TRUE BOOK BONUS: MY ADVENTURES WITH THE GOLDEN WOMEN OF KON-PLONG

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NOV. 35¢

THE HUSH-HUSH MISSION of LT. CLARK

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

BY ALBERT DORNE

Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginia salesgirl studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Bowen—a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana—studied art with us. Now he paints portraits and sells them for $250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

Free Art Talent Test

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (part time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands formerly paid $1 for this test. But we'll send it to you *free*—if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation. But mail coupon today.

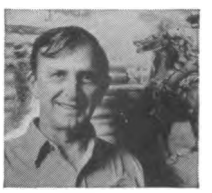
America's 12 Most Famous Artists


ALBERT DORNE

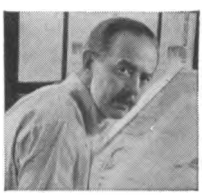

NORMAN ROCKWELL


JON WHITCOMB


AL PARKER


HAROLD VON SCHMIDT


STEVAN DOHANOS


FRED LUDEKENS


PETER HELCK


ROBERT FAWCETT


BEN STAHL


DONG KINGMAN


AUSTIN BRIGGS

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

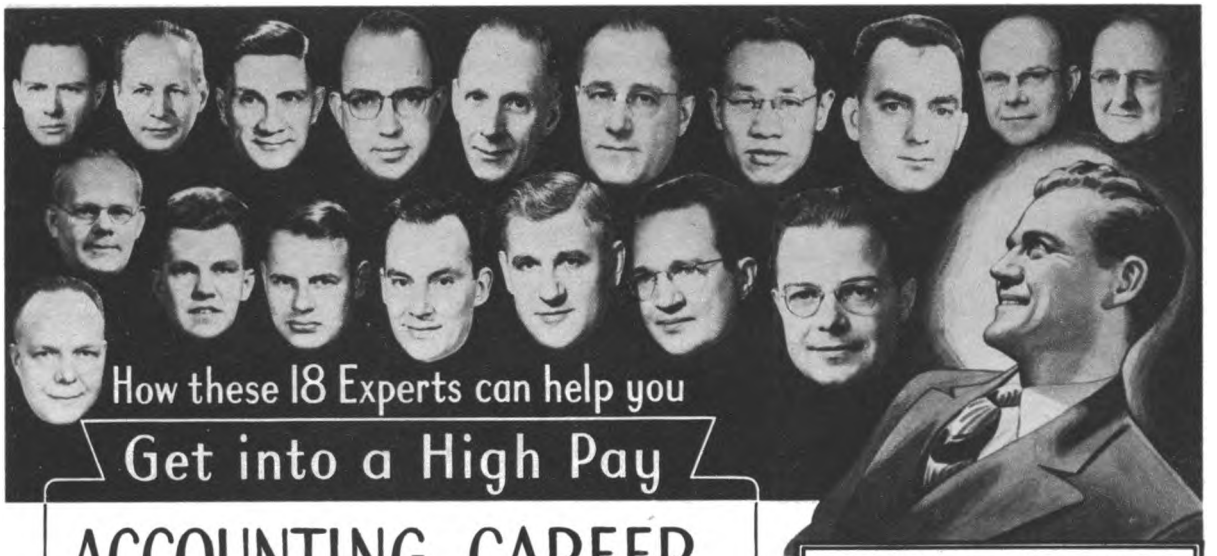
Studio 265, Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs._____Age____
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

City, Zone, State_____



How these 18 Experts can help you

Get into a High Pay ACCOUNTING CAREER

LaSalle's famous staff of Accounting authorities are helping thousands prepare for fast promotion and bigger pay. They can do the same for *you!*

If your heart is set on a larger income and all that it means... better home —fine car—larger bank account—more of the good things of life...

If that's your ambition and you are really serious about it, then you owe it to yourself to get the REAL FACTS about LaSalle Accounting, and the many good-pay opportunities that can be YOURS through LaSalle's famous Problem Method Plan.

It matters not whether you've had a single day of experience in this field—or whether you have already started but want to climb higher. LaSalle's expert training is designed to take you *from where you are... to where you want to be* in higher positions and a lifetime career of security and good income.

WHY YOU CAN'T FAIL TO GAIN

You see on this page a panel of experts who know Accounting from A to Z... all the way from Basic Accounting, on up through Accounting Systems, Cost Accounting, Auditing, Federal Income Tax, and training for the CPA certificate. These are only part of LaSalle's instruction staff. But what is most important to you...

...These CPAs and Expert Accountants know how to impart their knowledge to others... how to help you prepare quickly yet thoroughly for success in this very lucrative field.

The proof? What stronger proof could there be than that more than 4,500 Certified Public Accountants (one out of every 13 of the U.S. total) have trained with LaSalle? Or the hundreds of thousands of men and women whom LaSalle has helped qualify rapidly for more money, a brighter future, in a high-pay-lifetime career? These thousands came to us with different backgrounds of experience and varying degrees of ambition. Many have reported raises and promotions after only a few weeks of training. Thousands of them have written to say they are now earning 50% more—even *double* their former incomes—*often in less than a year*. These letters are published in book form for your inspection. They were written by real people, with real income problems and ambitions—people who might be your next-door neighbor.

Yes, if you are really sincere in wanting to better your position—start your income climbing—enjoy a lifetime career of high standing and high reward—this friendly staff of experts can help you. Of course, you have to do your part... but ...with a winning team of authorities like this backing you up, how could you possibly fail?

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Address.....

City & Zone..... *State*.....

stag

Vol. 8, No. 11

November, 1957

STAG is published MONTHLY by OFFICIAL MAGAZINE CORP. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 655 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y. SECOND-CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED AT NEW YORK, N. Y. Additional entry at CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

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Let Me SHOW How I Can Make You a REAL HE MAN from Head to Toe—in Just 15 Minutes a Day!

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- Nervous?
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- Overweight and Short of Breath?
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NO MATTER how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be—how old or young you are—you have the DORMANT muscle power in your God-given body to be a real HE-MAN. Believe me, I know because I was once a 97-pound HALF-ALIVE weakling. People laughed at my build . . . I was ashamed to strip for sports . . . shy of girls . . . afraid of competition.

Then I discovered the secret that changed me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." The secret I have shared with thousands of other fellows to turn them into marvelous physical specimens —REAL HE-MEN from head to toe!

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Charles Atlas

Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Here Are Just a Few of the Men I've Turned into Atlas Champions!

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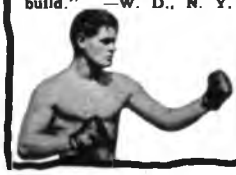
Proud of His Build Now Gained 20 pounds. "My whole upper trunk is now in proportion to the rest of my body. I'm really proud of my body, thanks to you." —P. V., Va.

"New Health and Strength" "I feel like a lion. I can easily lift 185 pounds. You gave me new health, strength, and a perfect build." —W. D., N. Y.



Make Wonderful Progress "I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress." —W. G., New Jersey

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Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how *"Dynamic Tension"* can make me a new man—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. No obligation.

NAME.....AGE.....
(Please print or write plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

MEN IN CRIME

INSIDE FOR MEN

STAG CONFIDENTIAL

MEN IN CRIME

Average embezzler is 36, has a wife and two kids, owns a car, participates in social and community work, is highly regarded by boss and neighbors and has wholesome and jovial habits. He usually begins stealing after five years of honorable, outstanding work . . . You need two licenses to fire a gun on a stage in New York City; one from the police for having a gun and the other from the Fire Department for pulling the trigger. . . .

Most suicides occur on Monday and Tuesday mornings during May and June. . . .

