SAGA

TRUE ADVENTURES FOR MEN

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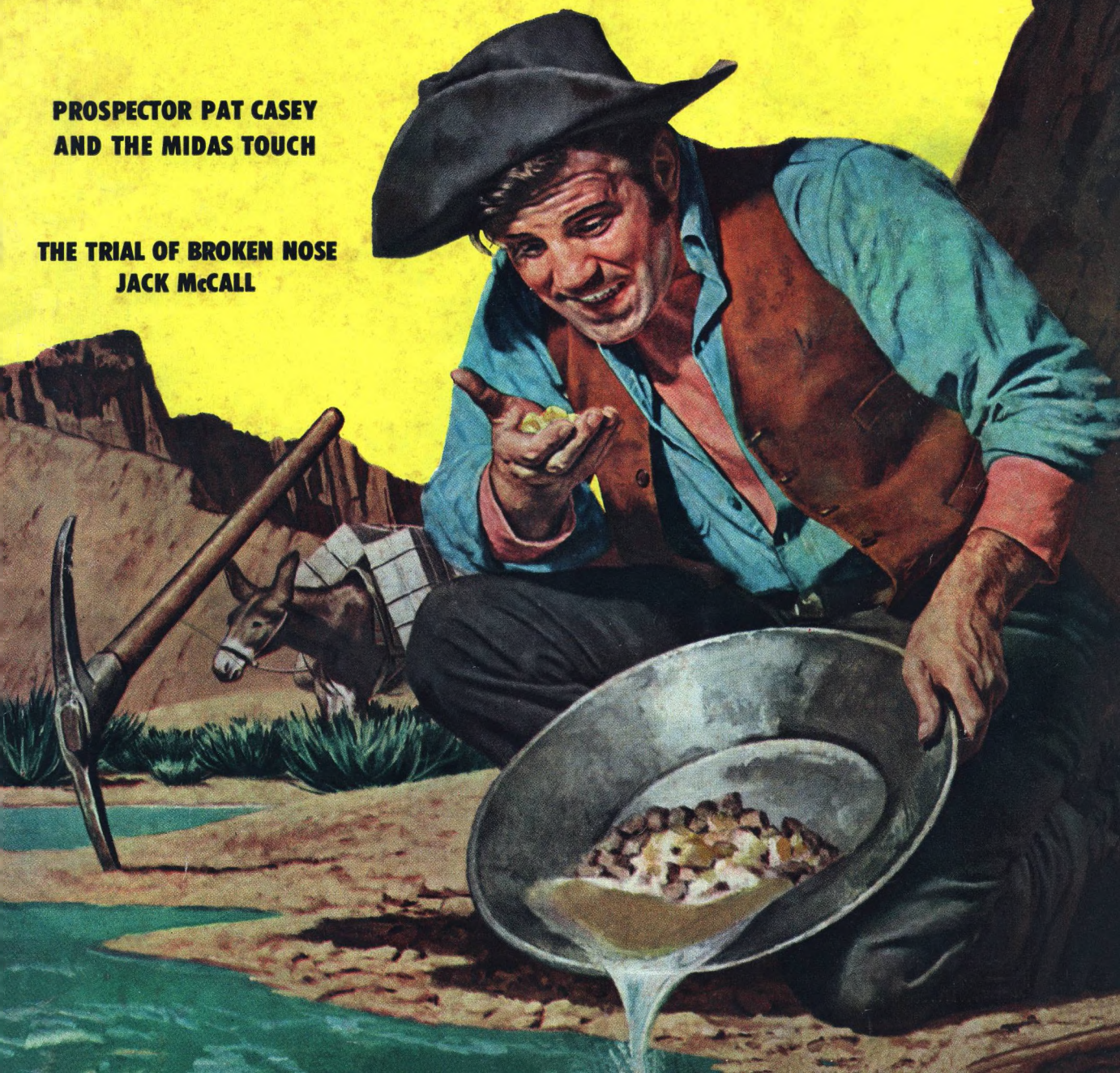
THE TRIAL OF BROKEN NOSE JACK McCALL



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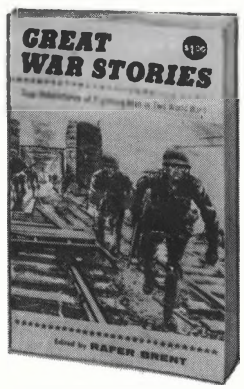

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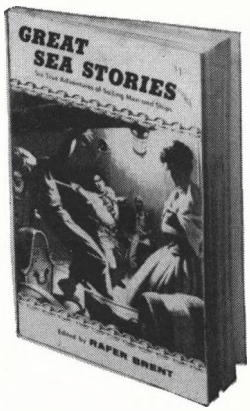

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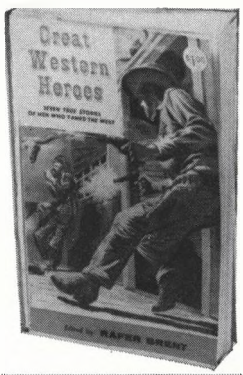

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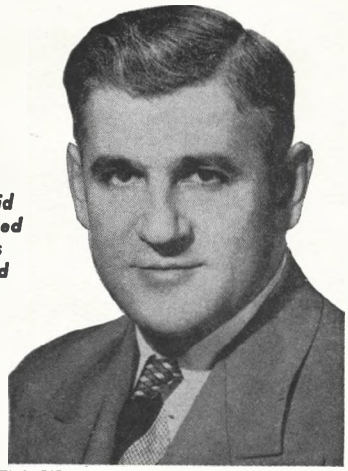

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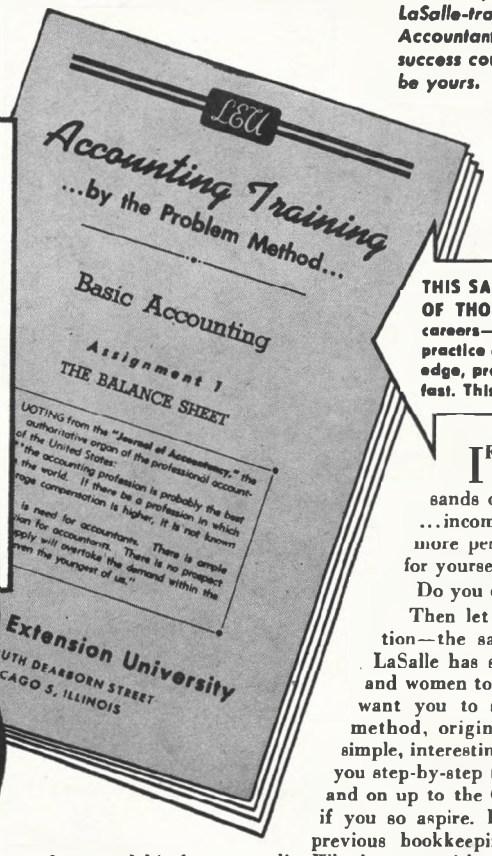

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COMING!

In 1945, Major Claude R. Eatherly was given the most momentous single assignment in World War II—picking the exact spots where two atomic bombs would be dropped on Japan. He chose Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and two weeks later Japan quit. But the real horror was only beginning for Eatherly. Night after night his dreams were haunted by the thought of the 150,000 people he had marked for destruction. In time he began to believe that he alone was responsible for their deaths. In and out of mental institutions, he became a complete psycho. Read "Claude Eatherly and the Atomic Bomb" next month.

COMING!

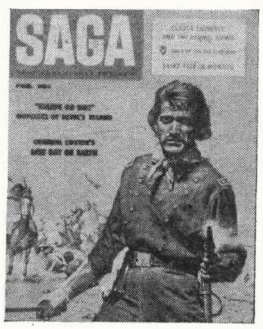
The American press was determined that the marriage of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier was going to be a modern-dress version of Cinderella — and damn the facts. Nobody was rude enough to mention that Grace was a spoiled, rich beauty whose father could buy Monaco several times over, or that Rainier had just broken up housekeeping with a French mistress. For the lowdown on the biggest ballyhoo in the history of journalism, read Ed Linn's "Fairy Tale in Monaco."

COMING!

Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer had more faith in his 7th Cavalry Regiment than most men have in God. He liked to compare it to a human body whose parts instinctively work together. But as he waited in the setting sun beside the Little Big Horn he realized too late that his wonderful fighting machine had failed. Jack Pearl takes a new look at "General Custer's Last Day On Earth."

ALSO

The Angels of the 11th Airborne.



At your newsstand Dec. 26th

SAGA

TRUE ADVENTURES FOR MEN

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Cover Painting by Stan Borack

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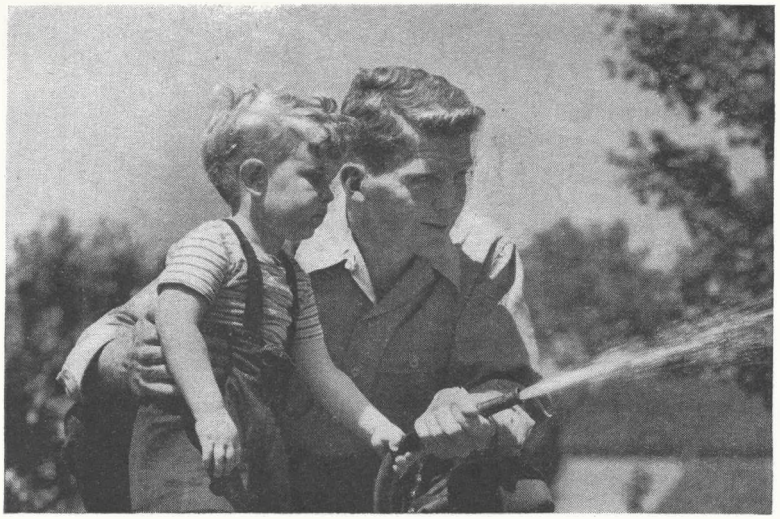

This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in local lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns $82 a week.

SOUNDS like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making $7-8000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children.

His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs. If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't expect to compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I. C. S., the oldest and largest in the world.

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SAGA

Inside Saga

IN AN issue in which we are chronicling the adventures of Colonel Tom Parker, master confidence man, shrewd psychologist of the mass mind, and flinthearted Svengali to Elvis Presley, the troubadour of the American common man, it seems appropriate to offer a few thoughts on the world west of New York City. As you will see if you stay with us for a few minutes, these are thoughts prompted by the assassination of the proud Yankees by the upstart Milwaukee Braves in the World Series, and by the enthusiastic behavior of the Braves fans.

Somebody, I think it was the late playwright Robert E. Sherwood, once said, "Everything outside of New York is Bridgeport." And an old friend of mine, Mel Heimer, who has been carrying on an unabashed love affair with Manhattan (with side trips to a few race tracks in Delaware, Maryland and New Jersey) for 30 or 40 years, once wrote a book entitled, "The World Ends At Hoboken." But these gentlemen, I have discovered, were wrong. There is a lot of country outside New York, and the people who live in it are alive and breathing—and sometimes kicking.

World Series games in New York are always the same. All the politicians are there, and the Broadway and Hollywood big shots like Phil Silvers and Jeff Chandler and Frank Sinatra and so on. The presidents of all the companies are there and the vice-presidents who happen to be in good with the boss that particular week. It's a dressy, fancy crowd; the women wear mink stoles and the men wear their new charcoal grays. They don't know much about baseball —they tend to scream "Balk! Balk!" if the pitcher wipes the sweat off his forehead—but they respond ecstatically to obvious things like home runs, and they don't much care who hits them.

In Milwaukee, where I followed the Series, everything is different. The *people* go to the games out there. Sure, there are a certain number of insiders who have to be taken care of, and you can't spit at a mayor or governor who wants a box seat, but the crowd was a baseball crowd, reasonably knowledgeable and avidly partisan. I mean partisan. These people weren't going to waste any applause on any damn Yankees; they were there to root the Braves in and it was all right with them if every man on the Yankee team fell in a hole and broke his neck—right now. When Lew Burdette wound up the Series in New York by creaming the Yanks in the seventh game for his third pitching victory of the Series, the well-mannered ladies and gentlemen in the Stadium clapped cheerfully for him. So he was on the wrong team, so what? He was pitching a hell of a ball game, wasn't he? But out in Milwaukee, when Elston Howard hit a three-run homer with two out in the top of the ninth inning of the fourth game, to bring the Yankees back from a certain 4-1 defeat, he ran around the bases in a tomblike silence. Nobody clapped, not even his relatives. In Milwaukee, if you aren't for the Braves, you don't go to the ball game.

The nation cheered when city slicker Stengel (*l.*) was taken by Fred Haney (*r.*) and Braves.

After the game, if the Braves win, they climb into cars and ride all over town, blowing their horns like maniacs and making it impossible for anybody to sleep unless, like the Yankees, you have sense enough to take a room in a motel 25 miles outside the city limits. If the Braves lose, everybody goes to the saloons and drinks beer to forget the pain.

The best story of the Milwaukee end of the Series belongs to the New York baseball writer who heard water running in his bathroom early in the morning and got up to see who had broken into his room, and why. He opened the bathroom door and was astounded to see a good-looking redheaded lady sitting, as naked as she could be, on the water closet, thoughtfully reading a magazine. Before he could open his mouth, she began to scream, and she screamed for two full minutes before everybody, including the hotel manager and her husband and the poor baseball writer, got it straight that this was an adjoining bathroom open at two ends. Nobody had bothered to tell either tenant. The writer's pals claimed he blew a chance for the best line of the Series. "You should have talked up," one of them told him. "You should have said to her: 'Well, do something! Don't just sit there!' "

—Ed Fitzgerald

LETTERS

NOBODY KILLED JESSE JAMES

The article on Jesse James in the November issue would have been very accurate if it were not for the fact that Jesse, a distant cousin of mine, died just four years ago of quite natural causes at the age of 105.

The dead man, identified as Jesse James, was in reality Charles Ford. Robert had always been faithful to Jesse and Charles was actually the "dirty little coward" who had planned to collect the reward.

Jesse suspected him and deliberately baited a trap for him on that day in 1882. Jesse could see Charles Ford's reflection in the glass which covered the picture and, as Charles went for his gun, Jesse pulled a concealed revolver (the mate to the one he gave Robert Ford) and shot him through the head.

Then Jesse James assumed the name of Charles Ford and went on living a quiet, peaceful life. Bob, still faithful to Jesse, agreed to collect the reward as Jesse's killer and always kept the secret. I have this knowledge on the word of Jesse James himself.

Arnold H. Dunham
Boston, Massachusetts

What do you hear from Wild Bill Hickok?

THE B-26: TOO HOT TO HANDLE

Regarding Booton Herndon's very fine story of the daring Doolittle raid published in the October issue of SAGA, I couldn't help noting the reference to the B-25 Mitchell bomber. The B-25 was described as having the shortest wingspread of any medium bomber at that time and as a hot ship with no visible means of support.

I would like to tell you about a bomber that was considered equally dangerous to the men flying it and to the enemy.

The B-26 Marauder had the shortest wing span of any medium bomber, 65 feet, and its speed was redlined at 350 mph. It had two 360-gallon fuel tanks and two smaller auxiliary tanks, permitting five hours and 15 minutes flying time under normal conditions.

The B-26 required considerable thrust to get airborne and was often called the Flying Coffin, both because of its shape and the fact that more Marauders and crew members were lost in training than in actual combat.

When I served with a B-26 crew at Avon Park, Florida, during the war, we had a slogan, "One a day in Tampa Bay." In one four-day period, we lost 38 men in B-26 crashes.

A/2c Hayward B. Steele
Loring A.F.B., Maine

BUFFALO BILL THE GUZZLER

There are just two things you can say truthfully about Bill Cody—he was a finished showman and a two-fisted drinker. The only time I ever saw him completely sober was back in 1917 when they lowered him into his concrete-lined hole atop Mount Lookout.

Miles T. Rader
Denver, Colorado

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WAR

As a regular subscriber to SAGA, I have read with much interest and pride your treatment of America's finest divisions. I am saddened by the fact that you are considering concluding them.

However, I think that the average GI would be very interested in reading about the units he fought against, as well. I suggest a series of stories on some of the crack enemy divisions of World War II. I am sure no other magazine has done anything like this.

Alan Bennett
Paterson, New Jersey

Well, it would be different.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

I enjoyed your story on Clay Allison in the July issue, but you missed a few of this man's fantastic life episodes and had incomplete versions of others.

In 1874, stripping off all his clothes except his guns, boots and hat, Clay galloped down the main street of Canadian, Texas, shooting madly. Dismounting in front of a saloon, he invited the amused bystanders in for a drink.

Another time Clay got himself elected foreman of a jury and led the members in a 28-day-and-night binge at taxpayer expense.

In July, 1877, Clay went to Dodge City to collect a $1,000 reward offered by cattlemen for the death of Wyatt Earp. The pair met outside the Long Branch and Clay bellied up to Wyatt to try a sly draw. Earp's "Buntline Special" was in Clay's ribs before he knew what was happening.

Clay then mounted his horse, rode to the toll bridge and wheeled, tearing at full speed down the street. Wyatt stood his ground and Clay suddenly pulled his pony to a skidding halt, pausing only long enough to shout to cattleman Tobe Driskoll that he was a coward not to have backed him up in the showdown. Then he rode away.

Colin Richards
Sunbury-on-Thames, England

Very enlightening, but how come Clay Allison is your cup of tea? It's a long way from Texas to Sunbury

LET THE MARINES DO IT

In your June issue you published a letter from Paratrooper Rutherford. This paratrooper is full of beans when he asks, "How many men do the Marines flunk out?"

When the time comes for Marines to jump out of planes and win battles, we won't have to ask for volunteers. We'll all jump!

Sgt. Peter J. Aretakis
3rd Marine Division, Okinawa

JUST WHAT THE ARMY NEEDS

I have been keeping very close tab on your magazine since arriving in France, especially the "Girl of the Month."

Everything was going smoothly until I read the absurd statement that Gerry Kedrick made in your October issue about being "strictly G.I." Since I'm very anxious to return home, perhaps Miss Kedrick, being the soldier she says she is, will enlist and take my place here.

Pfc. Terry L. Clark
U. S. Army

But just think how your buddies would miss you, Terry.

All Outdoors:

By EDMUND GILLIGAN

A GOOSE FOR CHRISTMAS

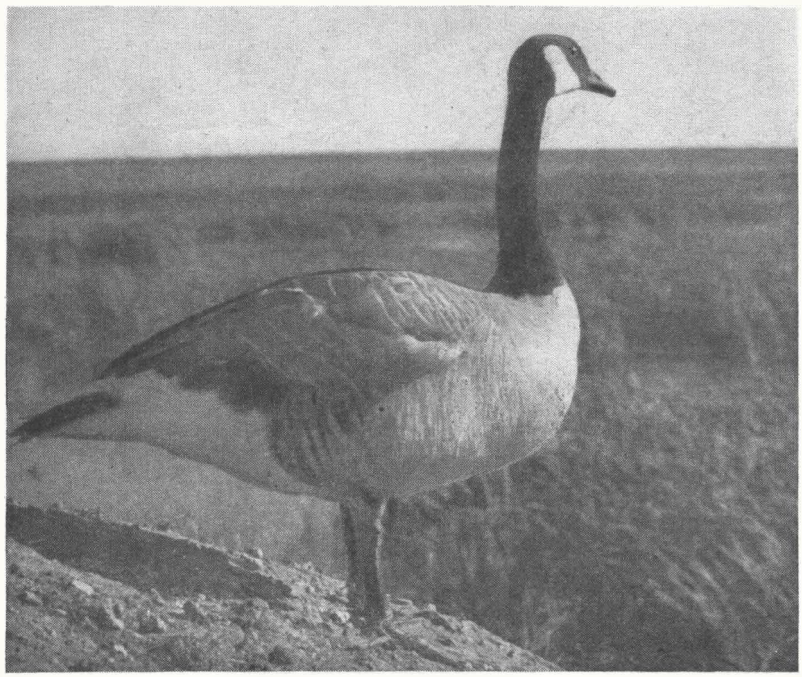
ON the way home from the Province of New Brunswick, our plane turned westward at the Canadian border, and we flew down the headwaters of the Hudson and on to the duck marshes below Albany, where the duck camp lies between two winding creeks. The winter wheat had been planted before we left for Canada. It was a pleasure to see the green square gleaming bright between the apple orchard and the creek.

My brother set the plane down at the village air field, and we walked over to the orchards and down the wide hillside to the wheat planting. Some people plant wheat in order to plow it under and enrich the ground. Others plant it out of solicitude for the wild geese. They know the honkers love the first tender shoots. Such wheat planters are willing to put in a crop to oblige the geese. All they ask for themselves in return is a little something for Christmas: roast goose.

The night turned cold and a northerly wind began to rise about ten o'clock. At times, there came flurries of hail, always good music in an old-fashioned camp with a tin roof designed to repeat the music of rain and hail. For an hour or so, we sat before the first fire of our waterfowl season, a brisk fire of ash wood, which we had cut last winter when the ice was thick on the Hudson and we could sledge the logs down to the camp. Ash is a good wood for camp fires. In a very little while, the usual dampness had been warmed away and we were snug.

While we were working on the silhouette decoys, which were to be planted in our wheat, another music, much loftier, began falling from the dark sky. Somebody in an upper bunk said: "Honkers!" If it was so, the birds passed swiftly down the river. I couldn't hear their calls.

The next day, while I was training a young Labrador in the meadows beyond the orchard, I heard a cry that seemed to be a puppy calling under a thorn apple nearby. I turned to my top Labrador, Mr. Black Point Hot Toddy, to tell him about my remarkable discovery. He had heard the call and had already figured out what it was. In answer to my question, he hid his scorn under an agreeable pretense of surprise and turned his muzzle aloft. This was a hint to me that I should look there, too.



It was not a puppy on the loose. It was the true music, breaking the pleasant silence of the windless day. "Aroink! Aroink!" I heard the ever-appealing cry of the autumnal passage from the marshes of Alberta, the lakes of Saskatchewan. I searched the sky to the northward. I couldn't make out the party. Neither could Mr. Toddy, but the liar pretended that he could see them plain, and he kept thumping his tail in make-believe excitement. Once a ham actor, always a ham actor.

In a sudden surge out of the gray piles of cloud in the northwest, the flight appeared, once again in the eternal V-winged pattern, the leader breaking a passage through the high wind up there. There were 200 birds—give or take a score—in the pattern. One branch of the V was strung out much farther than the other. I've often seen this irregularity and have never figured out how it happens.

The geese came on in silence, and the leader began to veer toward the wheatfield and the river. A fall of sunlight struck brightly through that grayness. When the flight reached it, their wings gleamed in sparkling beauty. I heard two or three loud cries—signals of some sort.

Whatever the meaning of those calls might have been, the formation broke abruptly. The birds piled up, some soaring one way, some the other, and all descending slowly. They became a falling clutter of wings and dark bodies. Several of them soared upward in a faster, turning flight. The cries became

even louder, and I could tell they were disputing among themselves.

They were so high that two bodies of water lay in their sight, one the Hudson, the other a headwater and a great lake—a reservoir—of the Delaware East Branch. One goose veered off to the westward. The cries of dismay doubled. Those in favor of the Hudson kept on voting in the most disorderly manner. One of the Hudson group started off by himself, and I hoped he had spotted our green field. A few turned into his course.

Finally the V formed behind the leader and they resumed the slow, heavy beat toward the river.

For quite a while, after they had dwindled in an array of black specks, I heard them again conversing agreeably; and even after they had vanished, their music faintly sounded, trumpets rallying all hands to the thousands of miles yet before them. I said to myself that they had gone on to the southward, perhaps to join the birds already in winter quarters on the great St. Marks Reservation in Florida, where I meant to follow later on.

In the pitch darkness of the next morning, we left the camp, our shooting jackets heavy with the No. 2 goose loads. Knowing the skill of the watch ganders, who are champion lookouts by day and by moonlight and even in the dark, we trudged in silence across the meadow and entered the wheat. It was about three inches high, just right for the geese to walk in.

In the center of the wheat, our goose pit lay, a green netting over it. To keep the footprints down to a minimum, I set the silhouettes by myself and, nearer to the pit, I put down six regular Canada decoys, old-fashioned blocks that had served a long time in our camp. Meantime, my brother had taken off the netting and had put our guns down onto the racks. He had laid out our shells. When I let myself down the steps into the dark pit, we were all set. There was nothing on the ground near the pit to betray its presence or ours.

The day came. Some vapor lay over the river and extended, in a slanting rise, over the wheat. This was a good thing because it gave the geese a low ceiling; and, if they wanted to look things over carefully, they had to come in low to do it.

An hour passed. We could hear the freighters whistling on the Hudson, where they navigated the tricky channel on the way to Albany. I heard some ducks, first the high-pitched chatter of teal, then the louder accent of mallards. Gazing up through the netting, I saw a party of ducks shooting over the wheat toward the creek. They seemed to be golden-eyes, their light-colored breasts gleaming in the skeins of vapor.

Since my brother's eyesight differs from mine—exactly how we cannot say—we take turns in looking out of a pit. It was now his turn. I watched his hand for a signal. Raising the net with his head, he examined the entire field slowly. His right hand signaled to me: "Here they are!"

He gave me the position: the northwest corner. I stood up to take a look and I soon made out something surprising: a solitary gander standing at the edge of the wheat. He was looking down at it in a solemn fashion, like a farmer judging whether it would winter well or not.

"He's not walking," I whispered.

"Never saw such a thing in my life." My brother meant that he had not seen a singleton on guard.

I came down the step.

Whatever information the gander found, it suited his desire for breakfast, for the next thing we heard was one goosy voice shouting from that direction. We now loaded our guns and cleared the deck for action, which is to say that we put our coffee mugs to one side and filled our pipes, ready for our first smoke as soon as we had blown a shell. Yes, we go so far in our respect for the knowledgeable senior ganders that we do not smoke while we are waiting for them.

It was a small party that swept down, just under the fog, from the main channel of the river. Twenty in number, they came in at the same corner, where the single bird had been standing. They came down in the wheat and at once began to feed briskly—that is, all but two ganders. These stayed behind, their heads stretched up toward the sky, which means that they were scanning the field watchfully for any sign of danger.

We were on the steps, peering through the netting, ready to throw it off when the birds walked nearer. They fed in silence, and this feeding brought them nearer and nearer. I heard another party of geese high up above the orchard. The watch ganders heard their friends, too. One of them stretched his head higher, and I thought I heard him yelp.

For a reason best known to geese, the whole feeding party suddenly walked about ten yards toward the pit. There they halted and began feeding again. I noted an odd thing: the watch ganders had started feeding, too. This should have tipped me off to expect a strange action, but I had my gun ready and was intent on sighting and measuring the distance.

After a short wait, a nerve-wracking one, I whispered: "Now?"

My brother nodded and we struck back the netting. At that very moment, a frightful din broke out directly over our heads. We looked up and found a second party of geese coming in directly over our heads. I was so startled that I didn't even think of swinging up. I fired at the first birds; my brother fired one barrel at the same target. The explosions started the birds going in all directions—toward us, up, and away. I saw one bird down in the farther group. I swung to the right and fired at the second group that had been trying to lift up hastily from among the silhouettes.

When it was over, there were two birds dead among the silhouettes and a third, crippled, farther away. We scrambled out of the pit and I finished off the cripple.

By this time, both parties of geese had joined far up and to the westward. All strung out, they kept climbing into the vapor, which was scattering under the force of the sun. In disorder and in silence, the honkers vanished into a skein of vapor. A few minutes later, where a great square of blue sky had formed, I saw them wheel into the V again, and they began calling. Soon they became small and dark in the brightness; and, again, even after they had vanished, I heard their music.

★ THE END

COLONEL TOM PARKER, PITCHMAN EXTRAORDINARY

The Colorful Saga Of The Man Who Made Elvis Presley

Bombastic, cunning and overpowering, The Old Colonel learned his trade on the midway. Then he went out and took the world of show business like Grant took Richmond

By EDWARD LINN

THERE ARE ONLY two ways to make a lot of money in a hurry these days. One way is to mint your own; the other is to manage Elvis Presley. The first is apt to be unsatisfactory in that it entangles you in such annoying items as paper, ink and cops. The second involves no risk, takes you around the country and introduces you to famous, wealthy—and sometimes even interesting—people. And with a little effort, you can even stand listening to Elvis sing.

Last year, Presley grossed $20,000,000, and Colonel Tom Parker, his manager, banked a solid 25 per cent. He doesn't even have to go through the motion of collecting the money and sending Elvis his 75 per cent; under a most peculiar arrangement, Parker and Presley each get their checks sent to them directly by the employer.

Tom Parker is an ex-carny—a palm-reader, poster hanger and popcorn salesman. He likes to boast that he was very close to Tom Mix and Wally Beery when they were all showboat actors together. Both actors, of course, are too gentlemanly, too gracious and too dead to confirm or deny.

It is a part of Colonel Parker's personality that he has never been indifferent to the warmth and comfort of a title. When he was a dogcatcher in Tampa during the early '40s, he decided that he was entitled to be addressed as Doctor; his stepson still calls him, for reasons that are

Tom Parker, with the old carny's grasp of human nature, knows that men will pay dearly

When The Old Colonel speaks, even the irrepressible Elvis listens. Parker, in candy-striped shirt, is the man behind Presley's throne.

vague, Governor. Tom Parker is a colonel partly through the good nature of the governors of Louisiana and Tennessee, but mostly through his own insistence upon the title. If anybody happens to get the idea that "The Old Colonel"—as he lovingly calls himself—is really a military man . . . well, that's only because the old colonel—as we shall lovingly call him—planned it that way.

When a stranger comes into the office, approaches Parker's desk and says: "Mr. Parker. . .?" the colonel squints up at him and asks, "What'd you say, son?"

"I'm looking for Mr. Parker," the poor guy says, looking around in bewilderment. "Aren't you Mr. Parker?"

"Cain't hear you, son," says Parker, cupping a hand over his ear. "What's that you're saying?"

At length, somebody in the office has to put an end to it by gently informing the visitor: "This is *Colonel* Parker."

Obviously, the title is important to Parker. The old carnivals were always run by a flashy, bombastic character who wore an old plantation hat and a diamond stickpin and was invariably known as The Colonel. It is not unreasonable to assume that Tom Parker—his posters draped over one shoulder and his pail of paste gripped firmly in one hand—looked upon The Colonel with awe and wonder and dreamed of growing up to be looked upon in awe and wonder himself.

Tom Parker is a big, heavy, bright-eyed man, with an overpowering presence, an overpowering personality and an overpowering sense of his own importance. In normal conversation, he has a low, somewhat husky voice, but when he slips into character as the old colonel, the tone broadens and the pitch rises and the accent ripens until he becomes a combination of Senator Claghorn and The Kingfish. (The impression is fortified by a slight speech impediment; the colonel has particular difficulty with his h's and j's.)

Parker will not take advice and he cannot abide criticism. He managed Eddy Arnold ("The Tennessee Ploughboy") from 1945 to 1953 and tried to dominate him so completely that Arnold, a good-natured country boy, finally broke away. Once, in Birmingham, he was publicizing an upcoming Arnold show when Oscar Davis, a promotional genius in the country music field, arrived in town with a show of his own.

"Tom," said Davis, "I see you got Eddy coming up on a big deal Saturday. I've been listening to your commercials and studying your ads and it sounds pretty good. But you're missing something here. You know what I'd do if I were you, I'd—"

"Wait a minute, Oscar," boomed the colonel. "Now wait just a goddam minute. How much money you got in the bank?"

for what they want—and that the more they can't get something, the more they want it

Davis is a man who, like Parker, has made a dollar. He is also a man who, unlike Parker, has spent it. "I don't know," he said. "What's the difference?"

"I want to know. How much you got?"

"I don't know, maybe two or three thousand."

"Well," said the colonel. "I got $350,000. When you've got three-hundred-fifty-thousand AND ONE DOLLAR, then you come around and tell me how to run Eddy."

Parker finds it necessary to dominate totally everybody around him, and he has to prove to himself constantly that he is not only pre-eminent but unchallenged. If another manager has come up with a hot singer, the colonel will find occasion to come up to him and say, "Well, well, how's the boy manager today?"

The other guy, taken somewhat by surprise, will usually snap back with something like: "Not bad, big shot."

"Wait a minute?" Parker barks. "What do you mean 'big shot?' You got something on your mind?"

Taken aback once again, the poor fellow says: "What are you making a big thing out of it for? I'm kidding."

"Don't kid!" bristles the colonel. The other manager, who had simply been sitting there inoffensively, is now painfully aware that he has been put on the defensive. There is little doubt in either his mind, or the colonel's, that Parker has succeeded in achieving some sort of a momentary psychological ascendency.

For as long as anyone can remember, Parker has carried around a small, round handyman named Bevo Bevis. Although he is now in his 40s, Bevo still calls Parker "pop" and Mrs. Parker "mama."

In days past, Parker publicized himself by dressing Bevo up in outlandish costumes—usually featuring tall, pointed hats—and sending him around town on errands. These days, Bevo's duties are not quite so athletic.

Parker will say: "Bevo, guard my car for me," and Bevo will snap to attention, bring his hand up in a flat, parallel-to-the-ground salute, and say, "Yes, sir."

A couple of hours later, when the colonel returns, Bevo will still be standing guard over the car.

"Bevo," Parker will say, "get the colonel a cigar."

Bevo snaps to attention, salutes, and puts a cigar into the colonel's mouth. "Yes, sir."

"Bevo, the colonel needs some fire."

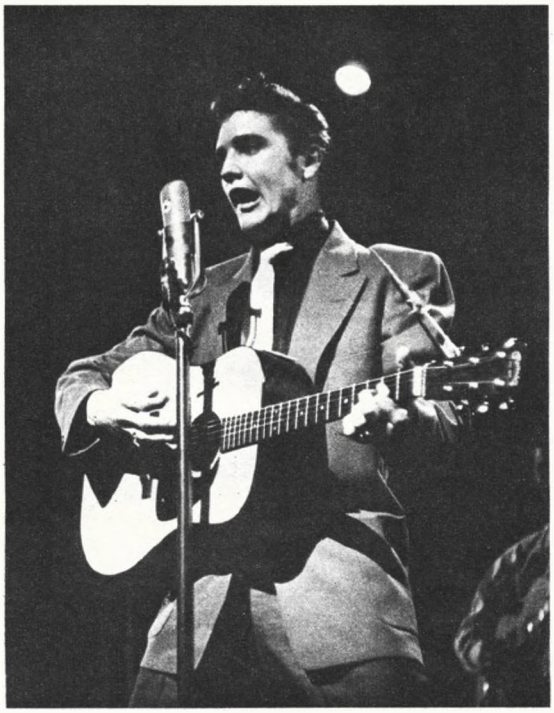
Bevo salutes and comes out with a lighter.

"Bevo," says the colonel, "who's your friend?"

Bevo salutes. "You are, pop."

On an Eddy Arnold tour, there would be five men: Arnold, his two musicians, Parker and Bevo. They traveled with a trailer and when it became necessary to stop overnight the colonel would hire two motel rooms, a double room for himself and Arnold and a double room for the musicians. Bevo would sleep on a mattress out in the trailer. Good old pop couldn't bring himself to hire a whole motel room just for Bevo.

Parker orders Bevo around mercilessly and bawls him out in public, and yet he seems to have a sort of genuine affection for him. He protects him, supports him and has given him a status in life he obviously would not otherwise have achieved. "He is good for Bevo," one of his acquaintances says, sarcastically. "After all, human dignity isn't everything."



At a $1.50 top, Presley was able to smash box-office records.

The best story of their relationship is built around Bevo's duty of always being there with "the fire" when the colonel puts a cigar to his mouth. To savor the full flavor of the story it must be emphasized that Parker likes to tell it himself.

As Parker was checking out of a hotel, preparatory to driving back to Nashville, Bevo, who was pulling and tugging at the luggage, had his back to him. The colonel quietly put a cigar into his mouth, then stood there tapping his foot ominously until Bevo, suddenly aware that something was amiss, looked up from his labors, flushed and dashed across with the lighter.

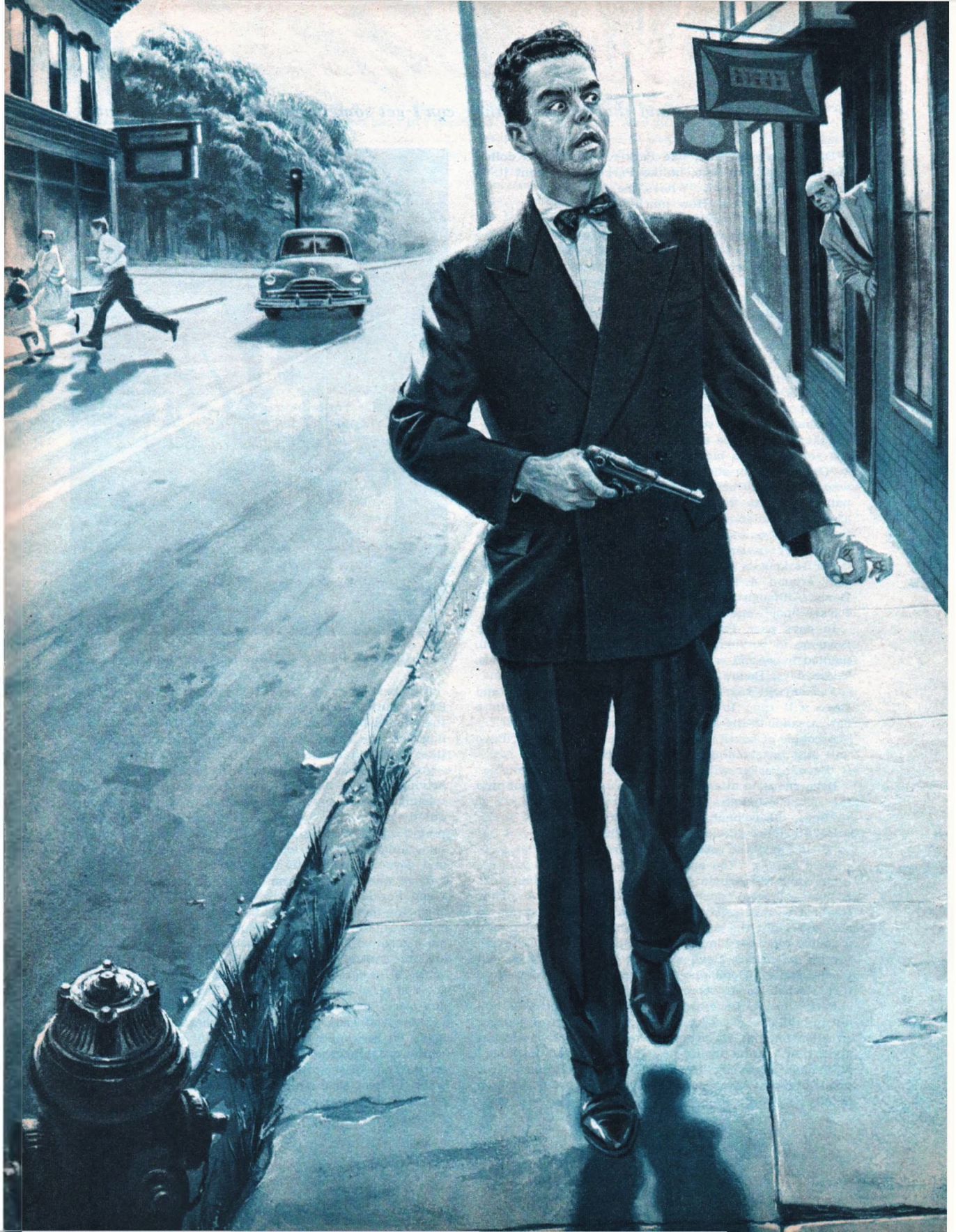
They were 20 miles from Nashville, on the drive back, when Parker suddenly growled: "Didn't 'preciate your not being there with the lighter back in the lobby, Bevo."

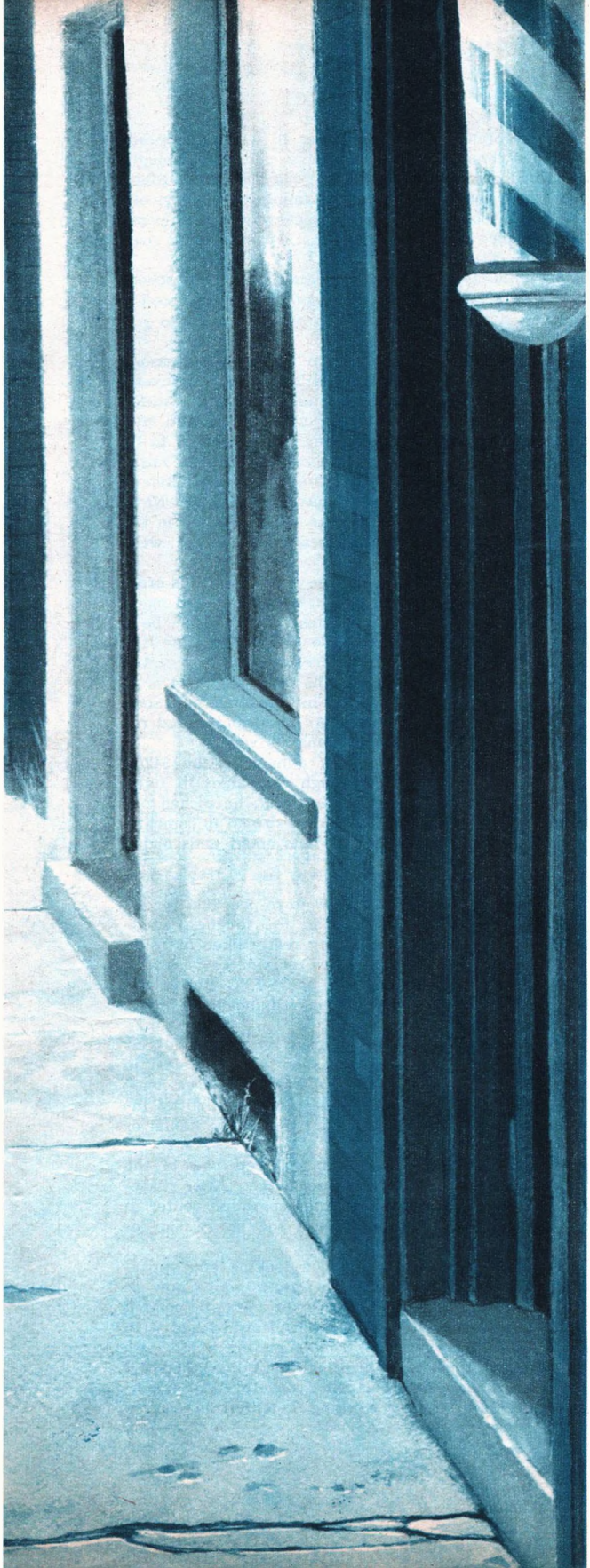
Bevo, quite apologetic about it all, promised to be more devoted to his duties in the future, especially to his fire-lighting duties.

"No," Parker told him. "I think I'll have to let you go. You're getting old, Bevo, you just can't do the work any more. The only reason I've kept you this long is that I know you can't get a job anywhere else. But ah've made up my mind now. Ah'm lettin' you go."

And stopping the car there on the highway, he informed poor Bevo that he would have to get out and walk the rest of the way to Nashville.

After Bevo uncomplainingly (*Continued on page* 81)





WHAT MAKES A MAN SHOOT 13 PEOPLE?

Howard Unruh's neighbors never thought he could hurt a fly. Then a stolen fence gate set him off on a rampage that terrorized an entire city

By HOWARD COHN

THE WARM late summer sun already was streaming through the windows of his little flat when Howard Unruh awakened about 8:15 on the morning of September 6, 1949. It was the day after Labor Day. Soon the little shops in the mixed business and residential neighborhood of Camden, New Jersey, where he lived would be bustling with activity and the narrow street in front of his house humming with traffic.

Howard Unruh got out of bed slowly and calmly this morning. There was no rush to go to work; he hadn't had a job since he left Temple University nine months before, after a brief enrollment. He was 28 years old, six feet one inch tall, slim and not bad looking. His face was somewhat long and thin with sunken cheeks and full lips. He had a pale complexion. His dark wavy hair was cut short, almost in a crew cut.

For an instant his glance wandered around the bedroom. Its contents would have surprised many of the neighbors who thought they knew him so well. Bayonets and crossed pistols hung on the walls; there were parts of rifles lying about and ash trays made from the casings of German shells. The familiar presence of these ominous objects was somehow comforting. He put on a pair of tan slacks, a white shirt and striped bow tie and went into the kitchen to have his breakfast.

Only the deep-set eyes below his bushy eyebrows revealed in any way that this was the day he had been relentlessly awaiting for two long years. Later, these eyes would be described by some as "dull and almost unseeing"; by others as "gleaming terribly bright." Mrs. Unruh could only say: "I knew something was wrong when I first saw him. He looked at me so very strangely."

ILLUSTRATED BY SLAYTON UNDERHILL

Unruh was a prodigious writer. Scattered about his room, along with his curious arsenal, were pages of angry notes studded with the abbreviation: *retal.* The letters stood for retaliate. For most people, this is a word far more ominous in sound than in intent. Not for Howard Unruh. For him, the word meant he had earmarked a person for destruction.

Unruh had moved to River Road with his parents and younger brother when he was 13 years old. Camden then, as now, was a sizable south Jersey community with a population of about 125,000. The Unruhs' apartment was in a section called Cramer Hill on the east side of the town.

The section is lower middle class, filled with industrious, hard-working people, many of German ancestry like Unruh. "The crime rate there has always been low," says Lieutenant Russell Maurer of the county prosecutor's detective staff. "Occasionally someone gets drunk and beats up his wife. But there are few burglaries and, God help us, until Unruh came along, no shootings."

