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stag

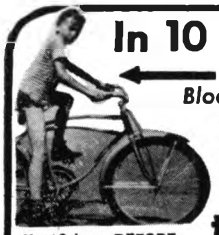
25c

JUNE

SEXUAL FACTS for MEN

by DR. SHAILER UPTON LAWTON

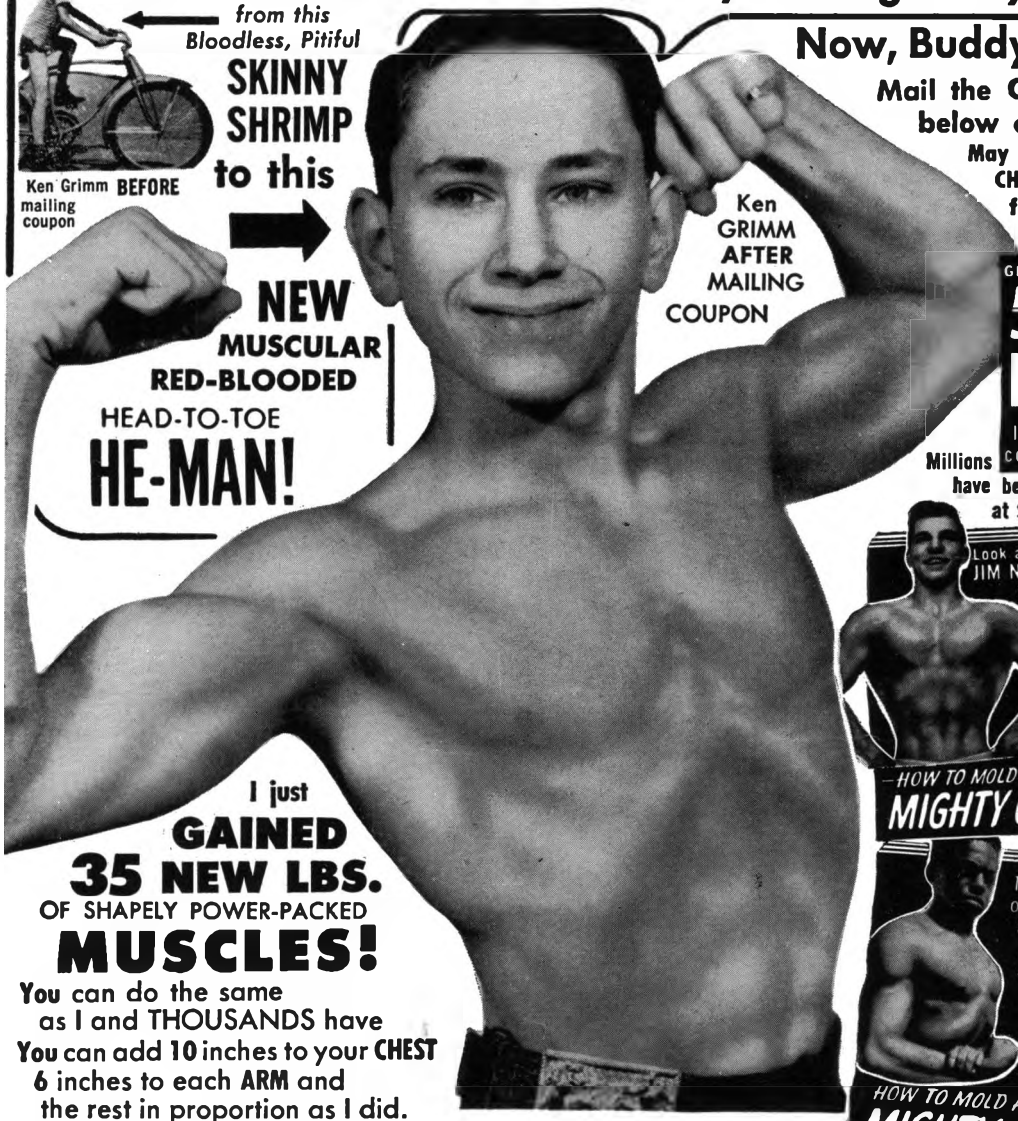
In 10 Minutes of FUN a day I changed myself



from this Bloodless, Pitiful

SKINNY SHRIMP to this

Ken Grimm BEFORE mailing coupon



Ken GRIMM AFTER MAILING COUPON

NEW MUSCULAR RED-BLOODED HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN!

I just **GAINED 35 NEW LBS.** OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED **MUSCLES!**

You can do the same as I and THOUSANDS have

You can add **10** inches to your **CHEST** **6** inches to each **ARM** and the rest in proportion as I did.

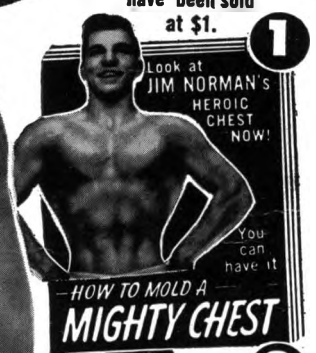
Now, Buddy YOU

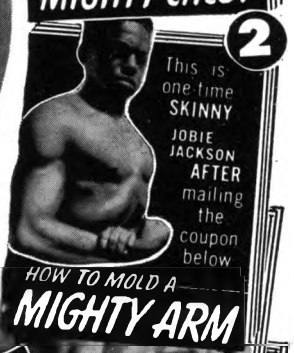
Mail the Coupon below as I did!

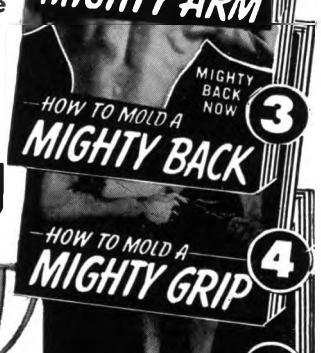
May be LAST CHANCE before $1 price goes back!

GET ALL THESE **5** PICTURE-PACKED COURSES **FREE** If you mail coupon NOW!

Millions have been sold at $1.







NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. (MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR $1.)

Besides getting ALL **5** Courses (pictured on this page) **FREE** you'll ALSO get **FREE** a big BOOK of PHOTOS of STRONG MEN and BOYS who were WEAKLINGS like you BEFORE mailing coupon.

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

HOW YOU CAN WIN

A BIG 15" TALL SILVER CUP as I just did and how to **WIN $100.**

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1 FIVE COURSES 2 MUSCLE METER
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Tell Me How To WIN $100. etc.

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Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

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MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

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will prove that you can become an expert

BOOKKEEPER . . . ACCOUNTANT OR C.P.A.

This well-paid LaSalle-trained Accountant's success could be yours.

FREE SAMPLE LESSON

We offer you this free sample lesson so that you can *prove to yourself* that you CAN master Accountancy—quickly, thoroughly—in spare time at home.

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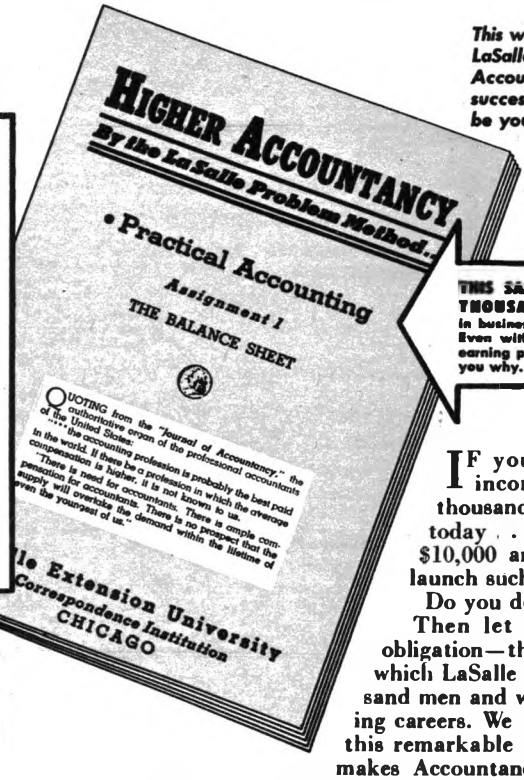

THIS SAME LESSON HAS STARTED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS toward well-paid accounting careers—in business, government, and public practice as C.P.A.'s. Even without previous knowledge, progress is rapid—earning power climbs fast. This sample lesson will show you why.

Nearly 10% of all C.P.A.'s in the U.S. have been trained by the LaSalle Problem Method

GOOD-PAY JOBS IN 5 BIG FIELDS

If you were an expert accountant right now, chances are you would find yourself among the highest-paid of all professional men and women. Surveys show that accountants earn more than those in other major professions.

There are five big fields of opportunity open to Accountancy-trained men and women . . . opportunities that are wide open and highly inviting, offering maximum income and job security in good times or bad. And under LaSalle's "Problem Method" you can start earning while still learning—either in spare-time or full-time employment . . . or in business for yourself with no capital required.

Get the latest information by sending for our 48-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays" . . . plus free sample lesson. The coupon at right will bring both to you without cost or obligation. LaSalle Extension, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

IF you have been envying the high incomes and good jobs enjoyed by thousands of men and women Accountants today . . . incomes ranging from $4,000 to $10,000 and more per year . . . why not launch such a career for yourself?

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Then let us send you—without cost or obligation—the same Lesson Number One with which LaSalle has started several hundred thousand men and women toward successful accounting careers. We want you to see for yourself how this remarkable method, originated by LaSalle, makes Accountancy simple, interesting, practical, and certain . . . how it leads you step-by-step to a complete mastery of Accounting—and on up to the coveted degree of Certified Public Accountant if you so aspire.

It doesn't matter whether you've had previous bookkeeping experience, or whether you don't know a debit from a credit. Whether you wish to qualify as an expert bookkeeper, advanced accountant, cost accountant, auditor, government accountant, income tax specialist, or public accountant . . . you'll find in LaSalle's Problem Method the exact plan to prepare you rapidly and inexpensively—in spare hours at home—without losing a day from your present job.

So right now, today . . . if you are an adult, employed, and earnestly ambitious for rapid advancement in this highest-paying of all professions . . . send your name and address on the coupon below. We'll send the free sample lesson—plus our 48-page book outlining today's career opportunities and how you can qualify for them. A coupon like this has started many thousands toward greater success. It can do the same for you. Mail it today!

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Present Position .....

stag

MARTIN GOODMAN, Publisher

VOL. 5, NO. 6
JUNE, 1954

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Over 900,000 Have Discovered It Already—But There Are Millions More to Whom It Can Bring a Lifetime of Joy! FREE BOOK Tells About It

SO MANY people needlessly deprive themselves—all their lives—of the pleasures of playing! They miss out on the good times, the increased popularity, the wonderful feeling of accomplishment that comes with the ability to play!

And why? Simply because they imagine that learning to play requires some mysterious special "talent" and long hours of practicing scales and exercises. But that's not true any more—and it's a pity more people don't realize it.

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Who Never Thought They Could

Didn't Know A Note—Now Plays For Dances

"I DIDN'T KNOW ONE NOTE OF MUSIC! Three months later I started to play for dances. I have been invited to many parties and made people very happy with my music."—Miss Rosie Montemurro, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

"Never Dreamed I Would Ever Play"

"I never dreamed I would ever play. I didn't know one note from the other. Today I can play six delightful pieces after only two months."—Mrs. Dallas B. Kerk, Lodgepole, Nebr.

Amazes Her Friends

"I bet some friends that I could learn to play the piano quickly. They didn't believe me—because I am slow learning. Imagine their surprise last night when I played for them. One said, 'Why, Louise, it sounds like you've been playing for years!' "—Louise Gomez, Oakland, Calif.

Learns Faster Without Teacher

"I have no special talent — but thanks to your method, I play my guitar (according to impartial people) better than many students who have taken lessons from teachers for longer periods, and naturally at a higher cost."—Myrella-Muquette Saint-Andre, Montreal.

"Easy As Falling Off Log"

"It's easy as falling off a log. I have always wanted to play and now a life-long dream is being fulfilled"—Mrs. Phyllis B. Jones, Blanding, Utah.

How Famous Orchestra Leader Got His Start

"I got my start in music with a U. S. School Course. How easy it is to learn to read notes and play an instrument this 'teach-yourself' way! In fact, this school did so much for me that I've enrolled my two daughters."—Lawrence Welk, famous orchestra leader.

FREE BOOK and Free Lesson-Sample

Check in the coupon which is your favorite instrument and we will mail to you our Free Book—and also a Free Lesson-Sample showing how interesting and simple our method really is. Then you will realize why it has been so successful for the last 56 years—and why 900,000 people have turned to it as the means of making their dreams of playing their favorite instrument come true!

Mailing the coupon places you under no obligation whatever—and no salesman will call upon you. So mail it at ONCE. Don't delay putting this wonderful accomplishment into your life. **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 96, Port Washington, N. Y.** (*Special Reduced Prices on instruments to our students*)

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I am interested in learning to play, particularly the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home"—also the free Lesson-Sample of your simplified words-and-pictures teaching method. NO SALESMAN IS TO CALL UPON ME.

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Miss .....
(Please Print Carefully)

Address .....

City..... State.....
(Insert Zone Number, If Any)

NOTE: If you are under 18 years of age parent must sign coupon

Some years ago Gene Tunney, who had just retired as undefeated heavyweight champ of the world, put his philosophy of life under the cover of a book called "A Man Must Fight."

Nobody has ever accused Enos Slaughter of being a budding Shakespeare, like his fistic friend. But if he were to write a tome based on his own life, it would have to be titled "A Man Must Hustle."

Mr. Slaughter, who is known around the National League as "Country"—and known also for an exemplary spirit that every manager in the league would like to instill in his own players—chats with STAG'S readers about his favorite subject—hustling—on pages 38-39.

In 14 years of unrivalled hustle and bustle Slaughter has established a reputation that should land him in Baseball's Hall of Fame in less time than it takes him to travel from first to third on a single. (Pix below shows Enos going into second.)

The dean of America's sportswriters, Grantland Rice, recently said that Country "belongs in the Hall of Fame because of his hustle for so many years, probably the best in this respect that baseball has ever seen, with one or two exceptions."

Nobody knows how much longer Country can play it all out. But he wrote us early this spring, from Eddie Lopat's Baseball School in St. Augustine, Florida, that "whenever I can't give my all I'll quit. I hope to play every day like that until I finish my playing days, because baseball is the greatest game we have. Youngsters ought to realize this, and the bright future they have if they play it that way."

But there will probably never be another player like Slaughter coming to the majors, a guy who will break his back to beat out a hit even in batting practice, and who takes "pepper games" so seriously that he's been known to raise lumps on his teammates' shins.

PLENTY of STAG'S stories are plucked right out of yesterday's and today's headlines. But when one of STAG'S fiction pieces turns out to be as authentic as any headline story, that's news.

In the February, 1954, issue of STAG, John David wrote a story, "The Baby Was Born in the Sea," that involved the crash of an airplane on a trip from Lisbon to New York. After the plane plunged into the icy waters of the Atlantic, a pregnant woman, one of the passengers aboard David's ill-fated airliner, gave birth to a baby boy, on a life raft.

There was an editor's note attached to David's tale that explained to our readers *"this story never happened."*

Not long after David's piece hit the newsstands, a plane landed on a snowbound lake 280 miles north of Winnepeg, Canada. The pilot, Paul Rickey, acted as midwife to a woman who gave birth 24 hours after Rickey was forced to make an emergency landing.

Fiction-writer David had come remarkably close to the truth, closer than STAG'S editors had suspected when they were editing the story.

THERE'S more good news coming up for lovers of true adventure stories. FOR MEN ONLY, carved out by STAG'S editors, is now on the newsstands, a loaded package of rugged tales for males.

The first issue of FOR MEN ONLY includes the exclusive story of a Southerner whose sex was changed twice, and who is now trying desperately to live a normal life as a woman, despite the jibes and unkind taunts of neighbors.

There is also a shocking group of pictures, released for the first time, depicting the atrocities committed in North Korea by the United Nations' Communist enemies.

If you're a real STAG fan, ask your news dealer to save you a copy of FOR MEN ONLY. ◆◆◆

THEY MAILED THIS COUPON

. . . and look what I did for them!

Five inches of new muscle—"My arms increased 1½"; chest 2½"; forearm ⅞".—C.W., W. Va.

'Gained 2" in neck; 1⅛" in biceps. Never felt better in my life."—J.S., Calif.

T.M., Atlas Champion Cup Winner. "I'm proud of the natural, easy way you have made me an Atlas Champion."

A.H.—Kans.—Atlas Silver Cup Winner. Most improvement in 3 months' period.

"I surprise my friends by out-lifting them. Your course tops them all."—D.F., Indiana.

"Gained 29 pounds. When I started your course I weighed only 161. Now weigh 170."—T.K., New York.

"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you."—W.D., New York.

"What a difference! Have put 3½" on chest (normal) and 2½" expanded."—F.B., N.Y.

You MAIL THE COUPON BELOW AND I'll Prove I Can Make YOU a New Man!

My Secret Method Has Done Wonders For Thousands—Here's What I'll PROVE It Can Do For YOU — In Just 15 Minutes A Day!

JUST MAIL the coupon below. Read my free book. And then give me 15 minutes a day. That's all I ask. I'll prove you can have the kind of body that your friends will admire. *There's no cost if I fail!*

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can flex your arm I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—in double-quick time! I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back; add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours powerful; shoot new strength into your backbone, exercise those inner organs, cram your body full of vigor and red-blooded vitality!

ARE YOU Skinny, weak, run down? Always tired? Nervous? Constipated? Fat and flabby? Want to lose or gain weight? **WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK.**

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"DYNAMIC TENSION!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that changed me from a 97-lb. weakling to the world's champion! Thousands are becoming marvelous physical specimens — my way. No gadgets or contraptions. You simply use the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase double-quick into solid MUSCLE.

"Dynamic Tension" is easy! Only 15 minutes a day in your own home. You can use *"Dynamic Tension"* almost unconsciously every minute—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY. *You'll* be using the method which many great athletes use—fighters, wrestlers, baseball, football players, *etc.*

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This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 190F, 115 East 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to help me get a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY
Over a foot high! Will be given to pupil who makes greatest physical improvement in next 3 months.

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Name ..... Age .....
(Please print or write plainly)

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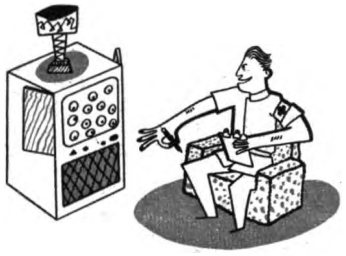
City ..... State .....

stag's Medical Memo

by Roger Stirling

TV BLOOD COUNTS—Blood counts, in which the number of red cells in a blood sample is determined, take time and are subject to errors by technicians. And a blood count is an important clue to diseases in which anemia may be caused by overexposure to powerful radiations. To detect first signs of radiation sickness



in the target area of an atomic bomb, a simple, quick and accurate mass method of taking blood counts has been developed. New York scientists have come up with the "sanguinometer," an ingenious television microscope that is a foolproof blood-counter. The TV camera scans the blood on a slide and mechanically counts the patches of light and dark made by the blood cells. Useful also in peacetime, the instrument can be utilized in hospitals and research centers where it can count almost instantaneously and with a minimum of error.

SPARE ARTERIES—Important medical triumph is the ability now to transplant arteries from animals to humans. The delicate surgery was performed at a Washington, D.C., hospital on young men whose leg and arm arteries had been crushed in accidents, and on older men in whom sections of chest arteries had hardened and narrowed because of advancing age. The animal arteries, taken from calves and pigs at a time when there were no human spare arteries available, turned out to be lifesavers. Eventually the men's bodies grew their own new artery tissue which replaced the transplants. The animal arteries—some over seven inches long—had been frozen, dried and sterilized. Importance of the technique is that the animal tissue remained in the human body for months without being destroyed.

THE TRUE ALCOHOLIC—That bum on Skid Row isn't necessarily an alcoholic, even though he behaves like one. Distinguishing between drinking and alcoholism, a Yale expert points out that only two signs stamp the true alcoholic: (1) once he starts, he can't control his drinking and (2) his drinking is associated with some kind of discomfort. Many men deliberately drink to relax, to achieve a mild sedative effect and to make tough problems and strains more bearable. But these drinkers—who are not alcoholics—don't lose contact with reality, can go on the wagon and don't let liquor get them into trouble. On the other hand, an alcoholic uses his drinking to avoid reality and he always involves his job, family and physical gripes.

DOLLAR DISEASE—Money is the root of a lot of sickness, says a Connecticut psychiatrist. This money-illness is the most common, most ignored ailment in the U.S. It's often not diagnosed, claims the expert, because many doctors have

money problems of their own and this prevents them from detecting the abnormal psycho-economic conduct in patients. The money-illness can set off headaches, hysterical paralysis, panic reactions, digestive troubles, heart upsets, etc. In many cases, misers are love-hungry. And compulsive spenders may get sick if they're forced to save.

WARNING TO HORSEMEN—If you ride horses most of the year or are often around stables, doctors urge you to get yourself shots of tetanus toxoid and follow them with booster doses, as protection against lockjaw (tetanus). You can take

your boosters at intervals of one to two years or when there's an injury. In cases of grave injury, definite physical weakness or blood loss, you should get tetanus antitoxin as well as booster injections.

TAGS FOR ASTHMATICS—Men who suffer from asthma or severe allergy are unusually sensitive to penicillin, and injections of the drug can throw them quickly into serious shock. Reaction may mean death in asthmatics. So allergists urge that such allergic patients wear a tag around their neck or wrist to warn doctors against giving them penicillin in case of accident.

IN BRIEF—About one out of every eight men have eye problems of which they're not aware. But with 3-D movies, they'll now be able to detect these defects, particularly if they leave the movie groggy . . . Patients whose pituitary gland isn't functioning properly may soon be able to keep alive by giving themselves ACTH, the way diabetics take insulin to keep going . . . An artificial kidney may help heart patients by removing excess water from waterlogged tissues. Such patients have breathing difficulty because of fluid accumulation. The substitute kidney may help get these patients in shape to stand a new heart operation. ◆◆◆

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the Amazingly Effective

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2. Build valuable commercial-type test equipment—as shown to the left—which you KEEP. This includes a quality 5 INCH oscilloscope and jewel bearing Multi-Meter—both highly useful for Television work.

3. Build and keep a big 21 INCH TV Set. (D.T.I. offers another home training in Television-Radio-Electronics, but without the TV set.)

4. Use a 16 mm. movie projector and new series of highly instructive movies—a wonderful aid to help you grasp important fundamentals faster . . . easier . . . better.

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6. Get an honest-to-goodness EMPLOYMENT SERVICE to help you get a good job after graduating—or assistance in starting your OWN SALES AND SERVICE BUSINESS. Mail coupon today for the complete details.

—with the aid of BOTH HOME EQUIPMENT and HOME MOVIES

What will mailing the coupon below do for YOU? Just this! You'll find out about one of today's most remarkable . . . practical ways to prepare to get into America's amazing billion dollar opportunity field of TELEVISION-RADIO-ELECTRONICS. You'll see how to get into fascinating work that pays well . . . that offers one of America's most promising futures . . . that enables you to start your own business almost "on a shoe string," if you prefer this to a job opportunity.

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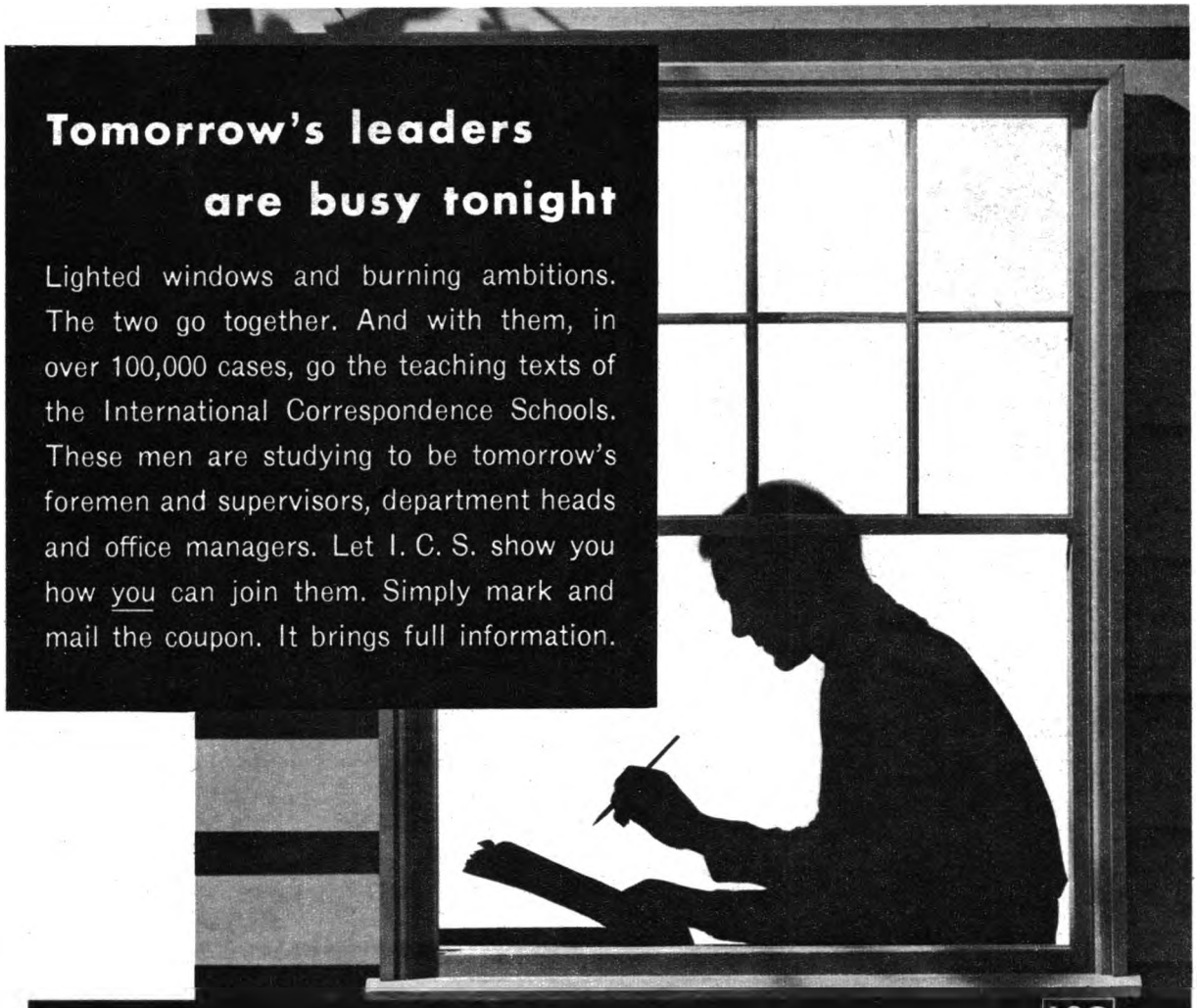

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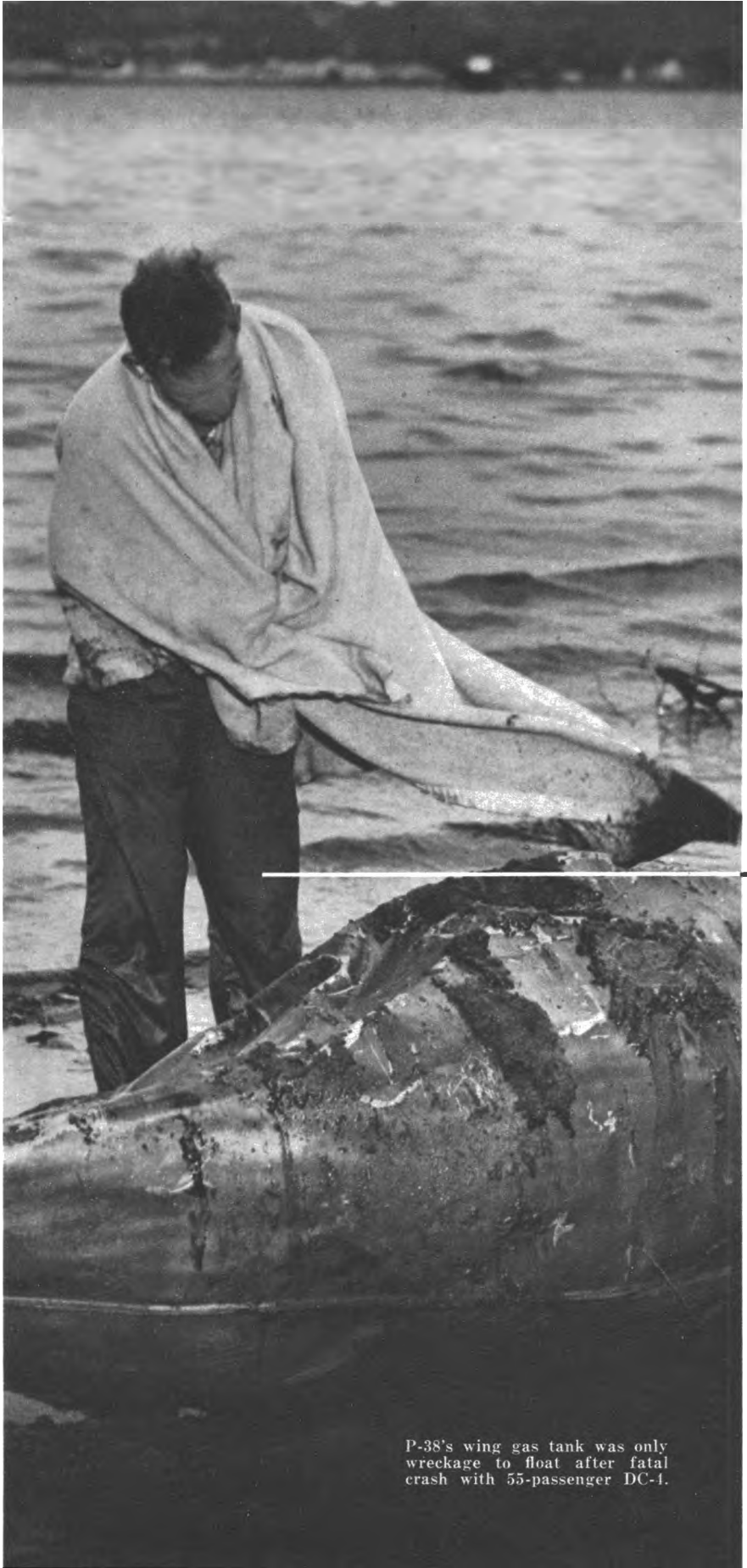


P-38's wing gas tank was only wreckage to float after fatal crash with 55-passenger DC-4.

EVERYONE DIED BUT ME!

Something slammed the belly of my plane. The next thing I knew, I was buried at the bottom of the Potomac River.

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ▸

EVERYONE DIED BUT ME!

by CAPTAIN ERICK RIOS BRIDOUX

as told to R. S. Livingston

Life began again for me on Friday, March 13th, 1953. It was on this day that a jury in the District Court in Washington, D. C., exonerated me of blame in the mid-air collision of a P-38 fighter plane which I was testing for the Bolivian Air Force and a civilian DC-4 operated by Eastern Airlines, at the National Airport in Washington on November 1st, 1949. Fifty-five persons lost their lives in this crash. I was the sole survivor.

Nearly drowned from my submersion in the Potomac, suffering from a broken back, broken jaw, shattered ribs, and the loss of all my teeth, I was not expected to live. But I did. Physically, I recovered, but my professional, political and financial life ended. For over three years I existed in the nightmare of this terrible and tragic accident. Particularly heavy has been the burden I have carried since the Civil Aeronautics Board deemed me responsible for the collision.

On the afternoon following the accident, members

of the CAB visited me in the hospital to obtain my account of what had occurred. This has since been called my "death-bed statement." I am sure that no one ever had any idea at the time that I would live to corroborate the disjointed and faintly uttered phrases that gave my story of the crash. Barely conscious, in excruciating pain as the opiates' action lessened, I told my story—a story that held up in all major details during the trial brought by the estate of two of the crash victims against Eastern Airlines, the United States Government and myself. The United States Government was sued because the airfield control towers are Federally staffed under the Civil Aeronautics Administration. I welcomed the summons for this trial for I felt that, given an opportunity to tell my story in a United States court, I would obtain justice. In none but a democratic country can one be sure of this.

I have never felt bitter in regard to the findings of the CAB, but I felt that I had the truth on my side, and that truth will always win out. My totally unprepared and unrehearsed statement would stand up; that I knew. I could rely on a democratic jury for a just verdict. And the jury that listened to this case during the long weeks from December, 1952, to March, 1953, was a splendid example of a democratic jury.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Half-drowned, my jaw, ribs and back smashed, I wasn't expected to leave the hospital alive.

EVERYONE DIED BUT ME! continued

I had to refute the findings of the CAB investigation and report which summarized as the "Probable Cause: The Board determines that the probable cause of this accident was the execution of a straight-in final approach by the P-38 pilot without obtaining proper clearance to land and without exercising necessary vigilance." This report was made on September 26, 1950. It was only to be expected that the press seized upon these findings to elaborate and publicize the blame which had been fastened upon me. I was a foreigner. It was assumed that I did not speak or understand English—that I was an exhibitionist and a stunt flyer.

Nothing could have been further from the truth. I am fairly conversant with the English language, enough so to realize that the slang phrase "they threw the book" at me is an expression that adequately describes my experiences after the accident. As an aviator I began my career in 1938 in the Mayor Pabon Military Flying School in Cochabamba, Bolivia, my birthplace. Later I was assigned to a training course in the Bolivian Air Force in which I flew Curtiss Trainer and Curtiss Osprey planes. Still later I was assigned to the Alto de la Paz military base (13,400 feet above sea level) and Curtiss SNG-1s. In 1942 I entered the first school in Santa Cruz set up and operated under the system and control of the American Military Mission in Bolivia. I took the primary course in Stearman PT-17 planes, a basic course in PT-13s, and an advanced course in North American AT-6s. I was one of only three pilots who were graduated in the three complete courses and, I am proud to say, with the highest marks. Major Bruce Baumgardener, at that time a member of the American Aviation Mission, and later one of the aides of General Hoyt Vandenberg of the American Air Forces, can bear witness to this.

This record opened the possibility of my going on a scholarship to the United States, and I volunteered to take courses in the military schools there. I was sent to the Basic School of the Army Air Force at Enid, Oklahoma, and graduated in January, 1945. Lieutenant Durand F. Van Krevelen, USAFR, instructor there, wrote: "To the best of my knowledge and belief, he (Bridoux) was very proficient in all maneuvers, and at no time exhibited dangerous or careless tendencies . . . I would rank him in the top ten percent of all the students I had." After this training period I went on to the advanced school of twin-engine training at Blackland Air Base in Waco, Texas, receiving there my wings as an American pilot and my instrument flight rating on April 28, 1945.

The Army Air Forces sent me to the Sixth Air Force Base at Albrook Field in Panama for transition training. In June, 1945 I received that diploma as well as the Transport Training one. Then I was incorporated into the 20th Troop Carrier Squadron of the Caribbean Defense.

Returning to Bolivia in 1946, I served for a year as pilot of the Transport Squadron of the Bolivian Army Air Force and was assigned as instructor of instrument flying. When, later in 1946, I decided to engage in commercial flying, I was asked to work with the Corporacion Boliviana de Fomento (Bolivian Development Corporation) as pilot of C-46 Curtiss Commando planes.

During the time I spent with this company I was called upon to do some of the most difficult and dangerous flying of my career. It was not, however, "stunt" flying. That is something I have never done and never intend to do. I have too much respect for the speed and power of a plane to trying doing tricks with one. (*Continued on page* 48)

When the planes collided in mid-air, the airliner split into two pieces, the rear plummeting to the river's bank.

One by one the bodies were pulled from the river and lined along the bank. None of the grim spectators made a sound.

For 3 days the river was dragged to retrieve the victims' bodies and enough wreckage to determine the crash's cause.

SEX FACTS FOR MEN

by Dr. Shailer Upton Lawton, F.A.C.P.

Thousands of marital relationships have been haunted by the blind ignorance of man toward his sexual endowment.

One of the greatest sources of misery and private torment to any man is the fear that his sexual equipment is inadequate or inferior, compared to that of most men. This fear, even when it is unjustified, is alone enough to cripple a man's self-confidence so badly that it damages his work, his personality, his social life, his sex life and his marriage.

The man who has such a secret fear thinks that he is unique in this respect. But a study by Dr. G. V. Hamilton shows that fully 41 out of 100 typical men had fears that their sex organs were undersized. Of these men, 18 said that this fear caused them some degree of humiliation or embarrassment. Even more surprising, 45 admitted that they considered their potency less than normal.

Such fears sometimes have their origins in childhood. It is not unusual for a young boy to glimpse the sex organs of adult males. He may be able to reason out that an adult is much bigger than he is in all parts of the body. But the sight is still an emotional shock. Comparing his own organ, he feels highly inadequate. This feeling that he is "small" may persist unconsciously even after he grows up. He may constantly need to reassure himself by comparisons with other men.

The tall tales of teen-agers are also another source of inferiority feelings. Adolescents are highly impressionable and gullible, particularly as far as sex is concerned. They also like to impress other teen-agers by exaggeration. Most tales about the size of male organs, or about remarkable prowess, are tailored to appeal to the male imagination. They should be accepted with more than a pinch of salt. But too often the teen-ager who hears them believes them completely, envies the heroes of these tales, and feels himself underprivileged.

Lucas T. came to me because of a nervous compulsion he had to throw his weight around, antagonizing people. "I can't seem to help myself," he told me. "I never feel comfortable with other people. So I cover up by acting bossy, know-it-all, an all-around big shot. I've already lost one job because of it. I've lost friends, and I can't seem to keep girl friends."

Study of his case revealed that Lucas was behaving in this aggressive manner because of an inferiority complex based upon his belief that he had an undersized organ. He didn't want anyone to suspect that he was inadequately equipped. He had even picked a fight with a girl he loved, and secretly wished to marry, because he felt that his parts were too small to satisfy her sexually after marriage. He also avoided swimming and other sports which required use of a men's locker room, so that he would not have to feel embarrassed by exposing his smallness.

The irony of his trouble was that it had been totally unnecessary. His sex organ proved to be of average size, and he was in no way inadequate in performance. As a teen-ager, however, he had been victimized by some tall tales which gave him a completely misleading notion of what the male organ should measure in tumescence. The false fear that he was subnormal had driven him to neurotic behavior and kept him from marriage.

When this was explained to Lucas, a great weight fell from his shoulders. He quickly lost his uneasiness with other people, and was able to behave in a relaxed, natural manner. He married shortly afterward, and today is the proud father of two boys and two girls.

It isn't generally realized how many sexual disorders of men are often caused by nothing more than the fear of being undersized. Dr. A. P. Pillay recently made a study of 161 male patients who complained of sex troubles. In all of these cases there was weak or failing tumescence, premature ejaculation and occasional failure to reach climax. "Of these 161 patients," reports Dr. Pillay, "the impotence of 27 could be attributed directly to the fear that they had undersized organs."

General self-confidence depends upon sexual confidence in a large measure. Sexual confidence, in turn, depends upon a belief in your sexual adequacy—both in the equipment Nature gave you, and in your ability to make it function. The study by Dr. G. V. Hamilton shows that men with sex fears score an average grade of 7.11 in self-confidence, compared to 11.95 for men who are without such sex fears.

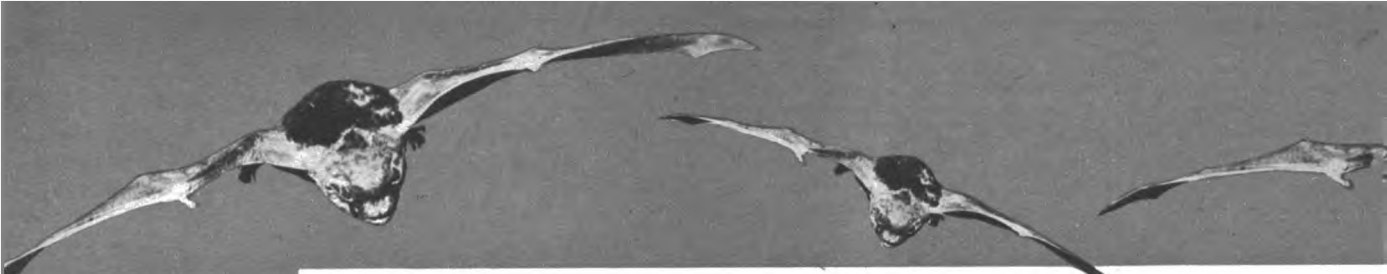
Ira L.'s wife brought him to me, complaining that life for them was becoming impossible because of Ira's hermit-like habits. He had no friends, did not want her to entertain any in their home, and refused to go out visiting with her. It also came out that Ira was a highly inadequate sex partner.

At first Ira was sullen and uncooperative, but as I gradually won his confidence he thawed out and talked about his past. I learned that as a boy he had been troubled by his habit of masturbation, and imagined that it was because of this that his organ had not developed as large as those of other boys he noticed. (I assured him, of course, that this was completely without foundation in fact. Masturbation has nothing to do with size.)

Added to his boyhood fears had been the shock of a cruel and thoughtless remark of another boy, while a group of them had been changing in the high school locker room. "Hey, boy," the teen-ager had mocked loudly, playing to the grandstand, "what do you think you're going to be able to do with *that?*" There had been loud laughter, and Ira's self-confidence was so badly injured that he never recovered from the slight.

He shunned gym and sports as much as he could. He avoided other boys, because sooner or later the talk turned to sex, and he would find himself trembling with a vague anxiety. When he had turned 20, he forced himself to go to a prostitute. He was so gloomily sure of failure, however, that he could not even reach tumescence. This confirmed his belief that he was sexually inferior.

In a final act of desperation, he married, hoping that somehow a wife would be able to help him solve his problem. Instead he found his problems aggravated and increased. His wife's unhappiness (*Continued on page 72*)



Don't BITE

An eerie humming clogged my ears. I wanted to run from the hideous mass. But it was too late.

by ALEC FOSTER
as told to Ben Roberts

Man is a digging animal. He digs the soil to plant his crops; he digs for gold and precious stones. Sometimes in the process he digs his grave.

That's what nearly happened to me in Honduras where Ralph Trowbridge and I were searching for buried treasure. Not doubloons and pieces of eight, though there's supposed to be plenty of pirate booty stashed away in this part of the Spanish Main. What Ralph and I were looking for was something infinitely more exciting to us—the unexplored history of forgotten civilizations revealed in fragments of broken pottery and crude flint weapons.