INSIDE FOR MEN

GIRL WITH THE BIGGEST derriere is the most desirable among Bushmen and Hottentots . . . If you want to dillydally, pick a woman aged 38-40. Headshrinkers say they are more receptive in this group than in any other; it's the "relaxed" time for women . . . LATEST GIMMICK AMONG GIs stationed in Japan is to will girls to their buddies. One GI will have a hot number and suddenly be transferred. He then draws up a will and passes girl on to a buddy who still has some time to go. JAPANESE GIRLS EAT THIS UP . . . One thing that burns up GIs about Japanese "love-love" girls, incidentally, is all the time it takes them to get ready—at least two hours. . . .

BUMPING is the big boy-girl sport in Norway. You see one you like and all you have to do is bend down to tie a shoelace and let her bump you. That's all the introduction necessary and you're practically engaged . . . Two hours of the day during which people are LEAST CONCERNED WITH SEX are between four and six a.m. . . . Get nervous if your girl lets you know she's vacationing in Venezuela. Ten men to every doll there . . . They don't hire a French model unless her "GIRDLE-TO-GIRDLE" time is under three minutes. (That's off with one girdle and back on with another) . . . If the girl has a 40 bust it's impossible for her to ring in with a 20 waist. But if she does, don't let her get away. . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

KEEP RIGHT ON WALKING if the guy in the Southwest tells you he can throw a watermelon over a two-story building for money. He'll do it WITH A GREEN WATERMELON (the size of a baseball) . . . You want to get married underground, guy named Lester Dill of Stanton, Mo., will give you a free wedding outfit if you do it in his Meramec Caverns. . . .

You can ski in Chile any time from June to October FOR ONLY $5/day HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS, including meals. . . .

If Lincoln's beard is too coarse and the clouds are missing behind his head, YOU'VE GOT A PHONY FIVER, new variety . . . They hold an oddball drawing every day in Rifle, Colo. Guy with the lucky traffic ticket gets a money prize (worth $5) . . . One invention Army's desperate for is way to detect non-metallic mines, ones made of plastic, glass or wood. Army's gadget can tell if there is a hole in the ground,

Continued on page 42

AMAZING MUSIC DISCOVERY

Has You Playing Real Music The Very First Time You Try!

Thousands Now Play Who Never Thought They Could — Requires No Teacher — No Boring Practice of Scales and Exercises . . . QUICK, EASY, INEXPENSIVE!

IF you are one of the many thousands who have always wanted to play music, yet hesitate to learn because "it takes too long," or "it costs too much"—here's wonderful news! Now, with this modern home-study method, you can actually play your favorite instrument *the very first time you try*—and you can go on to master that instrument in a much shorter time than you'd ever imagine possible!

NO "SPECIAL TALENT" REQUIRED

No previous training needed — no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this amazing music discovery will have you playing *real melodies* instead of practicing tedious scales and exercises. Earliest lessons consist of delightful songs, hymns, waltzes, etc. Clear, simple directions and large, show-how pictures teach you exactly what to do, so you can't go wrong . . . even if you don't know a single note of music now! Soon you'll be playing ALL your favorite songs and compositions *by note!*

EVEN CHILDREN LEARN QUICKLY

Over 900,000 people the world over have taken up this easy-as-A-B-C way to learn music. It's all so clearly explained, so easy to understand that even children "catch on" quickly. Yes, ANYONE can learn to play piano, violin, accordion, guitar or any other instrument. No inconvenient lesson periods—no expensive hourly tuition. You learn in spare time of your own choosing. *You become your own music teacher . . .* and progress as rapidly or as leisurely as *you* wish. And lessons are only a few cents each, including valuable sheet music you'll keep always! The whole family can learn for the price of one.

STOP CHEATING YOURSELF OF THESE JOYS

Why not let this U. S. School of Music method bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity! New friends. Gay parties. Good times. More self-confidence and poise. Extra money from playing or teaching. Possibly even a brilliant musical career. Best of all, the deep *personal satisfaction* of being able to create your own music—provide your own entertainment!

WHICH MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DO *YOU* WANT TO PLAY?

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☐ **GUITAR** "It's been fun. Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as a private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances."—HOWARD HOPKINS, E. Syracuse, N. Y.

☐ **ACCORDION** "I got my start with a U. S. School of Music Course. How easy it is to play this 'teach yourself' way!—LAWRENCE WELK, Famous Orchestra Leader

☐ **VIOLIN** "I have played for dances, and am now studying Heifetz's 'Hora Stoccata' and a couple of concertos." — IVAN W. DAYLEY, Lisco, Nebr.

. . . *OR* ANY OF THESE OTHER INSTRUMENTS:

☐ Saxophone
☐ Trumpet, Cornet
☐ Pipe, Hammond, Reed Organ
☐ Tenor Banjo
☐ Ukulele
☐ Clarinet
☐ Trombone
☐ Flute
☐ Steel Guitar
☐ Piccolo

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Studio A911, Port Washington, N. Y.

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☐ Violin
☐ Piano Accordion
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☐ Tenor Banjo
☐ Ukulele
☐ Clarinet
☐ Trombone
☐ Flute
☐ Piccolo
☐ Modern Elementary Harmony
☐ Mandolin
☐ Practical Finger Control

Do you have the instrument?.....

Mr. / Mrs / Miss .....
(Please Print Carefully)

Address .....

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

☐ If under 18, check here for Booklet A

stag's Medical Memo

by Roger Stirling

MILTOWN MENACE—If you're on peace-of-mind pills, make sure you don't take them when you've been drinking. Alcohol and Miltown or chlorpromazine don't mix too well, California researchers have learned. Tests with alcoholics showed that the mixture increased the

effect of alcohol and actually heightened the amount circulating in the blood and brain. In experiments with medical students, teaming liquor with tranquilizers produced bizarre effects, the men pushing each other into showers, becoming loud, boisterous, and irresponsible. Conclusion: if you're tranquilizing and drinking, don't drive or work near potentially dangerous machinery.

HI-FI ADDICTS—When a Hi-Fi fan blasts his neighbors with recorded music and loses himself in his insatiable desire for bizarre sounds, he becomes a true addict who needs a psychiatrist. A Canadian doctor who made a study of the music enthusiasts says they use their Hi-Fi sets as "power symbols" and as a way of keeping ahead of the Joneses; they get a great feeling of control when, with a flick of the wrist, they can blast the neighborhood with a Niagara of sound. Some addicts take loud, aggressive passages, record them in sequence on tape and play them back as a continuous, sadistic, psychotic symphony. Others have a compulsive urge to buy more and more records and feel frustrated when lack of money forces them to "go on the wagon."

ALLERGY FACTS—Exploding common false notions about allergy, a leading New York specialist points out that asthma or hay fever is not inherited. Only the "physical soil" for the disease, not the disease itself, can be acquired from parents. Other myths debunked: Asthmatics can't be cured by mere changes of climate. Removing tonsils and adenoids does not cure asthma. While asthmatics are never "cured" in the sense that a controlled condition may flare up any time, it is wrong to believe that no one ever dies from the disease. Statistics show that asthma is a primary cause as well as contributing cause of deaths.

HYPNOSIS LIMITS—Hypnosis in dentistry should be considered mainly as a supplement to other techniques, not used alone, says a Cleveland authority. Dentists trained in hypnosis will find it helpful in relieving a patient's anxiety and tension, building up confidence to the point where final densensitization

to drilling and other procedures can be accomplished. Usual forms of anesthetics must be relied on for prevention and relief of actual pain.

SPACE-DIZZY—Many air crashes occur when pilots lose their sense of "up and down" in space, an Air Force surgeon reports. In one overseas command, this "pilot's vertigo" was responsible for one out of seven fatal accidents. A re-

view of all major aircraft accidents in the Air Force reveals that disorientation of the pilot is involved in over one-fourth of accidents in which physical, physiological and pathological factors are involved. The complicated demands of high-speed flying tax the pilot's mental faculties to a point where he may no longer pay attention to his instruments, increasing his sense of confusion.