Unruh and his mother had a top-floor apartment in a two-story, four-unit stucco building. His brother had married and moved away. His father and mother were estranged. The adjoining apartment, which was at the corner of 32nd Street, was occupied by 40-year-old Maurice Cohen and his family. Cohen didn't have to worry about commuting to and from work; his drug store, the River Road Pharmacy, was directly downstairs. The store below the Unruhs was vacant.

Up the block, toward 33rd Street, were Clark Hoover's barber shop, John Pilarchik's shoe repair store, a small apartment house in which Joe Hamilton and his family were downstairs tenants, Tom Zegrino's tailor shop and a luncheonette. In the middle of the block across the street was Frank Engel's tavern and, on the corner opposite the drug store, a small chain food market.

Through his long years in the neighborhood, Howard Unruh was considered shy, unobtrusive, serious-minded and pleasant. His speech was never garbled and there were never any angry outbursts of hate or passion. No one can recall him ever so much as clenching his fists. Using them would have been out of the question.

As a boy and young man, he attended church regularly and got average marks in grade school and at Woodrow Wilson High School. Teachers called him level-headed and industrious. While he kept to himself a good deal, he managed to make and hold a few school friends. He steered clear of sports and preferred the science club to the baseball diamond.

Some people thought Unruh was headed for the Lutheran ministry. His classmates, on the other hand, guessed that he would wind up some day in a secure, respectable and thoroughly routine clerical job. The universal conclusion was as clear as it was inaccurate. Everyone agreed that Howard Unruh was going to be a man society would never have to worry about.

When Unruh was 18, his father separated from his mother. Perhaps this disruption of family relations was a key factor in the events that took place ten years later. There is no question that he became deeply attached to his mother and developed what was later diagnosed as a "mother complex." At the time, it went unnoticed.

The matrimonial separation was amicable enough. Sam Unruh, who was a cook on a Delaware River dredge boat, continued to visit his family on his days off. Mrs. Unruh took a succession of factory jobs that eventually brought her to a position as a packer for a soap company in Camden.

Meanwhile, Howard had graduated from high school with acceptable standing and a note in the yearbook—ironic in retrospect—wishing "the utmost success to you in all your aspirations."

College was out of the question for financial reasons so he went out to look for work. Prospective employers, meeting him for the first time, found no reason to differ with the judgment of the neighbors, teachers and students who had known him so long. He appeared to be a strikingly normal young man and was hired in fairly rapid succession by a delivery firm, a magazine bindery and the highly security-conscious Philadelphia Navy Yard. Then in 1942, when he was 21, he enlisted in the Army just as thousands of other men his age were doing.

It might have been a hint of the future that this ordinarily subdued, unaggressive man, who never had made a belligerent move toward anyone, turned out to be a fine fighting man. Although he had not shown the slightest interest in firearms before, he took to guns the way a teen-aged boy takes to his first jalopy. Unruh won marksmanship awards for his shooting and soon turned out to be remarkably adept at stripping and reassembling every weapon that came his way.

He eventually became a tank gunner in the 342nd Armored Field Artillery. Through campaigns in Italy, Belgium, France, Austria and Germany, he dished out heavy fire. "He was always our coolest man in combat," his old sergeant said. "He was nuts about guns and a first-class soldier."

The other men in his outfit grew to respect him for his fighting ability and sheer guts in the toughest situations, but few could say that they really liked or could get close to him. When they were relaxing on pass with a drink or a blonde—preferably both—PFC Unruh was reading the Bible or writing long religion-filled letters back home.

On the other hand, he never threw his faith into their faces like some fanatics did. As for his disinterest in women, everyone knew that there was a girl back home he had met at church. There was not the slightest indication of anything strange about his sexual habits or thoughts.

When the war ended, Unruh was returned to the States in 1945 for his honorable discharge. After studying his fine record, officials at the separation center at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, could see no reason for Army psychiatrists to examine him.

Unruh came home from the war looking and apparently acting much the same as before, although now he was accorded a bit more respect as an authentic combat hero by neighbors who "didn't know Howard had it in him." Again there was no trouble getting a job. He worked for a time at a printing plant and then did manual labor for a manufacturing concern. In September of 1947, he stopped working to enroll in a prep

school, to brush up on some courses that would prepare him for college. He had already stopped seeing the one girl he had dated and showed no interest in others.

One of his characteristics in the past had been a marked degree of perseverance and an aptitude for hard work. His grades during his first term at prep school placed him on the honor roll. But during the second semester, his marks began to slip, and suddenly he stopped going to class at all. One of his teachers later remarked that he had never seen Unruh talk to another student in all the time he attended the school.

In the privacy of his room, he confided his thoughts to a diary. When the half-pages between dates were no longer enough to hold them, he wrote on sheets of paper and later on a memo pad.

The neighbors would have been shocked if they could have seen what he was scribbling down. As the months passed, his writing began to express a feeling that the world—particularly the River Road neighborhood—was turning against him. Water from the shoemaker's store had run into his basement. The tailor had told him to watch where he was going when he stepped into a ditch one day in front of his store. The barber seemed to smirk when he talked to him. To be sure, they were minor incidents—but Unruh didn't think so. The Cohens, who lived next door, became the special objects of his venom.

The only exit from the Unruhs' apartment was through the fenced-in backyard. One day Mrs. Cohen asked him to stop using the gate on their side of the property, which opened directly on 32nd Street. This meant he would have to walk through an alley that led to River Road. Unruh resented Mrs. Cohen's request; he felt that the druggist and his family hated him.

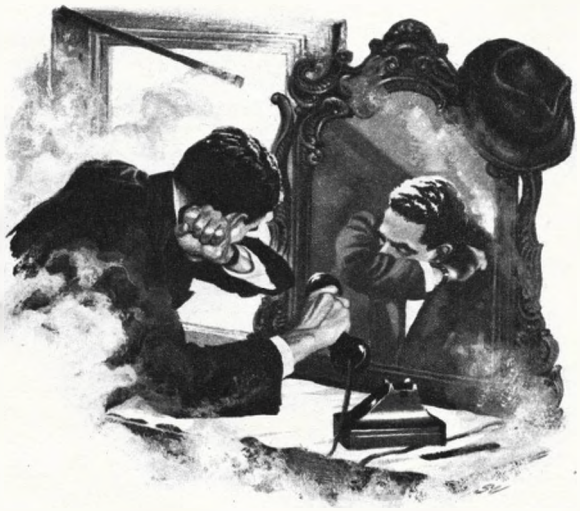
Naturally, his feelings of persecution were wholly imagined. The Cohens merely wanted to keep him from continuously trooping back and forth across their backyard. If there was any water seepage from the shoemaker's store, it was an accident. The comments that Unruh resented so much were impersonal and didn't stem from any animosity toward him.

On January 7, 1947, Unruh bought a German Luger pistol from a sporting goods company in Philadelphia for $37.50. The date is known because the laws in Pennsylvania require a record to be kept of firearm sales. All he had to do then was to apply to the Camden police chief for a pistol purchase permit and get it approved by a judge. Unruh had no trouble whatsoever.

He set up a target range in his basement and practiced with his new weapon long and steadily. Soon he was hitting the center of the bull's-eye almost every time.

"It still amazes me that we never received some complaints about the noise from his shooting," says Mitchell Cohen (no relation to the druggist) who still serves as Camden County's state attorney and official prosecutor. "But nobody seemed to notice, or if they did, to care."

But now it was 1949, and Unruh had more reason than ever to suspect that people might be saying dark things about him. The previous autumn he had enrolled in the Temple University School of Pharmacy in Philadelphia, only to drop out inexplicably after the first few weeks. After that he sat around the house and made no attempt to get work. In his mind, he could hear the neighbors saying that not only was he a failure, but he had the



The newspaper editor was amazed when Unruh himself answered the telephone for he knew the police were closing in.

gall to let his poor hard-working mother support him. For the first time since he could walk, Howard Unruh stopped going to church.

Moreover, he suddenly became an active homosexual. He would wander nights into railroad terminals across the river and pick up any male he could find who would accept his advances. His diary and notes, which now are kept locked in the Camden County Courthouse, are filled with the names of his conquests. Now, in his imagination, he was convinced that every conversation on River Road centered on his recent perversions. In truth, he was unsuspected.

On Labor Day, 1949, Howard Unruh finally fulfilled a long-held ambition. With the help of his father, who was visiting, he cut a hole in the backyard fence and put in a gate behind his property that would let him out on 32nd Street.

Brimming with satisfaction, he went off that night to a theatre in Philadelphia where he saw two unhappily suggestive crime movies: *Fear in the Night* and *For You I Die*. Perhaps he went from there to one of his pickup points, or possibly he just walked along the streets. But he didn't return home until after 3 A.M. on the most fateful morning of his and many other lives. When he reached his house, he discovered that someone had lifted out the wonderful new gate during his absence and taken it away.

There is no question that the gate's disappearance was the spark that set Unruh off. But psychiatrists insist that his mind was so filled with thoughts of murder by now that any slight jar would have triggered the deed. The incident of the missing gate happened to come along first. It shattered whatever reason remained in his hate-filled brain.

A little more than five hours later, he calmly ate a sizable breakfast of cereal and eggs and drank a glass of milk while his mother finished (*Continued on page* 75)

By AL SPIERS

YOU CAN'T FLY JETS AFTER 40

Eleven years after I hung up my pilot's uniform, I got the notion to find out whether the jet age had made us old-timers as obsolete as the planes we flew in World War II

I'M NOT sure what fanned the old flame. Perhaps it was the non-stop girdling of the globe by B-52s of the Strategic Air Command, or the incredible advances in supersonic flight that have been made in the last few years. Possibly, it was a wistful refusal to accept sedate middle age. At any rate, an old deep hunger, long dormant, began to gnaw at me.

Eleven years ago I left World War II's Army Air Corps after flying 2,500 hours, mostly in unglamorous Training Command BT-13s and B-25s. For awhile I kept nosing into the blue yonder as a civilian, but the problems of raising a family and resuming a newspaper career soon stopped that. I still loved the sky, but puddle-jumpers were no fun after B-25s, and Air Force Reserve ships weren't handy. In time, I let my commission lapse.

But few who have roamed the sky can ever be wholly content as grubby earthlings. Wistfully, enviously, I watched the jet age bloom and wondered: Could I fly one of those sleek, screeching babies? From afar, I saw my old Air Corps undergo immense, exciting changes—and itched for a close-up look. I spent the whole war at a training base in Enid, Oklahoma, that now partly serves jets. Like most ex-GIs, I yearned to see the "old outfit" in its new garb and wander among the ghosts of yesteryear.

Out of all this emerged an idea which I took to Colonel Joe Moore, dynamic young CO of a big new Air Force base at Bunker Hill, Indiana, which Tactical Air Command had obtained from the Navy.

Colonel Moore, a darkly handsome, 42-year-old six-footer with the lithe, hard build of a fast football guard—which he once was—was bossing a P-40 squadron at Manila when the Japs hit. In the first half-hour of war, Moore and his wingman scragged five Zeros. When they ran out of P-40s, Moore fought afoot until he found three beached, strafed and battered Navy amphibians. From these wrecks, Moore and his men assembled one patchwork crate. With it, Moore night-freighted precious medical supplies and food 425 miles from Cebu to beleaguered Bataan. At Cebu when Bataan fell, he rode one of the last B-25s to Australia. He got a DSC and DFC and was sent home to teach tactics to a new generation of fly boys.

After a fidgeting year in the States, Moore went to Europe as exec of a fighter-bomber wing under General O. P. Weyland, present TAC boss. By early 1945, he was a chicken colonel, back in the U.S. and clamoring for his MacArthur-promised second crack at the Japs. Instead, he began the kind of assignments usually given those tabbed for top commands—general staff school; a three-year Pentagon tour; post-war European duty; a TAC staff job; vice-chief of staff of the U.S. Army Air Force in Europe; enrollment in the top-level National War College.

Studying the colonel as we disposed of introductory amenities, I thought, "It'll take a good pitch to sell this con-proof character."

Earnestly, I made my pitch: "Look, I'm 42, flabby,

balding and a decade behind modern flying—like thousands of other War II pilots. So I wonder: Are we as obsolete and useless as the planes we flew? Or could we, in a pinch, adjust to jets and still usefully serve the Air Force?"

"Good, moot questions." Colonel Moore smiled. "We wonder, too."

"Okay, I'm your guinea pig. Let's experiment and tell the story—in my column, which appears in ten Indiana papers, and in SAGA."

In the old days, such a touchy, unusual request needed months "in channels" to get approval, so I quickly added: "I've got friends in Washington who might pull strings . . ."

Colonel Moore smiled again. "Not necessary," he said quietly. "I like the idea. It's something the public should know. I'll talk to the boss and call you."

"No detailed, multi-copy written requests?" I asked, surprised.

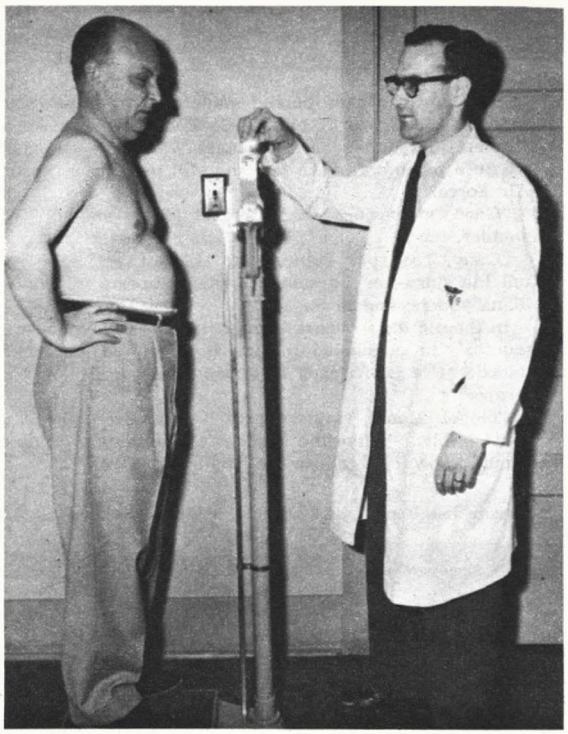
Moore chuckled softly. "We do things differently now."

They do, indeed. Moore's answer came incredibly fast. If I could pass the standard pilot physical, complete an altitude indoctrination course and manage a compression tank "flight" to 43,000 feet, I would get a simulated jet check-out—with reservations.

"At altitudes, you'll get the works—aerobatics and all," Colonel Moore said. "But on takeoffs and landings your instructor must ride the controls closely." A lifelong flier, himself, he knew that was mildly disappointing, so he quickly added: "A T-33 costs $127,000. We can't subject equipment that costly to unnecessary risk."

That suited me—and my wife and three kids. We all value my hide considerably more than one T-33. Be-

Captain Lee Bounds, an instructor, helps the author into his jet gear—oxygen mask, plastic helmet, zipper suit, jacket and chute.



Al Spiers gets the official O.K. to be an Air Force guinea pig, depending upon his ability to pass the standard pilot physical.

sides, I've always carried a cautious, chronic cowardice aloft, heeding the counsel of a grizzled early instructor who once said: "Son, there are old pilots and bold pilots —but no old bold pilots. Fly scared—and you'll live longer." I flew scared and logged 2,500 hours without scratching a wingtip. I had no hankering to ruin that record at jet speeds.

"Colonel, I'm with you," I said. "When do we start?"

"Report to Captain Art Kelley, our PIO (Public Information Officer) at the main gate at 7:30 A.M. tomorrow."

So at 7:30 the next morning I met Kelley, an able, earnest young career officer. He looked fresh and alert. I felt bleary. "Why so ungodly early?" I growled.

Instructor Bounds briefs the author on the cockpit layout of a T-33 jet. It's a far cry from the B-25s Al Spiers used to fly.

Kelley smiled faintly. "Our work day begins at 7:30," he replied. He said it gently and matter-of-factly—but I felt like a damned civilian banker. "Also," he went on, "you're due at the flight surgeon's at eight for your physical."

I winced. This deal could end with embarrassing speed. The physical had to be strictly standard and on the level. Besides adding blubber and subtracting hair, I wondered what else the past ten years had done to my now-flabby carcass.

It became Flight Surgeon Dave Palmer's job to find out. Swiftly he ran me through the preliminaries. I filled out a long medical history form, got a quick dental check (three choppers gone since '45) and the usual lab stuff—urinalysis, blood tests, chest X-rays and, because I was past 40, an electrocardiogram. All fine—no sweat.

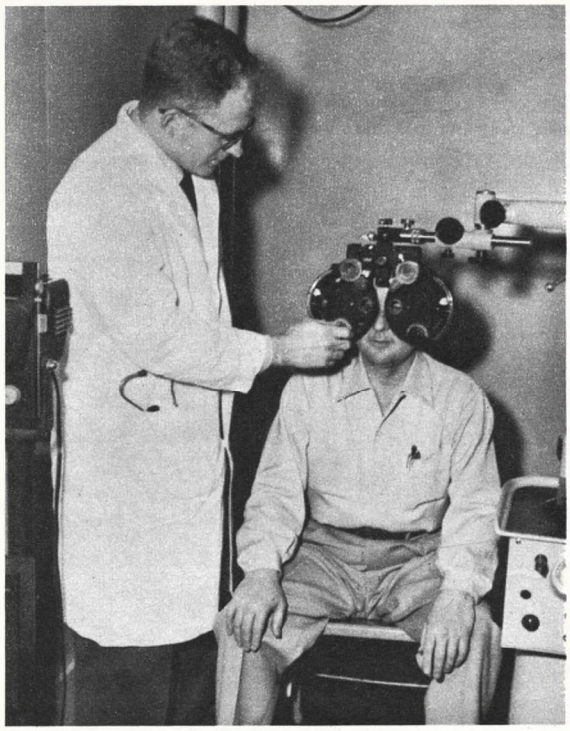
Next, Captain Meister, also a flight surgeon, led me into a darkened room for a check I knew I'd flunk. Poor right eye acuity almost kept me out of the Air Corps in World War II. Only an extra-sharp left eye and good depth perception got me in.

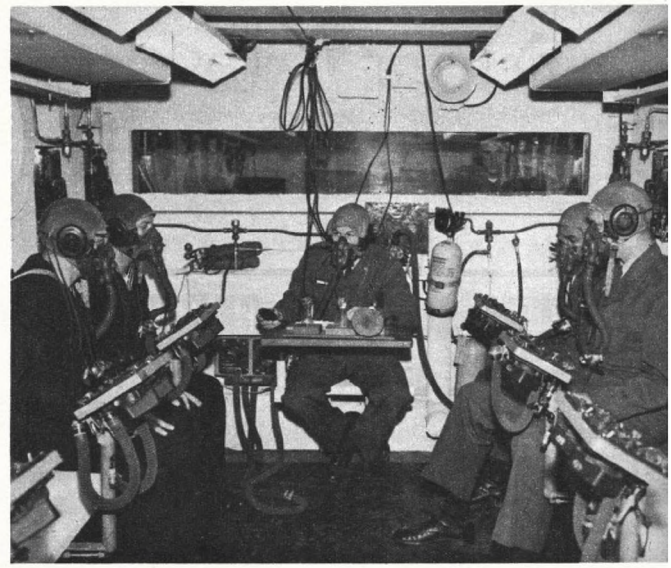
I peered into Dr. Meister's acuity tester and struggled futilely with blurred lines. My right eye barely made 20/50. The "good" left eye now tested 20/30. The minimum is 20/20 for both eyes.

Meister shook his head sadly. "I'm surprised you don't wear glasses."

"I probably should, but I hate 'em," I said. "I'll do better on depth perception." I did—but barely sneaked under the minimum.

Meister was sympathetic. "Don't be dismayed," he said. "This happens to many Air Force pilots your age. We don't ground them. If vision is correctible with





Official U.S. Air Force Photos

Outside of needing glasses, Al makes the grade. Next comes the training tank, which indicates how much altitude a man can take.

glasses we grant waivers routinely, with no limitations."

"You mean some jet jockeys wear specs?"

"Why not? Ball players do."

I felt better.

The preliminaries over, I returned to Dr. Palmer for the final quizzing, punching, prodding and stethoscoping. He began with my medical history.

In general, it was pretty good. I come from healthy stock and have thus far avoided such things as TB, VD, bone breaks, heart trouble, ulcers, bed wetting or—except for this zany urge to be a jet jockey at 42—suspicious mental quirks. But there were a few Xs in the "Yes-I've-Had" squares and Dr. Palmer explored them carefully.

"You've noted sinusitis," he mused. "What kind?"

"Periodic flare-ups—not chronic," I replied. "Maybe once a year, like a severe cold."

He nodded satisfied. "And that trick shoulder?"

"Bursitis—bad a year ago, but 90 per cent cured by a good orthopedist with needle and cortisone."

He tried the once-gimpy shoulder. It passed.

I stripped and got the rest of the works: Blood pressure fine; pulse normal, before and after exercise; prostate okay; no hernia.

The cold stethoscope explored here and there. Suddenly Dr. Palmer mused, "Your heart rate varies slightly in the respiratory cycle." At that, it also did a few flip-flops. Worried, I searched his face. He grinned. "Relax—that's good. It's characteristic of young hearts." (How about that? Who the hell said 42 is OLD?)

Now Dr. Palmer turned to the copy of my 1945 discharge physical obtained from the Air Force archives. Scanning it, he shook his head. "Tch, tch!" he chided. "In '45 you weighed 139½. Now you tip 162. Did you add that weight suddenly or a little bit each year?"

I shook a woeful head. "Nope—just a few careless pounds a year. Is that bad?"

"It's not good, but it won't disqualify you."

For a long, tense moment he studied my cardiogram tracings, the lab reports and his own data. I fidgeted, awaiting the final verdict.

"All in all, you've worn well," Dr. Palmer said finally. "With an eye waiver, you'd rate flying status if you were returning to duty."

"Then I pass?"

He didn't answer immediately. Instead, his eyes searched mine and he got dead serious. "I'm told," he said quietly, "that War II pilots sometimes hoodwinked flight surgeons to stay on flying status. Only an idiot tries that now." He paused for (*Continued on page 70*)

Flying the sleek jet was fun, but it's a job for a younger guy.

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN'S LOVING CUP

From the day Captain DeSoto passed up a sure prize to save her passengers and crew, he was a new man. Actually, he liked playing hero

By CHARLES HEWES

THE SHIP *Minerva* was eight days out of New York and bound for Havana. In her hold were 1,000 casks of lime, thousands of gallons of alcohol and the baggage and household furnishings of her passengers. She carried 72 people—passengers and crew.

"Keep her driving hard," the second mate said, as he turned over the watch to the first mate at four A.M. A howling northeaster filled their sails and sent the *Minerva* boiling through the water. "Captain's looking to make up lost time," he added.

The first mate nodded. Not a sail had been shortened in the last 12 hours, and the three towering masts groaned under the strain. Time and again, the ship drove her bow deep into the waves. The mate looked down at the dark swirling water. They were making better than 11 knots, and in the darkness it seemed even faster. During the next hour, the wind grew steadily stronger and the ship hurtled through the water. The mate had just given the order to shorten sail, when the *Minerva* suddenly shuddered and lurched to starboard. She rose high on a wave and then came down hard with the screaming howl of wood grinding heavily against rocks. She rose again on another wave, rode forward, and then grounded fast.

The men and officers off duty tumbled out on the deck. In a few minutes Captain Putnam had the report. The ship had piled onto the Bahama Banks. Their position was dangerous but not hopeless. Actually, they had suffered little damage—a slight leak in the starboard bow. The pumps could handle it with ease. The difficulty was that they were in only 12 feet of water.

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR MAYS

The ship drew 14 feet. Still they had a whole day to throw cargo overboard. It wouldn't be too hard to raise her two feet.

"As soon as it's light," Captain Putnam ordered, "raise the distress signals. Then open the hatch and start unloading. With luck we'll float her free on the tide tonight."

By nine A.M., the work of unloading the cargo was well under way. Men in the hold swung the casks of lime up onto the deck. There, others rolled them to the rail and heaved them overboard. All the men aboard were working—crew and passengers alike—and it was a hot, dirty, backbreaking job. Several of the casks had broken open, and the men below were blinded and suffocated by the loose lime. At 10:20, a sail was sighted and the men took a break to watch. Women and children lined the rail. The ship flew American colors, but evidently she missed—or perhaps ignored—the *Minerva*'s distress signals and sailed past four miles to the windward. When they saw she wasn't going to stop, two of the women collapsed and had to be carried back to their cabins. The men went glumly back to work. At noon, another sail was sighted. This one was far to the east. She appeared to be sailing past, but then she turned and made directly for the grounded ship.

"What do you make of her?" Captain Putnam asked.

The mate lifted his telescope and ran it over the ship. "Spanish, I'd say. Probably out of Havana."

The Spanish brig shortened sail and felt her way to within three miles of the *Minerva*. Suddenly her sails were let go and her anchor splashed heavily in the water.

"She's damned small," Captain Putnam complained. "Can't see how she can be of much help. Know any Spanish?" The mate nodded. "Then take the jolly boat over to her and ask her to stand by. We can't be proud. We may need any help we can get!"

The Spanish brig *Leon*, ten days out of Philadelphia, was also bound for Havana. As soon as the sails were furled, her crew lined the rail and studied the ship on the rocks. The *Leon*'s crew was twice as large as it should have been and they were all armed. The men were in high spirits.

"Now ain't that a pretty sight," one of them crowed. "That's one ship we won't have to chase."

Another man turned to the captain. "What do you say," he cried, "shall we lower a boat and pluck this rich American?"

Captain Bernardo DeSoto had been studying the ship through his telescope. "She's a rich haul, men. No doubt about it. But no boarding parties yet."

"But, Captain," the mate complained, "the way she's listing, she can't even train a gun on us."

"Belay it!" DeSoto roared. "There's lots of time. We'll wait and see what happens." The crew grumbled and then fell silent under the captain's scowl.

Bernardo DeSoto was a tall, powerfully built man with black hair and mustache. His burning black eyes were deep set in his face, giving him a perpetual frown. There were few men he couldn't stare down. At his side was a sword. It was not a decoration. He was easily the finest swordsman on board the vessel. DeSoto had been born in Havana of moderately well-off Spanish parents. He had gone to sea as a boy and had become a captain when he was still in his early 20s. But his ships were small and so was the captain's pay. It hardly paid for the life DeSoto wanted. He soon found a way to increase it. While on legitimate voyages, he would occasionally waylay another vessel and relieve it of its cargo—at least its more valuable cargo. The authorities in Havana openly winked at this minor piracy. Of course it was against the law, but it brought great wealth into the city. DeSoto was an expert at his double trade.

The sailors of the *Leon* watched solemnly as the *Minerva*'s jolly boat was lowered. It took the men rowing it a good hour to cover the three miles between the two vessels. The northeast wind was kicking up a heavy sea. "Stow your arms!" DeSoto shouted gruffly. "We don't want them to get suspicious."

When the jolly boat pulled alongside, the *Leon* looked every bit the honest merchant ship. DeSoto had taken on the air of a Spanish gentleman. "Welcome aboard," he said with elaborate courtesy as the mate of the *Minerva* scrambled aboard. "My ship is at your service."

"Thank God you saw our distress signals," the mate gasped, "and came to our aid. We were afraid for a while that you might miss them and pass us by. Another ship did already." He grasped DeSoto's hand and shook it heartily. "You can't imagine how much your standing by means to our passengers—all the women and children—and to Captain Putnam and myself." He released DeSoto's hand. "God bless you."

"Perfectly all right, perfectly all right," DeSoto mumbled in embarrassment. It was awkward to have your motives misunderstood.

"We're throwing cargo over the side now," the mate continued. "And hope to have her light enough to float on the tide tonight. If we don't make it tonight we should certainly free her tomorrow morning. So if you'll stand by till then—"

"Yes, yes!" DeSoto cut in impatiently. "We'll stand by."

"There is the chance, of course," the mate said slowly, "that she won't come off the rocks. In that case, we'll have to ferry the passengers and crew to your brig." He nodded at the *Leon*'s boat. "There are 72 of us."

Behind him DeSoto heard the muffled laughter of his crew. Flushing he said, "Our brig is small . . ." Then, as he saw the distress on the mate's face, he added quickly, "But why look for trouble? Let's wait and see what tomorrow brings."

"Thank you, Captain," the mate said gratefully, grasping DeSoto's hand as if to seal a bargain. Before the pirate could object, he started over the side. As soon as the jolly boat had pulled out of earshot, the crew surrounded DeSoto.

"Some joke," the bosun laughed. "You're a smooth one, you are, Cap'n. This is going to be the easiest pickin's we ever had."

"Oh shut up!" DeSoto growled irritably. "I make the decisions on this ship. Now get below and be quick about it!" He spun on his heel and stalked off to his cabin.

The bosun rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Now what's eatin' him?"

"I don't like it," one of the pirates grumbled. "I say we

board 'em now and be done with it."

"You heard the captain," the mate bawled. "Starboard watch get below!" It was the port watch and set custom demanded that the men off duty be below. Reluctantly, they drifted off in groups of two and three, talking uneasily among themselves.

Shortly before six P.M. the rising tide slowly righted the grounded ship. The crew of the *Leon* watched intently. During the dog watches, everyone was allowed on deck. DeSoto held his telescope on the stricken ship and saw the wave that lifted her free. A sail was set and the *Minerva* moved sluggishly through the water.

"She's getting away!" the crew shrieked in anger. DeSoto swore and paced along the deck. The *Minerva* had sailed about 150 yards, when a huge wave suddenly drove her up and onto another rock. The impact snapped the fore-topgallant mast, and it fell in a tangle of lines to the deck. DeSoto immediately scanned her through his telescope. "They won't free her this time," he said. "She's on there for good!"

With that, the tension that had been building in the crew snapped. They walked to DeSoto and faced him as a group. "We've been stalling long enough! What do you intend to do?" their spokesman demanded.

DeSoto's black eyes flashed from one man to the other. "What are we going to do?" he repeated. "We're going to start taking on their passengers when they ask us to!"

"Like hell we are!" the pirates chorused.

"Don't be fools!" DeSoto said calmly. "They outnumber us. But we can cut their numbers down. Let 'em bring over one boatload at a time. As they come aboard we'll lock 'em below. When the odds are right, we'll board her and have all the time we want to search her!"

"Ay!" the crew shouted. This was what they had been waiting to hear.

"What'll we do with them afterwards?" one man asked.

"Why, keep the women snug below!" a lone voice answered. There was a roar of laughter.

"Get to your posts," DeSoto ordered and walked glumly to his cabin. One thing was certain. Tomorrow, he would either have a mutinous crew or a mass murder on his hands.

During the night the strong northeast wind kicked the sea into angry waves. At dawn, the *Minerva* was still on the rocks but listing badly to starboard. She was pounding hard. At nine A.M. the ship lowered her jolly boat; it was loaded to the gunnels with women and children. In the heavy seas, it took the little boat over an hour to reach the *Leon*.

"All right, men," DeSoto said anxiously. "You know what to do!" His crew appeared to be unarmed, but they had long knives slipped behind their belts and under their trousers.

The jolly boat was practically awash when it was made fast to the side of the larger vessel. One after the other, the children were passed up to the deck of the brig. Then came the women with their sea-drenched dresses clinging to their bodies. The crew of the brig exchanged knowing winks.

Again DeSoto was all courtesy. "Come aboard! Come aboard!" he shouted to the crew of the jolly boat after they had finished bailing it. "There's hot rum up here for you. Take a break before you go back to your ship!"

With the crew of the captured *Mexican* locked below, DeSoto threw open the galley stove and ignited the tarred rope ends.

"Now what did he do that for?" one of the pirates grumbled. So long as the crew of the jolly boat was aboard, they couldn't start dividing up the women.

"Damn him," another man cursed. "Now he's wasting more time!" DeSoto had taken aside the mate of the ship and was questioning him about the condition of the *Minerva*.

"She's not as sound as yesterday," the mate said, sipping his hot rum. "We pounded hard all night. The bow is leaking badly."

DeSoto turned and looked at the ship. Suddenly his eyes narrowed and he snapped up his telescope. Wisps of smoke rose from the hatch. "She's afire!" he cried hoarsely.

The mate spun and looked across the water. His mug of rum clattered to the deck. "Good God!" he screamed. "She's still full of women and children!" His crew started over the side into the jolly boat. As he followed them, he implored DeSoto: "For God's sake, man, lower your boat! Help us! Help us!" Fire at sea was the most dreaded of all disasters.

DeSoto responded automatically. "Lower the boat! Lower the boat!" he shouted. "Lively! Lively! We've got to save those people!" The crew stared at him in shocked disbelief. But, with the reflexes of good sailors they sprang for the boat. "That's the way!" DeSoto shouted encouragement. "Jump to it! Show those Yankee sailors how to row a boat!"

In a few moments, the boat crew of the *Leon* were whipping their oars through the water. Three-quarters of the way across, they passed the *Minerva*'s long boat. It had been lowered the moment the fire was discovered and was loaded to the water's edge with more women and children.

(*Continued on page* 86)

YOKOSUKA CRAZY TOWN

It's got the most honest businessmen, the politest pimps, and thousands of alluring women who never say no to an American GI—or his money

By JOSEPH D. HARRINGTON

SAILORS WILL argue pro and con the merits of any liberty port you care to name. Some will wax wistful recounting its good points, and others wrathful shouting its bad. There are boosters and knockers for every seacoast town in the world. But when Yokosuka, Japan, slips into the conversation all argument stops, and a grin cracks every face. Every sailor who has ever been to Japan can tell you a story about this ancient seaport, which is, without doubt, the daffiest and most intriguing place on earth.

For one thing, it's the only town known to American servicemen where the supply of attractive women is not only ample, but positively overwhelming. When a very tough Air Force directive clamped down on prostitution around Kyoto, Tachigawa, Sendai, and Nagoya, most of the girls converged on Yoko, where ships of the U. S. Seventh Fleet put in. Maybe the Navy, a century and a half older than the Air Force, is more hep to the way of a man with a maid. Nevertheless, a very happy situation has been created for the sailors whose affection is sought by droves of doll-faced "josans."

Yokosuka boasts our planet's happiest cocktail hour, too. From 5 to 7 every evening, strip-tease shows blossom. The Japanese stripper's idea of a proper performance is to rid herself of all her clothing in the first eight bars of music, then writhe and undulate, naked, through the next 56 bars.

The daredevils who pilot the town's taxicabs must be survivors of the Kamikaze Corps. A hop of two blocks, or 20, is a spine-chilling thrill. Yokosuka's cabbies consider a dexterous pair of hands the answer to every traffic situation, and it's at least an even bet that every pair of brake shoes is as good as the day the cab was new. Horns blare continually and sound but one warning—"Here I come!" After that, the pedestrian is on his own.

About an hour from Tokyo by train, and surrounded by cave- and tunnel-riddled hills, Yoko has a population of 250,000. Most of its attractions are centered downtown, as are some 200 of its 250 licensed bars. In an area smaller than two square miles, there is more fun to be had on a 24-hour pass than in any other Japanese city.

Sex is a basic part of the economy, and even a respectable girl doesn't simply say no. Instead, she tells *why* her answer has to be no. Usually, she either prefers Japanese lads, or she has been conned by an enterprising Yank before. Face-slapping and injured looks aren't in the Yokosuka girl's character. A polite refusal, together with a winsome smile that seems to say, "so sorry it can't be yes," is the roughest rebuff an admirer is likely to receive.

Even when thousands of men hit town at once, I have never heard of one merrymaker ever having been rolled. And any number of amorous Americans have been staked to 100 or 200 yen for cab fare the morning after by their ladies of the evening before—on the sound and proved principle that a thoroughly satisfied customer. treated cordially, will return again.

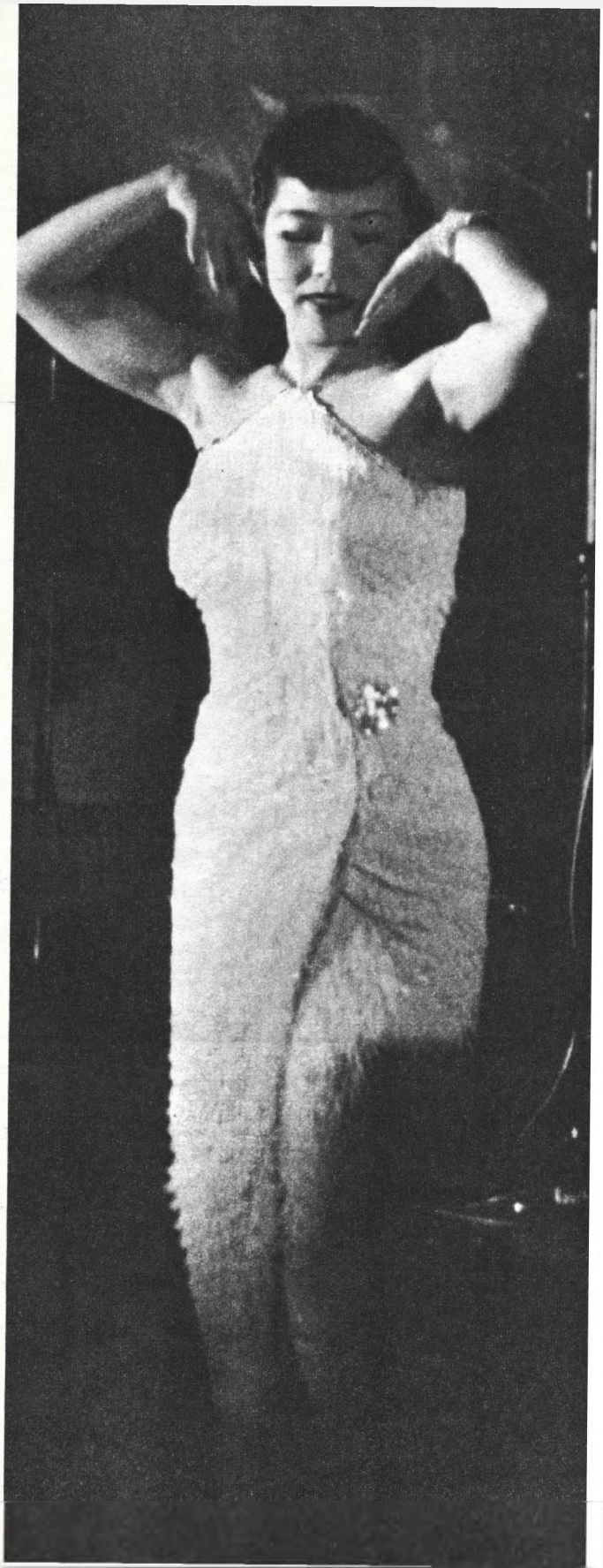
The politest pimps in the world ply their trade in Yoko. There are no furtive approaches or sidelong whispers. From a distance of 10 to 20 feet, they hail you politely and ask for a moment of your time, please. When you stop, they move in slowly, averaging a bow per yard until they are at your side. Then, in genteel tones, they smilingly inquire, "You like to meet nice, clean girls? See good movee? Watch The Schoolteacher?"

This last character is an exhibitionist who puts on such erotic shows that her fame has spread throughout Japan. To compete, her rivals followed a procedure dear to the heart of U. S. entertainers—they studied her act and copied it. Now, so many alleged "Schoolteachers" exist that the original has been lost in the shuffle. The pitchmen who claim to work for her would fill a good-sized arena.

Prostitution, as a way of life or of paying the rent, has existed in Japan for centuries. No one thinks it strange that 55,000 ladies of the evening have formed a union, with paid lobbyists and all. These lobbyists have been active lately, button-holing national legislators. An anti-prostitution law goes into effect next April, so the girls are demanding compensation. They are basing their case on the indisputable fact that the government is throwing them out of work, and they want the Japanese Diet to pass a law granting them a subsidy they call "new life" money—six months' normal earnings for each prostitute. They may get it before the shouting is done.

Yoko pros, however, are not sweating over the outcome of this legislative hassle. Many plan to settle down with one "boysan," thus insuring themselves shelter, three square meals a day, and "presentos" of clothes and electrical appliances. When one girl explained this to me. I said, "The Japanese police will really crack down on you then. They'll arrest you for adultery."

"Nebba hoppen, Chief-san!" she told me. "Girlsan and boysan get house. Move in. Boysan, he go put in chit to marry girlsan. Always get copy of chit for himself. Japanese police come house, (*Continued on page* 62)



At a cabaret, Japanese charmers entertain on and off stage.

THE TRIAL OF BROKEN-NOSE McCALL

Wild Bill Hickok was holding aces and eights when a paid killer walked up behind him and blew out his brains to touch off the first big murder trial on the frontier

By GERALD ASTOR

Illustrated by Irving Zusman

THE FOUR men playing poker in Mann and Lewis' saloon paid scant attention to the thickset, broken-nosed individual who pushed through the swinging doors and stepped up to the bar. "Well, Bill," the dealer said impatiently. "I guess it's your bet." The blond, long-haired man sitting on a low stool nodded silently and stroked his flowing mustaches as he studied his cards. The other gamblers drummed on the table with their fingers. Suddenly the man at the bar wheeled and took two steps toward the card game. He jammed a .45 pistol against the blond-haired man's head, shouted, "Take that, damn you!"—and pulled the trigger. The gun roared once and the heavy shell crashed through the victim's skull, tore out his right cheek, and buried itself in the arm of the man sitting opposite.

The dying man's body fell heavily across the table, then dropped to the floor. A convulsive shudder and it was over. From the lifeless, outstretched fingers slipped the cards—two pairs, aces over eights, forever after to be known as "the dead man's hand."

Bartender Anse Pippie hoarsely whispered, "My God, he's killed Hickok! Will Bill's dead!"

"Nobody move," the killer snarled. He waved his smoking gun at the stunned gamblers, the frightened barkeep and the few afternoon customers, and backed out of the saloon into the single dry, dusty street that

was the town of Deadwood in the Dakota Territory. Once outside, he ran to hide in one of the ramshackle buildings lining the street.

Within a few minutes Broken Nose Jack McCall, the killer in cold blood of James Butler Hickok, better known as Wild Bill, was surrounded by a number of Deadwood citizens. He offered no objection when they placed him under arrest, and thus the stage was set for a trial which, even for the rowdiest days of the American West, achieved a high-water mark for judicial eccentricity.

For a little while it appeared possible that McCall would never be brought to trial. After the shooting the local citizens who organized themselves into something resembling a posse had cornered him in the warehouse in which he had taken shelter. "Come on out with your hands in the air!" shouted Ike Brown. "You'll get a fair shake from us." From the rough-timbered building on the dusty street a non-committal silence answered Brown. "Yuh can come out shooting if you like," Brown said grimly, "but it'll be Boot Hill sure as hell." The men in the street waited patiently, and soon, hands held high, his .45-caliber pistol in his belt, Jack McCall walked out of his hiding place to face Deadwood justice.

"All right," Sam Young said. "Now that we got him, what'll we do with him? We ain't got no sheriff, there's no U.S. marshal within 200 miles of here, and we ain't even got a judge to hold a trial."

"We don't need no judge for a trial," California Joe McClusky, a long-time crony of Hickok, growled angrily. "The nearest tree ought to be all we need." Several others in the crowd echoed the sentiments for speedy retribution but McCall showed no signs of fright.

"Hold on just a minute," cautioned Tim Brady, who operated a saloon and gambling joint where both the cards and liquor were reported heavily stacked against any unlucky prospector who happened to wander in with a decent-sized poke. "Ain't you the folks is always hollering about civilizing this place? You're always talking about getting law and order here. Well, this is the perfect opportunity for you. Give the man a trial, a real trial by jury, and let's see if Deadwood is fit for decent men and women."

With even such shady characters as Tim Brady on the side of law and order, the forces in favor of hanging McCall from the nearest tree had to give way. Jack was led off to spend the night in a hotel room under guard, since there was no jail in Deadwood. The prisoner followed his captors meekly and appeared quite willing to take his chances with a jury.

The more substantial and knowledgeable citizens of the town then convened at one of the saloons to plot the necessary legal steps. The first item on the agenda was to appoint a sheriff. Joseph Brown took the job. The second step was the election of a coroner. Bill McKee had no medical background but his term was to be only temporary and you didn't need a course at Johns Hopkins to be able to convene a grand jury and state that Wild Bill Hickok met with death when a .45 slug tore his brain apart and that the gun was fired by Jack McCall. With the latter indicted by the hastily impaneled grand jury, it was time to appoint a judge and a prosecuting attorney for the trial. W. W. Kuykendall, a respected lawyer, was assigned the post of judge and Colonel May volunteered to do the honors as the prosecutor. John Miller applied for the role of defense counsel.

"Bill, I mean Your Honor, Judge Kuykendall," Tim Brady interrupted, "this trial's going to attract a lot of interest in this here town. Lots of us got something at stake here."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised as to how much you and some of your friends have at stake here," Colonel May agreed dryly.

"What I mean is, where are you going to hold the trial? It'd be a pity to have to shut people out of the best show in town. Begging your pardon, Langrishe." Brady grinned at the owner of Deadwood's only theater, the rickety old McDaniels place.

"In that case I will offer my theater for this trial," grandly announced Langrishe. "You'll be finished in time for me to put on my evening performance?" he anxiously questioned the newly appointed judge.

"I reckon it won't drag on unless we get a hung jury," Kuykendall replied. The trial was thereupon set to begin the following day at 9:00 A.M. in the McDaniels theater. That accomplished, Deadwood drifted off to the serious business of the evening—gambling, drinking and discussing the possible outcome of the trial, the first event of its kind for the brawling town that lay on the very frontier of the West.

By nine the next morning, the McDaniels theatre was jammed with spectators. The crowd was so large that it spilled out into the street. Residents of Deadwood, transients in search of some means of passing the time of day, and the plain curious from miles around squatted on the wooden verandas of the few stores lining the street or perched themselves upon the tree stumps and boulders which were strewn through the rough path that was Deadwood's chief and only street.