I expect you'd call us amateurs, because our shoestring expeditions weren't subsidized, but some of the biggest museums in the country were glad to buy our wares. Operating that way gave us more independence and we'd made the swing down through Yucatan and Guatemala to Honduras, eating regularly most of the time.

Right now we were excavating on the palm-grown island of Barbarat south of Roatan. Besides Ralph and myself, we had a native named Jim for a helper. Jim was a cay man who knew every reef and islet between Isla Bahia and Savannah Bight, a leather-skinned descendant of the buccaneers with a dash

the VEINS

of Carib Indian thrown in. He was a cheerful, tireless worker and a handy man with a machete which he used for all purposes from opening a coconut to unearthing a piece of pottery.

We'd been digging for several days in a fetid jungle swamp and everything was going well till I came down with a bout of malaria. I lay in camp for nearly a week, sweating and shaking by turns before the quinine knocked out the fever. By then I was so weak I could hardly hold a pick and 10 minutes' digging soaked me to the skin.

"You're in no shape to work," Ralph told me. "Take it easy for a few more days."

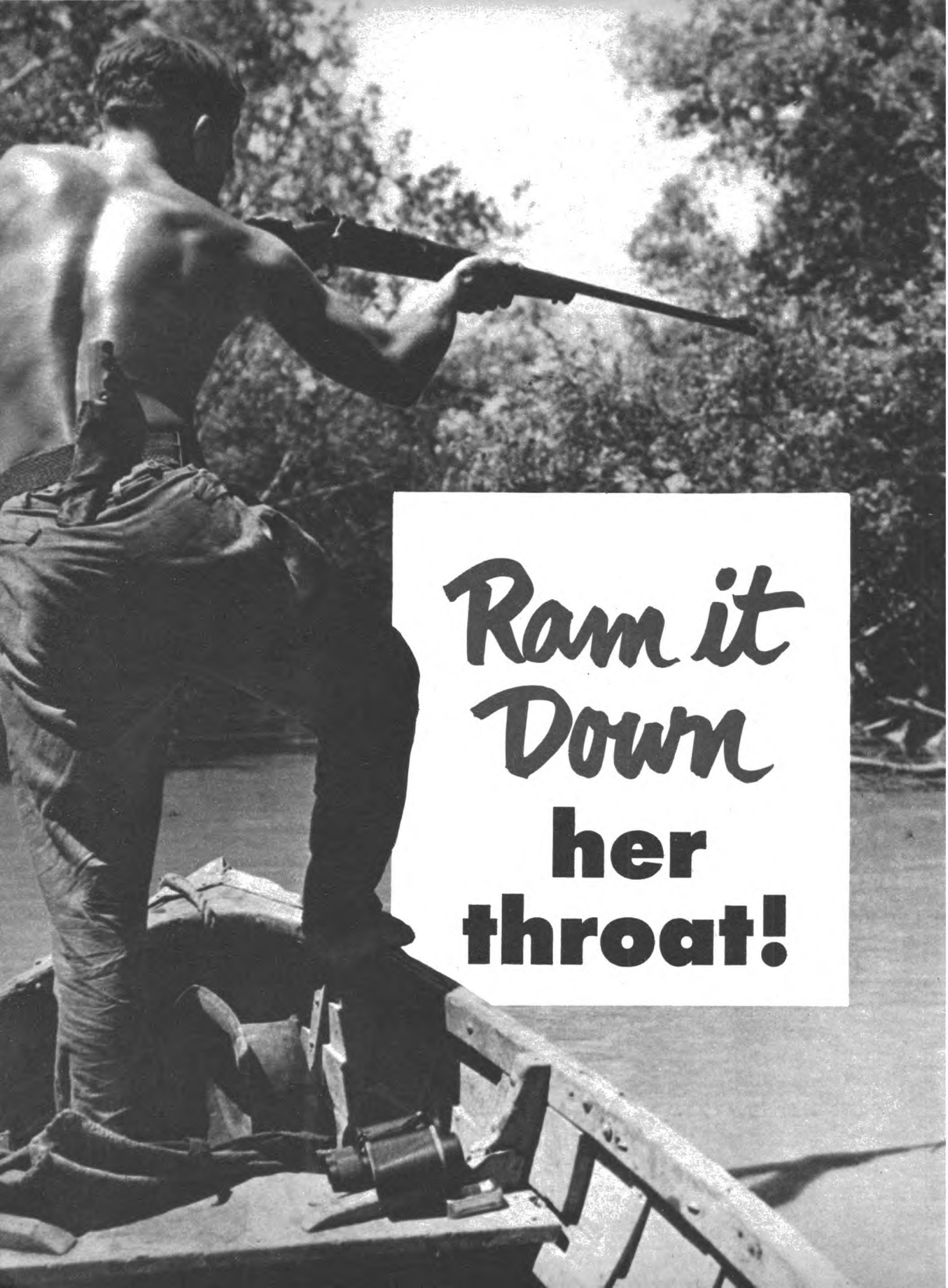
"I'll go nuts if I do," I said. "I've been hanging around camp so long I've started talking to myself."

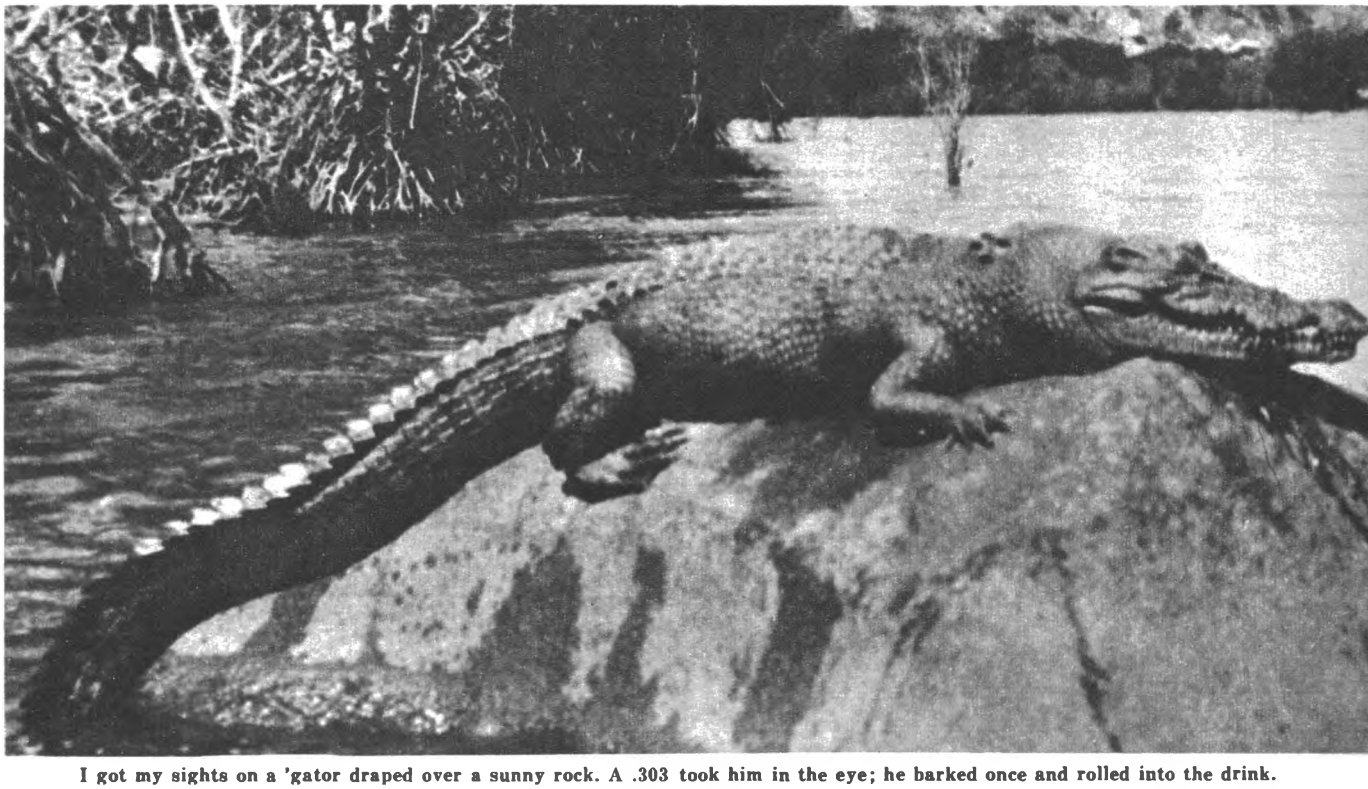
I couldn't dig, but I could walk and I decided to do a little exploring. This search for antiquities gets into your blood like gold fever. You're always expecting to find something tremendous just around the corner. The swamp we were working stretched for miles between high, wooded hills and we'd only scratched the surface. The important find might be beyond, hidden in the obliterating jungle. Ralph tried to dissuade me but I wouldn't listen.

"I'll take it easy," I promised. "It will do me good to get out and wander around."

So the next morning when Ralph and Jim went to work I headed off up the swamp. I carried a trenching tool and a flashlight and I had my .38 strapped to my waist. A sluggish stream wound through the swamp, bordered by a screen of mangroves whose writhing roots formed a solid wall beside my path. Gaseous bubbles, sulphurous and putrid, rose at each step, but overhead, against a bright blue sky, clouds of vivid butterflies swarmed among the air plants.

This was a jungle wilderness now, but once it had been the site of a great city peopled by an unknown race, a city which disappeared a thousand years before Columbus came to America. All vestiges of its houses had vanished, but there were traces of ancient temples and pyramids, and (*Continued on page* 51)


Ram it
Down
her
throat!



I got my sights on a 'gator draped over a sunny rock. A .303 took him in the eye; he barked once and rolled into the drink.

I spun around in the water to face her. She was standing right up, her belly a good two feet off the ground, her jaws unhinged.

by SAM HOPKINS

as told to Brian O'Brien

Anything goes up in the Never-never; that's what we call the Northern Territory of Australia. Maybe it's the climate; wet as muck or dry as a stonemason's throat. Maybe it's the people. In Darwin you can drink with pearl divers, shark skinners, trepang fishers, recruiters, ranchers, to say nothing of 17 kinds of dishonest trades, in a single bar. It gives you a sort of restless feeling. They've all got it; caught it from the bhingis, maybe. It's called walkabout. You do a job for a while then it gets you; nothing tastes right, your feet itch, your skin don't fit. You have to go walkabout. That means you go off on some crazy graft until you feel good again. Then you go back to work—if you're still able.

So when Ginger Evans and Jim Hart braced me to go alligator hunting with them it wasn't too hard to persuade me.

"Besides," Ginger said. "We can get four shillings a foot for hides above 10 foot."

"And them salt water muggers have been recorded up to 33 feet," Jim said persuasively.

"Ned Pierce will give us passage in the *Jenny Lind* as far as East Alligator River," Ginger put in. "He'll buy all the hides we get, too. What do you say to it, cobber?"

So I quit my job as shell sorter for Robbins and we boarded the ancient *Jenny Lind*. It's a wonder that old packet still floats. She was condemned after World War I, after use as a mine drifter. Now Pierce has built a deck house over her stern, has a battered old diesel shaking her to bits and carries cargo in her two small holds. When she feels good *Jenny* will bucket along at all of five knots. With all of us tinkering with her engine, rigging canvas and blankets on spars lashed to her derricks, we couldn't make her do better. But it was a month before monsoon so the sea was kind.

We took seven days to the mouth of the East Alligator. Pierce anchored until some blackfellows came along and agreed to provide canoes and guide us through the tidewater billabongs where the alligators live.

We left Pierce trying to coax *Jenny* off a reef and with service rifles at the port and our swag between our knees we crouched in tippy stringy-bark canoes and hoped for the best while seven-foot bhingis poled us up the river.

Course, what we call alligators are really crocodiles; not that it matters if one gets ahold of you. It wasn't likely we'd run into one of the monster sea crocs. But the normal 18-foot bull would be plenty to handle in a swamp. You figure it. Step off six long paces, fill

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

that with a scaly monster whose armored tail can batter a horse to death, whose teeth interlock and whose stomach juices will dissolve bone as he swallows it! And sly! That's the word for alligator. He lies submerged but for the tiniest bit of brow to mask his wicked little golden eye. And he's patient; he'll wait until he has you to rights. Then he charges, grabs you in those long, curved, filthy teeth that can't let go, and he rolls, thrashing you until you are battered and drowned. Then he takes you down and rams you into a hole to ripen.

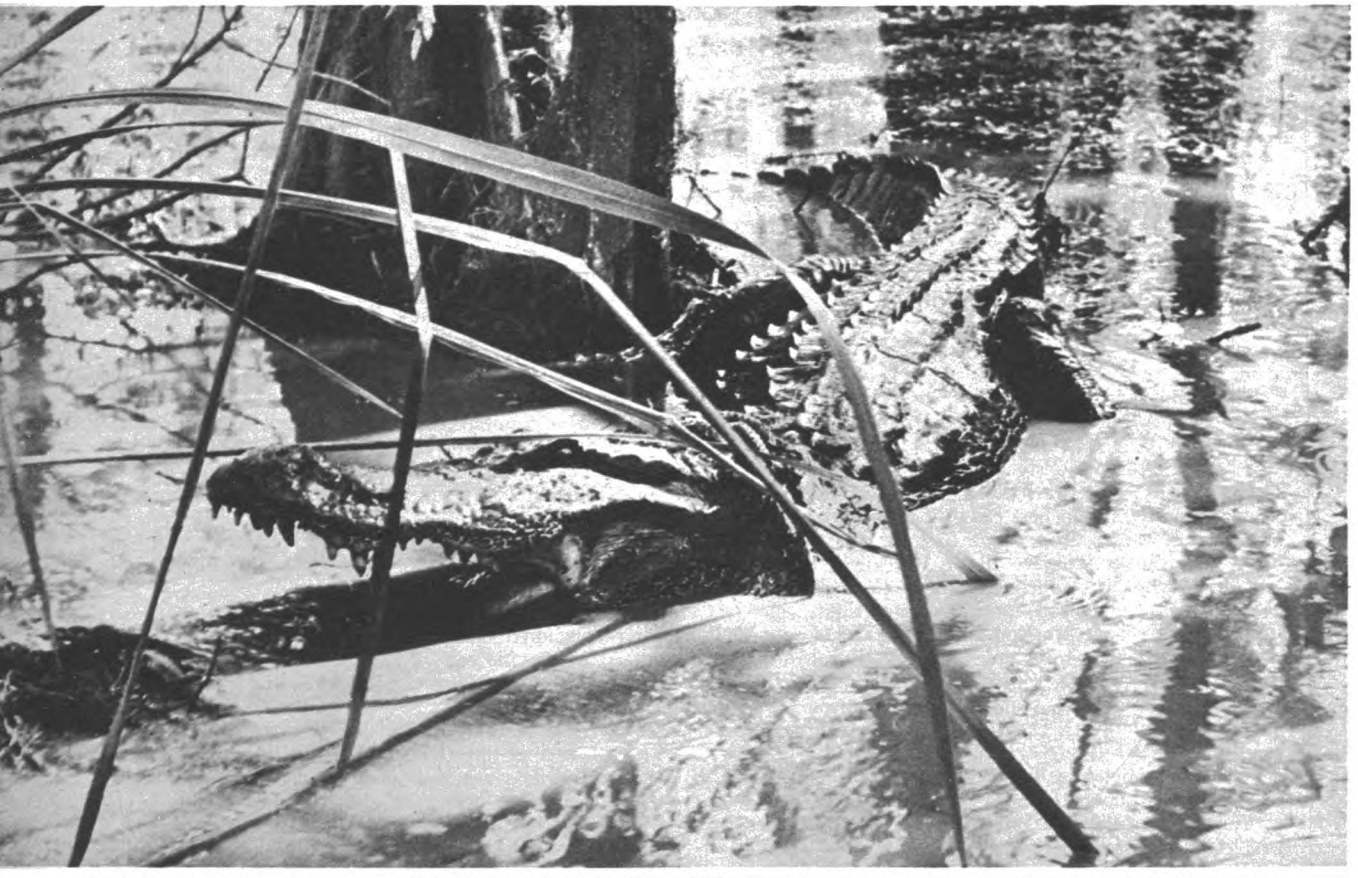
Sometimes he rides high in the swamp. He's feeling his oats when he does that. He'll charge on sight, roaring like the crack of doom, and you'd better be ready with a solid-nose bullet or you'll be in the middle of a scaly, musky, bloody, swirling mix-up from which you will emerge digested.

We found a bit of solid ground where we made camp; canvas bivvies on stilts and flat rocks for skinning benches. First day out I got my sights on one draped over a sunny rock. A .303 took him under the eye; he barked once and rolled into the drink. We got a line around his tail and towed him to camp.

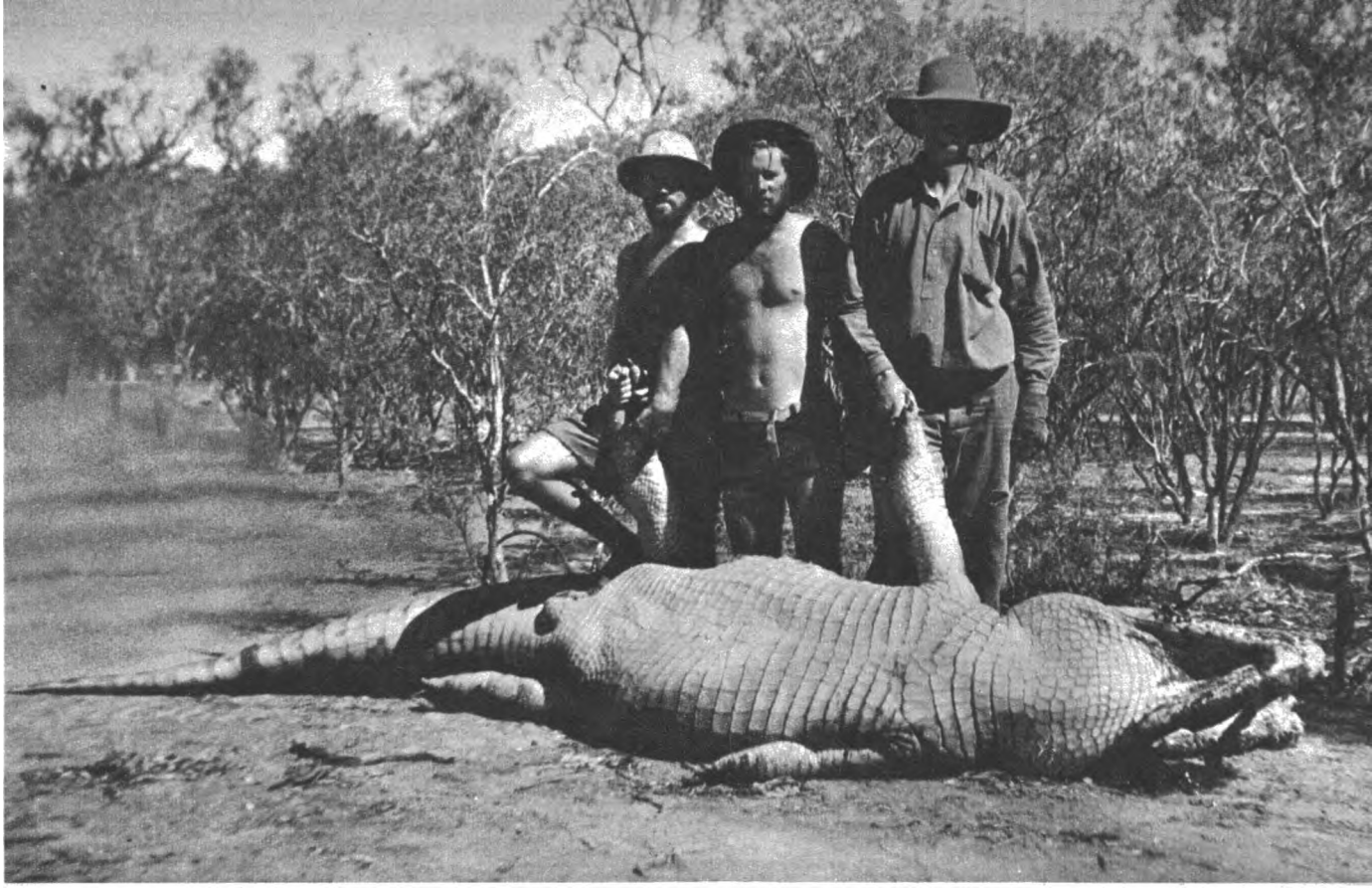
Sixteen feet. Not bad for the first day. We laid him on the rock and I sharpened my knife. You skin an alligator by making the first cut down his side, just where the soft hide meets the scutes; those are the armored plates that guard the sides and back. I got the point of my knife in his oxter when he let out a bark like a sea lion. His tail came around like a boom and knocked Ginger into the river. I jumped back, screeching for a rifle as the beast rolled over and came up standing high as a pony on his legs and snorting blood like a whale. Then he opened his damn big mouth and charged me like a bloody racehorse.

I wheeled to run and fell over my feet. The alligator sailed past me and I heard firing. By the time I got up Jim Hart was emptying his revolver into the lashing brute while Ginger, saying things his mother never taught him, crawled out of the river.

I was careful after that, I give you my word. At first we hunted together in a large canoe. Then, as we killed and skinned, and the alligators became fewer, we moved upstream, separated and hunted from little canoes, sewn together with cane and dragged through the bladygrass swamps by bhingis. My helper was a Cobourg district boy named Lurimari. He was about six-three and thin as a rail. He wore parallel welts made during his puberty initiation by gashing his belly and filling the cuts with mud. His hair was tangled, his eyes deep under jutting brows, his nose was mashed all over his face and he had the widest, whitest grin you ever saw. He carried a long flint-tipped spear with a throwing stick. He waded through muck with bladygrass cutting my clothes to bits but not touching his hide. When



His jaws gaped in a strangled bellow. He floundered until his belly was almost against us, then he tore out of the water.



It was afternoon before we could drag the pair of reptiles ashore and measure our catch. Our vacation had paid off plenty.

a brown adder, venomous as cyanide, writhed away from him, he leaned over, snatched it by the tail, slammed it against the canoe and dropped the writhing reptile by my feet to wriggle and coil its life away. It took me several days before I got used to that treatment.

But food ran low as we got farther into the swamps. We ate alligator tail, which isn't as bad as it sounds. The bhingis ate teredos worms, snakes, lizards, grubs and whatever we left. But their favorite was goose egg; there were enormous geese nesting in the swamp. Lurimari was a wizard at finding their big, flat nests. Usually there were two big white eggs. Lurimari took them and at first dry land he got out his fire sticks and tinder and had them roasting inside two minutes. Usually they cracked, sometimes they burst. But to a bhingi an egg is an egg, good, bad or stinking. What with one thing and another it's a wonder I wasn't poisoned.

It was one hot, still day that Lurimari dragged me out of a tangle of cutting grass into a stagnant salt lagoon. Beside it was an old hunting hut of paper-bark and grass thatch. Beyond the lagoon was wattle scrub and eucalyptus trees, on our side grass. Tracks told Lurimari that hunters had been in and while I scuffed around the little hut he took the canoe to explore the lagoon. He came back to report fish and he had a bunch of lily roots which he mashed up and made into lily bread; not bad at all with roast fresh fish, even if the fish did look like a lizard.

But best of all he said there were two big alligators in the swamp; he'd seen their claw marks on the banks and their runs in the grass. They were big. Bi-i-ig, too much!

We turned in to wait for morning. That swamp was a buzzing hell of mozzies, flies, ants, everything. I was bitten until my hide was polka-dotted. I crawled into the hut and Lurimari lit a smudge beside me. It was better to be half smothered than chewed to death by those damned insects.

We awakened—though Lord knows how we slept—at dawn. My eyes were swollen, my mouth tasted like a stockman's boot. I hobbled outside to where Lurimari was twirling his firesticks to cook some eggs he'd found. He had also spotted the lair of the alligators.

"Old man and mary," he exclaimed.

Mates! That might make it tough.

I made a damper and drank a billy of tea and we started. The billabong was of blue mud and about thigh deep. Lurimari led the canoe and I sat tight with five shells in the magazine and one up the spout just in case they rushed us.

Slowly we followed the stretches of reeds. Sometimes a water snake squirmed from our course. A laughing jackass, a bird that looks like a hungover kingfisher, brayed so suddenly I nearly dropped my rifle. Then, as we entered a sort of creek overhung with acacia and pandanus, I was aware of the musky stench.

"Bura," Lurimari said softly. "Alligator."

Nothing moved. I slipped my safety catch and watched the bank carefully. The guide stopped, waist deep, his flint-tipped spear ready to throw. I followed its point. There was a big, raggedy heap on the bank. It made sounds, whispering, crunching sounds. Cautiously Lurimari shoved the canoe backwards.

"Wait," he whispered. "Pickinin come soon. We catch."

But they were hatching already. I saw one tiny wriggling beast break out of the humus that covered the egg nest and tumble into the water. (*Continued on page* 50)

"I'm Benny Farlow and I broke out of the pen. I didn't shoot nobody's dog. I ain't carrying nothing to shoot with."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEONE

the DAMNEDEST FOOL in ALABAMA

by TOM ROAN

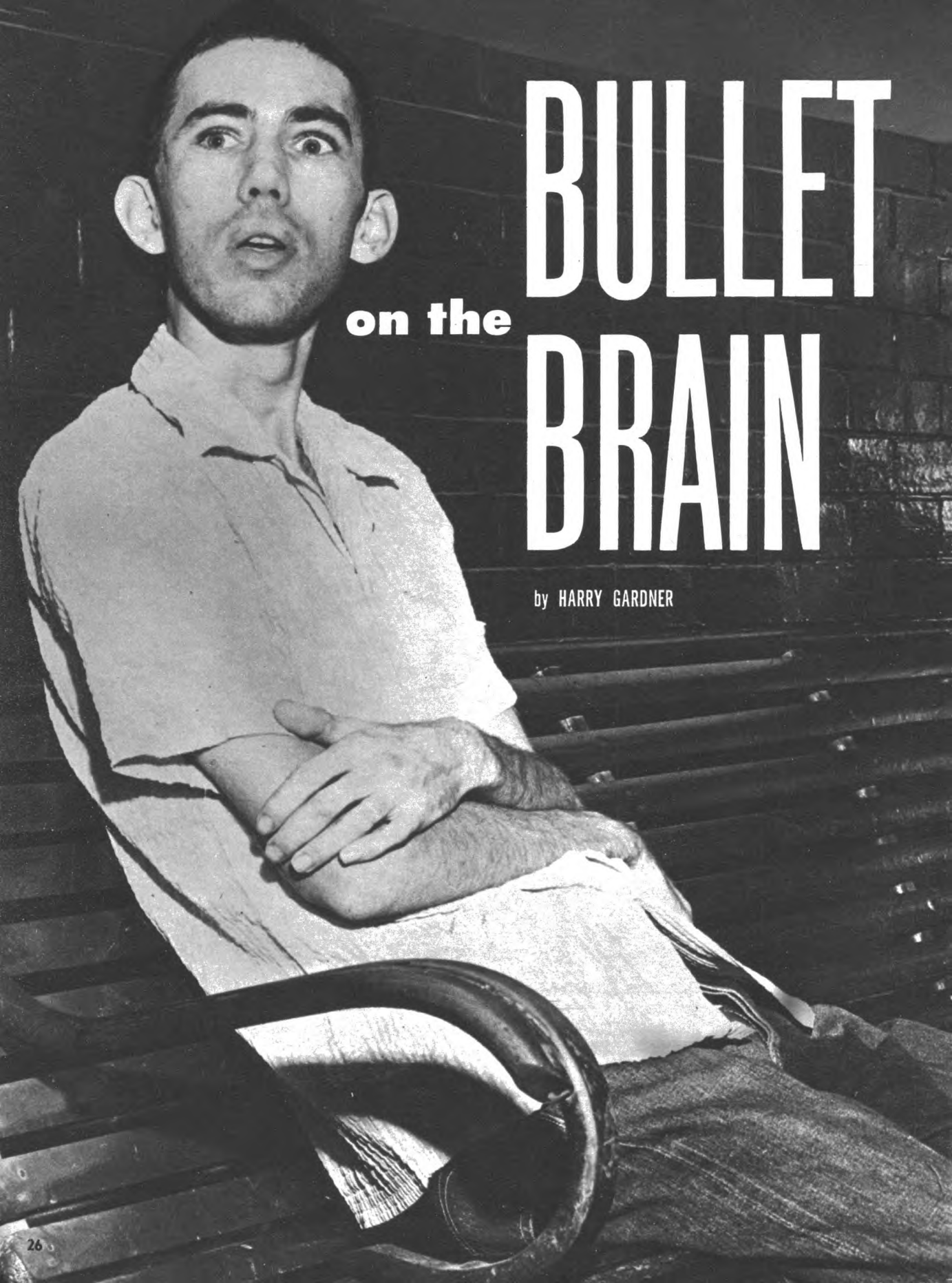
STAG FICTION

Panting for breath, having raced like a wild man through the darkness for the last mile, he lay face down in the gully, his hands clutched in the frosty grass in front of him. A cold half-moon was rising over the mountain to eastward, its light touching him briefly before being blotted out by drifting, silvery clouds. He shook as if freezing, trembling from his throat to the heels of his rough prison brogans as the distant sounds again came to him. It was like a great

symphony moving steadily up the valley—the bugles, the fifes, the drums and saxophones playing in the late-fall night.

Benny Farlow was not a strong man. Many men would have considered him a weakling. He was just turning 28, five feet, 11 inches tall, tipping the scales at less than 140 pounds. What he heard now was like the many voices of doom closing in on him. By climbing high into one of the sturdy pines along the western rim of the gully he could possibly escape being ripped and torn to pieces. But no matter how high the tree, men would surely come galloping up on horseback, and some excited prison guard might shoot, and bring him down like a wounded raccoon to the baying and snarling pack of hounds below.

For those were hounds in the distance. Benny Farlow could not think of them as anything but bloodhounds—prison dogs made mean by daily doses of black gunpowder in the chunks of raw meat they (*Continued on page* 52)



BULLET on the BRAIN

by HARRY GARDNER

Lonnie the First pumped five fast slugs into the body of his wife. Then, with his sixth shot, he became Lonnie the Second.

It was a hot, dry afternoon, almost 3 P.M. on June 18, 1953. The kind of afternoon that blows an oven's breath on Texas.

Just west of Fort Worth's downtown section, a car turned off Seventh Street onto Carroll and into a spacious parking area, where it was brought to a stop in an orderly row of vehicles. Its driver reached into the glove compartment, took out a shiny pearl-handled Italian Beretta pistol and stepped out into the hot sunlight.

He walked into the big white department store that bordered the parking area. It was cool and fresh inside. But the man's insides were afire, burning, scorching with confusion. He walked past shoppers, counters and displays. Up the stairs. Past more customers and merchandise. He walked haltingly to a row of glass-partitioned offices, away from the bustle of store traffic. And he entered one of the cubicles.

Mrs. Mary Ruth Cox and a woman co-worker were there, talking. The woman was standing up. Mrs. Cox was sitting in front of a drawing-board and had just completed lettering five words on an advertising layout dummy:

CHECK THESE POWER TOOL SPECIALS

She was drawing in some lines under the letters. Both women stopped talking when the man entered. Mrs. Cox knew him. The other woman walked out. She'd finished her business there anyway. Mrs. Cox and her visitor were left alone in the small office.

One of the store's departmental managers was only 10 feet from the layout drawing-board, on the other side of the transparent partition. He noticed the man with Mrs. Cox. He saw him grin and saw his lips move in what must have been pleasant conversation because of the smile. He saw Mrs. Cox answering.

Then he saw the visitor holding a little pistol, pointing it at the sitting woman. She didn't move or make a sound. It must have been a prank of some kind, the manager figured. A cap gun. Mrs. Cox wasn't panicked. The man was smiling. Sure, just a cap-gun prank.

Suddenly the gun fired. An explosive bang! It fired again. Blood spurted from the left side of Mrs. Cox's head. She just sat there, wide-eyed, unflinching. The gun fired again. Again. Again. The woman hadn't (*Continued on page* 45)

Blood spurted from Mrs. Cox's head. She pitched off her chair to the floor, four bullet holes in the left side of her face.

KING of the ICE

He'll catch a rabbit, take on a bear or jerk a loaded sled from a frozen, standing start. There is no more rugged dog on earth.

by EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

Murder was still throbbing in Joe Smith's brain like a long-festering sore that morning a few months ago when the iron gate of a California prison swung open to release him.

Joe had sworn to get Verne Stock, the Buena Park cop who had arrested him. He had meant it on the day when he was sentenced and he meant it now. Within a couple of hours he had secured a car. By mid-afternoon he had picked up a gun and found out Stock's address on Highland Avenue. He had also learned that the cop would be off duty early in the evening. Joe Smith was ready.

At 7:30 that night he drove along Highland Avenue, stopping in the 6600 block. Gun in hand, he began creeping along the heavy wire fence which separated Stock's house from the adjacent one.

From the other side of this fence came two low growls which registered with deceptive softness in Joe's ears—as

if the dog uttering them didn't really mean business. Besides, there was that big fence, solidly braced with four-by-four redwood posts well anchored in cement. And the dog was on the other side of it.

"Nuts to you," Joe muttered under his breath as he took another couple of steps forward.

The dog growled again and the growl became a loud and menacing scream. It was uncanine-like, chilling and thoroughly nasty. With it the dog lunged forward.

A hundred pounds of solid muscle hit the wire with terrific force, bending it outward. Inch-long fangs stopped short, almost in Joe's face.

Joe froze in fright right on the spot. Thoughts of murder were suddenly forgotten as he stared at the threatening fangs of the rugged malamute lead-dog, Ch. Sierra Blizzard. Even though the dog was still on the other side of the fence, Joe was so cowed by this alarming spectacle that he didn't seem to remember he had a gun in his hand. All he wanted to do was to get away from this terror while he still could.

He turned to run and Sierra screamed again.

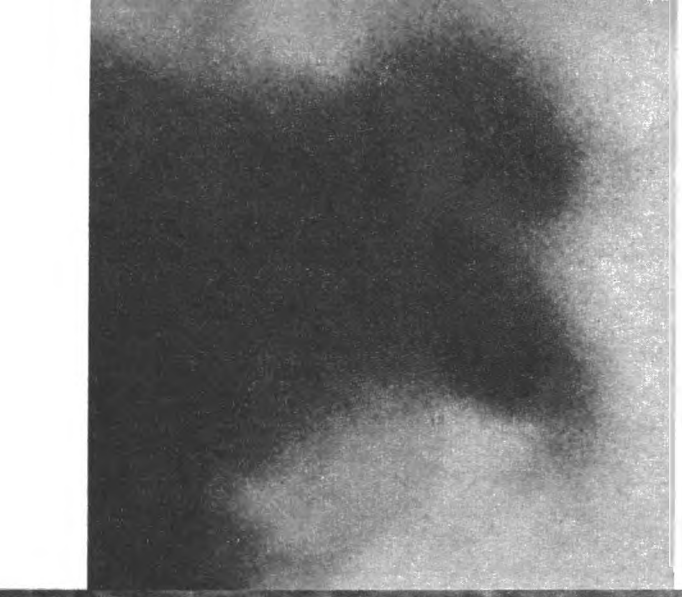
Notak of Silver Sled, his mate, heard him. She was just inside of the open garage with 11 cute little pups in a whelping box. She had littered them three days before and although she was feeding them at the time she responded quickly to the call of danger.

She came charging out of the garage, making no attempt to leap the fence. She made a headlong rush at the wire, driving through it so hard that she took the posts out of their cement bases a good three inches. Sierra dashed after her and the two malamutes converged on Joe.

At this point Conrad Scalet and his attractive young wife, Betty, owners of the dogs, came out of their house in a hurry.

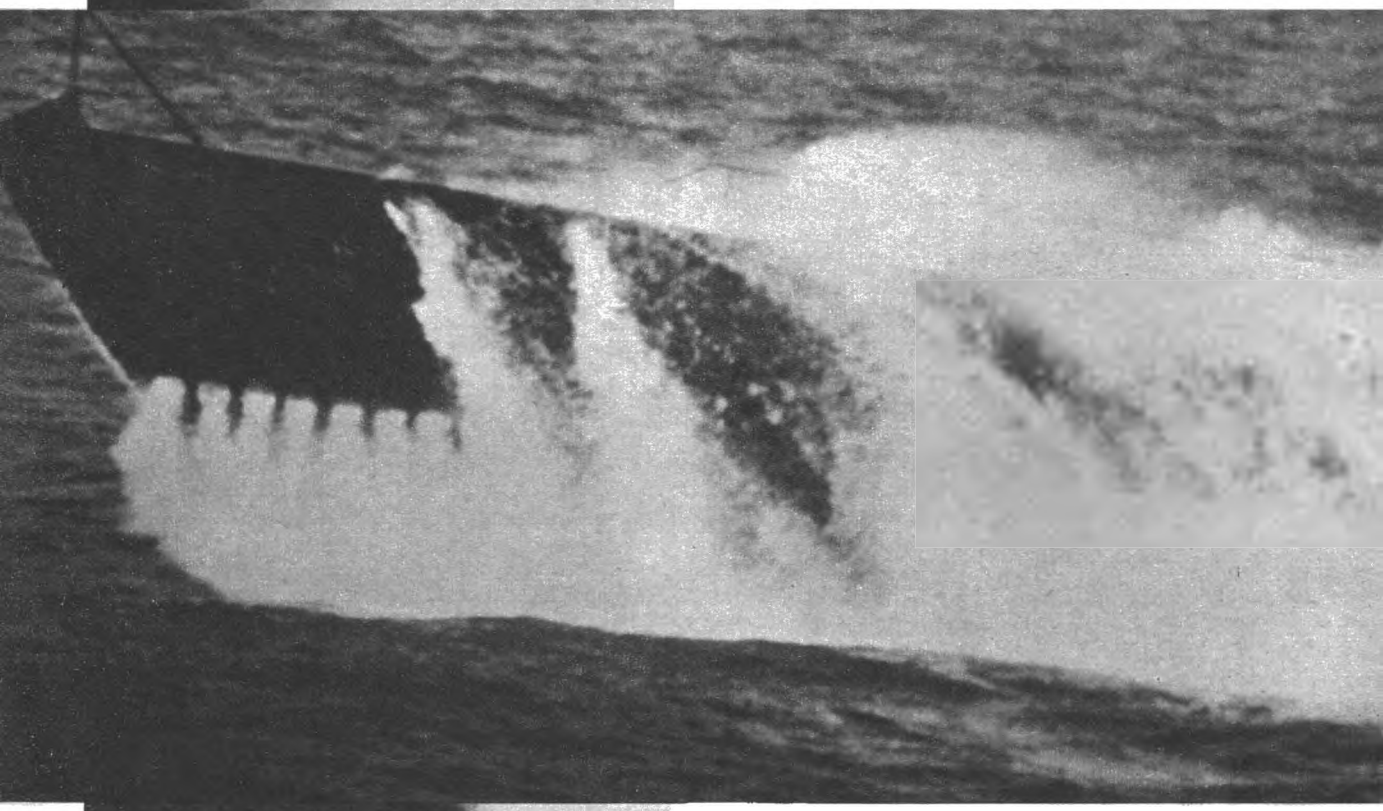
"And then," Conrad told me, "we saw that our malamutes had the man cornered. He was brandishing his gun back and forth in such terror that he dropped it.

"We called the dogs off and this fellow started running for his car, which was a sad mistake. Notak, who also weighs close to 100 pounds, and (*Continued on page 62*)



Commander J. M. (Johnny) Hyde, CO of the United States submarine *Bergall,* and I stood on the bridge of his vessel as she steamed through a soft night in the South China Sea, and watched as pretty a sight as either of us ever had seen. A very few minutes before—at 2037 hours, to be precise—*Bergall* had fired six torpedoes at eight-second intervals in what we used to call the Hyde Special Spread, at a heavy Japanese cruiser of the *Atago* class. The secret of this special spread was that, if one of the torpedoes was spotted aboard the target, the Japanese commander still wouldn't know which way to turn to comb the whole spread. Now, with a feeling of solid satisfaction, we watched the results of our efficient application of the Hyde principle.