IN BRIEF—Isolating the germ responsible for multiple sclerosis may lead to a treatment for the dread disease of the brain or spinal cord which afflicts 300,000 people. A successful method of diagnosing m.s. has also been announced by a Philadelphia bacteriologist. . . . Wounds can be closed without stitches by means of a sticky plastic film coated with a non-toxic adhesive that adheres firmly to the skin. Wounds apparently heal sooner, with less scarring than when they're sutured. . . . Appendicitis deaths have been cut down by over 90 per cent in the past 25 years and could be reduced to near zero if people sought earlier treatment. If you develop a gripping cramp in the abdomen, don't delay seeing your doctor. ◆◆◆

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Appliances are necessary to comfortable, convenient living. Owners pay well to keep them in repair. The field is amazingly big. In addition to major appliances such as electric ranges, air conditioners, refrigerators, there are over 40,000,000 electric irons, 5,000,000 electric blankets, 15,000,000 coffee makers, plus more millions of vacuum cleaners, fans, toasters, mixers, etc.

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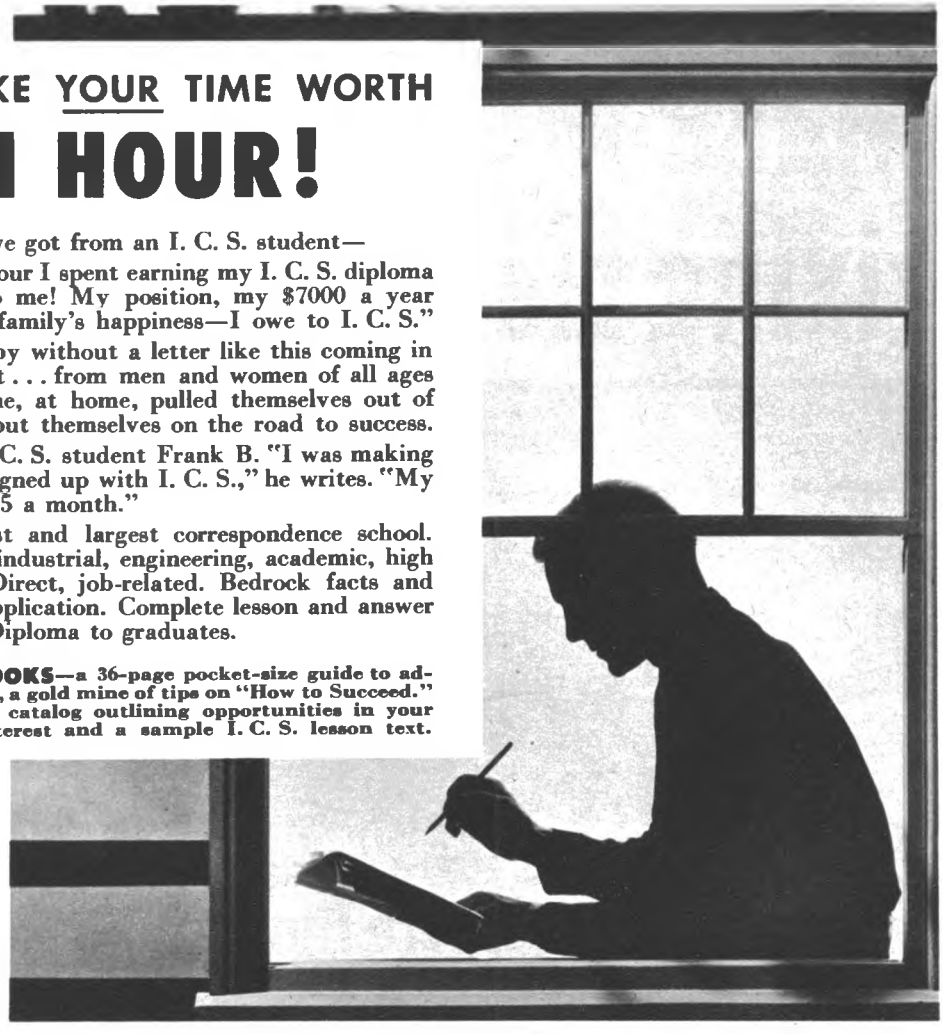

Here's part of a letter we got from an I. C. S. student—

"Every spare-time hour I spent earning my I. C. S. diploma has been worth $95 to me! My position, my $7000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe to I. C. S."

Hardly a day goes by without a letter like this coming in from an I. C. S. student . . . from men and women of all ages who, in their spare time, at home, pulled themselves out of the small-pay rut and put themselves on the road to success.

Take the case of I. C. S. student Frank B. "I was making $152 a month when I signed up with I. C. S.," he writes. "My present income is $395.25 a month."

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3 FREE BOOKS—a 36-page pocket-size guide to advancement, a gold mine of tips on "How to Succeed." Also a big catalog outlining opportunities in your field of interest and a sample I. C. S. lesson text.

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- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Automobiles
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma
- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Mathematics
- ☐ Short Story Writing

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

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION
- ☐ General Electronics Tech.
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing

RAILROAD
- ☐ Car Inspector and Air Brake
- ☐ Diesel Electrician
- ☐ Diesel Engr. and Fireman
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Power Plant Engineer
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Fireman

TEXTILE
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton Manufacture
- ☐ Cotton Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Loom Fixing Technician
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Textile Finishing & Dyeing
- ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Worsted Manufacturing

Name_____ Age_____ Home Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____ Working Hours_____ A.M. to P.M._____

Occupation_____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

LAST LAUGHS

"Could you borrow a cup of what?"

During World War II a lovely Parisian restaurant owner had a difficult time getting enough food to keep her customers happy. One day she posted a sign in her window: "Due to Hitler, your portions will be littler."

Several days later this sign was replaced by another. "Due to Hess, your portions will be less."

And, after a few weeks—her business had been steadily dropping off—she put another sign up. "Due to Goering, I have gone back to my old business."

♦♦♦

A glazier who specialized in stained glass windows for churches wired to an out-of-town customer asking for the inscription and the dimensions of a window he had ordered. The returning telegram caused quite a stir. It read: "Unto us a child is born. Four feet wide and seven feet long."

♦♦♦

Early one morning the switchboard operator at a smart hotel got a call from a man, obviously drunk, who asked, "What time does the bar open?"

"At noon," she answered.

But the answer apparently didn't satisfy him for he kept calling her back every ten minutes to ask the same question. Finally the operator raised her voice. "I told you at noon. And even then I'm afraid they won't let you in."

"Let me in!" the drunk answered. "Hell's bells, I want to get out."

Three salesmen were in a tavern having a few glasses of beer.

"I hate to see a woman drink alone," said the liquor salesman.

The grocery salesman added. "And I hate to see a woman eat alone."

The mattress salesman remained silent.

♦♦♦

A model from Honolulu was teaching several New York girls to hula. "It's easy," she said. "First you put a crop of grass on the right hip. Then you put a crop of grass on the left hip. Then you rotate the crops."

A testimonial from a Hollywood lass: "Your tranquilizers are wonderful. When I was first married I was so nervous that my husband couldn't sleep with me. Now, after only one bottle, anyone can."

♦♦♦

One hobo saw another hobo drive up in a brand-new Cadillac. "Where'd you get that?" he asked.

"Well," drawled the second, "the other day a beautiful blonde picked me up, drove out to the desert, stripped naked and told me that I could have anything I wanted. I took the car."

"Gad, Fenbrook, I hope we're rescued soon . . .
My wife is looking better to me every day!"

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

BOOM-TOWN MADAM

In Belle's satin-lined parlor no rough stuff was allowed, but upstairs anything went—for cash.

by Bob Duncan

ILLUSTRATED BY AL ROSSI

BELLE HEMLEY was not easily shocked, but on that summer night in 1926 when she stepped off the bus in Cromwell, Oklahoma, she felt as if she had suddenly arrived in hell. The gaudy wooden saloon fronts and the corrugated-iron dance halls shimmered in the light of flickering gas torches. The streets were swarming with men, fresh from the noon-to-eight shift in the oil fields.