Judge Kuykendall took his place on the slightly raised platform used for a stage. On either side of him sat the two lawyers and the bailiff to swear in witnesses. An empty chair had been placed on the stage for the witnesses. The prisoner McCall sat in the first row of the audience with the sheriff. A row of seats on the left side of the theater was left vacant for use by the jury.

Promptly at nine, Kuykendall called the noisy band of men to a semblance of order:

"Fellow citizens of Deadwood. I know as well as you do that this town has been without law since it first sprung up here in Dakota. If we're ever going to make this place anything more than a grubhole for prospectors, more than a hangout for tinhorns, gamblers, and con men scavenging for whatever gold is dug out of the hills, if we're going to turn this place from a playground for gunhands, the first thing we've got to do is to establish justice. No town can grow or even exist if there is no law."

A burst of applause, mingled with scattered cheers, greeted Judge Kuykendall's maiden effort as a jurist. But the judge couldn't help noticing that the loudest approval was voiced by some of the most villainous characters in Deadwood, men who had spent their entire lives hustling a fast dollar, handling a six-gun with deadly efficiency, and paying scant regard to legal nice-

ties. Kuykendall's face hardened as he perceived at once the trap into which the law-abiding citizens of the town had been drawn. This was to be Deadwood's first affair with justice. If the lady of the law were to turn out to be a sordid whore sold to the highest bidder, it would be a long time before Deadwood residents would care to meet her again.

"Our initial case of law," the judge went on soberly, "involves the highest of crimes, the charge of murder. This may be my first and last occasion to preside at a Deadwood trial, but by God, I'll see that it is done right. The first man to disturb this proceeding will be found in contempt of court and will be fined." The stern warning failed to dampen the spirits of the spectators but it kept the proceedings from becoming a noisy farce overrun by the hoodlum element of the town.

"This court is now in session." Kuykendall hammered on the table before him with the butt of a .38 pistol, a fitting symbol for the majesty of the law on the frontier. "The first order of business is a jury. Last night we selected a hundred names of people from Deadwood. The clerk of the court," the judge nodded his head at storekeeper Wilbur Sampson ". . . will draw 'em from my hat here. If either the prosecuting attorney or the defense has any questions to ask of the prospective jurors, he can ask it then and accept or reject the man as a juror.

"That agreed, Colonel May? Mr. Miller? All right, clerk, you can start."

"Johnny Varnes, Johnny Varnes." A squat, moon-faced man pushed his way in from the porch of McDaniels. "Here I am." He walked to the front of the court and stood facing the prosecutor and the defense attorney.

"You run a game over at Brady's?" questioned May.

"That's right," the rotund dealer smirked.

"I challenge this man as a juror," May declared.

"You may go, Varnes," Judge Kuykendall ordered.

"Wadda ya mean, 'go'? I was called for this jury and I want to sit in on the trial."

"The prosecutor has the right to exercise his prerogative to dismiss any prospective juror," Kuykendall said firmly. "In plain English, Varnes, it means he doesn't trust you to sit on a jury. Now get a move on or I'll find you in contempt." The sullen dealer stomped out of the theater to the accompaniment of a few guffaws from spectators. Kuykendall rapped the gun butt on the table twice to restore order. "All right, next man."

Clerk Sampson drew another name from the hat on the table. "Will Barnes, Will Barnes."

"Right here," called a rangy prospector from a near front seat.

Now it was Miller's turn to offer a challenge. "Didn't you prospect with Hickok?"

"That's right, Wild Bill and I staked out a claim up in the buttes, but it didn't pan out to much."

"Challenge the juror," Miller dryly intoned.

"You're excused, Barnes." Kuykendall waved the handle of the gun to emphasize that the venireman had been excused. For almost two hours names were drawn out of the hat. With few exceptions the opposing lawyers objected and challenged on the grounds of long-time association with gunmen and other shady characters or else because the proposed juror indicated an affection for the dead man. But finally on the 92nd name the panel of 12 was filled, with Charles Whitehead selected as foreman.

Prosecutor May called his first witness, Charley Rich. From the front seats in the theater a tall, spare man of about 28 rose and clomped across the board floor and was duly sworn. He took a chair next to the simple table where Kuykendall sat, alert as an eagle watching for some sudden danger from the restive forces before him. Ramrod straight, Colonel May addressed his witness. "Will you tell the court what you saw the afternoon of August 2nd in Mann and Lewis' saloon?"

Rich cleared his throat and began his narrative. "We were in the saloon having a friendly little poker game. There was myself, Cool Mann, Cap Massey and Bill Hickok. It was a small game, don't guess there was

Suddenly, the thickset man standing at the bar wheeled and took two steps toward Wild Bill Hickok, reaching for his .45 pistol.

more'n $50 in it when this rat comes in and—"

"Hold it a minute," May cautioned. "You're going a little too fast. Tell us, who else was in the saloon besides you fellows?"

"Anse Pippie was behind the bar and there was one or two fellas at the bar. I don't know their names—I've seen 'em around before but I don't rightly know what they call themselves. Oh yeah, Sam Young brought $15 worth of change in to Bill and I think he stayed around to watch the game."

"All right, continue your story. Take it slow now and give us every detail you can remember."

Charley Rich scratched his thin sandy hair and squinted as he probed his mind for the sequence of events the afternoon of August 2. "Cap Massey, he's the fella used to run one of them Mississippi river boats, Cap was dealin'. We'd picked (*Continued on page* 64)

THE HECTIC PRIVATE LIFE

When he isn't busy quarterbacking the Bears, rugged Ed Brown is living the good life with his golf clubs, sports cars and girl friends

By C. A. BROWN

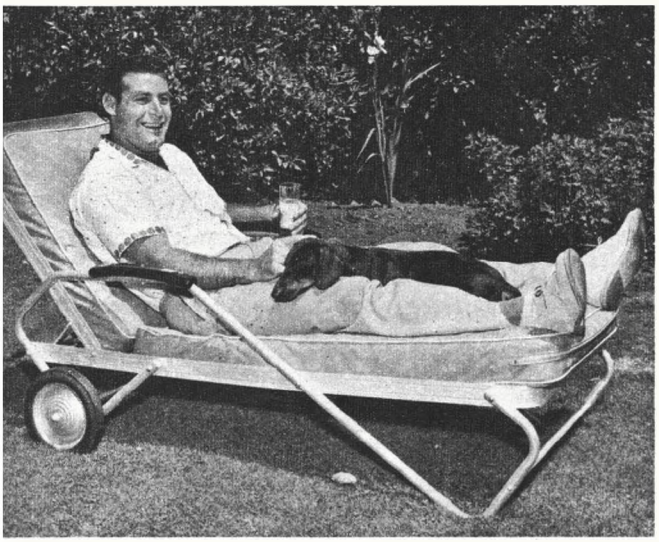
OF PRO FOOTBALL'S GLAMOUR BOY

ED BROWN, the burly leader of the burly Chicago Bears, is one of professional football's most conscientious, hard-working quarterbacks, despite the fact that an account of his off-season life makes him sound like California's number one playboy—a modern version of the legend of the handsome young rake with plenty of money and popularity, and with no qualms about high living.

"Man, there's nothing I like better than loafing," the husky quarterback freely admits. "But not the passive kind. I like loafing that keeps me on the move."

And he means it! Take a look at this informal chronology of his remarkable activities over a two-month period last summer.

In May, Ed entered the amateur division of the California State Open golf tournament in Santa Maria. Like all genuine athletes, he is keenly interested in all sports and is amazingly successful at any he tries. His golf game is normally in the mid-70s, but on the second day of the tournament his short irons went haywire and he blew up to an 80, causing his elimination. However, he stayed on the scene to follow his father, also an entrant, who fared better and lasted two more days.



Ed is 28 and fancy-free. His family has money, he makes a good salary, and he spends his off-season time just as he pleases.

By the finish of the tournament, Ed found he had lingered in Santa Maria six days, and this is about as long as he ever likes to stay in any one place. Also, he had just learned the new Chevrolet Corvette he had ordered had arrived in Los Angeles and was waiting to be picked up. So he said goodbye to his father, tossed his golf clubs into the trunk of his old Corvette, and tore off for Los Angeles, some 150 miles to the south.

On the outskirts of the big city, Ed checked in at the La Brea Towers Motel, which, like the large adjoining bar and restaurant, "House of Serfas," is owned by a good friend and avid football fan, Ernie Serfas. There, Ed changed from the heavy corduroy "car coat" he always wears while driving any distance, into a soft, comfortable, cashmere sport coat. He carries the coat, along with several clean shirts, socks and slacks, in a small auto grip, always ready for any hasty trip. Next door at the restaurant, he found that Ernie Serfas was out of town and wouldn't be back until that evening. So, after a quick lunch of a mammoth turkey sandwich—his favorite food—Ed drove to one of the giant auto dealers that seem to occupy most of downtown Los Angeles.

In the showroom, a gleaming new, custom-built, fuel-injection Corvette was rolled out. Ed let go with an approving whistle, then dropped behind the wheel and revved up the special 283-horsepower engine. A thundering roar reverberated through the room and rattled the large front windows, and Ed nodded enthusiastically. He cut the ignition and slid out of the low seat.

"Yep! She sure sounds hot," he said joyfully. "Got a stick shift, too . . . Good! I'll bet you nobody will take me in this baby."

Ed circled the sleek, black body and examined the finish. "How much did you say, Les, with my old one for trade?"

"Oh . . . about twenty-one hundred, Ed," answered the sales manager, who had been standing nearby.

"Okay, deal!" Ed said offhandedly as he bent to study the plastic emblem on the trunk lid. "I'll write you a check."

That evening, after dinner and a lot of football conversation with Ernie Serfas and some other friends at the "House of Serfas," Ed sprawled his six-foot, two-inch frame across the motel bed and contemplated the night ahead. As a starting point, he thumbed through a small, blue book, scanning each page thoughtfully. The book listed Ed's extensive circle of feminine acquaintances. In it he keeps the phone numbers and addresses of some of the city's most celebrated beauties, ranging from schoolteachers to Hollywood starlets, from tennis players to business executives. "You should have a girl to fit any of your possible moods," he once told a friend when discussing the requirements of a good address book.

Though Ed's book is first-rate one, he has had little difficulty compiling it. Women have never been scarce in his life.

Besides such attractions as money, flashy car and justly earned fame, Ed also possesses in a generous degree the other element that charms the opposite sex—namely, good looks. As the hero is supposed to be, he is tall, dark and handsome. His black, wavy hair and chiseled profile make him look anything but like the heavy-featured tough guy you think a pro football player will be like. In newspaper sports columns, he is labeled one of the handsomest athletes of the day. During the season, he receives as many "mash note" as does many a Hollywood leading man. Here follows a random sampling:

My dear Mr. Brown,

I saw your picture in the football program and do not believe it! I wonder what you really look like? Please call me at (Chicago telephone number).

Curiously,
Flo

Ed,

Meet me in front of the delicatessen opposite the Hertz garage at 9 o'clock Wednesday night. I have some secret information about the Cardinals.

Marlene

Dear Ed,

You are the nicest looking boy I have ever seen. My girl friend and I waited outside the stadium for you, but then you left with that awful looking blonde woman.

Please be careful!!!

Faithfully,
Phyllis

Dear Mr. Brown,

As the Membership Chairman of the Sol-Air Sunbathing Club, I wish to inform you that your name has been placed in nomination here. We would be very happy to welcome an outdoor sportsman like yourself into our organization . . .

Sincerely,
(name deleted)

Mr. Edward Brown,

What can such a nice looking fellow as you see in a game like football?

Have you ever considered dog breeding? It's healthy and active. I have always liked it. If you want more information please write me.

Yours truly,
(name deleted)

Such declarations of female interest have not always been confined to private correspondence. Last summer, several letters appeared in the Los Angeles *Daily Mirror* boosting Ed for the movies. One woman wrote:

If any of the studios want an answer to U-I's Rock Hudson, they might do well to take a look at the Chicago Bears' star passer, Ed Brown. He is absolutely the handsomest man I have ever seen, including any and all of the glamour boys on the screen today.

I wouldn't want my name mentioned in the paper concerning the above. My husband is extremely understanding, but why push a good thing too far.

A few editions later, this one appeared:

I read your printed letter about Ed Brown of the Chicago Bears. I agree 100% with the lady. I am from Ed's home town and have often wondered why some movie scout didn't sign him up. Not only is he the handsomest man, but a real nice guy. I understand they are looking for an unknown to play Jack Dempsey in his life story. Look no further. Here is your boy!

Lucille Gibson

But, still true to the legend, Ed has moved rather aloofly in his voluntary harem.

"It's kind of hard to concentrate on any one girl in this set-up," he said good-naturedly when asked about his lone-wolf role. But then he added more seriously, "Really, a guy in my spot would be nuts to get married. I've seen them try it, and most end up with a wife in one end of the country and a girl friend everywhere else . . . and this sort of deal I wouldn't care for. Oh, I suppose I'll get married some day . . . but it will probably be after I'm through playing football."

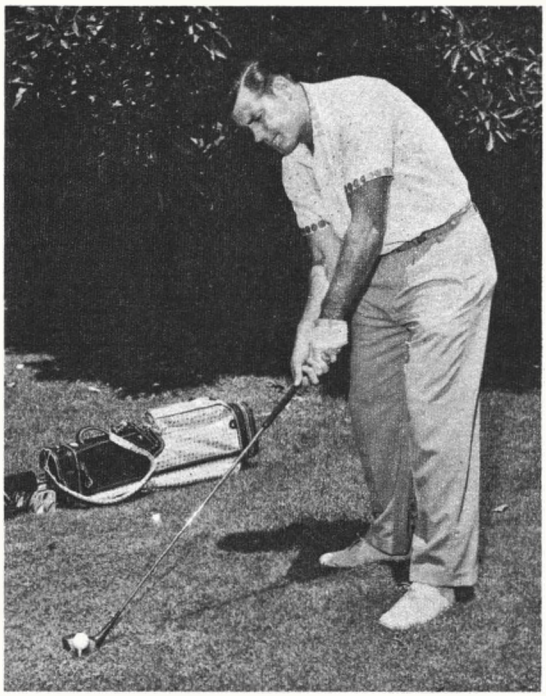
Anyway, during this particular stay in Los Angeles—about a week—Ed enjoyed the company of three beautiful and desirable young ladies.

The first was a quiet but sultry looking blonde who had just been divorced from a theatrical producer. She owned a white Aston Martin sports car which seemed to interest Ed as much as the lady did. He drove it on both of their dates—one for dinner at the "House of Serfas," the other an afternoon at Hollywood Park race track.

The second was another blonde. (Ed says he has no special preference for them.) An athletic, well tanned co-ed from UCLA, she was younger and not so quiet. He spent two sunny afternoons with her at the beach. Ed, like any true Californian, is a sun worshiper, and to him there is no better way to enjoy life than to let the sun beat down on your back while you take it easy on a strip of sandy beach.

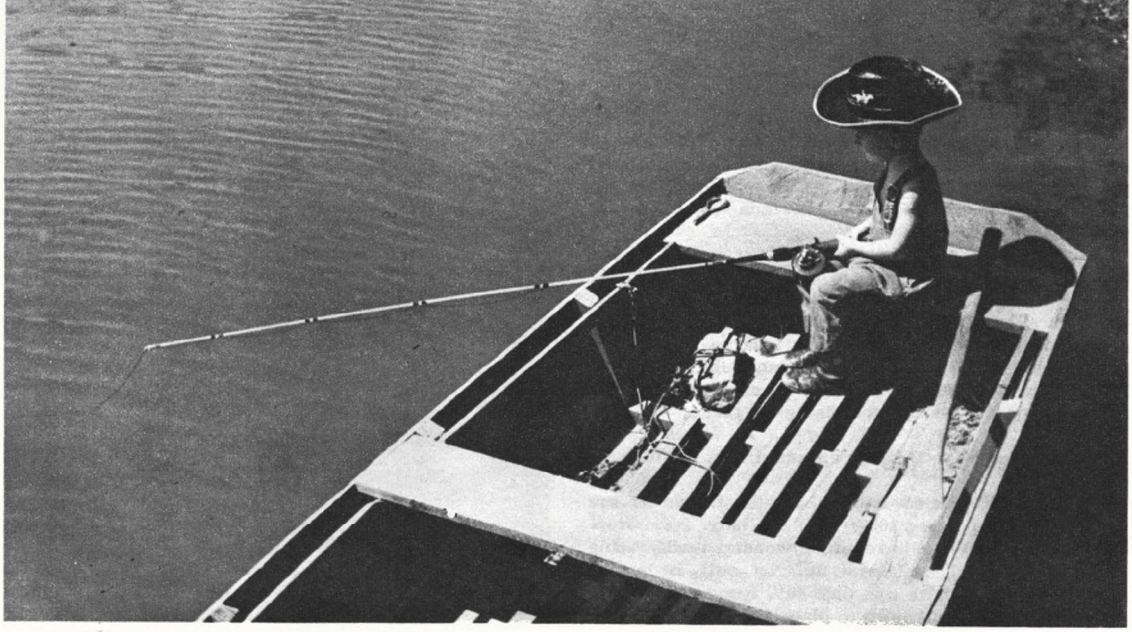
The third was a petite, brunette secretary. (Ed does confess a slight partiality for small, shapely girls). He escorted her for a hectic, exciting evening of night club hopping along Hollywood's famous Sunset Strip.

But soon the Los Angeles traffic and noise got on Ed's nerves. He comes from a small town and he can take the city only in small doses. So the cashmere jacket was folded back into the grip and out came the bulky car coat once more. This time the car—the powerful new Corvette—was pointed north toward his home town of San Luis Obispo, 200 miles away. But (*Continued on page* 68)



Except for football, Ed's favorite game is golf. He shoots in the low 70's when he's right, thinks he may some day turn pro.

The big quarterback is a sports car enthusiast, loves to race his powerful new Corvette in competition whenever he is able.



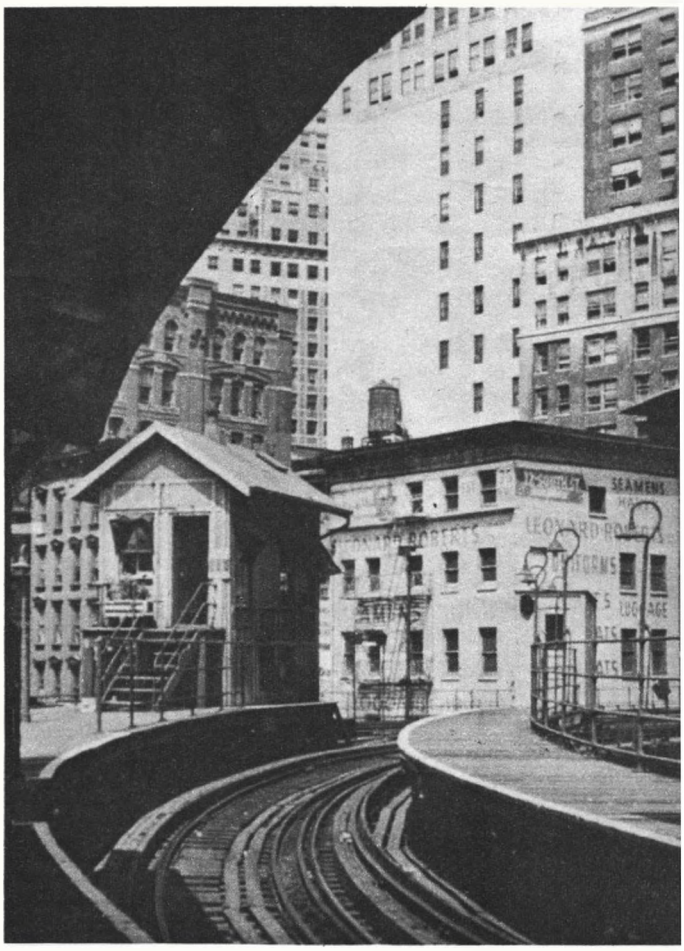
There hasn't been a nibble all day but Loy Lawhon's 2nd-Prize study shows an optimistic two-hand grip. F11 at 1/50 with filter.

SAGA'S PHOTO CONTEST

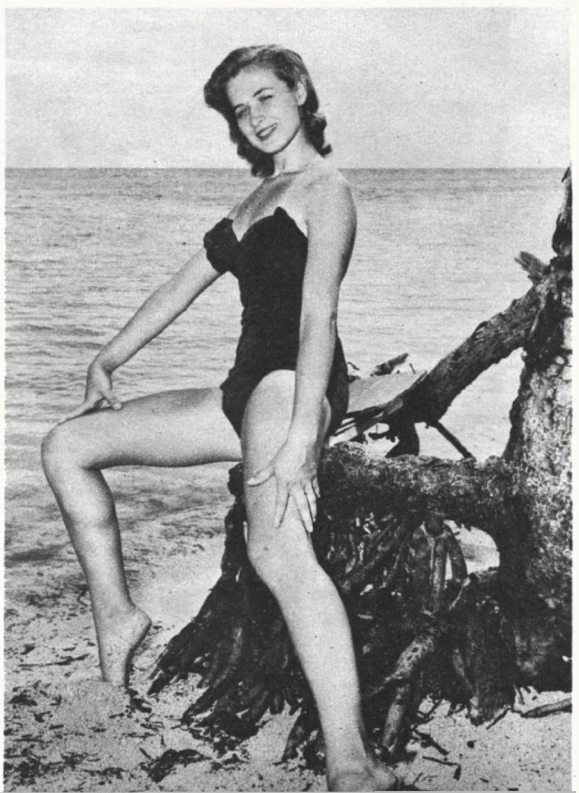
AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: Due to the heavy volume of entries that we have been receiving in the last few months, we are forced to revise our policy of returning the photos submitted to the SAGA Photo Contest. Beginning August 1, 1957, all entries become the property of SAGA Magazine and will not be returned. Therefore don't send us any irreplaceable prints and do *not* enclose postage or return envelopes with your submissions. They can *not* be returned. Mail your entries to the SAGA PHOTO CONTEST EDITOR, P.O. Box 1762, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. Each month we will pay $50 for 1st Prize, $25 for 2nd Prize, $15 for 3rd Prize and $10 for every other photo we use for as long as the contest lasts. On the back of each photo you send us, please print your name and address and any technical information about the shot you can recall.

The brilliant exposure contrasts of an ice skating race earns Yook O. Hom 1st Prize. He used a Rollei and shot at f11, 1/250.

Chris Reeberg takes 4th Prize for this view of a New York sidewalk vendor and his grim-looking customers. F6, 1/100.



A nostalgic view of Manhattan's departed 3rd Avenue El won 3rd Prize for Robert Hellund, who snapped it at f16, 1/50.



Karen Henderson's come-hither pose is almost too tempting, even for January, in A. J. Cotterell's 5th Prize cheesecake.

COAST TO COAST IN 69 HOPS

(And 14 Crashes)

Cal Rodgers got into a flimsy 25-h.p. crate no sensible bird would fly in, and set out to win $50,000 by crossing the U. S. in 30 days or less

By BOOTON HERNDON

IN THE Smithsonian Institution in Washington, you can see many famous planes, proud emblems of the progressive advances of aviation in America. There is the first plane of them all, the incredible aircraft which carried the Wright Brothers on their first flight. There is the *Spirit of St. Louis,* which took Charles Lindbergh across the Atlantic. And the *Winnie Mae,* which Wiley Post flew all around the world.

There, too, is another ancient airplane, a patched-up job bearing the weird name of

Illustrated by Herb Mott

Vin Fiz Flyer. Beat-up, battered and forgotten, this old biplane could tell as fantastic a tale as any plane that ever flew. For this was the plane which a tall, ex-football player named Cal Rodgers flew on the first coast-to-coast flight in history.

Rodgers' epochal flight took 84 days in all and required 69 separate hops. In those 84 days, he cracked up 14 times. The plane was rebuilt four times. Rodgers made so many forced landings, in pastures, plowed fields, mesquite bushes, deserts and potato patches that he stopped counting after the first 15 or so.

"His name will live forever!" the newspapers cried jubilantly when Cal completed his trip. But they were wrong. Sadly, few people today have ever heard of Cal Rodgers. It's too bad, too, for this lanky cigar-smoking airman not only made history on his record-breaking flight but had a ball doing it. He flew the first air mail—in fact, he invented it! Stubbornly pressing across the country, he raced express trains, coyotes and eagles, stunted his plane over Joliet Penitentiary, buzzed a funeral procession, and pulled a dozen hair-raising stunts. He also piloted his flimsy plane through storms and in darkness, over three mountain ranges and through a mountain gorge, and one time he made an impossible landing with one hand while he held the engine together with the other. When he finally reached his destination, his exultant admirers wrapped an American flag around his shoulders and carried him off the field through a crowd of 10,000 people gone wild with excitement.

"Set 'em up for Mr. Rodgers!" somebody shouted. "Give him anything he wants!"

Rodgers took the cigar out of his mouth and thought a bit. "I'd like some crackers and a glass of cream," he said.

Calbraith Perry Rodgers was born with the birthright of bravery. His grandfather, Mathew Calbraith Perry, was the Commodore Perry who opened Japan to the world; his uncle was Oliver Hazard Perry, who said, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," and went on to win the battle of Lake Erie; his father, Captain Calbraith Perry Rodgers, was a West Pointer, hero of many a campaign, killed fighting Indians in Arizona.

A childhood bout of scarlet fever left Cal Rodgers slightly deaf and kept him out of the service academies. He went to both the University of Virginia and Columbia, but only to play football. He didn't care much for books. Yet he was a serious-minded fellow who talked slowly, when he talked at all, and never had a drink of liquor in his life. What Rodgers liked most of all was traveling fast, in or on anything. When he was a boy, he rode the fastest horses. When motorcycles were invented, he had one of the first. And he went crazy over racing automobiles.

In the spring of 1911, the Navy sent a cousin of Cal's, Lieutenant John Rodgers, to Dayton, Ohio, to learn flying from the Wright Brothers. He asked Cal if he wanted to go along. Cal, who was then 31 years old, said sure, he would.

Cal got in a plane for the first time in his life on the morning of June 6, 1911. As soon as he came down, he wanted to go up again—alone. When the Wrights protested that he might wreck the plane, he bought it. He soloed just 90 minutes after his first flight.

Rodgers was a natural. Two months later, he entered the aviation meet at Chicago and won $11,000 in prize money. He looked around for something to do next.

The biggest plum in aviation was the $50,000 purse William Randolph Hearst had put up on October 10, 1910, as a prize for the first man to fly from New York to the Pacific Coast in 30 days. There was one catch: The offer was only good for a year, and the year was fast running out.

The flight was right up Cal's alley. But, although the $11,000 prize money burning a hole in his pocket was more than enough to buy a plane, he knew very well that the actual cost of the plane was only a fraction of what the total cost of the flight would be. Assuming, of course, it would be possible for him to get a plane and make the flight in the time specified by Mr. Hearst.

And then he met J. Ogden Armour, of the meat packing family. Armour had gone overboard on a grape soda pop called Vin Fiz. He wanted to spread the name Vin Fiz from coast to coast. He and Rodgers made a deal. Cal agreed to buy the plane and keep it in repair. Armour agreed to pay Rodgers $5 a mile for every mile flown. Armour also agreed to equip and pay the bills for a three-car train to follow the plane across the country and patch it up when necessary. "Vin Fiz" was to be painted all over everything, of course, and Rodgers was to drop leaflets advertising the beverage en route.

Rodgers went to the Wright Brothers and asked them to build him a plane for the job. The Wrights thought a lot of Cal. They had publicly stated that he had the greatest natural genius for flight of any man they had ever taught. They thought a lot of their own airplanes, too. But still they didn't think he could do it.

"We'll build the plane for you," Orville Wright told Rodgers. "But the idea of flying coast to coast in 30 days is impossible."

The plane built for Rodgers, Model EX, was the first and only one of its kind. It cost $5,000. It was designed especially for speed; the Wrights felt it would be capable of sustained flights of over 60 miles an hour. It was a biplane, with a wingspread of 32 feet. The wings, of course, were nothing but canvas stretched taut over a framework of spruce. The wings were held apart by, literally, a few sticks. Two skids, like skis, were fastened to the lower wing. There were also two sets of wheels about the size of the front wheels of a tricycle.

The motor was a four-cylinder injection job. It cost $1,500 and developed 25 horsepower. Two pusher-type propellers were mounted back of the wings, connected to the engine with motorcycle chains. There were no instruments of any kind in the cockpit. As a matter of fact, Cal didn't even have a cockpit. All he had was a seat cushion and a back rest in the center of the bottom wing. He braced himself in with his feet on the skids. There were no foot controls. With his left hand, he operated the rudder, which turned the plane to left or right. With his right hand, he operated the warping lever, which banked the plane.

The historic flight began on the afternoon of September 17, 1911, from the Sheepshead Bay Race Track on Long Island. The mayor of New York optimistically handed Rodgers a letter to be delivered to the mayor of San Francisco. Cal's wife and his mother came up and kissed him goodbye. Another woman, who had found a four-leaf clover on the field, came up and handed it to him.

The chief mechanic started the motor. The crowd fluttered with excitement and pushed forward past the police lines. Rodgers yanked the cigar from his mouth. "Stand back," he roared, "or somebody'll get killed!"

And with those immortal words, at 4:18 P.M., he took off for the Pacific.

Cal headed straight for Manhattan, where the air currents rising from the narrow streets buffeted his 850-pound plane around severely. After dropping a lot of leaflets advertising Vin Fiz, he proceeded on over the Hudson to the Jersey shore, where his special train was waiting on a siding of the Erie Railroad. White squares had been placed in the center of the tracks leading out of the yard, and Rodgers had no trouble finding his way. Pretty soon, he was over open countryside, the train puffing along placidly beneath him.

Cal followed the Erie tracks to Paterson, New Jersey, where crowds of men, women and children had been waiting for hours in parks all around the city to welcome him. He circled the town proudly, then headed north for Middletown, New York. Ten thousand people saw him arrive, at 6:07. A few minutes later, the Vin Fiz train pulled in.

The train, in addition to a Pullman car, carried a hangar car equipped with $4,000 worth of spare parts. It also carried a truck and Cal's favorite racing car. On the train were Charles E. Taylor, chief mechanic for the Wright Brothers, three assistant mechanics, and Cal's wife and mother. They all got together in the Pullman that night, and over copious draughts of good old Vin Fiz, began spending the money Cal was sure to make. After all, if he could fly 100 miles in a few hours, surely he could average 200 miles a day—and at that rate he would make it to the Coast in a lot less than 30 days.

On September 18, Cal and the *Vin Fiz Flyer* took off from Middletown at 6:25 A.M. But the plane was sluggish. A willow tree stood at the end of the field, and one wing brushed a branch. It threw the plane out of control, and right into a big hickory tree. Cal jumped just before the plane hit. Grabbing at branches on the way down, he managed to slow up his fall somewhat, but nevertheless he fell at least 35 feet, with a flying start. His assistants ran to him and found him lying stunned, with blood flowing from a cut in his head. The plane had landed on a chicken coop, killing half a dozen fowl and liberating the rest. Chickens were running about, squawking, everywhere.

Cal was taken to the hospital, where he was ordered to remain for observation for at least 24 hours. Five minutes after the doctors had left, he got up and hurried back to his precious airplane. It was a mess. But the four mechanics got busy and, by working around the clock, patched it up in three days.

On September 21, Cal made a successful take-off from Middletown and made good time until he got over Hancock, New York, a distance of 96 miles. There, engine trouble developed and he had to land in a potato field.

Repairs were made, and Cal took off the next day, but he promptly got lost in a cloud. Far off course, he came down in a pasture at Scranton, Pennslyvania, to see where he was. People seemed to come out of nowhere, and in a few minutes the plane was surrounded. Discussing his whereabouts with the local people, he turned his back on the plane for a few seconds. He turned around just in time to see a woman busily screwing a loose nut off the motor with her fingers. She wanted it for a souvenir.

When he finally landed in Pasadena, California, too late to win the prize but happy to have made it, Rodgers was a hero.

Rodgers, horrified, pushed her away and tightened the nut.

"I don't see what you're making all the fuss about," the woman said indignantly. "You've got so many of those things, I don't see how just one could make any difference."

Cal explained, as gently as he could, that he needed every single nut. As he was talking, he heard a banging sound behind him. He turned, and there was another souvenir hunter, a man with a cold chisel, trying to knock a valve off the engine.

Cal got away from there as fast as he could. He followed the Erie tracks out of Scranton, stopping at Great Bend and Binghamton on the way to Elmira.

On the outskirts of Elmira, another accident occurred, but this time not to him. A freight train had taken a siding to let the *Vin Fiz Special* go through, but the engineer and fireman, elated at seeing an airplane so close, stuck their heads out of the cab window and waved frantically. From above, Rodgers suddenly saw that while they were waving the freight (*Continued on page* 78)

WILD CAT HUNT

Sly, quick and dangerous, this critter rarely gives a hunter a sight of him, much less a shot at him. But we had two cats in the bag

By JACK DENTON SCOTT

THERE IS a classic story that goes like this: A hunter climbs a tree after a wildcat. His partner on the ground, hearing the terrific scrambling, shouts up, "Hey, want me to come up there and help you hold that cat?" A muffled voice calls back, "No! Come on up quick and help me let go!"

It has to be a story, of course, because few men have gotten close enough to that crafty creature, the bobcat—one of America's wildest animals—to even see him, let alone catch hold of him in a tree.

Mean, sly, smart, sassy, and as full of tricks as a circus clown, the wildcat is one trophy that all skilled sportsmen would like to have mounted in their dens. For hunting that perpetually outraged feline is a sport that quickly separates the men from the pretenders. And I have heard hunters, who have stalked the brown bear in Alaska, acknowledge that the wildcat is a much tougher customer.

It happens that I know a guy who is wild over wildcats; let's call him Deane. I won't mention his name because he is one of the top advertising copy writers in the business, and he has often sneaked out of his office in Manhattan on extended "research" and suddenly found himself in the Berkshire Mountains, hunting wildcat. Some men have an obsession to climb the highest mountain; others have to race the fastest car or swim the English Channel. Then there are those like my friend who have to hunt what they think is the most dangerous animal.

I can't say that I completely agree with him that the wildcat is the deadliest, the most majestic, and the most noble of all wild game animals—the tiger is my own particular devil. But I do have plenty of respect for the wildcat.

A few months ago, I nearly wore my legs down to my boots and lost about ten pounds around the midriff hunting bobcat with my friend. Deane had received a report that a pair of bobcats had been seen on his heavily forested 450 acres in northwestern Connecticut, a spit of land that ran into the foothills of the Berkshire Mountains. The big cats had been known to roam the Berkshires, and sometimes they even ventured closer to civilization. Last year a big one was killed in the New Yorker's classical New England hideaway, Washington, Connecticut, no more than 95 miles from the heart of Manhattan. Another, a smaller male, had been shot at the Bull's Bridge power plant by the night watchman, only a few miles from New Milford. So it wasn't too surprising that the cats had finally invaded his land.

He was almost frothing at the mouth—as excited as if he had struck oil on his land—as he drove up the quarter-mile dirt road to my place, raising a plume of dust behind him like a hurricane. Slamming to a stop he hopped out, his well-fleshed face as red as a pint of strawberries.

It was late November, cold and some snow had fallen. The farmer who owned the land next to his had spotted the perfect tracks of two cats in the snow—a big male and his mate. Deane had seen the tracks, measured them and identified them from his mammal book. Now he wanted me to jump off on a hunt with him. I gave 15 quick reasons why I couldn't go—neglected typewriter, too cold, my wife would raise hell, etc.—but I was ready in five minutes.

In the South and some other parts of the country they hunt bobcats with dogs, a sensible arrangement to my way of thinking; but not to Deane's. "Let's give 'em an even break," he said. "Us against them. Gamble our wildlife experience against theirs."

"That's no gamble," I said. "They've got loaded dice."

Photo by Ozzie Sweet

He laughed and said he knew quite a bit about wildcats. And as we trudged up the long frozen hill directly behind his tiny, white, deep-roofed New England farmhouse, he gave me a few lessons.

The bobcat (*Lynx Rufus*) is named for its chopped tail. It roves pretty much all over the place, from the swamps of the South to the stands of the Far West, but it thrives best in the forests of upper New York and of New England. It doesn't, however, like extreme cold, and is never found north of southern Canada. Bobcats prefer cut-over land and brushy terrain to forest, mainly because rabbits, squirrels, and other small creatures they feed on abound in such places.

Their color and weight depends somewhat upon their habitat. In the sand country of the Southwest they take on a pale, protective buff color; in the East, North and Northwest, their coat is a darker, reddish brown, liberally sprinkled with gray and (*Continued on page* 74)

THE DAY THE FEDERAL EXPRESS RAN AWAY

Packed with passengers, No. 173 was speeding downhill toward Union Station at 70 m.p.h. She was going to hit Washington, D.C., like an A-bomb

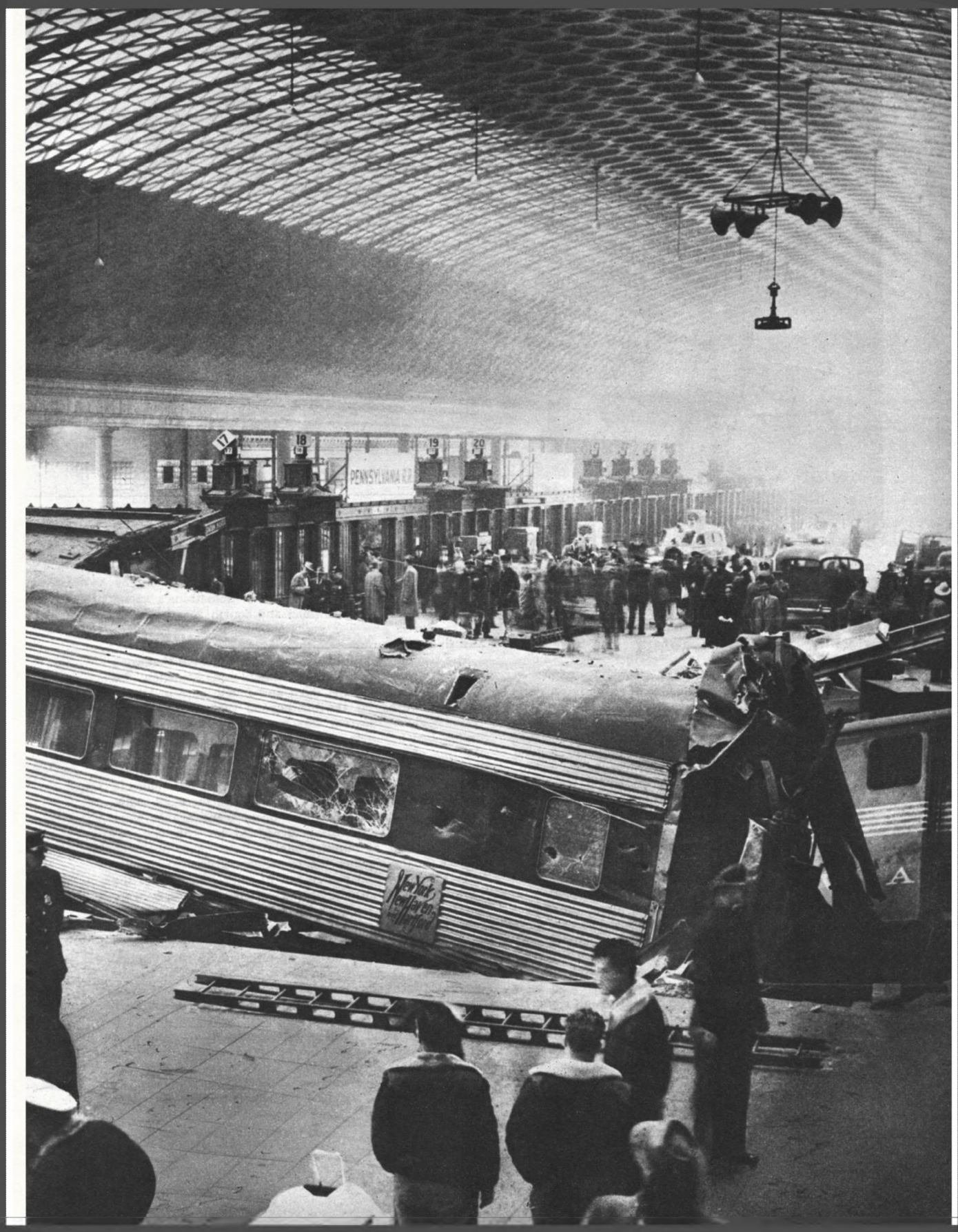
By LEE GREENE

IT WAS a chilly January evening at Boston's South Station. The crewmen and passengers who boarded the Pennsylvania Railroad's crack Federal Express had no premonition of disaster. The double-header Diesels throbbed impatiently as the hands of the big station clocks drew closer to the 11 P.M. departure time. Noisy farewells mingled with the clatter of luggage carts.

Up in the front cab, engineer Bill Matta tested his controls as the station crew made its customary last-minute check of wheels and couplings. On signal, Matta tried his air brakes. The familiar hiss of escaping steam accompanied the lowering of the brake paddles smoothly over the wheels. Then new steam was pressured into the valves of the 13 coaches and sleepers, and the paddles rose uniformly upward, unlocking the wheels.

Promptly at 11 o'clock on the night of January 14, 1953, Matta got the highball, notched out his throttle and heard the growling Diesels begin to whine. The Federal Express, better known to railroadmen as the Pennsy's No. 173, slowly gained speed to begin a 459-mile run that was due to terminate at Washington's Union Station at 8:20 the next morning. Matta, who would pilot the express over the New Haven Railroad's trackage as far as New Haven, worked it through the interlocking maze of tracks and switches out of the station area. A few minutes later, he braked to a brief halt at Boston's Back Bay station to pick up passengers, then let out the throttle for the southward run to Providence. As he passed the New Haven's Readville yards on the southern outskirts of Boston, Matta checked his watch. The Federal Express was running four minutes late.

But the 43-mile run to Providence, Rhode Island, was over virtually empty track at this time of night, and


17
18
19
20
PENNSYLVANIA R.R.
New York
New Haven
Hartford

Coaches of the Federal Express piled up like jackstraws when the runaway came to an abrupt halt in the middle of the concourse.

with green signals up all along the route through the slumbering communities of southeast Massachusetts, engineer Matta took up a couple of notches on his throttle. The twin Diesels warmed to their task.

With the "loose schedule" prerogative of an overnight express, the Federal pulled into Providence ten minutes ahead of time. After a 15-minute pause, Matta moved the train out of the depot at 12:05 A.M., exactly on time. The Federal Express was clattering through Warwick, Rhode Island, when the jerking began; it was just a couple of tremors at first, widely spaced. Then they became more frequent and jarring. The flagman walked forward from his station in the rear car to try to determine the source. He met conductor Ralph Ward and gave his opinion of the trouble. "The brakes are sticking in the last two coaches," he informed Ward. "Looks like an air leak. Better pull the cord and have a look."

Ward nodded and tugged at the signal cord for a stop. Engineer Matta obediently braked the train to a halt just outside of Kingston, Rhode Island, 27 miles beyond Providence. While the flagman took his position on the tracks to the rear, Ward walked along the gravel and checked the brakes. Those on the last two cars were hot. Ward bled them off and signaled for a brake test.

Matta flipped his brake valve several times and, getting no signal to proceed, sent the fireman back to find out what was going on. The fireman was intercepted by a trainman, who told him that everything was all right. He returned to the cab and relayed the information. Matta nodded and touched his throttle. The Diesels strained but did not budge. Now the veteran engineer, leaving his fireman in charge, climbed out of the cab and personally turned his flashlight on each of the 13 cars. He discovered that the brakes of his two engines and the first three stainless steel coaches were released, but those on the rest of the cars were jammed closed. "Something's wrong in the line between the third and fourth cars," he told the trainman who was accompanying him. "I can't get any air into the brakes in the rear cars."

The trouble was in an angle cock, the valve that connects the main brake pipe between cars. Somehow the angle cock between the third and fourth cars had been closed, shutting off the air beyond that point. As the residual air in the rear cars had slowly leaked out, the brakes had begun to close. Conductor Ward, in bleeding the line of the remaining air, had inadvertently locked the brakes in the last ten cars. Only the first three cars had responded to the brake test, giving the trainman the mistaken impression that all the brakes were all right.

When the faulty valve was opened, the brakes were quickly released. Matta returned to his cab and resumed his run, 56 minutes late.

Back in the coaches the passengers grumbled sleepily over the delay and peered out of the windows into the darkness of the Rhode Island countryside. Many were servicemen due back at their bases in the New York and Washington areas. Others fretted over the possibility of missing connections for the West and South.

Matta did his best on the 86-mile run to New Haven, making up 11 minutes en route. He applied the brakes several times and they responded perfectly. At New Haven there was the usual delay while the Diesels were removed and an electric engine was placed on the head end. At the same time, two sleepers and a coach from Springfield, Massachusetts, were added to the train for the remainder of the run. Matta led his Diesels into the yard without ever seeing engineer John D. Rowland, or conductor Ward who would continue on to New York. No

report was made, or deemed necessary, on the closed angle cock. The trouble had been remedied and had not recurred. Matta went to sleep that night with a clear conscience.

Chief Car Inspector William Pennepaker asked conductor Ward about the delay while the engines were being switched. Ward told him that the brakes had been sticking on the rear cars but did not mention the angle cock as the trouble cause. Nevertheless, Pennepaker ordered his men to make an extra check of all the brakes and angle cocks. All were in good working order.