Number one torpedo was aimed to hit at the after mast of the heavy cruiser *Myoko,* our target, and that's precisely



by Commander BEN JARVIS, USN
as told to KEN JONES

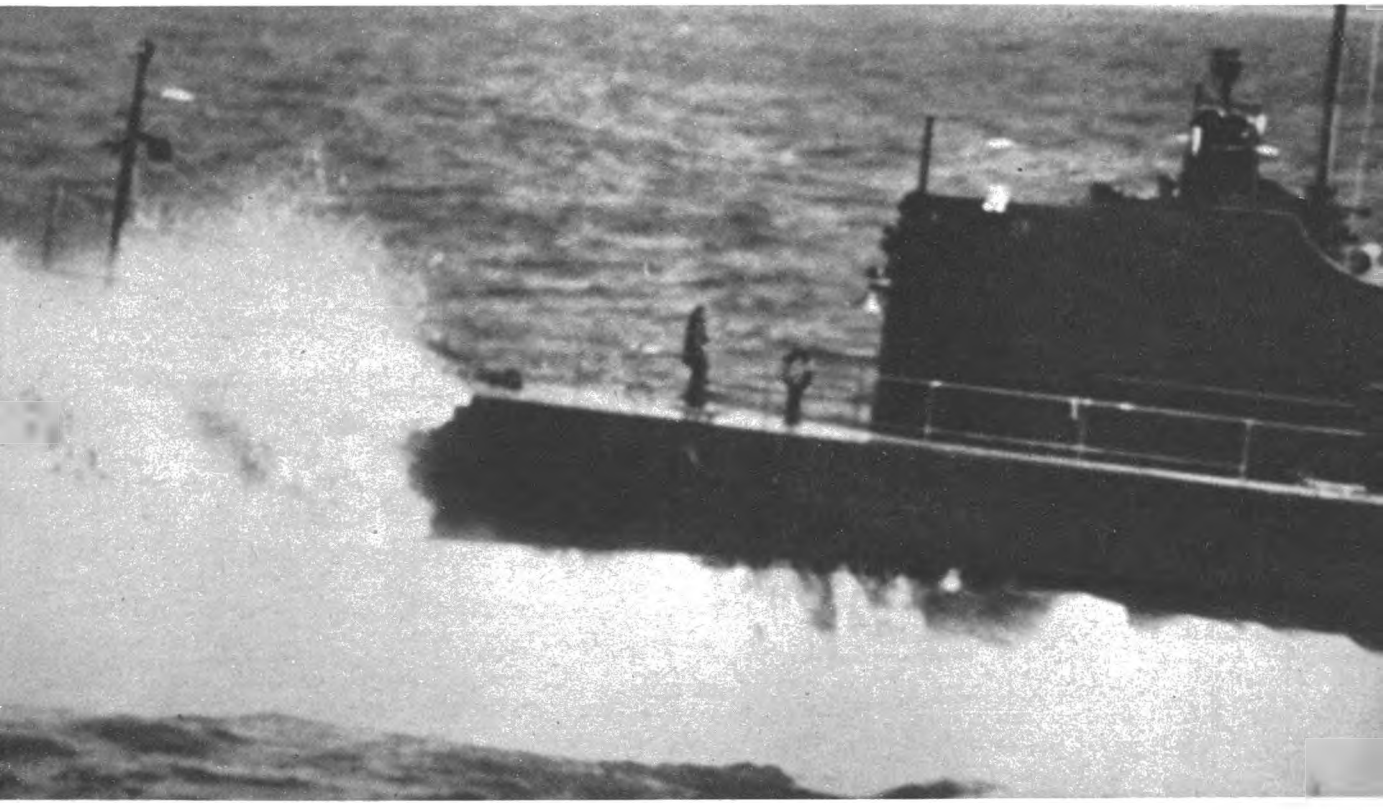
If we took the Bergall down, we'd never get her back to the surface again. And our only way out then would be through the torpedo tubes.

where it did hit. It was number two torpedo that did the business, however. This had been aimed to hit forward of the *Myoko's* bridge. Now, as we watched, it hit *aft* of the cruiser's bridge, and almost immediately there was a tremendous explosion. There's no question in my mind that we got magazines with that one. A solid column of flame, 50 feet in diameter and 1,000 feet high, shot into the air above the cruiser. The first hit had caused great billows of smoke, but little or no flame. Now this smoke was sucked into the whirling column of fire from the second hit, and sent surging skyward, where a vagrant air current finally flattened it out into the kind of towering, flame-shot mushroom which we were later to associate with an atomic blast.

It was an absorbing sight and the cigarette deck of *Bergall* was crowded with crew members, brought up in relays on the skipper's orders to watch the fun. After what seemed but a few seconds the Jap's signal pyrotechnics started going up, and the men of *Bergall* cheered each fresh, colorful detonation. Meanwhile, of course, we weren't just sitting and watching the show.

We'd had two targets, both apparently heavy cruisers. At our moment of firing the targets overlapped, our victim being the nearest ship. We'd delivered our torpedo spread from a range of 3,300 yards, and had then opened the range to 9,000 yards. Now we were swinging to make a run around the stern of the first ship, and try to put a spread into the second, which, from the position we hoped to gain, would be silhouetted against the blazing first target. Both cruisers appeared dead in the water.

Bergall had covered 50 degrees of azimuth in her end-around—about one quarter of (*Continued on page* 76)



THE LONG JOURNEY HOME

I "FINGERED"

NO PAPER IN THE WORLD WOULD PRINT WHAT WENT ON

the DOC

IN THAT MOTEL.

by JACK WEEKS, Police Reporter
Houston Chronicle

Pitt from the *Press*, a rival newspaper, caught the phone in the press room.

"For you, Jackson." He'll always regret turning that call over to me.

An iron-throated voice rasped: "Listen close. I'm not going to say this twice. You know all about the goofball party three days ago. You want to know the name of the guy who's peddling the stuff?"

Did I want to know the guy's name? Does a monkey have a tail?

"Keep talking," I said, "I'll be right here."

"I can't say too much where I am," he said cautiously. "You got to meet me somewhere."

I told him to name the spot. He picked a drive-in out in the east end of the city. I kept my voice low all the time I was talking. If Pitt tumbled, he had to be a lip reader. He was no lip reader. When I hung up and reached for my hat, he asked, "Where you going, Jackson?"

"To Homicide," I lied, "Got to check a guy's record. That was a new rewrite man on the phone. You know new men—they ask a million questions."

I ducked out fast before he got wise. Riding the elevator down from the third floor of the police station I had time to think things over.

Three days ago the city was shocked when eight teen-agers, including several girls, were caught by the Vice Squad in a tourist cabin. Detectives had seized several bottles of pills in the room. Those pills, a chemist's analysis disclosed, were barbiturates, known to users as goofballs.

I'll tell you what a goofball does: it'll get you high as a kite and make you lose most of your inhibitions. That's what it did to those eight kids.

That teen-age party was a beaut. Three of the youngsters got trips to the hospital out of it. One girl nearly died. It was more than 24 hours later when she recovered consciousness.

What had gone on in that tourist cabin we never told our family newspaper readers. You could have gotten a fair idea just by reading between the lines. That party was the daddy of all juvenile sex orgies.

The newspapers screamed for the cops to find the monster who had sold the pills to the kids. Vice Squad officers grilled the youngsters for hours. They learned everything but the source of the goofballs. It was several years ago that the Texas legislature passed a law forbidding the illegal sale and possession of barbiturates, after a terrific crusade (*Continued on page* 47)

It took a week to set up the trap, then the Vice Squad closed in. The Doc (center) was a dead duck.

Lucky Collins takes a shot at the world's distance record for ramp-jumping. Gathering speed as he runs up the ramp, he . . .

Give Them Our BLOOD

Produced by SETH KANTOR

Photos by Gene Gordon

"Brother, I slam my foot down on the gas all the way to the carburetor, and let the fan clip my nails. I don't give a damn about punishment. If the people want blood—if that's what makes their hair stand on end—it might as well be my blood they get!" That's King "Suicide" Kelly talking, and he voices the feelings of every stunt car rider in the business. They'll pull a bust-jump, a T-bone crash, a roll-over, a human-battering-ram or a death-roll without batting an eye. They're out for just one thing—to bring a roar to the lips of the people who pack the grandstands. They'll take their chances with busted collar bones, backs, legs, jaws. They'll put in their time at hospitals across the country. But they'll be back at the old stand just as soon as the bandages are off and the crutches discarded. What makes them tick? Here's Suicide Kelly again, "I want to be the world's craziest daredevil—until they carry me out. I'd like to live a long time—I just don't expect to."

. . . takes off in a flying leap over the parked jalopies. But his car veers as it leaves the platform, he smashes down in . . .

. . . a bone-shattering, lopsided landing. Desperately fighting the wheel, he pulled out of this one right side up, drove on.

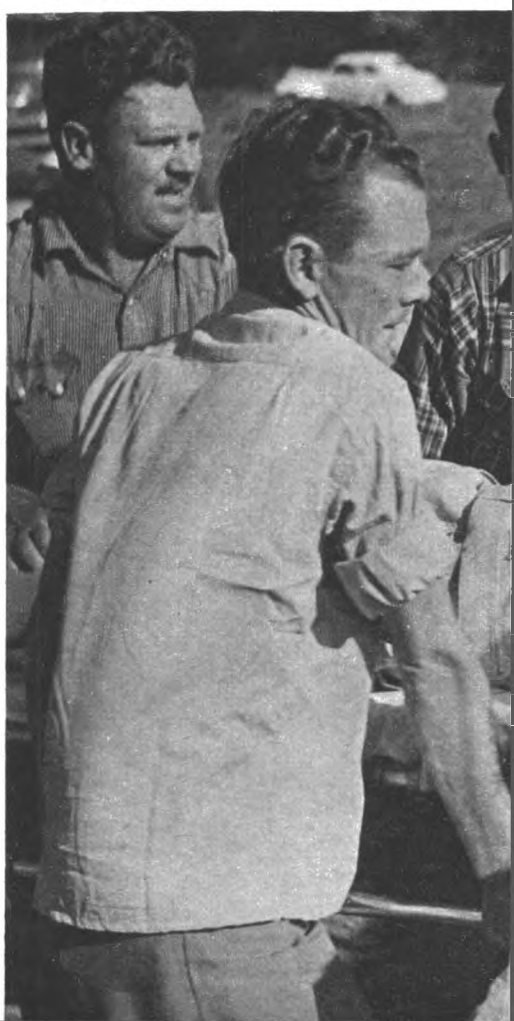
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Give Them Our *BLOOD*

continued

Little Pete Ivie is expert at jumping off the rear of a speeding car, landing smack in a fire and rolling through the flames to safety.

But practice doesn't always make perfect . . .



... Pix below show the consequences when Pete missed his aim, rolled out of control into a parked car, smashed his backbone.

I'LL HUSTLE

A newspaper fellow approached me last year, in the August dog days. "When are you gonna let the undertaker claim your body, Country?" he asked me.

I gave him my dirtiest look. "When you decide to stop writing baseball for a living," I told him. Let me tell you here and now the sportswriting guy is a youngster. If he doesn't knock himself out freeloading, he's good for another 20 years on the typewriter grind.

I've played all out for 13 years with the St. Louis Cardinals. This is my 14th time around for the Redbirds. If I have anything to say about it I'll try for another 14—and still be playing each game like it's my last. They'll have to cut the uniform off my back before they get me out of there. And when they do I'll still be kickin' like a mad donkey.

It isn't tough for me to hustle. It comes naturally. Last year when I laid one down and tried to beat it out, I felt the same as I did five years ago. Of course, in some of those late-season double-headers I came up a little stiff the next morning. But a good rub-down man in the clubhouse can keep an old guy like me feeling like a rookie.

I guess around St. Louis, and in a lot of other baseball towns, I'm known as the last of the Gashouse Gang. Actually that isn't true. The Gashousers were the Cards of 1934—the Dean boys, Joe Medwick, Pepper Martin, Lippy Durocher, Frankie Frisch, Ripper Collins and those guys—the rip-snortingest group ever to win a pennant and World Series.

But I didn't hit the Cards 'til '38. To some people, though, I'm still one of the Gashouse Gang. They couldn't pay me any higher compliment.

"The only way they'll ever get me out of the game is to tear my uniform off."

TILL I DIE

I'm 38 now. But I'm going to keep from acting my age as long as my legs hold up. I'll never ease up on a single play. That's the way I insist on playing it.

You don't get any place in life without hustling for it. That goes double in baseball. If you have talent for baseball, but don't hustle, you won't stay around very long. There isn't anything that'll gripe me more than seeing some big lug hit a ground ball and then stand there without running more than a few steps, while the shortstop makes the play on him.

A few years ago I watched a guy on our club do that. My face got redder than Malenkov's politics. I didn't want to be a playing manager, but I couldn't help making a crack about it.

"Why don't you run 'em out? That guy out at short ain't no wizard," I yelled.

"And my name ain't Country Slaughter," he yelled back at me. Just another compliment for me—like the ones about me being a member of the Gashouse Gang.

I don't care where a fellow hits a ball. He gets paid to run. In the 1946 World Series against the Red Sox, big Tex Hughson served a fat pitch to me and I belted it more than 400 feet into the right-field stands. I knew where that ball was going the moment I swung around on it. But that didn't prevent me from running around the bases like I was late for an appointment.

The next day a New York sportswriter wrote that I "ran around the bases at full stride, as though afraid Governor Tobin (of Massachusetts) would veto the hit" before I got home. *(Continued on page 44)*

by ENOS SLAUGHTER
as told to RAY ROBINSON

MURDER IN MY TOWN
Number 17

GHOST on

by ABNER PAUL WHITEHOUSE
tape-recorded by R. J. LEVIN

Just one look at the squashed tomato that was his head, and you knew that no spook could have done it. Yet nobody came up with a sounder explanation.

Let's get it straight from the start that I don't believe in ghosts or any other baloney like that. Only I'll level with you—when it was all going on, I wasn't so damn sure of myself. I mean, I hooted out loud any time anybody talked about the house being haunted, and yet I got to admit that only once in a while I'd catch myself wondering if—well, just wondering.

It's a funny thing, too, but after it was all over, and we knew what was what, I think the true story had me more astonished than if it *had* been a ghost or suchlike. And some folks I've told the story to, especially here up East, why, they kind of look at me out of the corner of their eyes as if they thought I was spoofing 'em. But I just tell them to write to the Denver *Post* or the *Rocky Mountain News* back home, and they'll find out.

I was in the thing from the start because I lived on the same street as Phil and Helen Peters. That's West Moncrieff Place, which, in case you don't know Denver, is a homebody's neighborhood over in the north central part of town—no mansions, but no rooming-houses, either. Mostly

my BLOCK

two-story clapboards, like mine and like the Peters', too.

I knew the Peters well enough to nod to and maybe pass the time of day. Phil and his missus were both in their seventies, and though they managed to get around pretty spry, they had that eggshell look that old folks get. So I wasn't surprised none when I met Phil Peters one day in October and he told me the missus had slipped on the wet kitchen floor and broken her hip and she was in the hospital.

"Look," I said to old Phil, seeing how lonely he looked, "Maybe one night I'll come by to play a little checkers."

He grinned and seemed real happy, and I was glad I'd said what I did. And that's how come I went over to Phil Peters' house that particular Friday night.

It was dark when I got there and I saw no lights burning, so I decided I had picked the wrong night for a visit and was about to walk off when someone called me from across the street. Only then did I notice a small group of women standing in the doorway of the house directly opposite Phil Peters' home.

I went over and asked whether there was anything I could do for them, because even in the dark it was plain that they were upset. One of the women—later I learned her name was Mrs. Simmons, and she was an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Peters—this woman told me they were all worried about Phil Peters because they hadn't seen him that night, which was unusual because, with Phil's missus in the hospital, one of the neighbor women always fixed dinner for him, and this was the first time he hadn't come by.

I figured it was just like women to get together and cluck over nothing, but I couldn't leave them there like that, so I went back to the Peters house and banged on the door loud enough to wake the dead. Which, you know, is only a way of talking, except that it hits my ears a little funny, now, things being what they were.

Anyway, I got no answer to the knocking, so I hunted for a way to climb in. Peters still had his screens up, which made it hard, but I finally pried one open, slid up the window and went in. I banged my shins (*Continued on page* 56)

HOLE IN HIS

It didn't take much for me to charge the hidden machine-gun nest. I figured I was as good as dead, anyway.

by CHARLES RICHARDS

If I weren't a writer I wouldn't be telling this story. I would just let it go and perhaps, in time, even I would have doubts it had ever happened. But it did. I was there on that bullet-riddled hillside. I was part of it. I saw him after it was over, and I saw the Book with the torn leaves in it.

And I saw the hole in his pocket. Over his heart.

As part of the 34th Infantry Regiment, we arrived in Korea in August, 1951. As the 1st Platoon of Charley Company, we had trained together under the patch of the 24th Division at Camp Zama, Japan.

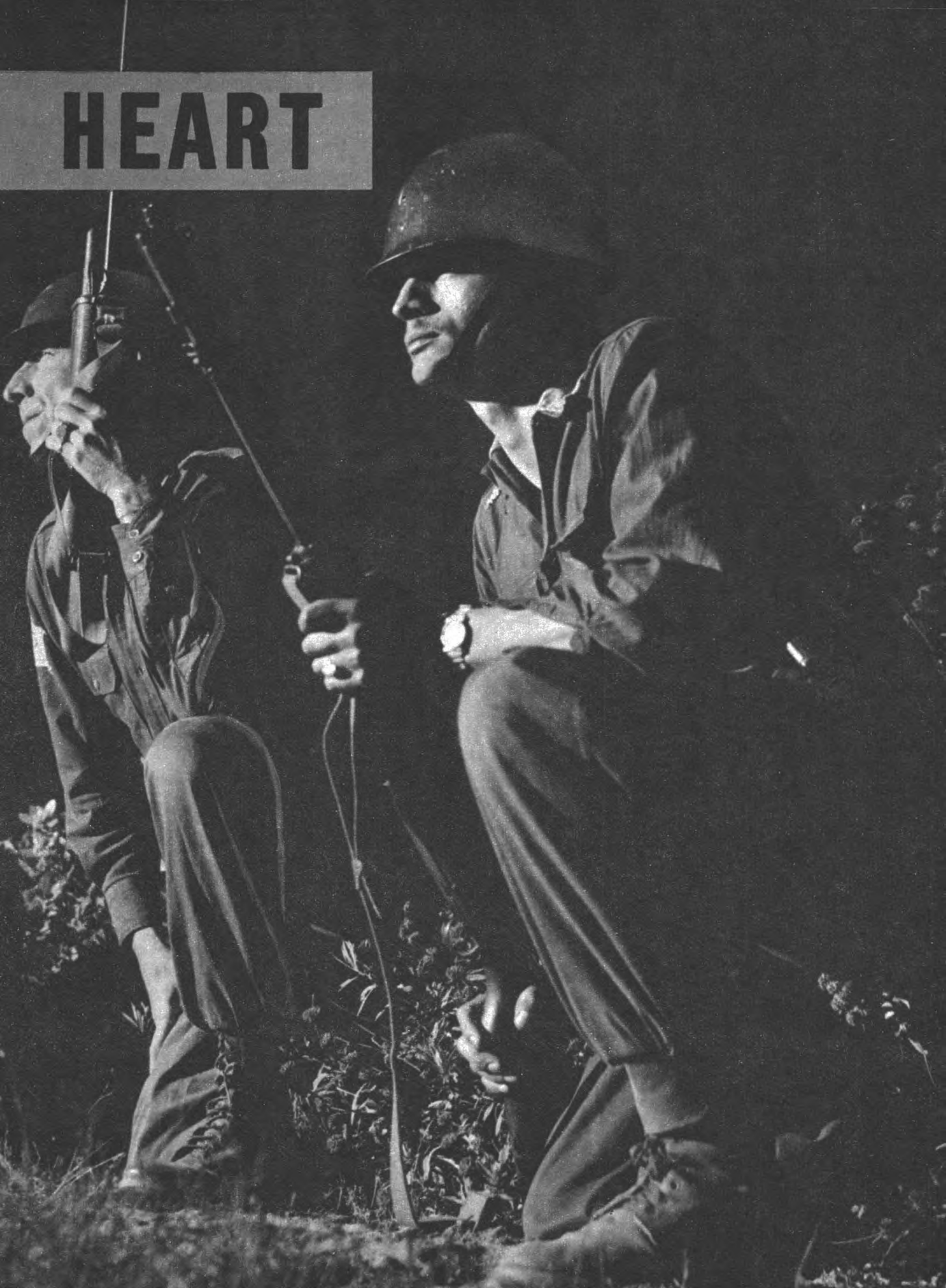
The original 34th Regiment had been stationed at Sasebo, Kyushu, at the time of the outbreak, and had been the first outfit committed. A veteran of the campaigns in France in World War I, as well as in the Pacific during World War II, it had been engaged in routine occupation when MacArthur ordered support of the hard-pressed Republic of Korea. It will be remembered most perhaps because of its heroic delaying actions and last-ditch defense of Taejon, in which it was annihilated.

It was with this unit that General Dean was lost.

But after its annihilation at Taejon in the early days of the struggle, the unit was given a "paper transfer" back to Japan, taking up headquarters at Camp Zama, Central Honshu, to regroup and retrain. Throughout the autumn of 1950 and through the winter and spring following, it slowly made itself combat-ready once again. And in August of the following year, it found itself once more in Korea, south of Uijongbu, across the mountains from Seoul.

In late September word was received that a Chinese attack had been staged against the 1st Cavalry Division's sector near Kumwha. Immediately we were loaded onto trucks and rushed north to take up a blocking position with the Turks behind the bulge in case the enemy broke through. The attack was beaten off, however, and we went from there directly into the line beside the 27th (Wolfhound) Regiment as the 14th Infantry, part of the 25th Division.

It was dark, lit only by a candle, inside the sandbagged bunker serving as the platoon Command Post atop the shell-blasted outpost. Outside, a full moon shone through a sort of haze, seeming to hold a (*Continued on page* 66)


HEART

I'LL HUSTLE TILL I DIE

Continued from page 39

But the answer is that you hustle on everything; you never give up; you try for every ball that's hit within a city block of you; and you run out everything—four inches from home plate or 400 feet, it makes no difference.

Does hustling really pay off? Are you kidding? It pays off across the board. First, at the box office. People come to see you if they know you're always trying. Then it pays off in your own private bank account. I still make over $20,000 a year—and they've been burying me for five years.

Last, but not least, it pays off in the all-important win column. Ball games are won on hustle. Crucial games are won on hustle. Pennants are won on hustle. And so are World Series.

In 1942 the Cards went into their World Series with the Yanks as a whopping underdog. They nosed out the Brooklyn Dodgers on the final day of the season, and were the youngest team ever to win a big league title. Terry Moore, who played such a great centerfield alongside me, was the oldest guy on the club. He was 30.

We were a team that took reckless chances on the bases. We weren't the madcap Gashousers. But we would never be penalized for not trying.

The Yanks had copped their flag by 19 games. They were big favorites.

What happened? We lost to Red Ruffing in the opener. And then came back to take four straight.

Whenever the Yanks would get something going, Moore, Musial and I would run a few hundred yards in the outfield, pull down a long drive, and leave the Yanks feeling we were playing dirty.

Throughout that whole Series Terry and me covered center and right-field like a couple of living tarpaulins. Once King Kong Keller stepped up there and boomed one to deep right. Terry was the kind of outfielder who instinctively moved in the right direction even before the ball was hit. But this time the ball headed in my backyard. So I took over.

I kept going back and back and back—and all the while I could imagine King Kong bashing in the bases with his flying spikes. Then I reached up to the screen and the ball plopped in my glove.

I hadn't the slightest notion how far I travelled to rob Keller. I had to read about it in the papers the next day. But from all that yelling in the stands I knew I'd done right well on that chance.

Sometimes Moore and me did so much running among the daisies that we got in each other's way. One afternoon we both went after a fly ball. Terry called for it; and I called for it, and then we both dove for it. I was trying to avoid hitting the wall and Terry at the same time, and I didn't succeed in either.

I tried to hurdle Terry as he lunged for the ball. My foot caught his neck, the wall came up to meet me, and the payoff was a broken collarbone. It was the worst injury I've had in baseball—even worse than the time I was headed for second on a hit-and-run play and I got conked in the nose by the batter's line drive. I thought Jack Dempsey had unloaded one on my beak.

Whether it's a World Series game or any other game, I'm always in there to break up a double play. I'm in there to run—not to walk, like some of these prima donnas today. Even when I was a GI playing service baseball I ran 'em ragged. The Army guys would stare at me as if I was crazier than a hoot owl.

"Whuddaya know," one GI shot at me one day as I swifted past him at third base, "Mr. Perpetual Motion has just gone by." But I was on my way to score the winning run at the time—even if it was only a pick-up game in the service.

They said I had plenty of the old Oriole in me in that 1946 Series that the Cards won from the Boston Red Sox. Maybe I did, and maybe winning that Series from the Sox gave me the biggest kick I've ever gotten out of baseball.

At the start of that Series I was plunked on the elbow with a stray pitch. As I jogged down to first, there was a terrible pain all over the arm, and the elbow puffed up like a fat man's belly.

When I reached first I kicked the bag with my foot to take my mind off the pain. I didn't want anybody to have the satisfaction of knowing I wasn't feeling too good. So I didn't rub my elbow any.

Manager Eddie Dyer, the fellow who made me into a ballplayer when I was nothing but a raw farmhand with the Columbus, Georgia, team in the South Atlantic League, seemed to know that old Country was hurt. Maybe it was because he'd always been like a big brother to me, and could sense it.

"Want me to take you out of the game?" Eddie asked me.

"Nuthin' wrong with me a base hit won't cure," I answered.

Dyer looked at me sort of funny—like he was kind of disgusted and happy at the same time—and so did Doc Hyland. But I got what I wanted. I stayed in.

I didn't sleep a wink that night on the train to St. Louis. I really had the St. Loo Blues. My arm was buried in icepacks, and I was gulping aspirins like they were penny candies.

Doc Hyland put me through a thorough exam in the morning.

"If you want to shorten your career, keep on playing," he told me. "My advice to you is to sit it out."

"The team needs me, Doc.." I told him. "I'm not lettin' the boys down. I'm playin'."

If you don't mind my saying so, I didn't play so bad, either.

In the game after I was hurt, that big guy Rudy York, who they always said was half-Indian, half ballplayer, was resting on third base, waiting to be driven home with a hit. I knew he'd never won any sprint contests in his life. A minute later that knowledge came in mighty handy.

A ball was tagged deep into my field. I went way back to pick it off. York probably figured me not to make the catch, and that if I did grab it, I wouldn't be fool enough to throw home.

But Rudy's book on me was bad. He made a routine tag-up after I caught it, and ambled home like he had somethin' worrying his mind. When he arrived at the plate the ball was there to meet him. Was he surprised! I'd thrown that pill in there for a long-distance strike, and that did it.

WE battled down to the seventh game in that Series. In the last of the eighth inning of the final game, the score was tied at 3-all.

I opened the inning with a single, but Whitey Kurowski popped out, and Del Rice flied to Ted Williams. So it looked like I was going to "die" there with the potential winning run.

Harry "The Hat" Walker, Dixie's brother, had two strikes on him. Before Bob Klinger, the Red Sox pitcher, could throw his next one in, Dyer gave me the steal sign. I got a good lead, and was off to the races. Harry met the pitch for a looping single to left-center, where Leon Culberson came in on the ball to return it to the infield.

As I rounded second I said to myself, "Country, you can score," and I tore down to third as if there was a fire in the Cardinal dugout that I had to put out.

I gave it all I had, never looking anyplace but home plate. Nobody waved me on. I just came in on my own. I didn't see what Coach Mike Gonzales was flagging me to do from the third base box. But it's lucky he didn't throw up a red light, 'cause I was out to score that Series-winning run. I did, too.

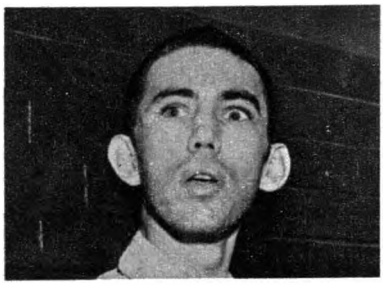
They usually make the Red Sox shortstop, Johnny Pesky, the "goat" of that Series for failing to throw me out at home after Culberson threw the ball in to him. But they never should have tagged Johnny that way. His back was to the play. Another infielder should have tipped him off where I was.

I think I'm respected everywhere in the National League for the kind of ball I play. If I've taken a man out on a hard slide, he says nothing because he's a ballplayer, not a baby. You've got to be able to give it—and take it alike.

I've never had a fight with another player. Sure, there have been words. But no swinging. I like to do my fighting at bat, on the basepaths, and in the outfield.

After 13 years I still like to remember the remark Eddie Dyer once made about me. "He hits. He runs the bases. He wins ball games," Eddie was nice enough to say. "And he takes the line-up card to the umpire."

It's worth all that hustle to have a man like Dyer say that about you. ◆◆◆



BULLET ON THE BRAIN

Continued from page 27

made a sound. She pitched off her chair to the floor.

With the same steady smile on his lips, the man with the gun looked down at Mrs. Cox, then put the small barrel muzzle to his head, just behind the right temple. And pulled the trigger.

Seconds after the bizarre attack, shocked help arrived. Mrs. Cox lay dead. Four bullet holes were in the left side of her face, one in her shoulder. Her mouth gaped rigidly in a pool of blood. Her murderer was thrashing around on the floor, the wound in his skull gushing thick blood down into his shirt.

The store personnel were numbed by the sight. Then the police came, ambulance attendants arrived. It was routine to the men who work with death around the clock. Detectives began probing—strictly routine.

IT TOOK a few hours; the story was pieced together; routine all the way. Mrs. Cox had been in the store's advertising department for over a year. She had a young child from her first marriage. She was 24.

On St. Valentine's Day, 1953, she had remarried. This time to Lonnie J. Saling, a 28-year-old man she'd known for a short time and who'd lived a block away from her. The union was short, unpleasant. She left Saling in three weeks. He tried to effect a reconciliation. Through March, April and May he pleaded with her to come back. In June, he killed her.

Everything added up. Hurt, jealousy, despondency, murder, suicide. Strictly routine.

But Lonnie Saling wasn't dead. The bullet he'd meant for the center of his head had missed by just enough to keep him alive. They rushed him to City-County Hospital. His chances of pulling through were fair. Doctors gave him a thin chance to recover and eventually stand trial for the cold-blooded killing of his estranged wife. To detectives, that meant more routine checking.

They found that Mrs. Cox was using her previous married name and had less than a week to wait for divorce papers from Saling when she was slain. They talked to Saling's widowed mother and other relatives. They went to the rooming-house where he'd lived. More of the story locked together.

Lonnie Saling—his nickname was "Buster"—had always been quiet, serious. He'd been in Europe as an infantry soldier during World War II and had a clean police record. He'd worked for a lumber company by day and performed as a cowboy band fiddler by night.

Detectives talked to a man who lived in the same rooming house and who'd gotten to know Saling through their mutual love of hillbilly tunes. Saling had never talked much about personal matters, but had mentioned that he loved Mary Ruth deeply and wanted her back. The other roomer had seen the tiny Beretti in Saling's car for a couple of months, but guns in Texas are common and there never was any conversation about it.

The routine work was over. Open and shut. A charge of murder-with-malice was filed against Buster Saling, two days after the double shooting. If he lived, he'd stand trial for his life.

But then came an amazing discovery that skyrocketed the case far out of the routine. Saling would live, all right, but he'd never be the same man who committed murder.

Hospital doctors didn't believe what they saw. Other surgeons, brain specialists, were called in. They looked at what Saling had done to himself in a moment of crazed passion. He'd fired the bullet into his head on such an angle that the lead "performed" a delicate brain operation.

Entering from just below and behind the right temple, the bullet was deflected by bone, then slithered along the edge of the brain and came out the left side. It followed the exact, precise course followed by a skilled surgeon's scalpel.

It had done the work of an operation used to remove homicidal tendencies from killers—a prefrontal lobotomy, in technical words—an operation attempted by only the most adept surgeons. Saling had done it in one insane moment, with a wild jerk of his finger.

A million-to-one shot.

The killing had worked a fantastic ironic twist of the plans of Buster Saling. In his attempt to do away with himself, he'd succeeded only in killing the sickness of murder in his mind.

He would live. But his brain would know no worry, have no responsibility, remember nothing of that hot June afternoon in 1953. He would start a new life.

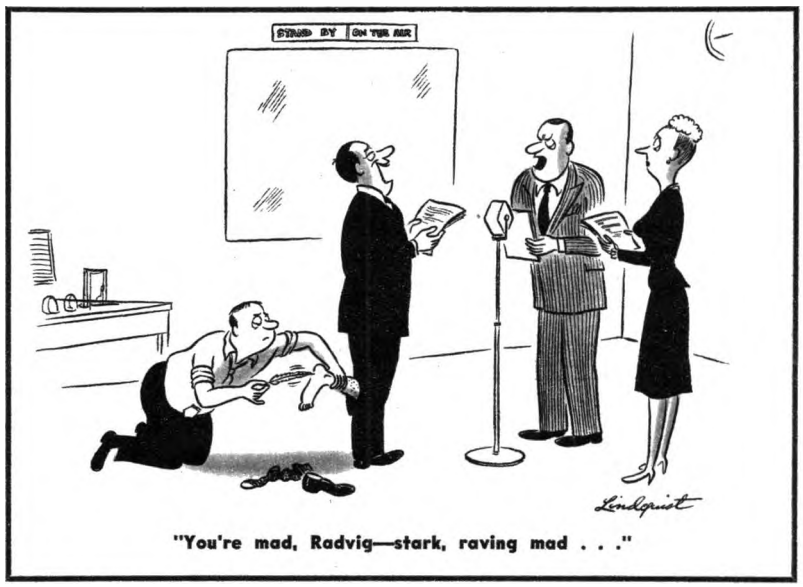
Fort Worth peace officers were stunned. They didn't know what to believe. The story of the doctors seemed too incredible. District Attorney Howard Fender's office chose to deal in the hard facts of law: Saling slew his wife; there were witnesses; he was alive; in custody; he would therefore have to stand trial for his crime.

Was Saling now the same man who'd shot his wife, though? Medical fact said he wasn't. They would be trying Lonnie Saling the Second for a crime that Lonnie Saling the First had committed.

BY July 21, a month after the shooting, the case was a mess. Saling was losing weight. He had no control over his bodily functions. He was confused and irresponsible. He lay in a hospital bed under 24-hour guard. Doctors demanded that he be given a three-month sanity examination at a mental hospital. But a jury would have to pass on such action and criminal juries were recessed until September.

More skepticism clouded the DA's office. They questioned the killer continually. He remembered people and dates right up to the shooting, then remembered nothing. It didn't make sense to the assistant district attorneys.

Saling believed one of the sheriff's guards was his father. Sometimes he thought he was in the Army again. Sometimes he thought he was going horseback riding. His face was vacant. The district attorney's office said he was faking the



"You're mad, Radvig—stark, raving mad . . ."

seriousness of his condition. The law remained unimpressed.

Finally, by August 1, they moved him—against the wishes of doctors—into Tarrant County Jail, in downtown Fort Worth.

I watched them bring the meek killer to jail that morning. There wasn't anything else the law could do, but it was a pitiful sight.

Buster Saling stood there, thin, afraid. Like a man getting out of a horrible concentration camp. His eyes didn't blink. They emptily searched the brick walls, seeing nothing. His mouth hung open dumbly. When he walked, it was in a shuffle. His knees rubbered weakly.

Sheriff Harlan Wright had nowhere to put the slayer, except in a regular cell. A trusty guard was set up around the clock. But Saling couldn't get much special treatment. The first time a relative came to visit, he was sprawled out on his bare bunk, nude.

"Why don't you put on your pajamas?" he was asked.

"Oh, you know I can't do that here," he answered slowly "That sergeant over there would bawl me out. How can I put pajamas on over my OD's? I'd get in trouble."

ONE trusty was a corporal, another a sergeant. One was his father. When he was naked, he thought he was wearing his Army olive-drab uniform again. He was calm and quiet and still smiling. But living in a world of make-believe.

His mother begged the law to take her son out of jail. The sheriff tried to put him in a Veterans Administration hospital, but the district attorney's men refused to give ground. DA Fender insisted on waiting until the fall jury convened.

Ronald Aultman, a Fort Worth lawyer, had stepped in to help the family. They didn't have any money for fees so he took the case on his own hook. He demanded that the DA's office set up a sanity hearing, but no one would listen.

Out of his own pocket, he paid for three leading psychiatrists to come to jail, to visit Saling in his cell, and determine his state of mind. All of them found the killer to be unbalanced. One asked him if he liked living in the lonely cell.

"Oh, sure," he smiled. "I got a swell sergeant. You can't beat the Army."

When all the tests were made, there wasn't much doubt left. Even the DA's office gave in—on one condition. If the killer were found to be sane at some future date, he'd have to stand trial, first to settle whether he was of sound mind during the shooting or not, then to see whether he'd face the electric chair.

By Wednesday, October 7, a sanity hearing was held at last, in a Fort Worth district court. The 12-man jury was picked. Lawyer Aultman summed up the findings of the three psychiatrists. Assistant District Attorney Grady Owen admitted he'd been sure that Saling was faking insanity, but he wasn't so sure any more. It would be left up to the jury.

Courtroom spectators stirred uneasily. They looked around for the defendant. Saling was missing. Judge Dave McGee, gray-thatched and wise, told the jury he didn't think it was too practical to bring the "exhibit" before them.

So the veteran judge got down from his bench and led the 12-man panel to the exhibit. A rare bit of court procedure. But the case was rare.

Eighteen of us took the prisoners' compact little elevator, in two shifts, from the jail basement to the fourth floor, where Saling was being held. We waited in the green brick hallway. The killer was led out, flanked by his relatives. He was wearing a wide-brimmed hat, boots and neat Western clothing. The hat was tilted back almost sloppily. You could see the jagged scars on his face where the suicide shot had entered and torn out again. The jurors crowded around in a tight semicircle. Aultman stepped forward and began asking questions.

"How are you? What's your name? Your age? Are you being well treated?"

SALING, thin and smiling, answered the questions dreamily. He was trying to say the right thing. His voice was soft. His big eyes blinked hard when he answered. His answers were right. The fingers of his hands were jammed nervously into his back pockets. He leaned heavily on his left leg, crooking the knee.

"These are old friends of yours, Lonnie," the lawyer continued. "Do you recognize any of them?"

There was a long pause. His eyes covered every one of us. Slowly. Painfully slow.

"No, sir," his answer finally came out. "I'm awful sorry but I don't think I can place them right now."

"Well do you know those people next to you?" asked Aultman.

"Yes, sir," and he named his relatives.

"Do you like the Army?"

"Yes, sir. Like it awful good."

"When are you getting out?"

"Oh, I'm out now, sir."

The answers were all as they should be. The lawyer looked a little puzzled. Saling was saying everything normally.

"Are you going riding in those Western clothes?" the questioning continued.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

There was a long, long silence. Saling sort of laughed in a befuddled way. "Well, I guess you got me there," he stammered pleasantly.

"Are you planning to go someplace?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

Another long, long silence. Saling scuffed his heels at the floor: "I guess you got me there again, sir."

There were a few more questions. Saling tried hard to answer everything. His face held that same simple smile. Then he was led back to his cell. We went back downstairs again. Lawyer Aultman was a little red-faced over the straight answers that his client had given.

The jury retired to take a vote. If they found him sane, the killer would have to spend more weeks in jail before his case came up again. But the deliberation lasted only long enough for each man to cast his vote. It was all over in a minute, 40 seconds. The defendant was found to be insane. L. J. "Buster" Saling was taken to a State mental hospital that afternoon.

It seemed as though Nature's justice had acted before any human jury had the chance. Saling is a new man today. He's a man of peace and simplicity. The old Saling—the man of confusion and pain—is dead. He committed suicide on June 18, 1953. ◆◆◆

I "FINGERED" THE DOC

Continued from page 33

by my newspaper. Now I had a telephone call: A man with a raspy voice wanted to spill the name of the peddler who had sold those pills to the juveniles.

I've worked on big stories, lots of them. I have a Big Story plaque hanging on my bedroom wall. I got the plaque and $500 for helping to capture Houston's notorious Match Box Bandit. He was a gunman whose stock in trade was ordering a penny box of matches from his intended victims. One night he turned killer, jabbing an ice pick into a druggist's brain. My leg work helped catch him.

But this new story gave me a brand new set of goose bumps. Here was a chance to trap a silent killer, a fiend who destroyed the youth of the city by peddling red and yellow pills.

I knew better than to go off half-loaded on a story like this. I called Captain Foy Melton of the Vice Squad.

I told him what my mysterious telephone caller had volunteered.

"Meet him," Melton said, "We'll have a couple of plainclothes dicks trail you and keep an eye on everything. Find out what you can. Then check back into me."

Next I called the city desk. I alerted a rewrite man to the story possibility.

Then I drove to the rendezvous. I picked out a back booth, ordered a cup of black coffee and waited.

It was a short wait. I didn't look up until he sat down.

"You Weeks from the *Chronicle?*" he said. I nodded my head.

I looked him over. He was about 19, handsome, with smoke-gray eyes. His voice I'd never forget. It was the voice of a man whose throat had been seared with too much rotgut whiskey. We'll call him Joe.

He told me he was one of the eight teen-agers caught in the raid on the tourist cabin.

"I didn't tell the cops a thing," he said. "I'm scared. I figured you'll give me a break. Just keep my name out of this if they catch the old guy."

"Why are you telling me all this?" I asked. "Cops got good ears."

"I told you I was scared," he rasped, "I figured you'll give me a break."

I didn't want to rush him. I let him talk his heart out.

"My folks wouldn't let me in the house after I got picked up," he said, "So I moved in with a friend. I want to square myself. You got to believe me. I didn't take any of those pills."

I couldn't buy that last statement but I didn't tell him so.

"I want to get the old guy who sold those pills," my informant whispered.

I believed that part of his story.

Then he told me. "The old guy's name is Doc Browning. He lives in a white frame house on Broadway Street—1013 Broadway. He sold the pills to a junior high-school girl. You covered the story. You know what nearly happened to her."

I knew all too well. I had watched a mother with a tear-stained face hover over an almost lifeless, chalk-faced form in a city hospital.

"Can you help get the doc, Weeks?" His voice, his face, his eyes pleaded.

I promised him that I'd do everything possible. I left a half-cup of cold coffee in the booth, paid for it and watched Joe stroll away from the drive-in.

I got in my car and drove toward Broadway. In my rear-view mirror I caught the image of a black sedan tailing me.

I made a left turn. So did the driver of the sedan. I looked again in the rear-view mirror. That black sedan clung to me like a shadow.

I lit a cigarette, trembling. What the hell's the matter with you? I asked myself. I wheeled back toward a main thoroughfare, then picked up Broadway. That sedan was right behind me.

Then it dawned on me. Captain Melton had told me he'd assign two plainsclothesmen to tail me. I had to be sure it was them. My nerves were nearly shot. At an intersection I made a fast stop. The black sedan's brakes screeched. I heard the driver's curse. He got out and shouted:

"What the hell you trying to do, Weeks? Kill us?"

I recognized him as a Vice Squad detective. The other man in the car was his partner. I relaxed and breathed easier.

A terrific load was off my mind. I breezed out Broadway to the 1000 block. I drove slowly past 1013. That was the address of the doc's house, Jack had said.

I spotted it behind a cluster of Chinese tallow trees. It was a modest, white-painted residence. A sign on the front door simply said: G. E. Browning, M.D.

I drove back to the police station. I told Captain Melton everything.

"What you think?" I asked him.

"I think the kid's telling the truth," he said. "For your information, Jack, we've had the old man under surveillance for some time. But this is the first tip-off that he's been peddling those pills to kids. I promise you we'll move in on him in a hurry."

He promised me the first break on the story when they got the evidence on the doctor.

"Who you got on the case?" I asked.

"Can't tell you, Jack," he smiled, "But he's the best undercover man in the business."

I didn't need a diagram of the play. I knew he must have M. E. Billnitzer, a 20-year veteran in tracking down narcotics peddlers. Texan dope pushers feared Billnitzer more than they did the F.B.I. He was known as a master of effective disguises.

A week later I got a flash on what I had been sitting on—the biggest story of the year.

The dispatcher told me that Captain Melton and Billnitzer had made a raid on the office of a Dr. G. E. Browning. Melton called me from the scene several minutes later.

