len whistled a certain way he had either seen or heard something worth seeing or hearing. And now came his signal. I looked up in time to see the 30.06 coming up and his 4X scope lining on a fleeting movement. Then he fired.

I charged over.

"Biggest damned buck in the woods!" he bawled.

"I nailed him with a chest shot," Len explained as I approached. "And he was black in the foot—the left, to be exact. That sounds like your vanishing buck, *non?*"

For a moment, I could wish nothing but the worst on my friend's balding pate. Then I thought, okay, sucker, now go find him. I let him tell me exactly how he had lined with the chest, how he had estimated the weight around 300 pounds, and how the antlers stood out like great Grecian pillars.

"That's Blackfoot, Len," I said. "Take a few minutes' breather, then we'll hunt him up."

"Hunt him? What for? He should be over by that rim, deader'n yesterday's kippers!"

Said I, in effect, brother, you should live so long!

As we smoked that memorable smoke, Scandur made a point in telling me how one nails a big deer. One shoots straight, he said coyly. Indeed.

Moments later, I joined the Great White Hunter as he sallied forth to claim his kill. To claim. And that's about as far as he got with Blackfoot. The trail ended in blood, clumps of a white tail and an eight-foot stone wall. Beyond, unbroken Canadian snow and lots of it. We searched the area, lifting fallen trees until dark. Then we returned to camp.

I, personally, performed the operation on Scandur's shirt. However, I was quite convinced that he, too, had actually seen and taken his shot at a singularly evasive buck. Same deer—same distinctive black foot forward.

That night we decided to tackle the problem scientifically. We would wait until morning, then begin at a spring approximately half a mile from the hedgerow and its stone wall. Badly wounded deer often head for water to help arrest the flow of blood. Realizing that here was a monumental buck, a buck worth pursuing, one might well begin at such an implausible spot—that is, so very far from where he had been pelted.

A light snow had fallen during the night and that didn't help matters much. However, the blood and hair was still conspicuous where Blackfoot had gotten it. I began there—Len going on ahead to the spring. Perhaps, if we closed on a central spot, we would find our deer. Or at least the answer to the mystery.

Speaking for myself, I lost the tracks —the heaviest impressions—within a few feet. Simply, no further tracks. I checked the base of trees, felt under fresh snowbanks and, ultimately, joined my companion at the spring.

"Anything?" I yelled.

"C'mere! How does this strike you?" Len called. He obviously had something.

A single track leading into the woods on the far side of the spring.

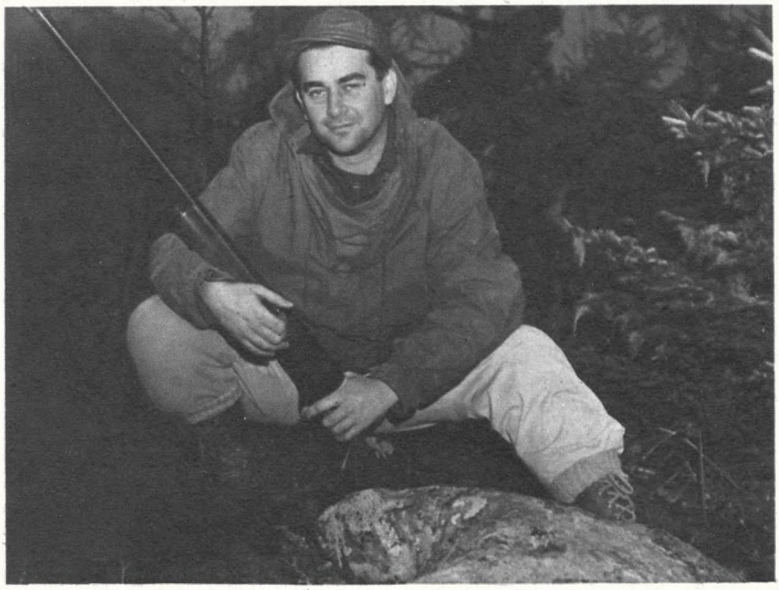
"Big enough to be his. And look! Hair! And there—blood on those leaves. That's fresh enough to be his. We're the only party in these woods. That's got to be him!" Len enthused. "Think it over."

"I'm impressed," I said. "But there's just one thing wrong. Deer don't fly. How did he get here—over that wall?"

"Obvious," Scandur grunted. "He didn't get *over* the wall. He got *around* —or *under* it. Let's follow what we've got now, and I'll give you odds we'll find out where this big bum spooked off."

At the moment, we were barely within sight of the hedgerow. We had three good tracks leading to a fallen tree, a huge tree, at the base of which we simultaneously noted blood. Here's where he had rested. He had bounded (the next print was eight feet ahead) to this spot, literally crawled into the tree trunk, then staggered to the brook. To bring all of this sleuthing to its reasonable climax, we did find the hole in the wall. It was not a hole in the sense that stones were missing, or any such obvious gimmick. It was a part of the wall that sloped downward, beyond which was a great pine over on its side. The deer had vaulted the wall—at this point perhaps seven feet—then rested in the fallen pine.

I realize this hardly sounds credible, but this is the *(Continued on page 88)*



Author Stan Smith, Saga's Rod and Gun Editor, snapped in "full dress" in a familiar setting.

Blood and Salt Water

continued from page 51

and all day long he trembled with anxiety waiting for a stream of water to hit him from any angle.

Burr became a dripping, cringing, anxiety-ridden man. Blood fell constantly from his ears, his shoes sloshed with icy water, and his eyes rolled frantically in his head. But his cooking still didn't improve.

Crouch, the mate, was an ingenious man. Burr's stupidity only sharpened Crouch's wits. With the help of the steward, he designed a pricker. The pricker was a long piece of bamboo with the sharp, cruel, curved end of a sail-needle sticking three-quarters of an inch from its end. It was a fine example of Yankee ingenuity, nicely designed and beautifully whipped together. Crouch had calculated that when a needle three-quarters of an inch long was stuck into a human body, it would not pierce any of the vital organs and cause death, but it would certainly shock the human into some sort of action. He was half right. By constant use of the pricker, Crouch drove Burr into a frenzy of action. He jabbed Burr in the legs, arms, back, thighs, the groin and the neck. He sent Burr flying about the ship, desperately clinging to anything for support, sometimes falling to the deck, then leaping away from the awful jabbing shock of the pricker.

Burr's days were a hell of sharp pricks, of scrambling through strange rigging, of attempting to cook, of trembling hands, of eyes that became increasingly wilder and more desperate, of a body that became a tense, quivering, expectant set of muscles and bone. He bled constantly from scores of small needle holes. Alas, not even the pricker improved Burr's cooking ability.

And Crouch was half wrong. It was true that no single wound from the pricker could kill a person. But put enough tiny punctures in a man's body and he will die. Some of the holes in Burr's flesh became infected, others dripped blood steadily. Occasionally the sail needle rasped over bone, and the bone festered and rotted. There came a day when Burr collapsed to the deck and did not respond to the sharp attack of the pricker or even to a ferocious beating with a rope end.

Surprised and disappointed, Crouch tied Burr to a spar on the open deck to revive him. The next morning Burr was dead. His body was thrown overboard without religious ceremony and Crouch's noble experiment was over.

When the *Caravan* arrived in Boston, both Nichols and Crouch stood trial for the murder of Burr. No one took the trial seriously. Everyone agreed that Crouch had been a hard mate, but sailors needed discipline. Crouch argued that Burr must have been ill when he came aboard for surely the pricker would not have killed an average man. At the trial, Crouch pointed to the ship's dog whose head was festering and badly swollen from a playful use of the pricker and remarked that the dog had not died from similar treatment.

The judge was sympathetic and both the master and the mate were given light sentences which they could serve at prisons of their own choosing. The trial attracted little public attention. Apparently only Richard Dana found the trial distasteful and he only because he had been a sailor and knew something of life at sea.

For centuries, that life had been distinguished by the most incredible excesses of punishment. Both merchant and navy captains had become ingenious in devising punishments which would have been weirdly extravagant on land, but which were supposed to be necessary at sea.

The causes for the extreme discipline at sea were not hard to find. Ordinary cruises might take years to complete, and when a group of men are confined to a tiny, pitching, filthy ship, and eat rancid food and drink foul water, their nerves are ground to a fine point of sensitivity. The slightest breach in rules might bring on a general fight and subsequently that most dreaded of events, a mutiny. All captains were agreed that the only way to preserve order was to put down with the utmost ferocity and brutality the first break in discipline. The result was a pattern of punishments in which the theft of a handkerchief was almost equivalent to the murder of an officer. There was no gradually ascending scale of punishments—all of them were violent, brutal and dangerous.

Also, the seagoing life tended to attract the toughest, most derelict, surly and insubordinate men in society. They were men who were willing to put up with the savage, tight discipline for several years so that they could enjoy the wild, drunken days when the ship reached a liberty port.

The contrast between the austere, disciplined life of a 16th century man-of-war when at sea and when it reached port was startling. Bum-boats bearing women and liquor swarmed about the ship, and as each sailor closed his deal with a woman she came swarming up the Jacobs ladder to share his berth until the ship put out to sea. Only a minimum number of officers stayed aboard and in a few hours the ship was a disorderly, drunken, howling mass of half-naked women, carousing sailors, containers of wine, rum and whisky, and discarded clothing. For days the pandemonium went on. Men traded women or fought over them, gambling continued day and night, drunken women screamed with jealousy at other women. The ports of Southhampton and Nore and Spithead were made hideous with the screams and smells that floated off the "liberty" ships. The bum-boats rushed out with fresh supplies of liquor and food, vomit and wine flowed from the scuppers, and men lay unconscious on the deck with smiles on their faces. In the alcoholic bedlam, the hardships of the sea were forgotten.

If the crew had won prize money on their cruise, the liberty period might last for a week or so. But at some time the money always ran out, the officers returned and the marines had the task of removing the hundreds of screaming harridans from the ships. The women hated to leave the ships and sometimes, with a rat-like cunning, huge swarms of them would pour across the countryside of England to a new port where they had heard the fleet would anchor.

When the ships put to sea they stunk terribly, the men were red-eyed from their liberty excesses, and each ship had dozens of cases of venereal disease. Captains could be forgiven for believing that only the most brutal discipline could ever return such men to fighting fettle again.

It wasn't until the middle of the 17th Century that the British Navy instituted uniform procedures of courtmartial and punishment. Before that each captain and admiral was literally his own law while at sea. The only uniformity was that which resulted from imitation of especially effective punishments. Some of the disciplinary methods were gathered together in the *Monumenta Juridica*, the infamous "Black Book" put out by the British Admiralty. But these were really brilliant suggestions for the punishment of offenders, rather than a systematic code of justice. In the "Black Book" it was recommended that a sailor caught stealing should have boiling hot tar poured over his head and then be doused with feathers. It also hinted that for a sailor who swore, a proper treatment was to have his tongue scraped with a sharp hoop of iron, which invariably tore and lacerated the tongue beyond description. But most captains were resourceful enough so that they could invent punishments which the "Black Book" did not itemize.

One of the most widespread punishments was keelhauling. The usual procedure was to tie one line to a man's feet and another to his hands. The man was then thrown overboard at the bow of the ship and dragged underneath the ship and pulled out at the stern. Two things determined the severity of the punishment. First, the condition of the ship's bottom. If the ship had been long at sea and its bottom was fouled with barnacles, the man would come out lacerated by hundreds of small cuts which almost always festered. If the ship had a clean bottom, the man would only emerge half-drowned. The other factor was the length of time the man was under water. If he were a popular member of the crew, his mates would haul him quickly the length of the ship and his chances of survival were good. If he were disliked they might dawdle at the job and if they took more than two minutes, the man was usually dead.

Few sailors of the time could swim and they had an enormous fear of the water. If they became panicky and screamed and fought the punishment, almost always they had too little air in their lungs to carry them through the nightmare of keelhauling. Old salts were calmer; they took a huge breath just as they hit the water and held it during their bumping, twisting, painful trip down the ship's keel.

Some captains added a refinement to keelhauling. Halfway down the ship they had the men stop by one of the larger cannons and the cannon was detonated. The man under the water would be aware of a great thudding noise, the blast of the cannon turned the water as solid as cement and usually his eardrums were punctured by the blast. Then the men hurried on down the length of the ship and hauled the victim out at the stern. Usually he was bleeding from the ears and mouth and generally was deaf for the rest of his life.

The most common punishment was flogging. The number of lashes ranged from half a dozen to 300. If a man were given more than a hundred, he almost always died. The punishment was invariably inflicted in the same way. The crew was piped out to witness punishment. The ship's carpenter rigged a hatch grating against the poop railing. The captain called the victim forward. He was asked if he had anything to say in extenuation. Regardless of what he said the order was then given: "Strip." The man took off his shirt and stepped to the grating. The quartermaster lashed his hands to the grating and reported, "Seized up, captain." A boatswain's mate then stepped forward and took from a red baize bag the cat-o'-nine-tails. It was a short-handled whip with nine strands each having nine knots in it.

"Do your duty," the captain ordered. The boatswain ran the cat tails through his hand and prepared for the first blow.

It was always the same. The victim's back seemed to blanch white in anticipation, the skin puckered and the man drew his breath in. Then the blow fell. At once his whole back blushed a deep red. Where the whip had fallen the flesh was laid open and raw. The man's breath was knocked out of his lungs with an involuntary, violent gasp. The boatswain ran the cat tails through his hand to clean off the gobbets of flesh and laid on the next blow.

Six blows were enough to make the back entirely raw. Twelve blows and the back was a twisted, bloody mass of flesh. After twenty blows the flesh turned black and looked roasted. Few could stand twenty-five blows without fainting. The blows were never lessened in severity; each was as hard as the original lash. The boatswain's mate who seemed to be holding back was promptly put on the rack himself. When a boatswain became tired, he was relieved by a fresh man.

A sailor who endured a flogging has left a vivid description of it.

"As the first lash was laid on, I felt an astounding sensation between the shoulders, under my neck, which went to my toenails in one direction, and my fingernails in another, and stung me to the heart, as if a knife had gone through my body," the sailor reported. "He came on a second time a few inches lower, and then I thought the former stroke was sweet and agreeable compared with that one. . . . I felt my flesh quiver in every nerve, from the scalp of my head to my toenails. The time between each stroke seemed so long as to be agonizing, and yet the next came too soon. . . . The pain in my lungs was more severe, I thought, than on my back. I felt as if I would burst in the internal parts of my body. . . . I put my tongue between my teeth, held it there, and bit it almost in two pieces. What with the blood from my lungs, or some other internal part, ruptured by the writhing agony, I was almost choked, and became black in the face . . . only fifty had been inflicted, and the time since they began was like a long period of life! I felt as if I had lived all the time of my real life in pain and torture, and that the time when existence had pleasure in it was a day long, long gone by."

When a man had received over fifty lashes, the white gristle of his spine was laid bare, sometimes the kidneys showed, and the bone of his ribs stood out stark and pale through the black blood and twisted flesh.

There was a belief among sailors that men who had suffered a severe lashing were ruined men. They acted like men who had passed through some awful public shame and they were forever after humiliated. They walked bent over, their eyes cast down, their hands trembling. Now we know that it was more than humiliation that made them act this way. A flogging of more than a dozen strokes often ruptured the internal organs and caused internal bleeding of the kidneys and liver. Often a man would pass blood for the rest of his life. The nervous system of the spine was battered and injured and his coordination might be made faulty. The severed muscles of the back often knitted improperly so that a man was hunched and withered. The sailors of the time were correct in guessing that a flogged man might be ruined, but it was not because of the "public shame."

The most awful punishment by flogging was what was known as "flogging through the fleet." The penalty actually meant that the man would be flogged to death, for the penalty was three hundred or more lashes to be administered in portions alongside all the ships of the fleet. "Flogging through the fleet" was an awful ceremony, elaborate in its ritual, carried out with a ghastly dignity and solemnity. Longboats from all the ships converged on the victim's ship. The victim's hands were fastened to a capstan bar on the mast of a longboat. His wrists were carefully cushioned so that in his struggles he would not tear his hands from his wrists.

When the man was secured, a boatswain's mate came down the ladder and laid on a share of the lashes. A blanket was thrown over the man's back and the line of boats moved slowly to the next ship with the drummers playing the rogue's march. At the next ship the penalty was repeated with all of the ship's company staring silently down over the side. After two ships the victim usually began to scream and the wind whistled shrilly out of his lungs. After the seventh or eighth ship the victim began to faint and sea water would be thrown over his back to revive him. The sharp, aseptic bite of the salt water would cut through to even the most deadened mind and the lacerated body would twitch; fresh screams would come to the lips. Well before all of the ships had been visited the victim was usually dead. But the beating went on. The boatswains from the remaining ships came down and inflicted an unmerciful beating on a corpse, causing its head to twist and nod. A body exposed to such punishment lost all resemblance to a human body. It was stretched out of shape, shattered and lacerated. Occasionally such a flogging would cut a body in two and the last lashes would be dutifully applied to the upper part of the body.

Finally the longboats would put in toward shore and the body would be buried below the tide water mark. There was a superstition that if water moved over a man's grave his spirit would never rest and he would be tormented through eternity.

There were also punishments designed to fit certain crimes. For example, if a man murdered another the favorite sentence was to tie the corpse to the back of the murderer. Then the murderer, staggering under his load, was pushed into the water and a short, bitter struggle took place. The murderer threshed and turned, trying to tear the corpse from his back, but steadily, relentlessly, the dead weight of the corpse won the battle. The water frothed, but gradually the murderer's head came above the surface less frequently. Dragged by the weight of the corpse, the two bodies began to circle down through the blue water, toward the blacker depth below. Even as they vanished into the blackness, the sailors could see the live man struggling vainly to shake off his ghastly burden.

When one man stabbed another with a knife, the punishment was tied to the crime. The offending party was brought before the ship's company and the knife forced into his hand. Then the hand was held down on a block and chopped off with an axe. Men who talked back to officers were given various treatments. In some cases their tongues were bored through so that they could never talk again without a severe lisp, which came to be known as a "mutineer's lisp."

Sometimes the sailor who contradicted an officer was "gagged." A marlin spike was forced between his teeth and then his jaws were jammed tightly against the spike. With spun yarn his jaws were lashed tighter and tighter. This was a painful affair and often resulted in the loss of teeth and injury to the tongue and lips. It had the additional advantage of making it impossible for the man to eat while the spike was tied in his mouth.

There was another punishment which which was considered especially horrible by sailors. This was "bowspritting." This punishment was inflicted on men who slept on watch, interfered with naval justice or refused an order. The man was given a loaf of bread, a bottle of beer and a knife. He was then led to the bowsprit, which is a long projecting spar at the bow of the ship. He was tied to the bowsprit and left. He then had three alternatives. After eating the bread and drinking the beer, he could kill himself with the knife, he could cut himself loose and fall into the water where he would be a victim of either drowning or sharks, or he could starve to death on the bowsprit. If he did the latter, his body was left on the bowsprit until it was reduced to a jiggling skeleton of white bones that, one by one, dropped away into the sea. The moment a man was put on the bowsprit, he was logged

dead in the ship's log; no man aboard the ship spoke to him again, and it was as if he were already dead.

Occasionally a "bowspritted" man would eke out his beer and bread until the ship was in sight of land again, and then would cut himself loose and swim for land. But it was a rare occurrence. More often the man died miserably on the bowsprit, too frightened to cut himself loose and tormented by the fact that only a few yards away the normal life of the ship was going on. By merely looking over his shoulder he could see hale and hearty men, smell food cooking, watch men drink water . . . but he could not come back down the bowsprit. It was as if some invisible curtain had been drawn between the bowsprit and the ship.

But the most ingenious and horrible form of punishment was that in which sailors were forced to punish one another. This was called "double flogging." This punishment was administered when two men were either suspected of a crime or were found equally guilty. For example, if two men were found in a hold with a murdered man and neither of the men could be proven guilty they were ordered to be "double flogged."

The punishment consisted of the two men alternately giving one another a single lash until one collapsed. It was assumed that the man who collapsed was guilty. Always, of course, the two men made an agreement not to flog one another hard. Their shipmates would help them in this conspiracy and elaborate precautions would be taken to assure that the two victims did not really hurt one another. The day of the "double flogging" the two men received the rum rations of most of their mates, drank them off and went to the waist of the ship confident that they would both survive the ordeal.

But the logic of pain and pride is more powerful than the wishes of men. The pain of the cat was such that even the lightest touch was an exquisite torture. For several lashes they might hit one another softly, marveling at how fierce the blows they received felt and wondering if they were being betrayed by the other man. Invariably, at some point, the subtle mechanism of pride and pain took over and they began to beat one another harder and harder and to swear and curse one another.

Then the men would strike one another viciously. Their backs became red and then black with dried blood. Endlessly they staggered from their position on the grating to where the cat lay on the deck. Each man would lay on his lash and then stumble forward to take the next. The senseless, cruel ritual had a strange antic quality about it. The crew would attempt to persuade the men to go easy on one another at first, but then would laugh and roar and begin to lay bets. Sometimes the men would keep up the flogging for eight or ten hours. Old sea stories tell of men crawling back through the slime of their own blood to grasp the grating and claw themselves up to position to receive the lash. Finally the men would begin to weaken and their blows would make only the softest splatting noise on the wet flesh. Eventually one of them would pitch forward unconscious and the cruel game was over.

In the last one hundred years this has all vanished. Today no sailor can be given corporal punishment of any sort. Maritime justice is equivalent to the justice which landlubbers receive. And there are few men who will not agree that it is far better so. ★THE END

SAGA

Relax, It May Never Happen continued from page 27

stood the twin-engined Anson on one wing, and dropped down 1,000 feet.

Leveling out in the silk-smooth air at 2,000 feet, he expanded on his words of wisdom. "When I took my flight training, my instructor happened to be an old bush pilot—one of the best in the business. That's what he drilled into me, day after day—*relax, it may never happen*. Now don't get me wrong. I have no real objection if you want to tense up on the controls and make a hard day's work of it. But I can show you where it's a hell of a waste of time and effort—now watch!"

He reached for the trimming controls, adjusted them for straight and level flight, then took his hands from the wheel and his feet off the rudder bars.

"Look," he said, "no hands. It flies itself. Therefore, under normal conditions you don't fly a modern aircraft—you merely guide it."

The plane droned along for a surprising distance before dropping one wing slightly. He made an adjustment to correct this dip, and went on. "Even if both engines cut out, the inherent stability of the aircraft will enable us to glide down to a safe landing in a farmer's field. If something worse happens, we always have this." He patted his parachute seat pack. "I made a practice jump once, and it's a wonderful experience. You can pull on the shroud lines and guide yourself down to a cushy landing on a haystack or an open-air mattress factory."

He gave me his toothpaste grin again. "So just remember—relax, it may never happen."

And I must admit that during the next two years I derived considerable comfort from adopting the squadron leader's happy little motto as my own. There was something rhythmic and catchy about it, like a song title. But there came a day when I wished that he had kept his silly motto to himself.

It was August 22, 1943. We were assembled in the briefing room to hear the particulars of the scheduled mission. For the past few weeks our raids had been centered on targets in the Ruhr Valley, but somehow I had the feeling that a bigger one was on for that night.

There was an excited murmur of voices as Wing Commander Gordon, our squadron CO, crossed to the side of the briefing room stage and paused dramatically before a screened-off portion of the platform. He slowly removed the screen to reveal a map of a large city, and exclaimed, with evident satisfaction, "Gentlemen, tonight I have a real surprise for you—the one you have been waiting for. We will have the pleasure of taking part in the first large-scale bombing attack on the city of Berlin."

If the wing commander expected me to leap to my feet and lead the assembled airmen in an old-fashioned hoedown, he was doomed to disappointment. Admittedly, there is something about a trip to Berlin which has a stimulating effect on the red corpuscles of the bloodstream but, apart from that, the prospect of a ten-hour trip over enemy territory left me cold.

With the fine sense of timing of a ham actor who knows he has acquitted himself well in delivering the punch lines of the play, Wing Commander Gordon surrendered the limelight to the briefing officer. That gentleman, realizing full well that the performance had reached an early climax, but with the justifiable feeling that his was still an important part, began to issue his instructions.

There would be 690 four-motored aircraft on the target. The bomber fleet would move in three waves of 230 planes, and our squadron would muster 16 for the second group. Take-off at 1900 hours. Rendezvous with group at 2105. Climb to cross enemy coast at 20,000 feet, alter course and head straight for target.

It remained for the intelligence officer to give his bit of encouragement to the stunned audience. "Well, chaps," he said, "there is no need for me to stress the importance of tonight's target. The repercussion of the bombs you drop on Berlin will hit straight to the heart of every man, woman and child in Germany. We want that target plastered, and plastered good, and we want to see every plane get back to base. You may be certain there will be violent enemy opposition all along the route, and if you encounter extreme difficulties and are unable to return to base, head for neutral ground in Sweden."

Violent enemy opposition was putting it mildly. On that score, the intelligence officer's words might well rank as the understatement of the century.