With the new engine and extra cars added, the Federal Express once more headed westward along the New Haven's Shore Line route toward New York City. Engineer Rowland had a sizable handicap to make up, and the blue sparks lit the darkness of the early morning as the electrically propelled express raced through Bridgeport and Stamford. During his 75-mile leg, Rowland applied the brakes 14 times, and each time they functioned perfectly. No. 173 slowed as it passed through the Bronx on its traditional approach to Pennsylvania Station—over Hell Gate Bridge, the Sunnyside yards and the East River tube. Rowland eased the Federal Express to a full stop at 4:28 A.M., 38 minutes behind schedule.

In Pennsylvania Station, the New Haven electric engine was shunted off to a siding, and the Pennsy's GG-1 electric No. 4876 was backed on. Harry W. Brower, a 62-year-old engineer with 35 years at the throttle, took over for the remainder of the run, from New York to Washington.

Brower's route carried him under the Hudson River to New Jersey on the way to his first stop, Philadelphia. Then the Federal Express touched Wilmington and streaked on into Baltimore. It had been slowly making up time since leaving New York and was only 25 minutes behind time when it began the straight run into Washington.

On short stretches since leaving New York, engineer Brower had been cruising up to 80 mph. The last leg was covered almost entirely at this speed. He moved the throttle to its 12th notch and relaxed. There was nothing to do now but keep an eye on the several interchanges along the route. All were clear—not once after leaving the Baltimore yards did he have occasion to use his brakes.

It was daylight now, and the passengers began stirring themselves. In the coaches, they stood in the aisles and stretched before beginning the gradual move toward the head end, in order to save steps when the Federal finally came to rest at Union Station. In the sleepers, newspaper reporters and others heading for Washington to witness President Eisenhower's first inauguration, scheduled for January 20, gathered up razors and toothbrushes and locked their luggage.

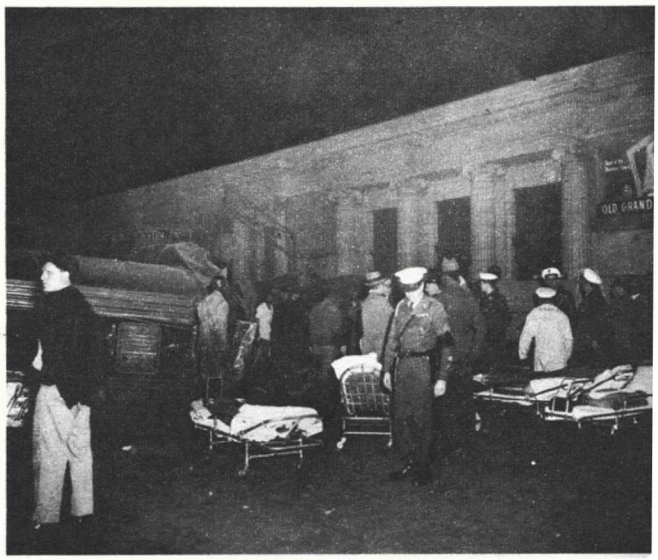
The Federal Express had faithfully covered 457 of its 459 miles when the first hint of approaching disaster made itself known. As No. 173 flashed past signal 1339, slightly more than two miles from the station, at about 70 mph, an automatic signal sounded in the cab. It was the customary "Approach" warning and it continued until engineer Brower acknowledged it by flipping a lever. In almost the same motion, he moved the throttle down to the fifth notch and made a reduction of 17 pounds in the brake pipe to bring his speed down.

At the moment, Brower failed to notice that his brakes answered with only a short sigh instead of the customary hiss. For the train was on a slight grade and seemed to be slowing. Looming up ahead was the interlocking network of trackage leading into Union Station. At Tower K, now in sight, Brower knew the tracks began a descent of 0.73 per cent. Suddenly he realized that the Federal wasn't slowing down nearly fast enough for a safe passage through the maze of switches that make up the last few thousand yards of the trip.

"I remember looking out and thinking, 'This isn't holding at all,'" Brower said later.

At almost the same moment, at least one other person aboard the train knew something was wrong. Oddly enough, he wasn't a railroadman. Norman Diggs, a Baltimore resident who commuted daily on No. 173 to his job in Washington, knew every inch of the last leg by heart. Diggs knew that the Federal Express had left Baltimore late, and he knew that the engineer was trying to make up for it. This sort of thing had happened before. But Diggs also knew, almost instinctively, that when the train passed Bladensburg Road, the brakes were always applied. The veteran commuter had never heard of signal 1339, but he was instantly alert when the rhythmic clatter of steel on steel went on unabated past that warning. It was an eerie feeling watching the unconcerned passengers and railroadmen milling through the car and not being able to warn them. For Norman Diggs knew then that there was going to be an accident.

In the cab, engineer Brower was calling on all his experience to avoid disaster. He threw the throttle all the way off, opened his sander valve and set the automatic brake valve into emergency position. It was a risky thing. If the brakes were really all right, they would jam immediately and bring the train to a sudden halt. With passengers in the (*Continued on page 91*)

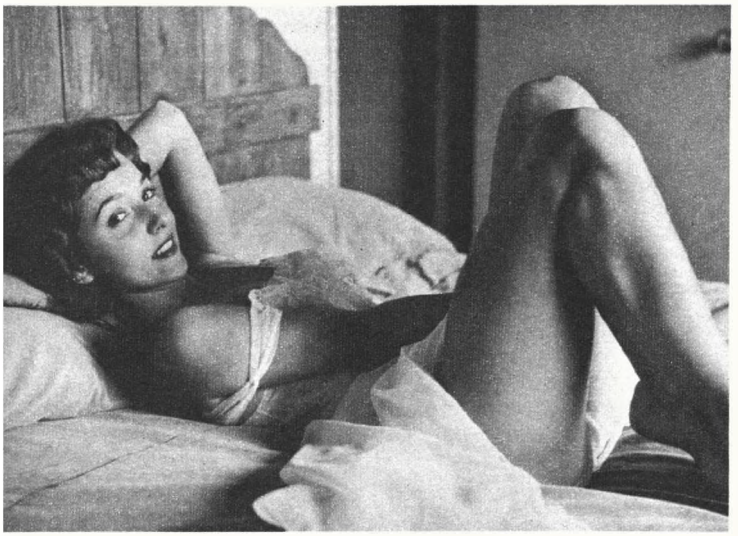


Within minutes, rescue squads rushed to the scene and took out the injured from the wreckage. Miraculously, no one was killed.

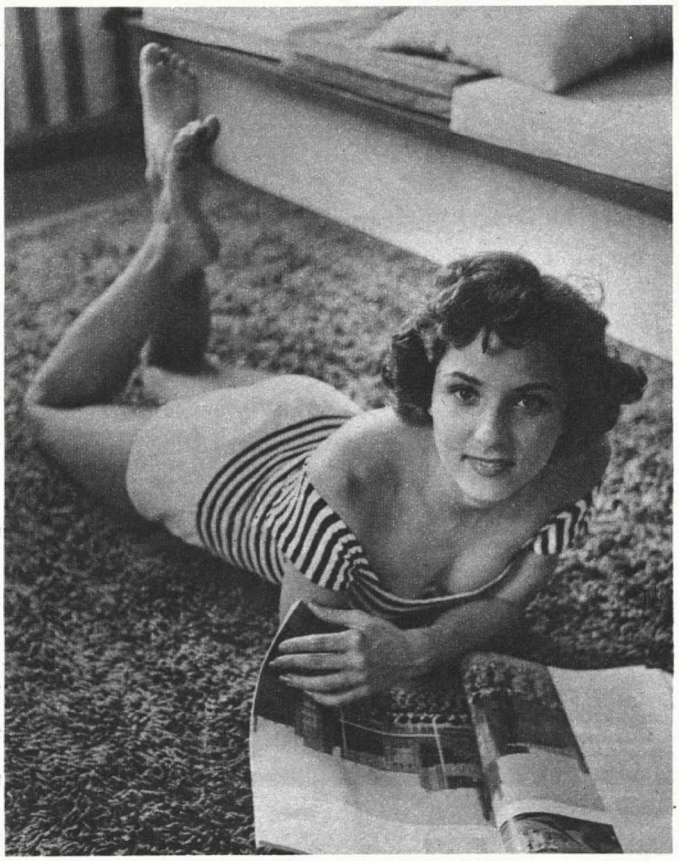
SAGA'S GIRL OF THE MONTH

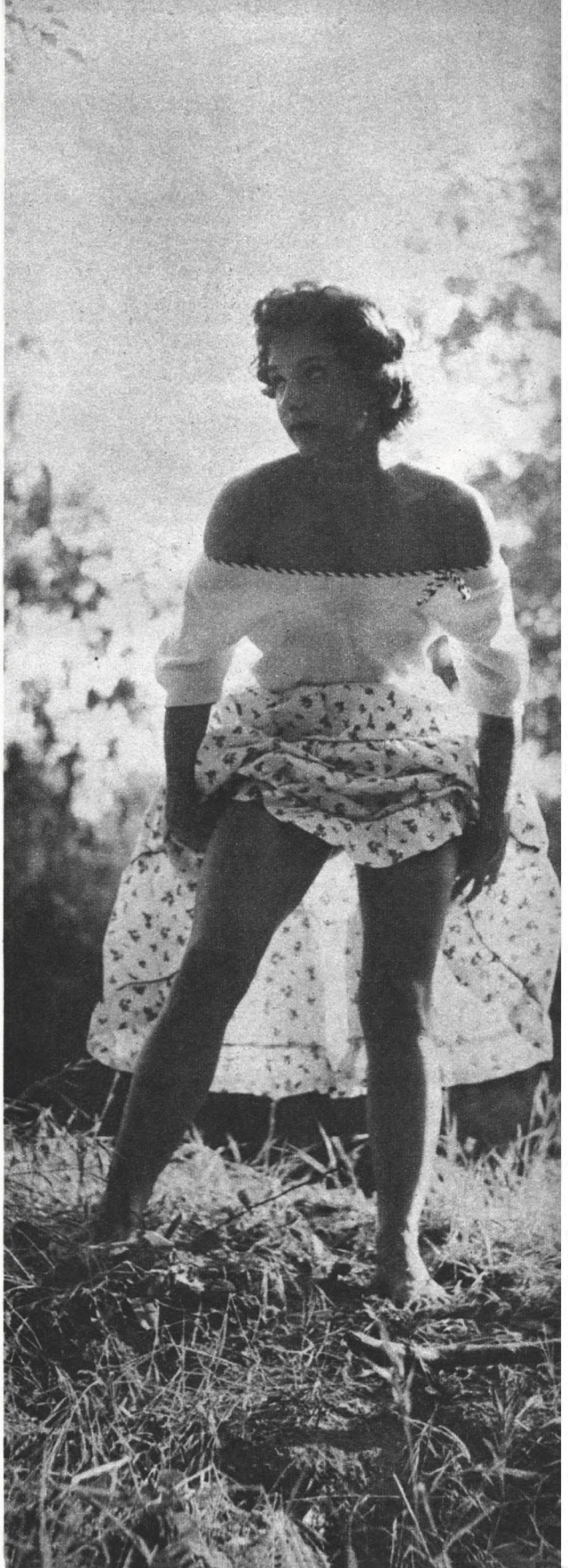
PHOTOS BY ARNOLD RUBENSTEIN

The boys in Lima, Ohio, lost a good thing when Toby Hill decided to move her face, figure and fortunes to sunny California. It wasn't long before photographer Arnold Rubenstein discovered the Buckeye beauty and took these pictures for SAGA. Toby has ambitions to be an actress as great as Katharine Hepburn. Meantime, she has been named Miss California Press Photographer of 1957 and recently won a beauty contest.



At 21, Toby has a striking natural beauty that requires no makeup or camera tricks. Her 34-21-34 figure owes its perfect trim to heavy doses of swimming, modern dance and pantomime. She's looking for a tall man with a sense of humor and a hi-fi with 20 loudspeakers. But we still like her.





TRIPLE-LENGTH FEATURE

PAT CASEY AND THE MIDAS TOUCH

The cocky little Irishman blew into Cripple Creek wearing a suit made out of an old burlap flour sack. He couldn't read, or even write his name, but he had a nose for gold

By JACK PEARL

Illustrated by Brendan Lynch

A SMALL KNOT of grizzled, unshaven miners huddled about the open grave, fidgeting impatiently as the black-frocked minister pleaded with the Almighty at great length to "open the gates to the noble soul of our dear brother."

"Ain't no brother of mine," one oldtimer muttered to his neighbor. "If the good Lord knows what he's doin', he'll shut them gates and padlock them. Damned if I wouldn't ruther go below, iffen I thought they'd take Jeff up thar. . ."

A chorus of hisses silenced him. It was a well known fact that Jeff Baker had been shot during a drunken brawl in the back parlor of a Central City bawdy house, right at the peak of what promised to be a brilliant career as a gunfighter. Jeff had racked up seven notches on his pistol in successive gun duels before this, his first, and last, defeat. But, as the pastor always pointed out, every man was entitled to his day in court—particularly the Divine court—and nobody begrudged Jeff the benefit of the pastor's eloquence. Just the same, there was a good deal of restless shuffling about of mud-caked boots.

As the minister dropped a handful of earth onto the lid of the pine-box coffin and said his final prayer, a prospector in the front row of mourners squinted at the pile of gravel and dirt that had been scooped out of the grave. He was a dark, wiry little Irishman with a pugnacious face and shrewd eyes. Bending over, he picked up a fistful of dirt and sifted it between his fingers. His narrow eyes

widened as they detected a familiar glint. Without a word, he detached himself from the group and began to pace off a claim. An excited murmur drowned out the words of the minister. Pat Casey had a reputation in the diggings—he was the man with the Midas touch. He had a nose for the yellow metal, and when he was on the scent, nothing so insignificant as a funeral was going to stop him.

Under the astonished gaze of his fellow prospectors and the clergyman, Pat staked his claim in the makeshift cemetery that lay on the edge of Central City. Even the minister himself had difficulty keeping his mind on the sermon. An old friend of Pat's, he suddenly recalled that the little prospector had promised to stake a claim for the church when he made his next strike. Finally, his excitement got the best of him. As Casey passed within a few feet of him, he interrupted the service to mutter in a loud stage whisper: "Stake one off for me, Pat—This we ask for Christ's sake. Amen."

Central City had sprung up almost overnight on the rocky banks of Clear Creek, a swirling, angry stream of water that gushed through a narrow, twisting gorge down the dizzy slopes of the Colorado Rockies. In Central City, gold was a religion, a way of life, the beginning and end of everything. It was a man's God, his mistress, his friend—he needed nothing else. The town and everyone in it seemed to have inherited the wild fever of the stream that had spawned it.

Coming right on the heels of the Crash of 1857, the discovery of gold on Pike's Peak created more of a furor than any other strike in United States history. Not only was it a shot of adrenalin to the crippled national economy, but it gave new hope to every man who had felt the terrible bite of the great financial depression. Banker and butcher alike tucked their trousers into knee-length boots, shouldered knapsacks and made the long trek westward. "Pike's Peak or bust," was the slogan of the day. They traveled in wagon trains, on horseback, and on foot; in regiments, in twos and threes, and sometimes alone. A few were veteran prospectors but mostly they were greenhorns who had never hefted a pick or a shovel in their lives. Many of them took their families with them, ignorant of the punishing journey that lay ahead and the brutal, untamed nature of the land that was their destination. With the blithe spirit of the children of Hamelin, they surged on blindly. A catchy little tune of another gold rush was their marching song:

In a canyon, in a cavern, excavating for a mine,
Lived a miner, FIFTY-niner,
with his daughter Clementine.
Oh my darlin', Oh my darlin',
Oh my darlin' Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever,
dreadful sorry, Clementine.

The song was an ironic prophecy. They would come to shrug off the loss of daughters, and sons and wives, with just such indifference—dreadful sorry, but that's how it goes.

Many of them never reached the Colorado gold fields. Three brothers from Illinois, their common sense dulled by their impatience to strike it rich, headed out from Fort Leavenworth along the notorious Smoky Hill Route, the shortest—and most precarious—pathway to Denver. Physically and materially unequipped for the rugged journey through wild, desolate country, they and their supplies were soon exhausted. Still they staggered on, gnawing on bark and grass, their feet and hands bloody and blistered. Finally, one of the brothers died. Delirious and frantic with hunger, the other two pounced on his body while it was still warm and tore at the raw flesh with their teeth like wild animals. Further along the trail, a second brother died. The sole survivor loaded his knapsack with meat cut from the body and kept going. Eventually, he was picked up on the outskirts of Denver by a party of soldiers, a raving maniac. He never regained his sanity. For the rest of his life, he was a drooling, grinning idiot who slunk around the city raiding garbage cans and existing on handouts from soft-hearted strangers.

From Cripple Creek, Leadville, Ouray, Aspen, Boulder, Lake City, Gunnison and other bonanza sites, well-worn trails led back to Denver, headquarters of the '59 Gold Rush, like spokes to a hub. The city was wide open. The compulsion to spend the gold seemed almost as great as the obsession to acquire it. As fast as they sluiced the dust, the Fifty-niners hurried back to Denver to pour it into the outstretched hands of bartenders and card sharps, or into the little muslin pokes that snuggled in the inviting bosoms of the dance-hall girls. Robbery, mugging and murder were common. About the only crime that wasn't was rape; that was hardly necessary with the girls who followed the bonanza trail.

Denver was booming, but its prosperity was to a great extent illusory. As is always the case, money was worth only what it could buy, and it couldn't buy much in Denver. Commerce with the outside world couldn't keep pace with the rapidly expanding population. Not only was food scarce and exorbitantly priced, but there was an alarming shortage of pure drinking water. In gold mining, the raw ore is treated with chlorine gas so that the gold can be removed as a soluble. Almost all of the streams were contaminated with the waste products of this process. Around Mound City, the creek was a pale yellow. On one occasion, a cow, which for some months had been drinking the water of Clear Creek, suddenly died without any apparent reason. When he was dressing the carcass, the owner discovered eight pounds of mineral sediment in the dead animal's stomach, including an incredible $10,253 in gold.

Gold, gold, gold—it grated on the ears like a broken phonograph record. Nobody talked about anything else. It glinted in the dust on the faces of the miners who thronged the bars and dance halls and it showed under the fingernails of the players at the poker table. It was reflected in the eyes of every man and woman in the territory. Greenhorns arriving in Denver after months spent on jagged mountain trails and empty canyons, reacted like kids stepping onto a carnival midway for the first time. Pat Casey was no exception. Pat was the son of an Irish immigrant who, after a decade in the land of hope and opportunity, was just as penniless as the day he stepped off the boat. Pat, the oldest son of the family, was put to work in a livery stable when he was eight years old. A bright, ambitious boy, he worked hard and caught the attention of the owner, Samuel Jennings. When he was 15, Jennings called him into his office. "Pat," he said, "I've had my eye on you for a long time. Most of the boys do just what's expected of them and nothing more. You take on the extras without being told. I like that. How would you like to come into the office as a junior clerk?"

Pat's ears stood out blood red. "That's right kind of you, sir . . . but . . . but. . ." He swallowed hard.

Jennings smiled encouragingly. "And you'll receive $5 a week more than your present wages."

"I can't take it, Mr. Jennings," Pat blurted out in a tremulous voice.

"You can't take it?" the man said disbelievingly. "Why not, boy?"

Pat couldn't meet his demanding gaze. "No, sir," he said nervously. "You see, I can't read or write."

The boy's embarrassment was contagious. Jennings felt his own face getting warm. Nervously, he tugged at his handlebar mustache. "Oh, I see," he said softly. "That's too bad. Of course, you can't be a clerk without some book learning . . . I'm sorry, Pat . . . Maybe some day. . ." he broke off helplessly.

The boy forced himself to smile. "That's all right, sir. And I do appreciate you givin' me the chance. . . Well, I better be goin' now. There's a bay outside needs waterin' down." Abruptly, he swung on his heel and left the office.

In the years that followed, Pat Casey became a bitter, cynical man. A born dreamer, he was intelligent enough to know that dreams were of little use to an illiterate stablehand. But every night before he went to sleep, he prayed for a miracle. The discovery of gold on Pike's Peak seemed to be the answer to his prayer. He went west.

Pat Casey was the personification of the word "greenhorn" when he arrived in Cripple Creek, the heart of the gold fields. On the trail, he had sold the clothes off his back to add to his pathetic stake, and he was wearing a burlap suit distinguished by a Superfine Flour label on the seat of the trousers. His first night in town, a couple of sharpies at a bar decided to haze the greenhorn who was bending his ear this way and that to catch snatches of half a dozen different conversations going on around him. Nudging his partner, a bearded, red-faced man said in a loud voice, "Say Frank, did you hear that Hugh Price is throwin' away all but the top grade ore down on his claim? He's lettin' the kids carry away all they can stuff in their pockets. Little fella lives next door to me made himself close to $75 the other day."

"No kiddin', Lew!" The other man restrained the impulse to giggle. "Must have struck a real bonanza." Out of the corners of their eyes, they watched poor Pat swallow the bait.

Moving down the bar, Pat tapped the fat man called Lew lightly on the arm. "Excuse me, boys, but I couldn't help overhearin' what you just said . . . Can anybody help himself to that ore he's throwin' away?"

"Why sure, stranger." Lew draped a heavy arm cross Pat's shoulders and leaned close. "You short of cash?" he asked confidentially.

Pat blushed. "Well, to tell the truth. . ."

"No need to explain, pardner. We all have our ups and down. . . Look, we'll fix you up right quick with a stake. Come on." He turned and motioned Pat to follow him out of the bar. In the street, he pointed to the north. "You just follow the main

Pat blinked as he pried the gravel out of the soles of his feet. It was gold!

drag to the edge of town, till you come to a fork. Take the left branch to the creek. It's about two miles. You can't miss Price's claim. There's a big heap of ore sittin' just off the road. Dig in and help yourself."

Pat was on his way before the man had finished. "Thanks. Thanks a lot, friend," he yelled back over his shoulder. "I'll buy you a drink when I get back."

He found the spot easily, a mound of clay and gravel that gleamed a dull gold in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun. There was a crew of men working about 200 yards away near the creek, but they didn't pay any attention to him. Guiltily, Pat filled his pockets with the coarse mush until his pants and coat bulged and he was wet to the skin from water that oozed out of the soggy mass. Then staggering under the weight of his load, he headed back to town.

When he got back to the bar, his beneficent friends Frank and Lew were not in sight. They had taken the precaution to retire to a back room where they could watch the fun through a curtain—just in case the greenie was packing a gun. Pat went straight to the bar and called for a double whiskey. The bartender poured it and waited for his money. Pat started to reach for his pocketbook, which contained his last six dollars, then thought better of it. "May as well unload some of this." He grinned and plopped a handful of the yellow goo on the bar. "Take it out of here."

The bartender blinked at the mass on the bar, then at Pat. "You tryin' to be funny, mister," he growled. "Let's see your money and get that junk off my bar."

Pat's Irish began to glow. "Junk! Don't you know gold when you see it? It's second grade I'll admit, but it's gold."

"Gold!" the bartender roared. "You drunk or somethin'? As any damned fool can plainly see, that's fresh off an ashpit. Gold, hah!"

"Ashpit?" Pat said weakly.

Suddenly light showed in the bartender's eyes. "Who told you that was gold, mister?" he asked more gently.

"Why—why two fellas named Lew and Frank were in here a while ago."

"That figures." Hiding a grin with his hand, the bartender coughed. "Friend, you been had. Don't feel too bad, though. A lot of greenies get fooled the same way." He fingered the mush on the bar. "This ain't nothin' but gravel and clay, stained yellow from the wash. . . I'm sorry but. . ." he stopped suddenly as his fingers probed into the center of the mass. "What the hell we got here?" Working with both hands now, he pulled the clay apart and came up with what seemed to be a piece of gravel about the size of a marble. Carefully he wiped it off on his apron and held it up to the light. His eyes widened. "Jesus!" he said wonderingly. "I don't believe it! A gen-u-ine nugget." Then he began to laugh. "Looks like the joke ain't on you after all, mister. You got yourself a stake."

He tossed the nugget across the bar to Pat. "You're like that fella who turned everything he touched into gold."

From that moment on, the Midas legend grew around Pat Casey. With the money he got by selling his nugget, Pat managed to outfit himself modestly for a prospecting expedition. But the weeks passed and he had no luck. Along Cripple Creek, the most promising sites had been filed on, and the few unclaimed areas that he explored turned out to be duds. Pat was down to his last three dollars when he rolled into his blankets one night, just about convinced that he should have remained a stablehand. He had been dozing a short while, when he felt a hand brush across his shirt toward his breast pocket. As he came fully awake, the hand snatched his pocketbook and he saw a dark form dart away into the night. With an angry yell, Pat kicked off the blankets, jumped up and gave chase in his bare feet. He was gaining on the thief when they came to a particularly rocky section of the river bank. Tears came to his eyes as the sharp stones and gravel dug into the tender flesh of his bare feet. He stumbled on for another 20 yards, then fell, exhausted, to the ground. He sat there hugging his feet and cursing, as his pocketbook disappeared forever into the night.

After he had hobbled back to his campsite, Pat lit a lantern and examined his injuries. The soles of his feet were bruised and bloody and studded with chunks of rock and gravel. As he pried the painful fragments out with his knife, his heart beat faster. In the light of the lantern, some of them gleamed with a distinctive yellow hue. It was gold! The next morning, he went back to the place and filed a claim. It was Pat Casey's first strike.

Sadly, there was only a surface scattering of gold on the claim, strewn there by some freak of nature, but it gave Pat a comfortable stake to continue his prospecting.

The biggest problem in the gold field was obtaining supplies. Demand continued to exceed supply even in the basic staples, and the freight companies operating from Denver to the east kept falling farther and farther behind in their commitments. The situation was complicated by hostile Indians who thickly inhabited the area. Periodically, they would go on the warpath and cut off the city's lifelines for weeks at a time. During one such siege, Pat was one of 24 men who volunteered to ride to Fort Kearney and convoy a wagon train of vitally needed mining equipment and medical supplies through the Indian lines; the army couldn't jeopardize the already undermanned post by sending a military convoy.

Aside from some minor skirmishes, everything went smoothly until the wagon train was within 20 miles of Denver. Then a large war party attacked them just as they were breaking camp at dawn to set out on the last lap of the trip. The prospectors suffered heavy casualties and most of the wagons were set afire. When at last it became apparent that any further resistance was futile, Pat Casey and another prospector piled into a wagon with a woman and her small child. The woman was on her way to join her husband in Denver. "Whup them horses!" he instructed the driver. "And see if we can break through 'em!" Miraculously, the wagon breached the ranks of the Indians and sped down the road toward Denver, with a dozen mounted savages in pursuit. Pat and the other prospector kept up a steady fire from the back of the wagon, but it was careening too badly to allow them to take proper aim. Three of the savages dropped off their ponies, but the rest were gaining on them rapidly. Suddenly, the other white man threw down his gun with an oath. "There's only one chance," he told Pat and the driver. "Each of us can jump onto a horse and cut loose from the wagon."

"What about her?" Pat protested, nodding toward the woman who was crying hysterically on the floor of the wagon, her baby hugged tight against her bosom.

The man shrugged and dropped his eyes. "Can't be helped. She's bound to get it one way or the other. This way at least we can save ourselves."

Pat shook his head. "We'll take our chances, then. I'm not leavin' a woman and a baby to them bastards."

With a snarl, the other man tore Pat's rifle from his grasp and held it on him. "You do what you want, but me, I'm savin' my neck while I can." Menacing Pat and the driver with the gun, he crouched on the buckboard and leaped onto the nearest horse's back. When he was astride the animal, he tossed the gun away and drew his knife to cut the harness.

Pat reached for the remaining rifle that had been tossed aside, then dropped it helplessly. "It's empty," he said to the driver. "Ain't nothing to stop him with."

The driver grinned. "Maybe. Maybe not. Watch this." With a snap of his wrist, he flicked out the big bull whip in his hand. Like a live thing the tapered rawhide lash struck out at the man on the horse and snaked around his knife hand. The driver jerked it back sharply. As his arm was tugged back and to one side, the miner teetered off balance, one leg flung high into the air. Then, with a scream of terror, he fell between the horses and the wagon thundered over him. Momentarily diverted by their unexpected prize, the Indians reined in their horses. The wagon raced on and soon reached the outskirts of Denver. Casey's amazing luck had come through again.

At about the same time, a prospector named John Gregory was following the winding gulch that the angry torrent of Clear Creek had chewed out of the steep slopes of the Rockies, west of Denver. Higher and higher he climbed, fighting through snowbanks and over precipices slick with ice. Wiser heads had shaken gravely when he undertook the journey. Only a fool would expect to find gold in that direction, the old-timers said, and even if he did, how would he get it out? Gregory fooled the experts on both counts. True, it took 25 yoke of oxen to haul the first boiler up to his claim, and the first paydirt was hauled down for sluicing on an Indian-type forked litter and yielded only about $40. But the Gregory lode was destined to become the richest strike in Colorado, outside of Cripple Creek, and soon became the site of Central City and Blackhawk, two booming mining towns.

Pat Casey came to Central City when the boom was in full swing. He had $500 in his poke. One night, in a bar, he was listening in bored silence to a prospector named Gassy Thompson crying in his beer. "I'm onto a good thing," Gassy said. "If I only had the money to follow it up. A fella wants to unload a claim cheap and go back East. He's made his boodle."

"What's he askin'?" Pat inquired out of politeness.

"Five hundred," Gassy said.

Pat looked at him skeptically. "How deep has he gone?"

"Forty feet."

"How much ore?"

Gassy slurped his beer. "Eighteen inches pure stuff."

"What's the assay?"

"One-seventy per ton."

Pat laughed. "Somethin' fishy. Why would he want to sell a claim like that for $500."

Gassy belched. "There's one hitch. The shaft's flooded. It'll take some money to have it pumped out."

Pat nodded. "And what guarantee is there that the vein won't peter out suddenly? Maybe this boy knows more than he's tellin'?"

Gassy shrugged. "Possible. But I'm bettin' it won't. I've worked that claim some for them."

Pat was thinking deeply. "Hmmm. You be willin' to take a partner?"

"Sure, you want to buy in?"

"Maybe. I got $500."

Gassy looked disappointed. "Trouble is, what do we use for money to get it pumped out? I'm flat broke."

Pat winked slyly. "I know a neat little trick I saw worked back at Cripple Creek. I bet it would work here, too."

The next morning, Pat gave Gassy $500 to buy the title to the claim. Then he rode out of town on a mule to look over the flooded mine shaft. He didn't come back until seven o'clock that night. When he joined Gassy at the saloon where they had agreed to meet, there was a satisfied smile on his face.

"How'd it go?" Gassy asked anxiously.

Pat nodded. "All we got to do is wait."

For three more hours, they stood drinking beer and whiskey at the bar. A little before ten, two nervous-looking prospectors burst into the crowded saloon. As the bartender poured their whiskey, one of them said in a loud, excited voice, "On the way in, we passed that flooded shaft on the edge of town. Jeb Tyler's claim, I think. It looks like there's been a fight out there—maybe worse. The ground's all scuffed up, there's blood all over, and. . ." He paused dramatically to down his whiskey. ". . . and there's a hat and one boot laying right near the shaft."

The bartender whistled between his teeth. "Sounds suspicious, all right."

"Suspicious!" Another man, who had been eavesdropping on the conversation, spoke up. "Hell, that's murder, plain as the nose on your face. Why would a feller walk off and leave his hat and one boot behind."

There was a murmur of agreement from the crowd that was forming fast around the two newcomers. Another voice theorized, "Couple of boys probably got in a hassle out there. One of them knifed or shot the other one and dumped his body into the shaft."

There were a variety of opinions offered.

"Somebody ought to tell Jeb Tyler. It's his place."

"Tell the sheriff, you mean."

"Say, where is Jeb? I ain't seen him all day."

The bartender looked worried. "That's funny. Jeb's usually in here by this time."

Imagination and speculation ran rampant all along the bar and spread to the street. Within a half-hour, the whole town was in an uproar. Jeb Tyler was nowhere to be found, a fact that seemed to substantiate the worst fears of everyone.

"Looks to me like somebody did him in," Pat Casey said blandly at the height of the fuss. "Probably interested in his claim."

A dozen pair of eyes turned on Gassy Thompson. "Say, Gassy," the bartender recalled. "You allus wanted to buy Jeb's claim, didn't you?"

"Well, yes," Gassy admitted self-consciously. "Matter of fact, I did buy him out, just this very morning. Paid him $500." He reached into his pocket and produced a document. "Here's my title."

The circle closed in tight around Gassy. The sheriff pushed his way to the front. "You say you saw Jeb Tyler this morning and paid him $500 for his claim?"

"That's right."

"Did he say anythin' about leavin' town sudden like this?"

Thompson's forehead puckered up. "Can't say he did."

Suddenly the bartender leaned across the bar, his face white. "Where did you get $500, Gassy? Last night you were so broke you had to drink beer instead of whiskey."

Gassy appeared flustered. "Well . . ." he drawled.

"Maybe a rich uncle died and left it to him," Pat suggested.

"Or maybe he murdered a rich miner for it," the sheriff said dryly. "Seems to me I heard talk that you wanted to buy that claim, Gassy."

Interrupting the service, the minister whispered to Casey, "Stake one out for me, Pat."

Gassy hung his head and said nothing.

"Only one way to find out," somebody in the rear of the crowd shouted. "Let's go out there and pump out that mine!" A roar of approval went up.

"Good idea," the sheriff agreed, scowling at Gassy. "You stick close by me, Thompson. C'mon."

As the saloon emptied, Pat jostled against Gassy and winked.

All that night and all the next day they worked, manning the pumps in shifts. Toward sundown, as the job neared completion, the men gathered around the mouth of the shaft, their faces haggard and weary, their eyes glittering with expectation. When the last of the water gurgled through the hose, a rope was lowered into the deep hole and the sheriff himself volunteered to go down and investigate. There was absolute silence as he made the descent. At last the rope went slack, indicating that he had reached bottom. It was several minutes before he spoke.

"Halloooo. . ." his voice funneled eerily up the sides of the hole. A deputy cupped his hands to his mouth. "Find anythin', Sheriff? Is there a body?"

"Sure is," the sheriff's voice sounded far away and hollow. "I found a body, all right . . . only it ain't Jeb Tyler."

"Anyone we know?" the men demanded excitedly.

"Not that I recollect. . . I'll tie him up to the rope and you can pull him up."

After a few moments there was a tug on the rope, and the men heaved away. "Jesus, he's a light one," one of them remarked. "Maybe it's little Isaacs the tailor,"

"*Schlemiel!*" a thin voice piped up. "I been here pumpin' all night."

The body gradually emerged from the shadows as it neared the top of the shaft, and a mass groan went up from the spectators who were crowded around the wooden apron at the mouth of the pit.

"What the hell!" one man identified the victim. "That ain't nothin' but a dead coyote."

The deputy took off his hat and scratched his head as the water-logged carcass was pulled over the top. "Now, why in tarnation would anyone slit a coyote's throat after he'd shot it?"

Pat Casey coughed discreetly and winked at Gassy Thompson. At that moment, a horseman came riding around a bend in the creek. A stocky, dark man with a great mustache swung off his mount and approached the group around the mine.

"Jeb Tyler," a half-dozen voices said simultaneously. "We thought you was dead."

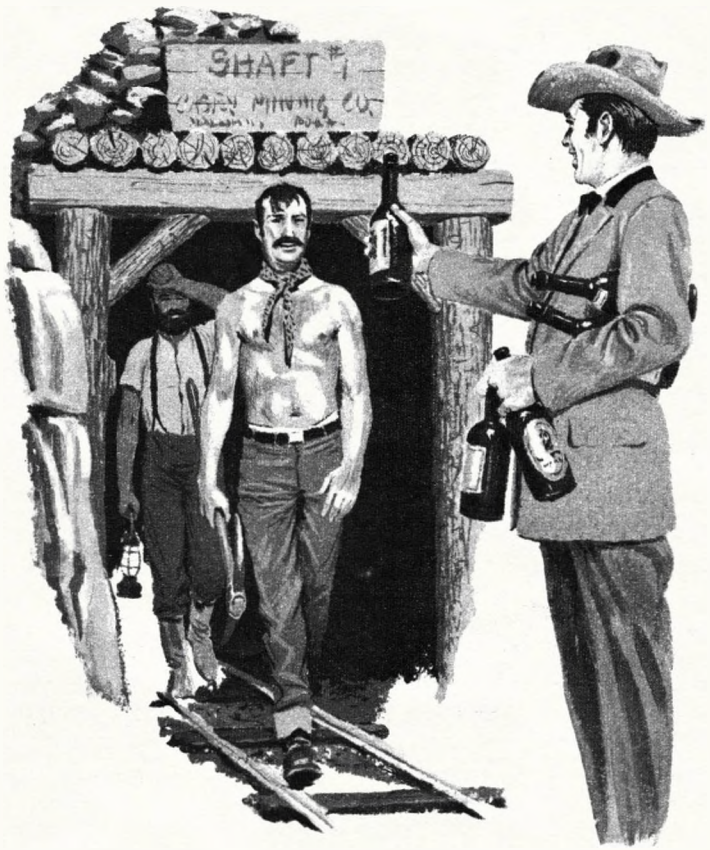
"So I heerd," the man grinned. He looked around and spied Thompson. "Gassy, you knew I was going up to Blackhawk for the night. I told you yesterday morning when we closed the deal for this claim."

Gassy smiled. "So you did. Plumb slipped my mind. Anyway, these fellers wouldn't of believed me."

Tyler placed his hands on his hips and stared at the shaft. "Well," he said slowly, "these boys sure did you a favor, helpin' you pump out your new mine."

The first month, Pat and Gassy worked 12 hours a day, cleaning out the sludge that had collected in the flooded mine, reinforcing the shaft and shoring up the walls of the small tunnel at the bottom. When they had completed the preliminaries, they started to dig. At first their ore netted them about $25 a day. Soon it went up to $50. Before six months had passed, they were taking $500 a day out of the mine. It was Pat's first bonanza.

Central City became one of the wonders of the wilderness. Stores, office buildings, churches, an opera house and a public park sprang up. Pat Casey became one of the town's most celebrated citizens. The man with the Midas touch just couldn't miss. It seemed that he could impregnate the ground with gold merely by looking at it. Wherever he staked a claim, he hit paydirt, even in soil and rock in which the experts had stated it was "impossible" to find gold. His opinion was regarded as the last word. Mining companies paid him enormous fees as a consultant. And the Midas of Central City lived up to



Pat would visit his mines loaded down with bottles and bellow, "Come out for a drink!"

his reputation. Gold was his trademark; he wore solid gold-rimmed spectacles, the buckles on his hat were solid gold, and so were his collar buttons, tie pins, shirt buttons, pocket watch, key chain and other accessories. His belt was made of gold mesh with a solid gold buckle. His cigarette case was solid gold. In later years, he ordered a set of solid gold false teeth, which he only wore for show—the gold was too soft to eat with.

Pat also was known for his sharp wit, his big heart and his Solomon-like wisdom. A great philanthropist, he gave generously to innumerable charities and causes. His labor practices were years ahead of the times; the men who were employed in his mines were paid even when they were too sick to work. Often he would visit a claim, loaded down with bottles, and yell down the shaft. "This is Casey! Half of you take a break and come up and have a drink with me." A half-hour later, he would send them back to work and tell the other crew to come up. Understandably, he was a popular boss.

But, as generous as he was, Pat didn't like to be imposed upon. A certain clergyman in the town had been taking unfair advantage of his good nature for months. Once a week, at least, he would visit Pat and solicit a contribution for some cause or other. His church was the richest and most elaborate in town, largely on the strength of Pat's contributions. But Pat figured he had had enough when the reverend arrived one day, begging for a huge sum for a gigantic, imported cut-glass chandelier.

Deftly Pat steered the conversaion around to other topics and brought out his best brandy and cigars. Pat was a good talker, and the clergyman was almost leaving before he remembered what he had come for. "That chandelier, Mr. Casey. The church needs it, I'm sure you agree."

Without breaking step, Pat ushered his guest across the threshold and smiled disarmingly. "What for, Father?" he said. "Why, you know as well as I do, there ain't a man in town who could play it." While the speechless visitor was recovering from that one, Pat politely closed the door.

Pat had that rare gift of being able to say "no" to a request and still send the petitioner away smiling. Another instance of this talent was the time the mayor of Central City asked him to contribute to a project for installing Venetian gondolas on the lake.

"I didn't think of it as stealing," the girl said. "I suppose you'll call the police?"

"Sure," Pat agreed. "You can put me down for one of the things."

The mayor smiled. "To tell the truth, Mr. Casey, knowing your dedication to civic improvement, I had hoped to put you down for a dozen."

Pat's eyes twinkled. "I tell you what, Mr. Mayor. Let's compromise. Put me down for a male and a female and let 'em make up the difference between them."

Because he believed that a contented worker is a better worker, Pat encouraged his employees to bring their troubles to him. He was a sympathetic listener, and his untutored grasp of human psychology enabled him to diagnose and prescribe for their usually uncomplicated problems. On one occasion, two of his miners were carrying on a feud that was undermining the efficiency of the crew they worked on, and that threatened, ultimately, to lead to bloodshed. The foreman wanted to fire one or both of the offenders, but Pat wouldn't go along. The two men were skilled laborers and loyal, honest employees. More important, Pat liked them both personally and he didn't want to see either of them hurt. When he heard that they had agreed to settle their differences in a gun duel, he decided that something had to be done.

One afternoon, he strolled down to the creek where one of the participants, a thickset, redheaded man, was practicing his marksmanship, coached by some of his friends. He watched silently as the redhead put two .45 slugs out of four into a playing card tacked up on a board 25 yards away. Then he shook his head sadly. "Red, my boy," he said, "you'll have to do better than that, or you'll be committing suicide."

Red's jaw sagged just a trifle. "What do you mean, Mr. Casey?"

"I hear you and Larsen are bent on settlin' your grievances with guns."

The jaw was firm again. "That's right."

Pat's eyes narrowed as he came close to the redhead and lowered his voice. "What do you know about the

Swede . . . before he came here, I mean?"

Red looked confused. "Well, not much, I guess. Why?"

Pat looked around furtively. "Your word of honor, you won't let it get out that I told you?"

"Sure, sure, Mr. Casey. What about the Swede?"

"He's wanted out in California . . . for murder."

"Murder!" The other man inhaled sharply.

"That's right. He has quite a rep as a gunslinger, I hear. Killed six men, matter of fact."

That was too much for Red. Not only did his jaw let down, but his whole face seemed to fall apart. A fine mist of cold sweat appeared on his forehead. He opened his mouth to speak, closed it again, and only nodded.

"You keep that in mind and sharpen up your shootin' eye, son," Pat added as he turned to leave.

"Thanks," Red said thickly.

Within the hour, Pat was lending advice to the other belligerent in the case. "I just came from Red's camp," he said to an onlooker in a loud voice as Swede took potshots at an old tin can on a stick. "That man is positively uncanny with a gun. He knocked the spots out of a card at 50 yards. Don't let it get around, but I hear tell he used to be a trick shot in vaudeville back East."

Swede's next shot went some ten yards wide of the mark.

Three days later, when the two enemies showed up on the field of honor, both looked pale and frightened. Perspiration streamed down their faces as the referee issued his instructions.

"Stand back to back, boys, and start walkin' as soon as I begin to count. You'll march five paces. On the count of five, you turn and draw. Fire till somebody gets hit . . . All right, you ready?"

Both nodded mutely and took their places. It seemed to the spectators that their shoulder blades rattled as they stood heel to heel. They strode forward in cadence to the referee's count: "One . . . two . . . three . . ." Each stride was longer than the one preceding it. "three . . . four. . . . *Five!*" Both men kept on walking. "Hey!" the referee shouted, "FIVE! . . . I said five. . . What the hell!" Then, to the astonishment of all present, they broke into a run. And, as Pat Casey liked to tell it years later, "I guess they're still runnin'."

Another time, a justice of the peace died suddenly, with two weeks remaining in his term of office. As a mark of honor, and because of the short period of time involved, Pat Casey was appointed to serve out his term, despite the fact that he was a known illiterate. In the single case that came before him, he proved to be a regular Solomon. A young bride of six months was filing suit for divorce on grounds of cruelty, neglect and general incompatibility. "We was only married three nights, Your Honor," she pleaded, "when he started stayin' out nights drinkin' and runnin' around with sluts. I hardly see him any more."

The errant husband was not contesting the action. Pat studied the sullen couple in front of him for about five minutes, pulling on his nose and massaging his chin. Then he made a decision unparalleled in the history of jurisprudence. "I'm gonna reserve judgment for 30 days. In the meantime, I'm sentencing you both to 30 days in jail. In the same cell. The jailhouse is empty right now, so you'll have the place to yourselves. Maybe you'll get to know each other a little better. Soon as you get out, you can have your divorce."

A new judge, of course, had been installed by the time the young couple had completed their sentence. They appeared before the bench, arm in arm, their faces sheepish and smiling. The judge gawked as he read the report of the case that the bailiff put before him. "I don't believe it," he said wonderingly. "Why, I never—who is this Judge Casey, anyway? . . . Well, no matter, that's no concern of mine." He looked apologetically over his spectacles at the couple. "Words can't express how deeply I regret this degradation you have both been subjected to. Now, about your divorce. . ."

"Sir," the husband interrupted him. "We don't want a divorce."

"What!" the judge blinked. "But it states here quite clearly. . ."

"I know, but we changed our minds. I wouldn't give up this little gal now for all the gold in Colorado." He hugged her to him fondly.

The judge looked at the wife.

"That's right, sir," she smiled shyly. "Henry is goin' to be the best man a woman ever had now."

As the two lovebirds left the courtroom, the judge removed his glasses and sighed. "A remarkable man, that Judge Casey."