A search of the doc's premises failed to uncover records of the doctor's distribution of barbiturates as prescribed by law.

"I'm a poor bookkeeper," the doctor explained. "I keep no records at all; not even personal financial records."

A diploma from Columbia University, dated 1922, hung on his office wall.

Dr. Browning pleaded ignorance of the State laws on the possession and sale of barbiturates.

In County court several weeks later, the doctor listened slack-jawed as the State's key witness testified. That key witness was undercover man Billnitzer, who told how on three separate occasions he had bought pills from Doctor Browning.

The doctor replied in amazement: "You bought barbiturates from *me?*"

Billnitzer removed his false teeth, mussed his hair, loosed his tie. One side of his mouth twitched.

"I posed as an alcoholic suffering from a hangover when I bought the pills," Billnitzer told the court.

The jury deliberated less than an hour.

It found the doctor guilty on three charges of illegally selling barbiturates. The doctor was fined $1000 on each case and given a 60-day jail sentence.

I got a telephone call at the press room a day after the case was cleared. It was my friend with the iron throat.

"Just want to tell you I appreciate everything," he said. "And thanks for keeping my name out of the paper. I promise you one thing: I'll never take another goofball as long as I live."

Who's the guy who said you only see the seamy side of life when you report crime? ◆◆◆

EVERYONE DIED BUT ME!

Continued from page 14

The flying to which I refer was rescue work.

Bolivia is a mountainous country. Torrential rains often occur which bring serious flood conditions to towns and villages as the water comes pouring down steep mountain faces and hillsides into the valleys below. Rivers overflow their banks. One very bad flood occurred in December, 1947, when the town of Trinidad in the northern part of the country was inundated by the overflowing of the Manoac River. The Bolivian government asked aid for the stricken town. My company was requested to send a plane there, if possible, to undertake the rescue of 117 persons marooned and in serious danger of drowning. In most imminent peril was a Catholic girls' school headed by a priest and two nuns.

I WAS called in and asked if I thought a plane rescue would be possible. Reports showed the air field to be two feet under water. I was advised that it would be a very hazardous thing to attempt, but I felt very sure that it could be done and that I could do it. I knew the field—I had landed and taken off from there many times, although of course under very different conditions. I was flying a C-46 Curtiss Commando, a very big ship to set down without being able to see a landing strip.

I stripped the plane down to the bare essentials. It had to be ready to transport the group I was to rescue. Coming over Trinidad, I circled the field several times to orient myself afresh with the ground below, then eased the plane down gently into a seeming sea. It was a wonderful feeling of relief when the wheels cut through and I felt solid ground beneath them.

One by one, rowboats brought the girls, the nuns and the priest aboard. The good father was the last person to board the plane, and as he came aboard I could see his lips moving in a silent prayer of thanksgiving. I don't know whether my own lips were moving or not but I know that I was silently praying that the heavily loaded plane might be airborne again without accident. My heart was in my mouth as I gunned the motors. Their response was perfect. My prayers turned quickly to thanks for the kindly Providence that was watching over us.

Bolivia is not only a mountainous country, it is a country with far too few airfields and far too few really good, or even passable, roads. When a smallpox epidemic broke out in the northwestern part of the country, near the Peruvian border, the deputy of the town of Ixiambas in which the disease had become widespread made his way to La Paz to enlist aid. Again I was called upon.

There was no airport in Ixiambas, a small place with a population of not more than 8,000. The only possible place where a plane could land was a narrow strip of trail. It did not offer a good prospect for landing even a small, light plane. However, there was a chance that it could be done, and with human life in the balance a chance I felt I must take.

Accompanied by the deputy I took off in a BT-13, a small single-motored plane. To my dismay I found the trail barely recognizable—the heavy spring rains had made it impassable for man or beast. There was no possibility of a landing there. My companion, his teeth chattering and barely able to speak clearly, pointed out a fairly level piece of ground not far from the town. It was a very rough field, overgrown with stunted bushes and it was difficult to tell what rocks and ledges might be lurking beneath them.

If we were to attempt to aid this disease-infested town a landing had to be made. We landed on a strip fairly free of bushes, with the nose of the plane nestling up to a large boulder—just a few feet more and there would have been a bad crack-up.

Conditions were bad. It was necessary to return to La Paz for serums, for a doctor and for nurses. Willingly the people of the town—those who were well enough to work—attacked the field with shovels, rakes, hoes and machetes to cut the woody growths, and at the end of a very few hours I was able to take off again. All in all, I made five trips between Ixiambas and the capital. I flew in an American doctor and two Bolivian nurses, as well as many medical supplies. Our combined efforts succeeded in saving at least half of the people.

THESE rescue missions entailed hazardous flying and required strict vigilance in landings and take-offs in order to make them effective. On another occasion, where flying was merely routine, I again had the opportunity to assist in saving lives. Down in the small town of Bermejo, near the southern border of my country, a yellow fever epidemic struck. Bermejo is an oil town; it is a laborer's town. Doctors and nurses were urgently needed and the situation was desperate. No one wanted to go near it—fear added greatly to the spread of the dread disease.

This time I felt that I had to volunteer my services. With transportation available, I had little difficulty in recruiting medical assistance, and I flew down there with two doctors, two nurses and quantities of vaccine. For two sleepless days and two nights I worked along with them, giving inoculations. We stemmed the epidemic.

It is ironical, indeed, that I who have aided in saving so many lives should have become involved in the terrible National Airport crash that took the lives of so many Americans. It was doubly difficult to bear when I was adjudged responsible for it. Painful, also, was the fact that my country repudiated me.

Bolivia is a country in which political intrigues are ever present. I had a political background, as my father had been politically prominent during one regime, then became a political exile when that government was overthrown. He died in exile a few months before the accident. I entered political life in an effort to aid my country in defending itself from what threatened to become a regime similar to the Nazi regime. It happened that while I was in the hospital recovering from the severe injuries I had received in the plane crash that the government in which I had a part was overthrown and my service in Bolivian politics was ended.

IN 1947 I received one of the scholarships offered by the United States Government in the Sixth Inter-American Training Plan to study the high administration service of aviation. Under direct control of the Civil Aeronautics Administration I was assigned to Braniff Airways where I completed four different phases of training. After the completion of these courses I received from the CAA a Certificate of Merit for Airline Flight Operations. I returned to Bolivia where I was appointed chief director of pilots of the Corporacion Boliviana de Fomento. Early in 1949 I was appointed by the president and the minister of public works of Bolivia as director general of Civil Aeronautics.

In June, 1949, while I was on my way to the international conference of the ICAO in Montreal as representative of Bolivia, I was invited by the United States government to study the organization and operation of the CAA under Mr. Theodore Uebel. Under this program I was sent to the CAA training center at Oklahoma City.

While I was busy preparing the draft of an aeronautics law and regulations for Bolivia, in company with my legal adviser and the legal advisers of the CAA, a state of emergency arose in my country and a general mobilization was ordered. I was called to active duty by cablegram of August 31, 1949, as a former army officer. By another cablegram dated September 1, 1949, I was ordered to place myself at the orders of Major German Pol, commander of the Transport Squadron of the Bolivian Army Air Forces, who was in Washington on a special mission. My duties were defined to the effect that I was to test such planes as Major Pol should indicate, and that I should pilot one to Bolivia in accordance with instructions received from the high command.

On the morning of November 1, 1949, Major Pol accompanied me to National Airport. I was to make a test flight in the P-38, an army surplus plane, which had been flown to Washington by the Universal Air and Marine Supply Company from which it was being purchased. I had inspected the plane on two previous visits to the airport and several minor

repairs which I had indicated had been made.

I made a thorough inspection of the P-38 before taking it into the air. Everything appeared to be in good order. But when I warmed up the motors, preparatory to taking off from the airport, they didn't sound smooth, and at 300 feet my right engine developed trouble. I had been up only a minute, but I decided upon an immediate return. I called the tower. "I've got engine trouble—request landing instructions, please." I circled over the Pentagon, gaining altitude in case I needed it, and somewhere between Bolling Field and National Airport I received a reply to my request. I was at 3,500 feet when instructions came from the tower to land on Runway 3.

On approaching tower I was told, "Prepare to land on Runway 3," and was given wind directions. I had no further communication with the tower. Then suddenly there came a clear, sharp call: "Clear to the left—clear to the left."

I thought it was meant for someone on the ground. I didn't see the DC-4 or any other plane—I couldn't see below me.

Then I felt my plane pushed up from underneath. It lifted at least 100 feet, then turned over on its left side. I gunned the right engine and fought to stabilize the plane—it lifted to a 45-degree angle, then plunged into the Potomac. Finally it came to rest in the mud in about 14 feet of water.

I was penned in the cockpit. The glass was shattered and the water began pouring in through the broken windows. I grabbed the splintered glass and tore it out of one side window. Then I tried to pull myself through, bracing my feet against the further side of the cockpit. It was a painful effort, but infinitely to be preferred to drowning like a rat in a trap.

I got my body through the opening as far as my hips. There I stuck. I exhaled in an effort to make myself smaller, but that wasn't enough. There was some weed growing on the river bottom, long weed, fortunately firmly rooted. I grasped that and managed to pull and push myself through the aperture. I rose rapidly to the surface, but I was blinded by the blood streaming down my face. Then I heard the putt-putt of a motor boat and a voice called, "Do you need any help?"

I WAS hauled on board, taken ashore and to the hospital. Only at the hospital was the extent of my injuries learned, and it was days before I knew of the tragic loss of life in the passenger plane which had broken in two and carried all aboard as it fell. It was truly a miracle that this motor boat came along just when it did, for with a broken back and broken ribs it would have been impossible for me to swim or even to keep afloat. But it was a ghastly awakening for me to learn that so many lives had been lost in this mid-air collision of the two planes.

I spent many months in the hospital. Plastic surgery remade my face, gradually my back and ribs healed. Dentists took over after my broken jaw was set and had knitted together. I was fortunate to be alive—that is, if one can call it being alive to exist under the shadow of blame and without the protection of the government of one's own country. For the overturn in the Bolivian government during the time I spent in the hospital had taken with it all of the people with whom I had worked, and with whom I was *en rapport*.

My flying license in the United States was revoked. The new Bolivian government, to use American slang again, "washed its hands of me." No recognition was given to the fact that the accident occurred while I was obeying orders in the service of my country. Appeals to the Bolivian Embassy in Washington brought no results. I became a man without a country—without a job—without honor.

Then in December, 1952, I was named as one of the parties in the suit brought to recover damages by the estate of two of the victims of the crash. I took off eagerly from my home in Cochabamba, happy to have this opportunity to defend myself in an American court. I arrived in Washington without counsel, and without money with which to employ counsel. There I was referred to the Legal Aid Society, who in turn, put me in touch with a brilliant young Washington lawyer. He spent many days with me, listening to my story, before he decided to represent me. He became convinced of the truth of my account and felt with me that truth would win.

Along with my very natural desire to be cleared of the responsibility for this tragic accident, I felt a very strong desire to speak for other pilots who had not come back from the dead to tell their stories as I had. Not often, but occasionally, it happens that in the bad crack-up of a plane it is not possible for the investigators to find a structural defect, or a condition attributable to some bit of negligence on the part of the ground crew.

Either of these things can—and do—happen. In that case it is likely to be presumed that some omission or error in judgment on the part of the pilot is responsible. I felt that I was speaking for those men who could not speak for themselves when I spoke in that courtroom in Washington.

The case dragged on. Of the three defendants the testimony of only two—Eastern Airlines and myself—could be considered by the jury. The tower men, by virtue of being Federal employees, did not come under the jurisdiction of the jury; only the judge himself had the authority to decide upon their testimony.

I HAD the feeling when the case opened that sympathy was not on my side. I heard myself being accused of negligence—of inexpert flying—of not giving attention, or listening to landing instructions from the tower. I heard myself being accused of coming in without proper clearance to land. But as the case progressed, and more and more confusion manifested itself in the testimony of witnesses on the stand, I could sense a change in the minds of those listening.

It was a tense moment for me, however, when the final summations of the case came, followed by the judge's charge to the jury. Anxiously I scanned their faces as they listened intently. There was nothing more that either my counsel or I could do—we could add no possible corroborative detail to my account. Had we forgotten any point we should have made—forgotten anything we should have said? I knew that my testimony had been straightforward and not confused. I prayed that there might not be confusion in the minds of the jurors.

I wavered between hope and despair all during the time that the jury deliberated. I had heard legends pertaining to

"I've had him three years, and he still doesn't know who I am."

Friday the 13th. With some people it was considered a lucky day, others vowed it to be the exact opposite. For me there was no half-way between: either I would be cleared in the eyes of the world, rehabilitated, or I would carry the burden of responsibility for the death of 55 persons the rest of my life.

As happens in some cases, a special interrogatory was given to the jury as they went out for deliberation. When they came back in the foreman read the questions and answers from a slip of paper he held in his hand:

1. Do you find defendant Eastern Airlines liable?

Answer: Yes.

2. Do you find the defendant Bridoux liable?

Answer: *No.*

I hardly heard the rest of the questionnaire. I simply comprehended that I had been cleared of the charges of the CAB and of the censure of the public.

These three years have been unhappy years for me. In a civilian capacity I have always been able to make money; all that I have ever had I have obtained by my own efforts. My habits are temperate—I don't drink, I am a moderate smoker—but I do like to entertain my friends, to help my mother and whoever else in the family may need assistance. I have had my own yacht, a fast motor car, and my own plane. Today, I have nothing! I am, however, out from under a cloud that has made my days dark ever since that fateful morning in 1949.

I can start now, at 33 years of age, to build myself a new life. I am grateful for this opportunity. I am grateful, also, for the justice one obtains in a democratic country. There can be no stronger argument in favor of democracy than the precious heritage of justice which is one of the bulwarks upon which the United States is built. Because of this justice, life began again for me in actual truth on Friday, the 13th of March in 1953. For me Friday the 13th was indeed a lucky day. ◆◆◆

RAM IT DOWN HER THROAT!

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Immediately half a dozen followed him. Then I knew why Lurimari had been so careful.

FROM the shadow of the bank there arose, like an enormous log, an alligator. His snout was long and slender; he had the fore-and-aft eye-bosses of the salt-water croc. Hell! He was over 20 feet long. I watched, holding my breath, as he slid forward, opened his capacious mouth and swallowed half a dozen of his own young! I stood by for ructions from the mate. But nothing happened. The little ones kept crawling from their nest and their old man kept eating them. And he was so bloody greedy he forgot something. He was floating high in the water, I could see his yellowish side and the great curve of his underlip as he slurped his young. Carefully I sighted well up under his armpit. This should be a heart shot. We were about 15 yards, with plenty of room to back away if he went into a flurry. I fired. Almost leisurely he sucked in another young one. And his tremendous armed tail swung slowly. Then it hit him! His grisly jaws gaped in a strangled bellow and his tail slammed into the bank with the boom of a gun. He rolled, snapping the muddy water to foam. He floundered until his great white belly was almost against us. I fired again. He bucked! his claws beat the air. He righted himself and hissed like ten thousand locomotives. His eyes were slotted like a cat's and he sprang for us. Sprang out of the water like a tiger. I fired almost upwards and saw my bullet flick into his throat. Then Lurimari dragged us back into the middle of the lagoon where we rocked dangerously in the tempest the dying monster kicked up. I held on, watching for the mate. But there was no move, only the young ones kept breaking out of that rotted vegetation to tumble into the muddy. bloody, frothy water.

I sat tight, watching, scared to move until that awesome reptile finished his dying. Then, when he lay still, his head on the bank, I fired twice more into the armor between his eye bosses. His tail swung a few more times. Once it thrashed the water with a bang like the crack of doom. After that he was still.

"Four-feller long," Lurimari whispered. I believed him!

Already little fish, attracted by the blood, were gathering amid the swarming hatchings. Lurimari ducked under water and made fast a line to the brute's tail. Cautiously I put my rifle in the canoe and stepped overside to give him a hand. He dragged until the long, evil head slid down the bank. It looked like a dead dragon as the incurved teeth slid past me. I gave it a shove and in so doing glanced at the boy. His face was gray, his eyes staring past me.

I didn't wait to see what he was looking at. I lunged for the canoe, snatching my rifle, and whirled in the water to see the mate, immense, standing right up, her belly two good feet from the ground and her horrid jaws wide open as she rushed me, right across her scattered nest, a terrific rasping bellow coming from her whitish throat. I fired blindly and she hit water beside me like a house falling. I floundered backward, felt the canoe, tried to grab it but only shot it farther away. Again I fired and felt the rifle jerked out of my hands as the water-filled barrel exploded. Gobs of muddy filth splashed far above my head as the tail lashed. Splayed, mud-colored claws sparred at me as I staggered wildly backwards, half-choked with water and the fetid musk from her double glands. Lurimari was shouting but I couldn't hear what, struggling in wild panic to get away. But the rifle was gone. I was unarmed and the canoe floated out of reach. The alligator, blood in her cavernous maw, raged to get at me. One eye seemed to be smashed by one of my wild shots. But she shook her head and I fell back helpless as she reared above me.

Then the lean length of Lurimari splashed in front of me. His skinny arms jammed that long, flint-tipped spear right into her throat. He leaned on it like he was poling a boat. Then he left it, grabbed me and dragged me clear. I felt the canoe under me, rolled into it and we shot away.

When I dared open my eyes we were on the bank beside the strongy-bark hut, Lurimari, his rough hide covered with cuts, was lying, grinning and gasping, on the ground. Behind us, like a nightmare from hell, that monster alligator was thrashing in the shadows. I saw her great tail come up and smash like a flail into the pandanus. Her head lifted above the scrub, the spear still waving from her gaping throat. Her coughing, strangling bellows rasped across the lagoon until birds fled screaming as she fought the flint that gashed deeper with her struggles.

Lurimari sat up and we watched in silence while the monster churned the lagoon to bloody foam, raging right across it in her struggle against death.

It was afternoon when she became still. And not until then, after Lurimari had laced together the split bark of the canoe with pandanus fiber, did we venture for a look-see. We got close in time for the final flurry. Then she lay along the bottom, the spear, its shaft broken, still deep in her throat muscles.

We managed to drag her and her mate to the shelving bank. She was 20 feet and some inches long; her mate 22. Lurimari made haste to catch a couple hundred hatchlings for his supper, then made smoke that brought some nomad blackfellows who agreed to skin the beasts and carry their hides back to base camp in exchange for the meat.

GINGER and Jim were tickled; they had a good bag but nothing like my pair. Ted Pierce had to mortgage the *Jenny* to pay us for the hides. Darwin papers made a thing out of it; said they were the biggest alligators ever seen in the Territory. Then some scientific bloke came up with an argument to prove they weren't alligators at all but crocodiles.

Hell with that! We didn't care; we all made good profit for our time, even after my busted rifle was paid for. So we had a bit of a binge and went back to work.

I was glad to get back to my old job in the sorting sheds though it didn't pay so well and it wasn't so exciting. But it was a bloody sight safer than hunting alligators in the Never-never.

Next time I go walkabout I'll pick something easy. ◆◆◆

DON'T BITE THE VEINS

Continued from page 19

the relics we had dug up in these places showed their owners to have been a race of considerable culture.

By the time I'd covered two miles my shirt was plastered to my back and I discovered that I wasn't as strong as I'd thought. My legs felt a little rubbery and I was glad to sit down at the base of a brush-grown limestone cliff to rest.

AS I sat smoking and gazing up at the slope of the cliff, my attention was drawn to a rustling in the brush a short distance away. In the Honduran jungle such a sound may mean nothing or again it may signify a great deal, and I froze, peering watchfully toward the sound. A moment later a brown-furred agouti scrambled over the rocks and disappeared as if the earth had swallowed it up. And that is just what had happened, as I subsequently discovered, for when I went over to the spot where it had vanished, I noticed a small, gaping fissure at the base of the limestone cliff.

I am a geologist by training and something about this formation struck me as peculiar. I looked more closely and, suddenly, I saw what it was. Blocked by fallen rocks and overgrown with brush and ferns, the cliff nevertheless revealed the well-defined entrance to an age-old cavern. That aroused my interest, for a cavern to an archeologist is like honey to a hungry bear. Much of the life of ancient times centered around caves, which prehistoric peoples used for storage or for protection against enemies, and some of the rarest archeological finds have been made in such places.

With mounting excitement I inspected the boulder-clogged entrance. The opening was too small for a man to negotiate and I realized it would take dynamite to blast out a hole large enough for practical excavation. But a few tentative thrusts of the trenching tool convinced me that it might be possible to enlarge the entrance sufficiently to enable me to crawl inside.

My first thought was to return to camp and bring Ralph back with me, but a more powerful urge kept me there. I *had* to explore that cave, just have a quick look. Then I'd have more to tell Ralph. Perhaps there was nothing here, after all, or perhaps. . . .

Fatigue was forgotten as I attacked the opening, ripping out brush, prying stones and digging away the loose earth that showered down with each thrust of the trenching tool. The digging was easier than I had hoped and within a matter of minutes I had opened a narrow shaft through the debris. Lying on my belly, I burrowed like a woodchuck, passing dirt and rocks behind me as I wriggled forward..

I moved with caution, for you never know what you'll run into underground. The entrance was too small to admit a jaguar or other large beast, but I couldn't rule out the possibility of snakes. I wasn't anxious to meet a fer-de-lance or a rattlesnake face to face in this narrow corridor. As I inched along I could hear a strange, humming sound from the darkness ahead —something like the drone of a hive of bees. I thought it came from a subterranean stream tumbling over the rocks.

Suddenly I broke through the barrier of dirt and stones into a rocky gallery in which I could stand erect. My flashlight shone on rough limestone walls glistening with seepage. I could feel my pulses thudding a little as I followed along the passage, for I felt that I stood upon the threshold of some momentous discovery. The gallery extended for some 10 yards or so and opened into a smaller chamber, a sort of anteroom from which two passages led off to either side.

The air had become damp and heavy, as I advanced and here in this rocky room it carried a dank, evil smell like a chill breath from a tomb. The low, whining hum sounded louder. I hesitated, shining my light down each of the two galleries in turn. Caution urged me to return to camp, but something stronger impelled my footsteps forward.

I chose the right hand passage and, as I moved slowly along its rocky floor, something crunched beneath my boot. I shone the light downward and saw that I had trod upon the skeleton of some small animal and a further inspection of the passage showed it to be littered with other skeletons. To some of them bits of fur and flesh still adhered, showing that their owners had died but recently. You invariably find animal remains in caves, but somehow the sight of these skeletons gave me a strange feeling of foreboding.

FIGHTING down this sense of uneasiness, I pushed on and presently found myself in a large, vaulted chamber. The floor beneath my feet was soft and yielding as though it had been covered with a deep-piled rug. The humming filled my ears and as my flashlight swept the craggy walls I discovered its cause.

The entire expanse of roof and walls was festooned with a living tapestry of squirming bats. The soft carpet underfoot was guano accumulated through the centuries. As I watched every now and again a small group would detach itself from the walls to attack another group savagely, fastening their teeth in one another's furry bodies while their wings beat the air with a dry, rustling sound. This was the noise I had heard.

And all at once, in cold horror, I saw that they were vampires, ravenous killers which swarm over their victims to drink their blood, and which can bleed a horse to death in a matter of a few minutes.

I turned on watery legs to run, but it was too late. My light had aroused them and, as its beam swept the crawling roof, a large segment of the writhing creatures swayed outward like a curtain and broke loose from the mass. I could see them flitting around me on whispering wings and in a panic of fear and revulsion I struck at them wildly with the flashlight. My feet slipped in the soft guano, the light crashed against the rocky wall and shattered, plunging me into inky blackness.

And now the entire cavern reverberated to the uproar of wings as new swarms of bats were startled into flight. To remain there meant death and I wheeled in terror, stumbling through the darkness, beating at the walls, searching for the passage to freedom.

AT LAST I lurched into an opening and sprawled flat. Before I hit the ground I was crawling away, skinning my hands and knees on the limestone floor. But the passage didn't lead to the outside. After I had floundered for several hundred feet I realized that I had taken another gallery leading deeper into the bowels of the earth.

A wave of nausea swept over me and I huddled against the rocky wall, gasping for breath. Behind me I could hear the throbbing hum of wings and for a moment blind fear drove me out of my senses. At that instant my hand brushing over my face came in contact with a horrible, furry thing affixed to my neck. With a scream I tore it loose, crushing it in my fingers and beating it against the floor. In a paroxysm of loathing I ran my hands over my body and found still another of the ghoulish creatures clinging to my arm.

Somehow, the mechanical act of killing the bats, of striking back, cleared my senses for a moment and made me feel better. But then, gradually, numbing fear returned and with it a realization of my plight. I was lost deep underground in a black, evil-smelling cavern with hordes of bloodlusting vampire bats between me and the hidden gateway to freedom. I've been lost in the jungle and that's bad enough, but out in the open you feel you have a chance. Buried alive in a ghastly tomb, horror robs you of reasoning power.

I only knew I couldn't remain here long and live. The tumult of rustling wings had subsided to a murmur as the bats fastened themselves again over the walls and ceiling of their chamber. Even in the blinding darkness of the cave, instinct kept them torpid during the daylight hours, but tonight they would awaken.

Drawn by the scent of blood, they would swarm down the gallery where I lay hidden, filling it from floor to ceiling like a vast, engulfing wave. Settling over me in their hundreds they would drain my blood in a soft fluttering of wings and crawling, furry bodies. I had seen the savagery of their attacks upon one another and I knew now the explanation of the skeletons I had found in the tunnel. The fate of those creatures would soon be mine.

Even if by some miracle the bats didn't find me, the alternative was death from thirst or starvation. There was no chance

of Ralph and Jim ever finding me here. I couldn't hear their shouts nor could they hear mine. I had my .38 strapped to my waist, but you can't shoot bats with a revolver and what is worse, you can't shoot the cold, paralyzing fear that stalks invisibly at your side.

Desperate with terror, I stood up and tiptoed softly down the gallery. The humming grew louder as I neared the chamber of the bats and when I stood upon its threshold I realized anew the grimness of my situation. I had only to stumble about the cave, fumbling at the walls, to start a fresh onslaught of the ravenous creatures. Without a light I could never hope to find the entrance to the cave and in fact, groping through the darkness, I might well become even more hopelessly lost in the labyrinthine passages of the cavern.

Bathed in sweat I crept back down the gallery and crouched again behind a projecting shelf of rock. I don't know how long I stayed there, preyed upon by morbid horrors. Once, I lighted a match and in its flaring light glanced at my watch. It seemed as though I'd been here an eternity, but the hands stood at 3:30. I didn't look at the watch again. My throat was parched and my tongue felt swollen in my mouth. Grimly, my thoughts turned to the .38. It might come in handy, after all.

Suddenly, I realized that the humming noise in the cave had grown louder, rising like the mounting rush of the surf. Night had come and the clouds of swarming bats had awakened. I shrank against the rocky wall in horror, waiting for the first dry whir of wings along the passage.

It didn't come. Instead, the hum rose to a muffled roar and then began slowly to fade away. For an instant I was puzzled. Then, suddenly, the explanation came to me—the vampires were leaving the cave for their night's hunting, swarming out of the entrance in a dark, funneling cloud. Even then I failed to realize the significance of what was going on and, while the seconds ticked away, my life hung in balance.

AT FIRST, my feeling was one of relief that the loathsome things were leaving the cave. Then, in a blinding flash that left me giddy and shaking, I realized that their departure offered me my one chance of escape. If I followed the swarming bats they would lead me out of the cave.

There wasn't much time. Already the tumult of wings had died away to a subdued rustling. I scrambled to my feet and fumbled my way down the passage to the entrance of the chamber. I had to move cautiously for the bats could "see" in the dark better than I and one misstep might bring them about me in clouds. Straining my ears, I located the spot where they were concentrating and I crawled toward it through the soft guano.

I was conscious of whirring wings overhead and my flesh crawled at the thought of the death around me, but the bats did not attack. Instead, instinct sent them out into the jungle night. If only they weren't all gone before they showed me the tunnel. . . .

At last I bumped into solid rock and I knew I had crossed the chamber. I groped to the right, guided by the rustle of wings, and my heart gave a bound as the gallery opened before me. I crept more rapidly now, with hope rising in my heart. The passage was silent and deserted, but when my hands encountered a heap of bones I felt certain I was nearing the entrance. A moment later I came to the barrier through which I had dug my way—was it only that morning?

I burrowed on and pure, sweet air came flooding into my nostrils. All at once, framed in the blackness, I saw big tropic stars ashine in a velvet sky. Squirming under a big rock, I wriggled out of the cave and stood once more in the land of the living. It was nine o'clock.

Without my flashlight I couldn't find my way back to camp. But I knew that sooner or later Ralph and Jim would come shouting through the swamp. Meanwhile, I was content to be alive, to enjoy the fresh air and the shadowy jungle night. It was cold and shelter lay near at hand but nothing on earth could have induced me to return again inside the ghoulish cave of the vampires. ◆◆◆

THE DAMNEDEST FOOL IN ALABAMA

Continued from page 25

gulped down without chewing. Bloodhounds running in a great pack could become a noisy cloud of death rushing in on their victim, every hot mouth drooling savage fury.

For three long nights he'd been working his way north now, the sneaking human coyote avoiding his own kind. By day he had slept, tired, hungry and briar-torn, the rabbit hiding in the brush thickets, waiting and sometimes praying for darkness to fall. He sobbed convulsively now, when he thought back over the way he had come. He couldn't be more than four miles from home—only *four* miles—and the bloodhounds closing in!

Suddenly he was up, a startled buck lunging to his feet, his blue eyes so large they seemed ready to pop from their sockets. He wheeled and went tearing and clawing up the western side of the gully. The dogs were getting close. In his frenzy he imagined that they were coming right up the gully, unerringly following his trail. He reached the first pine, started up it like a scared monkey, pulling and tearing at the limbs. When he was 20 feet above the ground he stopped, breathlessly hanging onto the tree.

A thousand times since the morning he had slipped away from the gang in the sweet potato field, he'd called himself a coward and a fool. The warden had made him a trusty in a fashion. There had even been whispers of a pardon, but three years had been too much. Something had cracked. There had been the letter from Nancy. Nancy was down and on the verge of pneumonia. Little Nancy, the child he had never seen, was down with her. Getting a chance to drop out of sight in a gully like the one here, he had started running. Once sanity caught up with him it had been too late to turn back. He had heard the escape whistle blowing from the top of the prison; he had imagined all the excitement he was causing. Plunging into a swamp alive with deadly moccasins, he had come on and on. Now he was up a tree, waiting to be taken back or shot out of the tree and delivered to the hounds on the ground!

He turned slowly on a limb, getting his back to the tapering body of the tree. Now he saw the first of the dogs, his eyes widening. They were not down in the valley after all! They were up there on the sharp back of the ridge, one dark and running shadow after another, noses to the ground, tails in the air, the rising moon bright and clear beyond them, boldly outlining every dog.

Like a man gone mad he began to scramble down from the tree, crashing and snapping off the smaller limbs until he was on the ground again. They were not bloodhounds there on the ridge, they were foxhounds! "Why—why, of course!" He laughed, a wild burst of sound. "It—it's fox-runnin' time in northern Alabama. Fox-huntin' time!"

He fell face forward, patting the carpet of pine needles, running his hands through them, hugging them to him. Another wild and throaty laugh burst from him, and suddenly he was sobbing like a child . . .

He was there a long time, shaken and trembling, no match for things like this. The hounds poured up on the crest of the ridge, their barking filling the valley. Until a little more than three years before this he had never been in trouble. Moonshiners were all around him on the mountain to westward, but he had taken no part in their whiskey making and drinking, in their fights and feuds.

RISING at last, he moved away from the gully, keeping to the shelter of the trees. For some reason he was no longer afraid, the big scare having drained all fear out of him. Soon he was crossing the old swinging footbridge across Big Will's Creek. Knowing every acre of the country here since boyhood, he set out straight over the ridges when he left the bridge, scrub oak and pine hiding him again.

Now he could see Nancy on the 40 acres they had farmed on the mountain, land left to him by his father. He would see the little one, the child that had come four months after he had gone away, handcuffed to a long chain with a dozen other prisoners picked up at county jails and

all crowded and jammed into a truck covered with bars and steel wire.

Reaching the high crest of the last ridge, old Sand Mountain loomed ahead of him, its eastern wall great gray bluffs of rock. When he reached the foot of it he went up a narrow trail, the brightening moonlight showing him the way.

A LOW light burned in a two-roomed house with a lean-to kitchen across a corn field. He stopped and studied it, fear again gripping him now that he was this close to home. A light in a mountain house at this time of night was almost a certain sign of sickness. One or two of the Kings would be there with Nancy—perhaps big and awkward Ed, her brother, old Sam, her father, or Sarah, her mother.

As wary as a chicken thief, he kept to the timber along the edge of the field, then turned up a brush-fringed gully until he was on the north side of the little barn, just north of the house. Again he stopped, watching and listening before he moved on into the hallway of the barn. Half through the hallway something glinted to his right—a double-barreled shotgun catching reflected light from somewhere. A voice spoke, low and almost pleasant.

"Steady, Benny Farlow. There's 21 buckshot in each barrel. If I finger my triggers I'll blow you half apart."

"I'd let 'im have it right here, Pa." Another voice right behind the first, a second shadow appearing, the nickel-plated barrel of a six-shooter joining the glinting of the shotgun. "When you've got to kill a man you don't wait. Nobody's in sight to prove it was us."

"Shut your damn' mouth, Wince!" Another voice now made it the third man coming from a dark stall. "Pa's runnin' this show. He allus knows best."

Standing there with his hands up, Benny Farlow knew these men. The first was old hell-rolling Billy Ball, a little man with a white beard, somewhere close to 92, yet as nimble and quick as a goat. The second man was Winston Ball, called Wince in the way of mountain people cutting names in half. Wince was tall and gander-necked, his Adam's apple always a big fist lodged in his throat. The other would be Lazy Walt, shorter and thicker, close to 60, a year or two older than his brother Wince.

"I don't aim to kill you, Benny." Hell-rolling Billy's voice was low, a chuckle behind it. "Wince is only tryin' to scare you. When we heard you'd busted loose, I sorter figured you wouldn't be long gettin' through to your Nancy an' the young un. Nancy's better, if it's her sickness you've been worryin' about. Her mammy is in the house, greasin' 'em both up with turpentine an' lard. They've had Doc Light out from Fort Payne to see 'em five times in a row."

"But—but what are you three doin' here?" Farlow was finding his voice at last. "Do you aim to send me back?"

"Maybe, maybe not, Benny." The old man's voice was still gentle, but it meant nothing. Billy Ball could stand and smile and talk in a pious tone a moment before shooting a man down in cold blood. "We was waitin' for you, havin' some talk to make 'twix us four. Hell, you mighta knowed somebody would be waitin'. Maybe the sheriff from Fort Payne an' his branch-walkin' damn' deputies are lyin' out yonder in the woods watchin' the house. They might shoot first an' ax questions atterwards."

"Want me to search him, Pa?"

"Not Benny, Wince." Old Billy chuckled softly. "Benny's jest a little too damn nasty nice to tote pistols. All he does that's harmful is to whisper to the law behind a man's back."

"That's a lie you could have kept from tellin'!" Farlow's voice was steady now. "I never whispered to the law in my life, about the Balls or anybody else!"

"Somebody whispered." Old Billy's voice was still gentle. "There's Leck, my oldest boy, servin' 10 years as his eighth offense for makin' a little wild-cat whiskey in the bushes. Seems that the sheriff an' two federal men stopped at your place an' et dinner the day before they closed in on Leck."

"But—but I didn't tell them anything! They didn't ask—"

"Never mind, Benny," ordered the old man. "Ain't no time to stand here an' jower. Just turn around an' head back the way you come. We'll be right behind you."

"But—but what are you goin' to do with me!"

"That all depends, Benny." The dry chuckle was back. "It depends on how you talk. We might be able to use you right well—if you'll use a little hog-sense. Turn, an' start walkin'."

"I'd kill 'im right here if I was you, Pa."

"You ain't me, Wince. Move along, Benny!"

This was it, the beginning of the march of death. He knew it as he turned and slowly walked back out of the darkness of the hallway. Killing a man meant little to these Balls. In a safe spot somewhere there would be the flash of a gun—probably hell-rolling Billy's double-barrel.

These Balls hated him, and Benny Farlow had long known it. For the first time in all their bloody history they had willingly gone to court to swear against him, brazenly lying when they said he had tried to sell them a pair of stolen mules found one Sunday morning in this little barn. He could only guess that the Balls, themselves, had slipped them up the ravine during the night, and had led them into a boxed stall, a deputy sheriff friendly to them coming at sunrise to find them there.

"Queer now," droned old Billy as they moved in single file down the gully, the shotgun's muzzle in Farlow's back, "how things happen to folks who mistreat Balls. There was ol' George, your granpa—53 year' ago, 'twas. He was justice of the peace here on the mountain. Bound me over to the grand jury on a whiskey-makin' claim some deputies had made. I went to the pen for two year'. But queer, I say, an' queer 'twas. Six months atter I got home ol' George Farlow upped an' disappeared.

"Then there was Sam, your daddy," he chuckled softly. "It was queer that Sam would up an' let folks elect him justice of the peace 20 year' ago. Shorely he remembered his daddy, an' how he faded into a dark night. Sam had been justice only a year before Wince an' Leck got nailed by the sheriff an' his gang. He made the same mistake as George. Leck and Wince hit the pen, an' nary a day off for good conduct 'cause they said down there they didn't have it. Leck an' Wince had come home only eight months before your daddy upped an' took his run in the dark. I said then that the next Farlow doin' the Balls an' unfriendly turn would serve a hitch in the pen before he made his run. That's how an' why you got the two fine mules slipped to you that dark Saturday night."

BENNY Farlow kept his mouth shut, knowing that the shotgun might roar in the hands of the old devil behind him. The mysterious disappearance of his grandfather and his father were not mysteries to many of these old-time mountain people. Whispers had gone the rounds. But those who knew kept their mouths shut, knowing that these Balls slept mostly by day and stole like shadows through the nights, never sure when a Ball might be peering through the window with a rifle on the crook of his arm.

They were soon at the end of the gully and entering the timber. Before they had gone on less than 1,000 yards, distant sounds made Benny Farlow's pulse quicken. He cocked his head to one side, listened, and knew what they were. The foxhounds were coming! As a dying man grasping for a last breath, Benny Farlow saw his chance.

"I thought," he glanced back over his shoulder, "I'd give 'em the slip four hours ago. They musta picked up my trail agin."

"What picked up your trail?" Old hell-rolling Billy's voice jerked. "Them dogs we hear?"

"Bloodhounds," nodded Benny Farlow. "You see, they've been after me most of the night."

"Bloodhounds!" Old Billy was suddenly at a halt. "They've got them prison bloodhounds on your trail?"

"That's what they are, Pa!" Wince was the scared one now. "Better kill him here—"

"No, wait, Pa!" Lazy Walt could think in a pinch like this. "They'll go on to the barn or cut our tracks back there, then they'll swing on after us. There's four of us now. If you kill 'im here, they'll be apt to come right on, an' no matter how we split an' run they'll trail us to hell an' gone!"

"I know nothin' 'bout damn' bloodhounds!" There was a tremble in old Billy's voice now. "Ain't no tellin' what they'll do!"

"Gawd," groaned Wince, "we're in a fix! Lis'en to 'em!"

"Make him get away from us, Pa!" Lazy Walt's teeth had started to chatter. "Make him run for it! Them hounds will swing atter 'im, we can go on! Think, Pa, *think*!"

"Damn it, I wish I could!" Billy Ball shifted from one foot to the other, handling the shotgun nervously. "I wish, by Gawd, I could!"

The hounds were getting closer now. Benny Farlow was no longer afraid. For a second time tonight the noise of those hounds was music to his ears—the fifes, the bugles, the drums and fiddles making their tunes. A few moments ago he'd had

no earthly chance to escape these killers. Now those hounds had his would-be killers petrified with fear. Wince spoke: "Shoot 'im, Pa, an' we'll run!"

"Shoo-shoot 'im, hell!" stammered Lazy Walt. "An'—an' have them damn' brutes take up atter us where they leave off with him! Get 'im away from us, Pa!"

"Run, Benny!" Old Billy had suddenly made up his mind. "Run south an' keep agoin'. If you tell anything about us when you're caught we'll go kill your wife an' that little un, an' in due time we'll get you. *Run, damn you, run!*"

Farlow didn't hesitate. Knowing that the dogs in the distance had the three Balls addled, he wheeled, and was suddenly gone around a clump of brush and running for his life. As he crossed a small glade he heard brush popping. For a moment he thought the Balls were following him. Moments later he realized that they were heading on to westward, over a drop-off, and down an almost bare slope that led to a hollow walled with bluffs of blue-gray rock on the opposite side. Having no fear of those foxhounds he stopped on the top of the slope to watch the three racing figures in the moonlight and shadows below.

The brave bully that was Wince Ball was well in the lead. Lazy Walt was a few yards behind him, hat in hand and doing his best to catch up with Wince. Like an old warrior, shotgun hugged to his bosom, Billy was behind, his short and aged legs no match for those of his sons.

It was bedlam in another 10 seconds. The foxhounds were coming, the blowing of an old cow horn far behind urging them on. Then suddenly, as if hell was letting down on the fleeing Balls, the hounds were swinging westward, tearing through the brush and going down into the hollow. It simply meant that the fox had made a turn close to where Farlow and the Balls had been standing. Going down into the hollow the fox was making a swing-back, the devil himself no sharper at laying a trail that would confuse the dogs.

AND hell-rolling Billy Ball made a mistake. Seventy or 80 dogs tearing down that slope behind him in full pack-cry and dog-song was too much for the old man. He stumbled out into the clear moonlight. Suddenly he was turning, the glinting tubes of the shotgun coming up. As four black brutes broke the brush 50 yards away, the old man blazed loose with both barrels.

It was murder without cause. Had Billy Ball stood still, the entire pack of brutes would have gone streaming past him, none of them meaning any harm to man. In two shots the old man killed the four leading dogs, the hail of buckshot ranging back among the following hounds to cause yelps of pain and sudden consternation.

Old Billy hastily reloaded his gun and fired again into the crying pack now brought to a standstill. More dogs went down and others lifted their voices in cries of pain. Old Billy wheeled and raced on, reloading for a second time as he ran. Farlow saw that he was heading straight for the bluffs on the opposite side of the hollow, and then he saw Wince and Lazy Walt again.