The first of the nightly fights had begun in front of Ma and Pa Murphy's Dance Hall, (*Continued on page* 70)

Flames swept through the house so fast the girls had to run out just as they were—raw.

the hush-hush Mission of Lt. Clark

He knew too much to be taken alive. But to make sure, he carried a live grenade in his pocket all the time he played "footsie" with the Reds.

by Emile C. Schurmacher

WATCHING the four sampans approach from enemy-held Taebu-do Island, Lieutenant Eugene Franklin Clark, USN, chomped expectantly upon the end of a frayed cigar butt and shifted the .45 caliber "grease gun" under his arm.

Plainly the Commies were overeager. The bark of a 37 mm antitank gun reached his ears as they opened up from the bow of Captain Twantze's engine-powered sampan at a distance of a mile.

The 37 mm shell geysered the oily calmness of the water a half mile in front of Clark's one-sampan navy. Shrill cries of victory already were shredding the Yellow Sea twilight from excited Chinese and North Koreans aboard the three sailing sampans of Twantze's assault armada.

A bit premature, Clark thought to himself and glanced upward. Interrupted in their fishing, three gulls had taken off resentfully in the direction of Inchon harbor.

Twantze's 37 mm spoke again. The second geyser spouted only a trifle closer. At the wheel of Clark's sampan, whimsically rechristened *Flagship*, old Soji Iwon waggled his goatlike beard and muttered fiercely.

Clark turned to his interpreter, Sasebo-born Sammy Wai.

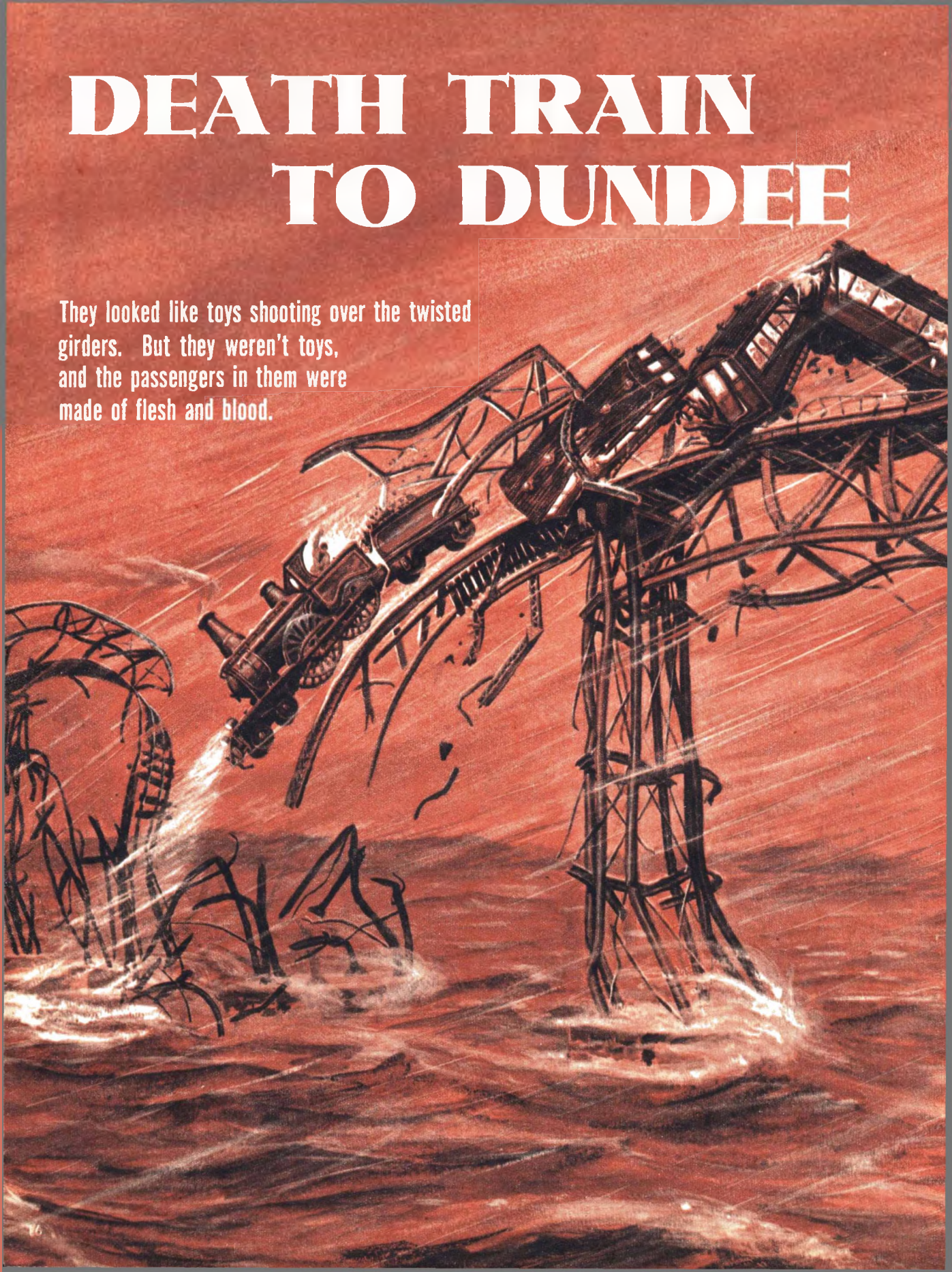
"Tell him there is nothing to fear from the antitank gun. Their gunnery is pretty terrible."

There was a rapid exchange in Korean. Sammy Wai said in good GI English, "Old guy ain't worried about getting clobbered. Thinks we might get snafued in the mud or (*Continued on page* 79)

Before the actual Inchon landings could take place, it was Clark's job to pinpoint tides, gun emplacements, shore terrain. This little plum was his because of the unusual linguistic ability he demonstrated at Japanese war trials (upper right).

DEATH TRAIN TO DUNDEE

They looked like toys shooting over the twisted girders. But they weren't toys, and the passengers in them were made of flesh and blood.



by Stan Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM BENTLEY

BY 5:30 the gale had risen to hurricane force and was lashing the Scottish city of Dundee. In the narrow hill streets on the north bank of the river Tay, the wind's wild moaning and the crash of falling tiles, exploding window panes and collapsing chimneys stopped the sermon in Ward's Chapel. Minister Short closed the Book.

"An augury of doom, aye," Short looked out over his frightened congregation. "The Lord made a great storm; the wrath of the Lord is a fearsome thing. We should heed. Amen!"

At the top of Commercial Street a photographic booth exploded, shattering a hail of plate glass into the street. Wooden planks ripped from eaves, sagging walls and roofs disintegrated in mid-air or tore away under the press of wind. Scarcely a soul in Ward's (*Continued on page* 54)

We hauled the frostbitten bank robbers from the corn shock where they had holed up with a machine gun and automatics.

MANHUNT—

What started out as a gunfight on the main street of town ended up in a wild 48-hour backwoods brawl.

John Paul Scott was splattered with blood of his freak

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN STYLE

by Lt. William O. Newman, Kentucky State Police, as told to Ken Jones

"AND that," announced blue-eyed, lantern-jawed Sheriff George Little, ". . . and *that* gives me high, low, jack and the game!" He slapped down his last card, an ace, and looked triumphantly at the other three players grouped around the table.

The time was shortly after one o'clock on the clear but dark and bitter cold morning of Sunday, January 6th of this year. The place was the sheriff's modest home about a mile from the Kentucky mountain town of Campton.

Campton, with a population of 600, is the county seat of Wolfe County. It is located in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, at the very edge of the Cumberland National Forest. Gathered around the card table with Sheriff Little were his cousin, Frank Adams; a neighbor, Ed Graham; and the sheriff's 16-year-old son, Paul. The four had been enjoying a friendly game of pitch; time had passed rapidly and unnoticed.