By the time he reached middle age, Pat was by worldly standards a success. He was a millionaire several times over and he held high executive titles in numerous mining enterprises. He owned a wardrobe of expensively tailored suits, lived in a tastefully furnished mansion, knew the proper table implements to use at an eight-course banquet, and was an articulate and lively after-dinner speaker. At social events, dressed in white tie and tails, he looked as dignified as any big corporation executive.

Many successful men with humble beginnings manage to forget their backgrounds and play the role of millionaire as if they were born to it. Pat could not. Money could do a great many things for a man, but it couldn't buy him a ready-made education. Perhaps if he had been less sensitive, he could have hired private tutors and learned to read and write, but pride led him to conceal his handicap as if it were some ugly, shameful sin. This, of course, only made him more vulnerable. Inevitably, that terrible moment would arrive when a contract had to be signed, or a client's wife would coquettishly offer him her dance card, or a restaurant tab would require his signature. These wounds frequently brought out a perverse side of his personality. Frequently, Pat would go all out to play the part of the uncouth, ignorant ruffian who had struck it rich.

But the big cities discovered that Pat was no Simple Simon with hay growing out of his ears. In New Orleans he visited a fashionable gambling casino with a large party. A snobbish young actress who had been making unflattering jokes at Pat's expense all evening took his arm and, with a catty smile, said, "Mr. Casey, I think you better let me handle your chips at the tables. Everything goes so fast, you might have trouble keeping track."

Pat, who was as sharp as anyone when it came to figures, swallowed hard. "Thank you, ma'am," he said politely. "I'd sure appreciate that."

That night Pat proved that his reputed Midas touch was not limited to mining. He won consistently at the wheel, the dice, baccarat, poker and everything else he played. As his winnings piled up, the young woman who was managing his accounts stuffed her purse with chips until it

was overflowing. Not burdened with too many scruples, she took every opportunity, when Pat's back was turned, to drop a few blue chips into her bodice. At regular intervals, she would dart off to the ladies lounge—insisting quite righteously that Pat hold the purse—and transfer the chips to her stocking tops. There was no limit to the windfall a girl could hide under a long, full evening skirt. Later, while Pat was having a drink at the bar, she slipped away and cashed in her chips for a little over $500.

As they were leaving the casino, Pat took her arm firmly. "I'll see you home," he said. She shrugged indifferently, rather enjoying the prospect of slamming the door in the old fool's face. When they reached her apartment, she turned with a cool smile. "I'd ask you in for a nightcap, Mr. Casey, but I have a dreadful headache. It's been very nice, thank you. Good night."

Pat returned the smile, one foot planted firmly over the threshhold. "Not till I get what I paid for."

"I beg your pardon!" Her voice was icy, but color flamed up in her cheeks.

Pat matched her stare. "Well, sure," he said amiably. "You got $500 of mine, and I expect value received." Like a buyer inspecting a piece of horseflesh, he ran his eyes coolly up and down her body. "To tell the truth, I've seen better women back home for five bucks. But what the hell! It'll be worth it to be able to brag to the boys about my $500 fancy lady."

"Please!" she cut him off in anguish. Her hands flew to cover her face. Then in a voice subdued with humiliation, she said. "I—I don't know what to say. I didn't think of it as stealing . . . I—I suppose you're going to call the police."

"No," Pat said without emotion. "It's not the money so much, mind you, but I don't like to be taken for a sucker."

Head bent low so she wouldn't have to look at him, the girl fumbled in her purse. She took out a neat roll of bills and handed them to Pat. Then, with a sob, she rushed inside the apartment and shut the door.

Pat was whistling when he left the lobby. As he looked around for a cab, a shoeshine boy approached him timidly. "Shine, sir?"

Pat squinted in the light of the sun just dawning over the city. "Kind of early for you to be up, ain't it?" He looked down at his mud-streaked feet. "Guess I could use one."

When the boy was finished, Pat surveyed the gleaming boots and said in mock admiration, "Why, if that ain't the best shine I ever had on them boots, I'll eat 'em. That rates a bonus, I'd say." With a flourish, he deposited the roll of bills the girl had given him in the small, outstretched hand and strode off down the street, whistling "My Darling Clementine," slightly off key.

Eventually Pat returned East and managed his varied business interests from a New York office. There, he became even more self-conscious about his illiteracy. The idea that any of the clerks who worked for him might suspect that within the plush and mahogany sanctum of their president, there lurked an ex-stable boy who couldn't read or write, terrified Pat. The chances were small, however, since he had learned to sign his name in a neat, flourishing script. On the pretense that his eyes were bad, he had his secretary read all his mail to him. And he dictated all his business correspondence. So the only paper work that was required of him was to put his signature to letters and initial office memos.

To reduce the risk of detection even more, Pat went around the office with clusters of pencils sprouting from his pockets. Each night, in the privacy of his bedroom, he would carefully whittle down the pencils a little to create the impression that he was really using them. If it was a pathetic gesture, it was also a well calculated one. The stock room clerk was overwhelmed by the number of pencils Pat requisitioned in a month. "My boss is the busiest man in the whole outfit," he would boast.

Age mellowed Pat, though, and there came a time when he was able to accept his grave limitation philosophically, and even discuss it with a certain wry humor. On one memorable occasion, he was presenting a grant for a new science laboratory to the trustees of a well known Eastern university, when the president of the board tipped over a bottle of ink and ruined the check Pat had handed him. Apologizing profusely, the trustee called for a blank check and pen for Pat.

Pat grinned. "You'll have to fill it in for me. I can't read or write."

"I hate to impose on you like this, Mr. Casey," he said. "But would you write another one?"

"Sure," Pat grinned. "I'll be glad to sign it if you fill in the other stuff for me . . . You see, I can't read or write."

The trustee was embarrassed and a little stunned. "Can't read or write . . . Why . . . Why . . . That's amazing, sir." The idea of an illiterate man attaining such wealth and prominence awed him. "Just think, Mr. Casey, where you'd be if you had had an education. Why you might even have become President."

Pat took a long, satisfied draw on his Corona cigar, grinned and winked. "No, sir . . . I would undoubtedly be the head cashier of Clancy's Livery Stable."

★THE END

Meals Like Mother's

By Margaret Joyce

I ASKED my young man up to my apartment for dinner. We had a couple of pre-dinner Martinis and I was still in a rosy glow when we sat down to eat. For a few minutes there was silence and then my partner sighed. "If you could only cook like Mother," he said. I came out of my glow with a snap.

"What's wrong with my cooking?" I asked. After all, I had whipped up—or rather melted down—that dinner with my own hands and it seemed O.K. to me.

"Well, it's all right," he said politely, "but all this frozen stuff will never take the place of the real thing. Now when my mother cooks a meal . . ." he let his sentence trail off nostalgically.

The maxim, "The way to man's heart is through his stomach," is dinned into every girl from the time she starts sharing licks of her lollypop with the boy sitting next to her in kindergarten. But I had thought that even a man could keep his stomach from growling all the time—especially when he was dining with his best girl. The insensitivity of the big boob made me sore as hell.

"When you were feeding with your mother," I said coldly, "you were so young and healthy you could eat dill pickles smeared with peanut butter and like it."

"Why, my mother used to bake every Saturday," he roared. "She used to make bread and rolls and apple pie with raisins and—"

"—nuts!" I said firmly.

There was an icy silence as we glared at each other. Then he marched out. He even slammed the door.

I sank back in my chair as mad as hops. What was this "if-you-could-only-cook-like-mother routine? And what was with these mothers, holding on to their sons by silver cords and apple strudel. Did they really give the best years of their lives over a hot stove simmering in *sauce fines herbes* and sauteing in *beurre noir*? I realized I had better do some research into the finer aspects of the racket.

I started work on my project next morning when the guy in the office next to mine drifted in during the coffee break.

"When did you last eat at your mother's?" I asked.

He looked blank for a moment then said, "A coupla nights ago. Why?"

"What did you have for dinner?" I persisted.

He regarded me thoughtfully. "I don't get it, but if you really want to know, we had hamburgers, mashed potatoes, green peas, apple pie and coffee."

"Hmmm," I muttered. "I suppose the hamburger had a sauce Supreme."

"Not on your life," he said, "We don't go for that fancy stuff in my family. Say—"

"Well, I guess your mother made the pie herself and served it with a slice of imported Cheddar cheese," I insisted.

"My mother bought the pie in a bakery and served it *à la mode* with vanilla ice cream. And what's wrong with that?" he continued angrily. "My mother is a swell cook and—"

"Now, now," I murmured. "I never doubted that she was. I'm just doing a survey and was using you as a sampling."

"Oh, all right," he said, somewhat mollified. "You should have told me right away. A guy wants to know what's up when his mother comes into it, you know."

Did I know? Those mothers! And hamburger, indeed! Even I can cook a hamburger but the fact has never been touted by my friends.

Test victim No. 2 gave me a real break. I gave him the survey and sampling angle at once so he wouldn't get his dander up and he fell right in with the supposed idea. "Say," he said enthusiastically, "why don't you come and have dinner at my mother's? She's a wonderful cook, a wonderful person; she'll like you and you'll like her and you'll have a meal you'll never forget!"

My heart leapt at the prospect of getting first hand dope on a genuine cook-type mother in her native habitat but I did feel I ought to make a mild protest. "Gosh! That would be swell," I said, "but it seems an awful imposition to put your mother to all that trouble for a stranger."

"Oh, it won't be a bit of trouble for my mother," said her loyal son. "She'll be tickled pink to have you. She's a whizz at getting up a feed—and what a feed!" His face beamed ecstatically. "I'll fix it up with her and let you know when. O.K.?"

"O.K. And thanks a lot," I said with genuine feeling.

Three nights later, after I had been properly invited to dinner by my friend's mother, we went forth to the anticipated treat. We were greeted affably by the head of the house and ushered into the living room. A door on the other side of the room opened and in came the mother—and the odor of cooking. The mother was a very sweet-looking woman and she welcomed me very cordially, but in the interests of my investigation, I made mental note of the faint air of harassment, the flushed face and the straying wisps of hair. We all sat down—though mother rather perched—and the son and heir whisked up and served around a very fine Martini.

"It's certainly awfully nice of you to go to all this trouble—" ("No trouble at all," the head of the house and the son said in chorus) "—and have me to dinner," I said. "It isn't often that a working gal gets a chance to enjoy a homecooked meal."

"Oh, I suppose that's so," she said sympathetically. "Still it must be fun to work in an office," she added (a little wistfully?).

"Well, it's—"

"Please excuse me just a minute," she interrupted, taking a quick sip of her drink and then putting down the glass. "I'll be right back. I do want to hear about your work." And she vanished into the kitchen.

The two men and I finished our drinks, had another round and then mother finally appeared again. "Dinner's ready," she announced gaily. "Come and get it."

We sat down at the table and as one course followed another, I became more and more baffled. Father and son kept beaming and nodding at me and handing out the praise to mother. "Great cook, isn't she? I bet you don't get cooking like this very often—if ever." "Boy, Mom, I think you've even outdone yourself this time, and believe me, that's saying something." And more of the same until I was completely bemused; because for my money, mother just wasn't a very good cook. I don't mean she was bad, but she certainly wasn't capable of producing anything remotely resembling *haute cuisine*. The soup was strictly from cans—two varieties tastefully combined, to be sure; the roast was a bit overdone, the potatoes were a bit underdone and the asparagus had been frozen and then overthawed. The dessert, which was greeted by a chorus of smacked lips, was strawberry shortcake made from store-bought sponge cake, frozen strawberries and whipped cream. (To be honest, I do think the cream had been whipped at home.) And what is more, I couldn't help wondering about that "no trouble" angle. Mother kept bouncing up out of her chair and scurrying into the kitchen. She put in more time out there than she did at the table. It seemed to me that the faint air of harassment I had noted on arrival had deepened to a definite and barely concealed state of exhaustion. I decided to get the star of the show alone for a couple of minutes even if I had to take drastic steps to do it.

The steps were drastic all right, but I took them for the cause. As the masculine half of our foursome drifted, half asleep and completely full, toward the living room for a period of contented rumination, I spoke up bravely. "Now, you must really let me repay you for that gorgeous meal by helping you with the dishes."

Mother looked stunned and protested weakly that she wouldn't hear of such a thing. But I was firm and we moved on the kitchen. When we got there, Mother sagged visibly and I almost turned and fled, for the sight before us was staggering. A truly hideous amount of soiled crockery was piled in the sink. I had to remind myself forcefully that this would be my only chance to talk to Mother alone. I stepped forward, bearing Mother with me. Soon we were hard at it.

"Gosh, that was a wonderful dinner," I said. "But you must be exhausted after getting it."

"Oh, I'm not really tired," she said, hanging on to the sink. "And it's fun to do some real fancy cooking once in a while."

A gleam like that in the eyes of a prospector stumbling on gold came into my eyes. "I do hope you didn't go to any extra trouble on my account," I said guilefully.

"It was no real trouble, my dear," she said smiling wanly. "And Tom told me you were doing a survey of home cooking so I wanted to make a good sample."

"You certainly did that," I said, "but Tom tells me you are a wonderful cook all the time. I'm sure anything you would have given me would have been a real treat."

"The boys do seem to like my cooking," she said, brightening up a bit. "But it's not because I'm a better cook than a lot of people; it's just that they are prejudiced." She smiled and gave me a we-gals-know-how-it-is look.

I smiled back, but mentally I was agape. Could it be that she was giving me the simple answer to my questions? She was only a fair cook and here she was telling me that she didn't—and from the looks of things, wouldn't have the energy to—put on a display of the culinary arts such as we'd had tonight, very often. Yet the men in her family thought she was the all-time greatest. Was I trying to compete, not with fancy cookery but plain sentimentality?

I was still mulling this over when I went out to lunch the next day. I popped into the corner restaurant, found a table and had just picked up the menu when a voice at my elbow said, "Hi." I looked up and saw at the next table a young married guy I know. With him was his four-year-old son at whom he was beaming fondly in the best proud-papa style. Of course, I beamed, too, and admired the boy, who seemed like a nice kid, and then we chatted back and forth about this and that. Finally it occurred to me that here was a chance for further investigation into my study so after watching the father for a bit, I said, "Both you fellows look in the pink. I bet your wife is a good cook."

"She's OK," he said. Of course, I don't think she'll ever cook as good as my mother." While I strived to restrain an almost insane impulse to clout the father, a tiny wail came from the son. "I don't like this rice pudding, Daddday," the tearful voice said. "My mommy always puts raisins . . ."

Well, that was that. My investigation was over because I knew when I was licked.

Henceforth, any guy who wants to eat with me will do it in a restaurant. He can compare the chef's cooking to his mother's if he wants to. I won't be on the hook because I've learned my lesson. The only way to compete with a mother is to be a mother; until I reach that unassailable height, I'm not even trying.

★ THE END

Yokosuka Crazy Town

continued from page 25

girlsan show chit. Police he go away. Everything *genkidesu* (fine)."

During the three months or more it takes a GI marriage application to go through the mill, the girl will have it made. If the chit gets approved, her boysan may actually marry her. If not, so what? Girlsan will just get another boysan.

Like any other service town, Yoko has its share of uniform-chasing delinquents, overseas equivalents of our wartime V-girls. Proprietors of cabarets don't dare let them in, fearful of incurring the displeasure of their hired girls and of the police. The teen-agers don't have any money to speak of, so they hang around the modernized tea rooms. They deadbeat the places the way some of our kids do at soda fountains, playing the juke box and slipping outside once in a while to take a swig of saki in a dark alley. They like to sing along with the records. It gets to be a long time before you forget what "Sixteen Tons" and "Yellow Rose of Texas" sound like when they're caroled in shrill, teen-age Japanese.

Later on, the girls move out of the tea rooms into the *pachenko* parlors, something like our penny arcades. *Pachenko* machines are similar to our pinball machines. The kids get the nickname "*pachenko* girls" from their skill at this game. Since they are not allowed to loaf while waiting for a pickup, they can make ten or 20 *pachenko* balls last them until a passing sailor or GI says hello.

Most *pachenko* girls, of course, have picked up Occidental eating habits and, like their Stateside counterparts, they are not slow to order steak when taken out to dinner. A U.S. import that is winning increasing popularity in Yokosuka, appearing even on menus in authentic Japanese restaurants, is Southern fried chicken. One spot called The Italian Village does right well peddling pizzas, a dish that seems to be heading back to Italy the hard way.

Everyone is polite in Yokosuka, including the black marketeers, who will buy or sell anything that can be carried down Honcho Alley. Most merchants are honest, too, which comes as a shock to servicemen who have been around. Nearly all items are marked—and with only one price. The merchants are trusting, too. I paid for a drink at one little place with a 1,000-yen note just after it had opened for the day, and the barmaid went next door to change the money, leaving me free to lift her entire stock of liquor if I chose.

Cabaret hostesses and bar girls work on commissions, with hostesses getting fees for sitting and dancing with customers. In addition they get a percentage of the drinks served at their tables. Unlike the B-girls in most countries, they drink exactly what they order—no flavored tea, colored water or diluted shots for them.

Japanese girls grow morose and maudlin when lit, and crying jags get to be a community affair. When one girl is tearful, others usually join in out of sympathy.

Few Yoko girls use their given Japanese names, preferring instead to adopt those of their favorite local or American movie actresses. The town crawls with Marilyns, Lindas and Hedys. They change their adopted names as the mood strikes them, with whimsical servicemen often lending a hand.

One madam asked my opinion regarding a slump in her business. It didn't take long to discover the cause for her slack trade. She was located next door to an expensive house and her girls simply couldn't meet the competitors' looks, charm or class. I pointed this out when I next saw Mama-san, and recommended two great American institutions: easy credit and installment buying. She was quite impressed and I've felt guilty ever since. If she puts my tongue-in-cheek suggestion into effect, it could shake up the local economy something fierce. I find myself speculating as to whether someday Yokosuka might end up plastered with posters like our "FLY NOW—PAY LATER."

The Japanese seaport is perhaps the only foreign city into which Americans have not successfully introduced hillbilly music. Rock-and-roll is king, with rhythm-and-blues coming on hard, and Japanese jazz has started developing its own sound after absorbing the best from other countries. Hillbilly music has its faithful adherents, however. They wander down to the little Marukin Tea Room every Sunday afternoon to hear Yoshinobu Sekiguchi pick a mean guitar and sing, "Love Me Tender."

As every town does, Yoko has its

"Rough knight?"

characters. For example, there is Testo, a beautiful and incurable optimist who has been conned again and again by servicemen. She hangs out at the Marukin, unaware that the word is out on her all across the Pacific. The standard approach is for a guy to tell her he has just arrived in Yokosuka for duty and is looking for a "steady girlsan." Testo gives him an evening he will never forget, gratis. Next morning, as he leaves, she gives him a list of things they will need to furnish their house. It includes a stove, refrigerator and an American-style bed. Sometimes a whole week passes before she realizes she has been duped again, and she heads back for the Marukin, hope springing eternal in her well-rounded bosom.

There is only one public dance hall in all of Yokosuka, a strange thing when you consider that Japanese girls have an innate sense of rhythm and grace and are groomed through heredity and environment to follow the male's lead. The answer is simple. Trade isn't continuous enough to support more than one ballroom. The boys stay there only long enough to pick up a few steps, then steam downtown to spend the rest of their time with the cabaret hostesses and bar girls.

Yokosuka has developed a completely new industry in Japan—the "GI geisha." The formal Japanese geisha, skilled in the art of pleasing men who desire the benefit of female company beyond the physical plane, has her counterpart in the cabaret girls who work the town's top spots. When the gloss wore off the Occupation, and the Americans wanted some talk and some laughs from their girl friends, a new breed of companion was developed to meet the demand. Hostesses in the Trade Winds and the Hotel Kanko are charming and educated, with looks enough to staff a charm school anywhere in the world. Some are proficient in several languages, as smoothies often find out when they try to snow under the English-speaking hostesses by using high school French or Spanish. It's not at all unusual for a bunch of the girls to take three or four months off to enroll for a short semester in a Japanese college. Their familiarity with the classic English authors is surprising. It's not unusual for a man to see a pretty girl lay aside a copy of Dickens or Thackeray to join him for a drink.

This industry has a future, too, so long as Americans go to Japan. The anti-prostitution law will not affect these girls, since most of them attend strictly to hostessing. Hostessing pays $150-$300 a month, with basic living expenses only $25-$50. Some will retire in their mid-20s to make respectable marriages. Many will become couturiers, since dress designing seems to be the most popular aim of career women in Japan.

And that's Yokosuka, where the old-style tea houses provide you with a steaming, scented *oshibori*—an oversized terrycloth napkin, for refreshing your face with a facial before ordering; where the lady hired to help rehabilitate reformed prostitutes was arrested within a month for procuring herself; where a spell in a steam cabinet, followed by parboiling in a stone tub of scalding water and a complete massage can be had for less than $2, with interesting extras available for those who want them.

It's where more than a few girls get monthly gifts of money via U.S. mail from appreciative lovers who have long since gone back to the States with happy memories; where nice girls average $10 a month in earnings and bad girls 30 to 40 times as much; where the hostesses at the Kanko Hotel, all stunners, kick off the evening by assembling on the dance floor for a mass *cha-cha-cha*, thus giving the customers a complete rundown on what attractions the place offers.

It's where tangerines are gobbled by the ton in a belief that they will prevent wrinkling of skin; where the equivalent of our Good Humor Man hits the street about eight P.M., selling *osoba*, hot soup made of noodles, meat, fish, bamboo, onions and seaweed, and doesn't quit until four in the morning; where guys who never had more than a pair of Levis to their name sport cashmere jackets at only $25 a throw and buy astrakhan coats for their lady loves for $75.

That's Yokosuka, where the Yankee dollar is still worth a buck—and you get value received for every penny of it. Liberty, anyone? ★THE END

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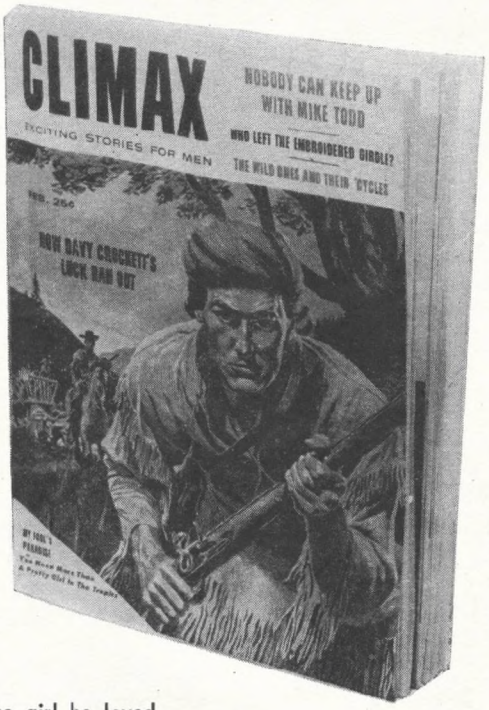

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SAGA

The Trial Of Broken-Nose McCall continued from page 29

up our cards and the bettin' was gettin' good. I seen this fella McCall push his way through the door but he didn't say anything and he went over to the bar. I was looking at my cards, I had treys and deuces and I didn't know whether I should stay or drop—it was Bill's bet." Charley's face glistened with sweat as the retelling of the murder built toward the climax. Everyone in the room was silent; you could hear the heavy breathing of the asthmatic Rich. "Somebody said, 'Let's go, Bill,' and then I heard a yell, 'Take that, damn you,' and I looked up just in time to see that murderin' bastard put his gun to the back of Bill's head and blow poor Bill's brains out!"

"Hang McCall right now!" shouted a voice from the rear of the court.

"Let's give him a medal for getting rid of Hickok," answered another partisan. The temper of the spectators had turned hot as the ugly tale of slaughter was poured out in the hush of the theater courtroom. From long nights of discussion, leavened by copious drinking and seared by Charley's story, the question of McCall's disposition quickly resolved into two hardfast opposing camps.

Kuykendall hammered a semblance of order into his courtroom and then Colonel May again queried his witness. "What happened after McCall shot Hickok?"

"We was all so stunned we just sat there. Poor Bill was dead before he hit the floor. The slug had tore out his cheek and hit Cap Massey in the arm. Cap was bleedin' like one of them deer with his neck slit by a Sioux. Before we could move, McCall says, 'Nobody move. I'll gun the first one of you who tries to stop me.' And then he backs outa the saloon."

"Your witness, Mr. Miller," the prosecutor said softly.

"No questions here," Miller replied.

"Can I go?" inquired Charley Rich anxiously.

"Just a moment, Rich." It was Kuykendall who halted the witness. "I'm curious about something. As I understand it, McCall shot Hickok in the back of the head. This means that Hickok was sitting with his back to the bar and to the door. How is it that Hickok, a man who had so many enemies, a man who was so experienced in protecting himself, took up such a vulnerable position?"

A cry of anguish ripped from Charley Rich. "Oh God, it was my fault, all my fault. I was afraid you'd ask me that. It was all my fault!" Half sobbing, the distraught witness stumbled through his words. "When we decided to play, I grabbed the chair facing the door and the bar. Bill asked me to change with him but I thought it was a big joke, my holding down that seat and him forced to sit with his back to the door. I even told him that I knew why he always won at poker; it was because he always had the lucky seat facing the door. If I hadn't been such a damn fool, Bill'd be here now and that son of a bitch McCall would be in Boot Hill!" Again the spectators broke into an uproar and it was several minutes before they could be quieted.

Kuykendall dismissed Charley Rich and motioned for Colonel May to summon his next witness. Samuel Young, the adolescent whom Hickok had sent to fetch some silver for the card game, took the stand and told the same story as Charley Rich. The third witness, Cool Mann, half-owner of the saloon in which the murder occurred, confirmed the sequence of events. The counsel for the defense made no attempt to cross examine. There remained but one more person to testify against McCall—the newly appointed sheriff of Deadwood, Joseph Brown.

After Brown had been sworn in upon the ragged Bible, Colonel May began his line of questions. "Mr. Brown, I understand you were out in the street around four o'clock the afternoon of August 2nd?"

"Yeah, I was leaning against the wall of the saloon when I heard the shot, as a matter of fact," Brown replied.

"What happened after the shot?"

"Everybody out in the street sorta froze or took cover. You know how it is, one bullet sometimes leads to another and nobody wants to rush in blind on a private fight between two men. Like I say, I heard the one shot, then nothin' else. After about a minute this fella McCall comes bustin' outa the saloon and boards his horse out by the post. He's fit to ride off but one of the buckles on the girth of his saddle slipped and he fell clean off the horse. Just about that time, Anse Pippie hollers out the door, 'Wild Bill's dead, he killed Wild Bill!' McCall picks himself up from the street wavin' that .45 of his and he yells something like, 'Don't nobody try and stop me from leaving.' Well, he's got the gun in his hand, so none of us makes a move, and he runs into the storehouse at the end of the street. By this time Cool Mann's come out and told us how Bill's been shot in the back of the head. A bunch of us get together and surround the building and yell for McCall to give up. We wait a few minutes and he comes out and that's all there is to it."

Colonel May turned to the impassive jury. "In other words, McCall did try to escape."

"I reckon he did," Brown agreed. May indicated with a wave of his hand that he had finished with the sheriff and the latter rose from the witness chair.

"Just a minute," defense lawyer Miller called, and the portly counselor for the accused took over the questioning. "Mr. Brown, as I understand it, McCall had the drop on all of you with his gun. Yet, instead of escaping by means of gunplay, if necessary, he gave up without a shot. How do you account for that?"

Brown grinned broadly at Miller. "If I hadn't been made sheriff I might never been able to answer that one, but I was elected sheriff, and as part of my duties I guarded McCall and his gun. The reason that McCall didn't shoot his way out is simply that the only bullet in the whole damn gun that would fire was the one that killed Hickok. The other five were all duds. You couldn't set them off with a sledgehammer. If any other chamber on that gun had been up by the hammer, McCall woulda been as dead as Abe Lincoln ten seconds after he pulled the trigger!"

Friends of Hickok in the theater groaned with anguish as they saw how Fate had turned her fickle back upon Wild Bill on every opportunity. "To be honest, Mr. Miller," Brown concluded. "I sorta suspect McCall did try to shoot his way out, but when the gun wouldn't fire, he realized he better give up."

With Brown's testimony over, May rose and announced that the prosecution had called all the witnesses it intended to present. Judge Kuykendall addressed the court: "It's about lunch time. Let's take a break for an hour, and then the defense can present its case. You folks on the jury." The judge turned to the 12-man panel. "You're not to discuss this case with anybody, do you hear? Don't discuss this with anybody." Kuykendall rapped twice with the gun butt. "Court's adjourned for one hour."

It was a feverish hour. Men scattered to the saloons to snatch a bite of food, something to drink, and an opportunity to discuss the biggest civic function since a mass funeral for five men killed in one wild brawl 13 months ago. There was no attempt to lock up the jury; they sat cheek by jowl with friends and enemies of Hickok in the saloons. Even Broken-Nose Jack McCall, guarded by Sheriff Brown, sat down in a corner of Finney's bar for a noon meal.

Lured by reports of the morning's activities, spectators jammed the dingy theater building in even greater numbers after lunch. It took Judge Kuykendall several minutes to bring about enough order to permit John Miller to assume control of the spectacle. For his

first witness, Miller called on P. H. Smith, a slack-jawed youth of 20 who worked at odd jobs and prospected in desultory fashion.

"Mr. Smith," the lawyer began, "do you know the defendant, Mr. McCall?"

"Sure do," the witness said, mopping his face with a neckerchief as even the walls of the theater began to sweat with heat from the 150 human bodies tightly packed into the building. "I worked for McCall for almost four months while he was out prospecting in the hills toward Eagle Butte."

"What sort of employer was he?"

"Oh, he treated me just fine. Didn't get too ornery even if he'd had somethin' to drink—mind you, not that he drank much," the youth added hastily. "He didn't pick a fight with no man."

"Did you know the deceased, Hickok?"

"Yessir, and he was a bad 'un. Always had that six-gun ready. He killed quite a few men, you know. When he was likkered up he was a fearsome sight."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith. Your witness, Colonel." The prosecutor started to say something, then thought better of it and waved the witness from the chair.

Miller now summoned H. H. Pickins for the defense. Pickins, a simple farmer, spoke haltingly, but the gist of his evidence was the same as Smith's. McCall was a decent man of no bad habits while Hickok was a dangerous, hot-tempered "shootist." Again Colonel May refrained from questioning the witness.

The third man to take the stand was Ira Ford. When he had finished describing McCall as only a stride short of sainthood and damned Hickok as a permanent resident in Hell, May could contain himself no longer. "What in the devil do you think you're doing, Miller?" the irate prosecutor demanded. "Hickok isn't on trial here; it's McCall who's done the shooting!"

"I am defending my client," his opponent stoutly insisted. "Hickok was nothing but a damn gunhand and we're better off without him."

"What do you mean, gunhand?" countered May. "Hickok served with honor in the Union forces and his gun has always been on the side of the law since then."

"How about them six boys from Montana he drove out of town two weeks ago? Hickok wasn't wearing no marshal's star then."

"Let me ask you," May made his appeal to the jury, "what would you do if you heard there were five men over in a saloon yapping about how tough they were and what they'd do to you if you showed your face in that saloon? What would you do if they sent a messenger around to you and asked if you had guts enough to show your face while they were still in town? What would you do?" May turned and paced the length of the stage to heighten his dramatic effect. "Well, if you had guts, and if you could handle a gun the way Wild Bill could," he winked at the jury and there were some appreciative guffaws from his audience, "if you had guts and were as fast as Hickok with a gun, you'd take a stroll over to that saloon and bust in through the door, taking them all by surprise. Then you'd say, 'Which of you Montana boys wants to draw against me first?' When none of them answered, you'd tell 'em all to go packing before somebody got hurt. Does that make you a bully? Does that make you a gunslinger? The hell it does. If Hickok had taken the job as marshal here like we wanted him to, Deadwood would have been cleaned up."

As the applause died away, Miller sought to retrieve his advantage. "If Hickok was such an upstanding man of the law, how come he had to leave Cheyenne where he was marshal?" Before May could reply, Miller offered his own answer, "I'll tell you why; it's because he shot and killed his own best friend in cold blood, that's how careful Hickok was to stay on the law's side. You tell me," Miller shouted at the jury, "how good can a man be when he counts at least 36, and some say 100, men as notches for his guns—and that don't include the Indians or Johnny Rebs he killed."

Partisans of both sides shouted at each other. It appeared that May and Miller might come to physical blows. Kuykendall pounded with his gun butt and motioned to Sheriff Brown and one of his deputies to seize the two lawyers and restrain them. When order had finally been restored, Kuykendall warned all parties, "Let's not turn this into a private duel. This is still a court of law and it's going to be conducted like one. You got any more witnesses, Mr. Miller?"

The red-faced defense counsel blurted, "Yes, one, the prisoner, Jack McCall himself." Nothing Kuykendall could have said could have quelled the rumbling disturbance in the court more than this announcement. All eyes and ears were on the man who rose from his chair and climbed up to the platform.

The accused was a thickset man of 25 with chestnut hair and a narrow head. From his upper lip hung a limp, sandy mustache which trickled into a dun-colored goatee that failed to cover his flabby double chin. The most arresting feature of his face, however, was his nose. Of generous proportions, the

line of the bridge dipped deeply toward the tip where McCall had been bashed with a six-shooter some years previously in a free-swinging brawl.

As soon as McCall was sworn and seated, Miller began his questioning. "Mr. McCall, we all know you killed Hickok; would you please tell us your reason."

"Hickok killed my brother, back in Kansas two years ago. He swore to kill me if he ever saw me again. That's that. I ain't got anything else to add." He wiped a huge paw nervously upon brown overalls and scraped his heavy shoes across the floor. "Your witness, Mr. Prosecutor." Miller turned triumphantly to May.

"If there was bad blood between you, why didn't you face Hickok like a man and give him a chance?" May demanded.

"Hell, I didn't want to commit suicide," McCall retorted. Several men in the audience tittered at the prisoner's respect for the dead man's skill with a gun.

Stunned, May queried the murderer, "You've been around here some time. So has Hickok. How come he didn't try and get you?"

"Reckon we never crossed paths," McCall answered stolidly.

"That's a damned lie!" shouted a voice in the back of the courtroom, and a general hubbub broke out again. By the time Kuykendall brought quiet to the scene again, May had returned to his seat and McCall was dismissed from the witness stand after a brief but electrifying appearance.

It was now time for both sides to sum up their cases. Prosecutor May took the floor first. "Gentlemen of the jury. You have before you a simple case of murder. A man was shot in the back. If you allow the killer to go free, Deadwood will remain an outlaw hangout forever. Gunhands like C. C. Clifton, Johnny Bull, Tom Mulqueen, Laughing Sam, Joel Collins; this element, many of whom are right out there among you, will run this town and they'll run you. In the name of Wild Bill Hickok, an avenging saint among sinners, in the name of Deadwood, a one-street town in a growing territory, in the name of justice in the face of evil, you must find Jack McCall guilty of murder as charged." A scattered burst of applause acclaimed May's summation, but the jury sat tight-lipped.

Counselor Miller rose slowly and stood silently for a moment upon the stage looking down into the faces of the jury. "Men," he began, "comrades, you have been chosen to decide the guilt of one of your own companions. Look upon the countenance of this poor boy, think how he suffered seeing his own brother shot down by one of the most artful killers of all time, a man who hid behind a silver star to do his killing. Think of this boy, knowing that this mighty gunhand was looking to plant a bullet in his heart at the first opportunity. Think of how he has wandered this great land always hoping to find peace but somehow crossing trails with the man who swore to kill him. And so, finally, desperate to plant his roots somewhere, Jack McCall decided in his own self-defense to shoot the man who would kill him. Is this such a terrible act? Is it a crime to shoot a man in self-defense? We all know that Deadwood is a rough spot even for the frontier. The number of men shot down in gun battles in our street are many. Do we condemn the man who shoots in his own defense? Do we? Of course not. As the Bible says, 'Let he who is without sin cast the first stone'. Jack McCall is not guilty."

A small murmur of appreciation marked the finish of Miller's oration, and still the jury sat mute, poker-faced as a convention of croupiers. Behind them they could feel 150 pairs of eyes staring at the backs of their heads; out of the corners of their eyes they caught glimpses of Hickok's friends scowling in their direction, the hard stares of the men whose names had been called like a role of dishonor by May and whose hands never moved far from the well polished gun butts in their belts.

Judge Kuykendall delivered his charge to the jury in brief and simple terms. "In your hands is the future of Deadwood. It's up to you to decide whether or not it is a crime for Jack McCall to shoot Bill Hickok in the back of the head. You should either bring in a verdict of guilty of murder or not guilty of murder. All right, that's it. Now let's clear out of here and leave these people to make up their minds." Judge Kuykendall rose and led a procession of witnesses, spectators, court officials and finally the prisoner with the sheriff from the theater.

With the room cleared and a stalwart deputy blockading the door from the outside, the members of the jury began their deliberations. At the end of an hour and thirty minutes, Foreman Charles Whitehead walked to the door of the theater and told the deputy that a verdict had been reached. A wild scramble for seats in the courtroom broke out as the word was passed into the bars and gambling houses along the street. When all had taken their places, Kuykendall, as formally as was possible in the improvised court, inquired, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

Foreman Whitehead stood up. "We have, Judge. We find the defendant Jack McCall not guilty!"

"Good God!" The involuntary oath escaped the normally poised Kuykendall as he heard the astonishing decision of the jury. A riot of sound broke out from all corners of the court as partisans of both sides began anew the violent debate on the guilt or innocence of Jack McCall.

Silence was restored, or at least the noise was quelled to the point where Kuykendall could be heard. "Very well, as a court we have no alternative but to free the prisoner." And with a black look at the jury, Kuykendall indicated that Deadwood's first major court proceeding was concluded.

The spectators poured out into the dusty street to spread the news and to argue the merits of the case.

McCall himself shook hands hastily with his attorney, Miller, and then headed directly for Tim Brady's saloon. As soon as he entered the place, Johnny Varnes grabbed him and conducted him to the tiny back office maintained by Brady, who sat behind his roll-top desk. "Pour yourself a drink, Jack," Brady invited the freed man. "In fact, let's all have a drink on good ole Wild Bill being six feet under. Life around here sure woulda been hell with him taking on the marshal's post."

"If it's exercise you want . . ."

"Amen," chortled Varnes. The three conspirators gulped a toast to the death of Hickok.

"How about my money?" McCall asked. "I'm plannin' on leaving town right quick, before any more trouble comes up."

"Smart idea," Brady agreed. He turned around and twisted the dial on his safe. The door sprung open, Brady drew forth a small sack and flung it to McCall. "That ought to weigh in at $175 or so," Brady continued. "You got $25 before, now this makes up the balance." There was a knock at the door. "Yo," Brady called. "What's up?"

A guarded voice from behind the office door said, "A bunch of Hickok's friends, Doc Peirce, Bill Owersly and California Joe, are talking real ugly 'bout McCall down at Mann and Lewis'. I think they're going to start looking for him soon."

"Okay, Jack," Brady urged. "There's a horse tied up out back here. You take him and ride the hell outa here before there's trouble."

"I don't have to be told twice," McCall mumbled, and he turned the lock on the back door and slipped away.

Thus ended the career of James Butler Hickok and the town of Deadwood's first encounter with law and order.

Jack McCall rode southeast toward the Dakota-Nebraska border. As his gun money evaporated slowly into nothing during the fruitless search for a gold strike, McCall began to enjoy his reputation as the man who got Hickok. In saloons along the border he boasted of the killing to all who would listen. One night, a year after the murder, he was in the town of Yankton, and he launched into his recitation of the murder, for the benefit of a large gathering. Many of the listeners had heard the story before and paid scant attention. Incensed at this lack of appreciation for his efforts, McCall shouted out, "The best part of the whole thing was the trial. My lawyer and I cooked up a story about how Hickok killed my brother. I never had no brother, that was just a lot of bunk. Hickok never had any idea I was going to gun him. We played cards together only a few weeks before I shot him; he won $20 from me, too." McCall laughed until tears rolled down his face as he thought of the successful hoax he had pulled off.

Unknown to the unlettered McCall, however, Yankton had recently been placed under federal jurisdiction with properly constituted law enforcement agencies. Jack's boasting boomeranged. By morning, the whole town knew his true story. He was arrested and brought to trial in the federal court for the territory. In vain his counsel argued that this was double jeopardy. McCall had been tried once for the murder in Deadwood; the Constitution forbade a man being tried for the same crime twice. The judge at Yankton ruled the Deadwood trial had been unlawfully convened, and he would not recognize such a trial as having existed. A witness to the slaying, George Shingle, who had fled Mann and Lewis' saloon for his home 18 miles away immediately after the shooting, was brought to Yankton. His testimony, along with McCall's grudging admission that he had no brother killed by Hickok, determined the murderer's fate. Three weeks after the trial, a sullen, unrepentant McCall made a one-way trip to the gallows in Yankton.

Wild Bill Hickok, the holder of "the dead man's hand," had finally been avenged. ★THE END

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halfway there, at the resort town of Santa Barbara, an annual sports car race was underway, and Ed decided to investigate. The race course, he found, was on the runway of the local airport. It consisted of four brutal, switchback turns and two blistering, mile-long straightaways. Ed yearned sorely to enter the heats, but he was afraid his machine was a little too new. Finally, he borrowed a crash helmet from a friend and arranged to try a couple of laps, anyway.

On the first lap, he was reasonably cautious, but on the second he showed no mercy and pushed the high-powered car to the limit. When he pulled up to the pit, his temperature gauge registered over 200 degrees and the oil pressure was down 18 pounds from normal. It was obvious that the Corvette's engine was still too tight.

Afterward, Ed planned to stay on and help out on the pit crew of a friend, but on the second morning a light rain began to fall and, though the races continued, he decided to move on.

San Luis Obispo, Ed's home town, is a coastal community of about 20,000 population. The Brown home there is a $65,000, five-bedroom layout, and if Ed has any real home outside of Chicago, it is here. His father is a semi-retired businessman whose only regular hours are at the golf course. However, the course has lately become too crowded for Mr. Brown and he, along with a few friends, has purchased 200 rolling, rural acres for the construction of a new, private club.

The family—Ed has an older brother and sister, both married—has been in San Luis Obispo for 20 years. Mr. Brown moved there from Los Angeles with his three children in 1935 and opened a small jewelry store. Soon, by shrewd advertising and progressive credit methods, the shop grew into the town's largest. He also expanded in other directions. Choice urban real estate was acquired, improved upon, and then rented. Other jewelry stores were opened up in nearby communities.

Ed turned down a job as owner-manager of one of these stores, because he wanted to try professional football, when he came out of the Marine Corps in 1954. He explains his choice this way: "I could never see myself as the merchant type . . . especially when it was compared to playing football, and getting paid for it." But he also says, "Of course, you can never tell. I'm twenty-eight now, and that means I've only got three . . . maybe four, more years in pro ball. Then I'll have to find some regular profession." He paused a moment and seemed to reflect seriously, then said, "Maybe I'll try sports car racing or professional golf."

Ed's days in his home town are quiet ones. ("My dog days," he calls them.) The night life in San Luis Obispo is no more exciting than what happens to be on television that night, and the daylight hours are generally devoted to golf, swimming, or hunting and fishing. The area is famous for its many trout streams and plentiful game. When Ed was there, the quail season was on, and he talked his father into taking time off from golf to do a little shooting.

They were guests on the game preserve of a big, jovial man who often flies East just to see Ed play, and the hunting was good.

But as idyllic as it all sounds, Ed soon became restless. With the grim requiem of football practice looming up on the horizon, the city lights and night life looked good to him once again. His father was sympathetic and suggested that Ed might like to visit Las Vegas for a while. He said the annual Tournament of Champions was scheduled for Vegas soon, and ought to be worth seeing.

Ed liked the idea, especially since he remembered there was a Chicago chorus girl working at one of the Las Vegas night clubs whom he had promised to look up.

The Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas is a colorful sporting spectacle put on with a showy air that suits the gambling city's atmosphere. There are several pre-tournament events of special spectator appeal. One of these, the Celebrities Putting Contest, is a competition for well-known personalities of the sports and entertainment worlds. When Ed hit town and checked in at the swanky Sahara Hotel, he was immediately invited to take part. He gladly accepted, and although he went right along with the spirit of the thing, holding his own in the verbal give and take with such pros as Frankie Laine, Phil Harris, Ken Murray and Eddie Fisher, he still maintained enough of his competitive composure to cop the prize.

During the regular tournament play, Ed's favorite was Gene Littler, and he was a loyal member of Gene's gallery. "Littler has the steadiest swing in golf," Ed says admiringly. "It's his short backswing that does it. I try to do the same thing myself."

But not all of Ed's time in Las Vegas was devoted to golf. Las Vegas is a night city with a multitude of plushy gambling casinos and glittering night clubs. Ed Brown moves through them with the same ease and naturalness he shows on the football field.

The chorus line at the Flamingo turned out to be a familiar one from Chicago. The smallest member was named Babette and she was Ed's favorite. She was a vivacious little lady with the professional dancer's lithe figure.

Ed, always the cavalier, insisted on dating several of her chorus sisters first. Babette was slightly piqued but seemed to understand, and willingly waited her turn.

Ed's plan for an evening's operation was to start at the outermost of the night spots on the Strip and work his way in, lingering only long enough in each place to see what was going on. Then, as if there were something more important happening at the next place, he would hastily depart.

This might seem somewhat fatiguing, especially when you consider that there are approximately 20 night clubs along the Strip. But for Ed it was as effortless as holding the ball for a point after touchdown.

His nocturnal "hopping" wasn't slowed noticeably when he escorted any of the Flamingo chorus girls. Babette, for example, complained after one such evening that she was more "pooped" than if she had done a dozen exacting dance routines.