Wince Ball was still a few yards in the lead, a monkey in the moonlight as he climbed the face of the bluffs until he reached a narrow shelf to turn to his right and go gliding along it with the scrambling Lazy Walt soon following him. Down below old Billy wheeled, and blasted two more loads of buckshot back at the dogs—the devil with all his wits gone out of him tonight. Taking no time to reload again, he wheeled and was going up the rocks, following Wince and Lazy Walt who had suddenly disappeared as if the bluffs had swallowed them.

Shouting horsemen were coming now to catch up with the dead and wounded dogs still howling on the slope. Benny Farlow slipped back into a wall of brush at the base of a big pine, holding his breath.

"I said I heard guns!" One hunter cursed as he stared down the slope. "My God, look what's down there, dead an' hurt dogs all over hell an' creation!"

"An' here's my pore ol' Harp!" Riders were going on down the slope, one man crying out as if in sudden pain. "Both front legs shot off—an' who in hell would hurt a foxhound!"

"Wait'll Sheriff Jim Brady comes up!" cried another man. "Ain't a feller livin' who likes hounds an' the races better'n Jim!"

OTHER men were finding their hounds now, some of them wounded, the other dogs swarming around them. More curses lifted, the excitement growing.

Farlow, thinking it best to get out of there while he could, started edging away into the dark. A dog not far away in the brush saw him and set up a wild baying, other dogs joining in. Soon five hounds were barking, others bristling and growling, all of them smart enough to know that a man in hiding behind a tree had no business there. In seconds men were swarming forward, a big mountain man beginning to yell at the top of his voice.

"Here's the man who shot our dogs! He's hidin' behind a tree!"

"There ain't no use in grabbin' me!" Benny Farlow stepped out into the moonlight. "I didn't shoot nobody's dog. I ain't carryin' nothin' to shoot *with*. I'm Benny Farlow, an' I reckon some of you might remember. When the sheriff comes up, he'll want me. I escaped from the penitentiary three days ago, tryin' to get home to see my wife an' the little one."

"Benny Farlow, you say?" The sheriff was galloping up 10 seconds later and throwing himself out of his saddle—a thick and sturdy man with amazingly blue eyes. "Yeah, I know about him gettin' away from the pen. Who shot the dogs, Benny?"

"I ain't never told on a man on this mountain, not in all my life." Backed against the tree, Farlow was once more tonight no longer afraid. "I had to come home to see my wife an' little one when I got a letter sayin' they was so sick. Billy Ball, Wince an' Lazy Walt stood waitin' for me in the hall of the barn. They was takin' me off to kill me, 'cause they blame me for Leck goin' to the pen."

He told them the rest of it, his voice steady and clear as a great crowd formed around the tree and all the dogs ceased their barking, only the wounded and the dying whimpering down the slope. He told them then of the cave over there in the bluffs which he and his father had discovered one Sunday afternoon when he was a small boy.

"They're in that cave, I reckon," he was winding it up. "If I remember right there's only a little hole maybe 300 yards back that comes up in a blackjack thicket. Pa said it wasn't big enough for a man to crawl through. Maybe they've made it bigger. You'll find a sizable spring of good water in the cave. It comes out of one hole an' spills away through another on the south side of the cave. I don't know what else you'll find."

"I think I do!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Another whiskey-makin' outfit that belongs to the Balls! Joe! Charley!" He wheeled to two big deputies. "You heard what he said. Take Benny with you. Find that hole in the blackjack thicket. We'll watch the bluffs here, an' I believe we'll soon have the Balls. There's such a thing as smokin' a man as well as a possum out of a hole."

The hole was there, apparently no larger than it had ever been. A deputy dropped to his hands and knees, sniffing at the hole like a dog trying to pick up a trail. He came to his feet, grinning. "Mash. It's down there, Charley, an' it means a still."

They got busy now. While one deputy cut a long bough from a tree, the other took a flashlight and a wad of string out of a pocket on his saddle. They tied the flashlight to the end of the limb, lighted it, and poked it down into the hole.

It was action at once. A shotgun roared in the cave. Buckshot splattered on the sides of the hole. The lens of the flashlight shattered.

"An' that," nodded the deputy, "means that Billy aims to shoot it out!"

"Which'll save the county a load of trouble!" the second deputy grinned.

"An' in a few years more," said Farlow, "Leck will be out of the pen' an' comin' home to take up where his daddy left off."

"Not Leck." The big deputy grinned in a ray of moonlight coming through the blackjacks. "Five or six warrants are waitin' for Leck the minute he steps out of the pen, an' one of them warrants is for murder. Let's get back to the bluffs. We know they can't get out here."

THE shotgun was roaring again before they could reach the rim, two blades of yellow light flashing toward the opposite slope. Men and their horses and mules had been moved back up there and the hounds called away. A six-shooter in the sheriff's hand answered the double shot.

"Hold it, Sheriff!" One of the deputies yelled across the hollow. "We found the hole an' they can't come up through it! All we need is fire an' smoke, an' your possums will soon be showin'!"

They gathered dry leaves, twigs and limbs, making a big pile of them up there on the edge of the rim. Green pine tops followed. Straight below were the slab-like rocks that hid the mouth of the cave, and the fire was soon going down, at first the dry leaves and limbs. As the blaze grew higher the green pine boughs were dropped, the smoke rising in a great and

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blinding cloud. The hole back there in the blackjacks was soon making a natural chimney to draw the smoke on inside the cave and make it impossible for man or beast to breathe.

"There they come!" cried a voice on the opposite slope a few minutes later. "Hunker, boys, hunker down!"

"Surrender, you Balls!" yelled the sheriff. "Surrender!"

"Surrender, hell!" Half-blinded, kicking fire and smouldering boughs out of his way, old fighting Billy was the first. With his clothes smoking, he lunged around the rocks, another double roar coming from his shotgun. "Take me fightin'!"

He was scooting along the narrow shelf when Lazy Walt appeared. Wince brought up the rear, cursing and crying. The sheriff yelled twice more, calling for them to surrender. Old Billy answered him with buckshot, Lazy Walt opening up like a madman with a six-shooter.

"Now, damn 'em," bawled the sheriff, "shoot to kill!"

Hell-roaring Billy Ball was the first to stagger and go pitching off the shelf, his body bouncing down the rocks, the old devil still trying to reload his shotgun. Then Lazy Walt was following him, the six-shooter dropping as he staggered, rocked, and pitched from the shelf, going down like a diving bullfrog.

Wince Ball might have been trying to surrender at the last moment. Only three shots had been fired from his six-shooter when he stopped and seemed to be trying to lift his hands. It was too late. Shotguns, rifles and six-shooters were blazing. Suddenly, Wince was going, slapping his hands to the pit of his stomach. Like a bent tree falling, he went down head first.

"You're the damnedest fool in Alabama, Benny Barlow."

Dawn was in the air before the job was being brought to a close. Kicking and pulling the fire away from the mouth of the cave, they were forced to wait for the smoke inside to clear. Then the sheriff had gone in to find three 50-gallon copper stills. Against the walls of the cave they had found 40 barrels of mash almost ready for distilling, and with them were jugs, kegs and barrels of white corn whiskey.

"You're just what I said, Benny," the sheriff was going on, voice slow and as precise now that the excitement was past. "All the decent people in this end of Alabama knew you didn't steal the mules, and many have worked to get you out of the penitentiary. If you had gone in at noon the other day with the rest of the field prisoners you would have found a pardon lying on the warden's desk, waiting for you. Now I may have to take you back—if for nothing more than to get your discharge, the suit of clothes and the five dollars go-home money."

"I wanted to see my wife an' the little un." Benny Farlow's voice sounded far away even to his own ears. "I had to come."

"Then go on, Benny!" The sheriff gave him a slap on the back. "I think I can handle the warden from this end. If I can't, I'll be back in a day or two, and we'll go down and get it fixed." ◆◆◆

GHOST ON MY BLOCK

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against some furniture before I found the light switch, only I stopped thinking about my shins after I got the light on. I knew there was trouble, real trouble.

The dining room was a mess, with chairs knocked over and the table shoved over against a wall and the rug in a heap, so a man hardly knew where to look first. I went to the right and switched on the living room light, and there, over near the vestibule, I spotted him—or it, whatever you call a body.

You don't want to know what he looked like. I'll tell you this: I wish to God I'd never seen it. Because once you see something like that, a head beaten into a pulp, you don't ever forget it. You see butchered beef—you think of that head. You see a squashed tomato—you think of the head. At least, I do.

I got back out the window, all right, but that was as far as my knees would take me, and somebody else went and called the police while I sat right there, sucking in fresh air and trying to breathe normally again. By the time the cops got there, I could, which was a good thing because they took me back in the house and sat me down on a kitchen chair and they must have asked me a million questions, I swear.

It was after they'd been questioning me quite a spell that I first got on to what was bothering the daylights out of 'em. First thing they'd done, they'd gone hunting for how the murderer got in the house and how he got out again. They talked about the murderer as "he"—I guess they didn't believe any woman could have done what the killer did to Phil Peters. I personally didn't see how any normal man could have done it, either.

But what I was saying was that the cops were going out of their mind because the front and back doors both had inside sliding bolts shut tight, and there wasn't a window that showed signs of being pried open. Except mine, of course, and it took plenty of palavering before I could convince them that the window I worked on hadn't been worked on first by somebody else.

That really left them up the creek without a paddle. They had poor Phil Peters dead on the floor of a house that was sealed from the inside, and every man there swore no human being could have left the place after the murder. But apart from the corpse, there was nothing in the house resembling a human being.

Now if you're thinking maybe somebody had a key made or something like that, you can forget it because first of all the bolts were slid on the inside, like I told you, and second of all only Phil and his wife had keys and they never let them go. Oh, and one other thing: If somebody'd gone to the trouble of having a key made, he sure must have had a reason for what he was doing—and by the Lord there was no reason for this murder. Nothing was stolen, and there wasn't a soul in the world who could've had anything against old Phil.

Maybe you understand now why folks started whispering about the house. Not right away, mind you—they gave the police plenty of time to find out what it was all about, but those detectives didn't get to first base. And when winter came on, and the Peters house stayed dark and desolate—because Mrs. Peters had gone off to stay with relatives—it was enough to give anybody the willies.

I guess the kids talked it up first. They said there were ghosts in the house, and they told their folks they had heard noises inside, and a few even swore they saw lights floating from one room to another. Naturally nobody paid much attention to kids' talk; but it was a horse of a different color when one of the women who lived on the street ran screaming past the place one night and flew into a neighbor's home, real hysterical. Later she insisted she had seen an animal's face on a man's body, standing at the front window, and though some people believed her, the rest us just started wondering.

WHEN winter was over and the days started getting longer, there was less talk about the haunted house. After all, by daylight it looked just like any other house—a narrow, two-story structure with a high, peaked roof. And then, that spring, Mrs. Peters moved back.

She hadn't completely gotten over her broken hip, and it wasn't likely that she ever would, an old person's bones being as brittle as they are. So a kind next-door neighbor hooked up a line between the two houses, which gave Mrs. Peters a chance to summon help if she needed it.

I don't think it was more than two weeks later that Mrs. Peters needed help. She had fallen again and fractured the same bone. Only this time it started the neighborhood buzzing like mad because Mrs. Peters admitted she'd been startled by "something," and that's why she fell. What the something was, she couldn't say, but everybody else was saying it for her: a ghost.

Like I said before, I don't believe in ghosts, and I thought the folks around me were pretty dumb to talk about a haunted house. Yet I'll admit I couldn't understand why old Mrs. Peters, a prisoner in a plaster cast, would want to stay in her place instead of going to a hospital.

But stay she would, and so she hired a nurse named Hattie Johnson to take care of her. Naturally this Hattie Johnson got

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WE TOO, THOUGHT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE

BUT THANKS TO THE BRANDENFELS HOME SYSTEM Our Hair Grew Again!

DON NAGLE Seattle, Washington — **ELDON BEERBOWER** Portland, Oregon — **FRANCES HARRIS** Seattle, Washington — **AL LIEFSON** Tacoma, Washington

The world's first Sub-dermal Research Project HAS PROVED that hair roots MAY BE ALIVE even on totally bald people! Look at the pictures above AND SEE FOR YOURSELF THE ACTUAL RESULTS of the Brandenfels Home System. Former Army Sergeant Don Nagle (above left) of Seattle, Washington, is shown holding two pictures. One, before using Brandenfels' and the second showing his progress 24 weeks after following the Brandenfels Home System of Scientific Hair Care. Mr. Nagle was a member of the volunteer group participating in Carl Brandenfels' research project who used Brandenfels' Formulas and Massage under medical observation. Mr. Nagle says, "Just to have stopped losing ground and to have a little more hair is wonderful. Now my hair is filling in where it had been sparse for years."

Next is the Portland, Oregon, television student, Eldon Beerbower, holding his picture showing exactly how he looked 8 weeks after using Brandenfels' Formulas and Massage. SEE HIM TODAY. Eldon gets "crew haircuts" and hopes for a television career before the camera.

Third in line is the Seattle, Washington, overseas radio/telephone operator, Mrs. Frances M. Harris. The first picture shows her as she appeared before using Brandenfels'. The second shows regrowth of her hair. She REALLY has a lot to smile about today, and proves the Brandenfels System is successfully used by women.

At the far right above stands Mr. Al Liefson, a Tacoma, Washington, grocery store owner displaying a picture showing how bald his scalp was before he used Brandenfels'. Mr. Liefson says, "My wife says I look years younger since my hair grew again."

MEDICAL RECORDS CONFIRM WHAT THESE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT THE BRANDENFELS' SYSTEM

Carl Brandelfels has over 17,000 certified letters from men and women saying they have received from ONE to ALL of the following results with Brandenfels' formulas and unique system of pressure massage.

✓ RENEWED HAIR GROWTH ✓ RELIEF FROM DANDRUFF SCALE
✓ LESS EXCESSIVELY FALLING HAIR ✓ IMPROVED SCALP CONDITIONS

Brandenfels' Home Course of Scientific Hair and Scalp Care was SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED to soften the scalp tissue. The *completely different* pressure massage helps increase the vital supply of blood to the entire scalp area, producing a more healthy scalp condition and in turn, helps nature grow hair.

CALIFORNIAN GROWS HAIR!

"My hair was falling rapidly for five years. After using Brandenfels' fuzz began to grow in bald spots, and then some of the fuzz turned to real brown hair."

HAROLD L. OTT
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PARATROOPER GETS RESULTS!

Sgt. Matthew Jonas says, "Sure glad to see new hair coming through. I lost most of my hair on top . . . nothing worked until I used the Brandenfels System."

SGT. MATTHEW JONAS
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★ DON'T PUT IT OFF!

If you have excessively falling hair, ugly dandruff scale, a tight, itching scalp, a rapidly receding hair line, or any unhealthy scalp condition which is not conducive to growing hair, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions RIGHT IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME without expensive office calls. Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. He emphatically believes, however, that his formulas and unique pressure massage will bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp that in many cases helps nature grow hair. YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF...YOUR BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES...AND YOUR FAMILY to give the Brandenfels System a thorough trial. Brandenfels' wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use. Enclose $15.00 plus $3.00 Federal Tax (Total $18.00). Send your order to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

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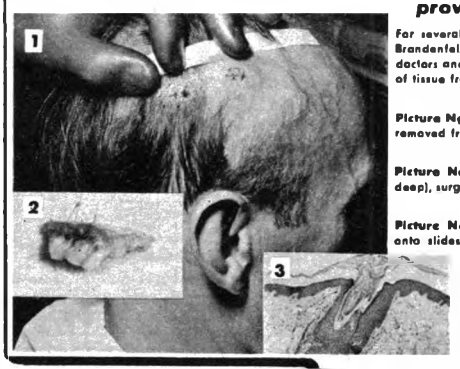
prove hair roots may be alive!



For several years people have volunteered to participate in Brandenfels' Clinical research project conducted by medical doctors and technicians. A phase in this project was the study of tissue from "beneath the scalp" where hair actually grows.

SURGICAL INCISION

Picture No. 1 shows incision after tissue had been surgically removed from the bald area of the scalp.

ACTUAL SCALP SECTION

Picture No. 2 shows actual biopsy section (1" x 1/8", skull deep), surgically removed from the scalp.

UNPRODUCTIVE HAIR FOLLICLE

Picture No. 3. Thin slices of scalp sections were mounted onto slides and viewed under a powerful microscope. This examination of tissue from bald areas revealed in many cases, follicles (hair roots) were alive YET NOT PRODUCING HAIR! Medical transcripts from this research indicate the use of the Brandenfels System offers bald people wonderful new hope. (Surgery on the scalp was performed on the last group only, TO GIVE YOU POSITIVE PROOF that hair roots may still be alive!)

ACT NOW... BALDNESS MAY BEGIN TWO YEARS BEFORE YOUR FRIENDS NOTICE!

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SQ-64

CARL BRANDENFELS, BOX 796, ST. HELENS, OREGON

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☐ Cash—I enclose $15.00 plus 20% Federal Tax ($3.00), total $18.00 (will be shipped prepaid.)

☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman $18.00 plus postal charges.

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an earful from the neighbors, who by now were convinced that Phil Peters had been beaten to death by some kind of haunt-creature. Sure it sounds stupid, but it was almost a year after the murder and nobody had come up with a better explanation, and people are funny that way—they'd rather have an explanation, even if it is ghosts, than have no explanation at all.

Then one night I was out on the street talking to Fred Owens, my next-door neighbor, and we heard these screams coming from up the block, and the two of us chased right up there to see this Hattie Johnson with a crowd of people around her, as scared a woman as I've ever seen. She was jibbering something about a "spook" on the stairs and pointing at the house.

I raced into the place with Fred on my heels. In the bedroom I found Mrs. Peters, stretched out on her bed, motionless. I thought she was dead, but she wasn't. She was asleep. When I wakened her and asked if she'd heard any unusual noises, she said no, but she mentioned that she was a little hard of hearing. I also asked if she would mind if Fred Owens and I searched the house, and she told me to go right ahead.

Fred and I poked into every corner of every room, upstairs and downstairs, without finding a blame thing. We even tapped the walls and, upstairs, the ceiling, thinking there might be some fantastic point of entry nobody knew about. But the walls contained nothing except plaster and studs, and the ceiling led nowhere except into the attic, which was sealed off. From what we could see, a hunk of wood had been used to close off a small hole that maybe once had been a way into the attic.

We tried to reassure Hattie Johnson that she'd been imagining things, but she wouldn't even go back into the house to get her things. Fred and I lugged them out, and Fred drove the nurse back into Denver.

TAKING Hattie Johnson's place was a woman named Clark, Mrs. Edith Clark, if I remember right. She didn't last a week. Neighbors heard her screaming one night, and when they got to her, she was collapsed on the kitchen floor, hysterical. Later she was able to say only that she'd heard a noise in the kitchen and went inside there without turning on the light. She said she saw a ghost, and it looked like it was half-man, half-animal. At her scream, it vanished.

Nobody in the neighborhood was surprised when Mrs. Clark quit and, shortly after, Mrs. Peters' relatives took her away and closed up the house. Now it was common knowledge that the place was haunted. Denver police authorities came around for awhile again, but they didn't get anywhere, and that's how things stood in July, which was when I really got involved.

I was on vacation, the first two weeks of the month, and I'd planned on going on a fishing trip with Fred Owens, only he couldn't make it at the last minute because his mother-in-law picked that time to come spend a spell with them, and I didn't hanker to go by myself. So I started thinking of what I could do to keep from going crazy, and that's when I got the idea.

I decided I'd look into this spook business. I wasn't quite sure of how I ought to go about it, but I knew if word ever got out, I'd be laughed out of the neighborhood. That meant I couldn't do any hunting around in daytime because I'd be seen. Besides, the thing that was supposed to be in the Peters house seemed to prefer the dark.

So one night around 11 o'clock I strolled along West Moncrieff Place pretending I was just out for air. That July, incidentally, had been a humdinger, hot enough to fry a man's brains, which maybe explains why I went about my snooping in a real lazy way. I moseyed on over to the Peters house and, when I was sure nobody was watching, I slipped behind the lilac hedge on the west side.

ABOUT 20 yards in from the street I flung myself on the ground, certain that no passerby could spot me, and I pulled off some of the sucker growth and a few twigs on the bottom of the hedge. That way I could see the whole side of the house.

Of course, once I'd done that, I realized what a fool I was. After all, now that I was there, what was I to do? Look around, sure, but at what? I hardly expected the ghost to pick that very moment to put on a floor show, and staring at the house was hardly rewarding. Even so, I tried hard to keep alert.

Instead, I fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept—I wasn't wearing my watch—but when I awoke, I ached all over and was in no mood to continue the stupid game I'd started. Even so, I couldn't get right to my feet because they felt paralyzed, so I lay where I was kneading my muscles and easing the cramps.

That's when I caught the flicker of a light inside the house. I saw it out of the corner of my eye and wasn't even certain at first that it was anything more than my imagination. Yet it was enough to freeze me where I was.

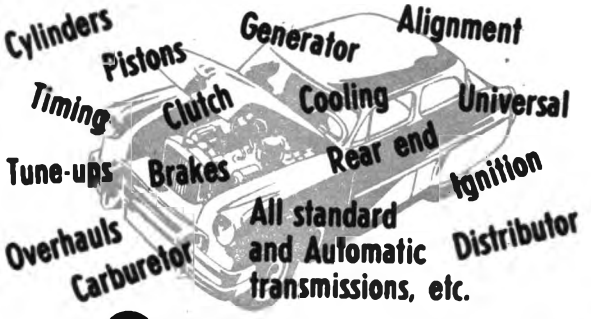
For what seemed hours, but couldn't have been longer than 20 minutes or so, I didn't budge. My eyes were riveted on the house, sweeping from window to window. And this time I saw it clearly, a split-second of light flashing on and off behind the drawn shades of an upstairs window.

Scared? You're damn right I was scared, but I stuck it out awhile longer to see what else I could see, and when nothing else happened, I beat it home. It was hard to fall asleep, that night, because I was trying to make sense out of the mess, and I couldn't, unless I was willing to admit the possibility of ghosts.

At nine the next morning I was talking to Captain Childers, who was the head of Denver's detective squad, and he listened to me courteously. But I could see he was skeptical, and I couldn't blame him, because if the situation had been reversed, I'd have thought the other man had an active imagination.

Capt. Childers didn't let it go at that, though. He told me he would put two detectives on day-and-night duty at the

(*Continued on page* 60)



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(*Continued from page 58*)

house, hiding where I'd been hiding, and we'd see what happened then. He swore me to silence, however, because otherwise every kid in the neighborhood would have been camped wherever the detectives were. He also asked me to keep away.

I kept away, all right, but it was like sitting on pins and needles. I wouldn't leave the house because I wanted to be close by if anything developed, but there was nothing for me to do except wait. Time went by so slowly that I kept putting my watch to my ear to make sure it hadn't stopped.

A little before noon, there was the shrill, wild scream of whistles. I was outside, running, while the whistles were still being sounded, and I reached the Peters house in time to see two men hurl themselves at the front door and smash it open. I was just fool enough to go in after them, but then I saw two more uniformed policemen racing up the block, and I later learned that Childers had had men staked out all around the place.

SO there was nothing I could do except stand outside, eaten alive by curiosity. I had plenty of company—there wasn't a soul in the neighborhood who didn't rush to the scene, including old Mr. Burns in his wheelchair. We saw more detectives pulling up in police cars and rushing into the house, guns drawn, but we didn't hear a single shot fired and I remember a woman saying guns wouldn't do any good because you couldn't shoot a ghost.

Fifteen minutes went by, and something was going on but we couldn't tell what it was. Uniformed cops and detectives were swarming over the place like bees on a hive, but they didn't take time off to keep us posted, so all we did was stand there impatiently, swapping the wildest of theories.

About half an hour after the whistles had first sounded in the street, the police were all inside and things seemed strangely quiet. An ambulance came up the street, wailing, and two attendants got out. One was carrying a rolled-up stretcher, and they hurried into the house.

What I'm going to tell you now, maybe you won't believe. But it's the truth, so help me, and if you want to check up on me, all you have to do is get in touch with anybody who lived in Denver 12 years ago. Well, here goes:

Out of that house walked the stretcher bearers carrying a creature that didn't look human. Oh, he was human, all right, so far as having a head and body and the usual arms and legs, but otherwise he resembled an animal. This I swear—I stood no closer than eight feet from the man, but the smell of him made me gag. His head was a tangled, filth-crusted mass of hair, from which eyes stared out, blazing with hate. Rags barely covered his body and could not conceal the boniness of near starvation. The creature was half-dead.

When the ambulance left, we tried to find out what the story was. We buttonholed patrolmen stationed at the steps, only they didn't know much themselves. All they could tell us was that the detectives had found this man somewhere in the house.

The story didn't get to us any faster than it did to everybody in Denver, because it was all in the evening papers. If somebody had told me the story before I saw it in print, I don't think I'd have believed it. Even in print, it didn't seem possible.

The creature they had carried out of the house was a 60-year-old man named Thomas Edward Coneys. Some 43 years earlier, he had come to Denver, a sickly youth who hoped Colorado air would help him regain his health. At that time Phil Peters and his wife had befriended him, and in the years that followed, they heard from him occasionally.

Coneys' whole life, it developed, was to be a sick one. He could succeed at nothing; and though he frequently depended on the charity of others for his very existence, he hated them for being better off than he was, and soon he grew to hate all people. He knocked around the country, an embittered vagrant.

Finally, in 1941, he returned to Denver and went to Phil Peters' home, hoping to borrow some money. By chance he found the door open and the house deserted, so he let himself in and looked around. He went to the kitchen and ate as much as he could and then he hunted for a place to sleep.

He discovered an unused opening to the attic. It was inside a big closet and was covered over with a piece of wood. Coneys climbed into the attic and anchored the wood down so that it couldn't be opened from below. This, of course, explained why nobody could track him to his lair.

In the weeks that followed, he lived in the attic, descending at night to steal his food. Since Peters' wife was in the hospital, it was easy for Coneys to keep track of Phil Peters. But one evening Peters took a nap and Coneys thought he had left the house. Coneys was in the kitchen when Peters caught him.

In the fierce battle that followed, Coneys was a savage animal fighting desperately to protect his secret lair, and he took out his hatred for the world on old Phil Peters. Even after Peters lay dead, Coneys clubbed him in insane fury. Then he went back into the attic.

Incredible though it is, Coneys actually lived in that attic from September, 1941, through the sub-zero cold of that winter and the blistering heat of the following summer, until his capture in July, 1942. During the winter, he existed on nothing but grape jelly and strawberry jam—45 jars. After Mrs. Peters returned to the house, Coneys managed to vary his diet a little; but when she left, starvation stared Coneys in the face. He survived July's heat by drawing on water in a tank that hadn't been drained.

They sent Coneys to the Canon City Penitentiary for life, and a few years ago I read that he had died there. I think about him each time I pass the Peter's house. It's empty and rotting away. People no longer say it's haunted, though. They say it's cursed, and let it go at that. ◆◆◆

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KING OF THE ICE

Continued from page 29

is as solid as a rock, leaped in and grabbed him by the rear end. He'll retain a pair of scars from her teeth for quite awhile.

"Needless to say, Officer Stock claimed the right to one of Notak's pups after this episode and is now viewing the malamute as a definite threat to the usual breed used in police work."

The Scalets operate the Alaskan malamute Sho-Shu Kennels in Buena Park where they raise the famous M'Loot strain. They are not the biggest breeders of M'Loots, this distinction goes to the Ralph Schmitts of Pewaukee, Wisconsin. And oddly enough, there are far more purebred malamutes in the United States today, about 100 of them in all, which puts them in the comparatively rare class, than there are in Alaska, their native home.

There are many other odd things about the malamute. Along with the bloodhound, another much misunderstood dog, he is frequently described as savage, as a one-man animal to be confined in a kennel, or, in the malamute's case, chained out in the snow when not actively at work. He is often believed to be mean and treacherous. And he usually is called a "husky" which he is not and which is an insult to any malamute.

The real malamute is a working dog with terrific strength and endurance. He is a guard dog, extremely devoted to children. He is a sled dog with an inherited ability for pulling, a pack animal and a dependable sight hunter in the snow country when the chips are down. In Alaska he is the trapper's pal, catching rabbit and ptarmigan for bait and he has tangled with both bear and lynx and lived to fight others. And in addition, he is one of the world's most ruggedly handsome dogs.

AS an outstanding authority on the breed, no one is in a better position to testify to many of the malamute's admirable qualities than Conrad Scalet. Not only did two of his dogs prevent the probable shooting of his next-door neighbor, but on another occasion Notak also saved the life of Torchy, Conrad's little son.

"We bought Notak from Ralph Schmitts' Silver Sled Kennels in Wisconsin and brought her out to California when she was about three," Conrad told me. "Our son Torchy was the same age and a holy terror. Like many youngsters of three he was a dog teaser too. It is understandable that at first acquaintance Notak was by no means taken with him. Added to this was the fact that Notak had never before seen a small child at close range, much less lived in a house with one.

"Yet, she bore Torchy's teasing with dignified patience, taking as much of it as she could stand and then retreating without snapping. I guess she realized immediately that he was ours and therefore was her personal charge which she might as well accept gracefully.

"One morning we heard screaming in the front yard. Betty Lou and I rushed out to find that somehow Torchy had fallen into his play-pool face down and was being bodily hauled out of the water by Notak. From that time on, she set up a howl that could be heard a mile away if he went near any water unless she was right beside him. This includes his daily tub bath which she still supervises with an eagle eye."

One friend of the Scalets, Colonel Sam Taxis, had a somewhat similar experience with his malamute, Ch. Prairie Lash, at the Quantico Marine base soon afterwards. The dog spied Rene, the little Taxis youngster, struggling for her life, almost smothered in a dry-leaf-filled ravine.

Prairie Lash plunged in and pulled her out. He then howled alarms until help came. Then he mounted guard over Rene while she was being resuscitated with a pulmotor.

"This guard instinct of the malamute's isn't confined to human beings either," Conrad explains. "It goes for property, even live property like the hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of prize mink owned by Mr. W. H. Pascoe.

"He had them in temporary pens and one hectic day they broke out. The Pascoe malamute pup, Lobo, soon discovered the wholesale escape, sounded the alarm and began rounding them up. He drew them together in ever diminishing circles and had them well-herded by the time that help arrived."

As a breed the malamute is extremely ancient. Compared to him, other "oldest" breeds, including the saluki (8,000 years), Norwegian elkhound, (7,000 years) and Afghan (6,000 years) are doggies-come-lately to the canine family, for the malamute dates back, conversely, 12,000 years and may be as old as 20,000 years. This estimate is scientifically based on recent findings of both human and dog bones of that period in Alaska and proof that the dog's skeletal structure has undergone no drastic change in all this time.

The Alaskan malamute is probably the original native sledge dog. The actual country of his origin has never been truly ascertained, no matter what you may hear to the contrary. This is also true of the three other Arctic breeds, Eskimo, Samoyede and Siberian Husky.

The most plausible belief is that there was once land connecting Asia and Alaska as well as Greenland and Labrador and that the Alaskan native Indians and the

Labrador Eskimos came to these countries with the aid of dog power.

"There is also a wide belief that most of the northern breeds were originally derived from the ancient chowchows centuries ago and that during the Han Dynasty, around 150 B.C., the then giant hunting chows crossed with the great northern timber wolves," Conrad points out. "Although there is no real proof of this either pro or con, it gives them a most adventurous background.

"They are related to the Spitz Group which includes such breeds as the Norwegian elkhound, German shepherd, Belgian sheep dog, Keeshonden, Schipperke, chowchow and even the little Pomeranian to which they bear such a marked resemblance.

"It doesn't seem too far-fetched when you consider that not only do the characteristics of their original owners seem to stem from a Mongolian or Asiatic background, but the dogs themselves all retain the proud appearance, curled tail over the back, the same distinctive facial features with the obliquely set eyes. The fact that the malamute today remains unchanged after so many centuries is due, no doubt, to their continuous (until recently) Arctic environment."

THE first owners of malamutes in Alaska were the Mahlemuts, a tribe of the higher type of Innuits. They used the dogs as sledge power and, when they weren't actually in harness, as pets. Early explorers and travelers to Alaska mention this and it is significant, for many a story of "native cruelty" to dogs had come out of the Arctic. The theme usually follows the line that an Arctic dog is savage or will quickly revert to savagery because (1) of the strong wolf strain in him and (2) because his owners have always been brutal to him and he is not accustomed to kindness. In the case of the malamute this is emphatically not the case.

With the coming of the Russians to Alaska the malamute became important for transportation as well as freighting. The Russian Muscovy Whaling Company used a team to carry the first mail to trappers, trading posts and to the whaling ships which put in at ice-free harbors farther on down the coast.

Americans really discovered the malamute in the first Klondike gold rush days of 1897 as an invaluable sled dog and many epic and adventurous stories have been written of that era.

You can hear many such malamute stories up in the Yukon and the surprising thing about most of 'em is that they're true. Like the one about Judge Henry H. Hildreth of Seward, the first Alaskan to use a malamute as a pack animal similar to the old time desert prospector's burro.

The judge located a claim 83 miles from Seward, his base of supply. His malamute, Arctic, weighed 80 pounds and the judge taught him to carry a useful load of grub, 50 pounds of it, on a back pack. It took man and dog a little less than 6 days to make the 166 mile round trip and they did it every few weeks, winter and summer, the year 'round.

In those days dog-sled racing was gain-

MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 62

ing in popularity as a sport. The first real money race, the first annual All Alaska Sweepstake in April, 1907, Nome to Candle City and return, a distance of 408 miles for a purse of $4,000 with tens of thousands of dollars placed in side bets, marked the beginning of the decline of the purebred malamute in the Arctic.

Many malamute owners caught the racing fever. They began to experiment in crossbreeding, not only with other types of Arctic dogs, but with dogs brought in from "outside" to raise sled teams with even more speed and endurance.

Curiously enough, while racing was responsible for the decline of the true malamute in his native home it was also responsible for his increase in popularity in the United States.

Our own sportsmen began taking a growing interest in dog-sled racing, looked over the Alaskan records and decided that the purebred malamute was a consistent winner and to hell with all this crossbreeding foolishness. And so, in 1926, we began to develop the true malamute strains in this country.

THE purebred malamute is big, standing up to 25 inches at the shoulders. He is compact and weighs up to about 85 pounds although some, like Conrad's Sierra and Notak, may weigh in at around 100 pounds.

Usually he's wolfish grey or black and white although malamutes have various other colors. Their faces are a distinguishing feature and the eyes are well set off by markings which either consist of cap over head and rest of the face solid color, usually a greyish white, or a facial marking with the appearance of a mask, thus setting off the eyes.

A malamute is a proud looking dog with a deep chest, head erect and eyes alert. He's got two coats, a thick dense outer coat and an undercoat which is also thick, oily and woolly. There's a thick fur piece around his neck and he's equipped to stand almost any degree of temperature. He can sleep comfortably in deep snow and with equal comfort on your living room rug.

As a house pet and pal he is not only affectionate but in the canine upper I.Q. brackets. He gets along fine with kids and, being a natural puller, he can be hitched to their wagons and like it.

But what about all that "savage wolf strain" talk with which he has been long and unfortunately associated? Mostly this has been due to misunderstanding and confusion about his breed.

His tail is one tip-off. He carries it curled up proudly. A wolf doesn't carry his tail. He lets it hang.

Gait is another good comparison. A malamute steps out as though showing that he's damned if he's afraid of anything on earth. A wolf has a characteristic slinking gait which cannot be mistaken.

No matter how you may argue about all this, one scientific fact is now established. Recently, at one of our Army air bases where officers are interested in the continuing use of the malamute for rescue work in the far North, it has been proven that the offspring pups of a wolf-dog union are hybrid and sterile unless bred back to either parent which, in time, would discount the wolf blood.

In at least one respect the malamute's long association with the wilds is asserted to advantage as a devoted house dog. He possesses an acute sense of impending danger. Not only does he warn of its imminence but he shows marked intelligence in dealing with an emergency when it occurs. This extends to his personal canine family, his mate and his puppies. Unlike many dogs of other breeds he is a devoted father.

"As one example, I remember when a malamute female in the Mammoth Lakes area was caught and killed in a set bear-trap," Conrad told me. "The father, a big fellow, took over the two-day-old litter of eight puppies and guarded them during the night.

"He dug a big hole in the snow to keep them from straying, caught and digested such small animals as he found available and then regurgitated them for the puppies to eat.

"He kept them alive in this manner, bringing them water from the creek in the same way, until the owner could find them and take over their care. It is by no means unusual for a male to raise the young in the absence of the mother."

As an explorer's dog in both polar regions the malamute has proven himself time and time again. He's been called the four-legged pioneer of the Arctic and the Antarctic. Admiral Byrd, who had malamutes along on two South Pole expeditions, referred to them as the "Infantry of Polar Exploration."

Lesser known is the malamute's impressive record as an Army dog, overshadowed by the publicity accorded the German shepherd and the Doberman Pinscher.

In World War II several malamutes saw active service as war dogs. They didn't all come back. One of them, Dodges Lou, a M'Loot owned by Paul Voelker, died a hero, while carrying a message to a command post during the Battle of the Bulge.

Today the malamute is still on duty. In the Arctic he draws the sleds of elements of our "Tundra Army." On the shores of the Bering Sea, with the First and Second Eskimo Scout Battalion patrols, he's right in our first line of defense, keeping an alert eye towards Siberia, and the Russians just across the way.

Gaining in recognition as a house pet and watch dog as well as a working dog, the malamute is also an all-around pal of the sportsman in the field. To call him a "hunting dog" might create a false impression. A four-footed field pal is perhaps a better term. Yet, many a trapper owner will testify that his malamute has held Alaskan bear and lynx at bay, enabling the man to get in a well-placed shot, and that malamute will work all night on his own, hunting rabbit and ptarmigan in the snow country and bringing them to the shack door as bait supply for the trap line. No feathers, bones or furs left around either. Time and time again the malamute has proven that he's faithful to his charge.

And you can't expect more than that in a dog of any breed. ◆◆◆

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SENT ON APPROVAL

HOLE IN HIS HEART

Continued from page 42

dim halo about itself. From the Chinese-held hills across the valley came the occasional *gruummppp!* of artillery firing harassing missions against the enemy. On the forward finger of the hill the mumbled voices of the "flash-and-sound" crew drifted in, mixed now and then with the sudden, tearing explosion of a hand grenade.

Second Lieutenant "Jerry" Germaine—platoon leader for the First Platoon—was telling us what the orders were for the coming patrol, asking the four squad leaders about their men, telling Assistant Platoon Sergeant Panis—Benjamin C. Panis of Honolulu, Hawaii—his part in the attack.

Panis sat with his back against the wall, eating ham and lima beans out of a C-ration can with a plastic spoon. He was a small man, compact and hard as nails; but the years of tough duty since Guadalcanal had worked their damage on him.

When he had finished eating, and the lieutenant was through talking, he tossed the can aside, carefully wiped off the plastic spoon and placed it inside the left breast pocket of his fatigue jacket. It was the last time he was ever to use that spoon.

Finally the lieutenant turned to me. I was the platoon radio operator, slated as always to carry the SCR-300, as much a part of the lieutenant as his carefully trimmed and waxed, upturned mustache. That radio was the key to possible withdrawal and the voice of the platoon in combat.

He said, "You'll use the short antenna, Richards. Better check and see that you have a fresh battery in the 300 and call Brown and get a readability-check tonight." (Brown was the company CP's radio man and authority for First Lieutenant Lee Mason, the company commander.) He added, "Our call-sign is still Lonesome Seven-seven and the Company's is Flapjack Charley six."

"Right, sir!"

In the candlelight he addressed his words to the four squad leaders. "See that every man gets as much sleep as possible tonight. We cross the OPLR tomorrow at 0600. That's all, men."

The squad leaders rose and stepped outside into the darkness. I followed them. When I had strapped the BA-70 dry cell into the bottom of the radio and spread my poncho out in the communication trench where I had elected to spend the night, I noticed Panis. He was standing hip-deep in the trench, staring at the moon.

As I went to sleep that night, I couldn't help but wonder what a veteran of Guadalcanal—an old Regular like Panis—would be feeling at a time like this.

At 0500, the first faint glow of coming day was building itself in the east. With the patrol assembled, the lieutenant gave his final instructions to Assistant Platoon Sergeant Panis.

"We'll move out in a column of twos with five paces interval. When we get to the OPLR I want a platoon diamond formation. We'll hit the hill right after sunrise and break into a skirmish. Got that? Our orders are not to fire until fired upon!"

"Lieutenant," asked Panis quietly, "you mean we are going to lead these men up that hill and they can't shoot until they are shot at? That means the enemy can just wait until we walk into their hands!"

Germaine's face softened a trifle at this rare display of group consideration, then grew grim again. He replied quietly but firmly, "Those were the orders given to me with the overlay, Panis. I'll expect them to be carried out."

Panis turned and angrily stomped off along the column, his face tight and his eyes smoldering with fury against the higher powers who had drafted such an order. But an order was an order, and in combat it is never questioned.

The lieutenant raised his hand, waited for Panis to reach his position at the rear of the column, then brought it down. "Let's go!"

THE patrol filed after him down the reverse side of the hill away from the enemy lines.

Hill 717 was a bald, pointed peak, thrusting up above the surrounding hills like an extinct volcano cone. It commanded a good view of the adjacent mountains, and our own lines as well, and had lately served as an enemy observation post for their SP guns and artillery. From this point they were in a position to direct an accurate, heavy fire onto the top of our own outpost.

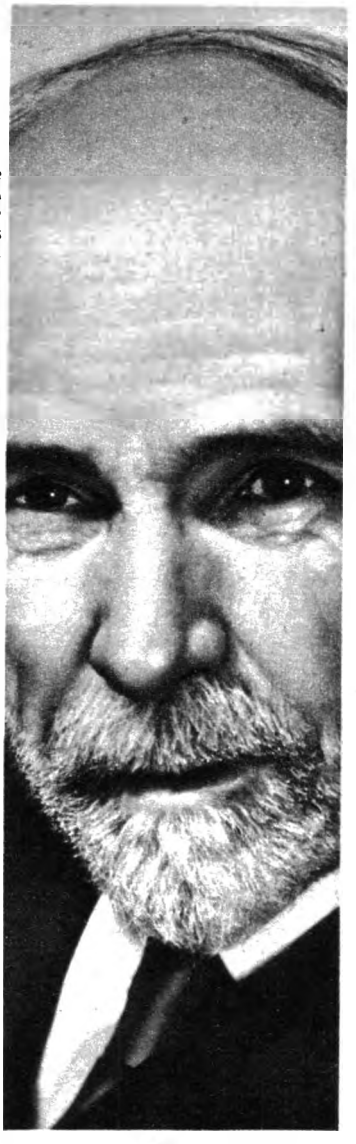
And, despite almost continuous shelling of the enemy OP on Hill 717, he had still managed to dig in. He had returned again and again to the hill under the cover of night and bored his emplacements deeper and deeper into the almost solid rock, until in the end it had become obvious artillery alone was not enough to discourage him. Thus, the Infantry was issued orders to attack, inflict as many casualties as possible, and withdraw, destroying the enemy bunkers if possible in the process.