My navigator voiced the general sentiment as we climbed down from the transport and headed toward our dispersal point.

"By God, in my opinion that intelligence officer's intelligence is an insult to the intelligence of an intelligence officer."

Everybody laughed then, and the bomb-aimer added his bit of comfort. "Don't worry, fellows, we'll be all right on this one. I had a little talk with my patron saint before we left."

The rear gunner turned on him. "Patron saint?" he asked, incredulously. "Listen, chum, it's okay to go through regular channels when we're only going to the Ruhr, but when we're heading for Berlin you ought to deal directly with Headquarters."

For my part, I kept my blood pressure from bursting the dikes by repeating the magic phrase, "Relax, it may never happen."

The take-off, the climb to the rendezvous point and the crossing of the enemy coast were accomplished without undue incident. German flak boats took pot shots at us as we climbed over the Channel, and when we crossed the coastline there were the usual searchlights and anti-aircraft fire to be avoided.

Three hours later, we were coming up on the target.

"We should be bombing during the next five minutes," the navigator announced. "Pathfinder planes should be marking the target any time now, and the first wave will be just going in."

Sure enough, the words were no sooner spoken than the vari-colored parachute marker flares began to shower out in the distance. The beauty of this pyrotechnic display never failed to fascinate me, and it was hard to believe that they portended death and destruction. One could imagine the consternation and confusion that must reign in Berlin as these harbingers of disaster slowly descended on the city.

The wireless operator was trying to tune in the bomb master and, as he dialed past the German wavelengths, a cacophony of guttural voices vibrated the earphones. In my mind's eye I could picture the furious activity down below as the ground defenses prepared for action—stiff-necked martinets with monocles dashing around like mad monks in a fit, shouting orders to keyed-up underlings.

The attack was opening up in earnest now, and the horizon ahead blossomed into a sea of fire. Hundreds of searchlights ranged the area, and flak bursts blanketed the sky ahead. The first wave's bombs and incendiaries had already started a rolling conflagration on the ground and, as if by some feat of magic, the darkness was turned into daylight.

The wireless operator had tuned in the bomb master now, and from his bird's-eye vantage point high above us, he was counselling and encouraging the attacking force. "Come on in, fellows, the water's fine. That flak isn't up too much, and there's hardly a night fighter in the air."

You meet these understatement men in the damndest places—here was one taunting us 20,000 feet over Berlin. The barrage looked disgustingly formidable from where I sat. I couldn't help but wonder where he was getting his information.

As we headed into the inferno over the city, with the aircraft held straight and level for the bombing run, a random searchlight fingered its path toward us, caught and held the plane in its blinding glare. It didn't worry me too much; the bombs would be away in a few seconds and we could dive out of its orbit and find a way home through the flak.

"Dive left! Dive left!" the rear gunner shouted in my ears, and I could hear the chatter of his guns.

The plane seemed to shudder and almost pause in flight as tracer bullets streamed past the windows and raced off into the night. A night fighter had made his attack just as we were temporarily blinded by the searchlight, and some of his fire had hit home. The controls went loose and sloppy, and the aircraft fell off in a steep spiral dive.

I frantically fought the wheel and rudders, and hollered to the bomb-aimer, "For God's sake get those bombs away, Duffy!"

"I can't release them! The hydraulics must be shot up."

The engineer was at my side now. "He must have hit the tailplane," he shouted. "Have you got any control at all?"

I pulled full back on the control column and it stiffened in my grasp. The nose started to rise steeply—too steeply—but even using all my strength I couldn't push the wheel forward to keep from stalling. The engineer sensed my need and exerted all the force he could bring to bear from his awkward position, but the nose continued to rise and the aircraft quivered at the stalling point and mushed off into another screaming, twisting dive.

The altimeter raced past its figures—10,000 feet, 9,500, 9,000—and we were diving far too fast for a safe pull-out with a damaged tailplane. The outer port engine coughed and spluttered, then resumed its full-throated roar. That de-

cided the issue. The situation was already desperate, but if we lost an engine, we wouldn't have a chance. It would be flirting with the lives of the crew to wallow around in the flak barrage, which was becoming thicker by the minute.

My voice sounded strange and unreal, as I gave the order to bail out: "Okay, everybody, prepare to abandon aircraft."

In the glow of the small light that the bomb-aimer turned on, I could see the white-faced crew members as they passed me on their way to the front of the plane. A cold blast of air told me that the bomb-aimer had opened the escape hatch, and he plugged in his intercom to give me a running report as the men prepared to jump.

"Navigator gone," he called, "wireless operator gone—" Then, on a note of real terror and panic, "My God, he's caught in the escape hatch!"

I twisted my body down and got a view of the front of the plane. What had happened was all too easy to reconstruct. In his excusable haste to leave the doomed craft, the navigator had neglected to jettison the escape hatch, leaving it standing on its hinges. When the wireless operator dove out headfirst, his feet somehow had fouled the door, and the force of his body in the slipstream closed it tight on his ankles.

I drew on every resource of courage to maintain a calmness I could not feel. "Try to chop him out with the ax, Duffy. Tell the rest of the crew to bail out the rear exit."

While the rest of the crew made their way to the back of the plane, Duffy went about his heartrending business with the ax. I concentrated on holding the plane in as shallow a dive as possible until the men had time enough to jump.

A few moments later, Duffy came on again, a sob of weariness and frustration in his voice, "It's hopeless—I can't chop him out—that damn plywood is just like steel."

"Okay, Duffy. Bail out yourself. This kite will hit the ground in another few minutes."

"The hell with you," came the startling reply. "You can't get out with that exit blocked by Charlie's—" he hesitated. "Anyway, we go down together."

The Air Force doesn't give out medals unless you report back to base to claim them, but who could deny that Duffy was showing enough courage to warrant a brace of them? And I hadn't fully realized my own predicament. I was a dead duck. It would be taking a chance in a million to leave the damaged controls and run back 40 feet to the rear exit to bail out. Jettison the canopy above my head, stand up and pull the ripcord and let the parachute pull me out of the plane? Even if it were possible, my body would surely hit the tailplane and land on the ground in a thousand pieces. No, I was a dead duck. But Duffy could still get out safely.

"You get out that back exit, Duffy!" I almost screamed at him. "That's an order!"

"I didn't hear you. Try to hold onto it and I'll see if I can get those bloody bombs away."

There was no use arguing with him—he had pulled out his ear plug. I hung grimly onto the controls, my arms feeling like lead weights. Down below, the sea of fire that was the city of Berlin seemed to rise up to meet us. The fires on the ground seemed amazingly close, with new bomb bursts flashing in their midst, adding to the destruction. It won't be long now, I thought.

Suddenly the aircraft surged up with

GOIN' PLACES

PICTURE THIS: hundreds of thousands of shivering anglers above, countless numbers of fish below them. Separating fish from fishermen are only a few inches of ice. Millions of little holes gouged out with chisels in the ice. Many fish will be jerked upwards and some unlucky sportsmen will be pulled down. This picture will be seen again and again this winter.

What is the lure of ice fishing? It is one of angling's greatest adventures, for here the fisherman is doing battle with a quarry he cannot see in the mysterious depths. The battlefield is but a small opening in the ice through which the fish must be hooked, played and pulled in.

In that belt of snow and ice that blankets the northern half of the United States, there is hardly a true angler who at one time or another hasn't carved out a little window in the ice slab, dropped a handline through—and pulled up his share of panfish (panfish account for more than three-quarters of the ice-fishing catch). But for a really exciting and rugged ice-fishing experience—where the danger and the reward are both great—you'll have to do a bit of traveling. And the place is—Michigan.

In December and January the landscape around Michigan's 11,000 inland lakes begins to change. New communities, looking like "shanty towns," are born and they break up the white expanses of these lakes. Fishing shanties range from simple temporary shelters for one person to larger, permanent types for groups. They are often called "dark houses" because they have no windows to let in light. The principle of the darkhouse goes back hundreds of years to the Michigan Indians who were the original users of ice lines and spears. The Indian's method was to the point: he cut a hole in the ice and covered his head with a blanket to keep light out of the hole. Manipulating a live or artificial decoy to attract trout, pike or sturgeon, he just waited in the freezing weather until game swam within spearing range of him.

Pike-spearing is the present-day top winter angling attraction in Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

Shanty-fishing is not for the pike-spearer alone. The bay at Gladstone and Escanaba is cluttered with shanties until the ice breaks up in the spring. Here anglers specialize in walleyes and good-sized perch.

Ice-angling is much like its warm-weather counterpart—you still have to find the fish, only it's a lot tougher. The successful winter angler knows that he will find fish in the same locations as in the spring and fall. Pickerel, great northerns and muskies will be along the weedy and rocky areas near channels, in coves and inlets where minnows seek shelter. Walleyes and whitefish will be rather deep and perch can be found in the weedy shallows.

The dangers of ice-fishing are many. Although every year anglers are pulled into the icy water by mammoth sturgeon or muskie, it is not a prime hazard. The real dangers are venturing on risky ice that collapses under your feet, and being marooned in the middle of a lake when a sudden blizzard blots out every trace of the shoreline. Many an ice-angler has frozen to death after wandering through a blizzard trying to find shore and shelter. For that reason, always carry a compass and know your position at all times.

As first step in joining the hardy band that has found ice-fishing a major attraction, write the Horrocks-Ibbotson Co., Utica 2, New York, for a copy of their excellent booklet, *Fishing for the Millions.* It contains the best eight or nine pages on ice-fishing methods I've seen. Then, if Michigan is your destination, contact the Michigan Tourist Council, 114 South Walnut Street, Lansing, and ask their help in planning your winter-fishing trip. You'll discover why this is real sport when you connect with a rampaging pike and try to maneuver it within the narrow limits of your ice-window battlefield!

—Pete Peters

a tremendous lift, as if granted a last-minute reprieve. I reached instinctively to ease back on the throttles as I realized that Duffy had managed to free the heavy bomb load. We were still weaving all over the sky, but I found that the trimming devices would now handle much of the tension that had required all my effort. Duffy came forward then to help me on the controls, and every muscle in my arms and legs ached with the relief from pressure.

"Hold that north heading," Duffy hollered. "We should be over the suburbs of the city soon. Then we'll be out of this flak, and I'll figure out a course for Sweden."

We pushed and pulled on the pedals and stick, and almost willed the damaged plane into the friendly darkness to the north. Then, by making full use of the trim controls, I managed to keep the craft headed in the general direction of Sweden.

Duffy reached down and came up with another gem of optimism. "Aha! Fooled the shiftless skunks. Sweden, here we come!"

During the next hour, he seemed to be everywhere at once—down in the nose trying to pinpoint our position on a map, back in the engineer's compartment checking the intruments, up in the astrodome watching for night fighters, and then back to help me on the controls.

"What's our position now, Duffy?" I asked anxiously. "That outer engine is straining pretty hard, and if it conks out, we're finished."

"Well, I figure we're a bit too far east, but we should be over water soon, and then we'll be able to see the lights of Sweden. It's the only place that'll have lights on up here, so we can't miss it."

As I checked the instruments for the hundredth time, I became aware of a rhythmic, thumping noise above the sound of the four motors, and I prayed fervently that the plane would hold together. Then I realized that the pounding seemed to come from directly beneath my feet, and like a flash, the terrible truth dawned on me and my heart and mind went numb with horror.

That was Charlie's body swinging like a pendulum in the slipstream and bashing against the underside of the aircraft.

My eyes were wet and I had to force them to focus on the instruments. The altimeter showed 1,500 feet. The port outer engine was still running rough, and overheating.

Duffy's excited voice shook me out of it. "Hey, Al, see those lights up ahead to the left? That's Sweden, or I miss my guess!"

Sure enough, the lights of a fair-sized city blinked on the ground in the distance and cast a glow on low clouds at our level. After two years of protective blackout in England, the brilliantly lighted city looked alien and unfriendly. In my sensitive mind's eye I could see the peaceful Swedes running around tearing down the welcome signs as the big bomber flew in from the south.

As we came up on the city, a lone anti-aircraft gun burst into action to warn us off. It seemed like a popgun after the Berlin barrage.

"Hey, they're shooting at us!" Duffy exclaimed, an aggrieved, long-suffering tone in his voice.

"They're only warning us away from the city," I reassured him. But I circled away and flashed a distress signal.

"We're well inland now," Duffy called.

"Okay, come up here and help straighten it out as much as possible. Bring your parachute with you."

After we had forced the controls into a position which held the craft on a fairly level keel, Duffy voiced the question which had been uppermost in my mind.

"What are you going to do, Al? You'll never get away with crash landing this thing."

"No, I'm not going to try a crash landing," I told him, although I had no idea as yet just what I would do. "Leave my parachute right on this side of the back exit. Now get going, and good luck."

He put a hand on my shoulder. "Okay, skipper," he said. "See you downstairs." And he was gone.

I gave him a few minutes, fought the aircraft into a shallow dive to the left, and a moment later was frantically clawing my way through the maze of equipment to the rear exit. It didn't seem as if I had consciously made the decision—some higher motivating power must have taken over. I bumped headlong into the upper gun turret and stumbled over other objects in the darkness. After what seemed like an eternity, I was fumbling at the side of the rear exit for my parachute chest pack.

My hands closed on it and, with arms that seemed capable only of slow motion movement, I clamped it on my chest. The aircraft was heeling over as I rolled out into space. Everything started to go blank, and I pulled the ripcord.

When I came up from the void of blackness, my first sensation was a gentle swaying motion, and, looking up, I saw the silk of the parachute mushrooming above me. My God, I made it, I thought, and I found myself hollering to Duffy, "Hey, Duffy, I made it!" "I made it!" I knew he would be pleased to hear the news, but I also know he was miles away from my position.

I looked up at the parachute canopy again . . . something was wrong there . . . the cover was caught up in the shroud lines, fouling the chute. It would be impossible to control my landing, and I was going down like a shot.

The sound of aircraft engines revving up set off a tremendous din in my ears, and a moment later there was a terrific explosion as my plane hit the ground and belched fire over a wide area. My mind refused to dwell on the queer quirk of fate that had trapped the wireless operator in the escape hatch and made it impossible for anyone to help him. The ground was coming up too fast to think about anything but making a safe landing.

I crashed with a terrific jolt, got to my knees with great difficulty, and pulled on the lines to spill the air from the chute. My left leg buckled, and I fell to the ground exhausted. Looking up at the quiet night sky, I felt as if I had just awakened from a bad nightmare.

Feeling around in the moist earth, my hand closed on a plant of some sort. I pulled it out, and three potatoes dropped in my lap. I had landed in the middle of a Swedish potato patch.

People travel to Sweden in luxury liners, in comfortable passenger planes, and across country by train. But not me —I would have to be different.

Then I thought of the squadron leader's words of advice. "Relax, it may never happen." It *had* happened, and with a fearful vengeance.

"You can guide yourself down to a cushy landing on a haystack or an open-air mattress factory," he had said. Well, that cushy potato patch broke my back, my left leg and my right hip.

What, I wondered, if I'd landed on cement?

★ THE END

Escape in Athens

continued from page 35

"Very good, Captain." Major Hess was satisfied.

"Is that all you wish, *Herr* Major?" Kopelos asked, his eyes held for a moment by the Nazi's sensuous, self-indulgent features.

"That is all for now." Major Hess waved his hand. "And . . . oh yes, Captain. Your privileges . . . the car tonight, if you wish."

Kopelos bowed. "Thank you very much, *Herr* Major. But I shall be at home tonight. I expect some guests."

"Well, the car will be available. I stay at home tonight, too. Work, you know." He smirked at Peter. "The same old grind."

"I understand." Kopelos forced a smile, thinking to himself that if Hess was going to do any work tonight it would be with that blonde secretary outside, Elsa.

As Captain Kopelos strode into the outer office, he took another look at Elsa, who was reading a book, her shapely legs crossed and her skirt carelessly high. While he was making a swift appraisal of her thighs—and her morals—the major's voice came from the doorway behind him.

"Elsa, come in, please," the major said, and his tone was honey-sweet. "We have some dictation."

Oh, no doubt about it, the major was going to be busy tonight. All night. So it would have to be tonight, Kopelos thought; tonight or never!

There wasn't much time. He would have to get in touch with George Constantis right away. They had often worked on cases together, and if anybody could help him now, George was the one. As he thought of that, he quickened his pace, hurrying on down Queen Sophia Street to the Ministry of Police. In his office, he wrote out a report for his Chief and then got George on the phone, asking him to come over as soon as he could. While he waited, he ran through a mental list of friends, relatives and associates, in an effort to think of someone in a position to spirit Dorothea out of the country. It would be difficult, but it was the only thing to do.

When Constantis arrived, Peter struggled to keep calm as he asked: "George, have you heard anything about the new registration?"

"No—not officially. But I anticipated something. The Germans are beginning to squirm."

"You're right!" Kopelos said. "My report is on the Chief's desk. I saw Hess today. He means business. They are given two days to register. And Dorothea . . . you know what that means."

"What will you do, Peter?"

"I don't know—that's why I called you. I've got to get her away somewhere. She can't be allowed to register. She is too well known. I've got to get her out of the apartment tonight."

"Where will you take her?"

"I haven't been able to think of any place."

"It wouldn't be safe to take her to any of your acquaintances. Tell me, does Hess know anything about your connection with her?"

"I'm sure he doesn't," Peter shook his head. "There is a Gestapo man—a colonel—who lives in the apartment house right above her. But I don't think he knows me."

"Then it's obvious he mustn't see you tonight," George said.

"Yes—" Peter agreed. "Hess won't be using the car tonight. I can take her in that. Now if I could only get him involved in this. Let's see—the colonel tries to stick his nose into everything. Why not have him believe it's Hess? His car, of course. Out for a little joyride. And when she doesn't return, he'll wonder. . . . Make the two pigs begin to suspect each other somehow. Look, George, can you get me an SS major's uniform—in time for me to wear it tonight?"

"That's pretty risky, Peter."

"I know, but I've got a plan. Maybe it will sound crazy to you. I'll take Hess' car, then put on the uniform. When we leave, I'll make sure the Gestapo pig sees it. He'll think it's Hess. And later on . . . the fun will begin."

George was doubtful. "And if you get caught?"

"I can't think about that now. I've got to do it. George, can you get me the uniform?"

"All right, Peter. What time do you want it?"

"Be at my place at 7:00. Then I'll go get the car. But where can I take her?"

"Don't worry," George answered. "I know some people. I'll get in touch with them right away. You know where Phrenon Street is?"

"Near Hymettus behind the cemetery?"

"That's right. Number 23. Just leave

her there. She'll be in good hands."

After George was gone, Peter slumped back in his chair. Now that things were arranged, he wasn't so sure he could do his part. His watch read almost 5 o'clock—time to call Dorothea. She ought to be home now. When he got her on the phone, he told her something urgent had come up and she must wait there until he arrived. He'd be there by 8 o'clock.

Then he cleared his desk of papers and hurriedly left the Ministry. On the ten-minute walk to his own apartment, he kept turning over in his mind the details of his plan—haunted all the while by the look of terror he expected to see in Dorothea's eyes.

Dorothea lived on the second floor of an apartment house in Patissia Street. It was a good section of the city. On the floor above lived the Gestapo colonel. You never could tell where his spies were. So this business would require careful reconnoitering. Kopelos wasn't worried about the car. Paul, Hess' chauffeur, usually stayed at the garage. He was Greek and he didn't like Hess, but the job was a good one. He wouldn't raise any serious objections. Still, Peter had a small sum of money ready, just in case.

It was almost dark as he approached the garage, carrying a package containing the uniform George had provided. Hess had his quarters nearby. Peter could see the apartment window. The blackout shade was drawn, but he could make out a sliver of light. Eager Elsa was probably already there, preening herself on the couch, while Hess poured champagne and contemplated things to come—his eyes glistening and his face red.

Peter looked around to make certain he wasn't being observed. Then he quickly opened the door of the garage and stepped in. There was a dim light in the back. Paul appeared, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Ah, Captain Kopelos—I didn't know you were using the car this evening."

Peter thrust a bill into his hand. "I'm not using it—officially. I'll be back in an hour or two. Is there enough petrol?"

"The tank is half full—but what about Hess?"

"Don't worry about him. He's staying in tonight. Does he ever check the indicator?"

Paul shook his head. "No—not unless there is difficulty in getting petrol."

"Good—but don't forget. If anyone should ask you later whether the car was used, you know what to say. It's very important."

The chauffeur looked doubtful. "I don't want to get into any trouble."

Kopelos put a firm edge to his voice. "You want to help Greece, don't you? The car never left the garage—remember?"

"All right, Captain Kopelos. But I hope there won't be any trouble."

"Don't worry—now open the door."

The car rolled out. It was dark now, but there would be a moon. Just bright enough to serve his purpose. He drove slowly. There was a total blackout, but the headlight slits were sufficient. He knew his way around town. In a few minutes, he was on Patissia Street with its large, respectable apartment houses. As he drove past No. 75, he looked around on all sides. There was no one about. He turned the corner, slowly circled back, and stopped in front of the house. Quietly, he got out of the car and was up the steps. His muffled signal brought the door open and he slipped in.

"Oh, Peter—I'm so glad to see you." Dorothea's arms held him in a tender stranglehold. For a moment, he did not try to escape, his lips welcoming hers. Finally she relaxed her grip and, taking his hand, led him to the couch.

He looked at her quickly. She was dressed in clothing suitable for traveling.

"Dolly, I have some bad news. They want all those with Jewish connections. Hess will have the names tomorrow." Her face remained calm, only the pupils of her eyes dilating slightly. "You must leave immediately." He pointed toward the ceiling. "The Gestapo swine—is he there?"

She nodded and squeezed his hand more tightly. "Oh, darling, darling. I expected this . . . one day. But now that it's here, it doesn't seem real."

"Listen, Dolly—we must act fast. I have the car downstairs. Hess doesn't know I'm here. I'll help you pack whatever you need. Then we're going to some friends of George's."

"All right, Peter. I won't take much."

She opened the closet and took out a suitcase. Her calmness seemed unbelievable.

"You're wonderful, Dolly. You have more courage than I have. Look—I'm shaking." He held out his hand.

"It's not courage, Peter. I'm frozen inside. The motions are mechanical." She was rapidly putting clothes, shoes and other articles into the suitcase. "They

will miss me at the club tonight. Just think, their star singer doesn't appear. The swine will mutter, *'Wo ist Lili?'* not knowing her grandfather was a Jew. Let them miss their Lili Marlene from now on. I hope they poison themselves with their *schnapps.*" She reached into the cabinet and took out a pistol. "Maybe this will come in handy—"

He took her in his arms, forgetting the urgency of time and place. Finally, he let her go. "Now listen, Dolly. This is part of my plan. The Gestapo swine above you—somehow we must get him to see the car as we leave." He took the package he had brought with him. "I have a uniform—SS major. I want him to think Hess has taken you out. They must not suspect me. What will happen later, I don't know."

"Peter—" She looked at him with concern. "Please don't take too many chances."

"You are worth any risks I could take," he replied. "Now I will transform myself into a Nazi pig and then we will leave."

He came out of the next room a few minutes later. *"Fräulein—"* He bowed mockingly, extending his arm to her.

"My God—Peter. I can't even look at you in that uniform."

He squeezed her arm reassuringly. "You won't have to for long. Do you have everything now? No papers lying around? No letters?"

"None, darling."

He reached for the light switch. "All right, here we go. We'll make enough noise to disturb the pig upstairs. I'll speak to you in German—*Bitte komm, Fräulein.*"

They walked down the flight of stairs as though they were going to a party. He sang snatches of *Deutschland Uber Alles* and rattled the door as they emerged into the street. At the car, he helped her in ostentatiously, then lifted the valise high as he placed it in the back seat. Was the swine watching? Peter turned his head in the direction of the third-story window. The shade was pulled up slightly. Quickly, he started the motor. A pencil of light ran across the car as it pulled away.

"Well, I hope it works," he turned toward her. "When they don't find you, Hess will have a fit. Let's hope the Gestapo takes it out on him."

"They don't know we are friends, Peter?" she questioned him.

"I'm sure they don't." He swung the car around the corner. "I'll drive slowly —we don't want to bump into any patrols.

"Where are we going?"

"Phrenon Street—behind the cemetery."

"Oh, I've never been in that section. Wasn't there a raid last week?"

"Yes, but they didn't catch anybody. There's a lot of activity going on."

They drove in silence down Queen Sophia, then into Hymettus. "We're almost there," Peter said. "I won't go in. You knock three times and the door will open."

She was suddenly tense once more. "When will I see you, Peter?"

"Probably in a day or two—don't worry, Dolly." His tone was playful, bantering. "Everything will be taken care of."

In the small, narrow street, the houses hugged each other in a drab row. He had been told No. 23 was the third house from the end. No one was in sight as they drove up.

"I think it's this one—let's go." He had the valise out of the car as she approached the door. There was time only for a quick kiss. "See you soon," he said softly.

He heard three knocks as he got back into the car. For an instant the doorway was illuminated and then she was out of sight. He put the car into gear. Now he would have to deal with Hess.