As the sheriff reached to scoop up the winning trick, the phone rang. All four players looked up in taut alarm. Telephones do not ring at one o'clock in the morning in Campton, save to signal emergency or disaster. The sheriff picked up the instrument and the others (*Continued on page* 50)

wound, and Earl Franklin Morris whined with the pain of his half-frozen feet. Troopers lost no time hustling them to jail.

MY ADVENTURES WITH THE

GOLDEN WOMEN OF KON-PLONG

My mission was clear. I had to win the Stone Age Mois over to our side of the jungle war, even if it meant marrying into their tribe.

STAG BOOK BONUS

by René Riesen

THE day before, I had left our outpost at Kon-Plong, leading four sections of partisans, and on this second evening we had pitched camp at another day's march from our destination—Kon-Pong, an Alakhone village whose chief, Djerō, was expecting us.

The Alakhones are a Moï people belonging to the Bahnar tribe, and the Moïs were our most loyal allies in our struggle against the Viet-Minhs on the plateaus of the Annamite mountains.

We had few enemies among them. But though most of them were fighting on our side, there were still groups of them in the no man's land between the Nationalist and the Communist zones who wanted to have nothing to do with the fighting. The Alakhones were a group of this sort, and we were going to explore their territory with a view to discussing an alliance with them eventually.

In danger from the Viets, Djerō had sent messengers to our outpost. In response to this appeal our job was to get into touch with him to find out his plans, gather information, and defend him in case of need.

Our detachment had 100 rifles, with eight Tommy guns for group-leaders and a machine gun with four native gunners, Colonial veterans, who were my escort. The recruits had grenades and fuses for booby traps in an ambush. As for the coolies who carried ammo, supplies, and trading goods, they still had the crossbow, spear or broadsword with which they had joined up as partisans. For myself, I had a Tommy

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

We trekked for hours through the marshy no man's land where every little stream might conceal a Communist ambuscade.

GOLDEN WOMEN OF KON-PLONG continued

gun, four grenades, and a revolver, the idea of which was to give me some prestige if discussions proved difficult.

The full strength of the column was 200, including some partisans' wives, who were following their lords and masters into guerrilla warfare. They were no less valuable than their husbands, as they made contacts, took messages, and aroused the fighting spirit of their men.

We had not met a soul in our two days' advance through the forest.

Our first night's camp passed off without incident, and on the second night we again called a halt before nightfall. We camped at the foot of a jungle hillock. It was 10 o'clock at night.

I made the round of the camp before changing the guards. I was unable to sleep despite the weariness brought on by a day's wandering—for we had lost our way. We had had to squelch about for hours in marshy ground before getting back to solid earth and finding the track through the jungle. I was utterly worn out, yet my mind kept on the alert.

France was far away, and the quiet settled life of home seemed like a dream of long ago. But as I pondered, I preferred life in the jungle, even with its fear of the unknown.

After all, I was not so much alone as all that. Ilouhi, the young Hré girl whom the chiefs gave me in marriage before we left the outpost, was a very great help. She was a sort of psychological barometer, both on the trail and at every village we reached. She carried my Tommy gun, did the cooking, and prepared our sleeping quarters every night. This union of a young Moï girl with one of the devils from the West was aimed at the conquest of a territory the size of a French department. As a matter of fact she was the first girl from these tribes who had ever married a 'Boc' or European—under orders too, for she was against it and did not like the idea. Yet we came to agree, and two months before this expedition I had sealed our agreement at the outpost of Kon-Plong by presenting the parents and relations of the young bride with a pig, a black cock and a white hen.

Ilouhi grew attached to me, and I could no longer do without her. She wanted to bear her chief a son, and was already talking of a second wife. For custom demanded that before she could become a mother she should choose another wife for me herself, which would also seal a fresh alliance with another tribe. A great chief ought to have several wives. I was beginning to get a little scared. In order to carry out my mission, would I have to become an Asiatic potentate, lord and master of a harem? I had gone far enough already, and I wanted to tell Ilouhi, who took me for a great chief, that I was only a corporal on a special mission.

She would not believe it, yet it was true enough—I was a corporal on a special mission in the Moï jungle, alone with a couple of hundred hillmen.

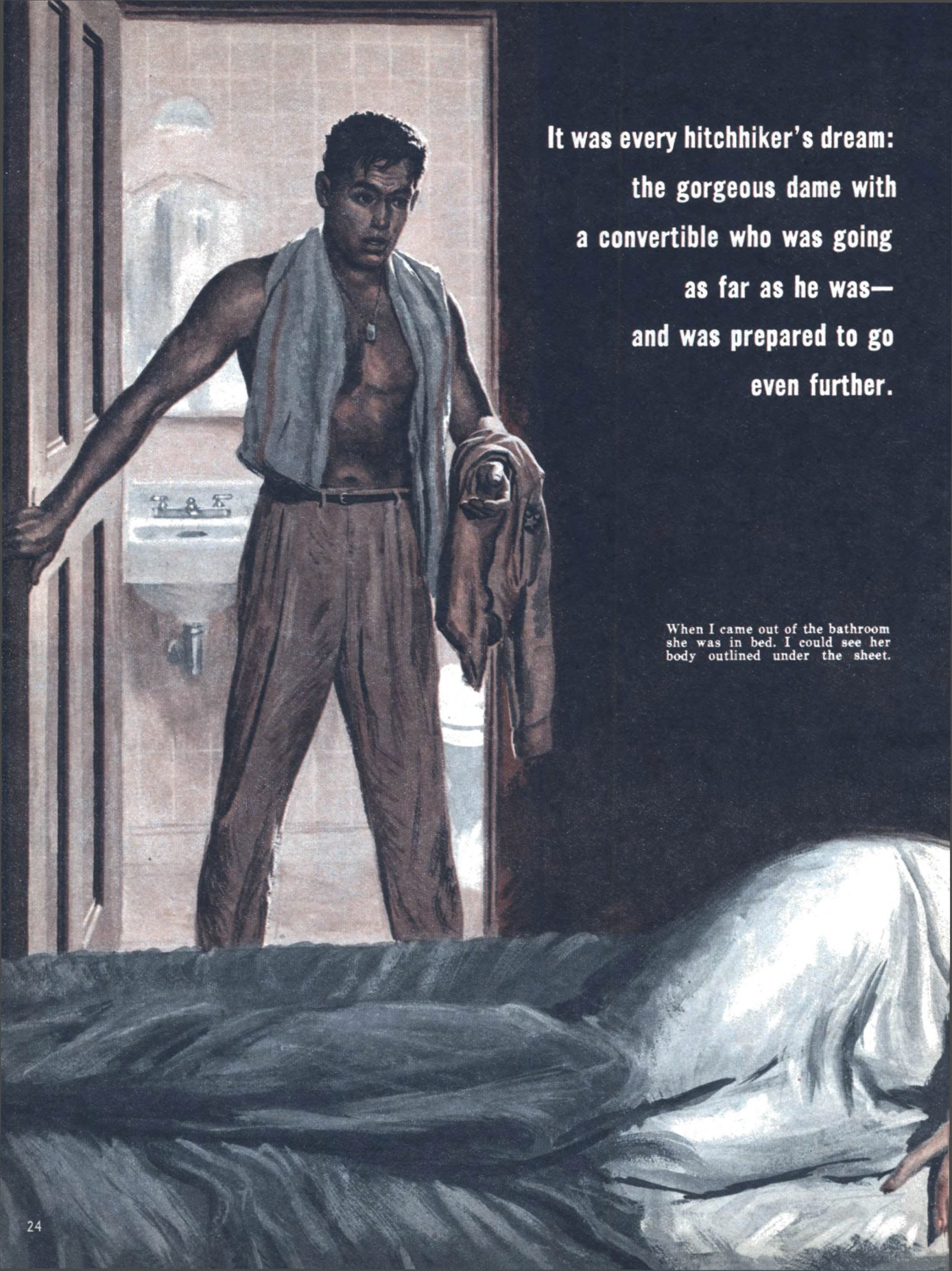
Captain Pierre, the commander of the outpost at Kon-Plong, had given me my orders.