"But I love it!" she chirped. "I'm panting, but it's fun. And our entrances are always *big!* Ed is so tall and good-looking, everybody turns to look at him. A girl friend of mine thought he was a movie star, but I don't know any movie stars who have Ed's rugged good looks . . . maybe Clark Gable . . . I saw him once, but of course he's much older."

As far as the gambling went, Ed was mostly indifferent. On the rare occasions when he did try his luck, he was strictly a dollar bettor. "I've tried gambling," he said, "lost a lot, won a little. But mainly I get nothing out of it."

Early the following week, Ed had a long-distance call from his father, who told him his new contract from the Bears had arrived by registered mail and required his signature for immediate return. Although Ed had been in Las Vegas longer than a week, he said goodbye reluctantly—promising Babette he would surely see her again that fall in Chicago.

Actually, though, during the season his night life is practically nil. "George Halas, who owns the Bears, is hot on training," Ed said, "and there's a stiff fine for anybody caught out late. I don't blame Halas, either. There's a reason for it besides conditioning. Publicity. A lot of people think football is just legal mayhem, and the guys who play it are just hired sluggers. Maybe

"May I say a few words in behalf of the ducks?"

it's because of the game's roughness. Anyway, the club owners are trying to combat the idea—which is, after all, strictly unfair. The average guy in pro football is a college graduate and most of the time a gentleman. Much more so, say, than baseball players, who generally have gone no further than high school. But if a football team had been in a night club brawl like the Yankees were last summer—brother, the hullabaloo would have been terrible Take last season when one of our players, Ed Meadows, tackled Bobby Layne after he threw the ball—why, some people wanted to ban the kid from sports for life. But when, for example, a baseball pitcher beans some batter with a fast ball, it's considered an understandable accident."

Back home, Ed glanced over the new contract briefly. It was for one year and it stipulated a substantial increase in pay. (Last season Ed not only quarterbacked the Bears to the National Football League's Western Division championship, but personally led the league in passing.) He read only about one-third of the agreement, then signed it with an indifference that unsettled his businessman father.

"Dad," Ed countered, "I know Halas. Maybe I don't always agree with him, but I trust the old Bohemian."

There would seem to be another reason why he signed so easily. It's because, his friends say, that Ed Brown loves the game of football so much he would play for nothing, if that's the only way he could do it.

When Ed was in high school, a San Luis Obispo sportswriter said, "If you could make a cereal out of football, Ed Brown would eat it for breakfast." The sportswriter knew what he was talking about.

Even at the beaches, where Ed spent most of his spare time in those days, there was always some sort of football game going on, and these pick-up games were notorious for their roughness. The tackling was hard and the blocking sharp, even though the players wore nothing but bathing trunks. It was a case of survival of the fittest.

"One outside line was a cement wall in the deep sand," Ed says of those early seashore games, "and the other was the surf . . . as deep as you could run into it and still stay on your feet." If you've ever tried to run in three feet of water, or in deep sand, you can see where Ed got the powerful legs that make him today not only the game's "most running quarterback," but also one of the top ranking punters in pro football.

However, the experts say it is something else besides muscles that makes Ed's type of football player. In any other sport, they say, this extra element might be called "the will to win." But in a game as incomparably aggressive as professional football, it takes something else; something *more*. This something might best be described as a gladiatorial lust for the physical, bodily clash.

Often after an unusually rough game, a gratified glint comes into Ed's eye as he tells how he dumped a big defensive end with a brutal block. But nobody should mistake this for simply a sadistic love of cruelty. Ed partially explained the real nature of it when he said, "If the other guy is little, and can't take care of himself, there's no fun at all in cutting him down . . . but the bigger they are, the better."

That's the voice of a man who loves a tough game, a good fight, and the good life. ★ THE END

You Can't Fly Jets After 40 continued from page 19

emphasis, then went on. "Jets are demanding. They fly high, and man is ill-fitted to cope with the high sky. They impose se ere physical strains. They're fast—and they aren't very forgiving."

I got his message, loud and clear. "Doc," I assured him, "I've got a family and a hankering to be a grandfather. Upstairs I've always been a devout coward. I'm too old to change now."

Palmer grinned. "That's smart," he allowed. "But this goes deeper. Even small things are important. Your sinusitis is an example. If worse than you've admitted, it could provoke serious complications—ruptured ear drums or impaired hearing."

"I'm sold," I said truthfully. "One twitch or twinge and I'll knock at your door."

"Good," he smiled. "Okay—you pass. Have fun."

So far so good, but I still had to pass the altitude tests. Late that afternoon, we took off for Chanute Field at Rantoul, Illinois, in a twin-engine C-45, one of Bunker Hill's few prop jobs. As we grumbled over scattered clouds into deepening dusk, I moseyed to the cockpit where two jet jockeys were enjoying a change of pace.

"How about this crate?" one of them said. "Man, the F-100 stalls out at our cruising speed!"

Ruefully I sneaked back to my seat. The C-45 is an old friend. Long ago, it was the first twin-engine job I checked out—and I had considered it tricky, complex and challenging. Now it was a lumbering old plug!

Me, too? Well, we'd soon see.

At 7:30 A.M. the next day, I reported to Lieutenant Bill Whereat's altitude training unit at Chanute and joined a dozen sturdy young flight engineer trainees in a day of concentrated indoctrination.

World War II planes and pilots barely nibbled at the stratosphere—the truly "wild" blue yonder. Today's jets routinely invade the air above 40,000 feet, where queer perils abound and death lurks in sneaky ambush.

In short order I learned why this course is a "must" for all who ride jets above 18,000 feet. As a starter, there was an ugly bit of alphabetical business, to wit, T.U.C.—short for Time of Useful Consciousness.

To appreciate TUC, let's review a few simple facts of physics and physiology. Everyone knows oxygen fuels the body. Without it, the human machine swiftly stalls. Man gets this fuel by breathing air, which is 21 per cent oxygen. It requires pressure to push oxygen through lung tissue and capillary walls into the bloodstream. On earth, man's natural domain, this is no problem. Air has weight, and our atmosphere provides an ample 14.7-lb. pressure per square inch.

But as man is lofted into the sky, two unhappy things happen to his air. First, with less weight pushing down, pressure diminishes. Secondly, as pressure diminishes air expands. That means less oxygen per cubic foot of air, and less pressure to push it into the bloodstream. Above 15,000 feet, man can't live on air alone—and the higher he goes the worse it gets.

That brings us back to TUC. Without an extra source of oxygen, the average pilot's TUC at 18,000 feet is 30 minutes. At 25,000 feet, it's five minutes; at 40,000 feet, one minute; and above 43,000 feet, a scant 15 to 30 seconds.

Hypoxia—lack of oxygen—rarely gives any warning. In fact, it often lulls the inadequately fueled brain with a deadly sense of well-being. One moment you're buzzing along, fat and happy. The next minute you're dead.

Was I an apt, alert, attentive pupil during the course on oxygen masks, systems and controls? You're damned right I was!

More worrisome things followed in a briefing and film on the physiology of high-altitude flight. The stratosphere imposes weird strains on earthling bodies. Abdominal gases, like air, expand as you go up. A cubic foot on the ground becomes nine cubic feet at 43,000 feet. If unreleased, this gas can cause crippling cramps. Similarly, clogged Eustachian tubes can rupture eardrums or provoke excruciating sinus pains.

There are other perils and problems. Above 40,000 feet, you can breathe pure oxygen and still die, because atmospheric pressure is too low to force it into the blood. The solution is pressurized oxygen. That, in turn, demands abnormal, reverse-type breathing—relax to inhale, exert to exhale.

Above 50,000 feet, even pressure-fed oxygen must give way to bulky pressure suits. These "men-from-Mars" togs keep nitrogen from boiling out of the blood—the "bends."

To wind things up we learned ejection procedures, no balm for jumpy nerves. Gone are the days of self-propelled bail-outs. At 400 mph—slow jet speed—the slipstream is a solid wall. A jet jockey sits on a small bomb, and when trouble comes, he blows himself out, seat and all. It's real cozy! He gets a nine-G boot in the butt, pops into 55-below-zero cold, kicks away the seat and free falls to 15,000. If he pulls the ripcord too soon in the thin air, the chute shock may break his hips, shoulders or back—or tear loose the bail-out oxygen bottle that means life or death.

By day's end, a wee, nagging voice in a corner of my cranium was whispering: "Go home, old man. This isn't for you!"

Stubborn pride replied: "Relax. Ejection emergencies are rare—and the tank test will safely ascertain how high your aging body can go."

The training tank precisely simulates all the hazards of a genuine high-altitude flight. During our final briefing, Lieutenant Whereat grinned and said, "Don't fret. We've never lost a passenger yet."

Maybe not, but in six years nine men had gone from Chanute's tank to the hospital; and I knew Whereat's boys drew the same extra hazard pay as those who fly for real.

I did have a mental edge over the dozen robust but nervous young GIs sharing the ride. They were invading the unknown. I'd had a tank flight in 1944—all the way to 43,000 feet without difficulty.

We paired off (to watch each other), shuffled in, checked equipment, tightened masks, switched on pure oxygen (to minimize risk of bends) and submitted to a final inspection.

The tank resembles a small railroad car with beefy walls. Near the entrance is a sealed-off lock where conk-outs can be returned to earth without disrupting the main flight. I winked at my young airman partner. He winked back, and the eyes above his mask said, "Let's get this show on the road."

My helmet earphones said, "We're taking off." The tank hissed and thudded softly as we made a fast run to and from 5,000 feet to weed out weaklings. There were no weaklings.

Swiftly now, we rose to 30,000 feet and paused. The crew members checked us for blocked ears, painful sinuses, indications of bends. Everyone was comfy—even me.

At 35,000, belly-rumbles increased. My gas, now seven times expanded, dutifully departed. I flexed arms and legs. No aching joints. Suddenly, one airman doubled up. A crewman swiftly kneaded and massaged the gas cramps from his abdomen.

"How come that Greeley feller never advises any young *women* to come West?"

At 40,000 we began getting oxygen under pressure. Breathing in reverse was both an effort and a strange sensation. We leveled off at 43,000 and I saw the eyes of our three crewmen become alert, watchful and concerned. Here, even in a ground-bound tank, a man can die swiftly if his oxygen fails.

Surprisingly, I felt fine—head clear, no gas, no pained joints. I thought, "You made it, you old goat!"

Descending we stopped at 25,000 to sample hypoxia deliberately and learn its warning symptoms. I handed my disconnected oxygen hose to my partner, waited two minutes, then wrote some test notes. They read like this:

"Now on hypoxia test . . . writing to see how long I can make sense . . . head feels funny . . . dizzy . still trying writ sensh . . hardsch mak snse now . . . getting hoto flischches . . ."

The last two words, intended to be "hot flashes," ended in a wobbly scrawl. My buddy quickly slapped me back on oxygen. A few gulps cleared my head.

Going down, my left ear misbehaved. By 8,000 feet I had a block that neither yawning nor hard swallowing would break. Luckily, so did one of the young airmen. He hollered, so I didn't have to. They "bounced" us up 1,500 feet, then eased back. My ear felt better.

By ground level it was blocked again —not painfully, but tight. I refused to fret or admit it. I had passed the tests. I could fly jets. I told myself, "Hell, you've had earblocks before. It'll clear in an hour or so."

Brashly I ignored Flight Surgeon Palmer's wise words: . . . *even small things are important.*

In a rosy fog, I sped to operations where Captain Lee Bounds, my instructor, was waiting to fly me back to Bunker Hill in a sleek T-33. Lee, a lean, leathery jet vet of 35 with crinkly eyes and a go-to-hell grin, helped me into my gear—oxygen mask, plastic helmet, zipper suit, jacket, chute.

"Weather's pretty soggy," he said. "Low ceiling, wet snow, freezing rain. Bother you?"

I shrugged. "Not if it doesn't bother you. You're up front. You'll hit first."

Lee chuckled. "Okay—let's go."

We walked through chill damp to our silvery T-33. To Lee the T-Bird—an F-80 with an extra seat and dual controls—was mild stuff. He regularly flies the supersonic F-100. To me it was a dream. I clambered into the rear seat, doffed my helmet and listened avidly as Lee explained the tight, complex cockpit.

A cold, raw wind blew steadily against my blocked left ear, but I scarcely noticed as I tried to absorb all Lee said.

In a general way, the cockpit was surprisingly familiar. Flight instruments haven't changed appreciably, nor have stick, rudder and throttle. There were fewer engine instruments, but more radio switches and emergency gadgets.

While Lee taxied out, I studied. Then we screeched off and the magical wonder of jet flying unfolded to me. At 500 feet we went into cold, soggy soup, flying blind, but I was too enchanted to fret. There was no noise except the muted *whoosh* of wind, and no vibration. We rode ahead of our banshee wail smooth as a soaring gull.

Wholly enthralled I ached to handle this luscious bird. Lee read my thoughts. At 25,000, he leveled, trimmed and said "Be my guest—fly it."

Tingling all over, I took stick and rudder and tried a few shallow turns, right and left. What delicate sensitivity! Because their high speed makes manual control difficult, jets have "power steering." The tiniest touch triggers instant response. At first I was a ham-handed oaf, then a vestige of "touch" surged back from the past and things got smoother.

After a while, Lee said, "I'm going to roll her. Follow me through."

I tried it and the bird obeyed like a dream. No torque to counter, no speed loss, no rudder rassling—just a flip of the stick and around she went.

Next we tried some mile-high loops. I got around without wobbling too far off line, but in the process, got my first sample of the bodily battering that goes with jet flying.

Hauling up, we pulled five Gs, and I nearly blacked out. Coming down, my ears popped, and the still-blocked left ear twinged sharply. That should have warned me to tell Lee to let down gently. I didn't—and learned a costly lesson.

Bunker Hill uses a diving, tear-drop instrument approach pattern. As soon as Lee got clearance, he curved into the soup and descended 5,000 feet per minute. This time my bad ear didn't just twinge. It got red hot. "Yowie!" I yelped as we broke clear at 1,000 feet. "Earblock!"

Lee did what he could, flying around until the ear partly adjusted and the fiery pain waned. Then he landed, sweet and smooth.

"Ear still blocked?" Lee asked sympathetically as we alighted.

"Yeah, but the pain's gone. It'll clear by morning," I said blithely. "Tell me, can I really learn to fly this dreamboat?"

"You'll hack it easily," Lee grinned. "Instructing made you a precision pilot. You've already got the feel of it. Once you get familiar with controls, switches, gauges, gadgets and procedures it'll be easy. We'll start tomorrow . . ."

I fell asleep that night on the brink of a dream come true. The next morning, my pesky ear was still blocked. Worried now, I went to see Flight Surgeon Meister. He took one look and shook his head sadly. "That's a beaut," he said. "One of the reddest drums I've ever seen. Doesn't it hurt like hell? It should!"

"No pain—only sweat," I replied. "Can I fly?"

"Not if you value that eardrum. You might rupture it for good."

"How long?"

"Several days—maybe two or three weeks."

"I'll be back in a week," I told Lee hopefully.

But I had forgotten how the cold, raw wind had blown into that gimpy ear. A week later the eardrum was healed, but I had a full-blown sinus infection. That, in turn, re-inflamed the eardrum. I took miracle drugs and diathermy treatments, endured the torment and stubbornly ignored the wee voice that said: "Quit kidding yourself. You're 42 and over the hill."

It was two months before Dr. Meister let me go back up into the blue with Captain Bounds. However, there was one bright spot in this dark delay. I had ample time to study a T-33 manual and become familiar with jets.

The T-33's cockpit seemed more friendly when I clambered in and Lee took off on a 630-mile hop from Bunker Hill to Vance Air Base at Enid, Oklahoma. This was a multi-purpose

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flight. Lee would rack up required cross-country time while I tested long-rusty navigation savvy at jet speeds and became better acquainted with the T-Bird.

Up and away, Lee said, "Take over. Course 235 degrees. Level off at 35,000."

Swiftly the earth became a remote jigsaw. In seven minutes, we passed Lafayette, climbing through wisps of icy cirrus. At 35,000 I flicked the stick's power-trim button, leveled the nose and savored anew the magic of smooth, quiet flight in a delicately sensitive jet.

Power-boost controls make the T-33 so responsive that it took me 20 hamhanded minutes learning to stay precisely straight and level. By the time I stopped playing rock-a-bye and upsy-downsy I could see a long, writhing snake on the gray earth far below.

"Holy smoke—the Mississippi already?" I asked.

"Sure," Lee chuckled. "St. Louis dead ahead." He fiddled briefly with a computor. "Our true air speed is 410 knots, ground speed 350. We're bucking an 80-knot quartering wind."

Beyond St. Louis Lee suddenly barked: "Bogey—two o'clock high. Looks like a B-52." He was right. It was a great, silvery bomber, spewing white contrails. Our courses converged and it passed directly overhead, 5,000 feet above us. Peering up I realized I was seeing for the first time the high sky's purplish hues—a purple that deepens to jet black in outer space. It gave me an eerie, creepy feeling.

Over the Ozarks and the Southwest's plains, Lee explained the T-33's gauges, controls and gadgets, one by one. At Tulsa we angled off airways and beelined for Enid, letting down.

At 25,000 feet my ears twinged. At 15,000 they crackled and hurt. Disgusted, I doffed my oxygen mask and used a nasal spray Dr. Meister had provided. The spray—neo-synephrine—eased the blocks. With Lee flying I could assess my physical state. It wasn't good. I felt old and tired.

A flood of warm memories washed weariness away when we landed at Vance, my old base. Except for longer runways, it looked exactly the same. Happiest of all, the ramp was dotted with sturdy old B-25s which I had flown a dozen years before. Hip-deep in memories, I shook hands with Captain Art Werlich, Vance's sharp young PIO.

"Welcome home," Werlich grinned. "What's your pleasure?"

"Two things," I replied. "I want to wallow in nostalgia, and hop a B-25."

We wallowed first with a quick tour. All the old familiar places were in the old familiar places—headquarters, PX, theater, chapel, officers' club, BOQ's, barracks. But there were no familiar faces. My mind accepted the inevitability of that, but it hurt the heart.

After dinner, nibbling a nightcap at the club bar, I began to feel a curious, restless discontent. The room was full of new faces—and old ghosts. I fled to my sack.

Next day my nostalgia faded when Captain Werlich drove us around a burgeoned Enid I scarcely recognized. It died totally in sad disillusionment when Werlich, an ex-B-25 instructor, arranged the hop I'd requested.

The Mitchell was my favorite airplane. I had logged 500 happy hours in it, and I was sure it would be a familiar old friend. Instead, it was a harsh, dismaying stranger, crammed with unremembered gadgets. I couldn't even recall how to start the engines. Werlich had to do it for me and he had to taxi out and take off. Upstairs, the B-25 flew like a truck. It landed hard, long before I expected touchdown. Afterwards Werlich said politely, "You did fine." I knew better.

Abruptly I was fed up with nostalgia, sick of pursuing wistful memories and ghosts. You can't turn back the clock—not really. "Let's get back to Indiana—and 1957," I said to Lee.

On the trip home, Lee promoted me to the front cockpit, saying, "You're a big boy now and we may shoot landings at Bunker Hill." We buttoned up and a crew chief plugged in a battery cart. "You fire 'er up," Lee urged.

A T-33 is surprisingly easy to start—fuel switch on, flick starter, rev to ten per cent, turn on ignition, then automatic fuel switch. With a soft cough, the T-Bird came alive.

"Throttle from stop-cock to idle, outside cart unplugged, battery switch on, tail-pipe temp okay, chocks away," Lee recited. "Taxi out." Taxiing, too, is easy once brake-steering is mastered.

Lee took us off and up through blowing dust clouds to a safe 1,000 feet, then gave the T-Bird to me.

"Weather says our cloud cover is 10,-

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000 feet thick," he said. "Let's see if you can still fly the gauges."

I was game but dubious. Instrument flying is a delicate art, easily lost. I was a dozen years removed.

At 3,500 we nosed into white fluff and I flew at first like a crippled crow. Airspeed, compass, rate-of-climb and flight indicator all wobbled erratically. But suddenly, magically it all came back . . . delicate touch . . . tiny, tiny corrections . . . absolute faith in the instruments . . . busy, busy eyes . . . relaxed muscles . . . Like an obedient angel, the T-Bird steadied on course and airspeed, bored up and up and finally popped into bright blue sky.

"Sweet and smooth," Lee purred—and my ego exulted with a roll right and another left.

In an hour and 23 minutes we were back over Bunker Hill at 30,000 feet. "Wring 'er out," Lee urged. "See if you can take violent combat tactics."

I warmed up with some rolls, tight turns, quick climbs and shallow dives; no sweat, no pain. But a tight, six-G loop started at 420 knots blacked me out, and the down-side dive twanged my touchy ears anew. A 10,000-foot dive with speed brakes down was even worse. After 15 minutes of rough, tough aerial hi-jinks, my head ached, my ears hurt and dulling fatigue claimed my carcass. The blunt truth was inescapable. As a combat jet pilot I was a bust.

Moreover, I had yet to pass the most critical test—landings.

As we eased down in slow, gentle circles out of deference to my crochcty cars, Lee briefed me: "Fly in at 2,300 feet and 250 knots. Directly over the start of the runway, drop your speed brakes, peel left, throttle back and start a wide, descending turn.

"Gear and flaps go down at 180 knots. Keep the turn tight or you'll drift too far out.

"Approach at 130 knots. Flare out gently, get the main wheels down, then the nose wheel.

"Above all, land while you've still got speed. Don't drop in. This is a 15,000-pound airplane with small, fragile gear.

"And remember—you won't have quick power to erase any goofs. Got it?"

"I hope so," I said uncertainly.

On the first try, with Lee close on the controls, I did everything wrong. I lost a precious second or two fumbling for gear and flaps. I turned sloppily, drifted too far out, yawed back and overshot the final line-up. Gently Lee eased on power and took us up and around.

The second approach was slightly better, but I flared out high. Again Lee—ever on top of the controls—took over.

When I flared out the third time Lee said quietly, "Still too high!"

My eyes said: "He's wrong. It's perfect." My brain replied: "Your eyes aren't what they used to be."

Lee and brain were right. Next time around I flared low. It was just right. Then I knew wear, tear and time had dulled my once-sharp depth perception.

By compensating for that and concentrating like fury, I did finally manage one steady approach and passable landing—with Lee helping, of course. I knew then the experiment was over.

When we'd nested the sleek little T-Bird and crawled out, Lee peered at me quizzically. "How do you feel?" he asked.

Prideful lying was senseless. I knew that fatigue showed in my face. My ears were blocked and ringing. My head ached. My eyes felt dusty and a deep weariness engulfed my bones. "I'm beat—plain beat!" I replied honestly.

"A cool shower and belt of good Scotch will fix that," Lee grinned.

The shower was good, the Scotch better. I gulped one fast and nibbled a second as Lee and I relaxed in Bunker Hill's tasteful officers' club and sought to analyze the experiment in which I'd played guinea-pig.

"Given a thorough knowledge and understanding of the airplane—which anyone of normal intelligence can acquire in ground school—you definitely could solo a T-33," Lee said.

I searched his face for traces of white-lie politeness and saw he was being honest. That was good enough for me.

Lee Bounds was born to fly. As a kid he built models. In high school, he worked to buy lessons. He had 250 hours and a commercial license when he went into cadet training in 1943. By the end of World War II, he had piled up 1,000 hours as a B-25 instructor and glider and troop carrier pilot. Discharged in 1946, he worked awhile, then finished college (Tulsa U.) and re-entered the Air Force in 1951. He instructed in T-33s 1,000 hours, flew F-86s in Korea, and finally came to Bunker Hill and super-sonic F-100s. Still a bachelor at 35, he lives to fly, loves the sky and knows it intimately.

Soberly Lee went on: "Basic flying skills aren't lost. They only corrode. Yours polished up fast. I figure you could check out a T-33 in three or four more hours."

"Then other jets—including the F-100?" I asked, pursuing the point.

A tiny frown touched Lee's forehead as his mind groped for a diplomatic answer. Then his crinkly eyes smiled and he put it this way: "Mechanically, yes. But physically—well, that's something only you and the flight surgeon can judge."

Who needed the flight surgeon's judgment? I knew the answer to that. My ringing ears, aching head and boneweary carcass cried it out. As a jet jockey, I wouldn't be worth much to the new Air Force.

But don't leap from that to a wrong general conclusion. I was an "old" pilot of 28 when I wriggled into the Air Corps via the side door. Many of the kids I taught were ten years younger. It wouldn't take much refresher training to put them safely into today's jets. The same holds true for older War II flyboys who stayed in top physical shape.

Furthermore, even I could be put to good aerial use in an emergency. The Air Force still uses many old-style prop planes—trainers, tankers, cargo craft, transports, whirlybirds and whatnot. In the tight economy of today's uneasy peace, many of these planes must be flown by good jet pilots. In a pinch, these pilots could be relieved by retreads drawn from our great reservoir of War II fliers.

In the postwar process of streamlining and modernizing, the Air Force seems to have achieved a sense of sobriety and dedication sometimes lacking in World War II. The airy, crushed-hat, devil-may-care hotshots and buzz boys have been almost wholly replaced. Today's typical pilot is a quiet tiger, studiously intent upon mastering an exacting profession.

If the time ever comes when the United States has to draw on that reservoir of World War II flyers, I'm sure the old-timers will be proud of their "new" Air Force. I know I was.

★THE END

Wild Cat Hunt

continued from page 41

black, with white-and-black spots underneath. Rarely do they grow longer than 42 inches or stand higher than 15 inches at the shoulder. Their normal weight ranges from 15 to 25 pounds, although some big males have weighed as much as 40 pounds.

Some misguided souls believe that the wildcats are timid because they will generally run away from a fight. Far from being cowards, they practice the old adage: "He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day." When cornered, they have been known to fight off a pack of dogs, and there is no animal in the animal kingdom that will voluntarily mix it up with them. A colorful expression of our language is a tribute to the cat's scrapping ability: "He can lick his weight in wildcats."

But the cat is wraithlike and is seldom seen in the forest by the human eye. Their hearing is acute, their eyesight spectacular; the slightest foreign sound will send them into cover. They're abnormally strong and have been known to jump deer, tearing out the jugular vein, then pulling the animal down to death.

Deane spoke of a farmer in Maine whose sheep and calves had been killed by the cats. Another time, two bobcats cleaned out a yard of five ewes and 14 turkeys just for the fun of it.

It's true that dog packs have run the big cats down and killed them, but some of the dogs were never the same again.

During a chase the cats will run for a while, sneak into a patch of brush or a cave, then ghost out behind the dogs and backtrack. They can climb trees as gracefully as a gibbon and often take to the tall timber to escape their enemies. Few will tree when chased by man, however, for they instinctively seem to know that humans can also climb trees.

There are cases on record of hunters getting too close to enraged wildcats at bay and losing a slab of rump to a flashing steel-nailed claw. When they're cornered, it takes a good man and a gun to down them.

We were both armed with Marlin rifles—Model 336 .219 Microgroove Zipper. Deane was a deadly shot and I was fair, so we had our own claws to match the long ones of the big cats.

"It doesn't quite figure," Deane mused as we hit a copse of big oaks.

"What doesn't?" I asked.

"The book says that wildcats don't mate until January or February, and this isn't even December yet. And I know darn well that they never travel together except during the mating season."

"Maybe this is a case of true love," I joked.

Deane didn't laugh. "No kidding," he said. "I've been boning on cat lore since I was a kid and I never heard of them pairing off like this."

"Don't look a gift cat in the whiskers," I told him. "They're on your land; they're your favorite game animal. Let's tack their hides to your den wall."

He grunted. "Big talk. We haven't even found them yet."

Ten miles and four hours later, we still hadn't found them. I was thankful that the ground wasn't covered with snow and we weren't traveling on snowshoes. I once hunted bobcat in Minnesota in dead winter on the webbed shoes and I thought my legs would never be the same again. You don't know what fatigue is until you have gone bobcatting on snowshoes.

But this was rough enough. Deane's land swelled up and down and was thick with blueberry growths and a catclaw wild bush that reached up and grabbed at us with thorny fingers every step of the way.

Snow lay on the ground in pretty, almost symmetrical patches, as if it had been dabbed in by an artist to break up the monotony of the brown, November world. We saw cat tracks in the snow several times; they looked not unlike a big housecat's pugs. Deane suddenly stopped at a big sentinel cedar standing alone on a rise and hunkered down, motioning for me to join him. I knew he finally had something.

"A big, lusty tomcat," he said, pointing at the bark of the tree. It was roughly clawed; big, fresh gashes where the cat had sharpened his claws. They were long, deep marks, attesting to the size and power of the beast. In a spit of snow three feet beyond the tree, we found the tracks. They were so fresh that the chill air hadn't coated them over and hardened them yet.

Then Deane displayed his cat lore—and his imagination. "I've got a caller in my pocket," he said, "that imitates the sound of a wounded rabbit. I use it to lure foxes. Now, I got an idea that the reason these cats are traveling together is because they're hungry—they're pair-prowling. So, maybe it will work on them, too."

He ordered me to stay put in some brush and make myself as invisible as possible, while he went ahead and scouted several acres of pine forest that lay ahead. "There are rock ledges and a couple of big fields on the other side," he said. "I figure I can hide in the rocks and maybe call a cat out to where I can get a shot. You sit here in case they double back this way." He moved off, walking quietly around the edge of the forest of white pines, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

The sounds of the deep woods in November were pleasant to hear: wind in the pine needles, the coarse *caw, caw* of crows circling a distant valley, the sudden, sharp rustling of the bare branches of some sugar maples that rimmed a piece of marsh land off to my right.

Three deer—two small whitetail does and a fairly large four-point buck—came cautiously out of the pines, heads high, noses to the wind. They had scented me but couldn't see me, and they were tense and nervous, ready for flight. After a while, they minced back into the forest, moving in single file.

Minutes later, I heard the sharp, authoritative voice of Deane's Marlin; then a faint shout. I got to my feet, but thought better of it and hunkered back down again. If Deane had missed, the cat might come back this way if he thought it was safe.

About 35 minutes later, Deane came out of the pines, humped over like a peddler. He had a cat on his back and he was tired. He threw it on the ground at my feet where it fell with a thud, a big male with a beautiful coat.

"My first cat," Deane said proudly. "He's heavier than a bag of apples. Bet he'll go 40 pounds!"

His theory had been right. The cat had been lured out of the woods when it heard Deane's wounded-rabbit call, and he had belted it at 100 yards with one slug from the Marlin 336. "Sweet gun," he said.

"Smart man," I said, knowing that it is rare in this sport for a man without dogs to take a wildcat in its own element.

"You flatter me," Deane said. "I just guessed right."

"I don't buy," I said. "Your cat lore paid off. You got the cat in the bag."

He grinned. "Better start back. I know a short cut." He started to pick up the cat, looked at me, but I didn't make any foolish offers. It was his cat.

We started out with him in the lead. I carried both guns. We had gone about three miles when we heard an angry spitting and hissing off to one side. Deane turned pale and dropped his cat on the ground. "Give me my gun," he said. "Quick!" I did and we both whirled in the direction of the sound.

A couple of hundred yards to our right in some underbrush, we discovered the source of all the commotion. There, with its foot in a steel trap, sat a young male bobcat. He had heard us approach, and as we got closer, he had started to hiss and spit. The sound was pure hate.

Deane looked as if he was going to cry. "I got the old man," he said. "They were hunting together and the bucko boy got clobbered in a trap." He ranted and raved about traps and trappers and swore that he'd never shoot another wildcat. His next words really made me blink. "Let's get him out of there, Jack."

"You're kidding?" I said.

"The hell I am. We both have guns and we can kill the young cat if we have to."

"Well . . ." I said reluctantly, ". . . if you say so."

We took off our heavy coats; Deane went behind the cat and I approached from the front. As the cat tangled his claws in my heavy woolen jacket, Deane threw his coat over its head and, with the quickest movement I ever saw in a human, snapped the trap so that the cat was free. We both stepped back, guns at the ready.

The cat sat staring at us for a while, eyes blazing. Then all of a sudden, seeming to realize what had happened, it bounced up and, wheeling in as neat an about-face as I ever saw, started off, limping slightly.

I shook my head as we watched the big animal disappear into a clump of trees. "Just think, you could have had two for the price of one."

Deane stooped and hefted the dead cat onto his shoulder. Puffing and staggering under the weight after the miles we had already covered, he shot me a withering look. "I wasn't being soft hearted," he grunted. "I just couldn't see lugging both of those cats back *myself!*"

I grinned. "I just came along for the hike." ★ THE END

What Makes A Man Shoot 13 People? continued from page 15

some ironing. Then he went down to the basement and picked up a monkey wrench. When his mother walked into the living room a few moments later, he was standing there with the wrench clutched in his right hand. He suddenly raised it menacingly and took a step toward her.

"Don't, Howard," she cried. Panic-stricken by the way he looked at her, she ran out of the apartment and over to the house of Mrs. Caroline Pinner two blocks away. "Something has come over my boy," she moaned hysterically as her old friend tried to comfort her.

Something indeed had come over him. After she left, he dropped the wrench, put on a suit jacket and got out his Luger. He placed a bullet in the chamber and put in a full clip of eight shells. Then he packed his pockets with another clip, 16 loose cartridges, a small tear gas pen that was part of his bedroom arsenal, and a pocket knife. Carrying the Luger in his hand, he walked downstairs into the backyard and cut between two buildings to River Road. His face was as placid and expressionless as that of a sleeping child. The time was ten minutes after nine.

He walked first into the shoemaker's store. Twenty-seven-year-old John Pilarchik, whom Unruh blamed with dark inner fury for water in his basement, was sitting at his bench. As Pilarchik started to stand, the man he had considered the mildest of neighbors stepped to within three feet of him, pulled the trigger and shot him dead through the stomach.

Unruh next went into Clark Hoover's barber shop two doors away. Mrs. Catherine Smith was sitting in a chair against the wall, waiting patiently while Hoover trimmed little Orris (Bruz) Smith's hair. Perhaps a minute had gone by since Unruh first came out of his house; certainly no more than two. He had moved so swiftly and silently, no one yet realized that a homicidal maniac was starting to deal out death with methodical precision up and down the sun-drenched street. To most of the people within earshot, the single shot had sounded like a car backfiring.

As Mrs. Smith watched—first with unconcern over the apparent arrival of a new customer, then in shocked, unbelieving horror—Unruh walked over to the white hobby horse with red and blue trimming that the barber used for his junior-sized patrons and put a bullet into Bruz's chest. The boy's body slumped, his blood staining the sheet that had been wrapped around him to catch the clippings of his hair.

Now Unruh pointed his gun at the terrified barber. "I've got something for you, Clarkie," he said, and pumped two bullets into the barber. One would have done the job.

Mrs. Smith let out a wild, heart-rending shriek and picked up her son's body. Brushing by her as if she didn't exist, Unruh walked back onto the sidewalk and turned right, past the shoemaker's and into the tailor's shop. Owner Tom Zegrino, whose chance remark had placed him on the killer's death list, had stepped out to go on an errand. Helga, his bride of only a month, was sitting in the rear of the store alone. She let out a piercing scream, and fell dead, as her visitor fired with no show of emotion.

By this time, the steady tat-tat of the shooting had made the neighborhood horribly aware that River Road's quietest citizen was on a murderous rampage. Terror-stricken women and children raced off the street and huddled behind apartment and store doors. "Howard Unruh's gone crazy," they kept saying over and over again in stunned disbelief.

And the staccato cracks of the pistol fire carried into the Pinners' house around the corner. Inside, Mrs. Unruh cried out: "I know it's Howard. I've got to get to a phone to try and stop him." Before she could reach it, she collapsed in a faint.

Four people already lay dead as Unruh came out on River Road again after killing Mrs. Zegrino. The luncheonette next to the tailor shop was locked. Unruh tried the door, then he fired a couple of harmless shots through it. Thwarted, he went into the street.

A stocky dark-haired man named Roxy DeMarco had just pulled his small truck opposite Frank Engel's tavern and was resting a moment before making a bread delivery. If Unruh ever had seen him before, it could only have been most casually. Yet he walked over to the truck and stuck his gun through the window. The flabbergasted DeMarco looked up and gave an involuntary jump backward. It was the luckiest move of his life. The reflex action took him just out of the line of fire and the bullet flew harmlessly past.

It was one of the few shots Unruh missed all that morning, but the attempt was a startling indication—along with the death of little Bruz Smith—that his original plan of "killing a few neighbors" had been discarded. It now had been replaced in the confused chambers of his mind with a savage lust for wholesale murder.

His actions followed no predictable pattern. After he shot at DeMarco, he just shrugged his shoulders and started walking again. Some shouting, fearful children went racing by him. He didn't seem to see or hear this obvious group of targets, but his eyes spotted a movement in a nearby doorway. One quick shot with the accuracy derived from his long hours of practice shooting and two-year-old Tommy Hamilton fell dead inside his apartment with a bullet through his head.

Across the street, Frank Engel had locked the door of his bar and grill and raced upstairs to his apartment to get his own gun. From his second-story window, Engel took a pot shot at the stalking killer. It struck his right buttock, but had no appreciable effect. For despite a wound that would have brought the average man down, writhing in pain, Unruh relentlessly reloaded the Luger and kept right on walking—and shooting.

He stopped at the bar. Unable to get inside, he fired a few fruitless shots into the door and then strode to the grocery store at the corner of 32nd Street. By this time it was locked, too, but the traffic light on the corner had turned red, stopping an automobile that had been going down River Road toward downtown Camden. In it were Mrs. Helen Wilson, her ten-year-old son John, and her mother, Mrs. Emma Matlack, en route to a doctor's office.

Unruh never had seen these people before in his life. But without hesitation he left his position in front of the grocery, walked over to the halted car and shot each of the passengers through the open window. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Matlack died almost immedi-

SAGA BOOKSHELF

THE BATTLE OF CASSINO. *By Fred Majdalany. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, $4.)*

Not many of the spate of novels written about World War II carry the impact or mount the suspense that you encounter in this taut, factual account of the grim struggle waged by the Allied forces to reduce the "fortress" Abbey of Monte Cassino. You don't have to be a veteran of the Fifth Army to become absorbed in the day-by-day pounding. As the dust jacket of Mr. Majdalany's book proclaims, "The action takes on an epic grandeur in an almost classic atmosphere of tragedy."

It was, everyone agrees, the very essence of tragedy that the great abbey, a symbol of religious faith and humble simplicity, should have been placed between two great armies contending for a prize no less than the continent of Europe. But that is what happened. Cassino was on the road to Rome; the Allies were determined to get there and the Germans were equally determined to keep them away. The abbey, helpless, was bound to be reduced. Few men have known the kind of hell the monks who stayed at Cassino experienced during the height of the battle.

Mr. Majdalany is well equipped to tell the story of Cassino. He was an infantry officer in the battle and he has been over the ground once already in writing a fine novel, *The Monastery*. He has approached his material with an objective eye and is just as kind to some of the German officers, like Von Senger, as he is hard on some of the Allied commanders, notably Mark Clark. Of Clark, probably the most controversial figure of the whole Italian campaign, the author writes: "His appearance suggested the kind of film star who excels in Westerns. He would have looked well in a ten-gallon hat . . ." And, speaking of General Clark's reputation for egomania, he says, "It was a standing joke among the war correspondents that Clark required all press dispatches to use the complete phrase "Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark's Fifth Army."

The battle which this book recreates so excitingly began on the night of January 17, 1944, when British troops attached to the Fifth Army crossed the Garigliano and attempted to establish a protective left flank to prepare the way for three American divisions to thrust into the heart of the Cassino defenses a few nights later. Nobody knew, or dreamed, then that it would not end until June 4 when the Americans entered Rome. The six dreadful months of Cassino's ordeal make a magnificent book.

* * *

RASCALS IN PARADISE. *By James A. Michener and A. Grove Day. (Random House, New York. $4.75.)*

The subtitle on this big, handsome volume reads: True tales of high adventure in the South Pacific. It is no part of an overstatement. Mr. Michener, the famous author of "Tales of the South Pacific," and Mr. Day have put together ten engrossing stories in which men (actually, nine men and one woman) who dreamed of life in a tropical paradise did their damnedest to make the dream come true. The men, buckos like the notorious Bully Hayes, Captain William Bligh of *Bounty* infamy, and Will Mariner, and the woman, Dona Isabel, the lady buccaneer, are the kind of people who enlist your full attention. The setting is one the authors know intimately. The result is a book that can be sampled piecemeal, a story at a time, with unfailing satisfaction, or that can be read all the way through with results just as happy.

ately. Johnny, who caught a bullet in the neck, died the next day.

Down the next block, the killer spied Charlie Peterson, an 18-year-old fireman's son, just as he was stepping out of a car. Unruh raised the Luger and fired. But the distance was long and his aim was off. He got young Peterson in the leg.

Incredible though it seems, Unruh's massacre took only about 15 minutes. The brief space of time that elapsed between his first shot and the last, however, explained the continued absence of police as Unruh, with eight murders already under his belt, finally turned his attention to the Cohen family, the people whose lives he wanted the most.

Meanwhile the police had been summoned by terror-stricken River Road residents. Patrol cars filled with officers were racing to the scene. Joseph Inglesby, the county coroner, happened to be in the general vicinity when someone told him that a wild man was shooting up the 3200 block of River Road. Although he disbelieved the report, Inglesby got in his car and headed for the address; he found the news was all too true.

None of the officials arrived in time to head off the next set of deaths. At the entrance of Cohen's drug store, Unruh met James Hutton of Westmont, New Jersey, his own insurance agent. "Excuse me, sir," the killer said politely. Hutton looked at the gun and stood dumfounded. "He didn't get out of my way fast enough," Unruh explained later, "so I fired at him." The insurance man dropped to the sidewalk dead.

Just at this time, Alvin Day, a television repairman from Mantua, New Jersey, stopped his car to see what all the excitement was about. He had been driving along River Road to get to his first service call. Unruh fired through the window and Day was killed at the wheel.

Now Unruh reloaded and turned back to the drug store. It was empty; the family all had fled to their apartment upstairs. Relentlessly, he went up after them. Mrs. Cohen was hiding in a clothes closet. Unruh blazed away through the door and, when the woman inside was lifeless, he opened the closet and shot her again.

The druggist and his 14-year-old son, Charles, had climbed down out of the apartment onto the porch roof as they struggled to elude their pursuer. Unruh shot at them from a window. The boy miraculously was unhit. His father was riddled in the back. He dropped dead to the street below.

In another room, Mrs. Minnie Cohen, the druggist's mother, was frantically trying to telephone for help. Unruh shot her in the head and in the body. She fell beside the phone.

His lust still unsatisfied, Unruh walked downstairs through the drug store to River Road. He turned left on 32nd Street and passed two women and two little girls—a foursome who had blissfully continued to think that all the noise they heard came from a backfiring car. For some unexplainable reason, Unruh ignored them and continued walking up 32nd Street until he came to the home of Mrs. Madeline Harrie directly behind the drug store.

Mrs. Harrie, her sister and her two sons were inside when the gun-holding neighbor she scarcely knew bounded up the stairs. Her sister fled out of the house through another door and young Leroy Harrie dashed upstairs. That left Mrs. Harrie and 17-year-old Armond trapped in the kitchen. Unruh took aim and fired several times. Perhaps weariness had overtaken him, but whatever the reason, his uncanny marksmanship at last proved faulty. He just was able to wound Mrs. Harrie in the left arm and her son in the right. He pulled the trigger again, but this time the gun only clicked. Unruh had used up all his ammunition. The Luger was empty, its trail of death finally ended.

As calmly as he had begun the morning, the murderer of 13 people turned on his heel and walked out of the house.

The police sirens were wailing wildly as carloads of officers raced to the scene, armed with shotguns, Tommy guns and tear-gas grenades. Sergeant Earl Wright, one of the first to arrive, ran through the drug store and up to the Cohens' apartment. He found young Charlie Cohen, the sole survivor, half in and half out the window opening on the roof.

"He's going to get me!" Charlie screamed. "He's killing everybody!"

Wright half-carried the hysterical boy down to the street and turned him over to other officials who were holding back the crowd of horror-stricken neighbors and passersby that was forming in front of the building.

Unruh meantime had leaped the fence between the Harries' yard and his own and walked up the back stairs to his own apartment. Seconds after he arrived there, the building was surrounded by 50 policemen and detectives. Unruh just stood in his bedroom and waited.

Suddenly one of the weirdest events of this unbelievable morning occurred. The telephone rang. The caller was Philip Buxton, an enterprising editor on the Camden *Bulletin*. Acting on a what-have-I-got-to-lose hunch, he had looked up Unruh's number in the phone book after the first flash and dialed it. To his amazement, Unruh answered.

"What do you want?" the man who had just shot 17 persons answered coolly, his voice untouched by hysteria.

"I'm a friend," editor Buxton replied. "I want to know what they're doing to you down there."

There was a pause. Then Unruh said, "They haven't done anything to me yet. I'm doing plenty to them."

"How many have you killed?"

"I don't know. I haven't counted. It looks like a pretty good score."

"Why are you killing people?"

"I don't know. I can't answer that yet. I'll have to talk to you later. I'm too busy now."

He hung up.

Bullets—police bullets now—started to rain into the little apartment. But it was the tear gas that did it. After the officers hurled their first few grenades through the windows, they heard Unruh shout chokingly: "I give up. I'm coming down."

With enough guns trained on him to make him look like a lone enemy soldier surrendering to a platoon, Unruh opened his kitchen door and started downstairs. His Luger lay quiet back in his bedroom. Sergeant Wright walked up and snapped a pair of handcuffs on him.

As the police took him around the house back to River Road, one horrified officer cried out: "What's wrong with you? You a psycho?"

The lanky killer turned a level gaze on the cop. "I'm no psycho," he said, and it was hard to believe that this tall mild man could shoot one man much less leave an unprecedented

number of dead in his wake. "I have a good mind."