Two days later, Hess called him in. He bowed slightly to the big blonde seated at her desk. She looked at him curiously as he walked past. Hess scowled as Peter entered.

"Kopelos! What do you know about Dorothea Farraz?"

Peter feigned surprise. "Farraz?" he repeated, slowly. "I've heard the name, *Herr* Major." After a moment, he said, "Isn't she the one who sings at the Eliados Cafe?"

"Very good, Captain Kopelos," said Hess. "Do you know where she lives?"

"No, I don't, *Herr* Major."

"Do you have any idea where she may be now?"

"At home, I imagine," Peter answered.

"No, she is not." Hess fired the words back like a machine gun. "We have had her apartment searched. She has escaped."

"But why do you want her?" Peter asked innocently.

"Didn't you see her name on the list, Captain? Hers was one of the more important ones." Hess looked at him intently.

"There were many names, *Herr* Major," Kopelos answered. "I didn't study them that closely.

"She has not registered and she must be found—at once." Hess sneered at him. "And you are going to help, Captain. You have the right connections."

Peter looked dubious. "But what can I do?"

THE BIRKENHEAD DRILL *by Gerald Payne*

KING FREDERICK WILLIAM IV of Prussia was one of the proudest military monarchs the world has ever known. His fierce pride in the strict discipline of his troops was legendary. Only once did he ever bow to the bravery of another nation's soldiers. That was in the spring of 1852. At that time he had all of his regiments fall out for a special muster. While the thousands of brightly uniformed troops stood at stiff attention he had them read the record of the British fusileers who died when their troopship, the *Birkenhead*, was wrecked and sank off the tip of South Africa.

It was the way the Englishmen died that impressed King William.

At 2 A.M. in the morning of February 26, 1852, the *Birkenhead* was sliding serenely through the soft starlit night.

"Thirteen fathoms."

The call from the leadsman standing on the bow floated reassuringly back over the 500 troops who were sleeping both above and below decks. Also dozing peacefully were 27 women and 13 children on their way to Queenstown.

Suddenly, before the man on the lead could make another cast, the *Birkenhead* struck an uncharted reef. With a sickening lurch her bow shot skyward as she crashed onto the hidden rocks. As she listed crazily over on her starboard side the calm night was broken by the startled shouts of her passengers and the piercing squeals of a dozen horses quartered amidships.

Amazingly enough, there was very little confusion. Within minutes the 500 British troops had been routed out and were ordered into ranks on the poop deck.

"I'll need 60 men to man the tackles on the life boats," shouted the captain. "Remember, women and children first!"

It was an ironic order. There were only three boats—barely enough for the women and children. As the lifeboats were lowered, the horses were pushed overboard to lighten the load of the foundering *Birkenhead*.

When the horses splashed into the sea, the water turned into a twisting, boiling death pit. Sharks by the hundreds flashed in for the kill.

Unmoved, the troops watched the grim death struggle of the horses. They could see the lifeboats bobbing safely away in the distance. As they looked, they felt the ship breaking apart and start to sink.

The captain took a quick look up at the quiet ranks of men still standing on the poop deck. "All those that can swim," he called, "jump overboard and make for the lifeboats."

No sooner had he spoken than his order was countermanded.

"Don't do as the captain said," cried Major Seton to his men. "If you do, the boats with the women and children must be swamped!"

Not a soldier on the deck made a move. Slowly, the ship settled down into the shark-filled sea. As she sank, the survivors in the lifeboats could see the long unbroken lines of soldiers going down with the ship as if they were nailed to the deck.

Out of the 630 aboard when she struck, only 194 made their way ashore. Of these survivors there were 78 in the lifeboats . . . and not a soldier among them.

No wonder King William was impressed. Nor will England ever forget the men who stood the "Birkenhead Drill." They died in ranks so that 27 women and 13 children could live.

"You will soon find out," Hess glared at him. "Meanwhile, you will accompany me to Gestapo headquarters. There is someone we are going to speak to."

"As you wish, *Herr* Major." Kopelos bowed. "When do we leave?"

"Immediately, Captain. We will take my car." He pulled on his gloves slowly, deliberately. "After you," Hess waved him on politely.

"Thank you," Peter smiled, wondering inwardly what the major had up his sleeve.

Elsa gave him a cool, arch smile as he passed. She was still showing her legs, almost insolently. With equal insolence, he stared at them. It made him feel better.

"Elsa," the major purred. "We will be gone for a few hours. If there are any urgent messages, I will be at Gestapo headquarters."

After they were in the car, with Paul driving, Peter tried to make conversation.

"The registration has been successful, has it not, *Herr* Major?"

Hess looked him over. "Yes, Captain—with a few exceptions."

"I think you will always find these—exceptions."

"We make no allowances for such things, Captain Kopelos. You Greeks ought to know that by now."

"We are learning, *Herr* Major," Peter replied. "Give us time."

"Here we are," Hess exclaimed. He smiled coldly at Peter. "You want time, *nicht wahr*? We will see how you use it."

Peter had never liked the sight of the building after the Gestapo took over. He knew what went on in the basement and he was thankful he had never been a witness to any of the scenes there. They walked up two flights to the main office.

"*Bitte*," Captain." Hess pointed to a door. They entered. A number of desks protected an inner office. The name on the door read Colonel Steiner.

It must be he, Peter thought. My hunch was correct. Kopelos, he told himself, whatever happens, this will have to be a good performance.

Hess knocked. "Enter—" A voice rasped through the door. Behind a desk sat a burly figure. Kopelos saw a heavy, jowly face shaded with black stubble. The eyes were cold, expressionless.

"*Herr Oberst* Steiner," Hess said crisply after the *Heil Hitlers* were dispensed with, "this is Captain Kopelos of the Greek police."

Peter shook hands reluctantly. It was like taking a heavy sponge into your hand.

"Sit down, gentlemen." Steiner lit a cigar. "I called you, Major, because we are interested in this Farraz woman—as much as you are. Perhaps even more." He looked up, his eyes following the course of a smoke ring. "It is your job, Major, to round up these criminals. It is our job to dispose of them. Sometimes, of course, it becomes necessary to increase the scope of our work. This is one of those times."

"*Herr Oberst*," Hess was overanxious. "I can promise our fullest cooperation."

"Good, good— Now, Major, we believe this Farraz woman may be dangerous. As you doubtless know, she seems to have disappeared from sight. Has not been home for two days. We searched her apartment. Her personal belongings are gone. And there are no clues."

Hess interjected. "Our men are looking everywhere."

"Hm-m." The colonel nodded. "I said there were no clues, Major. But there is one interesting circumstance. Two nights

ago, a car was seen leaving her apartment house. The number was *null, null, sieben, fünf.*" He pronounced the digits with special emphasis.

Hess looked startled. "Why—that's my number!"

"Correct, Major Hess. And how do you expain that?" The colonel blew another smoke ring.

"Why—I don't know." Hess was bewildered. "I haven't any idea. I didn't use the car. I was home all evening. Unless—" He turned toward Peter.

"Furthermore, a man and a girl were seen getting into the car. The man was wearing an SS uniform, Major." Steiner was developing the drama slowly.

"Why, that's impossible—!" Hess was spluttering. "*Herr Oberst,* what are you driving at?"

"Oh, I know these affairs of the heart, Major. None of us is absolutely innocent. But this strange coincidence . . . The Farraz woman disappears and you are seen driving away with her." The colonel held up his hand. "Oh, it's nothing to get excited about. An innocent assignation—perhaps it leads to more important things. You have your own methods of interrogation, Major. You need only to produce the girl or tell us where she is. That is all." He smiled. "No one is accusing you."

"I see." Hess was struggling to regain his poise. "And if I don't produce the girl, *Herr Oberst*—?"

"Then the consequences will be very serious, Major."

"Tell me, *Herr Oberst,* how do you know all this?" Hess looked at him anxiously.

"I will tell you, Major. I was there. I happen to live in the apartment above the girl. I saw the car and I saw you get in. Naturally, I thought nothing of it at first. A romantic episode, shall we say? But now the situation is more grave."

Hess was calmer now. "You are mistaken, *Herr Oberst.* I was not there and I shall prove it to you. I am as anxious to get to the bottom of this as you are. We will find this girl. I have some ideas of my own." He looked at Peter significantly. "And now with your permission, *Herr Oberst*—," he said arising.

The colonel bowed. "As you wish, *Herr* Major. We will keep in touch with you. Good day, gentlemen." He raised his hand. "*Heil Hitler!*"

As they left the building, Hess was silent, but Peter anticipated a stormy session. Hess leaned back in the car with apparent nonchalance.

"Paul," he asked suddenly, "who used the car two nights ago?"

The car accelerated slightly. "Two nights ago?" Paul tilted his chauffeur's cap. "No one, I believe."

"Are you sure of that, Paul?" Hess' voice was tipped with steel.

"Yes, sir. I was there all the time."

"Perhaps you saw Captain Kopelos that night, Paul?" Hess suggested with faint irony.

"No, sir— I saw no one," Paul repeated.

"Someone is lying!" Hess suddenly shouted. "Captain Kopelos, you will spare yourself a great deal of grief if you tell me the truth."

"I don't know anything about it, *Herr* Major," Peter said calmly. "I was at home all evening."

"So—" Hess reflected out loud. "Everyone has an alibi. No one knows anything. Let me warn you, gentlemen, you are playing with fire. This matter will be pursued to the very end."

They were back at the building. "Have the car ready, tonight, Paul," Hess said as he emerged. "That is all."

"Yes, sir—" The car sped away.

"Do you need me any more, *Herr* Major?" Peter wanted to get away as quickly as possible.

Anger flared in Hess' eyes. "No, Captain. I won't need you any more today. But be in my office at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Very good, *Herr* Major." Peter drew his boots together. "*Auf wiedersehen.*"

He turned and walked slowly down the street. Time was growing short. The Germans would do their utmost to find Dorothea now. It had become a big thing. He had no doubt at all that Hess suspected him.

Peter headed back toward the Ministry. He knew Dorothea would have to leave—by tomorrow, at the latest. It would mean a dangerous trip across the mountains to the seacoast north of Athens. Perhaps to Raffina. People were getting through all the time. It was dangerous, but George could make the arrangements. He had the contacts.

As he entered the Ministry, Peter looked around. Hess might have agents following him. Perhaps the Gestapo suspected him, too. Was it all an act Steiner and Hess had put on? Take nothing at face value. Never trust the Nazis.

George was not in his office. More time lost. Peter sat down at his desk and tried to work, but finally gave up. He locked away his papers, took his cap and went out, leaving a message for George to call him at home. He walked home, throwing surreptitious glances in all directions. There were quite a few people in the streets. It didn't look as though he was being followed.

Once in his apartment, he peered through a space beneath the shade. For ten minutes, he crouched, his eyes riveted to the street below. Nobody was lurking downstairs; there was no one hidden in the doorways. So far he was fortunate.

Some time later, there was a knock on his door. With unsteady hand, he opened it, and there stood George, at last. When he finished telling his friend about the latest development, George said:

"Her only chance is to get to the coast up north. From there, she may get through in a fishing boat. Probably have to go to Cairo. Some make it, but it's dangerous."

"I'm counting on you to arrange it," Peter said.

"It's already arranged. The people she's with, they have a system. She can leave tomorrow, if you wish."

"Yes, tomorrow, George," Peter urged. "But I've got to see her before she goes!"

George hesitated. "You're taking a big chance," he said, "but I'll set it up for you."

It was nearly 7 o'clock the following evening, when Peter slowly maneuvered his way through the twilight. He had taken Hess' car just this one last time. Paul had looked at him doubtfully. Evidently, Hess had him worried. But Peter had promised to return the car shortly, and furthermore, he had accepted full responsibility. Hess had not indicated he would use the car—but it might be a trap. So Peter decided to make a cautious circuit of the area—stop occasionally, and pull into a side street to see if he were being followed.

He drove down Syngros, then across the creek and behind the cemetery. The Germans didn't come here often—it was too dangerous. And if Hess did come after him and found him here, he had an alibi. There was a merchant selling

olive oil cheaply—a scarce commodity. It was black market but there was no reason why he shouldn't buy some. Hess knew he had used the car on similar expeditions before. He turned left into Iliados. It was not far now. He looked through the reflecting mirror. No sign of lights behind him. But he would have to check before he turned into Hymettus. He stopped the car and listened. No sound of motors behind him. Fortunately, there were very few people on the streets. His watch read 7:00. He turned into Phrenon and stopped. In a few moments, he was inside the building. The apartment door opened quickly to three short knocks. It was dark.

"Dolly," he whispered, "where are you?"

"Peter—" Her hand guided him a short distance into a dimly lit room. She was close to him—very close. "Darling—" He finally managed the words: "When . . . do you leave?"

"In a few minutes. Oh, Peter, there is no time to say goodbye. When will I see you again?"

He kissed her. "Sooner than you think, Dolly. I'll be in touch with you. I'll write often."

A side door opened and a man and woman entered. The man said, "The car is coming. You must go."

Peter could hear the soft purr of a motor as they went down the stairs.

"Hurry, now," the man said, as he helped Dorothea into the car. Then he climbed in himself and the car roared away into the night. Peter stood there in the darkness like a figure in a graveyard. Slowly, his steps carried him back to Hess' car.

The next moment he heard the sound of an approaching automobile. Surely they couldn't be returning! Around the corner careened the headlights of a car. Before Peter was aware of it, the lights were on him.

"Captain Kopelos! You are under arrest!" Hess rolled out of the car. Behind him came two SS men.

"Under arrest—?" Peter was genuinely surprised. "Are you joking, *Herr* Major?"

"I have no time for jokes, Captain." He barked at the two officers, "Search the house—quickly."

"But—what is the charge? What has happened?" asked Peter.

"We know you are connected with the Farraz woman."

"But—*Herr* Major." Peter was self-possessed now. "I don't know anything about her."

"Don't lie, Captain. We have good information that the girl is here—in this vicinity. Apparently, we have caught you red-handed."

Peter laughed. "*Herr* Major—do you know what I am doing here? I am trying to buy some olive oil."

Hess looked at him closely. "You can't squirm out of it this time. You have my car. Who gave you permission to use it?"

Peter was deferential. "Well—I thought the major was not going to use it tonight. I heard of a merchant who sells oil at a good price. I came over to get some. He lives right here on the second floor. But no one was home. In fact, *Herr* Major, I was just about to return your car."

"A likely story—" Hess exclaimed. "We will soon find out what you are up to."

The officers suddenly emerged from the building. "*Niemand da, Herr* Major," said one of them.

Hess was infuriated. "Are you sure—have you searched everywhere?"

"*Ja, Herr* Major."

"But it cannot be," Hess spluttered. "We had good information."

As the little group milled about the street, a car suddenly turned the corner followed by another. Both cars pulled up in front of the group. Out jumped Steiner—to Peter's surprise and to Hess' evident consternation. Behind him came plainclothesmen and officers.

"Well—" Steiner approached them. "What have we here? *Herr* Major and his assistants." His contemptuous glance rested on Peter. "And the Greek police."

"*Herr Oberst*—What brings you here?" Hess stammered.

"You will know soon enough." He turned to his men. "Quickly! Search the building! And now, *Herr* Major, I have some news for you. Despite your efforts, the missing woman is about to be apprehended."

"But—she is not here," Hess blurted out.

"Not here—! What do you mean?" Steiner bristled.

"I came here to get her just ten minutes ago. My agents tracked her down. And then I find her gone and this policeman—here." He stabbed at Peter with his finger.

"Gone—!" For the first time, Steiner seemed nonplussed. Then he came close to Peter. "Captain—what do you know about this?"

"Nothing—I assure you, *Herr Oberst*. I was here to purchase some olive oil from a merchant in the neighborhood." He inclined his head. "I borrowed the major's car. Just as I was about to leave, he drove up. Sir, that is all I know."

"So!" Once again, Steiner selected Hess as his target. "You bungled the entire thing. I warned you to be careful."

"But, I did everything I could," Hess tried to explain. "Perhaps you had better question the captain some more."

"It is your responsibility, *Herr* Major," Steiner replied coldly. "If the girl is not found, you will be obliged to accompany me to headquarters."

Steiner's men began to appear. They shook their heads. "*Herr Oberst*, we searched the entire building. There is no trace of the girl."

The colonel gave orders. "Two of you will return with me. The rest of you search the entire block." He turned to the SS men. "You will help them search. And now, *Herr* Major," he gave the faintest nod in Hess' direction, "please be so good as to enter my car."

"But the captain, *Herr Oberst*—" Hess bleated.

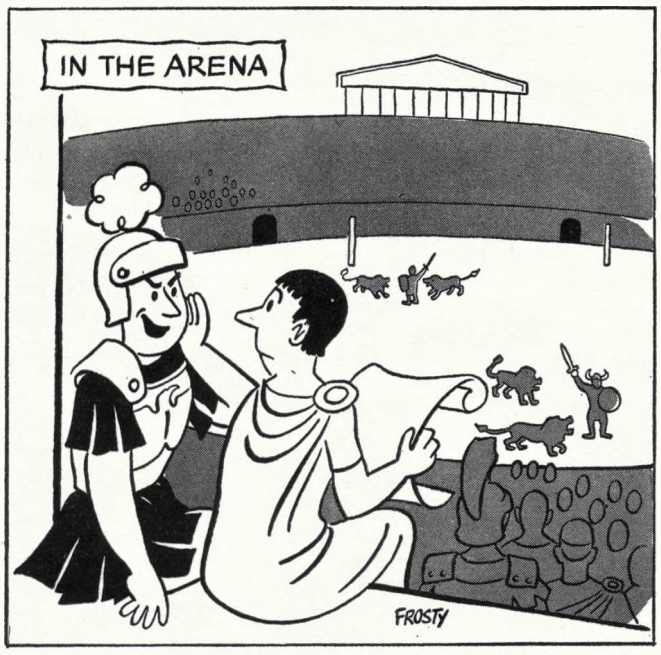
"We don't need him now. If we do later on, we know where to find him. Captain—" he looked at Peter, "—be so good as to return the major's car to his garage."

"Whatever *Herr Oberst* wishes." Peter snapped to attention and saluted. "Good night, sir."

"Come along, *Herr* Major." The colonel took Hess by the arm, ignoring Peter. "We have a little chat together."

The last thing Peter heard as he threw the major's car into gear and drove slowly away was Hess' voice, panicky, rising almost into hysteria—"But, *Herr Oberst*, you can't suspect me! It wasn't me! I was with Elsa! I can prove I was with Elsa!" ★ THE END

Silly Sagas



"Psst . . . I hear the lions are gonna take a dive this afternoon!"

The Girl in the Belfry

continued from page 19

she was barely five feet tall and weighed only 90 pounds. She was 21 years old and for several years had worked as maid-companion in the home of Mrs. Clark H. Morgan at Alameda, across the bay from San Francisco. Her family lived in Canada, where she was born.

Minnie Williams had been strangled. The autopsy report gave the cause of death as "asphyxiation and hemorrhage," and physicians who examined the body said she had been dead for about 18 hours. Apparently she was killed between 8 and 9 o'clock on the evening of Friday, April 12th. Two pieces of a broken table knife, identified as one of a set belonging to the church, lay upon the floor. A third piece was imbedded in the girl's chest directly over her heart. There were stab wounds and deep slashes on her face, her breasts, her lower abdomen and her legs. Her dress was ripped and torn, and pieces of cloth had been stuffed into her mouth and far back in her throat. Dr. J. S. Barrett, who performed the autopsy, expressed the opinion that she had been raped, and otherwise abused, after her death.

The police made a hurried search of the church during the afternoon of April 13th, but ignored the bell tower, which was locked and had been unused for many years. Next morning, Easter Sunday, Detectives E. S. Gibson and Barney Riehl returned to the church under orders from Captain I. W. Lees, head of the Detective Bureau, to examine every inch of the building. A close inspection of the library disclosed faint scuff marks on the floor, as if something had been dragged. The trail led the detectives through the small study into the Sunday School room, upstairs to the gallery, and up a second flight to a landing and the door of the bell tower. No key to the tower could be found, and finally the detectives forced an entrance. Opening the door, they stood at the foot of a steep stairway, on the bottom step of which they found more scuff marks, a few shreds of cloth, and several long brown hairs. The detectives mounted the stairs and entered the belfry, a small room about eight feet square, some 50 feet above the street.

It was dark in the belfry, but the air was cool and sweet; there were open windows on all four sides, with lattice blinds which sloped outward. Detective Riehl struck a match, and its flickering light disclosed the body of another girl, carefully laid out on the floor as if for burial. Her hands were crossed over her breast, and her head was held in position by wooden blocks such as were used in the dissecting rooms of medical schools. She was utterly naked. Like Minnie Williams, she had been strangled and raped, but otherwise her body had not been injured. A medical examination showed that she had been dead for more than a week, but there were no signs of decay. She had been beautiful in life, and she was still beautiful in death. "The body," said Detective Gibson, "was white, like a piece of marble." When the detectives searched the belfry they found the girl's clothing stuffed into corners and hidden in the blind places among the beams and rafters. It was clear that she had been murdered in the church library and then dragged up the several flights of stairs to the belfry. The heels of her shoes fitted into the scuffed places, and her hair and dress matched the hairs and the shreds of cloth found on the belfry stairs. There were various indications that the murderer had visited the dead girl several times after the killing.

Detectives Riehl and Gibson carried the body down to the library, where it was immediately identified as that of Blanche Lamont, 18 years old, one of the prettiest and most popular of the younger members of the church. She had come to San Francisco from her home in Montana early in 1894, and since then had lived with her uncle, Charles G. Noble, a trustee of Emanuel Church, at 209 Twenty-first Street. She had enrolled at a high school on Polk Street, where she had classes in the mornings, and at the Normal School on Powell Street, where she studied cooking in the afternoons. She had been missing since Wednesday, April 3rd, and the police had been searching for her, but their inquiries had been routine and there had been nothing in the newspapers about her disappearance. When Noble made the formal identification of the girl's body, he told the police that on the morning of April 13th, the day Minnie Williams was found, his wife had received in the mail a small box containing three rings which Blanche had worn when she left home for the last time. Eventually it was proved that she had been killed in the late afternoon of that day, April 3rd.

During the 18 hours that elapsed between the discovery of Minnie Williams' body and the finding of Blanche Lamont's corpse in the belfry, there had been developments which ultimately led to the arrest and conviction of the murderer. A newspaper reporter, skirmishing about the neighborhood in quest of information, found a boy, C. Y. Hilly, who said that he had seen a small girl—he described Minnie Williams accurately and later identified her—enter the church through a side door a few minutes after 8 o'clock on the evening of Friday, April 12th. She was accompanied by a young man, a member of the Emanuel congregation, named William Henry Theodore Durrant, whom the boy knew. Later the boy's story was corroborated by Alexander Zengler, a member of the church, who had chosen the evening of April 12th to investigate rumors that young folks were sneaking into the church on week nights to indulge in "gay times." Hidden in a doorway on the other side of Bartlett Street, Zengler had seen Durrant and Minnie Williams, both of whom he knew and recognized as they walked under a street light, unlock the side door of the church and pass inside. About an hour later Durrant reappeared, alone, and walked hurriedly away. Zengler said he had assumed that there were other people in the church, and that Minnie Williams had remained with them.

Young Durrant, called Theo by his family and friends, attended Cooper Medical College, where he was a senior, and lived with his parents and sister at 1025 Fair Oaks Avenue. The Durrants were proud people; they talked a great deal about their ancestors, and boasted of their education and culture. Their neighbors considered them somewhat peculiar. The elder Durrant, father of Theo, was a foreman in a shoe factory and reputedly possessed a comfortable private fortune. He had moved with his family to San Francisco in 1879 from Canada, where Theo had been born at Toronto in 1871. The daughter, Eullah Maude, two years younger than Theo, had gone to Berlin a few months before the murders to study music. In later years she became famous as a dancer under the name of Maude Allan.

SAGA BOOKSHELF

THE IRON MAIDEN. *By Edwin Lanham. Harcourt, Brace, New York, ($3.95).*

A lot of people are going to find this the most absorbing story since *The Caine Mutiny*. It's about a girl reporter, Carolyn Brown, whose ambition is as chilling as her voluptuous figure is warming. It's also about a newspaper, the New York *Record-Star*, and the men who put it together every day—and, in the process, take themselves apart.

It wasn't easy for Carolyn to make good in this man's world—city editor Roy Durkin in particular made it as hard for her as he could—but she wasn't easily discouraged. And she was an awfully good-looking girl, a weapon she didn't hesitate to use. She used it on the cops in the precinct house, on the g men pounding the districts, on the other reporters, the men on the copy desk, the men she wanted to get news beats from, the experienced hands like Mark Fielding and Johnny Vincent who could teach her what she needed to know—and she even tried to use it on Durkin himself. In the end, she used it on Andrew Morton, the young man who had inherited the paper from his grandfather. That was when she had it made. All of a sudden she was Mrs. Andrew Morton, the wife of the publisher—and it was easy for her to become executive editor and featured columnist and begin paying off old scores.