The platoon crossed the OPLR—jumping off place—exactly on time, at 0600. Formed now in platoon diamond formation, we began the long approach across the level, treeless valley. It was obvious that enemy lookouts had spotted us now, but that couldn't be helped. Where we would catch hell would be up

(*Continued on page 68*)

How You Can Master GOOD ENGLISH

— —*In 15 Minutes a Day*



THOUSANDS of persons make mistakes in their everyday English—and don't know it. It is surprising how many persons fail in spelling such common words as "business," "judgment," "beneficiary," and "receive"; say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"; use "who" for "whom"; and mispronounce the simplest words. And it is equally astonishing how few know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "s's" (as in "recommend" or "disappoint"), or when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, dull, humdrum, largely because they *lack confidence* in their use of language.

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(*Continued from page 66*)

near the top of the objective itself, for the Chinese liked to fight at close range where their short-range, rapid-fire, automatic weapons gave them the advantage.

We crossed the rice paddies without incident and began the long climb up one of the fingers of the hill which stretched down into the valley. The patrol was in skirmish formation now—strung out in a long line along the base of the hill. The 1st and 2nd squads were on the right, approaching up a draw thick with brush; the 3rd, on the left, approaching up another draw, equally dense. The platoon leader, the platoon runner—Arthur Dewey Duncan of Birmingham, Alabama—and myself were in the middle, climbing straight up the finger. The 4th squad, the weapons squad, were in single file, coming along behind us, lugging their two light machine guns and ammo boxes, with a .57 mm recoilless rifle team of three borrowed from the company weapons platoon.

A small knoll up ahead was to be the support's position. It was sufficiently high to permit them to pour a steady withering fire over our heads into the enemy positions atop the hill in case of withdrawal.

The lieutenant placed the two light machine guns and the .57 atop the knoll under the command of Sergeant Brown —Kenneth Brown of Hazard, Kentucky —and, still in skirmish, we proceeded up the finger toward the enemy emplacements.

Panis was over to the left in the middle of the third squad, carrying his rifle in front of him, using it to fend off the brush.

The artillery shells still whispered overhead to explode in salvos of four atop the hill.

When we reached a point some 150 yards from the top, the lieutenant threw a red smoke grenade to mark our position and signal the lifting of supporting fire. Immediately the shells ceased their steady drumming explosions atop the peak.

Now, we were on our own. It was that awful instant a rifleman feels when he knows the only weapon he has is the rifle in his hands. Too close to risk supporting fire from the big guns, the mission in its entirety, as well as our own destinies, lay squarely in our own hands.

I had learned from experience on Saipan during World War II that in any attack a soldier has an almost overwhelming tendency to face the front—that is, to keep his eyes riveted for movement directly ahead—with hardly a glance to either side. I don't know why this is true. I only know that it is, as any combat man will tell you. And the strange part of it is, it isn't here that they'll usually hit you. They will prefer to let you go past, then catch you in a crossfire from the flanks.

I knew this all too well and so did the other ex-combat men, and as a consequence I kept my eyes on the adjacent fingers and ridges to either side for sign of movement.

And we walked right into it without even knowing it.

My first intimation of immediate danger came from Panis. He had somehow found himself in the 2nd squad's area to our right in the draw. Suddenly he hissed and gave the signal to hit the ground. Everybody flattened out behind a small ridge, just beyond which, and a few yards uphill, began the shell-torn, treeless approaches to the top where a couple of bunkers, tops smashed in, could be seen.

From where he lay, just to my front, the platoon leader looked across at Panis, sprawled behind the ridge.

His voice was an urgent whisper. "What is it, Panis?"

The sergeant slowly turned his head and lifted his rifle. His face was excited. "I see a Chink! I can kill him from here, Lieutenant! Let me shoot him!" He was remembering the "no-firing-until-fired-upon" order.

Germaine spoke to me. "Call Lee. Tell him we've spotted the enemy and ask him for permission to fire!"

I turned to the radio handset and pressed the butterfly switch on its hands. Then I began talking, calling in the slow monotone of radio communications. I called for perhaps a minute, calling "Flapjack Charley six . . ." identifying myself . . . asking for confirmation. The voice of Brown, when he came in, was faint and far away. I relayed the message to him, received an order to "wait one."

The patrol was bellied down, hugging the ground, not moving anything but their eyes. I could hear the lieutenant's breathing as he caught his wind from the long climb. Milton Ainsworth, one of the BAR men, was sprawled beside a soldier named Adams nearby, and I wondered if Ainsworth was still wearing those blue pajamas his mother had sent him for his birthday.

FINALLY — "Lonesome Seven-seven, Lonesome Seven-seven, this is Flapjack Charley six! Flapjack Charley six says proceed until fired upon. Do you Roger? Over!"

The lieutenant had heard it. He uttered an oath, staring at the open space just above the tiny ridge. Once above that obscuring ridge we'd be certain of discovery —sitting ducks for every machine gun and rifle atop the hill! But it was an order.

I saw Germaine lick his lips under his up-curling mustache and bunch his leg muscles to rise. I knew what he intended to do. If somebody had to go over first, it was the officer's job.

But we never—any of us—got a chance to go over that little ridge. The thing perhaps every man there had been praying for happened. Somewhere, far over to the left, a single rifle shot pounded. Strictly speaking, it might have been anything. A careless enemy soldier might have accidentally discharged his weapon while cleaning it. But as far as the patrol was concerned that was it.

Somebody yelled, *"That's it!* They're shooting at us!"

Then chaos broke loose along the hill. Panis was up front and to my right, while Lieutenant Germaine was a few feet in front of me, belly-down in the thick grey dust. Then somebody over to our left

(*Continued on page 70*)

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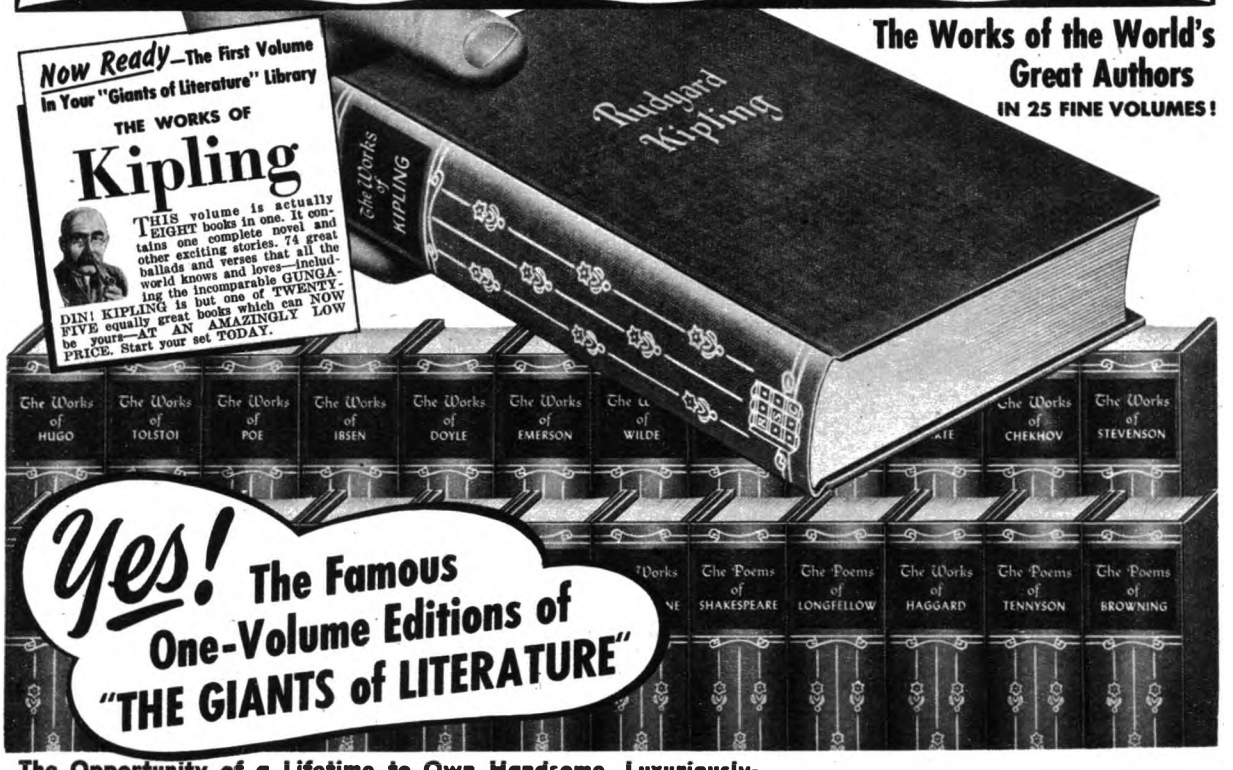

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(*Continued from page* 68)

shouted, *"Look out! There's an enemy machine gun over here!"*

I glanced across the draw to my left just in time to spot its position. It was concealed in a heap of boulders and jagged sheet rock. I could see smoke, thin and hazy but discernible, overhanging the position of what must have been the gun port in the rocks. My first thought was: Hell, he ain't shooting at us! Then I turned and looked. The whole hillside behind me was alive with rapid spurts of dust. Hard on the heels of the discovery, I thought: I've got to get off this bare ridge! Down there in the draw with the others!

I rolled over and over off the sharp, naked top of the finger and slid down into the draw to my right along with Panis, who must have thought the same thing. That was a mistake, we saw an instant later. The two squads in the shallow draw were catching hell, firing wildly at the bunker atop the hill, trying to scramble back up the ridge. The bunker atop the hill was raking the whole damned draw with machine gun fire. Crossfire, I thought!

But one thing was obvious to both of us, Panis and me. We couldn't stay where we were! If we stayed here we'd get killed sure. The only place was back up on the top of the finger where we had come from—machine gun or no machine gun.

I went crawling back up the slope, reached the top, and sprawled forward onto my stomach. I was looking smack up that machine gun bore!

When the realization of certain death strikes it, the human mind undergoes a strange transformation. Call it fear, if you like. Call it desperation. Call it temporary insanity, or a dozen other things. I knew as sure as I breathed I was as good as dead. No rifleman can fight back at a machine gun at point blank range and survive. The Army teaches you that. But that's what I set out to do. It wasn't heroism or anything like that. It was simply that, since there was no escape in either direction, and no cover at all, the only thing remaining was to try to shut up one of the guns.

I got up on one knee and began firing the carbine at the rocks. As I blazed away with slow, methodical shots, I could see the rock dust fly off the boulders and sheet rock around the gun port of the emplacement. And then, strangely enough, I started laughing. Laughing like hell! They'd be ducking all over the place inside the rocks, afraid to stick their heads up!

And that's the way it was. I would empty the 30-round magazine, laughing like crazy. Then, while I reloaded, I'd look around me and think: Richards, what in hell are you laughing at! And then I'd feel like the last man on earth—so incredibly lonely I could cry. Then I would be firing again and the crazy humor of it would strike me and I'd begin laughing again.

Somewhere over the chaos I heard Panis grunt. That's when the bullet hit him!

Well, we never did reach the top of that hill. That was as far as we got, because about then a mortar round came down out of the sky and exploded directly in the middle of the 1st and 2nd squads in the draw. Then the lieutenant, who must have had some orders, was yelling above the crash of guns:

"Pull back! Get down the hill! *Get down the hill!"*

One by one they got up, began crabbing their way back down, half-sliding, half-falling. The hill, as it stood, could never be taken by a single platoon of men. The enemy had it covered with fire in any direction one might approach. It had taken a whole platoon to find that out. Now all we needed was to be somewhere else, not where we were! With one mortar shell already on target there would be plenty of others on the way.

WHEN the last rifleman had left the upper slope of the hill, the lieutenant punched me to take off. I bent low, holding my carbine, and as I went through the standing column of smoke where the shell had landed only seconds before, I remember thinking with a sort of fatalistic attitude: They say these damned things never hit in the same place twice! Here's hoping!

Then we were all going down the hill, save for the six automatic riflemen who were staying behind to cover the withdrawal the best they could; and overhead, the crackling, fiery streaks of machine-gun tracers as the weapons squad began blasting up the hill top behind us. I looked back. Behind me there was a sudden explosion and the abrupt upward spray of smoke and fire. A small rolling ball of smoke, as white as a thunderhead under the sun, rose slowly atop the hill behind us. Now, *they* were getting it! The .57 recoilless rifle was in action, firing white phosphorus. . . .

At the foot of the hill, safe momentarily, I found Panis. He was standing beside the trail as we filed through one by one, taking head count. In his hand he held a small Hawaiian Bible. As the lieutenant came up behind me, he fell in with us, and that's when I noticed the hole in his left breast pocket over his heart.

"How many casualties, Panis?" asked the lieutenant.

"Only Adams, Lieutenant," Panis replied calmly. "A mortar fragment in the leg. He can still walk okay."

"Anybody else?"

"No, sir. Ainsworth got shot through the trouser leg. Wearing them pajamas his mother sent him too."

Then, with a grin, he showed us the Bible. The lieutenant saw why he had been holding it. There was a hole in its cover, the leaves were ripped and torn half through. But the bullet must have fallen out when Panis had opened it. Pieces of the plastic spoon he had eaten with the night before projected from the hole in his pocket. The bullet had struck his pocket, broken the plastic spoon he had stowed there, smashed through an aspirin box and into the Bible.

The lieutenant said, "I wasn't aware that you had any influence with God, Panis."

"Neither was I, Lieutenant. But *something* happened. . . ." ◆◆◆

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SEX FACTS FOR MEN

Continued from page 17

and bewilderment only deepened his misery. He withdrew further into his shell, and was in the process of developing a first-class neurosis when his wife brought him to me.

IRA'S organ was a bit smaller than average, but in a state of tumescence it was perfectly adequate. His trouble was that he could not achieve this state of tumescence except in solitude. I explained to him a number of things that he had understood imperfectly or not at all.

"There will always be men with bigger organs than you have, Ira," I told him, "and there will be just as many with smaller. The whole notion about size is completely wrong and unscientific. Size has nothing to do with performance. There are a great many men who are exceptionally large—and impotent. There are just as many who are *smaller than you*—and yet are considered wonderful partners by their wives!"

"But I'm no good to *my* wife," he complained.

"You could be—once you get over imagining that you're inadequate. The size of a man's organ is hereditary, Ira—he can't do anything about that. But his technique is something he can master and perfect, to make him a skilled sex partner, regardless of the size of his parts. The principal causes of sex failure are ignorance and self-doubt . . . in 99 per cent of cases!"

It took several months, but I gradually reduced Ira's anxiety about his sex size and ability as I increased his knowledge of marital techniques. I also instructed his wife so that she could help him become sexually competent. With encouragement, Ira improved to such an extent that it was his wife who suggested no further visits to me seemed necessary. And as Ira's married sex life became satisfactory, he emerged from his shell and began to be interested in a more normal social life for them both.

We can best strike a blow against sex ignorance regarding the male organ, which does so much psychological damage to men, by stating a few simple facts that every man ought to know about his sexual anatomy. It cannot be stressed too much, however, that the concept of "average" statistics should not be taken too literally. In fact, it is the rare man who would fit average measurements. Most men are either above or below average—as many one way as the other. Differing from the average means nothing unless that difference is an extreme one.

The male sex organ is elastic in nature. It consists largely of erectile tissue with space capable of filling with blood. Following mental or physical stimulation, arteries can pump enough blood into the organ to expand and solidify it in a matter of seconds. As tumescence takes place, the organ is raised by an interplay of special ligaments and muscles. Nature's technique is not unlike the raising of a drawbridge.

The end of the male organ, called the *glans*, is a degree larger than the main shaft. It is the most sensitive part of the organ, being supplied by a rich network of fine nerves. When the male organ is relaxed, the *glans* is partially covered by a fold of skin called the foreskin. The foreskin slides back when tumescence takes place. Many doctors today, in the interests of greater male hygiene, remove the foreskin shortly after birth in the operation known as circumcision.

The size of the male organ has nothing whatever to do with the general physical proportions of a man. Big men may have small parts, and vice versa. The question of size is controlled largely by heredity, plus hormonal secretions. It should be recognized, too, that the size of the inert male organ is not necessarily an indication of its size when tumescent. Often a large inert organ barely increases in length during erection, while a small inert organ may increase impressively.

ACCORDING to most authorities, the average length of the flaccid male organ, when distended and then released, is about three and three-quarters inches. This is subject to a tremendous variation. So is the average circumference of the inert organ, which is about three and a half inches. (Do not confuse circumference and diameter. Circumference is the measurement of a circular figure around its outside surface. Diameter is an imaginary line drawn through its center.)

When fully tumescent, the average male organ measures about six inches, representing a variation of about four to six and a half inches. Its diameter is about an inch and a half. The circumference is about four and three-eighths inches. Again, it is important to recognize that even if your dimensions are smaller or larger than average, it does not mean that you are in any way "abnormal." All that really matters is your ability to satisfy your wife, and to be satisfied.

Automatic tumescence in the morning, upon waking, is also considered an indicator of sexual vigor. Oddly, the number of these erections increases steadily until the ages of 31 to 35, when they start to decline. At the peak period, the average frequency is slightly better than twice a week. By 51 to 55, such morning tumescence takes place about four times in three weeks.

It is important to understand that there is a distinct difference between the sexual climax, or sensation, and ejaculation of semen. Most men think the two are simultaneous, or that it is the ejaculation which provides the sensation. This isn't so. In some males ejaculation does not take place until a few seconds after the sensation of climax. If an older man

(*Continued on page 74*)

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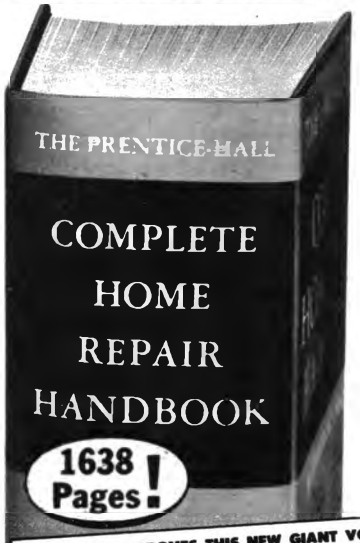

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(Continued from page 72)

has an operation for the removal of the prostate gland, he is no longer capable of ejaculation, but may still experience the sexual climax.

The ability to achieve multiple climaxes in each sexual contact depends largely on age. More than half of all boys who have not yet reached adolescence are capable of this feat. By age 16 to 20, however, only 15 per cent of young men are having multiple climaxes. This figure dwindles sharply after 21, so that by age 36 less than one man in 20 shows such an appetite.

Men often consider the force of propulsion of semen to be another indication of sexual vigor. This illusion is brought about by pornographic cartoon material, to which most males are exposed in youth, giving the impression that the normally potent male propels semen for some distance. Dr. Kinsey reveals that for three men out of four, the ejaculation merely exudes or travels only a minute distance from the tip of the glans. There is a great deal of individual variation in this matter.

Many men worry because prior to union with their wives, a thin, oily secretion seeps out of the tip of the glans. Some confuse this with a "leakage" of semen. Others think it indicates sexual weakness. Both are wrong. This pre-coital fluid is not semen, and contains no spermatozoa. It is a sign of virility, not weakness. It is not a "leakage," but a moistening agent designed to keep the tissues sensitive to sensation. A similar lubricant is exuded by the female sex organs.

Fears about the consequences of masturbation are quite common among men, who worry about positive damage done to the male organ. Sometimes they imagine that they have caused curvature, or leaning to one side, or smallness, or prominent veins or looseness of the scrotal sac. In almost all cases such "damage" is imaginary. The more deeply concerned the man, the more he will brood, and the more he will be sure he has injured himself. Every man should understand that masturbation cannot cause such damage to the male organ.

Of all the misconceptions about the male organ, however, none is as serious or as harmful as the notion of a man that he is undersized. Believing that, and fearing that he is therefore sexually inadequate, he will often spend a great deal of money on worthless "developers." The truth is that once a man reaches adult age, no type of treatment is likely to increase the size of the male organ. For what it may be worth, however, the writer wishes to report a somewhat contrary opinion by Dr. Edwin W. Hirsch, who believes that hormone treatment plus a series of daily exercises may increase organ size.

"A considerable number of husbands who are of the opinion that their organ is a trifle below the normal in size can be returned to a state of sexual competency in a very simple manner," Dr. Hirsch declares. "The technique consists of the exercise of slightly extending the organ on the vertical plane. If a very minimal

degree of tension is applied to the organ several times daily, an appreciable elongation can be secured within a period of three months. I have suggested this technique to many husbands who, by availing themselves of this information, have rid themselves of their main worry."

Whether this is fact or fancy, however, it is undoubtedly true that tumescence itself—if not the male organ structure—can be increased about 10 per cent by pressure on the deep dorsal vein. This is located in the midline of the upper part of the organ.

Sometimes a man gets the impression that his organ is becoming reduced in size as his marriage goes along, because after childbirth his wife's vaginal muscles tend to become over-relaxed. Husband and wife should realize that the stretching of childbirth makes certain differences which, however, are not generally appreciable to either partner. Its effects can best be overcome by postural changes by the wife, to ensure greater stimulation of the husband. Your family doctor, or a good marriage manual, should be consulted for details.

IT MIGHT surprise the man with fears about his smallness to realize that some men worry about being too large. They are afraid that they may hurt their wives, or even be unable to consummate marital relations. Women, too, may react adversely because of the fear of injury. Reassurance is needed here, too, that in practically all cases a satisfactory relationship can be won by correct postures, gentleness and patience.

Some men are disturbed because they have large but flabby organs, and are unable to reach full tumescence. This condition is all the more trying and humiliating because the appearance of the inert male organ is such as to give the impression of great virility, to those who consider size and potency equivalent. These men are subject to the same medical treatment accorded to other men who suffer from impotence problems.

"Any man who lacks sexual confidence in himself because of neurotic obsessions concerning the size of the male organ, will be more prone to the development of impotence," states Dr. Frank S. Caprio. "Instead of concentrating on the enjoyment of the sex act, at the time, he will be so preoccupied with the size of the male organ that it will naturally interfere with his performance. These men generally respond favorably to psychotherapy, when they are convinced that it is not the size that counts, but the technique they employ in lovemaking."

One of the best ways to improve technique, and increase self-confidence, is to control premature ejaculation, which is so disappointing to wives. If you are troubled by this problem, there are four ways you can overcome it. First, take your time and allow yourself frequent rest periods or pauses. Second, if you feel climax close, try to distract yourself by, for example, mentally reciting the multiplication table until the danger passes off. Third, relax by inhaling deeply, holding your breath, then exhaling slowly through the mouth.

FINALLY, you may be helped by a discovery which was recently reported in *The Journal of Urology*. This involves the use of a one per cent nupercaine hydrochloride ointment (manufactured by Ciba), normally obtainable without prescription from druggists. This works by desensitizing the glans of the male organ. If applied to the whole organ, two or three hours before marital relations, it acts as a mild local anesthetic in about 20 minutes. The effect lasts for about three hours.

Marital relations may be had about two hours after application. Surplus ointment should be washed off beforehand. According to the article, the ointment has no irritating effect on the skin, and has no effect on the ability to achieve tumescence or climax. If frequent failure has left you too tense, your doctor can also help relieve any anxiety neurosis by prescribing lupulin capsules, which are useful in treating cases of defective tumescence as well as premature ejaculation.

We have already noted that, in the study by Dr. G. V. Hamilton, men with fears of undersized organs scored an average self-confidence grade of only 7.11, compared to 11.95 for those without such sex fears. Dr. Hamilton also reveals that for men who once believed their organs were too small, but who now no longer have this fear, the self-confidence score is 13.33 . . . *or the highest of all!*

Thus, if you have had doubts about the adequacy of the size of your sexual organ, and you have lost those doubts as a result of reading this article, you can look forward to a new burst of self-confidence—not only in your sex life, but also in your social and business relations. Never forget that you are only as good as you think you are! ◆◆◆

PHOTO CREDITS

STAG'S cover this month was painted by Rudolph Belarski. The black and white photos used in this issue are from the following sources: page 6, Wide World; pages 11-15, UP, Wide World, INP; pages 18-19, Dr. B. Grzimek—Black Star; pages 20-23, Australian News and Information Bureau, Carolyn Ramsey—FPG.; pages 26-27, Fort Worth *Star-Telegram;* pages 28-29, Ewing Galloway; pages 30-31, Ewing Galloway, Wide World; pages 32-33, Bill Cooksey—Houston *Press;* pages 34-37, Gene Gordon; pages 38-39, Wide World; pages 40-41, Kelpix; pages 42-43, Russ Meyer—Globe.

THE LONG JOURNEY HOME

Continued from page 31

the requirement—when we saw flashes from the second ship.

"Johnny," I said, "that fellow's taken us under fire, and I'll bet he's using radar fire control."

"He can't be shooting at us," remonstrated the skipper. "He probably has no idea where we are."

"Well," I concluded skeptically, "it'll only take us about 20 seconds to find out! If he's shooting, his shells should get here in that time."

I was wrong by about five seconds. Approximately 25 seconds after we saw those flashes, a great, big, fat, juicy eight-inch shell plunged into our wake, about 50 feet off the stern, and a plume of sea water geysered 120 feet into the air. Almost in the same instant we felt a slight jar, and I turned to the captain:

"Johnny," I told him, "we've been hit!"

"We *can't* have been hit!" insisted the ever-optimistic Commander Hyde, but I knew better, and for a very good reason. I'm a tall man—six feet three and a half—and from where I was standing I found myself looking right down into the forward torpedo room through the loading hatch. Now with the crew at battle stations, that torpedo loading hatch had no business being open. Actually, it wasn't open—it just wasn't there anymore!

An eight-inch shell from the Japanese cruiser had hit the port side of the forward torpedo loading hatch at the pressure hull level. It had transited the hatch housing, demolished that, blown the hatch off, and passed overboard to starboard. A splinter had been shaved off the shell, and went rocketing around the 30-by-14-foot forward torpedo room. This fragment cut airlines and started electrical fires. But none of the 20 men in the compartment was injured, although one lad certainly had the closest of close shaves! When the shell struck he was sitting in the doorway between forward battery and forward torpedo, with his feet on the step on the forward torpedo room side. The rocketing shell fragment, zipping around, actually punched a four-by-eight-inch hole in the steel step on which this man's feet rested —and at the time he wasn't even aware of it!

NOW we were not only in deep trouble, we were teetering on the brink of disaster. It was a cinch that great void where the forward torpedo loading hatch cover had been made it impossible for us to dive. And a little item I've neglected to mention thus far was this: Our after torpedo room was loaded with mines. For our real mission in the South China Sea was one of mine laying, only we'd taken off after those two heavy Japanese cruisers before getting rid of our eggs.

The undamaged cruiser sent salvo after salvo screaming through the night after us, his radar fire control giving him a mighty assist. One salvo was straight across our bridge, eight to 10 feet high. A second was also right on for deflection, but 200 yards over. A third was on for deflection too, but 200 yards short. Thus we fled through the night, with a four-square-foot hole in the top of our pressure hull forward, and enough blasting power in our after torpedo room to obliterate all trace of our vessel and every man aboard, if a single shell found those mines!

Before it was over the skipper called for a ballot as to whether we should try to get the ship back to Australia or not, and there wasn't a single "yes" vote among our 80-odd people! After that, six of the officers, including myself, went to Johnny Hyde and told him we'd get her back *or else*. First eight of the crew joined us, then the list stretched to 14, and finally, before it was all over, I saw American submarine sailors literally kneeling on the deck of *Bergall*, and begging the skipper to let them stay with the crippled ship!

How we got into this super-duper mess to start with is a legitimate part both of the saga of *Bergall*, and the bigger tale of how United States submarines, daring anything and everything, backed the Oriental enemy down on his haunches in the South Pacific and softened him up for the final blow of the atomic bomb.

When *Bergall* left Freemantle, Australia, on December 2nd, 1944, I was on board for a PCO cruise. I'd been exec in the large submarine *Nautilus*, sister ship of the *Narwahl*, and we'd been on such highly specialized missions as supplying undercover personnel in enemy territory, and delivering payroll and technical supplies to friendly guerrillas. I'd had 10 war patrols between *Nautilus* and *Sailfish*, and I was finally offered my choice of a PCO cruise in *Bergall*, or another patrol as exec before receiving a command of my own. My wife was at Pearl, and I tried for a 30-day leave to visit her, but that wasn't granted, so I took the PCO cruise offer and joined Johnny Hyde.

Usually an officer making a PCO cruise acts pretty much in the role of observer, but I'd prevailed on the skipper of *Bergall* to let me discharge the responsibilities of senior watch officer, so I was in it all the way. As I'd done a lot of work in ship recognition, Johnny asked me to wear that hat too. Lieutenant Bob Ison was our exec. As COMSUBPAC had issued orders that the skipper and the exec should never be in the same place during an attack, for fear both might be killed or wounded simultaneously, I acted as bridge assistant when we were at battle stations on the surface.

By sundown of December 13th we were just about ready to put the finishing

touches on our mission. Our particular job was to break up the operation of the enemy's coast crawlers—ships running between Saigon and Singapore, keeping so close inshore our submarines couldn't get a fair shot at 'em. To discourage this traffic we carried specially designed contact mines which could be launched through our torpedo tubes. Upon being thus released the mine would sink to the bottom. When it hit, a mechanism was released which freed the mine from its anchor, save for a length of steel cable which allowed the mine to go back up to within 12 or 15 feet of the surface. After that another special device armed the mine, and it was ready for business.

On the afternoon of the 13th we surfaced about 40 miles off the coast of Indochina, and went through a dry practice run. It was important that the distance between mines be accurate, and that we have a reliable record of precisely where the mines were when we were through. We went through the practice evolution under a clear sky with maximum visibility and a moderate sea, and the whole thing came off slick as a button. We figured to do the actual job well inshore, surfaced, at night, so after securing in after torpedo we stooged around waiting for darkness and the run-in to the scene of actual operations.

IT WAS getting on for 1800 hours. The steward was rattling things around in the pantry, getting a setup for the evening meal. Meanwhile I flicked on the radio, and was listening to an Oriental commercial program out of Singapore, when all at once a Japanese coded message came barreling in with such strength that it cut right through the commercial signal. That alerted me right then and there! I calculated the ship putting out that signal was too close for comfort. I also surmised she might well be a warship, because of the signal strength, the use of code and the expertness of code handling. So I went chasing after the skipper, found him in the control room, and reported my suspicions. He called the chief radioman, other officers gathered around and we argued the possibilities back and forth for some time without reaching any satisfactory conclusion.

The question was resolved for us, at least partially, when at 1755 the bridge reported visual contact with a ship. Johnny Hyde and I climbed to the conning tower, where we ran up the scope, and saw a little bit of smoke and one thin stick of a mast far off to seaward. The vessel, whatever she was, was hull down over the horizon, but after careful study we concluded she probably was an 80- or 90-ton trawler, not worth very much as a target. There was no radar contact. We were charging batteries at the time, and we went to two, then three, and then four engines on the line, but we just seemed to hold the stranger steady at a bearing of about 110 degrees true. We estimated the target's speed at about 13 knots, which we considered absurd for the class of vessel we thought she was, but we weren't perturbed about it.

"Let's eat," said the skipper. "We'll run down to him after dark and take a look."

We were about half-way through the meal when the telephone at Captain Hyde's left elbow honked, and the bridge reported the target's masts in sight. Quite obviously she was a bigger ship than we'd thought at first, and the skipper gradually increased our speed. We continued to track the target, employing the range and bearing method, and about 1900, which was local sunset, the captain and I went to the bridge.

After dark radar and sonar had not as yet picked up the target, but I happen to be blessed with excellent night vision and, with the aid of binoculars, I kept the target in view except for a brief interval of twilight. As I look back on it now, it seems sort of fabulous, but we *still* weren't willing to admit that the fellow we were stalking was a first-class warship! A destroyer, maybe, but we had closed to about 29,000 yards before I was forced to the conclusion that what we had ahead of us was nothing less than a Japanese heavy cruiser.

WELL, that put a different complexion on just about everything! Here was a worthwhile target in any submarine's book. But there were complications. The cruiser was steaming toward Royalist Bank, a 100-mile-long shoal off the southern coast of Indochina, with frequent depths of from 11 to 14 fathoms, and some spots as shallow as six fathoms. With her draft of only 27 feet or so the *Myoko* could run on the bank without danger, but it virtually made a PT boat out of us. Attacking on Royalist Bank was about like attacking in a bath tub, so far as we were concerned.

Still and all, Johnny Hyde certainly had no intention of breaking off this attack, and when the Jap started building up his speed to 19 knots we followed right along on a normal approach course which also turned out to be a collision course. But it gave us a 120 track for a torpedo run, which would accommodate more changes of course and speed by the target than any other, so we were happy enough about that.

We were at a range of just over 10,000 yards when I picked up the second heavy cruiser. Again we figured wrong momentarily, pegging this one as a possible destroyer escort, but as we steamed along more reliable recognition emerged and, although we never did learn the real identity of this second ship, she was a Japanese heavy cruiser all right.

Johnny Hyde and I were on the bridge; Bob Ison was below working the fire control party, and as we approached the firing point I could plainly see the glass windows on the cruiser's bridge, and make out her individual guns. Finally, just as we drew toward firing point, the far ship started signaling with the lamp, dropped back a little so that her stern was sticking aft of the near cruiser—and we let 'em go!

After we were hit, as previously described, we had only one thing on our minds: to get away from there! I went below to help with the damage control parties, and as I passed along the passageway I noticed a fire in the skipper's stateroom. We pulled the electrical circuits; used CO_2; got the fires under control; hunted for the shell that had hit us and found the sliver I've mentioned with cordite still clinging to it. Meanwhile Johnny was pouring the coal to her, and we pulled clear of the cruiser we'd hit and her undamaged mate, who elected to stand by for possible rescues.

Upon sober reflection no one could escape the conviction that the plight of *Bergall* was rough—*rough!* The nearest place we could expect to find help was at Exmouth Gulf, on the northwest corner of Australia, and that was 2,500 miles away. To get there we'd have to transit part of the South China Sea, steam down through Karimata Strait to the Java Sea, transit Lombok Strait into the Indian Ocean, and then run on down to Exmouth. Which wouldn't have been half bad except for a couple or three things which weren't in the script to start with. First and foremost, we couldn't dive. As a matter of fact, we weren't at all sure we could stay on top if we hit any real foul weather. Next, most of the area we had to traverse was enemy country, and they'd certainly be looking for us after that night's work. Finally, we could expect enemy air over us at any time and if, as and when it came, we'd be caught flatfooted.

We made two plans with which we intended to meet this latter eventually, should it arise. In *some* places on our route we figured we could take her down nose first, and then try to escape one by one through the after torpedo tubes. In *other* places we figured the water was shallow enough for us to go to bottom, lie there until the attack was abandoned, then try to make our individual exits through the escape hatches. But one thing was sure, and this I knew: if we ever once took *Bergall* down, *we'd never bring her back up again.* We might try to escape one by one, but the ship would stay on the bottom!

We did what we could to restore some integrity to our vessel; all hands worked for three solid days and nights; but the results were pitiful despite our heartbreaking efforts and determination. We took the hatch off the forward escape trunk, using a chain hoist, and with a small acetylene torch tried to weld it over the jagged hole in our pressure hull. Next we tried to drive wooden wedges in the holes left here and there. We cut metal from below and tried to use it to cover openings above. We dug up pitch on the topside of the vessel to caulk with, and when we ran out of gas for our torch we took the alcohol from the pharmacist's mate's kit and melted pitch to pour arounn our clumsy patch. We put mattresses over the patch topside to protect it, and we shored it up from below, but it was a pitiful makeshift.

ON the day after the battle we got the Jap airplane contact we'd been dreading. The lookouts spotted him only medium high, and we figured he was out of Singapore, alerted by the cruiser we'd left behind. We'd agreed that we'd let enemy air get to within five miles of us. Then we'd take *Bergall* down, according to plan A or plan B depending upon where we were, and after that it would be every man for himself. But a miracle happened. The airplane passed within six miles of *Bergall,* but never swerved from its course, and the collective sigh of relief

which went up on board our vessel when that Japanese pilot went winging away had very much the sound of high pressure air!

What should we try to do? We had, of course, been running toward Australia. But was there even a remote chance that we could make it? The only alternative seemed to be to rendezvous with a friendly sub, scuttle the ship, and save the crew to fight again. So Captain Hyde invited the crew to ballot on this vital question, and when the ballots were examined *not a single one* favored trying to save the ship by attempting the run to Exmouth!

"All right! If that's the way you want it . . ." said the skipper. And he actually put *Bergall* on a heading for a Japanese-held port to confuse the enemy during transmission, then he sent a message to COMSUBPAC reporting his condition and position and requesting orders. Meanwhile, as I've indicated, six of us officers went to the skipper and reported ourselves ready to try for Exmouth.

Orders came from COMSUBPAC promptly. Rear Admiral Ralph W. Christie instructed Captain Hyde to rendezvous with the submarine *Angler*, which was heading up into the area, transfer personnel and then scuttle *Bergall* if necessary. But by this time 14 members of the crew had joined the officers volunteering to take the vessel back to Australia, and Johnny Hyde was getting mad. He ordered every piece of radio equipment on *Bergall* smashed, with the exception of one small receiver. Then he changed course, and stood for the rendezvous with *Angler*.

The afternoon of the 15th we approached *Angler* on the surface. As if to make up for our previous tough luck, the skies were clear of enemy air, and we transferred 54 enlisted men and one officer to the fresh submarine. Then we made a plan—a very simple one indeed! *Bergall* would steam for Exmouth, avoiding every contact she possibly could. *Angler* would trail her at six miles. If *Bergall* was forced to dive, *Angler* would come back as soon as the sea was once more clear to pick up survivors—if any. And so we got under way.

During that long voyage home *Angler* dived for several contacts, but *Bergall* simply steamed steadily along on the surface. What else could she do? And she made it! On December 23rd *Bergall* limped into Exmouth Gulf and tied up, a sorely battered submarine indeed, but a victorious one.

There's a "shirt tail" to this story, and it may just as well appear here. *Bergall* had, indeed, destroyed a Japanese heavy cruiser, at least so far as fighting efficiency was concerned. Before we left the scene of our battle we saw the heavy cruiser *Myoko* break in half—surely sufficient evidence of naval victory. But that's where irony enters the picture: The stern half of *Myoko* sank, but the Japs managed to keep the bow afloat, and get it to Singapore, where we found it at the conclusion of the war. Did *Bergall* get official credit for sinking a Japanese heavy cruiser? She did not! After all, *half the ship floated—and we weren't even given credit for the half that went down!* ◆◆◆

NORTH OF THE BORDER

To the Editor:

This letter will show you what Montreal thinks of Mr. L. C. Jamieson, the story teller of your March issue of STAG. ("I Photographed Montreal's Vice"). Do you really believe in such lies? What we really think of your so-called "restful New York" I do not care to say.

As for the women, what they do in this town, they also do in yours. And if Montreal is so bad, why do all American boys come to Montreal and see the women when they have their own dirt and trash in "restful New York?" I heard it was to find what they can't get in their own town because the prices are too high for their cheapness.

As for the story of being chased by a car, that is impossible because our speed limit is very strict, and he is lucky he did not get a bullet through his head.

We sincerely hope the taxi driver gave him a good ride and he had lots of fun. As for a taxi driver refusing such an offer from a girl as he mentions, it is very hard to believe because no taxi drivers ever turn down an offer of that kind.

As far as we can see, prostitutes are the only reason that attracts all Americans that come to Montreal.

I sincerely hope that the author will get to read this letter, and if he is married I really pity his wife for having such a man.

Well, we do hope that you will not be hurt by this letter. Print it, read it, we don't care. But keep your narrow-minded man in your town.

Anonymous
Montreal, Canada

Pretty tough talk from a guy who was afraid to sign his own name. We're afraid this is a case of "this hurts you more than it hurts me."

A BEER BY ANY OTHER NAME

To the Editor:

In your April issue of STAG, Mr. Robert Krag's "Huambasis Hunt for Heads" raised several questions.

Mr. Krag called the fermented yucca beer "chicha." I say it is called "nijimanche." The name used for witch doctor was "brujo," while I understand it to be "wishinu." The native huts are "jivaria" and the poor victims' heads are called "tsanta."

I know nothing of exploring, but I have read about South American Indians for many years. Perhaps there is a language difference in the guides, causing a misinterpretation.

Raymond Marchilli
Beverly, Mass.

Dear Mr. Marchelli:

Your letter was forwarded to me by the editors of STAG. I appreciate your interest in my article and am grateful for the opportunity to answer your questions.

You were perfectly right in saying that fermented yucca is called "nijimanche." But only in the Jivaro language. The Spanish word is "chicha." And since Spanish is spoken in Ecuador, it was merely a question of choice which word I used. There is no written Jivaro language, so those who study the language must spell the Jivaro words phonetically. As a result the same word may have several spellings. For example, fermented yucca is also called "nijimang."

"Brujo" is the Spanish word for witch doctor—another case where I chose the Spanish word.

The native huts are indeed "jivarias," which, I believe, is a Spanish term. In the Jivaro tongue the huts are called "heas" or "jeas."

I hope I've answered your questions and thanks again for your interest.