"You're going to help form (*Continued on page* 86)

Though it slowed our retreat from the raid, we had to carry our wounded with us. Prisoners of the Viets did not survive.

A chieftain of the sturdy, independent Mois, Djero became an ideal guerrilla leader. He made me Father of his tribe.

When Ilouhi became pregnant, she insisted that I take a second wife. In fact, she went so far as to choose one herself.



It was every hitchhiker's dream: the gorgeous dame with a convertible who was going as far as he was— and was prepared to go even further.

When I came out of the bathroom she was in bed. I could see her body outlined under the sheet.

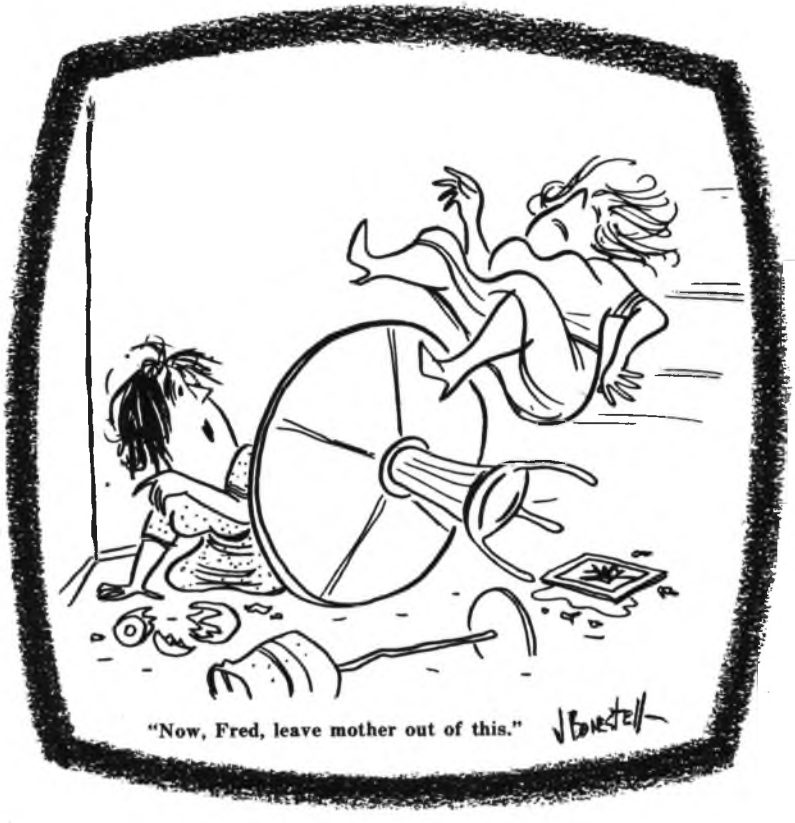
Three-Day Blonde

by DAVE MARKSON
ILLUSTRATED BY MORT KUNSTLER

STAG FICTION

You know how it is when you've been trying to hitch a ride in the same spot on a road in the middle of nowhere for maybe three or four hours, and the cars keep swooshing by like maybe you was a fencepost or a billboard or something? Well, add to it how hot it was in Louisiana that day, with the temperature hitting 120 in the shade, of which there weren't none, and me not having a shower or a change of clothes for three days, and you begin to know how I felt about the time that blonde pulled up.

Right off, I got to admit I wouldn't of believed it if some other guy said it happened to him. I mean, sure, you stick out your thumb to catch a lift for a couple of miles, you start dreaming about the gorgeous nympho who's going to pick you (*Continued on page* 62)



"Now, Fred, leave mother out of this."

just plain folk

"Sorry, sir. Feeding time's not till two."

If any of the characters created by J. Bonestell on these two pages resemble people you know, walk, don't run, to the nearest mental institution and have yourself checked in.

"Ya know, Charlie, there's nothing like a cheap cigar after a lousy meal."

TRAVELING BORDELLO of INES MIRA

They called for 500 prostitutes for Il Duce's troops in Ethiopia. When 100,000 volunteered, it took Italy's top madam to straighten out the mess.

by Nino Lo Bello

IT all started with just a four-line classified ad in Mussolini's government newspapers. The results were astounding. Il Duce needed 500 young women to accompany his Black Shirt army to Abyssinia to provide 300,000 Italian Legionnaires in their 20s and early 30s with the oldest necessity. In effect, the Italian Fascist State sought to send an expeditionary force of harem harlots to the front lines of Ethiopia in the winter of 1935 to bring a bit of Europe to the mud-encrusted soldiers conducting war some 3,000 miles from the shores of their sunny fatherland.

It was probably the most elaborate military concubinage ever sanctioned and carried out by a modern country. Although history cited no precedent for a state-created legion of scarlet women who would supply troops with sex at commissary prices, the most sober Italian generals (including Marshal Pietro Badoglio, high commissioner for Italy's East African colonies) granted full approval to the plan. After all, it was reasoned, was not the army responsible for feeding, clothing, housing and equipping its personnel with every need, ranging from ammunition to zinc ointment? So why not face the inescapable fact that no army travels on its stomach alone?

The job was no easy one. From the stupendous number of women who submitted their forms—both printed and physical—the Italian Army had

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

With 300,000 men in the field, 3,000 miles from home, the girls in Africa were so busy the SRO sign was up every night.

TRAVELING BORDELLO OF INES MIRA continued

to select a typical representation of girls which would include every type. There had to be the blonde, the brunette and the redhead, of course, but there also had to be the fat, the skinny, the short and the tall. There had to be the coy, the brazen and the bashful; there had to be the smart kind, the dumb kind and the in-between kind. Come what may, in an aggregate of 300,000 males—all in strapping good health—every single appetite and preference had to be considered.

The response to the call to arms was nothing short of fantastic. More than 100,000 girls from all over The Boot suddenly wanted to give their all for the mother country. Mussolini's mailbox in Rome was deluged with requests—large envelopes with letters of reference, snapshots and measurements. Some of the girls even came in person, quite prepared to display their assets to anybody at city hall who had a desk in an office or epaulets on his shoulders. In its long history, the Eternal City had never seen the like before. Applications came from experienced troopers who were known in professional circles; they came from experienced amateurs who were known in non-professional circles; they came from inexperienced volunteers who had a general idea of what the work involved but who wanted to turn pro just the same—all for the greater glory of Fascism, Il Duce and La Patria.

Even Benito himself was overwhelmed. It was more than he bargained for. Though he was adept at handling just one woman at a time, under less public circumstances, he decided to turn over the responsibility to someone who knew about such things—someone who could handle all the pesky details of running a military bordello at the front, someone who could keep 500 Latin tempers reasonably at peace with each other and out of the government's hair. Logical choice for the assignment was Madame Ines Mira, the famed proprietor and supervisor of an extensive stable of bagnios in Italy that had no parallel for class anywhere on the continent. Madame Mira eagerly accepted the job and Il Duce pinned a 10-cent medal on her chest even before she had dictated her first 12-carbon-copy memo.

However, no sooner had Madame Mira clopped down from the decked-out dais to the tune of *"Giovinezza"* (the Fascist anthem whose title means "Youth") than she was as snarled up as a kettle of boiling spaghetti. The girls she began to select had to be only those who would do honor to Madame's reputation and good name and those whose health was so perfect as to stand the hard row to hoe on the Eritrea plateau. Rossana and Tecla didn't quite like the idea that Maria and Giuseppina made it and they didn't; after all, what was wrong with Rossana's pasta-nourished size 36 (north and south) or Tecla's perfectly matched 38?