Lou Barney, who'd been bucking for the city editorship for years, couldn't help brooding over it: "Miracles did happen, he thought, but not to him. If you were a woman, you could pass a miracle with a wiggle of your hips. You could find some easy mark like Andrew Morton and marry the guy. Men worked hard all their lives for what they got, and along came some girl with a cute wiggle and a bedroom smile. She didn't have to work. She didn't have to use her brains, because she had a chassis with a built-in wiggle. From the bottom to the top with one offhand wiggle. It was as simple as that."

It wasn't quite so simple as all that, but Carolyn did it, all right. How she did it is a story that will keep you turning the pages until the small hours of the morning. The title, incidentally, comes from the pleasant medieval instrument of torture which swung open to admit its victim, then closed tightly and impaled him on its iron spikes.

* * *

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS. *By Mac Hyman. Random House, New York. ($2.95).*

How they drafted Will Stockdale, a hillbilly with a vengeance, and put him through the mill at Fort Thompson, Georgia. You've read it all before, beginning with Marion Hargrove's classic in the early days of the war, but you'll be sure to get a lot of laughs out of this one if you were there yourself. Will's troubles with army discipline and his disarming innocence in the face of outraged militarists will break you up. His interview with the inevitable psychiatrist is a highlight of the book.

* * *

THE LONG WATCH. *By Robert F. Mirvish. William Sloane Associates, New York. ($3.00).*

Ray Halder, barred from U.S. merchant ships because of something that wasn't his fault, gets another chance as radio officer on the *Morning Pride*, sailing under Panamanian registry. Unfortunately, he has trouble right off the bat with first mate Fred Moore, who soon takes over command of the ship. It gets worse (and more interesting) after Ray picks up Annette in Cherbourg and, in order to stay with him, she signs on as stewardess on the ship. Moore wants her, Halder doesn't want to lose her, they don't like each other anyway—and you can take it away.

Theo was an ordinary-looking young man; he weighed only 120 pounds and was about five feet six or seven inches tall, but he was strong and wiry. He wore a small mustache which he kept neatly trimmed, and he was very particular about his clothing. His most noticeable features were his eyes, which were pale blue and had a peculiar glassy sheen. At nineteen he had graduated with honors from Cogswell's Polytechnic School, and had immediately entered Cooper Medical College.

Although only 24 years old, young Durrant was one of the most active members of Emanuel Church, which he had joined in 1891. He was assistant superintendent of the Sunday School, church librarian, an usher during services, and a leader in the work of the Young Peoples' Society of the Christian Endeavor. He was one of three persons entrusted with keys to the side door of the church. The others were the pastor, Rev. J. George Gibson, and the church organist, George King, 19, who was Theo's most intimate friend. Theo visited the church several times a week to work in the library, to make small repairs, and in general to see that everything was in order.

Theo Durrant was very popular with the younger element of the congregation and was greatly admired by the older members for his strict adherence to religious principles and his devotion to his mother. He always kissed her upon leaving home and again when he returned, and at the conclusion of the Sunday morning services he always imprinted a chaste kiss upon her forehead. He was considered a pious and upright young man; mothers pointed to him as a model and urged their sons to imitate him.

In the early evening of April 13th the reporter who had talked to Alexander Zengler and the boy, Hilly, boarded a trolley car and rode out to the Durrant home on Fair Oaks Avenue. He found that Theo Durrant had left early that morning for the mountains near Santa Cruz, some 50 miles from San Francisco, to take part in the spring exercises of the Second Signal Brigade of the National Guard, of which he was a member. Mrs. Durrant was distressed to hear about the murder of Minnie Williams, whom she said she had never met, but she scoffed when the reporter told her that Theo had been seen with the dead girl.

"That's absurd," she said, disdainfully. "My son would not consort with servant girls."

To allay the reporter's suspicions, Mrs. Durrant suggested that he search Theo's room and examine the clothing which her son had worn the previous evening. The newspaper man found no torn or bloodstained clothing, but he did find, in a pocket of Theo's coat, a small pocketbook which was quickly identified as the property of Minnie Williams, and as the one she had carried when she left Alameda on April 12th. The reporter immediately turned over to the police the pocketbook and the information he had obtained from Alexander Zengler and the boy, Hilly. Captain Lees promptly sent a telegram to the sheriff at Santa Cruz, asking that Theo Durrant be taken into custody and returned to San Francisco for questioning. Durrant was on his way back by noon of Easter Sunday, April 14th, by which time Detectives Riehl and Gibson had entered the belfry and discovered the body of Blanche Lamont. And by the time Durrant reached police headquarters, detectives had found witnesses who had seen him enter the church with Blanche about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of April 3rd, the last day she was seen alive.

As soon as the newspapers published accounts of the murders, in which Theo Durrant was named as being under suspicion, witnesses began to appear. Some told the police of having seen Durrant in the company of the two girls; others were eager to talk about his character and habits. Members of Emanuel Church rushed to his support; they spoke of his love for his mother, of his devotion to church work, of his kindness and courtesy, of his obvious innocence and purity. To one friend, young Durrant had confided that not until he was 23 years old had he had carnal knowledge of woman. On the other hand, information poured in to the police and the newspaper indicating that Theo Durrant was a degenerate of the most bestial and dangerous type. Out of the welter of such testimony the youth began to emerge as a Jekyll and Hyde, a dual personality—one a pious young man of exemplary character and noble ideals; the other a monster of depravity and cruelty.

A young girl named Annie Welming told the San Francisco *Examiner* that she had accompanied Theo Durrant to the Emanuel Church one weekday afternoon and that he had left her in the library while he went into the small study, where Minnie Williams died, to get a book which he wanted her to see. He returned in a few moments, she said, and stood before her stark naked, his eyes glittering like glass marbles. Miss Welming said that his intentions were horribly plain but that she screamed as he clutched at her and fled before he could reach her. Other girls, whose names were withheld by the police, described similar experiences; still others said that young Durrant had made obscene proposals to them. Several of Theo's fellow students at Cooper Medical College told detectives that sometimes his conduct in the dissecting room had been peculiar and offensive. The madame and inmates of a Commercial Street brothel, a famous house which catered especially to men with curious sexual habits, said that for more than a year before the murders young Durrant had visited their establishment once a week, sometimes even oftener, carrying a cloth bag containing a sharp knife and a live chicken or a pigeon. Having chosen a girl and gone with her to her room, young Durrant would direct her to take off her clothes, and then, after he had discarded his own garments, he would, at what he judged to be the proper moment, slit the bird's throat and let the warm blood trickle over his body.

Capable work by detectives and reporters—the authorities afterward admitted that the newspapers had had a great deal to do with bringing the murderer to justice—enabled the police to trace the movements of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams on the last days of their lives, from the time they left their homes until they followed Theo Durrant into the Emanuel Church to be strangled, raped and mutilated. And almost everywhere the two girls had gone on those fatal days, there also had gone Theo Durrant, a dapper figure in his smart blue cheviot coat and vest, his matching pants, his stylish pointed shoes, his up-to-date hat, his carefully nurtured mustache and his slicked-down hair, which he wore unusually long and brushed back over his ears.

When Blanche Lamont left her uncle's house in Twenty-first Street at 8 o'clock on the morning of April 3rd, she

carried her school books and wore her most attractive outfit—a basque jacket of fashionable cut, a full flowing skirt of dark blue worsted, and a large, floppy hat gay with ribbons and feathers, a creation which she had bought especially for the Easter season. She was beautiful and charming; in fact, it was because of her exuberant good looks that so many people clearly recalled having seen her.

Theo Durrant met Blanche at Mission and Twenty-first Streets, a block or so from her home, and together they boarded a trolley car. One of Theo's fellow-students, a passenger on the same car, saw and spoke to them. Henry Shellmont, the conductor, also saw them; he noticed them particularly because Theo sat with one arm over the girl's shoulder, while with his other hand he toyed with her gloves, which she had removed. "He seemed to be talking very sweetly to her," Shellmont said. They left the trolley car at Polk Street, where they parted, Blanche going on to high school and Theo to his college. Young Durrant admitted that he had met Blanche that morning, but insisted that after he left her at Polk Street he had not again seen her alive. But there were many witnesses to prove otherwise.

Blanche spent the morning at the high school, and after lunch went to the Normal School on Powell Street for her cooking class. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Mary Vogel, who lived across the street, looked out of her window and saw a young man standing in front of the school. He stood there for almost an hour, and Mrs. Vogel watched him closely. She was afraid of burglars, and she thought he might be looking over her house with a view to robbing it. Afterward she identified the young man as Theo Durrant, and described him with great exactness. He was still standing there at 2:55 o'clock, when the cooking class was dismissed and Blanche came out of the school with three of her classmates, May Lanigan, Minnie Edwards, and Alice Pleasant. These girls, and Mrs. Vogel also, saw Blanche go directly to Theo and greet him. Then Theo and Blanche boarded a cable car, and Miss Lanigan saw them sitting together as the car started. She said she had noticed Theo especially because of his long hair. "It struck me as unusual," she said, "to see a gentleman with such long hair."

Theo and Blanche were also seen in the cable car by Mrs. Elizabeth D. Crossett, a member of the Emanuel Church, who was in a car going in the opposite direction. She had known Theo for several years. Mrs. Crossett saw them clearly enough to describe accurately how both Theo and Blanche were dressed. She kept looking at them "because the girl was so pretty," and saw them leave the car at Valencia and Twenty-second Streets and walk in the direction of Bartlett Street. On their way to the church, Theo and Blanche crossed Twenty-second Street, where they were seen, and Theo was recognized, by William Quinlan, a lawyer, who was watching workmen repair a sidewalk. At 124 Bartlett Street, across the street from Emanuel Church, Mrs. Caroline Leak was sitting in her front window watching for her daughter, who was expected home from a visit to Palo Alto. She was a member of Emanuel Church, and had known Theo Durrant for half a dozen years. She saw Theo and Blanche pass in front of the main entrance of the church and stop at the side door, at Twenty-third Street. She saw Theo unlock the door, and she saw Theo and Blanche pass inside the church and close the door behind them. The time was approximately 4:20 P.M. That was the last time anyone, except her murderer, saw Blanche Lamont alive.

About 5 o'clock, George King, the organist, unlocked the side door of the church with his own key, entered the auditorium, and sat down at the organ to practice the music which he was to play on the following Sunday. He had been playing for ten or 15 minutes when he heard a sound behind him and turned to see Theo Durrant coming into the auditorium from the Sunday School room. Durrant was extremely pale, his hair was disheveled, he was coatless, and he appeared almost completely exhausted. When King asked what was wrong, young Durrant explained that he had been repairing a gas fixture upstairs and had been almost overcome by escaping gas. At his suggestion, King ran out to a drug store and got a dose of bromo-seltzer, which Durrant drank. About 6 o'clock, Durrant put on his coat, which he said he had retrieved from the library while King was out, and went home. Some two hours later, with his mother, he attended a prayer meeting at the church. Meeting Mrs. Noble, Blanche Lamont's aunt, he asked if Blanche would be present; he said he had a book he had promised to give her. Mrs. Noble replied that when she left home Blanche had not yet returned from school, and that she was worried. Theo said sympathetically that he hoped nothing had happened to the girl.

Young Durrant displayed great interest in Blanche's disappearance; he frequently inquired about her, and offered to help in any search that might be made. At the same time he began a sly campaign to defame the missing girl. To several of his friends, who also knew Blanche, he expressed the opinion that she had been lured into a house of ill-fame, and he hinted to Mrs. Noble that Blanche's morals would not stand close investigation. Similar attempts were made later—the police were unable to find their source—to blacken the character of Minnie Williams, but they failed. Everyone who knew Minnie agreed that she was "a nice girl," and doctors said that as far as they could determine she was a virgin until attacked by her murderer. Blanche Lamont, too, was a virgin until she walked into the church with Theo Durrant.

Within a dozen hours after the strangling of Blanche Lamont, young Durrant must have told Minnie Williams something far more damaging to Blanche's good name than the vague rumors which he had already begun to circulate. The police theory was that he confided to Minnie that he and Blanche had been intimate, that she could be found in a Barbary Coast brothel, and that he was responsible for her being there. Late in the afternoon of April 4th, the day after Blanche had vanished, Minnie stepped into Frank Young's bakery in Alameda to buy some bread, and Young noticed that she seemed upset and worried. When he asked if she was ill, she said, "I know too much about the disappearance of Blanche Lamont." One of Minnie's friends, Jennie Turnbull, said that Minnie had told her that Blanche had "met with foul play," but had declined to say where she got the information.

Whatever it was that Theo Durrant told Minnie Williams, apparently it frightened her. She had had several dates with him, but after Blanche disappeared, she wouldn't go out with him again. Clark H. Morgan, for whose

family Minnie worked, told the police that on April 7th or 8th Theo Durrant came to Alameda and asked the girl to meet him in San Francisco. Morgan heard him tell her that he had "something very special to say." Minnie refused to meet him; she told him that he could say what he had to say "here and now," or he could see her at the next meeting of the Christian Endeavor, which was to be on Friday night, April 12th, at the home of Dr. Thomas A. Vogel, a dentist, at 2602 Howard Street.

Minnie Williams quit her job with the Morgans during the first week in April and told Mrs. Morgan that she was moving to San Francisco. She had arranged to work for Mrs. Amelia Voy, at 1707 Howard Street, as a companion and housemaid. On the morning of Friday, April 12th, Minnie sent her trunk to Mrs. Voy's, and at 3:30 that afternoon she went to a hairdresser in Alameda. She wanted to look her best at the Christian Endeavor meeting. She planned to catch the 4 o'clock ferry to San Francisco.

Meanwhile, probably without Minnie's knowledge, Theo Durrant was waiting for her at the Ferry Building on the San Francisco side of the Bay. He was seen there at 3 o'clock by three students of Cooper Medical College. They spoke to him, and he explained that he was going across the Bay to Mount Diablo on Signal Brigade business. An hour later he was seen by Frank Sademan, janitor of the Emanuel Baptist Church, who had known him for several years. Sademan stopped to talk, and Theo said he was running down a clue to the disappearance of Blanche Lamont. The janitor told the police afterward that young Durrant seemed excited and acted very mysteriously. At 5 o'clock, Adolph Hobe, hurrying to catch a boat for Oakland, saw Theo Durrant in front of the Ferry Building talking to a small girl wearing a cape. Theo, he said, wore a long topcoat.

At about 6 o'clock, Minnie Williams appeared at Mrs. Voy's home, where she had dinner and then told Mrs. Voy that she was going to attend the Christian Endeavor meeting at Dr. Vogel's, some six blocks away, and would be home late. Mrs. Voy gave her a key, and Minnie left a little after 7 o'clock. Ann McKay, a laundress, passed through Bartlett Street on her way home, and at 8 o'clock she saw a young man in a long coat, whom she afterward identified as Theo Durrant, talking to a small girl in a cape. The man, she said, was talking very earnestly, and the girl appeared to be objecting. They were about 200 feet from Emanuel Church. Ten minutes later, J. P. Hodgkins, a freight-claim adjuster, passed them. They were arguing violently, he said, and Theo, wildly excited, was holding the girl's arms and acting "in a manner unbecoming of a gentleman." Hodgkins turned to go to Minnie's rescue, when suddenly they quit talking and walked off together in the direction of the church. A few minutes later they passed under a street light and were seen by Alexander Zengler and the boy, C. Y. Hilly.

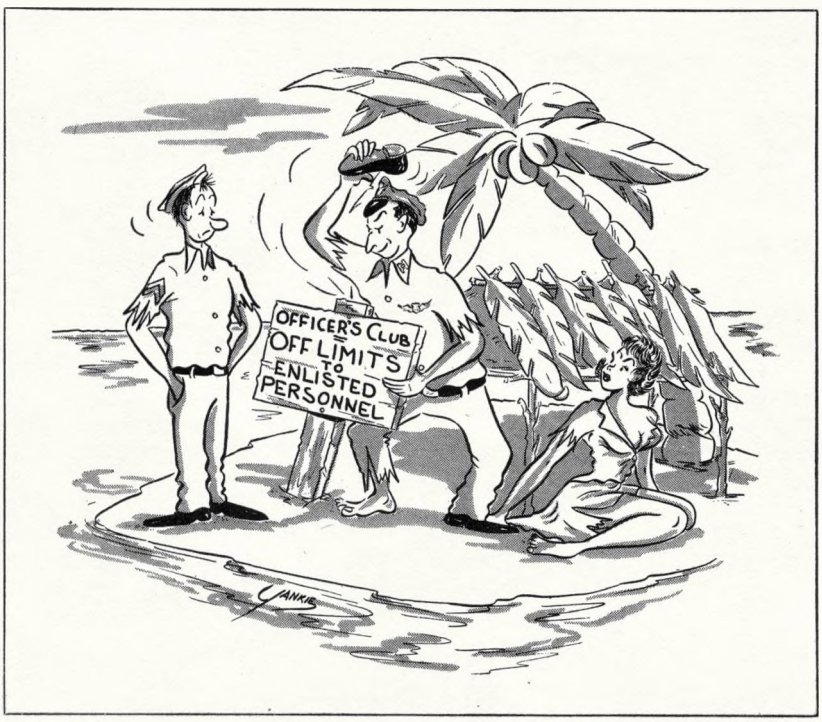
Minnie Williams, of course, failed to appear at the Christian Endeavor meeting, but Theo Durrant burst into Dr. Vogel's house at 9:30 o'clock, two hours late. He was very pale, breathing hard and perspiring profusely, although the evening was cool. His hands were very dirty, and he asked permission to wash them. After half an hour in Dr. Vogel's bathroom he joined the other Christian Endeavorers in Dr. Vogel's parlor, calm and composed as usual. The meeting adjourned at 11:25 o'clock, and at midnight Theo Durrant was again seen entering Emanuel Church, and a light flickered for a moment in the library. How long he remained in the darkened house of worship, alone with the victims of his diseased mind, was never known.

Durrant was indicted for both murders, and both cases were fully developed by the district attorney, but he was tried only for the killing of Blanche Lamont. The trial began about the middle of July, 1895, but it lasted for six weeks. It required the examination of almost 4,000 talesmen to obtain a full jury and two alternates. Most of those rejected said they had already made up their minds through reading newspaper accounts. Only one man said he had read nothing; he was G. W. Wright, a newsdealer. When the trial actually got under way, the state introduced almost 200 witnesses, including the 70-odd members of Theo Durrant's class at Cooper Medical College.

The clothing worn by Blanche Lamont on the day she disappeared was brought into court draped over a dressmaker's form, and as it was carried toward the bench it brushed against Durrant's arm. A gasp went up in the courtroom, but Durrant ignored the incident. A scale model of the belfry and the lower part of the church, in which the beams were as thick as a man's arm, was set up in front of the jury box. It was fitted with miniature furniture, and showed all stairways and ladders found in the corresponding parts of the church. A naked doll, laid out on small blocks, represented the murdered girl. Another exhibit consisted of the three rings which Blanche had worn when she disappeared, and which later were received in the mail by her aunt. A Dupont Street pawnbroker identified Theo Durrant as the man who had tried to pawn one of the rings a few days after the girl was killed. With these and other physical proofs, and the testimony of the witnesses, the state enmeshed Theo Durrant in an unbreakable web of circumstantial evidence, building up a case which the famous private detective, Matthew Pinkerton, described as the most nearly perfect in criminal history.

It was suggested by some of Theo's friends that he plead insanity, but Mrs. Durrant forbade even the mention of madness in connection with her son. "A Durrant," she said, "does not go crazy." The defense finally decided upon an alibi, and an attack upon the state's evidence as purely circumstantial. But in the long run the alibi depended upon the testimony of a single witness and was not believed. Theo himself took the witness stand and denied that he had seen Blanche Lamont after leaving her near her high school on the morning of April 3rd. He said that from 1 to 3 o'clock on the afternoon of that day he was at Baker's Beach with a classmate, William Ross, and that from 3:30 to 4:15 o'clock he attended a lecture by Dr. William F. Cheney on "How Infants Feed." Ross corroborated Durrant's story, but on cross-examination he became confused as to times and dates. The roll call of the Cooper Medical College recorded Durrant as being present when Dr. Cheney lectured, but Theo's recollection of the lecture was very vague, and neither Dr. Cheney nor any member of the class would swear that they had seen him. Nor would any admit that he had answered for Durrant at roll call, though all said that such was common practice.

Throughout the trial Durrant displayed an iron nerve; he broke for the first time when the jury, after being out only 28 minutes and taking just one ballot, brought in the verdict. As the foreman, Warren Dutton, slowly read, "We find the defendant guilty as charged," Durrant groaned and flung himself into his mother's arms. Mrs. Durrant drew the cape from her shoulders and threw it over his head. But Theo soon recovered his composure, and on December 12th stood calmly while the judge sentenced him to be hanged on



February 21, 1896. He was immediately transferred to San Quentin Prison. Reprieves and appeals, carried as high as the Supreme Court of the United States, delayed the execution of the sentence for two years. Finally he was sentenced to hang on January 7, 1898, and there were no further delays.

In prison, Durrant's moods changed frequently. One day he would cower in his cell, terror-stricken and apparently on the verge of confession; the next he would be cheerful, confident and arrogant, boasting of his ancestry. "If I have to die," he said, "I will die like a Durrant. I belong to a race which can meet death without flinching." Durrant often talked about his dual personality, both sides of which, he insisted, were good. As proof that he was two distinct persons, he mentioned that he was ambidextrous and that he could sing both bass and tenor. He sought the comforts of religion, and was visited by a succession of Protestant ministers, but none satisfied him. Finally he settled upon a Catholic priest, who accompanied him to the scaffold.

Durrant's parents arrived at San Quentin on the morning of January 6th, and within a few hours Warden Hale was complaining that they were trying to run the execution. "They behave to me," he said, "as if they were proud of all this. Why, Mr. Durrant has been to me with a kinetoscope man, and has gone down on his knees to me to allow Theo to go out of his cell, pick a few flowers, scatter them on the walk and go back to his cell, while the kinetoscope man took snapshots."

In the late afternoon of January 6th, Theo and his mother received the press.

"I am not afraid to die," Durrant said. "It is not awful to go to such a death."

"Yes," said Mrs. Durrant, "it will be a grand death, Theo. Think how Jesus died."

Durrant nodded, and said to the reporters:

"I have been accustomed to compensation when talking for publication. Mother, I have had offers of remuneration for a talk with me from the East. I have had three or four telegrams."

"Yes," said Mrs. Durrant, "all of Theo's words are of great value."

Both Theo and his mother looked hopefully at the reporters, but none made an offer. Finally, Durrant was asked what he would say at the last.

"I shall only proclaim my innocence," he said. "Make this as strong as you please. I will not falter at the end. I thank God my hands are clean, not stained with blood, but the fair name of California will stand stained with a crime that can never be wiped out, the blood of an innocent man—make that boy."

"Theo," his mother interrupted, "you have said enough."

On January 7th, Theo Durrant was in one of his heroic moods. For breakfast he ate large portions of beefsteak, potatoes, ham, eggs and toast, and drank several cups of tea. When the prison barber shaved him for the last time, he complained of a small nick on his chin. At first he refused to wear the black sox provided by the prison; he said they were of inferior material and workmanship. The prison doctor offered stimulants; Theo said that was nonsense. He refused to listen when the warden started to read the death warrant; he said it was a waste of time. When he climbed the short flight of steps leading to the gallows, he was the most composed man in the prison; his pulse was 74. When the hangman, Amos Lunt, approached to perform his office, Durrant said:

"Don't put that rope on, my boy, until after I talk."

But Lunt, who was nervous and trembling, proceeded to adjust the black cap and the noose.

"Well, then," Theo said, "don't tighten it. Do you wish me to say anything? Well, I would like to say this: I have no animosity against anyone, not even against those who have persecuted me and who have hounded me to my grave, innocent as I am." He went on in the same vein for what seemed an eternity, denouncing the newspapers for "putting crimes upon me." Finally, his voice low and dramatic, he said: "I forgive them all . . . I, before the whole world, announce my innocence for the last time . . . I am innocent of the crimes charged to me, before God, who knows the heart and can read the mind. I am inno—"

That was all. The hangman had sprung the trap.

Durrant's body was turned over to his parents, who took it to their home on Fair Oaks Avenue. No undertaker in San Francisco or elsewhere in the state would prepare it for burial, and at first no crematorium would receive it. One cemetery, the Catholic Holy Cross, offered burial, but Mrs. Durrant insisted upon cremation. "I want an urn of ashes," she said. "It will be forever a comfort to have them." The body remained in the Durrant parlor for five days, while the Durrants held open house. Anyone who wished could walk in and stare at the coffin, and at Mrs. Durrant sitting beside it talking to her dead son. There were hundreds of visitors, described by the San Francisco *Call* as "morbid humanity of every age." Finally, on January 12th, arrangements were made with a crematorium in Pasadena, near Los Angeles, and on January 13th the body of Theo Durrant was reduced to ashes.