M. Robert Krag

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STAG BOOK BONUS

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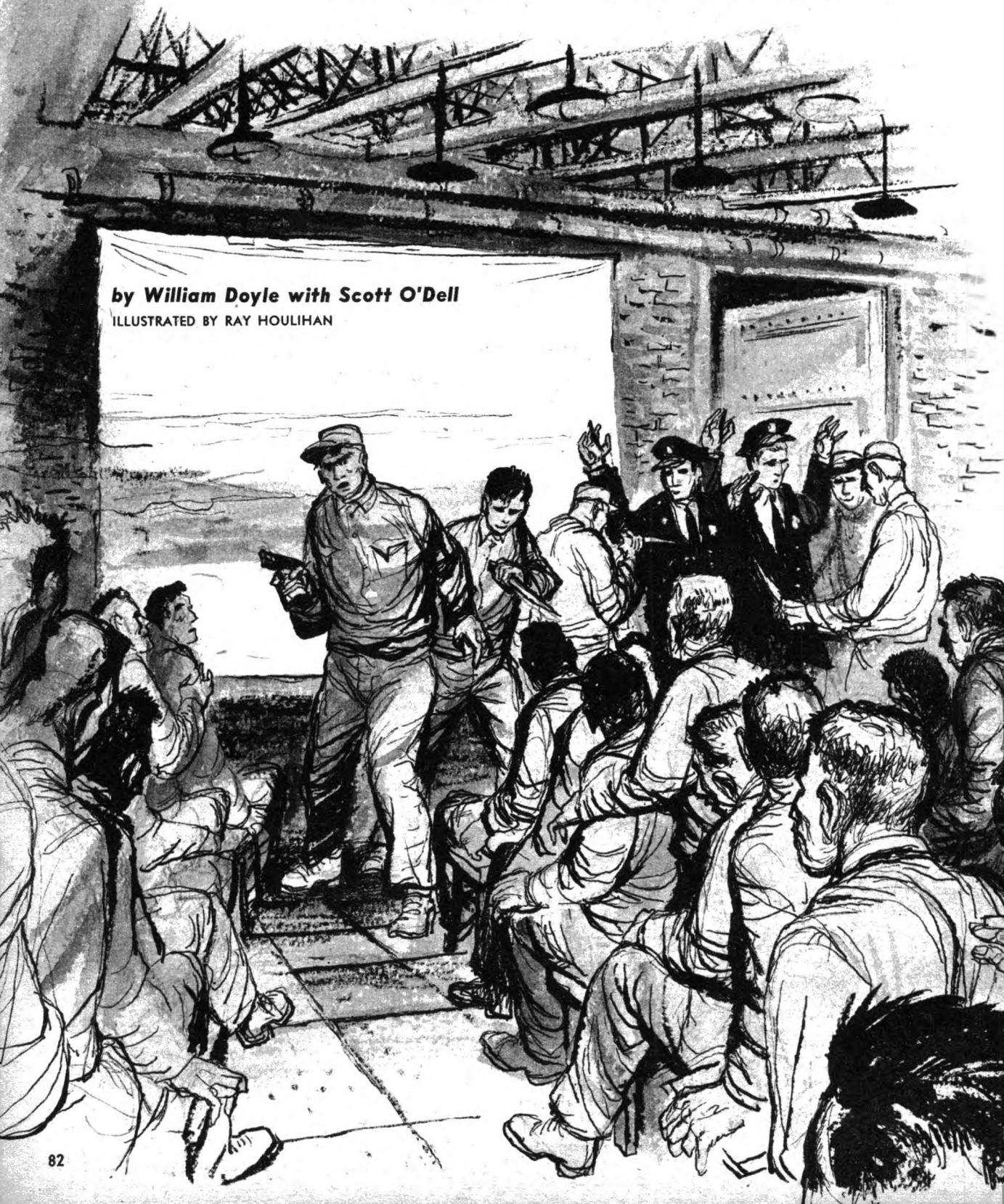


by William Doyle with Scott O'Dell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY HOULIHAN

CAPTAIN CRANE stood against the prison gate. His legs were thrust apart, and he gripped an iron-tipped cane in his hand. He was a tall man—six feet five inches in height and powerfully built—and as he stood there in the shadows he seemed to dwarf the huge steel gate behind him. He was waiting for me, and when the car that had brought me up from the city pulled through the Liberty Gate and I got out, he took a step forward, greeted the deputies and stared at me.

"So this is Doyle," he said. "Have any trouble with him on the way up?"

"No trouble, Captain," one of the deputies answered.

Crane hadn't moved his eyes off me. "Take the handcuffs and leg irons off," he said.

When the deputies had taken off the chains and driven away, leaving the two of us standing in front of the gate, with sudden foreboding I looked beyond Crane to the cell blocks of the Old Prison and the walls surrounding them.

"O.K., Doyle, let's go," he said.

We went through the gate and started down the road that led to the Administration Building, and as we walked side by side I kept looking at him out of the sides of my eyes.

After we had walked a short distance he said, "You've given the police a lot of trouble, I hear. They've been burning up the wires all day: 'We're bringing Doyle up. Be ready for him—he's a tough guy. We have information that there's a plot to snatch him before he gets to prison. . . .' You're not thinking the boys will come in here and take you out, are you?"

I didn't answer and he didn't mean for me to. Anger was building up in him, but he took another tack, keeping his voice quiet. "You gave them a tough fight of it, though. How many trials did you get—three, wasn't it?"

"No, four."

"What was the last one for?"

"Conspiracy."

"Conspiracy for what?"

"Conspiracy for robbery."

"For robbery," he said, "when you're already convicted for murder? I don't get it. Unless they figure you might beat the murder rap yet. You're on appeal, aren't you?"

I nodded. We had come to the gate that opens into the inner prison. He stopped and pointed above him with his long, thick cane that was weighted with a solid-iron tip. The tip was about a foot long and the entire cane must have weighed nearly 12 pounds. A man of his size and strength could easily crush your skull or break your bones with it. He pointed to an inscription chiseled into a circular rock which supported the arch over the gate.

The inscription read: ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE—ABANDON ALL HOPE.

The Captain squinted down at me. "Kinda gets you, huh, Willie?" That was the first time he called me Willie and he always called me Willie after that. "You don't feel so tough now, do you? Not so tough as when you killed the policeman. You don't like policemen, do you?"

He was shouting now and I was sure that everyone in the prison could hear him.

"You'll find out soon enough what McGraw's like. We're not the police. I'll take the toughness out of you, or by God, I'll kill you in the attempt!"

Our eyes met, and then I turned my back on him and walked toward the gate. I said nothing. Many times in the future years I was to do this to him and see his face turn pale with anger.

Crane, when he saw me turn and walk away from him, stopped shouting. It was as if he had been throttled. For the space of a full minute there wasn't a sound. Then he told the guard to open the gate and, without a word, walked me up the ramp to the cell house.

The cell was solid steel and had a small table, a bed with a round straw mattress, two blankets, a heavy straw pillow, a towel with "McGraw Prison" stenciled down the middle and a piece of lye soap. A dirty washbasin, a cup and a gallon bucket of water with a lid on it sat on a small bench at the foot of the cell. In the corner was another bucket, old and crusted with lime.

I walked from the steel door to the back wall, four steps, and on the way back I sat down on the bed. The mattress was packed full and hard as a slab. There was a weak 50-watt bulb in the center of the ceiling, and on the whitewashed walls I could read the nicknames or prison numbers of men who had lived here before me.

A guard opened the door and a trusty handed in a plate of pale beans, several pieces of bread and a cup of

tea. The beans had been cooked without fat or seasoning of any kind and were swimming in water only slightly discolored. Later on, after I had them cooked this way 20 times a week for years, I got used to them, but now I couldn't eat them or the cardboard bread nor drink the black, tasteless tea without sugar.

My first night in McGraw was terrible. Lying still on the bed was bad enough, but when I moved the least bit I would feel myself falling off. Finally I threw the mattress on the floor and jumped on it, but that didn't help any. I tried sleeping on the floor, then on the steel-strapped bunk, and at last I wedged myself between the mattress and the wall so I couldn't fall off. The cold of the steel wall cut through me like ice, and I kept turning all night.

It was quiet in the cell house. A guard came by at eight o'clock, checking the count. At nine the light in the cell went out, but the dim light from the corridor filtered through the slit in the door so that it wasn't completely dark inside. At 10 the guard checked again, shining his flashlight in. Another guard came by at 12, flashing his light, and again at two and four. After that I must have slept, because the electric light woke me up. By looking through the slit I could see that it was dawn outside. I heard cells being unlocked and doors clanking open and men running down the tiers, and I heard voices. The sounds could have come out of bedlam.

My door was unlocked and I was told to bring my bucket out and dump it into a big vat; other men were doing the same. I went back to my cell and washed, and my breakfast was pushed in: two slices of bread, a tin of mushy oatmeal with a spoon of sugar over it, and a cup of black coffee. The oatmeal wasn't bad, though there were a lot of brown specks in it that turned out to be weevils, but I couldn't drink much of the coffee.

I heard the men march out of the mess hall to their various jobs, and there were a lot of metallic noises mixed up with the sound of feet. These noises came from the guards' steel-tipped canes striking the cement floor. Like all the other men, after I had been in McGraw for a while I got to know the noises each guard made.

AT 10 o'clock a guard came and we went to the hospital. After I was examined and the doctor took some blood, the guard marched me to the photograph gallery, where I was fingerprinted, weighed, examined for scars and other identifying marks, and got my mug shot. Then I went to the barbershop, had my hair clipped to the skull, and to the bathroom for a shower.

Then I dressed in prison garb; my civilian clothes were gone. The John L. Sullivans were too short, the socks too large, the blue pants and denim shirt also a couple of sizes too large, and my cap, since my hair was gone, fell over my ears. I was a hell of a sight, but so were all the fish with me. I was taken back to the isolation cell to wait for the doctor's O.K. For five days I stayed in isolation.

It was hot the morning they marched us over to Crane's office. The sky, blue and endless, arched over the stone walls. There was a white line three inches wide in front of the captain's office, and along with a dozen new men I was told to stand on it and not to move unless we were waved off by the captain or a guard. If we moved we would be shot by the guard who was watching us from the tower directly above.

"One-armed Charlie," the captain's runner, came out and motioned for us to follow him.

Inside we were lined up against a wall, and the warden cleared his throat and started to talk. "I didn't ask you to come to McGraw," he said. "You were sent here by the courts, and whether I like it or not you are my charges. Some of you will try to escape. Some of you will think that it's easy because there's no wall along the river. But there are men in the towers guarding that river with machine guns. Many have tried it and all have been killed."

Captain Crane, standing to one side of the warden, fingered his cane while the warden talked, and from time to time he would glance at me to see how I was taking it. I didn't let on that I saw him or that I was listening. I heard the warden say, "We will tolerate no loafing or insubordination here and you will abide by every rule. If any of you get tough, we'll take care of you. This is a maximum-security prison. It's a tough prison, the toughest in the country, and we run it as a tough prison. . . ."

The warden finished his speech and walked out of the office, leaving Captain Crane to assign us our jobs. My turn came last. The captain said, "Well, Willie, how you making out?" I didn't answer him, and he said, "You

look strong and eager. I'll put you out on the rock pile."

"One-armed Charlie" walked me across the big prison enclosure, down the stone steps that led to the Lower Yard.

We came to the Stone Yard, and I hadn't more than glanced around at the rocks and the derrick frying in the heat when several of the fellows I had known in State Prison and the county jail ran up and crowded around—a sort of welcoming committee.

Then Horn, the Stone Yard bull, assigned me to a block of stone resting on a trestle of railroad ties. My job was to chip the rock away on four sides, including the ends, working with hammer and chisel, two men to the block. From time to time a big derrick in the middle of the Yard would turn the stone over. I banged myself more than the chisel so that my hand was raw before the end of the first hour.

At the end of that first day in the Stone Yard my feet were dragging, but when we were marched in for lockup and we passed The Crane standing on his line I put some spring into my steps and raised my eyes from the ground and squared my shoulders and looked straight ahead, gritting my teeth. I didn't intend to let him see how beaten up I really was.

But the spring had gone out of me by the time I reached my cell. I threw myself on my bunk and just lay there looking at the ceiling, cursing my fate, Crane and the judge who had sentenced me—everything and everybody.

I lay there for a long time, and after a while I got to thinking back to my past, along the road that had led me here to McGraw.

My father was as honest a man as ever lived. He had a saloon and barbershop combined on the water front of San Francisco. My family was very religious—especially my mother. My four sisters and my brother all attended church regularly. We were brought up loving God and respecting the law. And we were as happy as any family could be.

My first brush with the law occurred when I was still in short pants. A group of older boys were shooting craps one night on a corner a half block from my home, and I sneaked down to watch them. I had been doing this for several weeks. The cops had been trying to catch us and had always failed because we had seen them coming in time to scatter and run away.

I liked this. It excited me greatly to be able to outrun those big policemen. But this night a delivery truck came down the street and when it was within 20 feet of us two cops jumped out. (They had been lying down in the body of the truck.) In the scramble to get away, I was knocked down and captured along with several others. We were taken to the detention home and held for two weeks. It was not unpleasant there. The food was good and the treatment kindly.

Three days after I was put in the home I was detailed to take two little Chinese boys to the clinic. We had to go by streetcar, and I was given money for the fare. I was instructed to wait and bring them back. But they cried all the time, especially when they found out I was returning them to the detention home. I felt pretty bad about it, so two days later when I was told to take them out again I put them on a car bound for Chinatown and asked the conductor to drop them there. Then I took a car and went back to my own home. But that night the cops came and bundled me off again to the detention home. They had also rounded up the Chinese boys.

Now I forfeited all privileges. I had to remain inside the dormitory while the others were in the recreation yard playing, and every night, as punishment, I was forced to stay under a shower of cold water for about three minutes! After two weeks the judge held court and I was released to my parents.

SOME years later, when I was 18, I was joy riding with some kids I had just met at a dance. As we were flying along the highway we were suddenly stopped by a roadblock. Cars were lined up and the police were going from car to car. While we were waiting a couple of the fellows got out and said they had to take a hit and miss. But when they were a few yards away they started running across the fields. Then the kid driving and the other one in the front seat with him jumped out and took off, which attracted the attention of the police. Some of them ran after the fleeing kids and a couple nailed me—still sitting there in the car.

The car had been stolen and I was charged with grand larceny. I couldn't tell the police the names of my companions since I really didn't know their names. When I was brought to trial my attorney—he had been employed by my family—instructed me to plead guilty. I was given five years' probation.

The horror of that first night in jail—the city prison—has always been with me. I was literally scared stiff. When they opened the cell door and told me to get in there and slammed the door shut in my face, it was like the end of the world.

The other prisoner who was already in the cell was an old hypo. There were two bunks held by chains against one wall of the cell and a wooden bench along the other. The hypo was already in the lower bunk, so I climbed up to the top one. The mattress was a thin, stinking pad, and the springs were wire with sections entirely missing. Coughing and the hoarse sound of vomiting and the shrieks of the hypos cut off from their junk issued from the cells along the corridor. Coming from the clean outside into that bedlam of screams, curses, clanging of doors, snatches of song and shouted obscenities was almost more than I could bear.

I prayed all night to be delivered from this horrible pesthole, and I promised God I would never again do anything that would cause me to be locked up.

I know that if I had been discharged after that first 24 hours I never would have gone to jail again. The fear and horror would have been so strong in me that never for the rest of my life would I have done anything to place myself in jeopardy.

But, as fate would have it, I went to court that morning, my case was postponed for two weeks and I was returned to the city prison. In that interval I passed through the kangaroo court with honors, was accepted by the better elements, and, because I kept my own counsel—in other words, dummied up—I was gradually looked up to as a smart kid.

There were four of them—two heist guys and two petermen, who were waiting their mouthpiece's fix to spring them on bail. When they asked who was with me on my caper—they figured I had swiped the heap—I told them I didn't know the guys. They smiled at that and liked it. Afterward they always included me in on their coffee and doughnuts and sandwiches, purchased from one of the trusties who worked in the kitchen.

They also dispelled most of my fears. They told me that I could beat the rap or get probation. I learned in these two short weeks about crime and its easy money: how to open a box or blow a pete, how to case a joint and make the heist and a getaway. When I was eventually let out I was a different young man than the one who had gone in two weeks before.

My companions now were of a different sort. One of them, a young man I had met in City Prison and whom I ran into a short time after we were both out of jail, particularly appealed to me. He was about a year older than I and I thought he was very smart and admired him greatly. For his smartness he is now doing 99 years in prison.

The first time I met him outside the jail he gave me $20 and we made a date to meet later. Twenty dollars was a lot of money to me, for I made less than that working 12 hours a day for a

whole week. When he saw my surprise he laughed and said, "That's chicken feed. Stick with me and you'll go places." I teamed up with him later, and the money I earned—or, I should say, stole—came so easy that I lost all interest in working for it.

One evening not long afterward, while I was having dinner in a restaurant with two friends, a half-dozen officers entered and placed us under arrest. The police were convinced that I was one of a group of men who had been committing robberies. In the showups the many victims who looked me over couldn't identify me, but finally one man claimed that he could.

And of all the twists of fate, this was a bum one, for I didn't commit this particular crime. Many of the others who looked me over in the showup could in all honesty have pointed the finger at me and would have been justified in doing so.

I was burned up at the injustice of riding a bum beef. There is nothing that makes a thief more indignant than being falsely accused. He suffers much more willingly longer years in prison for something he actually did than a shorter time for a crime he didn't commit.

EVERYONE in McGraw carried a heavy burden, the short-termers and long-termers alike. The monotony, the same thing day in and day out, was deadly. The discipline was harsh, the tasks that accomplished nothing were onerous. The confinement of being locked in a cell 15 hours out of every day, the noises, the smells, the loneliness—all combined to weaken a man's fiber. In summer the heat was terrific —115 degrees in the shade, and in the Stone Yard, working among the rocks, 130. Winter cold was intense. You were never warm. You went into your unheated cell and climbed into your bunk with your clothes on, dressed in two pairs of pants, two pairs of socks and with even your cap on—fully clothed. And in the morning you broke the ice crust from your pail to wash.

It was strictly the survival of the strongest. Not only must you be strong but you must be willing to fight on any occasion in which fighting was warranted. You must fight with your fists, with knives or hammers or anything you could lay your hand to. And you must inspire in others the knowledge that you mean to kill. Then and only then are you left alone.

The whole prison was divided up into gangs, and the tougher the gang the more it was respected. Sooner or later every young fish who came in was forced to submit to one gang or another.

One of the greatest burdens was overcrowding. Owing to the lack of space it was necessary to place two men in a cell, and since the cells were very small it was desirable to be with someone you liked. Often it was impossible. Usually the turnkeys for some reason wouldn't make the move and you had to cell with someone whose guts you hated. This resulted in fights and a trip to the hole for punishment. When you came out it was usually another move into a cell with someone you disliked or couldn't get along with.

You would come to your cell every day for 15 hours of torture. You would lie down on your bunk and read your paper or magazine and put it under your pillow when you were through instead of passing it to your cell partner. And he would do the same. You watched each other like hawks to see that nothing of yours was touched. When the lights went out at nine o'clock and you were lying in your bunk, you would turn your back, as a gesture of contempt.

The cells were so small that only one person at a time could move around without bumping his partner. This would go on for weeks and sometimes for months without a word being spoken. It didn't take much under these conditions to set off a bomb. One man might accidentally bump into the other, or disarrange his property, and the fight would be on.

But the food was a torture, too, and not the least. During the first 16 years of my life at McGraw it never varied. (Afterward a new regime came in and the food was better.) There were beans every meal, 20 times a week, year in and out, pale and watery. Monday and Tuesday mornings we had oatmeal mush, bread and coffee, and on Wednesdays corn-meal mush. Twice a month instead of the corn meal we had a round piece of hamburger, known as "jute balls," with brown gravy—and on Easter morning two eggs. Those were big events!

After several months Eddie Greene attached himself to me. Eddie was a blond Texan, scarcely over five feet in height, with a baby face and crossed eyes that were blue like the eyes of so many of the early Western bad men. He was 20 and quiet, and he had a Southern drawl and a rather girlish voice. He looked like a little girl, especially when he was naked. When he bathed, all the men working in the Yard near by watched him slyly, particularly Tony Blore. Tony would sit down behind a rock and just keep staring at him. In fact, Tony watched Eddie most of the time. Even when he was talking to me, and Eddie was working on the next block, he would keep those dark, crazy eyes on him.

Eddie, glancing over and catching Tony looking at him, would say, "Hey, Tony, why don't you take a hike? What the hell you keep watching me for?"

I would say, "Because he likes you, Eddie."

Later Tony and Eddie moved in together, but every chance he got Eddie came over to the bench I had built for myself in the Stone Yard and sat down and talked about Texas. Whenever I took a bath and left my clothes to soak in the bucket while I went across the Yard to see someone, I would come back and find Eddie washing them.

I would say, "Don't, Eddie, I'll do that."

He'd reply, "No, Bill, I like to wash them."

And he would wash them no matter what I said. But I didn't know how much he was attached to me until one day I was talking to a young fellow I had known in the county jail.

Eddie walked up to him and said, "You punk, keep away from Bill or I'll cut your heart out."

The kid tore away as if he had been shot from a gun. I was mad. "What did you do that for?" I said.

"I just don't want you talking to those punks."

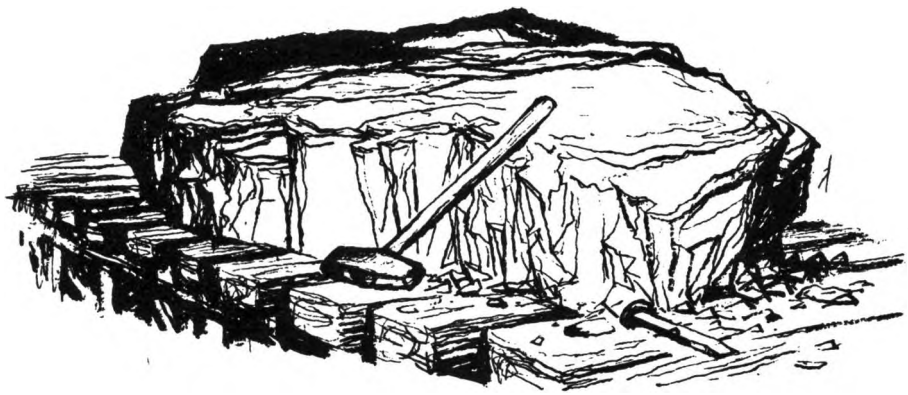
"You don't want me— Who the hell do you think you are, telling me you don't want this or that?"

Eddie said, "Yes, Bill," and there were big tears in his eyes. And as he turned and walked away he was crying like a baby.

AFTER that I tried to avoid talking to Eddie too much. But one afternoon during a baseball game I got in an argument with a fellow and we decided to have a fight after the game. I showed up at the bathhouse. The other guy didn't, but Eddie was there with a dozen of my friends. I waited awhile and then went looking for the guy. I found him on the line, asking the captain for protection, not from me but from Eddie.

During the game Eddie had heard about the proposed fight. He got a shive and said that he was going to kill this guy before he even had a chance to get his clothes off. I bawled Eddie out. I told him that I could take care of my own beefs and that he had better hide the shive since Crane was sending a couple of guards over to the bathhouse. He pulled it out from inside his shirt—a 10-inch rasp sharpened at the blacksmith shop, where most of the shives were made in secret out of odd pieces of metal—and I barely had time to hide it in a bundle of clothes.

It finally got to the point where I was afraid to say that I didn't like someone when Eddie was around for



fear he would cut his throat. He would probably tell me, "Well, you said you didn't like him, so he must be a rat."

Eddie was one of the ringleaders in the big crush-out, but long before that he managed to get himself into trouble.

There was a celltender in the Big Prison, a huge lout of a man, terribly strong, brutal in the extreme, who swaggered around fearing no one, in turn feared by the guards, a sodomist who didn't hesitate to throw the arm on some young fellow he had spotted.

One day, while the men were in the recreation yard playing dominoes and baseball and just standing around, Eddie came out of the cell house kicking, as we thought at first, some sort of big ball. We couldn't quite determine what it was because Eddie was booting it around and the dust was flying. But one of the guards on the tower put his glasses on it and then shouted at Eddie to stand where he was, at the same time bringing his gun down on him. One of the bulls in the yard walked over and discovered that it was a human head. The screws went into the cell block and found the rest of the body on the cell floor. It was the big brute whom everybody was afraid of.

Eddie claimed the guy had put a knife on him and made him go to his cell. There Eddie managed to take the knife away from him and cut his head off. He was tried and acquitted. But Eddie told me later how it really happened. The celltenders were in the habit of going to their cells to sleep for a few hours during the afternoon. The cells were not locked, and Eddie slipped in without being noticed and cut off the guy's head while he was sleeping.

THANKSGIVING was always a big day with us at McGraw, for the men didn't have to work and there were different food and extra portions, a picture show and in the afternoon a baseball game.

This one dawned cold and clear, with a north wind blowing down the valley. Everyone was excited about the big day ahead, and, since there were to be two shows in the morning and if you missed the first one and had to go to the second you would lose out on the ball game, there was a long line at the library waiting to get in.

I was out early and well up front in the line, with most of our gang behind me. The only ones missing were little Eddie and Tony Blore. We tried to save places for them, but the line moved on and we had to go in without them.

The library was a large room, with shelves of books in the rear, rows of benches crowded close together and a stage where the screen was set up. We sat down toward the rear, under the balcony which projected about a quarter of the length into the room, wedged together like sardines. The show was Clara Bow in *Ankles Preferred*, and the first thing we saw was a pair of hands rolling a stocking above a beautiful knee. There were whistles and shouts and sighs of delight from all the 1,400 men packed into the room. We all loved Clara Bow.

And then, as the opening scene faded out and the room grew quiet, three shots blasted the silence. My first thought was that the shots were something extra, put in to dress up the show. But suddenly the lights went on and men began to stand up. I couldn't see anything from where I was sitting, so I climbed up on my bench and glanced quickly around. It was a second or two before my eyes fell on the narrow passageway down the center of the room, left open for the guards to move through in case of fights. There toward the front of the room, standing in this passageway, were Tony Blore holding a smoking Colt automatic and little Eddie with a 12-inch blade. Behind them Jones, Heck, Brinkly and Fink, knives grasped in their hands, had two guards backed against the wall.

For a full minute there was absolute silence as the scene unfolded and its significance slowly took shape. I looked at Tony and my stomach began to turn over with a dreadful fear. His face was chalk-white, his body tense and rigid, and his black eyes flicked around the room like the eyes of a snake. Beside him, little Eddie was relaxed and looked almost unconcerned.

Then Tony spoke. He spoke in an ordinary tone, but menacingly and in deadly earnest. "All you guys sit down. This is a crush-out. We don't want to hurt you, but we will if you try to pull anything." He held the automatic at his side, hard against his leg. "We just killed Burns and the Swede and a couple of other guards."

For the first time since the blast of the automatic there were sounds from the men, cheers and expressions of approval and satisfaction.

Tony held up his hand and said, "Shut up." He waited for the room to quiet, and it wasn't long. "We tried to get out through the hospital but couldn't because the key to the big door was in Crane's office. We had to kill the Swede. Burns got in the way and ran for it and we killed him. We are going out through that door."

He pointed to a solid-steel door which opened into the outer prison. This door had to be locked from the inside, and the guard who had charge of the library always kept the keys. He was one of the two guards standing against the wall, held there by the rest of the gang.

Tony said, "We're going out first and anyone that wants to come along can." His black eyes swept the room. "Where are the other screws?"

From different places in the room voices answered, "Here they are," and Jones and Heck went around and gathered the guards up. Men shouted from the balcony, "Here's Clarke."

Above me in the balcony I heard scuffling, curses and blows. Then down the stairs came Clarke, head over heels. He had been pitched down by Jones, who then leaped after him. Clarke couldn't stand up from fear, and all the blood had left his face. He looked like a dead man and had every right to. Jones and Heck had to carry him down front to the side wall where the other guards were. That made five of them.

Tony shouted, "Is that all the bulls?"

"That's all we see," was the answer.

Then a man behind me shouted, "Where's Blackie Jensen?"

"Upstairs, the last time I saw him," someone said.

Tony shouted toward the balcony, "Hey, is Blackie up there?"

There was a long silence and then

a voice called down, "No, he isn't here."

Tony sent Jones and Heck up to make a search. They found Blackie under a bench, with cons' coats over him, where the men had hidden him, and they told him to come out. He walked down the stairs by himself.

Several of the men spoke up. "Give Blackie a break. Don't hurt him."

Tony said, "Shut up. We're not going to."

Blackie Jensen had been a guard for many years and he was a great favorite of the men.

Now, as the room grew quiet again, the guards lined against the wall were told to take off their uniforms, and the six men got into them, looking funny as hell. Then they held the guards in front of them and made their way to the first of the two steel doors, which Tony opened with a key he had taken from the library bull. This left one door between them and the outer prison, and when it was opened they would be on their way, with only two guards—one at the Armory and one at the Liberty Gate—between them and freedom.

Everyone sat tense watching the passageway, and I knew that many of those in the room were only waiting for the second when the big latticed door swung open. Hundreds would climb over the benches and pour through the passageway, following the men in the lead. It would be a general break.

My eyes were on Tony, holding the automatic and fumbling with a handful of keys. He tried each one quickly, paused and tried them again, slower this time, three in succession. None would fit the lock. He turned around and shouted at the library guard, but the guard said the door had to be opened from the outside and he didn't have the key. I realized then that Tony's plans for escape had collapsed, and he must have known it too, for he stepped back and looked around, bewildered.

There were barred windows on each side of the passage, and suddenly I saw him crouch at the north window, aim and fire, and almost at once he yelled, "I got him!" We learned later that the guard in the Armory Post, suspicious of the movements in the passageway, had put his glasses on the men standing there. It was at this moment Tony fired and the guard dropped out of sight. They found him lying on the floor of the tower, untouched by Tony's shot but dead of heart failure.

Tony quickly locked the first steel door, and the six men moved the guards back through the room to the tunnel, on the opposite side of the library, which led to the cell house. There they exchanged clothes with the guards, put on their own prison uniforms, which fitted them better, and tied the guards up hand and foot with wire. Then Tony stepped out in front and made an announcement.

"I'm making a dead line here," he said, designating an imaginary point with his Colt. "No one is to cross this line or I'll shoot him. There'll be no exceptions. I mean everybody."

The six men placed chairs in a semicircle across the entrance to the tunnel and sat down, facing the room. An hour went by, but no one moved away from his seat and there was little talking. In the meantime the alarm had been given and we could see by standing up on the benches and looking out through the barred windows that guards were swarming in the prison yard, crouching behind the hedges with their rifles trained on the library, being placed here and there by Captain Crane.

A TEAR bomb thudded against the steel door at the end of the tunnel, which Tony had opened to let in some fresh air, and some of the gas seeped into the room. Tony got up and slammed the door, went over to the window and fired twice. When he came back he said that he had shot Gray and the prison engineer, who had thrown the bomb, and everybody cheered.

But the cheers didn't last long. Not more than a minute later all hell broke loose. There was the distant drumming of machine guns, and suddenly slugs were coming in from all directions, chipping whitewash from the stone walls. From a big barred window behind the motion-picture screen bullets spurted, perforating the screen. This gun, it developed later, was being handled by Frenchy Raynaud, one of the really lousy screws. It was Frenchy who a few years before had used a machine gun on some men confined to the nut house. They were screaming and making a lot of noise after nine o'clock, and when they didn't obey his command to stop he opened up with his gun, killing all of them.

I sat there on my bench watching the little holes appear in the screen. It might have been a second or two or even longer before I was conscious that above the drumming of the machine guns and the sound of the slugs hitting the walls and the chipped stone clattering to the floor were the screams of men in terror. And suddenly, coming out of my stupor, I saw that the room had gone crazy. As men went down, bleeding from their wounds, the others saw them fall and realized that, although only six were in the crush-out and the other 1,400 were only spectators, they all were to be slaughtered.

Men all over the hall were groveling on the floor, tearing at one another. They were piled in layers, three deep. Those on top were trying to burrow underneath, trying to pry the men under them apart, who in turn were pushing them off and trying to uproot those on the floor, who likewise were fighting the men above them and at the same time attempting to dig up the cement with their fingers.

I stood on my bench, so surprised that I was unaware of my danger until the man next to me screamed as a slug tore into his back and came out his throat, and someone told me to get down. Suddenly I was afraid. I fell on top of the heap and stayed there, the fourth man up.

The shooting lasted for a minute or so and then stopped, but no one moved, not knowing when it would start again. With the machine guns silent, the cries and moans of those who had been struck sounded clearly from every corner of the hall. The stench of the men who through fear had lost control of themselves now filled the hall, and it grew so overpowering that I decided to stand up and risk a bullet. I stood on human flesh and walked across it to the tunnel.

Tony with his automatic was at one of the windows, and beside him lay the bulls, none of whom had been hit. Little Eddie was standing with his back to the steel door, guarding it against any of the men inside who might try to rush it, as some did plot to do during the night that was yet to come.

Eddie and Tony both were surprised to see me, not knowing that I was in the hall.

"These guys are badly wounded. None of them has done you any harm. They'll bleed to death unless we get them to the hospital," I said.

Tony said, "Nothing doing. We can't take the chance."

I turned away from him, and as I walked back over the clawing bodies he called to me to come back. But I kept on going. The man who had been shot next to me—he was the prison barber and had cut my hair many times—lay bleeding, and the smell of blood and everything else was sickening.

I said, "Smitty, get up. And you, Harold."

"You'll get shot. We'll all get shot," Smitty said.

"God damn you, get up!" I said, and started to kick them.

They finally crawled to their feet. They were as scared as I was, but I made them help me carry the barber over to the tunnel. Tony and his bunch were huddled together, watching our approach, and they barred the way as we reached them.

Tony said, "You're not going out."

"This man will die," I answered him, "unless we get him to the doctor. Tony, we're going out."

But he and the others, everyone except little Eddie, stood firm, and I don't know what the outcome would have been if Eddie hadn't interceded. "Bill is right," he said, pushing Tony away. "Go ahead, Bill." When Tony tried to stop me again, he pushed him hard.

"What about the door?" Tony said.

"I'll open it myself," Eddie said, "and you guys can stay back."

I was looking at the two doors, one with steel lattice and the other solid. "I've figured something out. Unlock the first door and let us out. Then, before we open the other one, relock the first door and get out of sight."

They all agreed to this, so, after we were standing between the two doors and the one behind us was locked, I slipped the big iron bolt and we went out.

The wind still blew hard and cold. We stood for a while with it whipping around us, and I called to Eddie that no one was in sight. He opened the inner door, and I pushed the one we had just come through shut with my foot and heard the bolt being thrown.

We could have been killed as we came through the door and I don't know why we weren't. No guards were in sight, but I knew they were watching from hiding places scattered around the Yard. I saw nothing as we began to move along, carrying the barber between us. After a dozen steps, though, we came to a guard sprawled out in the shallow gutter that ran against the prison wall, his stomach ripped out by a knife.

We passed the door of the dungeon where the condemned men were kept. I noticed that the big locks which held it shut had been tampered with, and I learned afterward that Tony and Eddie had used bars on them in trying to liberate the prisoners. We approached the middle alley of the cell block. Usually a guard sat on a bridge over this alley from which he could watch the tiers on both sides, and another sat on the ground floor.

As far as I was able to make out, both of the guards' stations were deserted, so we carried the barber into the middle alley and on for about 100 yards to the steel door that opened into the hospital.

THE door was locked. I beat on it until a small hole in the center slid open an inch and an eye peered out at me. I didn't know whom it belonged to, but I said that we had a wounded man. The slit opened wider, the eye looked all around and then the slit closed. I pounded on the door again, just as it swung open and Dr. Knight stood looking out. We went in, and Tex, the head nurse whose eye had been peering through the hole, closed and locked the door behind us.

We were now in a rotunda which divided the hospital, the beds on one side, the operating room on the other. We laid the barber on a table, and Dr. Knight made an examination and said he didn't expect him to live more than a few hours.

Dr. Knight, a frail, quiet little man, turned to me when he was finished with the barber and asked if there were any more wounded men in the library.

"They're lying all over the place, wounded and bleeding to death," I said.

"I'll go back with you," the doctor said.

"You can't go in there, Doc," I said. "You'll be held as a hostage the same as the guards."

Smitty spoke up now. "We're not going back. We don't know when the guard'll start shooting again."

The doctor asked me if I would bring them out, and I said that I would and left, Smitty and Harold tagging along at my heels, protesting at every step. There were several men at the turnkey's office, and others appeared who had been hiding. They told me that Crane had rounded up everyone into the New Prison and that no bulls were in the building.

We came to the door of the library and I pounded on the steel door and shouted.

After a minute or two I heard Tony say, "Is that you, Bill?"

I said, "Yes, who the hell do you think?"

"Are there any screws with you?"

"No."

I heard Eddie say, "Go ahead, Tony, and open the door."

Tony's eye showed at the peephole, the door opened a foot and we slipped through, and the door was locked behind us. The six men crowded around, wanting to know what we had run into on the outside, and when I told them they seemed relieved that I hadn't seen any guards, though they knew and I knew that they were there somewhere.

Nothing in the hall had changed since I had left except the smell, and that had grown so bad I could hardly stand it. Everybody was still lying down in heaps. I shouted for volunteers to carry the wounded out and about two dozen responded. We divided them up into threes and each team carried a man between them. Eddie stood at the steel door, checking them out, making sure that everyone

who was being taken out was really wounded and not just a dead beat getting a free ride.

Smitty, Harold and I went first, showing the way. When we were ready to return, the 24 guys who had come out refused to go back.

We went back in and it turned out as I thought it would. Tony blew up when he learned that the others hadn't come with us. "No more guys are going out," he said. "If we keep this up we won't have anybody left in here."

Even little Eddie agreed with him, so it fell to Smitty, Harold and me to carry the rest out. We made 11 more trips, and, finally calling for wounded and getting no answer, we crawled over to our spot and sat down with Bronsky and some of our friends, weary and exhausted. Then I heard a moan. It came from a pile of men somewhere behind us.

"Is there someone wounded there?" I shouted.

"Yes," a voice answered.

I got up and, walking on the bodies of the men, made my way back to the place the moans were coming from. When I arrived there and saw it was Montoya I hit the ceiling. He was a Mexican boy, a boxer and a good one, and a friend of mine.

"He's been lying here all the time and you guys haven't said a word!"

Montoya lay on top of the sprawling pile and those underneath had been too afraid to say anything or to move. He had been shot near the eye, and as I looked at him I damned near cried. He was one of the nicest looking kids in the joint.

Some of the men lifted Montoya to my back and I motioned Tony to open the door. Tony opened the door and I stepped out. The wind hit me and I staggered. Overhead I could see the searchlights moving back and forth, the shadows of the building shifting as the lights moved. The guard was no longer lying in the gutter. He was gone, but the pool of blood was there, shining in the reflected light. I came to the dungeon and saw shapes moving against the wall above the washroom —faces and polelike objects.

The guards must have heard my feet dragging on the cement, for the shadows that had been moving about suddenly froze and I saw the shadows cast by their guns, the guns pointing at the opening where I had to pass.

I CLOSED my eyes and kept lurching forward, half walking, half running, sick and almost frozen with fear. Nothing happened. I couldn't understand why nor do I know now. I went by the guards safely and reached the hospital door, which was being held open for me.

Montoya died as the doctor was laying him out on a blanket. Then the doctor asked me if there were more wounded men and if I was going to bring them out.

"There are several more," I said, "and I'll get them out some way, if those screws on the wall don't kill me first."

"I'll see what I can do about that," Dr. Knight said.

He disappeared, and Tex took me up some wooden stairs to the kitchen to get some stale bread—all he had—out of a locker, some coffee and two eggs, and left me. I put the eggs in my pocket, made a pot of coffee and gulped it down boiling hot. Then I went back down the stairs, past the room where Tex was helping the wounded and the room where seven men were laid out with blankets over their faces, and back to the library.

I made four more trips. When I returned to the library after taking the last man out I came back with six blankets in a sling around my neck and in each hand a five-gallon can of chocolate. Some of the guys who were hanging around the turnkey's office had prowled the unlocked cells and scraped up a dozen boxes of Hershey bars and mixed them with live steam. It made a good brew and, though it didn't go far, at least all my friends had some.

There were a few cups left in one of the cans, and as I stood in the tunnel ladling it out a curious impulse came to me. All during the afternoon as I went back and forth through the passage I had passed close to the guards who were stretched out under one of the barred windows. And each time I couldn't help but notice how damned miserable they looked lying there bound hand and foot, nor could I miss the pleading glances they cast at me. Somehow I felt sorry for them in their helplessness.

Tony, Eddie and the rest of their gang were standing around me at the moment, waiting for more chocolate, when, moved by this strange impulse, I suggested that they give the guards something to drink. All of them had been talking, but now they were sud-

denly quiet. One of the lights on the tower moved across the tunnel and I could see Tony looking at me.

"What's the big idea?" he said.

"You're going to kill them, so why not give them something to drink? A condemned man always gets a last meal."

They all laughed at this.

"Yeah," Tony said, "that's good. Let's give them their last meal."

Fink said he wanted to kill the guards now, but Eddie said, "If there's any killing to do, I'll do it."

As Eddie ladled out chocolate for the guards, I leaned over him and whispered, "For Christ's sake, Eddie, don't let Fink kill the guards! I've got an idea and it may work."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you later. But watch Fink."

"All right," Eddie said and stood up. "Hey, Fink, keep away from the bulls. If I catch you near them, I'll cut your guts out."

The hall was dark and filled with the coldness of a tomb. Now and again the searchlights on the walls outside swept across the high windows and some of the light came through into the room.

I was sitting with Bronsky and some of my other friends and we didn't have much to say. It was about nine o'clock as nearly as I could judge. We had lost count of the time, everything except the cold, which seemed to get steadily worse, and the fear that comes with uncertainty.

Tony said, "Well, Bill, it looks like we pulled a bloomer."

"You made a good try of it anyway," I said. "How did you happen to pick this place for a crush-out?"

Tony's teeth were chattering, but he managed to tell me the story from the beginning when they first jumped the hospital guard, Jim "Swede" Johnson. Johnson put up a fight and tried to push them out of the hospital. They cut his fingers badly when he tried to take their knives away, and they made him go to the peephole and ring the bell for the guard in the warden's office to come over and open the door, this being the procedure.

When the guard appeared they flattened themselves against the wall and, with Tony pointing the gun at him, told Johnson to tell the guard to open after he had looked in. The guard opened the peephole and glanced through, but, instead of doing as he had been told, Johnson backed away, raising his hands to show the blood on them, and shouted, "Don't open up. It's a break!"

Tony rushed to the peephole, thinking he might still cover the guard and make him unlock the door, but the hole shut before he could reach it. They turned on Johnson then, just about beating him soft, using knives and Jones a pin hammer from the Stone Yard. They left him lying there for dead. (Actually, Johnson didn't die. He recovered and we later became good friends. He was one of the gamest men I have ever known.)