The police led him through the crowd into a patrol wagon. There were a few cries of "lynch him" but no attempts at violence, although the number of people around the house had grown to 200 or 300.

The time was ten o'clock. Not even an hour had gone by since Unruh had first walked down to River Road. But Coroner Inglesby was busy gathering up more dead bodies than he or anyone else had seen in a long time.

County Prosecutor Mitchell Cohen met the prisoner at headquarters. His primary job was to get the gory details from the prisoner's own mouth and sew up the multiple murder charges. Unruh gave him no trouble—in fact, the prosecutor realized with misgivings, his case was all too easy. This man was like no killer Cohen had ever seen or heard of before. Unruh sat before him expressionless, as neat and tidy as a visitor paying a social call. He answered every question freely and clearly during the two-hour grilling with no sign of a complaint. He never once said that he couldn't remember shooting a person or asked the prosecutor to stop pounding him with questions. He made no request for a lawyer.

"Why did you want to kill these people?" Cohen asked.

"They had been making derogatory remarks about my character," Unruh said.

But the bodies of others against whom Unruh had no grievance now were being gently carted away from River Road. "What about them?" their murderer was asked.

"I don't know," Unruh replied matter of factly. "I'd have killed a thousand if I had bullets enough."

"During all the time he was with me in the room, Unruh talked in a straightforward, rational manner," Cohen recalls. "Except for the unbelievable significance of the words themselves, the only outward sign he gave of possible mental unbalance was an occasional blank stare off into space."

But after all the talking, the time came for Unruh finally to stand up. To the surprise of everyone in the room, his pants and the chair he had been sitting on were covered with blood.

"You've been wounded," Cohen said.

"Where?" asked Unruh.

The prosecutor realized with a start that his prisoner had been sitting there quietly talking to him for two hours without knowing he had been shot. There was no pain or discomfort.

When the prosecutor first had heard vague reports in the early morning that someone was shooting up the east side of town, he had summoned Dr. H. Edward Yaskin to headquarters. Now he called the psychiatrist in to look at Unruh. Later that day, Dr. James Ryan, a prominent Philadelphia psychiatrist, arrived for consultation. Their preliminary observations confirmed the prosecutor's mounting suspicions. "The prisoner," they announced, "appears decidedly abnormal."

The next day Unruh was taken 30 miles to the New Jersey State Hospital for the Insane at Trenton for further examination. Surgeons already had studied his wound and decided against early removal of the bullet. After subsequent probing, the doctors decided he would be better off if they never took it out.

A crew of four psychiatrists was assigned to the case. While Unruh's victims were being buried, and for weeks later, the doctors at the hospital examined him, tapped him and subjected him to a barrage of mental tests. On October 7th, they issued their opinion. He was, the doctors declared unanimously, "a case of dementia praecox, mixed type with pronounced catatonic and paranoid coloring."

Although Prosecutor Cohen had drawn up 13 murder and three assault and battery indictments against Unruh, the psychiatrists' verdict made his course clear. The prosecutor went into court and asked to have the killer committed permanently to the Hospital for the Insane. The actual papers, signed by Judge Rocco Palese, assigning him to the institution read: ". . . permanently or until restored to his right mind."

There were a few outcries about the verdict in Camden. One tearful widow said with bitterness: "Unruh should be placed on public display and tortured for his crimes." But thoughtful citizens in the grieving community seemed to feel that the decision was the only one the prosecutor could have made.

"You can't put an insane man in the electric chair no matter what he has done," was the most typical comment.

Cohen, himself, announced that as far as he was concerned the case would never be closed. "The state was prepared to try this case at once if Unruh could be placed on trial," he said. "Under the laws of this state, however, an insane person cannot be tried. There is no alternative but to have Unruh committed to the state mental hospital. But I here and now serve notice on Unruh and his family that so long as I live I shall vigorously oppose any attempt by anyone at any time to have this man released into society."

In this connection, the state left itself one legal loophole. The psychiatrists officially declared that he was insane when they examined him, which was *after* the murders. If he somehow ever were discharged from the hospital, he could be brought to trial and face possible execution, with the prosecutor contending that he was sane during the time of his rampage.

The chances of proving his sanity during those terrible few minutes of the Camden massacre are quite as remote as the possibility that he ever would be allowed to leave the mental institution. Even if a hostile public would ever permit it, dementia praecox produces the slimmest number of recoveries of any type of insanity.

Unruh was lying quietly on a steel cot in the hospital for the criminally insane, when he learned of his formal commitment. His face remained emotionless as he heard the news. "He apparently was no more concerned than he was when he was first brought into the institution and said he supposed he would die in the electric chair," reported an official of the hospital.

Complying with a state law, officials at the hospital have refused since to discuss their most famous patient. But the word among informed sources in Camden is that his case has become progressively worse. "I hear that he has been drawing further and further into his shell," says one official. "He writes constantly and guards his possessions with such care that he even takes them along with him when he goes into the bathroom. Doctors feel that inside him there still is the desire to kill, waiting to explode once again."

The world doesn't have to fear Howard Unruh any more, but it wonders: Could there ever be a repetition of this massacre?

★ THE END

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train was still moving. It would come out on the main line before the special would pass by. He swooped low and hollered warnings. The engineer waved his cap and hollered back. Rodgers dived again and somehow, over the sound of the plane and the train, the engineer heard him, took a look at where he was going, and slammed on the brakes. Even at that, the engine sideswiped the train and knocked one side off the hangar car.

The next day, Cal was flying along happily when the plane suddenly began losing altitude. He looked around and sat up straight. The spark plugs were slipping out of their housing! He looked around desperately for a place to make a landing, but he was over the northern fringe of the Alleghenies and there wasn't a flat spot in sight. For 12 nervous miles, the *Vin Fiz Flyer* struggled on, Rodgers flying her with one hand and one knee, and holding the plugs in with the other hand. As soon as he saw a cow pasture, he cut off the motor. The EX was unstable enough with both propellers going; with no power at all, she required a lot of careful handling. But Cal glided her down from a height of 2,600 feet. She came down over the air currents like a bird and landed safely.

On September 24, with the spark plugs repaired, Cal took off for Jamestown, New York. But after he had gone 89 miles, the plugs worked loose again and he had to land in a pasture in the Cattaraugus Indian Reservation at Red House. He managed to get the plugs back in, then tried to take off. But the field was too short and the wind was blowing from the wrong direction. He made several unsuccessful attempts and succeeded only in attracting every Indian on the reservation. They crowded around and made things harder for Rodgers. He finally did get off the ground, but almost immediately the plane lost altitude again. It bowled along a narrow strip of ground between two fences, knocking off the tops of the fence posts on both sides as neatly as though the wing was a buzz saw. Naturally, the five-inch posts didn't do the wing any good. Cal tried to get the plane back down on the ground in a hurry. But by that time, the crowd had spread all over the pasture. He had to bang it into a hillside. The plane was completely wrecked, eight miles from the nearest railroad station. The truck had to come out from the special train and haul the battered aircraft back to the hangar car. There it was rebuilt for the second time.

After three days, Cal took off again and arrived over Akron, Ohio, without mishap. It was, however, late in the evening when he got there, and Rodgers, seeing no landing field ahead, turned around and flew back toward the last pasture he remembered seeing. But he missed that one, too, and as darkness set in he began fluttering back and forth, peering down through the gloom looking for a landing space in the fast fading light.

The members of the support party got their train turned around at Akron and headed back to the last station at Kent, Ohio. There they took Rodgers' racing car off the train and started looking for him. They stopped at one farmhouse after another. The farmers, their wives, children and hired hands all came out, scratched their heads and pointed in every possible direction. "He went thataway," they kept saying vaguely.

In the meantime, the moon had come up. When he finally put his plane down, Rodgers probably made the first moonlight landing in the history of aviation. Nor did he lack an audience, for he landed in a cow pasture. When the search party found him, he was busy running around in circles, shooing cows away from the airplane.

On September 30 he had a good day. He flew 204 miles westward in 258 minutes.

On October 1 he made eight miles. This was a terrible day. Flying along, he saw a thunderstorm in his path and turned south in an attempt to escape it. The storm, however, was heading south, too, and Rodgers flew through the fringe of it. He was wearing a kind of legging which came up over the knee, and he also had a waterproof coat on, but he was still pretty miserable sitting out there in the open in the blinding rain, and the winds shook the light plane pitifully.

When he flew out of that storm, he ran right smack into another. He got out of that one, drenched and dizzy, only to see a third. This time, he fought his plane up and just managed to get on top of it. He flew on in the sunny turbulence over the storm, praying that the plane would maintain its altitude, as lightning danced about his feet and he made sickening drops into one air pocket after another. But in spite of the storms, he made Huntington, Indiana, that night.

An immense crowd thronged the field the next day. Between the crowd and the wind, Rodgers was done in. Fighting the plane into the wind, he finally became airborne. But a sudden shift in the wind knocked him sideways. He couldn't turn into it quickly enough, and was losing altitude fast. He could have dropped down safely if he acted quickly enough, but by now he was right over the crowd. He couldn't go down, he couldn't go up, and he couldn't go on. He shrugged his shoulders, got a fresh grip on his cigar, and went scudding sideways with the wind until it dumped him, plane and all, in a nearby wheat field. That drydocked him for three more days of repairs.

Often, when he was following a nice straight stretch of railroad track, Cal flew low and had a friendly, playful race with the train. On the morning of October, probably thanks to a friendly tailwind, he outdistanced the train handily and pulled several hundred yards ahead. He was sitting in his precarious perch, puffing happily on his cigar, when banking around a sharp curve on a hill, he saw a handcar on the tracks down below. The workmen on it were nonchalantly pumping themselves into the path of the oncoming train. They lost their nonchalance in a hurry when suddenly a plane plunged down at them out of the sky and a big man began screaming at them. They looked at the receding plane in amazement for a moment and then shrugged their shoulders and casually started pumping again. But back the plane came, this time even closer. And this time, they heard him.

"Get off the track!" Cal screamed. "Train's coming! Get off the track!"

The men just barely had got their handcar off the tracks when the train rocketed around the bend and was upon them.

That was a big day for buzzing all around. As Cal was flying on, he saw a peculiar procession down below and went down to see what was going on. Too late, he saw that he had barged into a funeral procession. But the pallbearers didn't mind. They dropped the casket and began waving, cheering the aviator on.

Cal flew into Chicago on October 8, landing at Grant Park at noon. Thousands of people were there to see him and he spent four hours signing autographs. When he did take off, for Lockport, on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, he almost immediately got lost. How was he supposed to know which of the maze of tracks in Chicago is the Chicago and Alton to Lockport? He dipped down and, bellowing, asked direction of the workers in the yards. They finally got him on the right track—or over it.

When he passed Dwight, Illinois, on

"The Bwanas are restless tonight."

October 9, Rodgers set a new record for cross-country flying. No one before him ever had gone so far. Cal got a kick out of that but he got a bigger kick when he passed over Joliet penitentiary, dropped down low and buzzed the prison yard. The inmates gave him a big cheer.

Now Rodgers was really moving. He flew on across the Mississippi to Louisiana, Missouri, where schools and business houses had closed down to welcome him. The next day, he made Kansas City. Every whistle in town blew as he circled Swope Park where half the city waited. The reception apparently went to his head, for he put the *Vin Fiz Flyer* in a steep bank and made an incredibly narrow circle. The mechanics estimated his bank angle at 55 degrees, and inasmuch as the plane didn't even have arm rests, much less a harness, the only thing that held Cal in the plane was centrifugal force. Nothing held the plane up. It lost altitude as it side-slipped.

"You don't get away with that more'n two or three times," a mechanic said. "The third time they pick you up and put you in a box. This is Cal's second time."

Cal survived the risky maneuver but it was a bad day for him anyway. The motor he had started out with had burned out, but good, and a new one had to be installed. Even worse, the calendar showed that it was October 10, 1911, the day the Hearst prize offer expired. All other aspirants had failed. Rodgers himself had broken all existing records for distance, had practically rebuilt his airplane three separate times, and had encountered enough hazards, what with man, beast and the elements, to have made any less stout-hearted man give up. But he persevered, and everyone hoped that Hearst would extend the time, at least until Cal had made his full effort.

The answer was no. The offer was dead. There was no longer any financial reason to continue. But Rodgers did, anyway.

However, he altered his route. He proceeded to California from Kansas City by way of Texas. There was good reason; it was the season of county fairs throughout Texas, and Cal figured that by making appearances at them, he could make enough money to keep going. He thought up another stunt, too. Wherever they stopped, his wife sold picture postcards of the *Vin Fiz Flyer* for 25 cents. Each purchaser would self-address the card, stamp it, and give it to Rodgers to be taken by air to the next town, where he would mail it. The postcards Cal carried on that trip are collector's items today. They mark the birth of air mail.

At McAlester, Oklahoma, a leaking oil tank and cracked cylinder brought Rodgers down. At Fort Worth, it was a clogged fuel line. But he was still in good humor. At Fort Worth, he saw two high water towers. Cal couldn't resist the impulse; he eased the rudder gently with the warping lever and flew a pattern of figure eights around and between the towers. (The towers were 40 feet apart and the *Vin Fiz*'s wingspread was 32 feet.)

Cal had fun all through Texas. He came down low to race coyotes and jack rabbits. Near Waco, he spotted an eagle flying serenely along. He changed direction to intercept the eagle's flight plan, and the two raced along for several miles. It was the eagle that said uncle first. The bird gave up and turned off.

The people of San Antonio, Texas, gave Cal a baby jack rabbit, for luck, on October 22. The next day, he was forced down in a cotton field. The next night he had to make an emergency landing on a country road near Stofford Junction. He couldn't hold the road and the cactus ripped his tires off. The next day, as he was taking off, a bird flew into the propeller and the plane swerved into a barbed wire fence. Cal held on for dear life and escaped injury. "This is just a small wreck," he assured the crowd that gathered as he climbed out of the plane.

Mechanics got it going again by morning, and that day, at Sanderson, he set down hard and broke his landing skids. Cal sighed and turned loose his "good luck charm," the baby jack rabbit.

Over Fort Hancock, on October 29, the water pump began to leak. Soon the engine began to steam. Rodgers desperately started down. He saw a plowed field, but couldn't quite make it, and landed in a mesquite thicket instead. But at least the mesquite provided some kind of cushion, and only the skids were damaged. Two days were spent repairing them, and then he got out of Texas.

He was welcomed to New Mexico by a broken magneto ring. Making repairs on it, at Deming, he happened to check the chains which drove the propellers. Eleven of the rollers were missing. He decided not to waste time on such minor matters and took off anyway.

On November 1, Rodgers flew over the Continental Divide to Tucson, Arizona. Things were going fine, but the fates were saving up a few licks for him. It happened 4,000 feet over the Salton Sea near Imperial Junction, California. With no warning at all, the number one cylinder of his motor blew out with a mighty blast that rocked the plane. It riddled his right arm with flying splinters of steel. Oil sprayed into the air and covered his goggles, blinding him hopelessly. But, though it was pierced and bleeding in a dozen places, Cal's right arm did not budge an inch. That was the arm that controlled the bank of the plane. It had to hold firm. Cal knew that if the *Vin Fiz Flyer* got into a spin he would never get her out of it. As it was, the blast threw the plane into a sudden lunge. Cal, blinded and crippled, slowly and steadily fought the *Flyer* out of it. When he was gliding on a more or less even keel, he whipped up his arm and ripped off his goggles. Even in the brief instant it took him to do that, the powerless plane went into another lunge. Again Cal calmly brought her out of it. Then, finally, in a continuous, graceful spiral glide, the crippled pilot brought down his crippled plane, rolling it up to within 100 feet of the railroad station at Imperial Junction.

Rodgers was 178 miles from Pasadena, California, the announced end of the trip. But the whole front part of his engine was blown to smithereens. His chief mechanic was no longer with him, having been called home by his wife's illness. Desperately, Cal and the other mechanics rooted through the hangar car, which contained a little bit of everything. In it was an old engine he had used at the Chicago air show. There were also two cylinders which had been cannibalized from the engine he had burned out in the first part of the transcontinental trip. Somehow or other, with three useless hunks of engine, a new one was put together and Cal took off on what he hoped would be the last lap.

He had to fly over the most dangerous terrain of the whole trip, the San Bernardino mountains, which rise well over 11,000 feet into the air. The only way for him to get over was to get through —through the narrow San Gorgonia Pass, where the cliffs rise almost a mile straight up over the jagged rocks, and

the wind howls without letup. Into this precipitous gorge, Rodgers headed his sagging biplane with its homemade motor.

In the middle of the pass, the radiator began to leak; the spark plugs came loose; a connecting rod broke. Cal steered with his knee. He reached back and grabbed the jumping connecting rod and held on tight. And that was the way he flew on through the pass to Banning. A plowed field offered his only chance for a safe let-down, but the field was at the very base of a sheer 2,000-foot cliff. Cal put the plane into a steep dive and came down until the wind screamed through the struts. At the last second, he banked her around, side-slipped, and dropped the plane gently on the field. How that man could fly!

The next day, Cal took off again for Pasadena. Ten thousand people waited for him at Tournament Park. A white sheet was laid out in the center of the field to mark the landing place. The band played and everyone's eyes were fixed on the observatory on the summit of Mt. Wilson, where watchers waited with telescopes. Suddenly a flash of blue-white light from a heliograph shot from the mountain. Rodgers had been sighted! The people went wild. They screamed until a tiny spot appeared in the sky to the east, and then they screamed even louder. Over the field, Cal put the old plane into a power dive and swooped down over the delighted crowd. Then he pulled out of it and spiraled gracefully down to land just 25 feet from the sheet marker.

The crowd burst through the police line and trampled fences into splinters. But a flying wedge was organized and the hero, wrapped in an American flag, was phalanxed through. They put him in an automobile and circled the track twice, moving swiftly so the crowd couldn't stop the car, and then took him to the Hotel Maryland where he registered as follows: "C. P. Rodgers, New York to Pasadena by air."

And then, when they asked him what he wanted, and the crowd stood by in hushed quiet to catch his every word, the intrepid airman said he would like some crackers and cream.

Even with the backing of the Vin Fiz outfit, the fees he had earned at state fairs, and the profit from his airmail stunt, Rodgers didn't make any money on the trip. His airplane had cost $5,000 and he had invested in $4,000 worth of spare parts. He had used up three $1,500 engines, plus such additional trifles as six extra cylinders and two extra radiators. He also had gone through four propeller chains, eight propellers, six back skids and five front skids. The plane he flew into Pasadena contained exactly two items it had started out with. They were the vertical rudder and the drip pan. Everything else on the plane had been replaced.

On the serious side, Cal made some very acute observations on the future of aviation. First of all, he said, he felt that it would be absolutely necessary for the power of the engine to be increased, perhaps even doubled. Twenty-five horsepower was just not enough. He said it would be necessary to work out some means by which control of rudder and planes could be maintained by one hand or by one foot and one hand, so that the pilot could have his right hand free to make emergency repairs on the engine while in the air.

He also had reached the conclusion that it is safer to fly high than low. "If you're up several thousand feet when an accident occurs," he explained, "you've got a chance to right the plane and regain control of it before it hits the ground. But if you're flying low, even if you don't crash, you're likely to become entangled in wires or treetops."

Cal felt that 30 days could not possibly be enough time to permit a transcontinental flight at that stage of the airplane's development. However, he went on to make a prediction:

"I expect to see the time when we shall be carrying passengers in flying machines from New York to the Pacific Coast in three days."

He added that, since such a schedule would mean maintaining an average of more than 100 miles an hour, a way would have to be figured out to box in the passengers. Sitting out in a 100-mile-an-hour gale for three days might not be too pleasant.

The flight was over, in a sense, and yet, again, it wasn't. Cal wanted to fly the few remaining miles from Pasadena to the Pacific, and a group of promoters in Long Beach agreed to put up a purse if he would land there. The flight was arranged for Sunday, November 12. Cal had had bad luck on Sundays, and he tried to get another day set. But the promoters insisted, and despite the protests of numerous indignant ministers, some 75,000 people were present on the beach at Long Beach to wait for him that Sunday.

Shortly after Rodgers took off from Pasadena, the engine stopped. He landed at Eastlake, checked the engine and discovered a fuel line broken. He found a farmer with a soldering iron, patched it up and again took to the air. He had gone but a few miles when something else conked out.

This time, Cal had no time to bring the plane down safely. It hit with a terrific crash. He was thrown out and hit the ground head first. He suffered a smashed ankle and gasoline burns, and a brain concussion. When he regained consciousness he swore he would never again fly on Sunday.

Almost a month went by before both the plane and pilot were ready to fly those few remaining miles. On December 10, *not* a Sunday, Rodgers limped out to the plane on crutches and was helped into his perch. He lashed his crutches to the battered plane and again took off for the Pacific. Forty thousand people watched him come down. The mayor and other local officials helped him out of the plane. They rolled it to the ocean until the ripples of the Pacific bathed the wheels.

"Too bad about the $50,000," somebody told him.

"Money isn't everything!" Cal said cheerfully. "I made it, didn't I?"

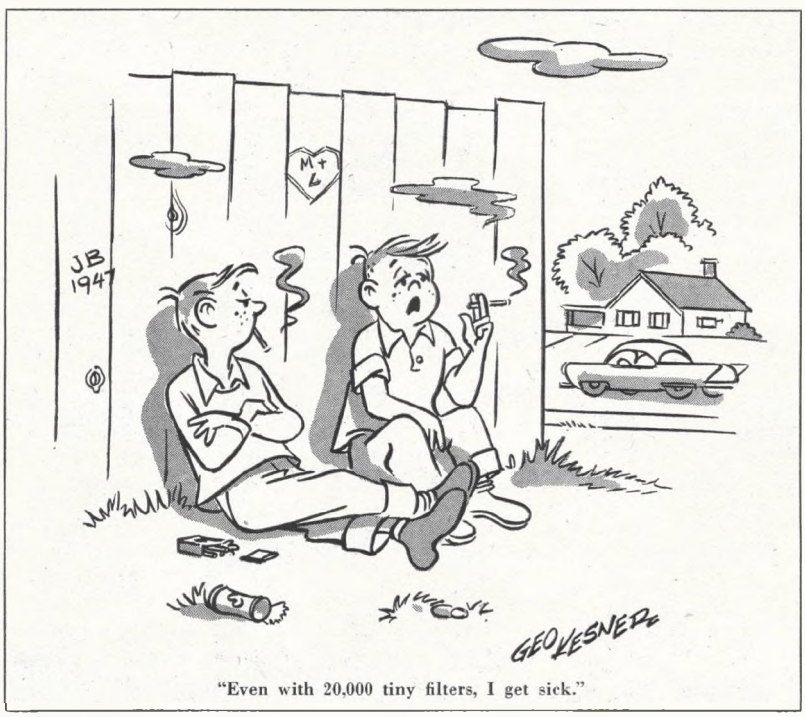
He stayed on in California for a while, stunt flying, racing his auto, and basking in the idolatry of the people. Then, on Sunday, April 3, 1912, the entrepreneurs of Long Beach prevailed on him to forget his vow never again to fly on Sunday, and perform some stunts for the big Sunday crowd. He did. As the crowd cheered him, he circled the roller coaster, then, seeing a flock of seagulls, quickly dived under them. He was flying along about 200 feet above the breakers when the crowd saw him take his hand off the controls.

Why?

No one will ever know, for the biplane plunged straight into the sea. Rescuers plunged in and pulled Rodgers out of the plane, but his neck was broken, and even as the rescuers carried him out of the waves, he died. It was at almost the identical spot where, just a few months before, the officials had symbolically rolled his ship into the sea.

Cal Rodgers won a lot of prizes, broke a lot of records, and, thanks to his consumate flying skill, used up the luck of ten men. His aviation career was a skyrocket that burst out of nowhere, soared high, and exploded. If he had lived three more days, Cal Rodgers would have been flying for exactly ten months.

★ THE END



"Even with 20,000 tiny filters, I get sick."

Colonel Tom Parker, Pitchman Extraordinary

continued from page 11

had got out, Parker told him: "Tell you what ah'll do for you. Ah'll think about this very carefully while ah'm driving back and maybe ah'll change my mind. When you get back to Nashville, you come in and see me.

"But," he said, leaning out of the car to drive home the point, "you have to walk all the way back. If you hitch a ride or anything, ah'll know about it and ah won't even consider taking you back!"

The old colonel drove to a diner seven miles down the highway and enjoyed a fine steak dinner. Then he lit up a cigar, sat back and waited for Bevo to come trudging down the highway. In the course of time, Bevo appeared on the horizon.

In telling the story, Parker beams: "Was old Bevo happy to see the old colonel sitting there! Oh, you should have seen old Bevo's face light up!"

On any Parker tour, he reserves to himself the right to make everybody's plans, almost down to the time that they go to bed.

"We'll meet here in the lobby at 6:15, then go to dinner," he'll announce. If some member of the entourage straggles down at 6:20, the colonel will make things miserable for him through the rest of the evening. "After a while," says a man who has been on many a Parker tour, "you get to feel like Bevo yourself."

It was this insistence upon running everybody's lives that reportedly caused Eddy Arnold to sever relations with Parker. The colonel, who couldn't believe that anybody would kiss him off, suffered what seems to have been a mild heart attack and disappeared from sight for about a year. He now seems to live in fear that Presley will also walk out on him some day—even though he and Elvis have a written contract. Parker tries to dominate him, too, but when Elvis—who is ordinarily a well-mannered, good-hearted boy—locks with him, it is always the colonel who backs down. Driving off the lot of *Love Me Tender*, for instance, Elvis asked Parker to get him some autographed pictures he had promised to a couple of the cameramen.

"We'll give out pictures to the whole crew when the shooting ends," the colonel said. "You can give them to these guys at the same time."

"I told them I'd get them now," Elvis objected mildly.

"Well, tell them they'll have to wait. We'll have a whole kit of stuff to hand around later."

"I said," Elvis repeated, raising his voice for the first time, "that I wanted them now."

"All right, all right," Parker said hastily, "I'll have them for you in the morning."

Elvis calls him "Admiral," in a sort of derisive comment on Parker's affection for the title "Colonel." He almost never dines out with him, visits with him or even walks down the street with him. The relationship, as far as Presley is concerned, seems to be purely and exclusively a business one.

In that regard, Elvis is lucky to have him. The old colonel has a sharp and dextrous mind—which means that if he cannot cut corners, he can at least peer around them. Tom Parker has the old carny's sure grasp of human nature. He knows, above all, that men will pay dearly for what they want; he knows, too, that the more they can't get something, the more they want it. The colonel sets his price, sticks to it and sooner or later things always come his way. With Elvis, he has never had to wait long. As one man who has had to deal with him puts it: "Tom sits there across the table and you get the feeling that he has a gun pointed down your throat."

If Parker's tactics are not exactly recommended by the League for Spreading the Wealth Amongst the Natives, neither are they any different from those employed daily by his ivy-leagued colleagues in the big New York agencies. There is, after all, even something satisfying in the sight of the country bumpkin sitting down at the poker table with the city slickers and walking off with all the chips.

His special weapon—since the days of the first big buildup—has been his unwillingness to "over-expose" Elvis. As an example, ask yourself when you last saw Presley on television or read about one of those highly publicized, high-pitched personal appearance tours. The old colonel's asking price for TV is now a stratospheric $50,000 per appearance, a figure that was—in an oblique sort of way—thrust upon him.

After Presley's initial appearances on the Steve Allen and Tommy Dorsey shows, the colonel upped his fee to a then unthinkable $10,000. The William Morris Agency, which was handling the bookings, assured Parker that such prices were not being paid no matter what kind of figures the publicity men fed the columnists. The colonel, as always, stuck to his guns. Almost immediately, the Arthur Murray show met the price, but the colonel either could not or would not make the date. A short time later, Ed Sullivan—who had begun to breathe heavily at the mention of Steve Allen's name—came through with an offer of $15,000. The old colonel, who was now being offered 50 per cent more than he had been asking, took a drag on his cigar and said, expansively: "Tell you what ah'll do for you, Ed. Ah'll give you three shots for $50,000."

Following the three appearances on the Sullivan show, Parker generously offered to let the Murray program have Elvis for $25,000. He got himself a flat turndown. "All right," Parker said. "You had your chance. The next time, the price will be $50,000."

Six months later, the Murray program, which is totally dependent upon the talent and reputation of its guests, agreed to meet the $25,000 figure. Parker, with sheer joy ringing in his voice, reminded them that the price had doubled. At this writing, the Murray people have come all the way up to $40,000. "Don't waste my time with any more calls," the colonel told them, "until you're ready to pay the $50,000."

In his handling of Elvis, Parker has made only one bad mistake, financially speaking. Almost from the first, he realized that Presley's future lay in the movies. When Elvis first began to move, the colonel—uncharacteristically over-eager—sold Hal Wallis an option for $15,000. When Elvis soon after became a national hero, 20th Century-Fox offered him $25,000. Parker, who fully realized what he had by this time, demanded $100,000. Twentieth went up to $50,000 and finally to $75,000. At this point, Abe Lastfogel, the redoubtable head of the William Morris Agency, called Parker in New York and told

him: "Better take this, Tom. Believe me, this is as high as they're going."

But Parker insisted upon his figure. A few weeks later, Lastfogel called again: "Well," he said, "I've been in this business a long time but you really taught me something. They'll give you the $100,000."

When *Love Me Tender* turned out to be such a tremendous box-office draw, 20th quite naturally sought to sign Elvis for another picture. Parker went into the preliminary conference determined to ask for $250,000. He came out with the $250,000 *plus 50 per cent of the profits*. But right here was where the errors of the past rose up to smite him. A producer holding an option on a performer can exercise it under such circumstances only if he can be ready to roll within 30 days. Wallis, who had been sitting back comfortably watching Elvis hatch, was ready to roll. Now he invoked his contract, cancelled Parker's million-dollar deal and had himself the hottest property in show business for the ridiculously low figure of $15,000.

Parker finally did get something more than that out of him. The most colorful version of his strategy—the one usually told by the people who know him best—begins with the colonel going in to Wallis and saying: "Look, I made a very bad deal here. You know that. I've got a very hot boy here and I'm getting no price at all. I think we ought to renegotiate."

Wallis leaned back in his chair, or so goes the story, and stared at Parker for a moment. "Colonel Parker," he said, at last, "I never met you before we got together for this deal, but I've heard a lot about you. Some of it was good and some of it was not so good, but one thing I always heard was that your word was good. Now, I've got a contract and I think you should be willing to live up to it."

"Mr. Wallis," Parker said, "you're right. You're absolutely right, sir. I should never even have brought it up; please forget that I said anything about it."

The old colonel then stood up and stuck out his hand: *"Elvis,"* he said, "will be there on the 15th at 4:00 A.M. ready to go to work, just like we agreed."

There was something about the emphasis that caused Wallis to ask, "What do you mean *Elvis* will be there? You'll be there, too, won't you?"

"Oh, no," said the colonel. "There's nothing in the contract that says I'm supposed to be there."

Mr. Wallis quickly reminded Parker that Elvis was, after all, an irresponsible kind of kid, who spent his nights —to skip hurriedly to his second hobby —riding motorcycles around the hills. "Who is going to get him out here on the lot at four in the morning," he asked, "if you're not around?"

"I don't know," said Parker. "All I know is that you didn't buy the colonel, you bought Elvis; if you want the colonel, you got to pay the colonel."

Wallis eventually agreed to add $50,000 to the pot.

The less spectacular version, and probably the more accurate one, is that Parker simply went to Wallis and reminded him that Presley was an irresponsible boy who might find it difficult to drag himself onto the lot in the morning without the colonel's helping hand. No matter how the preliminaries went, though, Parker did not have too much difficulty getting his point across. It is a fact that he did get the original $15,000 up to $65,000.

It is also a fact, however, that if Wallis had held him to the strict terms of the contract, Parker would quite probably have been there anyway. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether Wallis could have paid him $50,000 to stay away. Parker's performer will always be there to fulfill an obligation and the colonel will be right there alongside him, supervising every facet of the production. If a promoter refuses to put any more money into the publicity campaign, and the colonel decides that more publicity is absolutely essential, then the colonel will even dig into his own pocket. He will not permit any client of his to appear in anything less than a first-class production.

The colonel is fiercely jealous of his reputation for being a hard man to deal with. When Ed Murrow tried to get Elvis for "Person-to-Person," for instance, Murrow wanted the show shot from the somewhat garish home Presley had bought for his parents. The Presleys are country folk, however, and Parker decided they weren't ready for that kind of thing yet. But that wasn't the way he put it to Murrow. Instead, he said: "Okay, we'll do it for $10,000."

When Murrow told him that, as he well knew, "Person-to-Person" did not pay its subjects, Parker said: "Oh, you mean you're not sponsored?"

"No," Murrow said. "We're sponsored."

"Oh, now I see," Parker said. "You mean you get paid but we don't."

He then made sure that the story leaked to several columnists so that the whole world would know that the old colonel was interested in nothing but the dough.

Once, in negotiating for one of Parker's performers to headline an outdoor show in Washington's Griffith Stadium, the promoter neglected to insert the customary escape clause covering inclement weather. "Oh, yes," he said, just as Parker was leaving, "and what if it rains?"

"Then I suggest you buy an umbrella," the colonel answered succinctly. "There's no sense in your getting wet *too*."

The long years in the business have not been without their mistakes, but the colonel likes to boast that he does not make the same mistake twice. Over a period of years, Eddy Arnold appeared on cruises booked by Connie B. Gay, the country music impresario in Washington, D. C. They had always worked on the conventional, one-page union contract until the colonel walked into Gay's office during the last year of his stewardship over Arnold's affairs and unreeled a 36-inch sheet, complete with long, solidly packed lines of small type.

"Why are you pulling this kind of a deal on me all of a sudden?" Gay demanded. "Haven't we always got on all right together?"

"Count the paragraphs," the colonel intoned.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Just count the paragraphs, boy!"

And what, asked Gay, was he supposed to do after he counted them?

"You will find there's 36 paragraphs, boy," Parker said. "One for every mistake I ever made."

In order to understand Parker, it should be mentioned here that in his early days as a manager, he discovered that he did not necessarily get paid at the end of a show. Since this hardly accorded with his theories on sound business practices, he invoked the firm policy of never permitting a client on the stage unless he had the money in advance. In Chattanooga, he once had a deal with a promoter who did not enjoy the best of all possible reputations. The guy had paid half the guarantee in advance and had contracted to pay the other half on the day of the show. When showtime approached without any further evidence of the money, the colonel went to the box office and began to hint gently that a passing of currency was in order. The promoter, alas, made no discernible effort to grasp his message. From the box-office, they could look through the open door and see the performers warming up backstage.

"You want to know something," the colonel said, pointing toward the door, "these fiddlers are awful funny. Awful funny." (Fiddlers is his somewhat contemptuous term for country performers.) The promoter immediately began to show interest. "You wouldn't believe this," the colonel continued, leaning toward him confidentially, "but do you know these fiddlers won't play a note—*not one note*—until they see the old colonel wave like this." The old colonel waved, happily and broadly, toward the open door.

All at once, the promoter seemed to lose interest in the conversation but the colonel leaned over once again, his voice as affable as ever. "Now, why don't you get up what you owe," he said, "so the old colonel can start waving?" The money was forthcoming immediately.

It should be said, too, that Parker's energies have always been devoted entirely to his "artists," even if it meant pasting up the posters, or bouncing down into an audience to pass out the programs. When he hit a new town, he would visit every conceivable medium of publicity—the newspaper offices, radio stations, advertising agencies, etc. —and drop literature onto every desk in sight. He would lug packages of records from store to store, just so that he could leave a few in those shops that were so indifferent to the public in-

terest as to have none in stock.

When Harry Truman reopened the White House to public gaze while Eddy Arnold was in Washington, the colonel displayed a swift and cunning interest. For days thereafter, Eddy Arnold cards were found inside chairs, under ashtrays and behind photographs. When Eisenhower took over, he undoubtedly found a few old Arnold cards fluttering down upon him from the chandeliers.

The colonel will still put in a good word for Arnold, or any other client he has ever handled, whenever the opportunity arises. He still, in fact, books Arnold's appearances for him. No one else, Arnold says, can do the job as well. "He is a master when it comes to booking an act, getting the contract and getting the cash on the line. I have a tremendous admiration for him."

Tommy Sands was under Parker's management for a while, but when the old colonel discovered he could not devote enough time to him, he *gave* him to Cliffie Stone, Ernie Ford's manager. When the Kraft TV Theater was doing a play based upon Elvis Presley, Parker unhesitatingly recommended Sands for the role. Tommy's career has been booming ever since.

Although the TV-script portrayed the manager as a twisted, psychopathic character, the colonel was quite willing to claim him as his own. In discussing the movie version, which is now being shot, Parker likes to confide that he is being consulted about "the actor who is going to play me."

Tom Parker's theories on publicity are no more conventional than anything else about him. It is hardly necessary to point out that Parker was quite anxious to get as much publicity for Elvis as possible during the first days of the big buildup. Elvis himself, after biting a woman reporter on the hand, explained: "You got to be different to get ahead nowadays." (Long sideburns and lively pelvises were, Elvis apparently believed, standard equipment.)

But since Elvis has become a phenomenon of our times, the strategy has been to keep him under cover, to make everybody wonder what he's doing these days, to make every appearance an occasion.

There was one point during the very height of the buildup when the colonel was deathly afraid that the publicity campaign had got out of hand. Before the first appearance with Ed Sullivan on that three-shot contract, Parker was informed that a combination of church and PTA groups were planning to file a protest with CBS. He was led to believe, further, that if the formal protests were made, CBS was not going to permit Elvis to appear. Parker was so shook up that he turned down a $250,000 offer for ten days of personals; the last thing he wanted at that moment was another round of screaming-girls publicity. For a time he was even planning a Clean-Up-Elvis campaign, featuring pictures of Elvis going to church, sitting at the family table, etc. The old colonel finally decided that this type of campaign would probably boomerang. He just sat very still and, in the end, no official protests were filed.

Over the past year, the colonel has not sought any publicity for Elvis at all; as far as he himself is concerned, he has actively avoided it. He even refuses to be interviewed for magazine articles about himself—on the grounds, he says, that he is writing his autobiography (*How Much Does It Cost If It's Free*), and he doesn't want to compete with himself. Around Nashville, where they know how Parker operates, they feel that he is simply applying his philosophy of playing coy until the magazines want him so badly that they will be willing to write about him on his own terms.

Other theories for his refusal to see magazine writers are:

1) There are things about himself he does not wish the world to know.

2) He still wants to blanket out all publicity about Elvis, and he himself is of interest to the public only because of his relationship with Elvis.

3) He is such a complete egomaniac that he wants to save every last golden drop about himself for his book, even though a few magazine articles would obviously do little more than whet the public's curiosity about him.

It was not always thus. When Parker came back to the business as Hank Snow's manager at the end of 1954, following his illness, he was most anxious to get as much publicity about himself as possible. During the big November disk jockey convention that takes place annually in Nashville, he appeared outside the Andrew Jackson Hotel with a huge elephant which bore on its side the warm intelligence: LIKE THE ELEPHANT, HANK SNOW NEVER FORGETS HIS DISK JOCKEY FRIENDS.

Tending the elephant's wants were two midgets and at the elephant's massive rear was a little pony. The elephant and the midgets were there to promote Hank, but the pony was the colonel's own project. During his convalescence, the colonel had started raising them and he was looking to drum up a little business. He corralled Connie B. Gay, in the course of the convention, and told him, "Look, I want to sell you $12,000 worth of ponies."

When Gay's reply bore upon the effect of the illness on the colonel's mind, Parker told him: "Don't worry, your check will come back. I want to release a story that I'm now in the pony business and that my first customer was Connie B. Gay, the renowned country music impresario, who is going to give them away to kiddies in Washington as part of a grand promotional scheme. It will let people know I'm back in harness, and it might even get me some orders."

Parker conned Gay into writing out the check. It was, as the colonel had promised, promptly mailed back to him.

Generally, though, Parker is interested only in intra-mural publicity. He is anxious to have himself talked about within the industry, and he is constantly doing and saying the kind of things he knows will be passed quickly from mouth to mouth. He has, for instance, built up a reputation as a man who will do anything to cadge a meal. He will call a friend from Chicago, person to person, simply to say: "The old colonel's going to be in the city tomorrow. Have a big, juicy steak ready for me."

"The first thing you think," says one old friend in the business, "is that the old skinflint could have bought himself a steak for what it cost him to make the call, but then you think, 'That's what he wants me to think. Now I'm supposed to go out and tell everybody about it.'"

To people who don't understand what he's doing, he can be downright embarrassing. In Hollywood, where he became host, perforce, to visiting friends from the East, he would invite people out to dinner, then pick up the phone, call a restaurant and ask to speak to the owner. "I have some friends in town and I'd like to bring them over,"

he'd say. "I've been telling them you have the best food in town, it will be good publicity for you. Maybe I'll bring Elvis along." There would be nothing for the owner to do, of course, but to invite them all over as his personal guests. Once in the restaurant, Parker would embarrass them all further by calling over the headwaiter and asking: "Say, do they allow you to accept tips here?"

"Oh, yes sir," the waiter almost invariably would answer before the realization came to him that he was being needled—and, to a certain extent, humiliated.

The colonel also manages to publicize himself in the trade through cheap little acts of pretense and bunkum. When a call comes to him in a single, bare office, he is likely as not to whisper: "Tell them you'll see if you can get me on line 7." He is even more apt to say: "Tell them I've just flown in from the Coast and to call back in an hour."

No words in the English language are richer to the Parker mouth or sweeter to the Parker ear, it seems, than "fly to the Coast." In the course of almost any conversation, he may suddenly say: "Well, it looks as if the old colonel's gonna have to fly to the Coast to straighten them out, out there." If words were deeds, the colonel would be commuting almost daily.

He has a crude, off-beat sense of humor that provides another fertile source for fresh stories. And if there's nobody around to repeat the story, the colonel will get it started himself. There was the time, for example, when a motorcycle cop stopped him for whipping down an Alabama highway in his air-conditioned Cadillac. "You're gonna give me a ticket?" the colonel screamed. "Me? Colonel Parker? And while I'm on my way to see your mayor?"

The cop not only apologized, he hopped back onto his bike and escorted him to the mayor's office personally. When they got to the town hall, he swung around to the rear to park his motorcycle. Upon returning, he discovered that the colonel was long gone.

Parker once checked into a New York hotel behind a woman who was carrying a small Pekinese dog. He stole a look at her room number, and at 3 o'clock in the morning he picked up his phone, woke her out of a sound sleep and bellowed. "Lady, you've got to get that dog out of that room. He's keeping everybody around you awake." The old colonel then retired for the night and entered into the sleep of the innocent while the poor woman was presumably packing up and moving out.

During a slow period in the business a few years ago, he called a Philadelphia booking agent and told him: "Jolly, I'm gonna do something for you. I'm gonna let you take Eddy Arnold and book him provided you can line up $10,000 worth of dates." Jolly went out and hustled and came up with a fantastic schedule calling for $50,000 worth of one-nighters. Parker congratulated him fulsomely, as well he might have. "And one thing you can be sure of," he said at the end. "I'll be remembering you at Christmas."

At Christmas, the booking agent received a huge box. He started to unrap it with joyous anticipation and found himself unwinding layer after layer of wrappings. At length, he got down to a pile of old magazines and newspapers and finally, at the very bottom, an 8 x 10 glossy photograph of the old colonel. It was signed: "In great appreciation of all you have done for me this year. Sincerely, Thomas A. Parker."

The only actual interview Parker did sit still for was a short article in the Sunday magazine section of his local paper, the Nashville *Tennessean*.

From that lone evidence, Parker's reticence with other writers has been no great loss to the world of letters. The information which the colonel passed on to his interviewer was not characterized by any grand passion for candor.

Any reader of that article was led to the inescapable conclusion that Parker first saw Elvis in a theater in Texarkana, Texas.

> "Colonel Parker watched the audience dissolve into a state of near-hysteria. He saw the stomping feet and heard the girls scream for encores from the boy whose name wasn't even on the billing.
>
> "'He's fantastic!' Parker said to the man sitting next to him. 'I'm going to check that boy. He's a real live one!'"

The facts are not quite that simple. Parker first met Elvis in Memphis, Tennessee, through the rather reluctant offices of Oscar Davis. Davis, who was doing the advance promotion on an Eddy Arnold tour which Parker had booked, had heard a Presley record in a small-town juke box and decided to look him up. When he got to Memphis, Davis found Elvis performing in a cafe right across the street from where Arnold was to appear. Bob Neal, a Memphis disk jockey, was then supposed to be his manager, but since Neal and Presley weren't speaking, Elvis' guitar player was acting as his manager.

Davis made an appointment to meet Elvis the following Sunday—after Arnold and Parker had come to town—and discuss terms with him. As Oscar was crossing the street to keep that appointment, Colonel Parker suddenly appeared at his shoulder and asked where he was headed. Since Davis was halfway across the street, he could hardly say he wasn't going anywhere, so he told Parker he was on his way to meet a young singer.

They found Elvis waiting in a booth with Sam Phillips, the head of the Sun Record Company, for whom Elvis was then recording. Phillips seemed to be pretty much in control of Elvis at that point, and as they left the café following the talks, Parker observed that it looked pretty hopeless. Davis agreed with him.

But as time went on, Parker bought Presley for individual dates. He never seemed to be able to make any money with him, not even when he teamed Elvis with Andy Griffith, who was then, like Elvis, strictly a hillbilly performer.

The colonel seems to have taken over Presley's contract on an exclusive management basis at the very end of 1955. RCA-Victor, with whom Parker has had a very close relationship for years, seems to have taken care of Phillips by buying all of Elvis' master records from him.