For years psychologists poured over the records of the Durrant case, trying to learn what had produced the weird mixture of good and evil that was Theo Durrant. Many blamed heredity, and to support their theory pointed to the actions of Theo's parents, and especially to an incident that occurred immediately after the hanging. When Theo's body was cut down, it was placed in a coffin and carried into one of the prison reception rooms, where the parents were waiting. When an attendant removed the black cap, the Durrants kissed and fondled the distorted face and wept loudly. Reporters and prison officials were in the room; they moved away and turned their backs in sympathy. But they turned around again abruptly when they heard laughter and saw the Durrants sitting beside the coffin. Mrs. Durrant was smiling, and her husband was chuckling. A convict named Wilson, who was in charge of the reception room, asked Mrs. Durrant if she would like some tea.

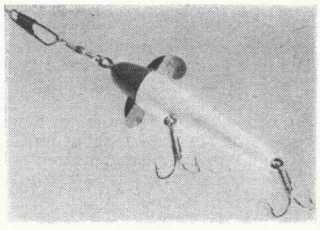
"Thank you," she said. "I would."

Wilson loaded a tray with all the good things he could find in the prison larder —roast beef, potatoes, vegetables, salad, bread, cake and ice cream. A table was set up about three feet from the corpse, and the Durrants fell to. They ate heartily, meanwhile talking and laughing. It was clear that Theo's father was telling jokes. The spectators tried not to listen to their conversation, but one remark was heard clearly and distinctly.

"Papa," said Mrs. Durrant, "I'll take some more of the roast." ★THE END

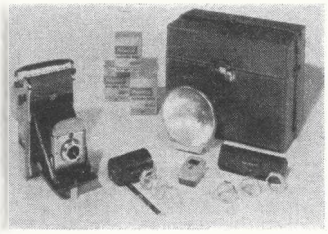
SAGA IN

Here are some of the interesting



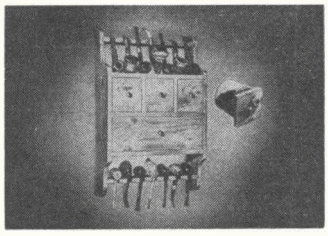
Screw-ball fish lure has a revolving, propeller-like head. 3-pronged hooks attached at lure's mid-section and tail. Comes in a transparent box. Write to the Hill Bait Company, 14194 Sarasota Ave., Detroit 39, Michigan.

Xmas Cards kit. It contains 50 actual printed cards (some in color), dozens of ideas, patterns, lettering guides, instructions. Gives you personalized cards. $1. Homade Products, Dept. 39, Box 5942, Kansas City, Mo.

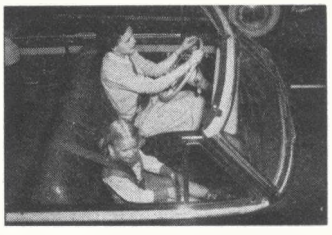


Polaroid has new low-cost camera, the Highlander. Camera is $69.95, kit $19.95, exposure meter $13.95, flash gun $12.95, close-up lens kit $8.95, filter kit $5.95. The picture-in-a-minute camera makes wallet-size prints.

'Nicer ice bucket, with gallon capacity, is non-breakable, lightweight, has no brittle lining. Good for outdoor, patio use. In yellow, green or red. $8.95 ppd. From Ponca Products, Dept. S3, Box 902, Ponca City, Okla.



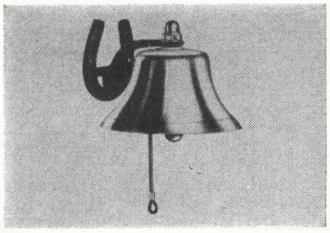
Pipe Rack holds 14 pipes, has three humidor drawers for tobacco and a large catchall drawer. Comes in knotty pine, sanded kit form for $7.95 ppd. Or $12.50 assembled and finished. Yield House, North Conway, N. H.



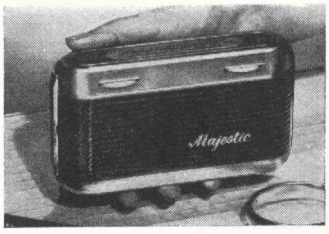
Hi-G Auto belt is a practical safety harness, prevents wearer from being thrown forward or out of an open door and protects upper torso with shoulder strap. From $11.95. Air Associates, Inc., Dept. 204, Teterboro, New Jersey.

THE SHOPS

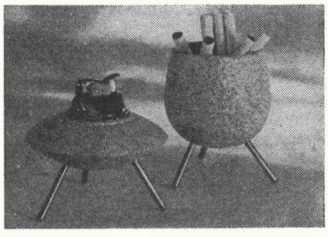
items we found on our tour of the shops this month



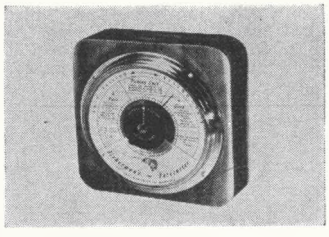
Patio Bell strikes just the right note for informal country living. Made of lacquered brass, with rawhide pull and wrought-iron bracket. In antique design. $6.49 ppd. Scott Mitchell House, 611-R Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Majestic's UHF and multi-band short wave radio, the Mini-Boy, is a pocket model weighing only 22 ounces, measuring 6¼ inches wide. The audio equipment is imported from Germany. Sells for $29.95, at all leading stores.



Cigarette lighter and urn, in wood of stippled finish, with Evans lighter unit, legs of Hamilton gold. In pepper black, grey, red, green. Lighter $9.95, urn $4.95. From Corvette, Inc., 350 Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach, Florida.



Fisherman's barometer, in polished cedar case and 4-color dials, co-ordinates the effects of barometric pressure on game. Made by Swift, it comes with carrying case, special instructions. Price $12.50, at sporting goods stores.

Splash Cord coat of dark corduroy, with light flecks, nubby texture. Has center vent, flap-patch pockets in two-button style. Vest is yellow and black checker-board pattern. Made by McGregor. Jacket $22.95, vest $8.95.

For additional information on any of the items in this editorial feature, please write direct to the addresses listed or to the manufacturers named.

officers yelled across the hillside. "Let the artillery use those flares for bull's-eyes."

Instantly the big guns went to work, and with such fast anger that a captured Jap officer later asked to see the "automatic artillery" the Marines had used. Within minutes, the burning 105s turned Bloody Ridge to dust. When the morning sun arose after the mop up, there wasn't a living Jap on the hill.

It was General Douglas MacArthur who had sent the Marines into Guadalcanal, and when, eight years later, he needed experienced troops to retake Seoul, he again turned to the First Marine Division.

This was Marine-type war: a beachhead. But the Marines had learned, too, that they could do a job on interior fighting as well. They learned that at Okinawa, and they had just finished weeks of pushing through central South Korea. In fact, having secured Naktong once, they had to go back and capture the southern town a second time after the Commies had forced back our troops. That job done, they boarded ships at Pusan for the sweep around the west coast to Inchon.

Marine tactics had long before won plaudits from all military experts, and ships at Inchon were loaded with VIKs—Very Important Kibitzers—who came to watch the Marines in action.

The attack was a complete surprise. Though the shore was heavily fortified, effective manpower was too far inland to halt the invasion. Quickly the Marines raced across the mud flats to the sea wall, up and over. The sea wall, however, blocked tanks and trucks, and the Marines decided to dynamite it. Seconds before the explosion, a launch of VIKs neared for a close look at shore action. A pint-sized Marine ran to the water's edge, cupped his hands to his mouth, and hollered:

"Back off, ya bastard! We're gonna blow up the joint!"

Aboard, a VIK admiral glanced around and asked: "I wonder which one of us that Marine is talking to?"

Ashore, the Marines were too busy to fret about VIKs, whoever they were. Inchon fell. So did the vital Kimpo Air Field. On Hill 85 near Yongdong-po, 1st Lt. Henry A. Comisky, who had been an enlisted man at Iwo Jima, led his platoon upward, directly into Red fire. Armed only with a pistol, he jumped into a machine-gun nest and killed four Commies. Out of ammunition, he knocked over the fifth and held him down until another platoon member brought him a fresh weapon.

Comisky killed the Red, then ran to the next emplacement and killed two more. Still well ahead of his platoon, Comisky guided his men further up, to the rear nose of the hill, destroying Commies as he advanced.

This was the kind of fighting that made a captured North Korean officer admit: "My men get panicky when they learn the Marines are coming."

And the Marines kept coming. Yongdong-po fell. Initial attempts to cross the Han River were beaten back, but the Division stayed at the job until it was achieved. To do it, many men threw away their packs and swam across. Then started the sweep into Seoul.

By now, North Korean reinforcements had been rushed to the battle. Numerically superior, they swarmed into the hills, blocking roads and mining fields.

Pfc. Stanley R. Christianson was manning an observation post of the First Regiment when he saw Reds sneaking toward Hill 132 in the dawn hours of September 29. He turned to his buddy. "Warn the platoon," he whispered, then took his place at the machine gun and waited.

Immediately he realized that the enemy patrol was larger than he'd thought. Fully aware of the risk, he decided to hold his position.

The patrol neared. Christianson saw the Red at the point signal others to follow. When enough of them were in the open, the Marine opened fire.

Suddenly the bush was alive with North Koreans. They rushed Christianson, and he met them with bullet bursts. Seven of them dropped at his feet before his position was overrun and Christianson was killed, but because he had stayed at his post the rest of the platoon had time to re-group, kill 41 more Reds, wound many more, and take three prisoners.

The Marines were ready for Seoul to be tough, and it was. House-to-house fighting continued for days, even after the city was secured. But there had been another fight, years earlier, when what the Marines thought was going to be a picnic turned out to be a massacre.

It was September, 1944. Behind the Division was the capture of Cape Gloucester, where the bitterest enemy had been the endless rains, and behind, too, were the months of restless idleness at the Pavuvu rest camp, where giant rats and monstrous land crabs were the only foe. Ahead was Peleliu.

"This one is gonna be a snap," the men told each other. "In-again-out-again Finnegan."

Weeks before, skilled patrols had sneaked ashore and cased the island. Japs were plentiful, and strong. But Intelligence—so vital to quick victories—had been carefully collected by the patrols. Almost every Jap emplacement was known.

"This is gonna be like fighting in my own backyard," some men bragged.

"Not quite," briefing officers assured. "We'll have casualties. A lot of 'em. It'll be a tough fight, but it'll be fast. We should secure in three days. Maybe two."

The Battle of Peleliu was overshadowed by European invasions, then in gigantic swing. Thus the world learned little of what was happening on that fly-speck of an island in the Pacific. The Marines might as well have been fighting on Mars; surely that would have been no more remote and no more severe.

To win Peleliu cost the lives of 1,121 Marines, with 5,142 wounded and 73 missing in action. Killing the 10,000 Japs on the island required 1,589½ rounds of heavy and light ammunition per Nip capita. The fight that was supposed to last three days lasted a month. Even so, some 30 Japs hid out and didn't surender until the war had been over two years.

The leader of one of the sneak patrols had reported: "I think we were spotted. At least, this Jap stood there and looked at us. Then he turned and ran off."

"Isn't the first thing we do is take off her shirt, and rip it into bandages?"

This might have been the clue that sent the Japs rushing to fortify the beach so heavily. Whatever the incentive, the Japs were brutally prepared for the invasion.

On D-Day, Japs were pulled up to the fringe of the coral sand. Mortars picked off Marine amtracs as they hurdled the inner reef, and vehicles that weren't ripped apart wallowed helplessly in the shallow water. Few of the first wave reached shore. Subsequent waves piled up on each other coming in. Men were killed before they set foot on the island. Others got a toe on the ground, then fell over dead.

Entire regiments were crammed in less than 100 yards of beachhead. Within 45 minutes after one company landed, it had only one squad left in each of its three platoons. Reserve units, intended to be held for the second day, rushed in immediately. The Division shot its wad in the matter of a few hours.

Of 18 Sherman tanks sent ashore on D-Day, nine never even got into the battle. Eight more were knocked out in short order. One crippled tank, unable to turn, found its targets by rolling back and forth. Jap tanks, on the other hand, appeared like flies. Around each was a knot of infantrymen.

It would have been possible, had they thought of it, for the Japs to destroy the invaders by sweeping the beach lengthwise. Instead, they tried to push the Marines back into the sea. Behind the thin but fierce Jap beachhead defenses were yards of barriers and mines of all types. To move broadside in effective force against the Marines, the Japs would've had to cross their own barriers, and this they weren't prepared to do.

For Marines moving inland, there was no other path.

By D-Day plus 3, the Division, at astounding expense, had battled its way off the sand and into the bush. Pfc. Arthur J. Jackson, trapped in a clump of small trees with his platoon, saw the nest of pillboxes to his left. Heavy fire mowed down his buddies. Infuriated, he rushed the largest installation, pouring automatic fire into its openings. Nearing, he tossed white phosphorous grenades and explosive charges that demolished the pillbox and killed the 35 Japs inside.

Guns from nearby pillboxes turned on him. Alone in the clearing, Jackson whipped from one stronghold to the next, firing and tossing grenades. In minutes, he knocked out ten pillboxes and killed 50 Japs. Satisfied with the sudden silence, he waved the platoon deeper into enemy lines.

Up and down the slim perimeter, Marines battled like madmen. Singly or in groups, they leveled every clump of grass that might hide a Jap. One man, flat in a shallow foxhole, seemed doomed when a Jap tank rolled over him.

"You're goin' with me, Mac," he muttered to the driver above him.

Ripping a grenade from his belt, he planted it in the groaning treads at his elbow. The tank passed over him, proceeded ten yards, and was blown up. The Marine had just time to scurry for fresh cover, ten yards closer to the Japs.

Steadily, the Division advanced, paying heavily in blood for every foot. Outfits pulled back for an hour's breather were hurried back in ten minutes into rougher territory. Men inched forward in the midst of coral clouds raised by earth-shattering bombardments by American vessels in the harbor. Off the beach the Marines struggled, through the bush, out into the clearing along the air strip, toward the barracks beyond, and then north and south to the high ground.

Every step forward brought on vicious counterattacks. To stave them off, cooks and clerks dropped their pots and pens and rushed into the line. Amtrac drivers, ordered only to transport ammunition, drove into battle and used the ammo themselves. Wounded men, taken back to hospital ships, sneaked from their bunks and hitched rides to the fighting.

If the Japs were ferocious on the beach, on the high ground they were savage. Every hill, however low, was mole-ridden with Japs. Wounded Marines, dropping back for cover, were hit repeatedly. One man, his foot caught in a vine, dangled over a precipice. When corpsmen finally reached him his dead body looked like a sieve.

But the high ground had to be taken. Fresh Army units were raced ashore to join the Marines in the foothills. Then, after days of temperatures in the 120s, monsoons struck, flooding the island in coral-pink mud. Gale winds pushed ships high ashore, rendering them helpless. Food supplies dwindled. To sustain the troops, planes switched from bomb loads to food and dry clothing drops.

The men continued their job of cleaning out caves, one by one. Every bayonet learned the taste of blood. By late October, there wasn't a Marine on the island without scores of dead Japs to his credit. When finally relieved by the Army, the Division was a skeleton of itself. Some units had lost more than half their men. Marines who survived still had terrifying memories to forever haunt their sleep, and so they often wondered whether or not they had been the lucky ones.

Peleliu proved to be the Division's most violent World War II battle, and yet it was something of a tropical prelude to the wintry adventure, years ahead, around a frozen reservoir at Chosin.

They were told they'd be home by Christmas, and they might well have been, but for one small item: the Chinese army. Until then, despite the initial Communist onslaught, Korea had been the UN's war. Seoul had been recaptured. Allied troops were rushing up the west coast toward the Yalu. The Marines had sailed around to the east coast for an attack on Wonsan.

But even before they could land, ROK forces captured the town and freed the air strip, Marine planes were using it, and a USO show was performing in the

1st Marine Div. Medal of Honor Winners

Pictured here is the Congressional Medal of Honor, awarded to soldiers, sailors and Marines who, in action involving conflict with an enemy, distinguish themselves conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of life above and beyond the call of duty. It is the highest military decoration of the U. S. armed forces.

WORLD WAR II

*Sgt. John Basilone, 1st Bn., 7th Rgt.
Raritan, N. J.
*Maj. Kenneth Bailey, 1st Marine Raiders
East Charleston, W. Va.
*Cpl. Lewis Bausell, 1st Bn., 5th Rgt.
Washington, D. C.
Col. Merritt A. Edson, First Marine Raiders
Washington, D. C.
*Cpl. John Fardy, 1st Bn., 1st Rgt.
Chicago, Ill.
*Pfc William Foster, 3rd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Cleveland, Ohio
*Pvt. Dale Hansen, 2nd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Wisner, Neb.
*Cpl. Louis Hauge, Jr., 1st Bn., 1st Rgt.
Ada, Minn.
Pfc (later 2nd Lt.) Arthur J. Jackson, 3rd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Portland, Ore.
*Sgt. Elbert Kinser, 3rd Bn., 1st
Greenville, Tenn.
Pfc Richard E. Kraus, 8th Amtrac Bn., 3rd Amphibious Corps
Minneapolis, Minn.
Pfc John D. New, 2nd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Mobile, Ala.
Sgt. Mitchell Paige, 2nd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Dravosburg, Pa.
*Pfc Wesley Phelps, 3rd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Rosine, Ky.
Capt. Everett Pope, 1st Bn., 1st Rgt.
Wollaston, Mass.
*Pfc Charles Roan, 2nd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Claude, Texas
Lt. Carlton Rouh, 1st Bn., 5th Rgt.
Lindenwold, N. J.
*Pfc Albert Schwab, 1st Bn., 5th Rgt.
Tulsa, Okla.
Maj. Gen. Alexander A. Vandegrift, CO, First Marine Division
Washington, D. C.

KOREA

*Cpl. Charles Abrell, 2nd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Maj. William Barber, 2nd Bn., 7th
West Liberty, Ky.
*Pfc William Baugh, 3rd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Harrison, Ohio
Pfc Hector Cafferta, Jr., 2nd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Montville, N. J.
*Cpl. David Champagne, 1st Bn., 7th Rgt.
Wakefield, R. I.
*Pfc Stanley Christianson, 2nd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Mindoro, Wis.
Lt. Henry Alfred Commiskey, 1st Bn., 1st Rgt.
Hattiesburg, Miss.
*Col. Jack Davenport, 3rd Bn., 5th Rgt.
Kansas City, Mo.
Cpl. Duane Dewey, 2nd Bn., 5th Rgt.
Muskegon, Mich.
Col. Raymond Davis, 1st Bn., 7th Rgt.
Goggins, Ga.
*Pfc Fernando Luis Garcia, 3rd Bn., 5th Rgt.
Utado, Puerto Rico
*Pfc Edward Gomez, 2nd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Omaha, Neb.
Sgt. James Johnson, 3rd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Pocatello, Idaho
*Pfc John Kelly, 1st Bn., 7th Rgt.
Homestead, Pa.
*Pvt. Jack Kelso, 3rd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Fresno, Calif.
T/Sgt. Robert Kennemore, 2nd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Greenville, S. C.
*Pfc Herb. Littleton, 1st Bn., 7th Rgt.
Nampa, Idaho
*Lt. Baldomero Lopez, 1st Bn., 5th Rgt.
Tampa, Fla.
*Sgt. Daniel Matthews, 2nd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Van Nuys, Calif.
*Sgt. Frederick Mauspert III, 1st Bn., 7th Rgt.
Dresher, Pa.
Cpl. Alfred McLaughlin, 3rd Bn., 5th Rgt.
Leeds, Ala.
*Lt. Frank Mitchell, 1st Bn., 7th Rgt.
Roaring Springs, Texas
*Pfc Walter Monegan, 2nd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Seattle, Wash.
*Pfc Whitt Moreland, 1st Bn., 5th Rgt.
Austin, Texas
Lt. Raymond Murphy, 1st Bn., 5th Rgt.
Pueblo, Colo.
Maj. Reginald Myers, 3rd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Boise, Idaho
*Pfc Eugene Obregon, 3rd Bn., 5th Rgt.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Lt. George O'Brien, Jr., 3rd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Big Spring, Texas
*Cpl. Lee Phillips, 2nd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Ben Hill, Ga.
*Sgt. James Poynter, 1st Bn., 7th Rgt.
Downey, Calif.
*2nd Lt. George Ramer, 3rd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Lewisburg, Pa.
*2nd Lt. Robert Reem, 3rd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Elizabethtown, Pa.
*S/Sgt. William Shuck, Jr., 3rd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Clearfield, Pa.
Pfc Robert Simanek, 2nd Bn., 5th Rgt.
Detroit, Mich.
Maj. Carl Sitter, 3rd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Pueblo, Colo.
*Lt. Sherrod Skinner, Jr., Btry. F, 2nd Bn., 11th Rgt.
Lansing, Mich.
S/Sgt. Archie Van Winkle, 1st Bn., 7th Rgt.
Everett, Wash.
*Cpl. Jos. Vittori, 2nd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Beverly, Mass.
*S/Sgt. Lewis Watkins, 3rd Bn., 7th Rgt.
Seneca, S.C.
M/Sgt. Harold Wilson, 3rd Bn., 1st Rgt.
Birmingham, Ala.
*S/Sgt. Wm. Windrich, 3rd Bn., 5th
Carlsbad, Calif.

**Known to be dead.*

area. This was a severe blow to Marine pride, more so when Doggies attached to the ROKs welcomed the Division ashore with a new verse of the Marine Corps Hymn:

These tough and fighting Gyrenes
Wherever they may go,
Are always bringing up the rear
Behind Bob Hope and the USO

In a few days, the Division took to the hills, leaving the Doggies, the ROKs, and Bob Hope far behind. The plan: The Division was to rush northwest, passing above the North Korean forces in the area, then close in with Army units moving north to entrap the Reds before they could escape into Manchuria.

Almost immediately, friendly civilians brought rumors of Red Chinese in the zone. Army Intelligence, to the west, had also heard about the Chinese, but nobody had seen them. Civilians reported that the Reds were moving at night, hiding in the woods during the day. Marine pilots, nevertheless, were unable to find a trace.

The Marine air wing, meanwhile, was scoring new highs in ground support, performing like a flying artillery. So well coordinated were air-land operations that requests for aerial bombardment were fulfilled in record time of five and six minutes. At night, machine gunners zeroed-in Commie positions with tracers, thus providing pilots with an X-marked spot for napalming.

Earlier in the war, Major Kenneth Reusser, returning from a strafing mission, noticed trucks and men around a factory near Inchon. Making several runs over the spot, he destroyed a dozen vehicles and killed 30 Reds.

So low and close did he fly that he was able to see inside the factory. His plane by now was seriously damaged and he was forced to return to the carrier *Sicily*, but immediately he took a new plane and went back to the factory. His napalm bombs leveled the building, destroying six tanks and eight more trucks.

Near Kanggye, Captain Dave Swinford, flying an armed recon mission, had knocked out three trucks and an armed car when he received radio information that a house on a nearby ridge was loaded with snipers. Swinford blasted the house with his 20 mm cannon. Out ran a score of guerrillas. The Marine pilot was returning to strafe when he saw the Reds bow low and wave white cloths. By making sweeping passes over the group, Swinford herded them off the ridge and into Majon-ni, where a Marine patrol arrested them.

Marine planes were overhead as the Division took its positions at Chosin. By late November, units were dispersed around Hagaru-ri—the vital road junction south of the reservoir, with others at the western tip of the frozen reservoir around Yudam-ni.

It was cold. Temperatures dropped far below zero and stayed there. Men were warned: "Watch your buddy's face. If white spots start appearing, make him return to the aid station."

But men refused to go back. They slapped their faces with numb hands, to keep blood circulating, and they buried their hands in their armpits to keep their trigger fingers warm.

Cautiously expanding perimeters around both towns encountered enemy patrols, but several days passed before the Division captured its first three Chinese.

The prisoners talked readily. They assured Marine Intelligence that large Chinese forces were gathering, with strict

orders to annihilate the Division. Strength estimations varied, some placed it as high as 100,000. The scheme, the prisoners said, was to encircle the Division and attack simultaneously at Yudam, Hagaru, and the important Marine supply base at Koto-ri, further south.

Every Marine sensed the danger. All along the line, a tense silence kept the men nervously alert. To gain better knowledge of the Red plot, a fast patrol was sent far into enemy territory and returned with data, however spotty, that there was no question about a Commie build-up. The big puzzle: Where was the bulk of the Red army?

At Okinawa, the Division had had the same trouble locating enemy forces. What was expected to be a costly invasion came off without a single casualty, except the one man who had hurt himself on his own knife. Days later, the Marines found the Japs dug in among the southern hills, and the fierce battle to burn them out more than made up for the easy rush through the lowlands.

But the enemy wasn't hiding at Chosin. You could smell them all around, slipping into strong positions, building rigid reserves, poising for the slaughter.

It came on November 27, and it came from all directions. In some sectors, attacks began at sunset, and by midnight the entire Division was engaged. New assaults were made almost hourly, giving the Marines little chance to rest and re-group. Roadblocks were speedily constructed, locking the Americans in small squads, unable to reach others in the same predicament.