When they missed, that way, they came out of the hospital and grabbed Turnkey Burns, who was in his office next door. They walked him down the front alley through the passage that led through the count gate and into the Yard. They planned to take Crane and any of the guards in his office and, with them as hostages, make their escape by the adjacent gate.

On the way to Crane's office Burns tried to talk them out of it, telling them that they would never make good their escape and that they would surely be killed. He was told to dummy up or he would be the one killed. As they reached the small gate, where only one man at a time could step through, they instructed Burns to go first. He did as he was told, but in doing so pulled the small grilled door toward him and slammed it shut before they could follow. The door locked automatically and now they were caught in the building.

Burns started to run for the outside gate, where the count bull would open for him, but he slipped and fell. Tony, pushing the gun between the bars, shot him three times. Burns lay still and Tony was sure he had been killed. (Like Johnson, Burns recovered.)

NOW, since these two avenues of escape were closed to them, they decided to get out through the library, where the dungeon guard spotted them and put up a fight, only to be ripped open. Then they walked through the door and stuck up the show.

"And here we are," Tony said, huddling in the blanket.

I said, "I can make a suggestion, if you want it." They weren't getting anywhere and knew it, so they turned around and looked at me. "Since the bulls haven't machine-gunned us since it got dark, maybe they're holding off until daylight. That gives you four or five hours to decide on something."

"Sure," Fink said, "but what's the suggestion?"

I had one but I was reluctant to put it into words.

The truth was that the bulls had got under my skin. It made me uncomfortable even to pass them. I would try to look away, but my eyes would be drawn back and I would see them looking at me. I tried to tell myself that if our positions were reversed, they would show me no mercy and put my light out in a minute. Clarke especially. He had charge of the work on the hill, and not a day went by that he didn't hit several men over the head with the loaded cane and send them to the hospital. He was a brute if one ever lived, and yet he was the guy I felt sorriest for. His eyes actually haunted me.

The gang was waiting for me to say something, and there was no point in stalling, even though I felt ashamed of myself. "You haven't a chance of escape," I said. "You all agree on that. The only thing to do now is to turn the men out, then release the guards and give yourselves up."

It sounded worse after I had put it into words, and for a moment no one spoke. Then with a quick move Tony pushed the Colt into my belly. His eyes were wild. "What's the idea?" he said. "Are you trying to throw a curve to get yourself out of this joint on a parole? At our expense? I ought to give it to you right now and in the belly."

I had expected something but not this. I was in a tough spot, but I forgot caution.

"Don't accuse me of a thing like that. You suspicious bastards, I'm trying to help you when you can no longer help yourselves. I've been out of this showroom a dozen or more times, and I've always come back. Any time I could have stayed out. I came back because you asked me to and because I didn't want to desert my friends. I have no love for a bull, no more than you have, but I'll be God damned if I could go over there and cut their throats. That don't take guts. They're tied up, hand and foot.

"Well, so you kill the guards, then you kill yourselves. That's O.K. But where does that leave the men who have to live in this prison afterwards? Have you ever thought of that? No. If you want to bump yourselves, go ahead. But if you kill those guards, this joint will be retarded 100 years. You'll be gone, so you won't know. But I know what will happen. The guards in here will beat our brains out any time they want. If we look cockeyed, they'll shoot us dead and what will happen? The papers will get it and scream praise on them—tell them to shoot us down like dogs."

I didn't realize I was shouting. I felt Tony take the gun from my belly, and he backed off until he and the others stood several feet away, with their eyes glued on me and their mouths open.

My anger seemed to astonish them, but I could see from their expressions that they were listening. I had a last shot to throw at them.

"You and Eddie have known me a long time, and you, Tony, have known me from State Prison. Have you ever seen me stool?

"I want to ask you this: If you had

your choice either to have to die in the next few minutes or have at least another year to live, what would you choose?"

Tony said, "Why, another year, of course."

I said, "Then why not live another year and maybe more? Who knows? If you were to give yourselves up, they'd have to give you a trial, wouldn't they?"

Jones said, "Yes, but they'd hang us."

I said, "How do you know?"

Tony said, "We killed four guards."

I said, "Even so—and let's say you would hang—did it ever occur to you that you'd have at least a year longer to live? That you have no chance in here and are ready to kill yourselves? Don't you realize that you'd have to be taken to court and that you could possibly make an escape on the way down or in the courtroom during the trial? At least you'd have some chance."

NOW, for the first time, real interest shone in their eyes. Their faces were more animated, less like the death masks they had worn all night.

I said, "You guys think that over and you'll see what I mean. I'm not only trying to save the guards' lives. I'm trying to figure some way to save yours and the men in there."

I turned and left them, and, as I entered the hall, Smitty, Harold and Bronsky were standing up, waiting for me. Their faces were pinched from the cold—it was intensely cold now—and their voices had an anxious tone.

Bronsky said, "What's happened, Bill?"

I told them, and Harold said, "Don't go over there any more. They're liable to kill you."

The Count said, "The hell with the bulls! Let them kill them."

So we got under the blanket and huddled together to keep warm. I could see the six men with their heads together at the entrance to the tunnel. I prayed that the hope I had seen in their eyes bore fruit.

Dawn was coming. You could see the first streaks of light through the barred windows. This was the hour I had dreaded, but now that it had come I was too exhausted to care much. Then Tony hollered to me, and I went over where the six of them were standing at the mouth of the tunnel.

"We've been thinking about your angle," Tony said. "But we don't want them hanging us, so we've about decided to knock ourselves off. And kill the guards first."

I felt better now that I was on my feet, and suddenly I was mad again. "It makes no difference then what happens to us," I said. "You're going to make this a tough place to live in and you just don't give a damn."

None of them answered; they just looked at me in a stupefied way. I played my last card. "You guys have my word that if you give yourselves up, I'll go down and testify at your trial. I'll do everything possible to help you and I'll get my friends to help too. And when it's brought out in court that you gave the guards chocolate and a blanket it's bound to be in your favor. I think the worst you'll get is life. I don't think they'll top you."

Tony said, "How about the guards we killed already?"

"I've thought about that," I said. "When I was over in the hospital Swede Johnson was in the ward and Tex said he was going to recover."

They brightened up a little at this and Eddie said, "How about the turnkey and the guard we shived coming in, and the bull in the tower?"

"Yes, but you don't really know," I said. "You thought you had killed Swede too. Maybe Burns and the guard were only wounded."

"There's the dungeon bull," Tony broke in. "You said yourself that you saw him in the gutter, dead."

"Sure," I said, "but you still don't know what's going to happen at the trial. Or if you'll not get a good chance to escape. Why don't you take a vote on it?"

Tony said, "O.K. What do you guys say?"

"Whatever way you decide is all right with me," Heck said.

And they all repeated what Heck had said until it came around to Jones. Jones tossed a monkey wrench. "We'll get our brains kicked out if we give up," he said. "They'll get us in the back alley and kick us stiff. If they don't do that we'll hang, and I'd rather take mine now than be topped."

Tony said, "Screw you, Jones," and turned to me. "Will you promise to help us, Bill? Testify at the trial?"

This was what had done it and I took advantage of the break. "Sure," I said. "I'll give you my word of honor."

Yellow light was in the sky and it was coming through the window. There was not time left to fool around. I was certain that the authorities figured that the gang was heavily armed, and when a move was made against the men locked in the hall it would be made with all the forces they could muster. I was thinking too of "Bad Man" Barton and his plot to rush the tunnel.

"I'll testify at the trial," I repeated. "And I'll go out now and phone the warden."

"Where from?" Tony asked.

"The turnkey's office. There's a phone there."

Fink stood off by himself, but the other five men talked together in whispers for a while. Then Tony turned to me and said, "Here is what we want you to do. Go out and tell the warden that we'll give up if he promises not to hang us."

I knew that I couldn't get any promise like this out of the warden, but I kept quiet.

"And he'll have to promise that we won't get beaten up in the back alley. And that we'll get one meal a day while we're there. If he don't promise, we'll kill the guards and ourselves."

I walked over to the steel door, and as Tony let me out he said, "If you're not back here in 15 minutes, we'll know something went wrong and we'll cut the guards' throats."

The sun was up now. I hurried down the alley, feeling a little scared because I hadn't been out for hours. There was no one in sight and everything was quiet—too quiet. There were two men sitting at a desk in the turnkey's office. I learned from them that the telephone wires had been cut, but when I told them what I wanted to do, one of them jumped up and in a minute or two had the line working.

I picked up the receiver and spoke to the warden.

I told him the men were willing to give up if he guaranteed certain conditions, then I returned to the men. Everyone was dissatisfied with the fact that the warden had refused to guarantee that they wouldn't hang, and started to cut it up, but I broke in and asked them why they didn't send a man out to talk to the warden.

"Maybe someone can do better than me," I said.

Several of the men said, "You go, Tony."

Tony turned to me. "How does it look out there, Bill?"

I explained to him that the whole cell block was deserted and only two guys in the turnkey's office. We went out, Tony carrying a 12-inch shive.

I got the warden's office and handed the phone to Tony. The warden must have asked him who he was and about the guards, for I heard Tony say, "Yes, I'm one of the men who made the break. . . . No, they're alive at the present time. . . . Only six of us. . . . How do you want us to give up?"

I was surprised Tony didn't say anything about a guarantee that they wouldn't be hanged, but he looked tired and I guessed that he had had enough. He talked a short while longer and then gave me the phone.

"Are you the man I talked to before?" the warden said. I told him that I was and he went on. "The man I just spoke to has agreed to give up. Does he have authority to speak for everyone?"

"He's the leader," I answered.

"Very well, put him on. By the way, what did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say," I answered.

Tony took the receiver, listened for a moment or two, then said, "No, there's only one gun." He listened again. "No, that's all we have."

I could see his fingers clench on the long shive. I was standing where I could see his eyes, and suddenly they took fire and began to dart around the room and then fix on me. He wasn't talking now—just standing there with his eyes black and deadly. I took the phone and said, "There's only one gun in there, warden."

"How do I know you're telling the truth?"

"You don't have to know," I said. "You can take your guards' word."

"Providing I can talk to them without someone holding a gun on them; telling them what to say."

"That can be arranged," I said. "How do you want the men to give themselves up?"

"My God, I don't know! Can't you figure out something? I'm only a new fish here. You know more about things inside than I do."

"Just a minute, warden," I said and looked over at Tony. "He doesn't know how to have you give yourselves up. Have you got any ideas?"

Tony didn't answer. I suppose he heard me because I saw his eyes blink, but he was silent, lost in some sort of trance. Finally he looked at me, coming back from wherever he had been, and said, "Any way is all right."

I had worked out a plan on my way over and I gave it to the warden now. "We'll give the gun to one of the guards who's being held—to Blackie Jensen. Then all the men in the library will come out and go to their cells."

The warden broke in. "But what about my guards?"

"I'm coming to that. After your guards have seen that everyone is locked up, they can go to the hospital and lock the door leading into the cell house. When they are inside, you can see them through the peephole in the opposite door. Once you have made sure that they are alone you can open the door, let them out, and they can tell you everything you want to know."

"That's all right," the warden said.

We went back to the library, and after Tony had explained to the gang what they were to do, he went into the hall and told the 1,400 men huddled there in the stench and blood and jumble of overturned benches that they were free.

There was a second of silence, and then one wild yell went up from hundreds of throats, followed by a scramble for the door. Men passing me thrust out their hands and thanked me for saving their lives, but the next day many of the same men wrote letters to the warden swearing that I had been in on the break with the others.

They locked us up according to plan. I took off my shoes and fell into bed and was dead in a minute. Later that afternoon we had Thanksgiving dinner, a day late, cold and greasy, but it was the first food in 36 hours and it tasted good.

WE were locked in our cells for several days and then turned out for a bath. On my way into the bathhouse I ran into Clarke, the guard. He dropped on his knees, and, throwing his arms around my waist, hugged me to him and started to cry, telling me that his wife was sick in the hospital and had never expected to see him again, and that he was going to work his fingers to the bone to get me out of there. I was embarrassed, in front of the other men and the astonished guards, and told them so.

"One-armed Charlie," the captain's runner, came over and took me to the captain's office. The captain apologized for not seeing me sooner. "I had to make an investigation," he said. "I thought you might be pulling some sort of a curve." He showed me the letters but not the signatures of the men who had written to him, attacking me as a member of Tony's gang. "I've talked to the guards and I know now that you were on the level. I want to thank you." He held out his hand. "I've never done this before—offer to shake the hand of a prisoner—but I do offer to do it on this occasion."

I wasn't elated at shaking his hand, and I know that he hated it even worse that I did. I didn't like it in itself, and I didn't like it because I knew what I was going to have to do to keep my word to Tony and his gang.

The district attorney came up from the state capital about a month later and interviewed me along with dozens of other prisoners, asking me to testify for the prosecution in the trial against Tony and his gang.

The warden said, "Due to certain circumstances," he said, "your testimony is all that's required at the trial."

"Do I understand you to mean, warden, that if I go down and testify for the prosecution, against these men, you'll do something for me?"

He said, "Yes, that's what I mean."

I got to my feet. "Well, I'll be God damned! Is that what you called me in here for—to stool? Well, you can go to hell, Warden." And I turned around and walked out of the office.

The trial went on for days. Meanwhile I was thrown into the hole.

One night a friend tapped the message to me that Fink had turned State's evidence and been given life, that the other five men were sentenced to death.

I was released from the hole a few days later and went back to the Stone Yard. Months passed while the five men were appealing the verdict, and then the Friday came, after they had lost their appeal, when they were to die. At breakfast everyone ate in silence, looking at his plate. After breakfast we were locked in our cells, and the silence and tension seemed to increase, to envelop the tiers in a dreadful hush.

Tony and Brinkly went first, and then Jones and Heck. I stood at my peephole, looking down into the middle alley, and I could see the eyes of other men staring out from their peepholes, watching the figures that shuffled along in their slippers, whose steps grew fainter and were lost at last in silence.

I stood for more than an hour without moving, cold and stiff and heavy of heart, knowing that Eddie would come last because he was the most courageous, and then I saw him walking along between the warden and Crane.

They passed out of my vision, but I did not move, listening to the last steps, knowing that I would never see him again.

IT was lock-up time and we were in line waiting to go to our cells. It had been a cold, wintry day, the kind of day that pinches with agony the faces of the men and puts murder in everyone's heart.

A friend of mine, standing in front of me, had his feet a few inches out of line, and suddenly a guard dashed over and pushed a steel-tipped cane into his side. It was a brutal, uncalled-for attack, and my friend staggered and fell to his knees. Without thinking, I grabbed the end of the cane and, pushing against it, forced it out of the guard's grasp. It fell to the ground. And as it lay there I called him a lot of names before I could check myself. The guard backed away from me in surprise and fear, leaving the cane on the ground. Several other guards rushed up and surrounded me, and the first guard, white and shaken, picked up his cane and ordered me onto the captain's line.

While the guard was making a report I could see the look of satisfaction on Crane's face at the thought of throwing me into the hole. He personally escorted me to the hole and gave explicit instructions to the hole screw to see that I was put into a cell by myself, and kept there, alone.

The hole was just a cell like all the others, but with the difference that it was dark. There was a heavy screen in front of the door, and in the door itself a small slit for the guard to peer through. It seemed black when you first entered, but as your eyes got used to it you began to distinguish objects. On the floor were a mattress and blanket, a water bucket and a donniker. Nothing else. No windows. No ventilation.

BEFORE you entered the hole you were stripped naked. The guard looked under your arms, between your toes, in your hair and mouth and, lastly, made you bend over. You then walked naked into the cell. An old shirt without buttons, a pair of pants and felt slippers were thrown in to you by the hole trusty, always a prisoner and a stool pigeon.

The cell was unlocked three times a day, the first time early in the morning when the trusty stood outside the door and you handed him your donniker and the water bucket and he handed you a broom and basin. While he was gone you washed, without soap, using your shirttail to dry your hands and face, watched by a guard who stood at the door. About an hour later the door opened again, a chunk of bread the size of three slices was placed on the floor and the door was locked. Once more, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the second and last chunk of bread was pushed in.

Once every two weeks you were taken out for a bath. You walked naked down an alley to the shower, where a guard watched while you bathed. There was no privacy—you got that in your cell—and you were allowed two minutes, which was enough because the water was ice-cold. They gave you a piece of lye soap, but if you used it your hair came out and your skin was soon covered with a rash. We hated those baths, especially in the winter.

During the day you rolled up your mattress and blanket and put them away in a corner. You might sit on them, but you couldn't lie on them. If you did they were taken away and you had nothing. Many of us did, risking the loss, but we were usually caught and it wasn't worth it, even though we were freezing.

For the first 10 days you had nothing except bread and water. On the 10th day you were given one meal, eight days later another. On the 23rd day, the 26th and the 28th you got more meals. And if you remained in the hole after 30 days, you were given two meals each day for the length of your sojourn. But if you violated any rule during your time in the hole, you had to start all over again.

In the summer months the hole isn't so bad, but this was winter and I had already been chilled to the bone by the bitter wind. I stripped, as usual, upon entering the cell and got into a ragged undershirt without sleeves, drawers cut off at the knees and a pair of threadbare pants. A half hour later the con trusty pushed in a mattress and blanket. Both were thin, and the mattress was stuffed with a few handfuls of straw. I was sure that Crane had personally picked them out.

I tried lying on the mattress, but it was no protection against the biting cold of the steel deck; so I rolled it up and sat on it, wrapping the thin blanket around my shoulders. The cold pierced the blanket and I got up and began to exercise, throwing my arms around, kicking my legs, rubbing my body vigorously. But you can't do that for long, and when I stopped to rest the cold struck back. Again I got to my feet and moved around, and I kept this up hour after hour alternately resting and exercising, unable to sleep.

ON the second day the man in the next cell started rapping out a message to a friend of his down the tier. Taps correspond to the alphabet—from *A* to *Z*. The name *Bill*, for instance, would be rapped out by two taps, a pause, nine taps, a pause, twelve taps, a pause. Then the man who was listening would tap twice quickly, conveying the fact that he knew the next letter would finish the word *Bill*, and the tapper would continue.

After listening a few seconds I recognized the man who was tapping as George Gordon, a rugged individualist who was always making the hole for one thing or other. George was a fast tapper, but he was in a steel cell and with steel it is very difficult to tell where the sound is originating. Suddenly, in the middle of the message, I heard the screen being ripped off my door. The door opened and the hole bull, the Dutchman, thrust his head in.

"Throw out your blanket and mattress," he shouted.

I looked him up and down for a moment. "Come in and get them," I said.

Instead he locked the door and hurried off, only to return in a few minutes with five guards trailing along behind him. In the interval that he was gone, Gordon tapped to me that it was his beef and he was going to take it.

I tapped back, "Nix, we'll both blow our beds then." The screw was already mad at me, so if Gordon had copped out, it would have made no difference. There was no point in both of us suffering.

It was a physical impossibility for

one man to defy six guards, and when I was told to throw out my bed I did it, aware that all six of them were greatly disappointed that they had missed a chance to use their steel-tipped canes.

As I pushed the mattress through the door the Dutchman said, "And now your clothes."

"What?"

"You heard me. Your clothes. Take 'em off. All of 'em."

I got out of my clothes and threw them outside on top of my bed. The hole screw kicked the stuff aside and slammed the door.

Now began the ordeal—19 days I shall never forget. Standing there naked, with my teeth chattering, I felt the slow curling and shrinking of my flesh, like paper that is gradually being consumed by fire. I felt it and fought against it, rubbing myself and moving around, taking some hope in the thought that I would get my bed back in the morning. But as the hours wore on and I grew so tired I could hardly stand, the cold fastened on me and I couldn't shake it.

Dawn came—the almost imperceptible lightening of the pitch-black night, which you grew to know, slight as it is—and though my flesh was stiff it began to thaw a little at the knowledge that soon the door would open and I would get a chunk of bread and, above all, my bed. I broke the ice from the water bucket, washed my face and waited, listening for the least sound. Time dragged on.

Then I heard a faint sighing come stealing over the silent prison, so faint that only a practiced ear could discern it. The lights had come on, and the sighing was the sound of the men returning to consciousness and another day of misery. I heard the click of doors being opened down the tier, one after another, moving closer to mine, and I made a vow that, no matter what happened, I would keep quiet. Whatever happened I would get my bed back. But what, I suddenly thought, if it were refused?

The door swung open and the guard stood looking in at me. He was bundled up in a long, heavy coat, with a warm muffler around his neck, fuzzy gloves and shoes with soles a half inch thick. I couldn't see much of his face, only his cold red nose and cold eyes looking over the muffler, but what I did see sent a shiver of dread through me. This was not the regular hole guard. This was a new man who had taken his place. Suddenly, as he saw that I was standing there naked, his eyes opened in amazement.

"You're blue. How long you been this way?"

"Since yesterday—about 20 hours. Can I have my clothes and bed back?"

"I'd like to, but the regular man took them and he isn't on today. I'm just relieving him. I can't do anything about it except phone the captain."

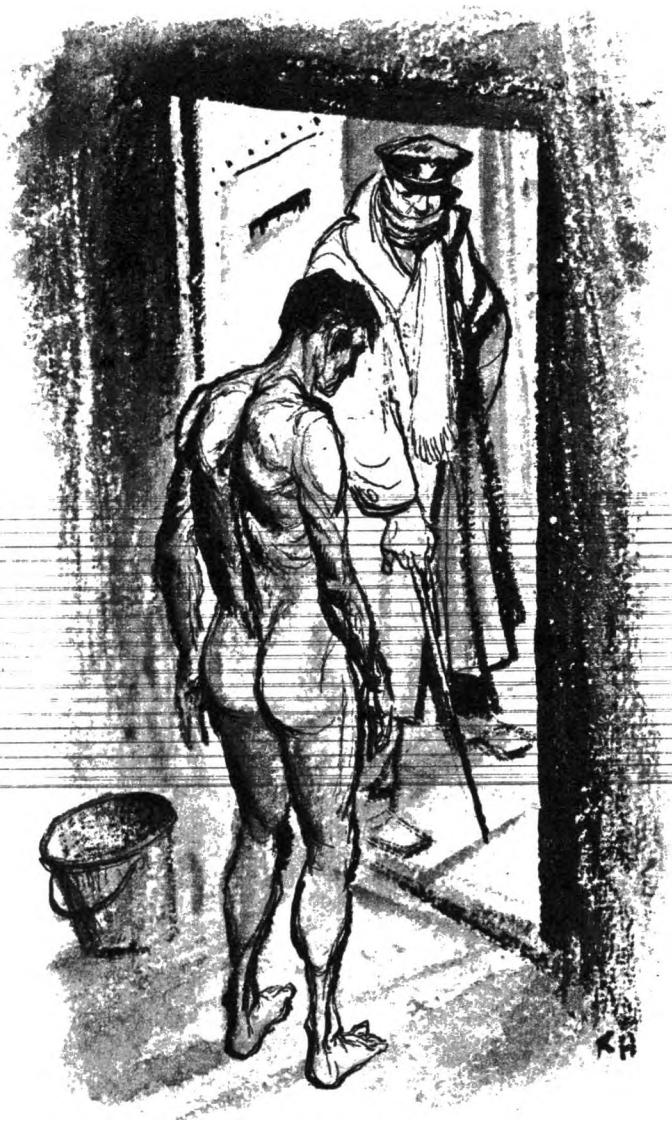
"Don't call him," I said. "Just give me my blanket."

"You'll have to wait for the regular man—he'll be back tomorrow—unless you change your mind and let me call the captain."

I said nothing and he closed the door. But as I heard the bolts slip in and the lock click shut, stark terror seized me. Another day and night seemed more than I could endure. I thought of shouting for the hole screw and asking him to phone Crane, and yet as the cry came to my lips and I pictured how Crane would gloat over me the cry froze in my throat.

But as the day wore on I began to weaken. Many times I was on the verge of giving up. My bare feet where they came in contact with the steel floor felt like stumps. I put toilet paper down and stood on that and it helped some, though I couldn't stand still for long. I dug my fingers into my flesh, kept moving around the narrow cell, standing on one foot and then the other, and yet when the bull opened the door and tossed in a hunk of bread I didn't utter a sound. He said that I would freeze to death before morning, but I didn't answer him. He locked the door and went away.

That night was the most terrible night in my life.



DAWN came and I was still alive, though I will never know how it came about. The door swung open and I saw the Dutchman looking at me.

"Would you like to have your bed back?" he said.

"No!" I said, against my will, in the grip of an overpowering impulse. "And you damn well know what you can do. Stuff it!"

I had a momentary glimpse of his face stiffening in anger, his eyes narrowing, and then the door slammed shut on me. With the sound of the closing door the rage that had prompted my answer was suddenly gone. I wanted to shout after him, to tell him that I didn't mean what I had said, to plead for another chance, but no sound would come from my throat.

I had been in the hole without clothes for 40 hours. Now began another day and night of horror, of moving about, of trying to beat life into my body, never daring to stand for long or to touch the steel walls for fear that my flesh would stick to their frozen surface. The following morning the door opened again and there was the Dutchman. He said nothing, and before I could speak the door was closed. But he was back the next morning and this time he asked me if I wanted my bed. My reply was the same one that I had already given him.

Several times during the next few days he returned and I gave him the same answer. Finally, after about 10 days, the prison doctor came to my cell and examined me. I insulted him, not caring what I did. He left in a rage and said that he would never come back, no matter what happened to me.

I HAD lost count of time. I wouldn't ask the bull how long I had been there. The messages that my friends tapped to me I refused to answer. I slept some, a few minutes at a time, resting on the bucket. I was getting used to the pains that racked my body.

I lived in a great, cold, unbroken silence. The guards ignored me. My friends had quit rapping. The days went by and I didn't try to count them. Then one night just after lockup someone whispered to me through the screened door. I heard a voice say, "This is Rusty."

This man had the rottenest heart in or out of prison. He was so hated by the men that he was never permitted to go to the Yard without a bull going along to protect him.

I was surprised to hear his voice and could barely say, "Yes?"

"Bill, I'd like to be able to go out in the Yard. Some of the guys have got it in for me, but if you was to tell them to lay off, I'd do something for you. I'd get your clothes. In the morning when I put in your bread I'll stick in some cigarettes and matches."

I felt like telling him what I thought of him, but I didn't "All right," I said. "I'll do what I can." I had a scheme.

"Thanks, Bill. I'll get your bed and clothes now. The bull has been wanting to give them back, so I'll tell him you asked me to ask him."

A short time went by and I heard the bull opening the lock. For many days my eyes had been scummed over from the cold. I dug into them now until I was able to see a little, enough to make out the blurred outlines of Rusty as he moved through the door and put the rolled-up mattress down. I was ready for him. As he straightened up I dropped the donniker bucket over his head.

I couldn't see much, but I heard the splash of the lye water, the gurgling yell, his stumbling steps going through the door, the door being slammed by the bull, then the sound of all hell breaking loose. In seconds word had flashed down the tier, and suddenly from all over the prison came delighted shuts of "Kill the fink," accompanied by the rattling of doors and the banging of cups against the steel walls, the running of guards from every direction. The sounds gradually subsided. I felt around for my mattress. It was gone, but I didn't feel cold any more. I felt comfortable, even warm.

Just before the bell rang for the day shift to leave and the night shift to take over, my cell was unlocked. No doubt the bulls were coming in to beat the hell out of me. The door opened and something hit me around my knees, then the door slammed shut and the lock clicked. I reached down in the darkness. There was a big mattress and blankets. I learned later that the Dutchman had tossed them in just before he went off duty, pleased instead of angry at what I had done to Rusty. I opened the mattress and with four heavy army blankets (you're allowed only one) over me lay down to sleep after 19 days.

When I slowly came back to life it was to pain much greater than I had felt before. It was as if my veins had been opened and bursting lava poured into them. Even my hair seemed to sizzle with the electric shocks that ran through my body and curled me up in agony. There were three hunks of bread on the floor, and, since we received two each day, I knew that I had been asleep for 36 hours.

Two days later I was released from the hole, and I went to the hospital for two months to have my eyes treated. I had lost 18 pounds, but I recovered them quickly.

It was years later that my luck began to change. Then began the truly miraculous series of circumstances that soon were to set me free.

I had been up before the Parole Board for many long years. My first appearance was when I had seven years served, which by law is automatic. I was asked no questions other than those referring to the fact that I was serving life for murder, and my case was postponed three more years.

I've had five jury trials in my life, yet they were insignificant in comparison to the trials I faced before the Parole Board. I feared them more than any judge or jury. In McGraw at this time they were absolutely cruel in many of their judgments, for they had only one side of your case before them—the prosecution's side: the report of the police, the evidence prepared by the law-enforcement agencies. Your record lay in front of them, but in it was nothing in the nature of a defense. You had been tried and sent to prison, yet each time you appeared before the Parole Board you were tried again. And since the evidence was that of your conviction, the chances to convince the Board of your innocence were nil.

This time that I went up it was really different. This was a new Board, with all new members. One of the members was a colored man. I had heard from others who had appeared before him that he asked questions and listened to the answers. This was really phenomenal.

Hope which had been lost for years now rushed on me with a force that nearly unnerved me. I sat on the seat outside the Board Room and experienced all the torments of the damned. I was wringing with sweat when at last I was told to enter. The room was the same; only the faces were different. The colored member sat on one side of the table (he is at the head today, for he is chairman). The other members smiled at me and nodded (which again took my breath away), but he did not. However, he did go into my case with a thoroughness that left no doubt in my mind that he wanted to learn both sides, not merely the prosecution's side.

He asked me many sharp questions about my four trials, and he allowed me to answer in my own way. The other Board members also joined in, but all their questions were different from those the former Boards had asked; they were really concerned with my answers and in the way I defended myself.

BUT when I was dismissed, the atmosphere had changed. No one spoke as I left, and they gave me no signs as to what they were thinking. So of course that killed the small spark of hope in me again.

That night I waited at the door of my cell for the mailman. He was slow in coming because this had been a big Board meeting. Hundreds of men had gone up, the new Board working three days and nights to catch up on the calendar the former Board had neglected. Finally he stopped at my cell and slipped several letters through the slot. One was from the Board--

my ticket. Trembling, I tore open the envelope. It was the regulation pink slip of denial. I began to read it with a leaden heart, but my attention was immediately caught by its content. The slip said: "Your case has been considered and the Board has postponed you for investigation."

What in the world did this mean? I had never heard of such a thing before nor had anybody else in McGraw, neither the prisoners nor the officials whom I later asked.

A month went by. The Board met and left and then another month passed. Still there was no explanation of the words on the slip.

IT was night, and I had just written my mother. I was lying on my bunk shortly after the lights went out, staring at the empty bed above me, when a figure in civilian clothes appeared at my cell.

A voice said, "Hey, Bill, are you awake?"

I raised up and looked closely. It was the captain, Bill Day. I was astonished, for I had never seen him without his uniform. I said, "Yes, I'm awake. What's the matter, Cap? What's the beef?"

He stepped close to the door. "There's no beef. Are you ready to go home? The Board just met," he said, "and gave you an immediate parole. You can leave just as soon as you can get a job and have it checked by the Parole Officer. Write a note now and I'll put it in a telegram to your friend and send it right off. Tell him to have a job sent into the Parole Office. The quicker he does it the quicker you'll be out."

Long before he had finished I was sitting on my bunk too weak to stand. Waves of wild happiness swept over me.

The next day on the way to work I passed Captain Day on his line and he asked me if I had written the telegram. I knew then that I hadn't dreamed it, that it was true and I was going out. He took me to his office and I wrote a telegram after many tries. It was then that he told me the circumstances that led to the granting of my parole.

Tex Runals, a close friend of mine who was working at the harvest camp, had been denied a parole a few months previously. Later he came back to the prison for a day and while there happened to run into the new secretary of the Parole Board, Loren Hazen. He asked Mr. Hazen why his parole had been refused while one had been given to his partner in crime who had turned State's evidence. He wanted to know if it was necessary to rat on someone to get a parole. Hazen grew angry at this insinuation and threatened to have Tex punished. But Tex went on to say that his friend Bill Doyle had saved the lives of six guards some 18 years before and, because he hadn't turned stoolie, was still in prison, though he should have had a pardon.

Mr. Hazen forgot his anger and took Tex into his office to investigate the story. My record was brought in, but, though all the beefs were there, no mention had been made of anything else. Hazen thereupon said that he should have Tex thrown in the hole for lying, and Tex replied that all that was needed to prove what he had said was to call in Captain Day or Lieutenant Shay or the wife of Blackie Jensen, Blackie being dead. An investigation was immediately made, the information that had been suppressed came to light and, as a result, my parole was granted.

Through a friend of mine various jobs were submitted to the Parole Office and one of them accepted. I was told I could leave immediately, but my friend wired me that he was driving up to take me home, so I got permission to wait for him.

When I was dressed in civilian clothes I started for the Liberty Gate, with my friend beside me. Captain Day had excused the men from work, and they were lined up on the hillside to say farewell. There were shouts of "Eat a big steak for me" and, because it is every prisoner's fondest wish, "Don't forget the ham and eggs." The farewells followed me as I walked down the ramp toward the first gate, and as I realized that I was actually on my way out a great urge to turn back took hold of me.

I said to my friend, "God, how I hate to leave these guys! They've been my only friends for 20 years."

But the moment I was on the outside my strength returned. I was filled with sudden joy. I looked through the coming dusk at the trees and the world beyond and breathed it all in. Here at last was the freedom I had yearned for and despaired of ever achieving. ◆◆◆

$15.20 an hour!

This is the average earning reported by Presto salesman WM. F. WYDALLIS. "The sky's the limit" on Presto profits because of America's serious need for this new fire extinguishing discovery.

WILLIAM F. WYDALLIS

"Most specialty salesmen are always on the lookout for a 'natural.' The 'natural' of this decade is the PRESTO FIRE EXTINGUISHER... because it is handy in size, simple to operate, and in the right price range.

"For every hour I have devoted to the Presto, I find that I have earned an average of $15.20 an hour. I am now convinced that extraordinary money can be made in this safety field. I am devoting more of my time to this product now since I have discovered that the earnings on this item are greater than any item I have handled in the past."

—William F. Wydallis
Van Wert, Ohio

CHARLES KAMA

This Presto salesman from Texas was featured at "Salesman of the Month" on the front cover of a sales magazine. He told the magazine's reporter:

"I think I've succeeded pretty well. I'm making more than a thousand dollars a month—and I haven't touched bottom yet."

WOULDN'T YOU like to be making the kind of money William F. Wydallis is making? His story (printed at left) is just one example of the brilliant success that Presto salesmen are meeting everywhere! A Florida salesman earned $600 in one month. An Ohio man earned $2100 in 2 months. A new York salesman earned $1500 in one month. A New Hampshire salesman added the Presto as a *sideline* and picked up an extra $1800 in 20 months.

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PRESTO contains an amazing new chemical "Chlorobromomethane" or "C.B." developed as a secret defense against fire during the war.

In comparing the effectiveness of "C.B." in fighting various kinds of fires an authoritative testing laboratory states: "It has been proved that *'C.B.' is about 1.5 to 6 times as effective as other common extinguishing agents on an equal weight basis.*"

This extra effectiveness of "C.B." means that Presto can be made light and handy enough for even a woman or child to use. Just a twist of the knob . . . and flames disappear! "Sells on sight" to civil defense workers, owners of homes, cars, stores, farms, service stations, boats, motorcycles, factories, offices and to stores for re-sale.

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Everyone is terrified at the very *thought of FIRE! Every year* fire kills more than 11,000 people. Most people who see Presto in action want one or more—ESPECIALLY WHEN THE PRICE IS ONLY $3.98 EACH!

You can demonstrate Presto in a few minutes, and every sale will net you $1 or more. We refill your demonstrator free . . . and we give you dramatically powerful printed sales material to "talk from" . . . free certificates testifying that Presto is GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS.

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- Ends Fire as Fast as 2 Seconds
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Get started in this rich new field now. Don't "put it off"! Every day you hesitate may cost you $10, $15, or even $50 you could otherwise be making. Mail the coupon at left. NOW for everything you need to get started right away!

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Best Selling Months Just Ahead! Don't Delay — Mail coupon Now!

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Please send me illustrated sales literature, liberal profit plan, order blanks—everything I need to get started making good money introducing the Presto Fire Extinguisher in my locality.

☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WISH TO ORDER A REGULAR PRESTO TO BE USED AS A DEMONSTRATOR ($2.50). Pays for itself many times over in increased sales. Can be returned as often as you like for FREE re-fill. You needn't enclose any money now—we'll send Demonstrator C.O.D. (Or if you wish to save money, enclose $2.50 and we'll pay postage.)

☐ If under 18 years of age, check here for Booklet A.

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IN CANADA: Mapa Co., Ltd., 371 Dowd Street, Montreal 1, P.Q.

REVOLUTIONARY NEW SELF-CONTAINED, COMPLETE SPRAY KIT MAKES PAINTING EASY!

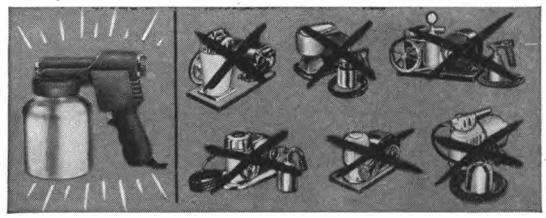
Now Spray Anything In Minutes With Amazing New *Super Jet!*

Nothing To Do But Pull The Trigger! Astonishing New Principle Requires *No* Air Compressor, *No* CO_2 Cartridges, *No* Tank! *Nothing Extra To Buy!*

Simply plug Super Jet into any 110 Volt A.C. electrical outlet and start spraying! The *patented* precision pumping mechanism allows you to spray from *open* or *closed* containers; spray paints, enamels, varnishes, shellacs, lacquers, water, oil, insecticides, fungicides, even water soluble fertilizers! And amazing Super Jet operates as well on a thimbleful or a barrelful of spraying liquid!

All metal Super Jet contains NO BREAKABLE PLASTIC OR GLASS parts! Lightweight and rugged, it sprays as well as professional equipment costing up to *3 times* as much! Unlike cumbersome professional equipment or impractical toy-like spray guns, you can use Super Jet every time you have *anything* to paint or spray. It's so simple to use, so easy to clean. Super Jet pays for itself!

No Special Air Compressors or Extra Motors Needed!



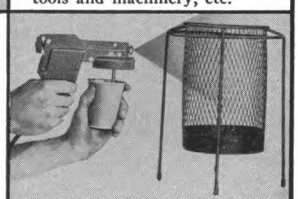
Laboratory Tests Prove SUPER JET Is Better!

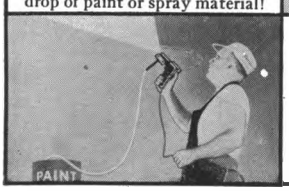
Independent laboratory tests *plus* consumer testimonials show that *Super Jet* is the most versatile spray unit on the market! Super Jet is so rugged, so efficient and economical to use that Army, Navy and Air Corps used them. Thousands in use today in homes and industry. Simple to operate, non-clogging and easy to clean, amazing new Super Jet Spray Kit saves time, work, money!

3 DIFFERENT *WAYS* TO SPRAY WITH SUPER JET!

AVERAGE JOBS — Aluminum jar holds enough material for average paint jobs . . . chairs, tables, shelves, refrigerators, radiators, storm windows, screens, metal furniture, etc. Also perfect for spraying insecticides, liquid fertilizers, removing wall paper, lubricating tools and machinery, etc.

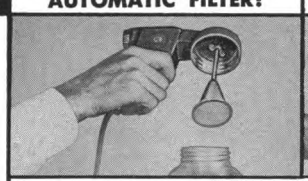
SMALL JOBS — Spray direct from container! Excellent for small spray jobs; painting garden tools, toys, metal grill work, flower pots, lamps, and hobby projects. Also permits spraying deodorizers or disinfectants right from bottle! This feature saves money too. Sprays last drop of paint or spray material!





LARGE JOBS—Super Jet's revolutionary principle permits *continuous* spraying direct from large containers of spray material. Special "long-distance" tubing eliminates refilling. No expensive tanks or compressors to buy! Spray walls, floors, ceilings, gardens, lawns, etc.

AUTOMATIC FILTER!



NO MORE STRAINING!—Super Jet comes equipped with an ingenious, fine screen, metal filter that *automatically strains* paint and spray materials. Dirt, pigments, lumps, paint skin, etc. are automatically filtered out and prevented from clogging the gun!

SELF-CLEANING!

NOTHING TO TAKE APART TO CLEAN!—Super Jet cleans itself. Simply spray solvent through the gun for 20 seconds and Super Jet is clean and ready for another job . . . for a different spray material . . . or for storage! No work! No time wasted!

FREE! Mail Coupon TODAY and get *Free* 5-piece pocket Screw Driver Set.

EXTRA BONUS! Send $29.95 in full payment of your SUPER JET SPRAY KIT and receive as extra bonus tool kit pictured! Tempered steel 6 inch wrench, 7 inch pliers, screw driver blades and chuck, complete with carrying case. Not a toy!

A COMPLETE SPRAY KIT! Only $29.95-$1. a week!

- NEW SUPER JET SPRAY GUN
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Please send amazing new SUPER JET SPRAY KIT. I must be completely satisfied or I may return within 10 days for full refund. I am using payment plan checked below.

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- ☐ OPEN CHARGE ACCOUNT. Enclosed is $5.00. I will pay balance of $24.95 plus postage at $1.00 a week. Send FREE GIFT.
- ☐ SEND C.O.D. Enclosed is $5.00. I will pay postman $24.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Send FREE GIFT.

YOUR NAME will be written in 23 *Karat Gold* on your kit. *Please Print Carefully.*

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J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man. OUR 40th YEAR

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security

Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned $12 to $15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunneytown, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

"By graduation, had paid for course, car, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

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Start Soon to Make $10, $15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make $10, $15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

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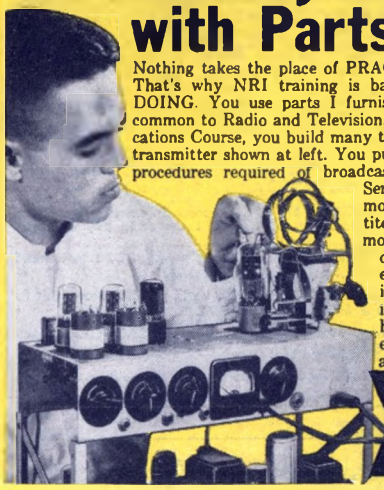
You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send



Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make $10, $15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

The Tested Way To Better Pay!

Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.

About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.

25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

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Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as $5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept.4EG1,Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

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