If it weren't for the fact that the Black Shirt command did not hesitate to line "dissenters" up in front of a firing squad, when so much as a naughty phrase was uttered against Il Duce, the Fascist Party would have suffered sizable female losses. In time, however, the disgruntled *signorinas* were quieted down with soothing Italian prose and advised to share their generous bounties on a free-

The front-line bordello was once raided by the enemy, who treated the inmates affectionately and even tipped generously.

The applicants who were turned down raged, but in Fascist Italy no one dared complain about official orders.

lance basis with uniformed compatriots on the home front.

Once Madame Mira had her staff all picked out, other problems ensued. The size and importance of this new, unprecedented undertaking was beginning to stagger her, but having accepted the call from her government—as well as that 10-cent medal—she had to rise to the occasion. For nearly a month, before a single contour queen boarded ship, Madame Mira worked her telephone lungs like a Verdi soprano trying to rustle up elusive sofas in all colors, mirrors of every size, spittoons by the hundreds, oil paintings of nudes and near-nudes and trainloads of beds, beds, beds —not to mention a million and one oddments that women consider indispensable.

The government set aside one whole transport for Madame's cumbersome collection of maids and merchandise, and when it left the port of Naples during the month of December 1935, one newspaperman, a homespun wit, referred to Madame's vessel as the ship that launched a thousand figures.

Contrary to everybody's expectations, however, the cadre of government-girls, once safely installed in Ethiopia, did not pan out smoothly at the outset. Madame Mira had to remain behind for some last-hour details, and her lieutenant (a lovely woman pushing 40, but well-known in red-light circles) tried to get things going on the Asmara front, but goofed badly. The distance from home, the absence of pizza and the strangeness of the East African country had an inexplicable effect on all the girls. They began to get moody, turn down (*Continued on page* 76)

The SHORT, VIOLENT LIFE of JAMES OHIO PATTIE

by Noah Gordon

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU MARCHETTI

THE Indians were Comanches, savage, muscular and painted for war. They leaped along the leafy trail, drunk with lust and excitement. They drove the nude white women before them like cattle, whipping their naked flesh with long, cruel willow branches. Every time a lash rose and fell a bright blood-welt would spring into existence on the gleaming thigh or bare buttock of one of the girls, and the braves would throw back their heads and give the short, husky bark of the fox at mating time.

From where he watched in ambush James Ohio Pattie could see that they must have been on the trail for hours; the flesh of each woman was criss-crossed with angry, livid stripes. He gripped his long Kentucky rifle and shuddered. Merciful Jesus, he thought, how does a man come to see such a sight? . . .

It started one spring morning in Missouri. James Ohio Pattie stood beside the fresh grave of his mother and looked into his father's eyes. He saw something in them besides the suffering caused by his mother's death from tuberculosis. There was the same gleam that he had seen five years before, when Sylvester Pattie had decided to leave Kentucky and head west. Now the words Sylvester used were almost identical with the words he had used then.

"Get ready to leave, Jim," he said. "My feet are beginnin' to itch."

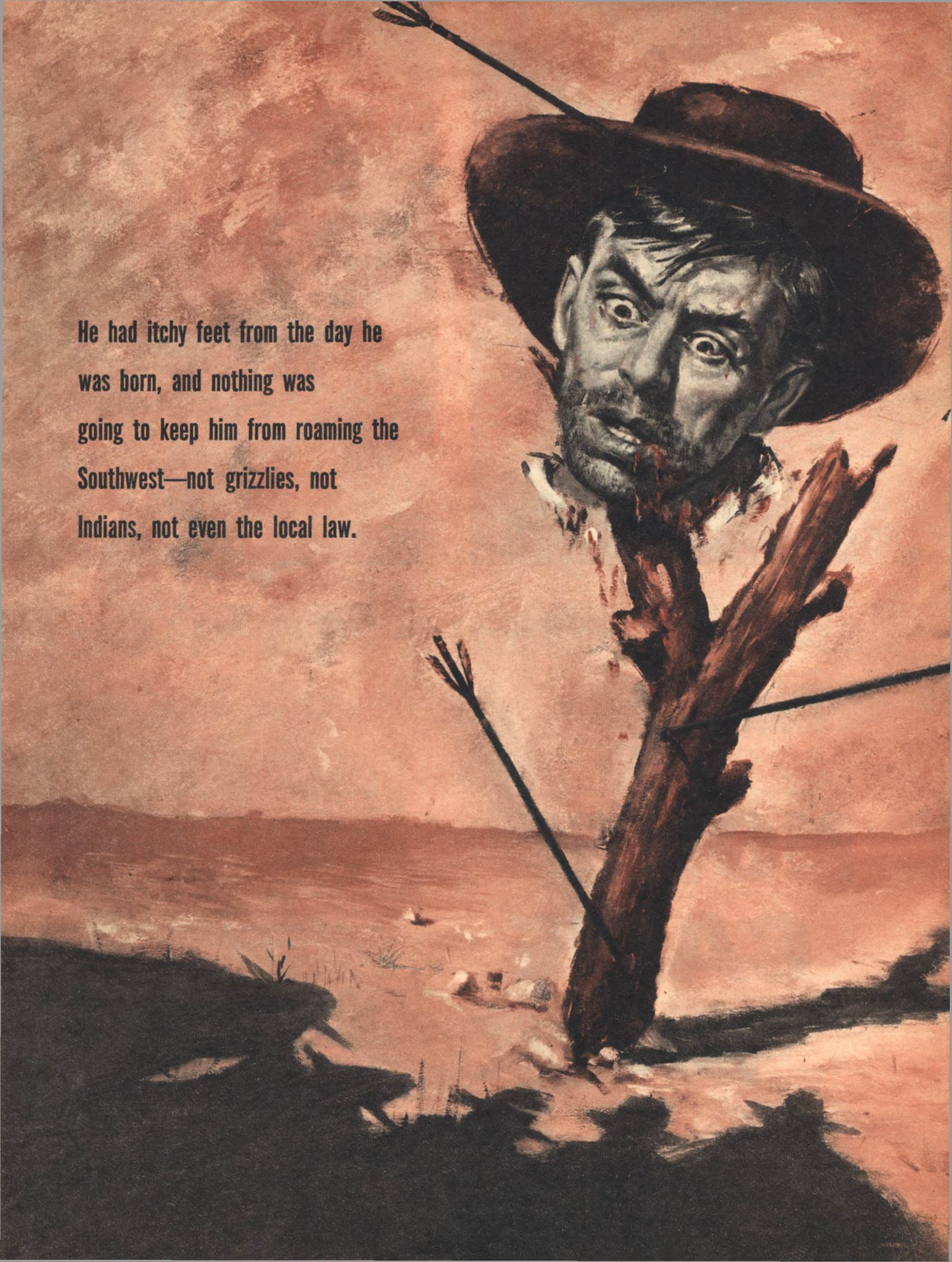
James Ohio was the eldest of Sylvester Pattie's sons, and he was the only one of the children Sylvester chose to take with him into the wilderness. It took only a few days to get the rest of the young ones placed in the households of kinfolk, and then Sylvester and James Ohio bade them casual farewells and walked off into the forest, carrying only grubstakes and their long Kentucky rifles. At the first large outpost they outfitted themselves with horses, traps, knives, tomahawks, provisions, ammunition and blankets. Then, having enlisted three companions to form a trapping party, they headed for the mountain-man's Mecca of the era—the great Rockies.

They worked their way toward the mountains, killing their food as they went and reaccustoming themselves to the art of living under the sky. James Ohio was only 15 but he was already a man and a woodsman, powerful and gangling, and Sylvester didn't bother to worry about him. The boy had the surest eye in the outfit, and he did most of the hunting for his companions.