Attacks were accompanied by typical Commie furore: bugles, whistles, flares, screams, artillery, mortars, grenades. Marine casualties mounted steadily, but the Chinese lost so heavily that few men in the first waves survived.

Within a few hours, the Reds had taken most of the high ground, severed the highway at strategic spots and encircled Marine regiments. Yudam was cut off from Hagaru, and supplies coming up from Koto-ri were blocked.

Despite brutal odds, Marines at Yudam-ni reciprocated every Commie attack. Squads—and less—held off companies of Reds. Battered Marine platoons wrenched hilltops out of the fresh grasp of the enemy. T/Sgt. Bob Kennemore, a veteran of Guadalcanal, took command of his platoon when his officer was knocked out of action. Reds swarmed forward, pitching grenades. One landed in the midst of Kennemore's machine-gun squad. To protect his men, Bob covered the grenade with his foot. It exploded and ripped off both his legs.

"Now get 'em!" Kennemore commanded, and before he blacked out he saw his platoon run against the Reds with murderous vengeance.

Always fierce close-fighters, the Marines were frequent victims of grenades. Most often, the enemy weapons fell among a group of Marines, and many times one man quickly sacrificed himself to save his buddies. So it was when, a few days after Kennemore's injury, 2nd Lieutenant Rob Reem led his men up a ridge to clear out a Red machine-gun nest.

Reds held the high ground; Marines in the gully were stopped by a hail of shattering fire. Reem signaled to his platoon sergeant to follow him. Grabbing at the frozen bush, Reem began pulling himself upward. Immediately bullets rained down on him. Men threw themselves to the ground; Reem ducked behind the black shrubs.

He muttered to his men: "If we don't get these bums, they'll get us. And," he pointed to the Marines trapped in the gully, "them."

Watching Reem, the platoon waited for the word to try again. Suddenly the lieutenant raced around the bush and darted ahead. Around him he could hear the grunts of his men, struggling to keep pace with him. The Reds on top opened up. Wounded Marines stumbled and rolled to the foot of the hill. Seeing a narrow shelf to the left, Reem leaped for it and flattened himself against the hillside. Five Marines landed nearby.

"Now what the hell do we do?" one of them asked.

"We go up," said Reem. He looked around. "Is this all we have left?"

"Couple of guys still in the bush."

"See that they stick with us," Reem said.

Frozen air cut into his lungs. Glancing across the valley, he could see other small Marine units swapping bullets with concealed Reds. The deep snow everywhere, the rolling hills with slivers of black trees in their sides, made him think of the wintry countryside around his Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, home.

"We're a long way from home," he said, and then looked up at the Reds. Men followed his gaze, thinking "home" meant the ridgetop where the enemy waited.

"Let's go!" Reem ordered suddenly, and again the men raced upwards.

But inches. Accurate Red fire forced them back to the shelf. Other Marines had arrived there. Reem called them around him. "Let's figure something out," he said, but before he could speak another word a grenade fell at his feet.

For a single moment, the men stared at the grenade, hypnotized. Then Reem dropped to the ground and pulled the grenade to his side. It exploded with a roar that brought an avalanche down the hillside. Before the dust settled, Reem was dead, and his men, ignited by his bravery, raced screaming up the hill and overran the Reds, killing them all.

Not far away, on a ridgeline near Kwagch-i-Dong, Pfc. Whitt L. Moreland, a 21-year-old football star from Austin, Texas, was leading a rifle team toward an enemy bunker. Outlined against the sky, he was a perfect target, and the

Commies took advantage of it. Bullets ripped through his clothes and richocheted off his helmet.

"Come on!" he hollered to the men with him. "They're blind!"

He moved forward, firing from the hip, silencing enemy positions on all sides. As he neared the bunker, the Reds launched a volley of grenades at him.

Some he brushed aside in mid-air, like mosquitoes. Those that fell in his path he kicked over the ridgeline, where they exploded harmlessly. Men behind him were almost laughing at his antics, and they followed him closely.

Moreland kicked at another grenade, but lost his balance and slipped. At his elbow was the sputtering grenade.

"Get out of here!" he yelled at the men nearby, and then he slithered to the grenade and covered it with his body.

Reds in the bunker saw what had happened. Stunned, they were unable to pull their triggers at the Marines who hurried around Moreland's dead body and captured the bunker.

Miraculously lucky was Corporal Duane Dewey, of Muskegon, Michigan, when both he and his assistant gunner were hit in their machine gun position near Panmunjom. A medic saw them slump over their weapon and hurried to them.

"Take care of him first," Dewey said, pointing to his seriously injured buddy. The medic bent over the man, working, when a grenade dropped into the emplacement. Dewey pushed the medic, knocking him to the ground, and then he wiggled to the grenade and backed down on it.

Everybody waited anxiously. "Where the hell is it?" the medic shouted.

"I got it in my hip pocket," said Dewey.

It exploded, tossing Dewey into the air. As he hit the ground, the medic was at his side. Dewey was still alive. Months later, as he stood in the White House, the first man to receive the Medal of Honor from President Eisenhower, Ike said: "You must have a body of steel."

Guts of steel were displayed, that Chosin winter, when, at Hagaru, Major Reginald R. Myers led 250 Marines into the hills to break the death grip 4,000 Reds held on the vital roadway. For 14 hours, Myers scurried among his men, directing their fire and sending instructions to the rear artillery. Time and again he exposed himself to enemy bullets, even when the Reds were just yards away. By the time the battle subsided, 170 Marines were dead or wounded, but 500 Reds were dead, 600 wounded, and the remainder routed.

And the temperatures stayed down. Men who found time to eat, used bayonets to chip at their frozen rations. Frostbites continued taking a toll as great as the combat itself.

Word swept across the world that the Division was surrounded. To many, the news was horrifying, but not to the Marines. A stateside Marine general, receiving the news, said: "All I can say is that I'm damned sorry for those Chinamen."

Plans to push westward against the Reds were abandoned. Most important now was to reunite with Division units to the south, regrouping somewhere for retaliation. Some quarters looked on this as a retreat.

"Retreat, hell!" barked battleground commander General Oliver P. Smith. "We're only attacking in another direction!"

An attack it was, vicious, furious, frantic. To retrench, the Marines battled from hilltop to hilltop, moving mere yards a day along the 12-mile road to Hagaru-ri. Bridges had to be rebuilt, bomb craters covered, roadblocks dismantled. At one stretch, the Marines were halted by nine roadblocks in less than a mile. And every step of the way the Reds were on the high ground.

Further down the road, Reds ran from the hills and trapped a truck convoy. "Surrender," the Chinese officer said, "and we promise that your wounded will be transported to safety. Refuse and we will have to kill all of you."

The convoy commander told the Chinaman what he could do to himself. Returning to their weapons, the Reds launched their attack. Men and trucks were lost, but the convoy got through. There was no surrender.

Nor was there rest, night or day. Every inch was costly, in men and equipment. Most of the time communications were out; units that could call for air support were reluctant to request it for fear their own buddies might be on the same hill, in the same valley, with the Reds. Running out of ammunition, the men took weapons from the dead and wounded. Desperately, supplies were air-dropped into open fields, with the hopes that Americans would find them first.

The last miles were as violent as the first. Commanders who still had transportation got out and walked so that the wounded and the frozen might ride. Even as Hagaru-ri came into view, the Marines from Yadum-ni were forced to pause to kill snipers in the hills.

And then a strange thing happened. About 600 yards from the Hagaru perimeter, all vehicles stopped. Every man who could walk fell into line.

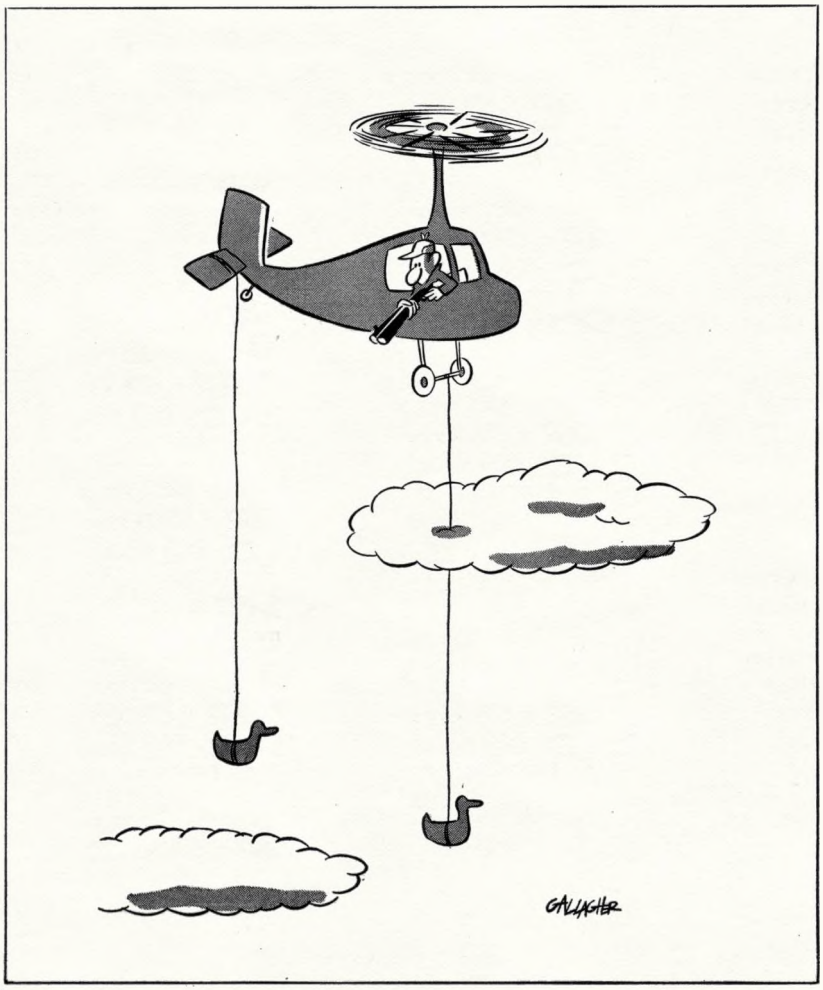
Without command, without a word among themselves, the weary, wounded, starved, heartbreakingly depleted survivors of the "attack in another direction" marched forward in silent, proud cadence.

Hagaru Marines, who had had their own rough battle, stepped aside to let the haggard Yadum Marines pass through. A Navy surgeon, exhausted from his hours with the Hagaru wounded, stepped outside his aid station and watching the returning men, muttered repeatedly:

". . . . look at those bastards, those magnificent bastards. . ."

Magnificent, indeed. They had fought, as months before they had been asked to fight, like Marines. Outnumbered as troops had never been, they had not surrendered or retreated. Ahead of them still was the bitter march to Hamhung where they were to board ships which would take them to South Korea to regroup—and return.

Guadalcanal, Peleliu, Chosin—the First Marine Division had fought—and would continue to fight—with the fierce pride that made the outfit great. Magnificent? Men of the First preferred to be called what each man had surely proved himself to be: OK Joes. ★THE END



High Stakes continued from page 17

side bets all over the place. Everybody will want to make an outside bet on one cowboy or another, especially those soldiers. Just about the time of the Stampede, it'll be payday for them and they'll be ridin' higher than a ridgepole."

Her voice brightened with interest. "A-ah. And you would win the prizes like you did that day at the Hereford fair? Then everybody would whistle and clap for you again and you would bring me up on the horse next to you and show everybody I'm your woman. I won't forget that time . . ."

"Hold it, Chula. I told you. I'm not going to win any prizes. They'll time me just like every other cowboy, but they won't give me any prizes. I got to ride for side bets."

Her voice grew small with disappointment. "Then you won't bring me up on the horse with you and show everybody I'm your woman?"

"We got more to worry about than that. If we can't scare up some money to bet on me, we stand to make five dollars and no more on this thing."

"I could get a hundred from Ida, I think."

"You could?"

Without being aware of when it had happened, Orville found himself going along with the idea. It had started out as a whopping lie to pacify Chula, but now he began to recall the hundreds of calves he had roped and tied for branding, the husky yearlings he had bulldogged and thrown on their backs just to show off, the crazy, unbroken range ponies they had made him ride because he was the youngest cowboy. All of that miserable, dirty work for twenty a month and a daily mess of soda biscuits; he had never liked it, but he was good at it and it was a job.

"All right," Orville said. "You get that hundred. I'll hook myself for a year here at Haldane's and we'll put the whole load on me."

Chula sat down on the bedroll next to him and began to take off her shoes. He got back in the bedroll and slid over to let her have the place he had warmed. When she had folded her clothes and stacked them neatly on top of her shoes, she crept in next to him as if they had never had an argument in their lives. He gathered her in.

"You should sleep with something on," he said as she shivered a little.

"If I stay cold, it's your fault." She wriggled a hollow for her body in the straw beneath the bedroll. "Orville . . ."

"What?"

"You sure you can win?"

"You put everything you can beg, borrow, steal or promise on me and Snooker."

"I just wanted to know."

Then she curled up and snuggled backward into his lap.

"Like two cabbage leaves," she said.

The next morning, Haldane only looked amused when Orville asked for the advance of a year's wages. Haldane said something about collateral and wasn't it too bad and he was sorry. Orville wanted to whop him over the head but he held his anger. He left the store and started across the street to the Hot Shot when he saw Chula coming out. He ran over to her. "Haldane won't give me a cent," he said. "How about Ida?"

Chula shook her head. "She wanted to know why I wanted the money. I had to tell her. Then she laughed out loud. She said you'd get your legs tangled in the chutes and Snooker would lay down and die of shame. She said she wasn't going to stand by and watch me slave for a year for a crazy cowboy who didn't even have the price of a pair of pants."

He shook his head. "Guess that's it, then."

"You give up?" she said.

"What else? No money, no bets."

"Walk with me down for some vegetables," she said. "Then tonight I'll come over, and every night until the Stampede. The bedroll is a good place for ideas."

But when the day of the Stampede arrived, Orville had the clown's job and that was all. He had tried to hock his wagon but there were no takers. He even tried to take out a loan on Snooker but the money boys just laughed at him and said that the red-ticked gray was some pretty good dog meat on the hoof and they weren't making any loans on dog meat today. He began to worry all over again about Chula moving into Mother McCree's. He tried to tell himself that it was his imagination, but when he had met the red-headed madam on the street the other day, she had looked at him and smiled. Not a smile of amusement, either, but a smile that said she had a secret about him. The soldiers, too, seemed more often to turn and grin as he passed. Maybe they had a secret, too. But if they did, they weren't telling what it was. Orville tried to tell himself that they had always grinned at him this way, but it seemed now that they had all got together in the barracks at once and somebody had said, "Let's all gap Cloud Duster Sloat when we pass him. Just open our mouths and gap." He even told Chula about it, but she brushed him off.

"I don't notice anything," she said.

"You must be blind, then."

"I told you, I don't notice anything," she said again.

"All right. You don't have to get sore."

By 1 o'clock the afternoon of the Stampede, the stands that surrounded the big corral were full and people were still trying to get in. People ganged up at the entrance; they squeezed past the ticket-takers, then broke into a run and raced for a spot to stand from which they could see the contests. One whole section was roped off just for the soldiers, about four hundred of them; they sat there jostling one another. One of them yelled out. "Anybody but Orville!"

"ANYBODY!" The response from the rest of the soldiers was a roar.

Orville stood with Chula down by the chutes. Snooker stood half asleep as the horses of the other cowboys snorted nervously. A wagonload of calves was backed in toward the chutes.

"What's the matter with these soldiers?" Orville said.

Chula said nothing. Suddenly a big

TIN CAN TYCOON *By Murray T. Pringle*

TO THE average person, there are few things more useless than an empty tin can. But Jim Ledford was no ordinary guy, as evidenced by the fact that he tossed tin cans and other refuse into his backyard, turned the place into a vertible junkyard, and reaped a $100,000 harvest!

Jim Ledford lived in Butte, Montana, site of the world famous Anaconda Mine which, up until 1905, yielded one-third of the world's copper output.

Water from the bowels of the mine was pumped to the surface and allowed to run off through a gulley which cut through Jim's backyard. Ledford was a miner up from Kentucky, working for the Anaconda outfit, but he hankered for better things than to spend the rest of his life as a mucker.

Jim Ledford and family, like many Anaconda residents, lived out of tin cans and the empty containers were dumped into the gulley. Through this and other trash the water from Anaconda had seeped for a dozen years. But unknown to Butte citizens, the discarded cans were more than a catch-all for floating debris; they were storing up a fortune for some lucky soul.

For as the cans rusted and were consumed by the mineral-laden waste water, they extracted copper from the rejected liquid, and deposited pure metal on the bed of the shallow stream. Jim discovered this slushy treasure one day in the early '90s and it set wheels whirring in his head.

Ledford gave the matter much thought during the next few days and finally devised a plan. He approached Anaconda officials and requested permission to lease for a year all waste water from the mine. The officials thought the Kentucky miner was crazy but they agreed to the deal.

Ledford's next step in Operation Get-Rich-Quick was to become a junk buyer. He toured the alleys of Butte and nearby cities and collected vast amounts of scrap metal, tin cans and similar rubbish. His wife nearly blew her top when Jim drove wagon load after wagon load of rubbish into their backyard and dumped the whole works into the gulley. "Jim Ledford," she demanded, "have you gone crazy? You're making us the laughing stock of the whole town!"

"Let 'em laugh while they can," grinned Jim. "Afore long it'll be us that's doin' the laughing!"

Finally Jim decided he had dumped enough refuse into the gulley and for months he did nothing but sit and look at the unsightly spectacle of a rubbish-choked gulley.

And so it went until his year's lease on Anaconda's waste water had 48 hours to go before expiration. It was then that Jim Ledford left his chair and made like a beaver. Before long, Jim Ledford, the town "screwball," had dredged up a neat $100,000 in copper.

Naturally, Anaconda engineers had become increasingly curious about Ledford's activities and since they now knew what he had been up to, the one-time mucker realized it was useless to try renewing the lease.

A short time later, Jim, his wife (who now boasted she had married a genius) and their brood bid farewell to the astounded citizens of Butte and returned to Kentucky where they lived in fine style as befitted a man so ingenious as this tin can tycoon

soldier came tumbling out of the stands. He jumped the fence and ran across the corral. When he got close, Orville could see he was just a big kid. The soldier's face was flushed with embarrassment as he reached into his shirt pocket, came up with a fistful of money and thrust it into Chula's hands.

"I just got to the post today," he said still blushing. "My sergeant told me. . . ." He began to stutter as he searched for words. Then he pointed to the money. "Anyway, I want to bet, too." Then he turned in confusion and ran back to his buddies.

"What's the gag?" Orville said. Then he heard the leathery old voice of Mother McCree behind him.

"No gag," said Mother McCree. She stepped up to Chula and took the soldier's money. "You still want me to hold the bets, don't you?"

Chula nodded her head. Mother McCree tucked the money away in a purse the size of a market bag and patted Chula under the chin. "When Chula's as old as I am, she'll learn that a man's good for only one thing." She smacked the big purse with her open palm, patted her piled red hair and walked to her place in the stands.

Orville took Chula by the arm. "All right," he said. "What's the joke?"

"No joke," she said.

"Then what's the story?"

"Well, you told me to put everything I could beg, borrow, steal or promise on you," she said. "I couldn't borrow anything. Couldn't beg or steal, either. So I promised."

Orville broke into a cold sweat. "Promised what?"

"The only thing I got."

He licked his lips and looked around. "With how many. . . .?"

"All of them," she said, and she waved her hand in the direction of the soldiers.

"And Mother McCree holds the money?"

Chula nodded her head and looked across the corral at the jostling, loud-joking soldiers. "She says if I lose, I'll need a place to pay off and she's all set up for it."

"Orville. Orville Sloat!" Somebody was calling his name through a megaphone.

"Yo!"

He tried to shout but his voice was no more than a peep. When he looked around, he saw Doll Myers coming toward him, carrying a battered straw hat.

"You all ready?" Doll said, handing him the hat.

Orville could only nod his head yes and put on the battered strawpiece.

"Good. Now give them a good show, you know? Make them laugh."

He patted Orville on the shoulder. "Come on, boy. Smile like you want to make them laugh."

But he looked at all those soldiers in the stands and he looked at Chula. "Listen," he said to her. "Soon as I get out there and the excitement starts, why don't you head for the depot. Grab a train, any train. Tell the engineer your mother is sick or something and you got to get to her."

Chula shook her head no.

"I'm backing my bets," she said. "Now you get out there and make time."

Orville watched dismally while a big-shouldered cowboy from Wyoming shot out of the chutes and took his calf in 23 seconds. Another boy from South Dakota, riding a little Indian pony with a tangled mane, took his animal in 21. Orville's heart dropped into his yellow kickers. The calf was given a 15-yard

start before the clocker would drop his hand as a signal to let the rider out of the chute, which meant the calf was moving at full speed before the rider could get started. But the next two cowboys muffed it. One of them blew his first loop, then missed his second. Another muffed a dally and lost his calf. A colored cowboy from Elmira, New York, took his calf in 20 seconds flat but the fighting whiteface kicked loose from the tie and the Elmira boy was disqualified. Then the man with the megaphone bellowed his name. "Orville Sloat, from Deaf Smith County, Texas." A hoot went up from the soldiers. Doll ran up to him and whacked him on the back.

"Do your stuff, Orville. Give them a good show."

"I'm gonna," Orville said.

He rode Snooker into the chute while two men moved up his calf. Several soldiers had come down out of the stands and had gathered around the chute.

"What you riding there?" a beefy corporal said. "That some kind of overgrown redstick hound or something?" Orville said nothing. He slipped the pigging string between his teeth, sank his butt into the oversize saddle and

waited while the hands fought the calf into the chute. The other horses had snorted and raged in the chute, but Snooker stood there like she was waiting to be shod.

"Hey," the beefy corporal said. "Better let that calf out now. That redstick hound is gonna go to sleep."

Then the calf shot out, and as he crossed the marker, the judge dropped his hand. A roar of laughter went up as Orville glided out after the calf and the noise drowned out the sound of everything else. He whomped his heels into Snooker's rib as he shook out his manila. Snooker gauged her distance and held about ten feet off to the right of the calf's back end as Orville leaned out and dabbed the loop over the bawling calf. He hardly felt the shock as Snooker buried her tail into the ground and popped the calf into the air. Orville took the calf as it hit the ground, gathered and tied the two hind legs and one fore leg, then rose up out of the heavy cloud of dust, his empty hands in the air.

There was no sound except the thin cry of a baby in the stands as the calf fought the tie. Orville took off the loop, turned his back to the upended calf as if he had never missed a tie in his life, then mounted up again, scooped up the fallen straw hat without getting out of the saddle, and jogged Snooker back to the chutes. The judge's voice was loud and clear in the silence.

"Ti-ime! Eighteen and one-half seconds. Orville Sloat from way down in Texas . . ."

He rode out of the arena and over to where Chula had been watching. She smiled a thin smile and rubbed Snooker's flaring nostrils. The big shouldered cowboy from Wyoming came over.

"Say," he said. "You wouldn't want to sell that red-ticked gray, would you? When the show is over, I mean."

Orville looked down at the ground and rooted a horse bun. "No," he said. "I don't believe so. She's just a skinny old Texas range pony. About worked out, too. I wouldn't take your money for her."

"I'd sure like you to give me a price," the cowboy insisted.

"No. I couldn't take your money."

"Well, I'd like to get an animal like that."

"Don't take much," Orville said. "About twelve roundups and half a dozen trail drives to Dodge City."

Later on, just before Doll Myers came over to tell Orville he had to do the hazing for the bulldoggers, Orville heard the Wyoming cowboy talking to the others about "that sleeper from Deaf Smith County" and how lucky they were that he wasn't riding for prizes. The soldiers that had earlier crowded around the chutes to rag Orville had disappeared like a hot pie off a windowsill.

By the time Orville had hazed half a dozen of those fleetfooted little longhorns for the other contestants, Snooker was blowing pretty hard, and when they began to work his steer into the chute, Orville talked it over with Snooker. He rubbed her between the ears and talked it up. "You just get gone and do what I taught you," he said. "I know you're tuckered but you got to go anyway."

"Wait a minute," the judge said. "Who's hazing for this Texan?"

"He don't need a hazer," Doll said. "He's only the clown."

"Better get a few more clowns then," the judge said. "Let's go."

The cowboy from Wyoming stepped up. "I'll haze for that man," he said.

"Make 'em laugh, Orville," Doll said. But he looked worried.

The steer broke from the chute like a stung antelope before the cowboy could get set, but Snooker was ready. She stretched out like a boardinghouse clothesline, her belly not much more than a foot from the ground as she and the steer almost left the hazer behind. She all but put her nose on the steer's tail root, then started to move up alongside. Orville slid his hand along the steer's backbone, curled one long arm around the horn as he left the saddle, then sunk his feet into the soft, churned-up dirt of the arena and jerked the steer's muzzle up to the sky in the same motion. He felt the animal skid to its knees, then up-end its tail as he and the steer tumbled and went down together in a mess of dust and manure.