(Parker broke into the business as manager for Gene Austin, whose Victor record "My Blue Heaven" is still the biggest seller of all time. When the bidding started for Elvis, Victor got him for $50,000 plus a publishing deal and other extras. Parker has since got a new contract, which is set up over four years but pays off over 20 years, thereby insuring Elvis—and Parker—a steady source of income well into the foreseeable future.)

Bob Neal insists that he bowed out gracefully when it became obvious that Elvis was getting too big for him to handle. "I have a disk jockey show, a record shop and five children. I knew if I stayed with Elvis, I'd have to be spending most of my time on the road, and I didn't want to do that."

Neal states positively that he did not ask for any kind of a settlement from Parker. He never got another dime

"I think the guy is a quack—he nearly killed Alice!"

out of Presley, he says, beyond the record royalties in which he already had a contractual interest. (A few months later, Neal opened his own talent agency. He now has a very hot singer, Johnny Cash, and is presumably spending a good deal of time away from the wife and kiddies.)

There is yet another angle to the managerial grab-bag, however. Parker, at this time, was managing Hank Snow and they were, as is the tax-saving custom in today's entertainment world, the joint owners of a couple of corporations, Hank Snow Enterprises and Jubilee Attractions. Parker, as manager, took care of the business details and Snow took care of the singing. When it became necessary to get Presley's parents' signatures on the contract, since Elvis was under age, both Parker and Snow went out to talk to them. Snow's friends maintain that Elvis signed with "them" partly, at least, because Hank had always been his idol. Snow was under the impression that Presley had been signed by the corporation.

A few months later, Snow and Parker broke up. "Parker managed me for a year and three months," Hank says, choosing his words carefully. "He did a satisfactory job. I discovered I would be better off if our association dissolved. *I* decided."

Since Parker won't talk about anything, and Snow won't talk about his alleged share in Presley, "upon advice of attorney," what follows is obviously a reconstruction of the squabble as made by the best sources in Nashville:

At the time of the breakup, Snow told the colonel: "You can keep all the assets of the corporations. All I want is my share in Presley."

Said Parker: "You haven't got any share in Presley."

He then showed Hank the contract. To his astonishment, Snow found that it was a personal one between Parker and Presley.

The colonel offered to sell Snow a 50 per cent interest in Elvis for something like $20,000. Snow didn't see why he should buy something he believed he already owned.

At just about this stage of the game, Parker went over to Jim Denny, backstage at the Grand Ole Opry, and offered him 50 per cent of Presley for $50,000. Denny, who was then managing the Opry—he now has his own highly successful booking agency—is known as a man who neither jumps at a proposition nor turns it down out of hand. Denny told him he would think about it. Parker immediately went back to talk to Snow. As he watched them, Denny came to the conclusion that the colonel was only using him to put pressure on Hank. Jim promptly put the matter out of his mind and Parker never approached him about it again.

Snow finally agreed to surrender any claim he might have on Presley in return for Parker's surrender of his 25 per cent interest in Hank's RCA-Victor recording contract. At the time, Snow did not seem to feel he had made himself a bad deal. As time went on, he apparently changed his mind to the point where he is not talking "on advice of attorney."

Parker's offer to Jim Denny was hardly the only time he put out such feelers. After Elvis' first TV appearance, on the Tommy Dorsey show, the colonel offered 50 per cent of the contract to Bullets Durgom for $50,000. (Durgom is Jackie Gleason's manager and Gleason's company owned the Dorsey show.) A little later, he tested the leading hinterland promoter in the business at $100,000. Parker simply wanted to find out how much his property was worth in the marketplace.

Just as Elvis was moving toward the top, the colonel did make what appears to have been a legitimate proposition to Connie B. Gay for the sale of Presley's entire contract. The figures were $375,000 plus a $25,000 consultation fee for five years. This was a half-million dollar deal that would have got the colonel out with $325,000 in capital-gains profit (in other words, after taxes), plus a solid five-year hedge. Gay decided against it only because there was no way of assuring himself—or insuring himself—that Presley wouldn't run his motorcycle into a tree some night.

After he took over Elvis' contract, Parker set himself on a tour calculated to exploit the strange and wondrous effect Elvis' singing has upon his youthful contemporaries. His eyes were even then focused upon Hollywood. His goal was to impress them out there by breaking all kinds of box-office records (which, you have to admit, is always a pretty good plan). The publicity about the screaming kids would build up the box office, the colonel figured, and the box-office records would create more publicity, which would bring out more screaming kids, which would build up the box office even further. To make sure he would get the crowds, Parker insisted, throughout the tour, upon a top of no higher than $1.50. And he held to that figure even when it became obvious that they could sell out at higher prices. Parker wanted more than sellouts, he wanted mobs.

To do the advance publicity work from town to town, to get the whole thing started, he needed the top man in the field, Oscar Davis. He needed Oscar so bady there at the beginning that he had to start him by giving him 50 per cent of the net receipts. Davis remained with the Presley camp through the entire year of 1956—which has become known among historians as The Year of Elvis—but by the time December rolled around, Davis had been nibbled down to ten per cent. Where possible, in fact, the colonel would squeeze the promoter for every last per cent of the gate and then say: "And, oh yes, it will cost you another $1,000 for my advance man."

Although even ten per cent of what Presley was drawing amounted to a fair week's pay, there is a general feeling among those who are familiar with the career of Elvis Presley that Parker didn't treat Oscar Davis too well. The old colonel didn't seem to begrudge Oscar the money he was making as much as he begrudged him the credit he was receiving, in the business, for Presley's great success.

But that's the colonel. The words you hear over and over again in Nashville are: "If it's money you're after, then Colonel Parker is the man to get to manage you. If you want to keep your friends, get somebody else."

And yet, the only time anyone can remember seeing Tom Parker completely nonplussed was when a cemetery-lot salesman approached him in his office. Parker paled. "No, no, no," he muttered. "No, I'm not interested. I'm not interested at all." As the salesman persisted, Parker fumbled and muttered. At last he drew himself up with dignity and said: "I believe my friends will take care of me."

One thing you have to say for the old colonel. He takes chances. ★THE END

The Pirate Captain's Loving Cup continued from page 23

After they had been lifted aboard, the children stood about in stunned silence while the women, weeping with relief, embraced their saviors. In their embarrassment, the pirates forgot their original plans. In fact, as boatload after boatload arrived, they helped the survivors with growing enthusiasm.

"Are you holding the fire?" DeSoto shouted down to a man in one of the boats.

"Just about!" the man answered. "May be able to keep it from spreading for another three or four hours."

Since it took the boats a good two hours to make a round trip between the two ships, this was all too little time.

"Rig a spar for the boat," DeSoto shouted. "We'll let the wind carry us back and forth." With the gale to help them, they could sail the boat between the two ships in half the time it took to row.

Shortly after noon, the *Leon*'s boat returned to the brig. The mast was stepped, and DeSoto himself took a fresh crew into her. The sail caught the wind and sent the boat flying over the water. Back and forth the little boats went between the two ships.

The *Minerva's* hatches had been sealed to prevent air from reaching the fire in the hold. Early in the afternoon, the sky was suddenly lit up by a red glow. The fire that had been smouldering below burst out into the open, as the superheated wood exploded. Flames flashed up the rigging and masts, raced across the yards and spread to the furled sails. Huge pieces of burning canvas were whipped across the sky by the high winds. The ten men who were still aboard dove into the water.

"Pull back! Pull back!" Captain Putnam shouted to DeSoto as he swam away from the ship. "Get out of here!"

Then it happened! The casks of alcohol in the hold burst open, spilling the volatile fluid over the burning wood. The explosion tore the *Minerva* in two. In the small boat, DeSoto's men had barely enough time to throw themselves to the floorboards. The shock wave ripped over their heads. The blast caught the sail and almost capsized the boat, but the sheet parted and left them rocking on the water.

"Here! Over here!" DeSoto shouted into the night. "Hurry!" Soon all ten men clung to the boat. A short while later the jolly boat came looking for them, and together the two boats carried the last of the survivors to the *Leon*.

An hour and a half later, the last of the fires aboard the *Minerva* went out as her hull was covered by the waves and pounded against the rocks. The *Leon* hoisted anchor and set sail for Havana, her original role completely changed. The women and children taken from the *Minerva* more than filled the forecastle and officers' quarters. The men stretched out on deck and passed rum back and forth.

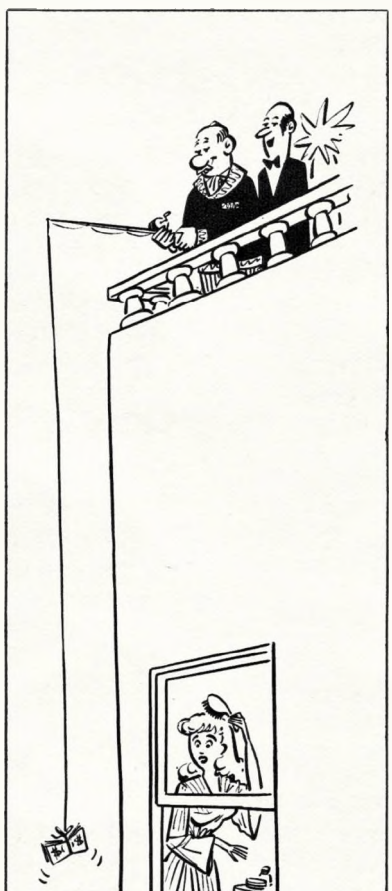
"Drink up!" one of the *Leon*'s crew grumbled. "A few extra rounds of rum are all you're going to see out of that ship." He stared accusingly at DeSoto. "That goes for us, too."

Aft, DeSoto was talking with the *Minerva*'s officers. "We may be short of food," he said with a grin, "but we have spirits enough to see us to Havana and back!"

The amazing thing was that all 72 persons who had been aboard the *Minerva* were now safely aboard the little brig. Captain Bernardo DeSoto, part-time pirate, had just pulled off one of the most dramatic sea rescues of his time.

Five days later, on the 25th of October, 1831, the *Leon* put into the port of Havana. News of the rescue spread like wildfire. Such a feat was unheard of in those rugged days under sail. When word reached the United States, Secretary of State Edward Livingston sent an official commendation to DeSoto. So did the insurance companies.

For the next few weeks, DeSoto relaxed leisurely in Havana, thoroughly enjoying his new role as a hero. He did take time to purchase and outfit a new vessel, however. She was a long, low topsail schooner, and one look at her sharply raked masts and clean lines said she was built for speed. DeSoto had her completely re-rigged and then painted black, the traditional color of merchantmen. A streak of white ran down her side, and on her bow was a large figurehead with a white horn of plenty. He called her the *Panda*. There was only a skeleton crew aboard, and DeSoto seemed reluctant to increase it and leave port.



"Getting any bites, sir?"

In due time, a crate arrived from Philadelphia. Ruiz, the ship's carpenter, pried it open and removed the case from inside. DeSoto opened it. There, cradled in felt, was a large silver cup, a gift from the insurance offices in Philadelphia. The inscription read: "To Captain Bernardo DeSoto, for bravery and gallantry in rescuing the passengers and crew from the ship *Minerva*." DeSoto removed it from the case and held it shining and sparkling in the bright sunlight.

"A blasted loving cup!" one of the crew gasped.

"Silver?" another asked, mentally figuring the amount of rum it could buy.

The carpenter laughed. "Going to melt it down and hire a crew?"

Without a word, DeSoto turned and went to his cabin. That afternoon it was obvious to all on board what the captain was going to do with his cup. Ruiz, the carpenter, was in the captain's cabin building a special bracket to hold it. The crew grumbled in the fo'c'sle.

"He thinks he's so good that soon he'll be saving souls instead of sinking ships," Garcia, the second mate, said one day. "Me, I'm damned tired of sitting in this stinking port. If we don't put out in another week, I'll tell him what he can do with his silver cup and leave ship."

"You'll have to—if you still can!" Ruiz said with a roar of laughter.

"Still, Garcia's right," said Boyga, the first mate. "It's not good sitting around port. First thing you know, the authorities will be snooping around."

"They won't find anything," Ruiz said. "I've got the 32-pounder and shot hidden under a false deck in the hold." The pirate schooner mounted four cannon on her deck. But they were of medium size, the type most ships of the day carried. Only a man-of-war or a priate, however, would mount a 32-pound swivel. That was the reason for hiding it in the hold. "No," Ruiz repeated, "they won't find anything except, maybe, the captain's cup." Laughter broke up the conversation.

That same evening DeSoto had a visitor. He was an old friend who had made more than one cruise with him. His name was Pedro Gilbert. Captain Gilbert was of English and Spanish extraction. In appearance, he was English; in temperament, Spanish. He also made Havana his home port and never overlooked a chance to increase his profits from a voyage by pirating a vessel or two. The two men went to DeSoto's cabin where they talked for several hours over a bottle of brandy. Finally, Gilbert got to his feet, removed the silver cup from its bracket and hefted it in his hand.

"You know," he said, "I believe this cup has made a different man of you—almost virtuous."

DeSoto looked uncomfortable. "I'm just cautious," he said. Still, as he spoke, he eyed the cup with something close to admiration. "Times have changed," he continued. "There's no future in this petty larceny we've been engaged in. The loot isn't worth the risk."

"Rot!" Gilbert said. "It's you who are changing." He put the cup back in its bracket, carefully wiping his finger smudges from it. "My friend, let's stop rotting in port. We can join forces and go after something worthwhile!"

DeSoto was cornered and he knew it. Gilbert was right. He was getting soft. It was very fine to play the hero but if word spread around the water-

front that he had chickened out, he would be a laughing stock.

"The *Panda* is ready for sea now," he growled. "Stores are aboard—and I have a 32-pounder in the hold."

"Good! Good!" Gilbert said. "It's about time. We'll round up a crew tomorrow—one which won't ask too many questions."

They sailed two days later. On board was a crew of 30. DeSoto, the *Panda's* owner, was captain. Gilbert was his co-captain. The first mate was Manuel Boyga, whose special talent was getting information and money out of the people on the captured ships. The second mate was Angel Garcia— an "Angel" in name only—a foul-tempered bully by nature. Ruiz was an excellent carpenter and a fiercely determined pirate. He was always the first to join a boarding party and, when he did, madness shone in his eyes. None of the men looked like pirates. In fact, they would have passed as honest seamen in any port of the world. Only one man on board would have filled the popular picture of a pirate. He was Juan Montenegro, the ship's comedian.

The second day at sea, the hatch was opened and the 32-pound swivel was hoisted to the deck. There it was assembled and mounted admidship, so that it could throw its heavy shot to either side of the ship. Then the pirate schooner sailed leisurely out into the Atlantic and headed northeast into the South American shipping lanes. The first two weeks out they sighted several sails. Most proved to be small vessels —too small to bother with. The others belonged to ships too large to risk boarding. Then, shortly after dawn on September 20th, just 11 months after DeSoto had rescued the people from the *Minerva*, they sighted two sails to the north. The crew sprang into the rigging. Several miles ahead were two ships sailing abreast about six miles apart. "They're brigs," shouted Boyga, the mate, "and they're just the right size for us!"

"Hold your course!" DeSoto roared to the helm. "And get the sea anchor aft. Throw it from the stern! I want them to think we're a lumbering scow." The men struggled aft with the sea anchor. Once it was in the water and its line had drawn taut, the vessel limped through the water. To outward appearances the sleek *Panda* had become a tired coastal schooner carrying such a heavy jungle of sea growth on her hull that she could barely make headway. To further the illusion, DeSoto had the Brazilian flag run up.

Slowly the schooner worked her way between the two brigs which, seeing nothing to fear in such a slow-moving vessel, held their course. The pirates examined the two vessels carefully as they sailed past. "For two weeks there's not a single vessel we can attack," growled Garcia, "and now we have two of them sailing right past us. I say take the one on our starboard!"

"So," DeSoto snapped to Garcia, "you think you are qualified to make decisions for me!" Then he glowered at the mate Boyga. "I suppose you have made a choice, too!" Boyga nodded. "Out with it, man! What is it?"

Boyga coughed. "I agree with Garcia," he said finally.

"Why?" DeSoto roared.

"The brig to starboard has a full cargo," Boyga stammered. "See how she rides on the water. The other—she is in ballast. It is simple! Let's take the cargo!"

"Too simple!" DeSoto snapped. "I am captain! I do the thinking! Do you understand?" The men nodded. "And I say we take the ship to port," DeSoto continued. "Do you agree, Captain Gilbert?"

Gilbert agreed. "Fools!" he snapped at the mates. "When there are two American ships headed south, one with cargo and the other in ballast, always take the one in ballast. The ship with cargo will exchange it for another and return to the United States. But the one in ballast has nothing to exchange. They will have to buy a cargo for her and that takes hard money—gold or silver!"

"Come about!" DeSoto ordered. "We make for the brig to port."

The pin was pulled from the sea anchor, spilling the water from it, and the line was rapidly hauled in. As the schooner came about, her huge sails swelled in the wind; and now that she no longer had a drag, her sharp bow knifed through the water. While observing the two vessels, the *Panda* had let them pass astern. They were now several miles to the south, but her tremendous speed was closing the gap.

"The brig has changed her course," the lookout cried from the mast.

"She's running dead ahead of the wind!" DeSoto grunted and studied her through his telescope. A square-rigger like the brig sailed best before the wind, when her huge square canvas sails caught its full force and pressed her forward at her fastest speed. And now he could see her crew in the rigging dousing the sails with water. That would seal them, making them even more airtight. He had a good race on his hands.

The brig that the pirates were pursuing was the *Mexican* from Salem, bound for Rio de Janeiro. She was largely in ballast, carrying a light cargo of tea and saltpeter. But in the run of the vessel, under the deck, were ten sturdily made wooden chests crammed with silver coins. And the *Mexican* had only her speed to protect them. She had two small carronades, but they were useless. The owners had carelessly provided them with shot several times too large. Yankee shipowners were notorious for scrimping. At every chance they stocked their ships with bargains and this time it was going to cost them plenty.

Soon the schooner's great spread of sail and clipper hull brought her to within hailing distance of the brig. DeSoto hailed her himself. The men on the brig ignored his order.

"Fire!" Gilbert snarled to the men at the swivel. "Teach 'em to obey our orders!" The long 32-pound cannon of the schooner belched a sheet of flame. The crew watched as the heavy shot ripped into the water 100 yards in front of the brig. A column of water rose higher than her masts.

"That'll make 'em heave to," DeSoto grunted and lifted his speaking trumpet. But he didn't have to repeat his order. There was a flurry of activity aboard the other vessel. Her mainsails were backed off and she stood quietly in the water.

"What ship are you?" Captain DeSoto shouted gruffly.

"Brig *Mexican* of Salem!" was the answer from the other vessel.

"What's your cargo?" DeSoto cried. There were several moments of silence from the brig. "What's your cargo?" DeSoto repeated angrily.

"Tea and saltpeter!" was the reply.

"Now that's a cargo that's going to make us all rich," the carpenter, Ruiz, growled. "She ain't worth boarding."

"She's carrying more than tea and saltpeter!" DeSoto snapped, looking the carpenter square in the face. "And you'll have your chance to find it." Ruiz grinned broadly. There was more than a touch of insanity in his smile. "Lower your boat," DeSoto shouted through the speaking trumpet. "I want to see your captain and ship's papers! And be quick about it!"

The men at the swivel had reloaded it. "Keep the gun trained on their hull," Gilbert snarled. "But don't fire till I give the order." He walked aft and joined DeSoto. "They're taking long enough to lower their boat. Let's prod them with a few rounds of musket shot."

"Save the shot," DeSoto said. "They got our message."

In a few minutes, the *Mexican* had launched her boat and it was rowed alongside of the schooner. Catching hold of a line that had been thrown down, the captain started to board.

"Stay in your boat!" DeSoto shouted. "Garcia! Ruiz! DeCastros! Montenegro! Into the boat and look lively! Search the brig! You know what to look for! Bring back all you can! Lively now!"

"What should we do with the crew?" Garcia asked.

"Get them out of the way," DeSoto snapped. "Lock 'em below!"

"Kill them!" one of the pirates on board the schooner shouted. The man was fully as big as DeSoto, but the captain's sudden rush caught him completely by surprise. DeSoto drove his left fist into the man's belly. Then he caught him full in the face with the heel of his right hand and sent him sprawling backwards to the deck.

"I give the orders here!" he snarled venomously. "See that you remember it—and obey them!" The men were stunned by the explosive rage of the captain. "The four of you get into that boat," he snapped, "and look lively. There's other game in these waters." Then, for the benefit of his entire crew standing there watching, he growled, "And I don't want any bloodshed." The four men, armed with pistols and cutlasses, went over the side of the schooner. Before he slid down the line, Garcia turned to Gilbert.

"Just the same," Garcia mumbled to Gilbert, "dead cats don't mew!" Gilbert smiled slightly and almost imperceptibly nodded his head in agreement.

An hour passed without any word from the boarding party. DeSoto was growing restless. He finally decided to send his own launch over and see what was going on himself. The mood his men were in, he couldn't trust them to obey his orders. He wanted money as badly as any of them, but not if it meant the wholesale slaughter of the brig's crew. "Strange," he murmured to himself and thought of the silver cup in its bracket in his cabin. "Lower the launch!" he ordered gruffly. "I'm boarding her myself!"

The launch was swung out over the side of the schooner, and DeSoto and four men slid down lines into it. At the last moment, Gilbert joined them. It took only a short time to reach the other vessel and make fast to the boat at her side. DeSoto was first to board. He sent the four crewmen forward while he and Gilbert went aft. The ship was silent. Suddenly he heard Garcia swear loudly, followed by a heavy crash in the captain's cabin.

He and Gilbert burst in. Two men had Garcia pinned to the deck. Two more men were trying to hold back the powerful carpenter. Ruiz broke his cutlass arm free and slashed wickedly at one of the men on Garcia's back. His eyes gleamed madly as the blade tore through the man's stiffly varnished straw hat. It would have split his head in two, but the man had had the foresight to cram several kerchiefs into the crown. They cushioned the blow and caused the cutlass to skid harmlessly to one side.

"Stop!" DeSoto ordered, leveling his pistols. Gilbert already had his two pistols trained on the men.

When they saw the four guns, the *Mexican*'s crewmen quit the fight and got slowly to their feet. Two were the brig's officers; the other two were seamen. Garcia got up off the deck snarling. Just then DeCastros burst into the cabin.

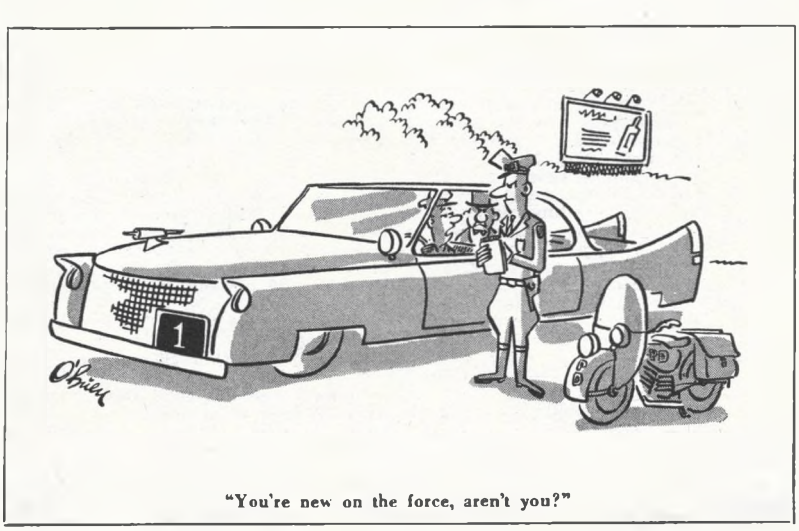
"Why didn't you keep these men in the fo'c'sle like I told you?" Garcia growled.

"We had them there," DeCastros explained. "But when we were going through the chests they overpowered us."

"Fools!" Garcia snarled. "Get them forward and don't let them escape this time." DeCastros shoved the seamen out of the cabin and prodded them forward with a cutlass.

"What have you to say for yourself?" Gilbert snapped at Garcia.

"We've been all through the ship,"



"You're new on the force, aren't you?"

Garcia said. "There's no money aboard."

Gilbert spoke to the brig's captain. "It would be wise if you told us where your money is hidden. Otherwise the men may have to force you to talk." The captain shrugged, then reached into his pockets and placed several silver dollars and his watch on a table.

"Not that junk!" Garcia snarled. He pulled back his sword and whipped the flat of the blade across the side of the captain's head. The man staggered back, blood spurting from his mouth and ear. Garcia's started to swing again but DeSoto caught his arm.

"He won't talk," DeSoto said. "Ruiz! Where would you hide gold aboard this ship?" Ruiz's thick face was puzzled. Then he grinned and started pounding the cabin deck with the butt of his pistol. Finally, he found what he was looking for. He grunted, stood up and pried the light planks apart with his cutlass. Down in the run under the cabin deck were ten chests. He dropped down. The pirates watched as he tried to lift one of the chests. It was too heavy. Five heavy blows with his cutlass smashed the top. "Silver! Silver!" he cried. "Ten chests of silver!"

"Get them into the boat," DeSoto ordered Garcia, "and strip the ship. Hurry, man! You've wasted too much time already." Putting his pistols back in his belt, he walked onto the deck with Gilbert. The sail of the other brig was still on the horizon.

Garcia marched the two officers forward to the fo'c'sle. "Tell the crew to throw everything out onto the deck," he ordered. "We'll kill every man we find hiding anything."

The pirates gathered up a bundle of new clothing, a half-dozen knives, tobacco and a handful of silver from the fo'c'sle. Then they locked the doors. Aft, they stripped the captain's and mate's cabins and raided the galley. Soon the two boats alongside the *Mexican* were heavy with silver and supplies, including a pen of cackling chickens.

"We've cleaned them out," Garcia reported to DeSoto and Gilbert.

"Then let's finish the job," Gilbert shouted. He drew his cutlass and slashed it through the mainsail sheet. With a whoop the men went into the rigging with their blades flashing. For months they had sullenly mended sails and spliced ropes. Here was a chance to work off their frustration. Sheets, braces, and halyards parted. A man rode down a line in front of the main topsail, slashing it from top to bottom. Ruiz took an axe to the binnacle, smashing the metal and wood to a twisted mass. In 20 minutes there wasn't a running line left aboard the ship. Even the tiller ropes had been hacked through with an axe. The pirates sank to the deck roaring with laughter.

"Now let's finish the crew!" Garcia shouted, drawing his cutlass.

"No," DeSoto said sharply. "We've got what we came for. Why add murder to our crimes?"

Gilbert smiled patiently. "My friend. You only have one neck. I assure you they will stretch it as readily for piracy as for murder." He nodded toward Garcia. "As our colleague says, 'Dead cats don't mew.'"

DeSoto considered this for a moment, then nodded solemnly. "Maybe you're right. But let's be intelligent about it. There must be no trace."

"What do you mean?" Gilbert asked gruffly.

DeSoto winked. "Fire at sea. What could be more final? Destroy all the evidence—and the witnesses."

Gilbert nodded his head. "I underestimated you." He turned to the men. "Bolt the doors! Seal the hatches! We'll set fire to her." A cheer went up as the pirates scurried about the ship.

DeSoto blocked the companionway that led to the galley. "I'll take care of the fire, personally."

He raced into the galley. There were still coals in the stove. He piled in kindling and then threw the stove door wide open. Garcia entered, dragging a tub of tarred rope ends with him. "Good!" DeSoto shouted to him and threw several burning sticks into it. Thick black smoke started to roll out of the galley door. DeSoto and Garcia piled out.

"Hurry!" Gilbert said. "The men are sealed below. Into the boats before the whole ship goes up!" DeSoto was the last to go over the side. Before he left the deck, he surreptitiously removed the pin that had locked the scuttle over the cabin.

"We have ten chests of silver!" Gilbert shouted as the boats approached the *Panda*. A cheer ran through the schooner. "And we have chicken for mess tonight!" Ruiz was the first to swing onto the deck. He landed face to face with the mate Boyga.

"Is the crew dead?" the mate asked.

"Not yet," Ruiz said, "but they soon will be." He pointed across the water. "See! See!" he chortled maniacally. "The brig is already on fire. The men are locked below. Those who don't suffocate will burn to death!"

"Haul up the launch!" DeSoto ordered gruffly. Before the chests of silver had even been stowed below, the *Mexican*'s boat had been scuttled and the schooner was knifing through the water to the east. DeSoto went glumly to his cabin and poured himself a generous glass of brandy. Then he sat and sipped it, staring sullenly at the silver cup. Finally he flung down his empty brandy glass and went out on the deck. Far astern, a thick smudge of black smoke was all that could be seen of the brig. In the galley the cook was getting pots ready for the chickens.

As it was, the chickens were the only ones from the *Mexican* who lost their lives. As soon as the pirates had left, the crew smelled smoke and desperately looked for a way out. It was the captain who discovered the unlocked scuttle in the cabin roof. Ordering the rest of the crew to stay below, he slipped out and into the galley. A single bucket of water dampened the charred wood behind the stove. The tarred rope ends in the tub he let smoulder, so the pirates would think the ship was still afire. When the schooner was hull down on the horizon, the rest of the crew joined him on deck.

"Can't figure it," he said. "The fire was so badly made, it would have gone out of its own accord. All smoke and no flames." By nightfall, they had a jury rig up and were slowly limping back to Salem.

By the end of 1833, the *Panda* was carrying a rich cargo of gold and silver. She was also being sought by ships in every ocean. The *Mexican*'s report had been relayed to every navy in Europe. DeSoto and Gilbert agreed —it was time to quit. But they couldn't decide what to do with all the American silver dollars. They would arouse suspicion in any port outside of the United States, and that was the last place they would think of going. Gilbert was the one who came up with the

answer. They would make one final excursion.

"It's simple," he said. "We'll sail to Africa and use the dollars to purchase slaves—no questions asked. Then we'll sell the slaves in the West Indies and retire." But first there was a matter to be taken care of. One night when the crew was ashore, drinking up their share of the booty, the *Panda* slipped to sea manned by the mates, the carpenter and two trusted seamen. Two days later they were back in port. All the loot except five chests of silver dollars had been buried. It was one of the few cases when pirates actually buried treasure.

The spring of 1834 found the *Panda* anchored up the Nazareth River in Africa. DeSoto, Gilbert and most of the crew were ashore bartering with a local chieftain. Left aboard the schooner were Ruiz and four seamen. To forget the energy-sapping heat, the insects and the killing boredom, they usually started downing rum in the morning and kept it up until they dropped off to sleep at night. One morning, however, they all stood soberly in the stern of the vessel. There was a sail at the mouth of the river. The vessel moved closer, but since the wind was light she soon dropped anchor and furled sails. Ruiz examined her through a telescope.

"What is she?" one of the pirates asked. Ruiz handed him the telescope. One quick look at the foreign ship was all he needed. It was a British warship and she was lowering two boats. The four pirates bolted to the schooner's boat and made for shore. Ruiz had work to do. The danger put a keen edge on his usually dull mind and he acted swiftly. He seized the ship's papers and log and dropped them into a native dugout alongside the schooner. Then he broke open a cask of powder, shook it along the deck of the vessel and set fire to it. Finally, he dropped into the dugout himself and made for shore.

The two boats from the British vessel made directly for the *Panda*. The men quickly boarded her and put out the fire. H.M. Brig *Curlew* thus captured the notorious pirate schooner *Panda*. Now they wanted her crew. The native chieftain in whose village DeSoto and the crew were hiding was ordered to turn them over to the British. He refused. A milder request asked only for DeSoto and Gilbert. Again the chief refused. With that, the British began bombarding the village with the *Panda*'s guns. They hadn't fired more than a half-dozen rounds when their carelessness accomplished what Ruiz had been unable to do before. Carelessly spilled powder ignited and flashed to the magazine. Huge splinters of wood, spars, cannon, rigging and men were blown high into the air.

The stern of the vessel broke off and sank and Captain DeSoto's prized silver cup lay at the bottom of a muddy African river.

Within a month, British land parties had rounded up the entire pirate crew. Most of them surrendered voluntarily; the thought of remaining in the jungle without a ship to carry them home was too much for them. The British would have been happy to hang them all as slavers, but unfortunately they didn't have a shred of evidence. Instead, they decided their only course was to turn them over to the American authorities for trial as pirates.

On August 26, 1834, H.M. Brig *Savage* sailed into Boston harbor with 14 of the original pirates aboard. They included DeSoto and Gilbert. The news was a bombshell. Not since 1705 had so many pirates been brought into port for trial, and the newspapers up and down the East Coast carried full reports of the trial.

Two of the pirates turned states evidence. Of them, one named Perez gave the most damaging testimony. He had been one of the pirates who had actually boarded the *Mexican*. Even when faced with such damaging testimony, the pirates denied everything with great dignity—all except Ruiz. His constant ravings and screamings at the turncoat Perez caused the judges to stop the trial several times. As it was, it lasted 14 days. The district attorney produced crew members from the *Mexican* as witnesses. One after the other identified the defendants. They described the taking of the *Mexican* in great detail —including the unlocked scuttle and poorly lighted fire. The first mate of the *Mexican* grudgingly admitted under cross-examination that DeSoto had saved his captain's life when Garcia had wanted to kill him.

One after the other the pirates were led before the jury. Gilbert, Garcia, Boyga, Montenegro, Catillo, Ruiz and DeSoto, were all found guilty. After the verdict had been passed on DeSoto, the foreman hesitated. "Your honor," he said, "since we all are aware that Captain DeSoto is the same Captain Bernardo DeSoto who so bravely rescued the passengers and crew of the ship *Minerva*, the jury recommends mercy for him." The judge noted this. The foreman continued with the verdicts. Juan Castros, who was only 15 at the time of the piracy, was considered an apprentice and was acquitted. So was the cook and three other pirates, who swore they had signed aboard the *Panda* as innocent seamen. Those found guilty were sentenced to hang.

On June 11, 1835, five of the pirates were hanged in Boston. Ruiz was given a 30-day reprieve and DeSoto a 60-day reprieve. Thirty days later, the court ruled Ruiz insane and turned him over to the Spanish consul.

Thirty days after that, DeSoto walked out of prison a free man. In his pocket was a full pardon signed by President Andrew Jackson. It had been issued in remembrance of his saving the people from the *Minervia*.

The silver cup had done its work.

★ THE END

The Day The Federal Express Ran Away continued from page 45

aisles, preparing to unload, the maneuver could cause serious injuries. There was only a second short sigh from the brakes, but no noticeable slowing. The emergency system, which supplied electrical braking at the axles, had also failed! The Federal Express was now careening around the bend opposite Tower K and heading downgrade without any brakes at all.

Perspiration drenching his face, Brower wrestled with his controls and shouted a warning to fireman John W. Moyer across the cab. Moyer had been silently watching the grim struggle for control of 1,000 tons of runaway express train. Now he threw the valve on his side of the cab. There was no response whatever.

The train swayed and squealed as it raced under the New York Avenue overpass. The entire route into Union Station sprang into view. It was clear, and both men gritted their teeth and prayed for a miracle. Brower reached for his horn and began sounding the raucous short bursts that every railroadman knows and dreads: *Runaway!*

Seated before his panel in C Tower, straddling the entrance to Union Station itself, Train Director Harry S. Ball knew something was wrong even before he heard the horn. No. 173 was not responding to his signals and was coming in much too fast.

Ball had already set the automatic interlocking which would bring the express into track 16, one of the longest unloading platforms, located in the exact center of the station. It would take only minutes to reset signals and switches and shunt the runaway into a siding—but now there were only seconds. Ball grabbed his telephone to report the runaway to Tower K.

The warning was unnecessary. Train Director John W. Feeney, at Tower K, never heard more than the first few words as the roaring, honking monster hurtled by his window and hit the crossover outside. The runaway swayed sickeningly but hung on the tracks for the downgrade run. Sparks were flying from the engine wheels, but the rest of cars were rolling unchecked.

Feeney also realized that there was no chance of changing the routing into the station. Like some mad creature blindly plunging to a preordained destiny, No. 173 turned automatically onto main track 41. If it survived the risky facing-point crossover to track 40—track 16 inside the station—the runaway would be heading toward the middle of the concourse and the stationmaster's office.

The Tower K train director watched the red signals at the rear of the Federal Express flash by and scrambled for the direct line to the stationmaster. Clerk R. A. Klopp answered and Feeney wasted no words. "There's a runaway coming at you on track 16. Get the hell outta there!"

It was one mile from Tower K to Tower C, and engineer Brower decided to try one last, desperate gamble. He could feel the brakes screaming against his engine wheels and knew that they were holding. But those on the coaches weren't; the other cars were literally pushing No. 173 along the downgrade run toward destruction. At Tower C, the tracks leveled off for a distance of 112 feet and then ascended a 61 per cent grade in the remaining 1,388 feet to the stub of track 16. If Brower could find some way of reducing the terrible pressure behind him before he reached Tower C, the sharp ascent would slow him down and minimize or perhaps eliminate the seemingly inevitable crash. The only chance left was to reverse the motors at high speed. It was almost an unthinkable thing for a veteran engineer to consider. It would almost certainly cause heavy damage to the engine, and if not accomplished precisely, it would do no good at all. But Brower's first consideration was the human lives in the coaches behind him. Unhesitatingly, he reversed his motors.

For a fleeting moment there seemed a chance to pit the reversed power of his engine against the combined thrust of 16 coaches. But the overload relays were unequal to the great task and blew out. Now the Federal Express had neither brakes nor power.

In the third car, conductor Thomas J. Murphey had realized the train was moving too fast at almost the same moment the runaway signal had begun sounding. The brakes were obviously not holding. Murphey automatically headed for the front end of the car and turned the conductor's back-up valve in the vestibule. There was no response. Had he gone to the rear, he would have been a hero that morning.

As it was, Murphey and the other conductors warned the passengers in their coaches that the train was out of control and told them to lie on the floor or brace themselves in their seats.

Brakeman Fred E. King, in the fourth car, was thrown off his feet by a sudden swerve. "When I got myself straightened out, I headed for the rear platform," he said. "I made an attempt to reach the valve on the platform, but by that time we were coming into the interlocking at C Tower. It threw me around and I don't know whether I ever got that valve on. I couldn't stay on my feet."

On past Tower C, the Federal Express roared into the last quarter-mile of its journey. Startled passengers and redcaps watched in amazement as the express flew into the Union Station at a speed of 50 mph, in contrast to the almost pedestrian pace at which it usually approached its berth.

The portion of the stationmaster's office facing track 16 had been cleared by Train Director Feeney's succinct warning. Clerk Klopp barely had time to rout out personnel and disperse a group of people waiting at the gate, when the express, its horn still blaring, streaked down the last few yards of rail.

"It seemed to be right on top of us," Telegrapher Richard Outlaw reported, after fleeing from the stationmaster's office. "I ran 40 or 50 feet and glanced back just as it was about to strike the block. There was a screeching and a terrible rumbling noise as it hit. I saw it crash right through where I had been sitting seconds before."

Klopp, meanwhile, with rare presence of mind, ran directly to the station drug store to alert the druggist of the disaster and order him to stand by with first aid equipment. Later, the clerk walked all the way out to Tower K to thank train director Feeney personally for saving his life.

Hopelessly out of control, the engine of the Federal Express leaped from the tracks as it struck the sturdy barrier at the end of track 16. Without any apparent loss of momentum, it raced through the stationmaster's office, tore down the gate and part of the outside station wall, demolished a newsstand just inside, smashed down one of the steel supporting pillars and careened across the concourse as passersby froze.

The miracle for which Engineer Brower had prayed had not come through, but fate, satisfied with the havoc it had wreaked, now softened the blow. Just as it seemed as if nothing could stop the Federal Express from crossing the concourse, punching out an exit at the other side and landing on Massachusetts Avenue, a miracle of sorts did happen. The steel-reinforced concrete floor of the Union Station concourse, never intended to bear such a load, buckled and then collapsed under the 150-ton weight of the engine. Struggling to continue its runaway ride, the engine sank slowly, rear end first, into a hole 75 by 125 feet. It landed gracefully on the lower level baggage room, almost directly under a sign that read: "Streetcars and Buses" with a directional arrow.

The time was 8:38 A.M. The Federal Express was only 18 minutes late.

On the train, several of whose coaches were now actually inside Union Station, the passengers reacted in strange ways. Just before the crash, a Navy officer had jumped up and ordered people running toward the rear cars to sit down and brace themselves.

"One woman screamed and fell to the floor," A Baltimore newspaperwoman reported. "I was thrown against a seat. Everyone else seemed to remain calm. Glass was flying everywhere and we were enveloped in a great cloud of dust. There was no stampede."

"I didn't even know we were in the station until the pillars went whizzing by," said Detective William H. Dinsmore of the Arlington, Virginia, police, returning from an assignment in New York City. "I was in the first car and didn't hear any warning. I saw people running to the rear, but figured they were in a hurry to get off. When we hit, I went flying over three seats. Then the air was black with dust and filled with steam. There were about seven of us left in the car and we couldn't breathe. One end of the car was down through the floor and tilted so badly you could hardly walk. I smashed a window to get some air and then some firemen got us out. I had let one train go in New York in order to catch the Federal. A friend told me it was faster. He sure was right. It was so fast coming into the station we almost went all the way through it."

Observers inside the Union Station were even more startled than the passengers. An architect from Charlotte, North Carolina, who was walking through the concourse at the moment the Federal Express intruded, froze in his tracks. "I was standing right in its path," he said. "If it had come 20 feet nearer, I'd have been riding the cowcatcher. When I heard the roar, my first thought was that maybe an atomic bomb had hit. Then I saw the hole open in the floor and the engine fall in. A man slid down after it and began kicking in windows. I looked down and saw a man standing in a wrecked car, calmly smoking a cigarette. A newsstand employee was running around picking up loose change from the smashed register."

Those on the lower level were incredulous at the sight of the huge engine coming down through the ceiling. A crew of nine men, working in the station's electric repair shop, had to run for their lives. One man was trapped by debris, but he was quickly rescued unharmed. The engine narrowly missed the redcaps' waiting room.

The rescue operation began even before the echoes of the crash had died out in the station. Station Patrolman O. W. McHargue ran across the buckled floor of the concourse and scrambled down to the engine. Ignoring the hazard of fire or explosion from the damaged batteries, he succeeded in opening the right rear engine door and helping the engineer and fireman from their cab. They appeared to be unhurt, but neither said a word as they were led to safety. Both men were in a state of deep shock.

Ambulances and fire engines from the entire District of Columbia, as well as from points across the Potomac River in Virginia, roared to Union Station. As the rescue operations were begun, a pumper moved onto the concourse floor and aimed its hoses downward into the gaping hole, ready for instant action at the first sign of fire.

The rescue proved to be surprisingly simple. Although the shiny New Haven cars which had followed the engine onto the concourse were now jumbled about in strange positions, none had broken apart or buckled. Almost all the passengers were able to leave under their own power through the doors. Those in the rear cars even found excited but efficient redcaps waiting to carry their baggage.

One passenger on an end car, thinking the engine had merely struck the bumper hard, was puzzled by the commotion at the station. As she stepped out on the platform, she asked a redcap what the trouble was. "Lady," he said, rolling his eyes, "if you don't know now, you ain't gonna believe it till you see it."

In all, only 43 people were injured—none seriously—that morning in Union Station. The damage to train and station totaled over $1,250,000. But Wreckmaster J. W. Stafford and a crew of 600 men did an amazingly rapid job of "tidying up" for the inauguration crowds that would pack the station in the next few days. Extra tracks were laid so that heavy-duty cranes could approach the station, and holes were punched in the station roof for their steel cables. After the concourse floor had been temporarily shored up with 12-by-12-inch beams, the Pennsylvania Railroad's hard-muscled "gandy dancers" went to work with wedges, winches and track guides. The rear coaches, still on the tracks, were trundled off, and the other cars were eased back on the rails for the short journey to the repair yard. Within eight hours after the accident, all but the engine and the first four cars had been removed.

It took another six hours for men and cranes to work the remaining coaches free and tow them out of the station. That still left the dead engine lying beneath the concourse. It was too heavy for the cranes to lift, but Wreckmaster Swafford came up with an ingenious solution to the problem. His crew eased the engine over on its side onto the strong floor of the lower level. That left just enough clearance above for workmen to construct a temporary wooden floor over it, entombing the metal monster.

The breached wall was hastily closed, a gate installed for track 16, and both were painted to match their surroundings. Asphalt was poured over the wooden flooring, then soot was rubbed into it, so that only an expert could tell where the gaping hole in the concourse had been.

With the upper level restored to full usefulness, a crew of men armed with acetylene torches proceeded to cut the engine into small pieces on the lower level. The pieces were carted off in converted electric baggage carts, and big brooms swept the spot clean.

Engineer Brower was back at the controls of another engine within 24 hours after his nightmarish ordeal. No evidence of any human error was uncovered. Somehow the angle cock between the third and fourth cars—the same one which had forced the Federal Express to a halt at Kingston—had changed positions between Baltimore and Washington, forcing the air to remain in the brake valve and the brakes to stay open.

In the hearing before the Senate, sabotage was hinted at. A railroad official pointed out that an angle cock of the Colonial, another Boston-to-Washington express, had been similarly affected between Boston and New Haven on January 21, 1953, less than a week after the accident. This time it had been detected before it caused any damage.

The I.C.C., however, reported that the angle cock of the Federal Express had worked itself loose by contact with the coupler, and ordered an inspection of all cars equipped with "tight-lock" or similar type couplers. Both the New Haven and Pennsylvania Railroads took immediate steps to examine all angle cocks and install protective devices to prevent any recurrence of the wild two-mile dash by the runaway Federal Express.

"It just couldn't happen," a bewildered railroadman remarked after seeing the wreckage in Union Station. "Brake valves just don't do those things." But it did happen, and it was only a miracle that saved every life on board.

★ THE END

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