Orville lay there for several seconds, the steer's head in his belly while he tried to get back some of the wind he had knocked out of himself. Then the Wyoming cowboy led Snooker over and Orville started to mount, blowing and spitting the arena dirt out of his mouth.

"You're not looking for a job, are you?" the Wyoming lad began.

Orville mounted up, spit out another load of dirt and held his aching belly. "If I keep this up," he said, "I won't be good for anything but singing soprano. Thanks, anyway."

Doll was there to meet him as he went back to where Chula stood.

"What are you trying to do?" Doll said.

"Trying to stay alive," Orville said.

"Well, start doing your job," Doll said, "or you don't get your money."

"I don't tell you how to run your Stampede," Orville said. "Don't tell me how to do my job."

There was a sudden commotion over in back of the stands as they began to bring in the buckers. One of the outlaws, a big, rawboned hammerhead with a nest of burrs in his tail, was giving the cowboys a lot of trouble. He kicked and struck and kept his handlers moving like a bunch of women with the itch. Orville saw Doll hurry over toward the buckers and saw Doll point him out. He knew which horse he was going to draw. Just then a commotion began up in the crowd of soldiers; a bunch began to gather around a fight between a cowboy and a soldier behind the stands. Then the first of the bronc-stompers came out on a hobtailed mustang that twisted and crowhopped his way to the middle of the arena before he dumped his rider. The next two out stayed up there, but they didn't put on anything like a show and the crowd began to complain. The commotion among the soldiers grew until it was Orville's turn to ride. Chula grabbed his arm. "Look at the one they saved for you," she said.

He tried to sound offhand as the hammerhead rose up in the chute, tried to climb the fence, then fell over on his back. "That's the kind they gave us to trail cattle with," he said. It took six men to open the chute and get the hammerhead on his feet again.

Orville looked around, saw the better part of a busted hame lying by a wagon, and picked it up. Then he climbed the fence and let himself down into the saddle they had put on the hammerhead. A couple of soldiers jumped up out of the stands and pushed and shoved their way down the corral. Several more got up. Pretty soon they stood ten deep along the fence.

Orville set himself and tugged at the brim of the straw hat.

"All right," he said to the man on the gate. "Let 'er go."

The hammerhead broke out sideways, made like he was going to buck, then stood stock still. A soldier fired his sidearm. Several more shots rang out. The hammerhead shivered as Orville whooped him with the busted hame. All of a sudden it sounded like war as every one of those soldiers began firing their sidearms. The hammerhead rose straight up in the air. Orville scratched him from cheekpiece to hind end and back again and yelled like a loaded rebel making a lone charge. Everything was a jarring blur for Orville as the hammerhead twisted and kicked; he blew a stirrup, found it again, then whopped the hammerhead with the busted hame. Suddenly he found himself over near the fence. The soldiers waved their arms, fired off their sidearms, and hooted while the hammerhead pitched and twisted. Then the hammerhead's hind quarters went out from under him like he had been busted with a rope and Orville knew somebody had shot the animal in the flank. Oville tried to get out of the saddle as the horse went down but he wasn't quick enough. His leg went numb as the horse fell to one side, rocked back up and scrambled to his feet. In almost the same motion, the hammerhead went straight up again and came down in the middle of the soldiers, splintering the fence like boxwood. Blue uniforms scattered in a dozen directions and the shooting died down as the hammerhead bucked and kicked him way up along the outside of the fence. Orville pulled the animal's head up into his lap and beat him around the ears with the hame until the hammerhead settled down to some mild crowhopping.

Then the horse quit altogether; he could only stand there quivering, his right hind foot held off the ground as blood from the gunshot wound trickled off his hoof.

Orville dismounted, limped over to the arena, and crossed the fallen fence to go back to his girl and his horse. He was shaking pretty bad himself. Then, as he reached the middle of the arena, the stands went wild. They called him Long John and Cloud Duster but they weren't making fun of him. He was a gunsel cowboy in bib overalls, but he was a local cowboy, a lad who lived in their own town, and he had done a job.

He limped over to where Chula stood next to Snooker. He was hardly listening as the judge announced him the winner of the event, nor did he clearly hear the crowd give him the big hand. He threw his leg over Snooker, then reached down for Chula.

"Come on up here," he said. "Let them know whose girl you are."

"Catch this," she said, and she threw up Mother McCree's big purse. It was stuffed like a Christmas turkey. "Broke her heart," Chula said. "She came over and gave it to me even before you rode the hammerhead into the ground."

"Ought to pay the soldier who shot him," Orville said. "That's what slowed him down."

Then one of the judges came over and asked Orville to ride around the arena. "Let the crowd get a look at you," he said. "Seems like everybody knows you all of a sudden." The judge winked.

"That's the way it generally is," Orville said. "Let's go, Snooker."

He and Chula rode through the gate into the arena and around its inner edge. He had to raise his voice so she could hear him. "One more show like this and we'll have enough to buy out the whole town," he said. "How much in that old heifer's purse?"

"About four thousand dollars."

For a second, he lost his voice. "Four thousand? Why, there aren't enough soldiers in the state to get up that much money."

"I had bets with all the officers, too," she said. Then she looked up at him and winked. "Besides," she said shyly, "I got odds."

They rode around the other side, then out of the arena and past Doll Myers, who pouted like some fat kid who had lost his lollipop. Then they headed for Haldane's. Chula wanted to rub some liniment into that sore leg of his. After that they could count the money and make up their minds what they would buy first.

Or Chula might have a suggestion of her own. It didn't really matter. As she always said, the bedroll was a good place for ideas. ★THE END

"By the way, Farrington, have you met the little woman?"

The Man Who Saved Adobe Walls continued from page 41

and his bugle was hung on a crude cross above his grave.

In the meantime, Billy Ogg and Jim McHenry had made a check of the ammunition supply. The report was bad. There was only enough left to hold off two more attacks. Nobody doubted that the attacks would come that night or in the morning at the latest. It didn't make much difference. The third one would mean the death of every person in Adobe Walls.

Night came and with it a moonlight that covered the ground with a soft, bluish haze. Over the top of the flat-headed hill the campfires of Quanah Parker's Indians could be seen plainly.

At 10 o'clock, a council of war was held in Hanrahan's saloon. It was a mournful gathering. The talk went on for some time without any specific plan being formulated. Then Henry Lease got up, shrugged, and said, "I tell you, gents, no matter how we figure it, we're going to be scalped come the dawn. I reckon as how I'd rather die fighting than waiting here for them varmints to get my hair."

"What's your plan?" Billy Dixon demanded.

"Well, if I could go through the lines. . . ."

"It's two days to Fort Dodge," Dixon interrupted. "In two days—well, we won't be alive by noon tomorrow."

"Not so fast," Lease drawled easily. "You're dying before you're dead. As I was saying, if I could get through the lines, and you all keep things humming around here—well, maybe it's a fool idea, but I'd like to try it."

"Just how are you getting through without them seeing you?" Dixon questioned. "There are a couple of thousand Indians out there and they have every inch of ground spotted."

"I reckon as how I *want* them to see me," Lease answered. "If they didn't, it wouldn't do us much good. . . ."

The discussion was interrupted by a yell from Sam Smith and Andy Johnson, who were watching the flat hill. The council of war came to an abrupt end as the hunters grabbed their guns and rushed to the windows. A large body of Indians was riding over the hill, away from the settlement.

Dixon exclaimed, "Quanah Parker's getting reinforcements. Those are Cheyennes moving in. By morning, he'll have a regular army out there."

Henry Lease walked to the door of the saloon. "Reckon as how I better get started," he said. "If I don't see you again here, we'll all meet in heaven."

He walked out of the saloon and into the Myers and Leonard store. Dixon and the others were too busy watching the hill and the Indians to answer him.

The Indians had ridden over the top of the hill and out of sight. The campfires of Quanah Parker's braves blazed high and the sounds of a war dance came down to the settlement.

"Indians never attack at night when they're having a war dance," Dixon remarked. "The big attack will come in the morning—and this time, it will really be big."

Twenty minutes later, they saw Henry Lease stride across the open ground to the stockade. He was carrying a gunny sack on his back. He turned and waved with his free hand at those he was leaving behind. Then he opened the gate and walked out into the open, falling on his stomach as soon as he was outside the fence. The Indians didn't notice him. He crawled on his hands and knees directly for the fires dotting the hillside.

In the saloon, they watched his body moving over the ground like a serpent, receding slowly into the bluish haze that hung low over the countryside. And then he was out of sight.

Henry Lease crawled slowly toward the hill and the campfires of the Indians. From time to time, he would stop to make sure his gunny sack wasn't dragging the ground too much. Then he continued, sometimes rising on his hands and knees to make better time.

At first, the hill in front of him seemed strangely silent. He couldn't see any signs of Indians moving about in the soft moonlight, but when he was halfway to it, he could hear the cries of the war dance faintly in the distance.

It took him over 20 minutes to cover the mile or so to the hill. As he started up its low incline, he saw Indians prowling around the top. He headed straight for them, pulling his gunny sack carefully behind him. The yells of the war dance were loud and wild now. Two Indians passed by without seeing him. He moved on, slowly.

At the top of the hill, a group of Indians was gathered around a fire about 30 yards to his right, and beyond them he saw the war dance. Lease opened the gunny sack and brought out a stick of dynamite, already capped. He lit a match. The small blaze was immediately spotted by the Indians, and with wild yells, they charged at him. He lit the fuse, and hurled the dynamite at them as a modern soldier would lob a grenade.

The explosion shook the hill, splattering Indians high and wide. Lease lay flat with rock and sand cascading down on him. He pulled another stick of dynamite out of the sack and lit the fuse. The war dance had stopped, and the Indians closed in on him again, with screams and war cries. Henry hurled the dynamite and the whole hill seemed to explode.

Falling rock and sand practically buried him. He had some difficulty uncovering himself. And when he did, Indians were all around him. He lit the fuse on another stick and lobbed it into the thickest concentration of redmen. The earth belched up a cloud of dust and sand. Lease had two more sticks left. He lit the fuses and hurled them in opposite directions. The force of the two explosions knocked him flat and for a moment he was too stunned to move.

Then he pulled himself up, shook his head and got to his feet. Horses were running in all directions. One mustang came near Lease. He leaped for the blanket saddle and landed on it, and the pony raced off through a shower of arrows and bullets. As he turned down a ravine, three Indians on horses rose up to bar his way. Lease reined his pony to the right, spurred him up the steep incline of the ravine and raced into the night.

Dawn broke the next morning over Adobe Walls in a haze of misty gray. Dixon and the other defenders, who had witnessed the fireworks on the hill the previous night, waited for the attack. They were certain Lease was dead. Ten o'clock came. There were several weak sallies by Quanah Parker's men, but no serious attack.

A grim silence had settled over everything by noon. There were no more sallies by the Indians. There was no movement, no sign of life on the flat hill. Dixon and the others waited at the win-

dow, unable to understand what had happened.

The stillness continued on into the afternoon. The puzzled buffalo hunters ventured out in the stockade. Sam Jones and Billy Ogg volunteered to do some scouting when night fell.

It was 8 o'clock when they slipped out of the stockade. They got to the top of the hill and returned to report that Quanah Parker and his men had left and the battle was over.

It wasn't until some time later that Army scouts were able to find out what had happened after Lease made his break. Quanah Parker had been joined by Lone Eagle, chief of the Kiowas, and Chief White Cloud of the Cheyennes, shortly after Lease had slipped through the Indian lines. The chiefs were afraid he would reach Fort Dodge and return with soldiers before Adobe Walls could be taken, and they had no desire to be caught in a trap. Quanah Parker had argued that it would be better to attack, but they had overruled him and the battle was called off.

The joker in their decision to abandon the attack was that when Lease got to Fort Dodge, he found only 20 soldiers at the fort. He tried to raise a posse of civilians, but had no success.

The defeat Quanah Parker suffered at the Battle of Adobe Walls marked his end as a great chief. The heavy casualties inflicted on the Indians undermined his prestige, and the revelation that there had been no soldiers at Fort Dodge did even more harm.

Two weeks later, the Third United States Cavalry rode into Adobe Walls from Leavenworth and remained there to give protection to the buffalo hunters.

The real hero of the battle was Henry Lease. He had been to Fort Dodge shortly before he went to Adobe Walls, and he knew there weren't any soldiers there. Still, he reasoned, Quanah Parker didn't know it, and might possibly be "bluffed out." It was a long chance but it paid off.

Lease later went West, and by a strange quirk of fate he was completely forgotten when the story of the Battle of Adobe Walls was written for history.

For 75 years, the story of his exploits lay unnoticed in the musty files of the War Department. Recently, two Texas Congressmen dug it out and a move is on foot now to give Lease belated recognition for the courage, imagination and heroism which saved the lives of the 23 men and one woman at Adobe Walls.

Congress will be asked to award him a medal posthumously, and by next year, Henry Lease should be a "new" hero of the old West. ★THE END

The Deer It Took Three Years To Kill continued from page 58

only way it could have been. Both of us had hunted for years, had stalked deer, had watched deer—wounded deer—crawl on their bellies, crawl around a man. But not so this one. Staggered by the biggest single dose of lead imaginable, he had actually leaped a wall, then nursed his wounds in the soft, comforting pines. Later, when Len and I had departed, he had crawled to the spring and somehow recovered.

There is an old truism in the deer hunting business which says, "Big deer are big because they're smart." I go along with it, cliché or not.

A brain shot is the only shot which takes an immediate toll. In other words, there is no disappearing act. But how many times in the woods of the Northeast does a man actually get himself set up for such a dream shot? Rarely, if ever.

A good hit through the thoracic cavity with a 30.06, 180-grain bullet usually means death in a run of about 200 feet. Longer if downhill or if the deer is especially strong. But the shots that cause untold trouble, such as ours obviously, are shots that wound the jaw or throat, around the ears, in the brisket. If a deer is wounded in any of these areas and rested too long, the chances are the hunter will wind up sacrificing a modicum of his self-respect in camp—to say nothing of his shirttail.

In Maine, a state that contributes one of the biggest deer kills annually, native hunters hold to the theory that a wait is as good as a miss. I have seen hunters—Mainers—squeeze off a shot, then, in a twinkling, bound off after their prize. In a great many instances, they spook their kills—so-called—rationalizing the move by saying the deer wasn't really hurt in the first place or else he'd have been dead when they got to the spot.

As a general rule, however, it is best to remember that a wounded deer is seeking concealment at all times. Hunt as carefully as possible, using still-hunting techniques. Approach likely places, looking—constantly looking—for the slightest movement. Sometimes it pays off.

Following my second misadventure with Blackfoot, I hunted in Wisconsin—and "looking" resulted in a venison for the rack.

Again it was late afternoon. Patches of snow covered the terrain, a rough, knolly terrain abundant with browse and a great deal of undergrowth. My buck pushed through behind two nervy does, clung for a moment between two oaks, spotted me and leaped. The 348 caught him high, between the top of his shoulder and the neck. I saw him go down, caught a glimpse of the does darting to the left, and waited. I was absolutely certain of the deer's location. I had seen no second, follow-up motion, and the terrain was reasonably clear, brush notwithstanding.

After a reasonable wait, I went directly to the spot. No deer.

A few feet behind my spot, I noted hair, blood and sundry other marks of a hit. The ground was not exactly frozen, nor was it soft enough to leave the indelible foot prints. And I was in a clearing, sort of. Yet, would you doubt me if I were to tell you I was forced to scout for more than an hour before I located my deer?

Apparently when the shot went through (you could see daylight) his shoulder, my eight-pointer smacked the brush, rolled, then, on his belly, crawled for more than 400 yards, pausing regularly as if listening to his pursuer.

Somewhere along the line my eight-pointer had recovered sufficiently to get up on his legs again, bound mightily, then crawl under some bushes to die. These last stages of the scouting expedition were, of course, most difficult, as they are anywhere under such circumstances.

The big factor operating for the hunter is always blood. If you can follow these often eye-dropper leads, eventually you will find something more. Coagulating blood could mean a deer in his last stages, or a wound closing and a deer readying himself for another run.

These, I might add, are the things that make deer hunters old before their time. And make the sport more of a challenge.

In the case of Blackfoot, a great deal of strategy went into the ambush of '51. Scandur and I had both returned to our Northwoods camp. Essentially everything was unchanged, except that our snow had not fallen. In a sense this was good, and conversely it was not. We could hear Blackfoot—or any deer—in crisp, "fire-cracker" cover. Hear a deer a long way off. Then, again, the deer could likewise hear us. Further, with no snow to aid our cause, tracks would be infinitely more difficult to follow.

Despite these negative factors, we hied ourselves to the chosen stand on the opening morning of the season. The caretaker had said earlier that Blackfoot, or a reasonable facsimile, had been seen in the vicinity by several hunters. A huge, scarred, black-footed, whitetail deer with horns like a hatrack.

"That's him," Scandur grunted, when informed of his nemesis.

I had barely slept on that opening eve. All I could think about was the great moment I had experienced three years before.

It had been quiet, cold, wintry white. I had been on stand three—four hours, maybe. Then a great crashing and before me, the huge buck. My shot. Scandur, too, could not sleep. And so we plotted our positions, signals, each of us at strategic stands near the infamous wall of deception.

Now it was time and we were on stand. We had been on stand since early afternoon. The day was cold, and between puffs of wind rippling through the tree-tops, I could imagine the sound of pawing deer, the plaintive bleating every so often. I had the original ambush, looking out at the junction of the many deer trails. Len's lair was off at the place where the stone wall receded, near the pines.

Blackfoot appeared. Abruptly, cutting through the daydreams, he stood between two trees. Big. Bigger even than before. He spotted me as I squeezed off the cannon.

I saw no more. I heard a second shot. I joined Len.

"Blackfoot," he said, quietly, pointing to the pines. "He's there. This time he's got two bullets in him. I didn't take any chances. He got slugged by you around the head somewhere, then he backed up, charged me and I stuck the other slug in his neck as he cleared the fence."

Later examination revealed five pieces of lead, three of them traces. My latest shot had gone through the neck and Len's had gone through the chest cavity, though Len was certain it was the other way around.

Often I wonder about that extra shot. Len and I both had taken two shots apiece at him. Where did the fifth come from? And why was it that Blackfoot insisted on the same disastrous route year after year?

Blackfoot weighed 287 pounds and boasted a fine rack of 12-points. I still maintain he might well be alive today had there not been two of us gunning for his hide. And when you get right down to it, I think we're both sort of sorry he didn't outsmart us the last time. ★THE END

First Tiger continued from page 43

cautious here. Visibility was less than ten feet, and the dried yellow grass would make a tiger invisible until he opened his mouth. Rapunji recited a little verse that went something like this:

A tiger in the grass
Will grab you by the rear.

I laughed just to be sociable, but I kept swiveling my head around like a fighter pilot.

After crossing the flats, our quarry started climbing. Rapunji revealed that the hill tigers of northern India can climb like mountain goats. In a claw-to-claw fight, their greater strength would probably make cat food out of a Bengal. This one ascended 3,000 feet nearly straight up the craggy mountainside. It brought us out close to the top.

From about halfway up, the Khasis are covered with thick evergreens. Keep your eyes out of the jungle-covered valleys and you will think you are in the American north woods. If I hadn't been so tired from the climb, I would have enjoyed the clean coolness of it. More than that, I would have enjoyed a dead tiger.

The tiger came close to enjoying a dead Durkin. I was crossing a needle-covered clearing. Because it's a rugged job to track even the biggest cats across pine needles, my gaze was fastened to the ground. Rapunji was circling the area a few yards behind me. Suddenly he gave a half-terrified warning shout. I fell into an instinctive crouch, snicking the safety off the double-barrel as I looked up.

The tiger crashed into view at that instant. He wasn't more than 30 yards away. Framed in the shadow of several small pines at the edge of the clearing, he stood glaring at us. I'm certain he had been about to make an all-out charge. But seeing that we were alerted, he skidded to a halt. For a split second, he stood there. I could almost see the shrewd feline mind working. A 30-yard run across the open clearing was too much of a gamble. With a coughing, go-to-hell roar, the great cat whirled and bounded off again. Believe it or not, that's when I fired. With a loud gurgle, my 20 years of experience went down the well-known drain.

The snap shot made a powdery mess out of an inoffensive cone tree three feet above the tiger's head as he disappeared into a welter of pine needles. I felt like a fool, and that's exactly what I was. However, it has happened to other and better men. A first encounter with a tiger does strange things to even the most hardened hunters. It makes you feel like a 12-year-old meeting his first whitetail buck.

A lion is not the same. I knew it now. I've had clients—veteran tiger men—face a lion for the first time. They treated the king of beasts like the court jester. One ex-major actually sneered as he let a charging lion have a .470 slug through the windpipe at 15 yards. I'd been certain that *I* could feel that way when I came across my first tiger . . . Instead, I had stood like a mesmerized rabbit, my blood churning to pudding, and muffed a perfect chance.

I didn't have much time to feel sorry for myself. A few minutes later we saw the wily beast again. He was on the other side of a broad *nullah*—a dry stream bed—about 500 yards away and a little above us. Like a gold and black statue, he stood at the edge of another stand of pines. He waited until Rapunji pointed him out with an excited wave. Then he turned slowly and vanished among the trees.

We followed him. His spoor led around the side of the hill to a rocky area that looked like an abandoned quarry. A part of the mountain had fallen away, leaving a mass of strewn boulders and "pot holes." At the edge of this region, the tiger's trail disappeared. It would have been impossible to track down a dinosaur past those great rocks and deep fissures.

Rapunji halted, sitting down. He made himself comfortable, pulling out a battered cheroot and lighting it.

I looked at him in annoyance. " Let's circle this gravel pit and catch his trail on the other side."

Rapunji shook his grizzled brown head. "No, *Sahib*. We would not find his trail." When I merely stared at him, he said, "The tiger is here—before us. You could hit him with one of your bullets if you threw it."

I sat down next to him and lit a cigarette. I felt kind of funny. Only I didn't feel like laughing.

Rapunji went on, "I know this mountain well. It was a place for lighting signal fires in the old days—when we hill people fought the British. We used to find shelter in the caves among the rocks. In some of them, animals made their lairs."

I regarded the tumbled maze of yawning holes and overhangs. I thought of the needle and the haystack.

Rapunji read my mind. "A royal tiger would choose only the biggest and driest cave." He pointed to a black opening about 20 yards from where we sat. "I think the tiger is in there."

I felt better right away. I got up and checked my rifle. "I've trapped many a lion in places like this," I said, "—among rocks or river beds. All you have to do is toss a few stones in at them. First they growl, then they charge. You just have to be ready for them. Watch."

I picked up several baseball-sized rocks and pegged them into the cave mouth. It aroused neither growl nor charge. Rapunji watched me with interest—as though I were a promising student not quite ready to go out on my own.

After a while he shook his head patiently. "*Sahib*, I think your lion must be a very stupid animal. Our hill tigers do not roar at puny stones, nor do they charge unless they intend to kill." He rose and pulled out his *dao*, a short, sword-like knife. "You must go into the cave after the tiger."

White hunters are not supposed to have nerves. They are supposed to be fearless in the face of odds, and scornful of danger. Real brave . . . I read it in a book. But the author wasn't writing about any white hunters I know. Especially me. The prospect of going into that black hole after a 500-pound tiger sounded about as inviting as a plunge in a pool of piranhas.

I went in, of course. The tiger deserved that much consideration. I merely want to establish the fact that I was weak with fear all the while. At this late stage in my career, I can afford to tell the truth.

Even as I crouched to enter the yawning hole, Rapunji spoke up again. "Wait, *Sahib*—*I* must first guard the other entrance." This deal, I thought, had more developments than a soap opera. I followed Rapunji over the rocks for about 40 yards A section of the ground there had long ago collapsed. At the bottom of the resulting sink hole was the mouth

of a low tunnel, the back door of the cave.

I asked my Assamese companion how he knew the tiger hadn't cleared out this way as soon as he heard us coming up behind him.

Rapunji grinned. "He did not expect us to find him—and since he is not quite human, he did not think we might block both ends of his lair."

I was beginning to see why Rapunji was a truly great hunter. He thought with the mind of an animal. It was almost as though he had been reincarnated from a tiger. . . .

I watched him cut several long boughs from a stunted pine tree. He tied them into a couple of three-foot torches. Then he took his stand at the top of the sink hole. It was too large to block with the rocks that were handy.

I wouldn't have traded places with him for the controlling stock in General Electric.

As I turned away, I asked, "It's pitch dark in there—how do I see to shoot?"

"If the tiger is far back, you will see only two green lamps side by side. Aim a little below them."

The entrance to the cave was about four feet high. "Duck walking," I pushed forward into the blackness. I stopped every few feet to look and listen. The cave was a tunnel, really—no more than ten feet wide.

For the first dozen yards, it was lit by a dim gray light from the entrance. Then the tunnel curved. From then on it was as dark as a dragon's grave. Also, the roof suddenly became higher. Now I could walk upright.

It seemed as though I had been in there for hours and that I had walked for miles. But because I was pacing it off, I knew I was about halfway through—20 yards. I had to keep warning myself to relax.

I didn't dare take the time to remove my hands from the gun in order to wipe away the slippery sweat. I began to think that the tiger wasn't in the cave, after all.

But he was. I heard him then. His breathing sounded like an idling tugboat. It came suddenly, as though until now he had been holding his breath. And it seemed to be only arm's length away. . . . I raised the gun nervously, straining my eyes for a glimpse of the telltale "green lamps."

There was nothing to see. The harsh breathing faded slightly and a soft slithering sound filled the tunnel. The tiger was retreating! Good—that meant he was afraid. He *was* a lot like a lion. My own fear left me; my confidence flooded back.

Now I knew how it would turn out. I would force the cat back and back until we reached the other end. There he would be stopped by Rapunji's torch. In the light from the cave opening, I would be able to see him plainly. It would be a clean, sure kill.

Yes, it would.

It worked nicely for another ten yards. The dim light was filtering in again. Enough for me to see the bulky silhouette of the tiger a few yards in front of me. His back was toward me and he was creeping away slowly, belly close to the ground. Then he turned his massive head in my direction.

For the first time, I saw his eyes. They looked like the headlights of an oncoming truck. I could shoot any time I felt like it.

I felt like it—but I didn't shoot. Because the faint light behind the tiger began to grow brighter. It flickered as though someone was walking toward me with an open torch. Someone was. As I stared unbelievingly, Rapunji appeared around the bend in the tunnel. Overhead he held his blazing faggot. I don't know who was more surprised—me or the tiger.

The great cat whirled toward the native. A single startled, angry growl shook the walls of the cave. For a long instant, he remained there, motionless.

I felt mighty bitter. Rapunji had made one hell of a mess out of this hunt. In that narrow tunnel, he stood directly behind the tiger.

A .375 magnum bullet has been known to rake a Cape buffalo from stem to stern. Even if I hit the tiger, Rapunji stood a good chance of getting his belly blown through his backbone.

Not knowing what effect it might have on the tiger, I yelled, "You goddam fool—fall flat!"

In that natural echo chamber, the shouted words ran together like a burst of burp-gun fire. Rapunji, unable to understand them, didn't move.

The tiger did. He pirouetted like a ballerina. Once more his green eyes blazed into mine. Then he sprang directly at me.

In an emergency, the human mind sometimes works with fantastic speed, like a souped-up movie camera. At the instant the tiger crouched to charge, a string of pictures flashed into my brain. I remembered that in the Far East, especially Malaya, there is a very unusual—and not too popular—method of hunting tigers. The tiger is trapped in a dead-end cave. When he sees there is no escape except back the way he came in, he rushes the hunter. The hunter hurls himself flat on his back—just as the animal springs. As the tiger leaps over his prone body, the hunter fires into its chest from a range of three inches. . . . It always sounded like great fun, but personally I would rather get my kicks in some simpler way. Like catching bullets in my teeth.

That's what passed through my mind in about one-fifth of a second. When the tiger leaped, I dropped flat on my back. I saw the cat leave the ground, and followed his flight with my rifle. I think it might have worked, too. But when I fell, something sharp—a rock or a budding stalagmite—bit into my backbone just as I fired.

It sounded like a 10-inch cannon going off in a telephone booth. I was half buried in a shower of dust and powdered rock as the bullet tore into the roof of

JUST PIFFLE

A lullaby sung by father is more soothing to a restless baby than one sung by mother, a psychologist at Northwestern University reports. That's because men's voices contain purer tones of lower frequency.

■

Middle-aged men who work out regularly at the gym are no healthier than men of the same age group who never lift a finger unnecessarily, according to studies made at the University of Minnesota. The only possible benefit is psychological.

■

Men do not snore louder than women, on the average, according to a physiologist at Colgate University. He found it impossible to distinguish between male and female wood-sawing.

the cave. For several seconds I couldn't see or hear a thing. I sprang up, pawing at my eyes.

The tiger was gone. Rapunji came up, all apologies. He said that he had forgotten about the dark curve in the tunnel. As soon as he remembered, it had occurred to him that I might not be able to see the tiger's eyes, so he had decided to light my way!

You can't stay mad in the face of courage like that. Grumbling to myself, I started back through the cave. Rapunji followed, carrying the torch. Sure that I had lost myself a tiger, I was feeling mighty disgusted with India and the Indians.

How I longed for the wide sunny veld, where all you have to do is track down an animal, line him in your sights, and let him have it.

We crawled out of the tunnel. Squinting in the blazing light, I headed for camp at once.

The hand that shielded my eyes was shaking like the wing of a wounded dove. I knew that I was still alive only because of luck.

Beginner's luck.

We must have covered ten yards of the rocky ground—half the distance to the fringe of scrub pines—when my luck gave out. The tiger exploded from the pines. He had been waiting in ambush for us.

There was no thought involved this time, just instinct. That and 20 years of practice in shooting off guns. The rifle fired itself at the top of the tiger's second bound. I had to shoot from the belt because there wasn't time to raise the gun.

That tiger was a trophy before he hit the ground—less than a yard from my feet.

The bullet had ripped into his throat to destroy the spine. It's a good thing I hadn't needed a clinching second shot. I had forgotten to reload the already-fired barrel.

I don't suppose many hunters have made more mistakes in one day. But there is one I won't make again. I'll never confuse a royal tiger with the so-called king of beasts. The difference is in courage. Although a lion can be ferociously brave at times, he has a broad streak of caution in him. He's a big bluff. After an experience like that one in the cave, the average lion would have taken off for the next province, a nervous wreck.

A tiger has a yellow streak, too—several of them. But they're all on his striped hide. His guts are on the inside, where they belong. ★THE END

The Sultan Had Too Many Women continued from page 13

attendants later told how the Sultan, frothing at the mouth, quoted to the lovers from the Moslem's holy writ. "You committed not just lewdness but manifest lewdness. Therefore the punishment for you will be doubled, and that is easy for Allah. Allah is ever High Exalted, Great."

For Aysha's punishment the Sultan repaired to the harem. Matron Fatima M'Hamed was ordered to summon a number of concubines. The Sultan, stretched out on pillows, roared with laughter at what the executioner and his two helpers were doing to Aysha: alternately choking her with a silken rope and reviving her, all afternoon. In the end he had her drowned in the palace sewer.

The punishment for Aysha's partner in sin, Lieutenant Balkir, was 1,000 whiplashes, at the rate of 100 a day. Every morning after prayers and breakfast, the Sultan watched the flogging. On the fourth day the floggers were flailing a corpse.

One of the Sultan's many spies informed him that Aysha had not been the only prey to Lieutenant Balkir's devastating charms. There was also the Sultan's cousin, Brika, a 19-year-old wench with raven hair and deep violet eyes. Though she was not in the harem, the Sultan felt compelled to punish a relation for her "lewdness." So she was fed to the lions he kept in the cellars of his other palace at Rabat. Witnesses say he gloatingly watched the famished lions tearing the naked girl limb from limb.

"Justice," Sidi Mohammed V was heard to comment, "is not cruelty."

This and other facts of this barbaric execution have since been revealed by one of the lion keepers and two palace policemen.

Another of the despot's atrocities goes back to the fall of 1948 when concubine Zozia became pregnant. The 19-year-old girl stubbornly refused to reveal her lover's name. Surrounded by his favorite houris and cronies, the Sultan watched the punishment of the adultress. First she was stripped. Then, forming a circle around her, the eleven gorillas of the harem whipping squad let go with their rawhides, chasing the screaming girl round and round while a slave counted the number of lashes. After the first 50, the girl cried out for mercy.

The father of Zozia's unborn child was Majoub ben Bouazza, one of the young men of the Sultan's diplomatic staff.

Bouazza was grabbed but at first offered denials.

"Two hundred lashes or a confession!" the Sultan decreed, expressing regret at not being able to watch. He had to receive a state visit.

Years later, the visitor, a French Government official named Henri Berenger, was to tell about his meeting with the Sultan that morning. Berenger tried his hardest to keep his mind on the subject, a complaint by Berber tribesmen about highway construction interfering with grazing rights for their goats. But Berenger's thoughts would keep straying and he did a lot of fidgeting while talking to the Sultan and sipping mint tea. What caused the diplomat such a bad time were the terrible bellows of Majoub ben Bouazza which came drifting through the window. Finally silence fell. A slave entered and whispered into the Sultan's ear. The fidgety Frenchman suggested they continue the discussion some other time, if an important matter was demanding the Sherif's time.

"It's nothing at all," the Sultan said and apologized. The slave went out and the bellows started up again. The Sultan noticed at last how jittery the Frenchman was. "Anything bothering you?" he asked.

"It is only that I can't bear the cries of that man," Berenger replied.

"He has a strong voice," the Sultan commented, then turned his attention again to the threatened food supply of the Berber goats.

The cries outside ended a second time and the slave returned. "My master's will has been carried out," he announced. "But the man did not confess."

"Are you sure he was given the full quota of strokes?"

"I counted them myself, Sherif."

"And the filthy scoundrel still lives?"

"He is very strong, my master."

"Give him 200 more. Maybe you made a mistake counting."

When the savage bellows started up again the Frenchman couldn't hold back any longer. "This is terrible, inhuman," he protested. "Don't you have any pity?"

"Pity?" the Sultan exclaimed. "What does pity mean in your language? Would you have pity on a poisonous snake?"

The slave came in once more. "The man has confessed," he announced.

"Allah, be praised," said the Sultan, beaming broadly.

The consequences of Bouazza's confession and later revelations were terrible. Four more harem girls and six male palace employees were arrested on charges of adultery and taking part in "wholesale lewdness" with concubines. On the Sultan's orders, 25 more floggers were recruited and for four days the inner palace grounds echoed with the sickening crack of whips and the cries of the beaten.

"Don't kill them, just whip them," had been the Sultan's orders. "I want them alive for a more shameful doom, by the grace of Allah!"

Just the same, by the time the whippings ended the 17-year-old concubine Farida was dead. The other accused, seven men and four women (Bouazza and his girl friend Zozia included), were thrown into dungeons underneath the palace. The luckless Zozia had a miscarriage almost immediately.

After Sidi Mohammed V's deportation, only a prison matron, Lalla Laamber, was left to tell what the women suffered during their imprisonment. The cell into which they had been thrown was a foul, windowless hole; they were chained to the wall by their necks and ankles. Twice a month the shackles were taken off for an hour so they could walk up and down the corridor outside their cell. Their daily nourishment was three tablespoons of *couscous*, the Arab national staple consisting of coarse flour steamed over broth.

"I felt sorry for them," Lalla said. "But all I could do was share my own small rations with them. If I hadn't, they would have starved."

Every few weeks the Sultan came to observe the progress of his prisoners' slow, hideous death agony. He would peer at them through the iron-barred window in the door while they were prostrate on the dirt floor begging him for forgiveness.

The first to die at the end of 16 months was Bouazza's paramour, Zozia. She had been beaten harder than all the others and she never quite recovered from it. The last to go, after five years' imprisonment, was the 24-year-old Nur, once a breathtaking beauty.

"She was so thin when she died," Matron Lalla said, "that her bones tore the rags she wore."

Every time a woman died in prison, Lalla revealed, she had to notify the Sultan in person. A week later, slaves would come during the night and take away the decaying remains and bury them. Nobody ever found out where.

The women's lovers fared only slightly better in prison. Of the original seven, two lived to tell of their harrowing experiences. Twenty days after their arrests the prisoners had been taken from the Casablanca palace dungeon and driven by truck through the desert to another city. Through cracks in the sidings some of the prisoners recognized the place. Rabat. Another of the Sultan's palaces was located there, a gleaming pink-and-white edifice with marble-paved rooms and wonderful gardens growing nothing but fragrant flowers. It was a fairy-tale palace but it, too, had its underground dungeons. This was where the Sultan kept his lions. One of the two survivors, Brik ben Majoub, a former administrator, told how terror gripped the seven men when the acrid stench of the cooped-up wild animals first assailed their nostrils.

"When we were taken past the cages the beasts snarled at us and tried to claw us through the bars," Majoub said. "The lions were even dirtier than we. I know, because our cell was next to their cages which were never cleaned. The smell and the terrifying roars kept us awake at night as we wondered what was in store for us."

The fear that they would be thrown to the lions proved to be unfounded. The prisoners were chained to the wall with 50 pounds of iron each.

"Three weeks went by. Then, one morning, the Sultan's police chief, Djillali ben Silame, came in. 'Get up, you scoundrels,' he shouted. 'Say your prayers. The Sherif has decided to kill you.'

"While we were praying we could hear the bustle of the slaves cleaning out the lions' cages, sweeping the entire dungeon and spraying the air with sandalwood perfume.

"Slaves undid our chains and took us from our cell. The space in front of the cages was lit up like a circus ring. The Sultan was just arriving, followed by high Moroccan officials. Among them we recognized El Glaoui, leader of eight million Berber tribesmen in all of North Africa, and Moulay Lallaoui, the *Iman*, High Priest of Rabat. Slaves placed pillows on the floor, and everybody sat down. Then the Sultan addressed the seven prisoners. 'It is my wish to see your blood flow. Such is the will of Allah. I am going to have you killed but you have the choice whether you want to be shot or devoured by the lions.'

The condemned men fell to the floor and begged to be killed by gun.

"Your wish is granted," the Sultan announced.

The police chief motioned to the slaves who came forward with black cloth bags which they pulled over the prisoners' heads. Then the high priest chanted.

"Pray! Your Lord and Master will now have you done to death."

The nearness of death gives courage. One of the prisoners cried out, "Our guilt isn't proven, Sherif. Allah wouldn't want us to die like this. You are forgiving and merciful. Let us defend ourselves before a tribunal of wise and pious men and let them judge the charges against us."

The rest of the prisoners raised their voices, pleading for just treatment and appealing to the *Iman* and the other high dignitaries.

"We could hear a murmur of sympathy," Majoub's story goes on. "Somebody said our youth should be taken into account. Another pleaded that we had been reared at the palace and thus were, in a way, the Sultan's children. Finally the *Iman* raised his voice in warning to the sultan. 'If you spill their blood unjustly, Sherif,' the high priest thundered, 'the wrath of Allah will be upon you.' Then he fell to his knees and prayed for our lives."

Gradually being smothered by the cloth bags, the prisoners were passing out one by one. But they revived quickly when the hoods were removed.

"Allah has spoken with the voice of the holy *Iman* and in Allah's name I pardon these filthy dogs," the Sultan announced with suppressed rage. "But they will spend the rest of their lives in jail."

The prisoners were taken to Marakesh, a hot inland city, where the Sultan's third palace was located. There the dungeon was more a tomb than a jail. It was deep underground, cut out of rock, and not even the door of the cell had an opening for air.

"To welcome us, the guards gave us 100 lashes each," Majoub related. "Then two workmen came and anchored rings in the rock, riveted heavy collars around our necks and ankles, and heaped iron chains on us of a weight I thought no man could bear. They jeered at us and said the shackles would only come off with our deaths, and we didn't doubt it."

The prisoners were fed one loaf of coarse Arab bread a day. They threw themselves on it like famished beasts when the guard contemptuously threw it on the floor. They had no water for washing and were soon filthier, and hairier, than any animal. They lost track of time, never knowing whether it was day or night in the everlasting darkness.

After about a month the Sultan visited them. "Crazily, our hopes leaped high," Majoub sadly recalled. "We threw ourselves abjectly at his feet, praised his generosity and implored his mercy. We tried to read his thoughts, but in vain. Next day he came back with a flock of concubines. 'I want you to have a look at the lions I got myself,' he jeered, pointing at us. The women laughed. He asked for a whip and beat us himself, particularly Bouazza, whom he hated more than the rest of us for having made Zozia pregnant."

The Sherif's parting gesture was to kick over the water jug. It was three days later before the guard filled it up again.

The decay and filth bred all sorts of vermin and soon they were the only things moving, for the prisoners were too exhausted. The sores on their limbs festered and were black with flies and lice.

One night the prisoner Ahmed ben Hadj, a gentle man and former teacher, began to writhe in agony. Toward the morning he threw up blood. As a result of a violent convulsion he got tangled in his chains and suffocated, half-suspended from the iron collar around his neck. Because their chains were too short, none of the other prisoners were able to help him.

For three days and nights the corpse hung there, rotting in the foul, hot air. The rats came and ate at the feet and legs. Only when the Sultan had seen with his own eyes that the prisoner was dead—not perhaps escaped—did the guards dare take him down. The collar had sunk so deep into the flesh that it had to be torn off. Ahmed bel Hadj had lasted 19 months.

The prisoners Abdullah ben Sedik and Driss ben Madani died in the following years, 1951-52. While the remaining four were fast rotting away, another scandal rocked the Sultan's Casablanca palace. Involved were seven concubines who had been put in jail for offenses ranging from "gossiping" to "displaying their faces without veils to men in possession of their vigor." Each of the culprits was to get 25 whiplashes daily for the term of their imprisonment, sentences ranging from three to ten months.

One day, in January, 1953, the Sultan dropped in to witness the flogging. Since he had been around only the day before, his visit came unexpectedly. What he fell into was a mass bacchanalia which made his own orgies look like innocent child's play. The concubines had simply struck a bargain with the floggers whereby they were given much-needed caresses instead of blows.

That same day the palace's personnel chief, Ullah Abdelkrim, was forced to recruit a fresh flogging squad. The eleven men in the old one had been beheaded two hours after the discovery of their misconduct. The seven concubines—Helina, Radia, Zafrua, Rahma, Rehana, Zuimba and Saiba—were taken from the comparatively comfortable jail attached to the harem and thrown into the dungeon. They were obviously marked for the slow, sadistic treatment so dear to the Sultan's heart. Seven months later, in August, 1953, just before Sidi Mohammed V himself was told to pack his bags, the seven luckless women were taken to Rabat and tossed into the cell next to the lions' cages. The slaves' overseers had already received orders for the cleansing, perfuming and carpeting of the premises. Without Allah's and the Paris government's intervention, the lives of the seven ladies of pleasure wouldn't have been worth a whiff of orange blossom.

On the day of liberation, the dungeons of the palace at Marakesh, too, gave up their human remnants, four ragged, hair-covered scarecrows who collapsed with exhaustion and near-blindness when they were taken out into the daylight. For Bouazza, father of the concubine's unborn child, the shock was too great. His heart failed, and despite efforts to save him, he died within an hour.

Among victims' families who have sought redress and punishment of the debased Sultan are the parents of Lieutenant Mulai Balkir, Ahmed ben Hadj and Driss ben Madani. No claims have been made on behalf of the murdered concubines and no one is shedding any tears for them, smiling and alluring though they once had been. Like most harem women, they had been stolen, kidnapped or bought as adolescents by the Sultan's roving gangs of professional procurers and body-beautiful snatchers. The girls' names were changed and their families never heard from them again.

In regard to the claims involving men, tribunals of white-robed, hooded Arab elders sat in judgment, listened to witnesses and weighed the evidence. The ex-ruler was found guilty on several counts of having wilfully caused the deaths of innocents or minor offenders.

The rub is that the Sultan, or Sidi the Terrible as Moroccans were beginning to call him, can only be convicted under ancient Arab law, and a caveman law it is, basing its rules on no less authority than the holy word of the Koran.

If a man of high rank murders, he may be sentenced to do two things, to free a Moslem slave and to pay the victim's family the *dia*—blood money. In today's market a murdered man's life is worth one million francs or roughly $2,500. (A woman's life, half that amount.)

The ex-Sultan has no more slaves, but he ought to be good for the blood money. Several delegations of wise and pious elders have journeyed to Madagascar to collect, but so far all their efforts have been in vain. Like that other deadbeat and fancier of pretty woman-flesh, ex-King Farouk—Egypt's ex—Sidi the Terrible finds it convenient these days to plead lack of financial vigor. ★ THE END

JETTISON THE PRISONER!

by Robert J. Crot, *as told to Talmage Powell*

ITS GUNS chattering, the Beau fighter dropped out of a cloud for its first pass at the Fokker trimotor hospital plane. The German trimotor possessed the maneuverability of a decrepit boxcar, and as the storm of flaming cannon and machine-gun slugs ripped through its metal skin, bedlam broke loose among the wounded Germans on board.

One short moment ago, the Fokker was plowing its serene way toward Crete, our first stop between Mersa Matruh, point of takeoff, and Athens, Greece, our destination. The wounded Germans had felt a measure of happiness, despite their pain, because they were going home. In my stretcher, I—the only Allied soldier aboard—had felt the utter depression of a man alone among the enemy and shattered by agony.

Two days before, I had flown my Hurricane, attached to RAF Fighter Squadron 127, in the losing end of an air duel with an ME-109F. Its bullets had found my cockpit. Shrapnel had scored my legs. My petrol tank had erupted, wrapping the cockpit in flames. I'd clawed my way clear, not knowing the extent of my injuries, wanting only to escape the flaming hell.

Seconds after I jumped the plane exploded. Twisted metal and fire rained down on all sides of me. It was a miracle that my chute did not capsize or burn. I was in a state of shock when I landed, too weak to collapse the chute as they had taught us in training. The big silk tent still billowed high in the wind. I was dragged and bumped across a rocky field, smashed against a fence, and finally dumped unceremoniously in a ditch at the side of the road.

I lay there for several hours, drifting in and out of consciousness. I was sure it was only a matter of time before I would die. I remembered hearing somewhere that a man cannot survive with more than two-thirds of his body burned. I felt as if I were one mass of burned flesh from head to foot. Somehow it didn't matter too much. I knew I was behind the German lines, and I expected the Nazis would finish me off anyhow when they found me.

Shortly after that a German command car picked me up and I was taken to a field hospital. I was without morphine, suffering the agonizing pain of third-degree burns of the hands and legs and lesser burns of the face.

Brusque German doctors had sliced my seared flesh away, treating my wounds to the extent of the facilities of the field hospital. Then, my hands bandaged until they were the size of small pillows, I had been put aboard the Fokker.

I was, of course, the outcast, the hated enemy. One man in particular took an immediate aversion to me, a slender private on leave, hitching a ride. He seemed to fancy himself a one-man guard.

As Mersa Matruh fell behind, I wondered fleetingly if I would ever again see my home and friends in Chicago. Perhaps the Fokker would crash in the drink and end things once and for all. . . . Then, like the unbidden answer to my wild wish, that Beau fighter dropped out of the cloudbank.

He made a second pass. The port motor died. The starboard motor began to limp. Through a gaping hole in the fuselage, I glimpsed the Beau fighter. I am certain a green kid was flying the ship. He banked, pulled up in a stall. He had at last seen the markings on the hospital craft. Now, aware of his act, he waggled his wings in apology, banked away and was gone.

His departure was little consolation to the jumbled, screaming mass of the Fokker's human cargo. The man above me pitched from his stretcher, bathing my neck and chest in blood in his passage. A slug had caught him squarely.

A yellow tongue of flame shot across the fuselage. Panic-maddened Germans forgot their wounds, crawling and fighting their way toward the rear. One man among them kept his head, a slender, blond private named Karl Picklemeier. His "*Achtung, achtung!*" failed to quell the panic. Neither could he make his way through the narrow passageway to the fire extinguisher.

I rolled off my stretcher. Overhead, gasoline from the port motor had sprayed into the fuselage, making tinder of the blankets. I stumbled to Picklemeier's side. Those massive bandages of mine were made to order for beating out the flames. Eyes smarting, smoke searing our lungs, Picklemeier and I smothered the last of the flames, and the doctor and medical attendant began to restore some semblance of order.

At that moment, the co-pilot appeared with shouted orders to jettison every ounce of spare cargo. The trimotor was floundering; like a tired old plug horse, she was ready to rest, straining toward the sea below.

Over the side went fire extinguisher, extra stretchers, medical supplies and records, blankets. Still the plane lost altitude.

One more item of weight conceivably could be jettisoned—the 155 pounds of Flight Lieutenant Robert Crot!

I read the intention in the face of the private who'd fancied himself my keeper. Before a man could raise a finger, he plunged toward me. With wild, savage strength, he caught my arm and dragged me toward the open door. The roaring rush of wind slammed against my face. My heart felt as if it was bursting. In my weakened condition, I was no match for the private, but desperation gave me strength enough to keep from toppling into the slipstream.

I slugged at the private with my free hand. With those bandages, it was like hitting him with a pillow. My last reserve was going. . . .

Then a pair of wiry arms caught my waist. It was Picklemeier, perhaps thinking of the man who had stood at his shoulder and fought the flames. A brief tug-of-war ensued. Together, Picklemeier and I proved adequate to the task. Backward I went, away from the yawning door.

I was drained of strength, shaking as if I had a chill, but a strange kind of calm had settled over my mind.

I knew, somehow, that we would make the coast for a crash landing and that, one way or another, I would survive the coming long months in a German prison camp. I would live to see my home again!

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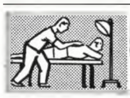

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