They crossed the Missouri River 60 miles above St. Louis and then followed the westward trail to Council Bluffs, where Sylvester Pattie received the first of many disappointments in trying to live a woodsman's life in a land governed by city men. Ignorant of the law, he had neglected to get a license to trap and trade in Indian country, and the expedition could travel no farther in the direction of the Rocky Mountains.

One of the breed of men who refuses ever to give up, however, Sylvester decided to turn toward that other great theater of the fur trade, the Mexican provinces of the Southwest. At Cabanne's Post, nine miles above the present site of Omaha, the Patties met a number of men who had served under Sylvester in 1812. They were a scurvy, nondescript lot, but every man was a woodsman and a fighter, and Sylvester enlisted (*Continued on page* 44)

They butchered the renegade like a steer, and set his head on a stake as a target for arrows.



He had itchy feet from the day he was born, and nothing was going to keep him from roaming the Southwest—not grizzlies, not Indians, not even the local law.

NOBODY KNOWS WHETHER IT TOOK A FIRE, EXPLOSION OR ACT OF GOD TO

NONE CAME BACK

by Frank Edwards

DURING the Spanish War of Succession (1701-1714) an army of 4,000 trained and fully-equipped troops marched into the foothills of the Pyrenees mountains and were never heard from again. In spite of numerous searches, no trace of them was ever found. They camped one night by a small stream. Next morning they broke camp and marched into the foothills, and oblivion.

In 1858, 650 French troops vanished during a march on Saigon, in what is now Indo-China. There had been rioting in the city and 500 hardy French Legionnaires, plus 150 well-trained Spahis, were dispatched to restore order. They were seen marching across the open country about 15 miles from Saigon, but they never reached the city and they never returned to their base. Like the missing 4,000 Spaniards—they simply disappeared.

The Japanese sacked Nanking on December 10, 1939. Central China was in a panic, defenses crumbling, chaos rampant. It was imperative that the Japanese be delayed as long as humanly possible, for every hour counted to the beleaguered Chinese armies.

In the rolling foothills south of Nanking, there was a natural fortress of sorts which could be used as the

WIPE THESE ARMIES, SHIPS AND PLANES FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

base for a desperate delaying action, provided troops could be got into position before the Japs arrived. The orders went out and a total of 3,100 Chinese troops were rushed by train to a point some 16 miles from the junction they were to guard. They quickly debarked, unlimbered their half dozen howitzers and marched into position during the night. The commanding officer personally checked his men along a two-mile front to make certain that they were well dispersed (to reduce the effectiveness of anticipated aerial attack) and that they were dug in so that they could cover the road from Nanking with a minimum of casualities.

Colonel Li Fu Sien completed his tour of inspection at a few minutes past four in the morning. He went back to the truck that was his headquarters, parked in a tiny grove of trees two miles behind the lines. He had dozed off when an aide shook him into consciousness three hours later to inform him that headquarters was unable to contact the positions to the extreme right, as per his orders. The troops did not answer to the signals. What should be done?

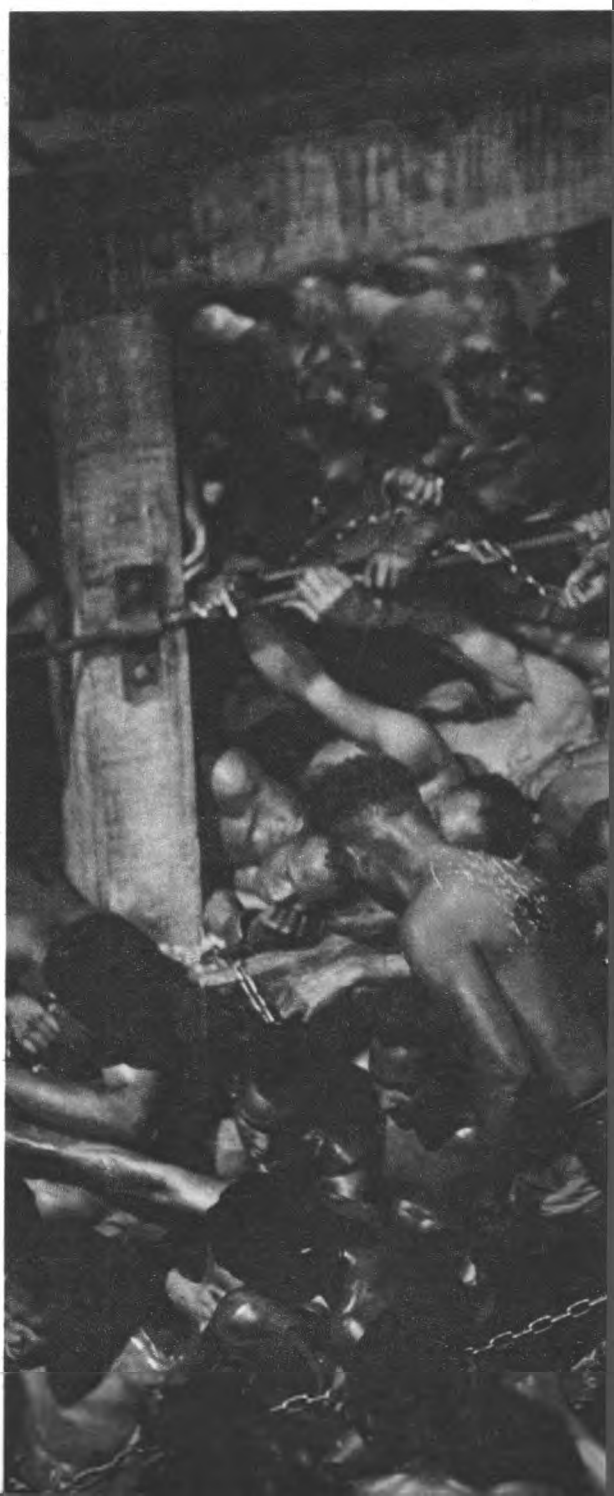
Anything the colonel might have suggested would have been too late, for every man on the line, with the exception of one small outpost, had simply disappeared. Their guns were still in place, in some cases their little fires were still glowing, when the search party made the rounds. There was no sign of a struggle and the sole remaining outpost had neither seen nor heard anything suspicious. If the army had fled it could not have crossed over to the Japanese because the only bridge across the river was under scrutiny of the outpost that survived. All other escape routes were across open country which was virtually denuded of vegetation; there was no place for them to hide even from their own officers.

Did the missing troops surrender in a mass funk? There is no mention of it in the Japanese records of the campaign, and most significant perhaps is the fact that of the 2,988 Chinese troops who vanished at that point, not one was ever seen or heard from again.

That is a dubious distinction they share with the crew and passengers of the stern-wheeler *Iron Mountain*, which was exactly eight years old the day she pulled in at Vicksburg in June of 1872. She was a brute of a river boat, 180 feet long, 35 feet wide, with five huge boilers to provide steam enough for her giant stern paddles. Loaded with (*Continued on page* 47)

Reprinted from "Strangest of All" by Frank Edwards, The Citadel Press, New York, N. Y.

TIPOO TIB— KING of the



He ruled by the gun: his murderous warriors, his ivory bearers, his harem. He was the most fabulous slave master that the world has ever seen.

by Brian O'Brien

BIG-BELLIED N'sama arranged his leopardskin skirts and seated himself ponderously on his human throne. The two slender virgins on their hands and knees whose backs supported him hoped the audience wouldn't last long. Chieftain of the bloodthirsty tribe that had conquered a vast territory south of Lake Tanganyika, N'sama was not noted for his sweet temper.

First came a line of porters bearing gifts: red cotton cloth, silk, cutlasses, bags of spices. Then the Zanzibari trader swept into the stockade. His tall, spare figure, in spotless white robe, gay silk turban and embossed leather slippers, was followed by a guard of armed askaris. N'sama looked curiously at the guard. Besides spears and swords they carried strange weapons of wood and iron which he had never seen before.

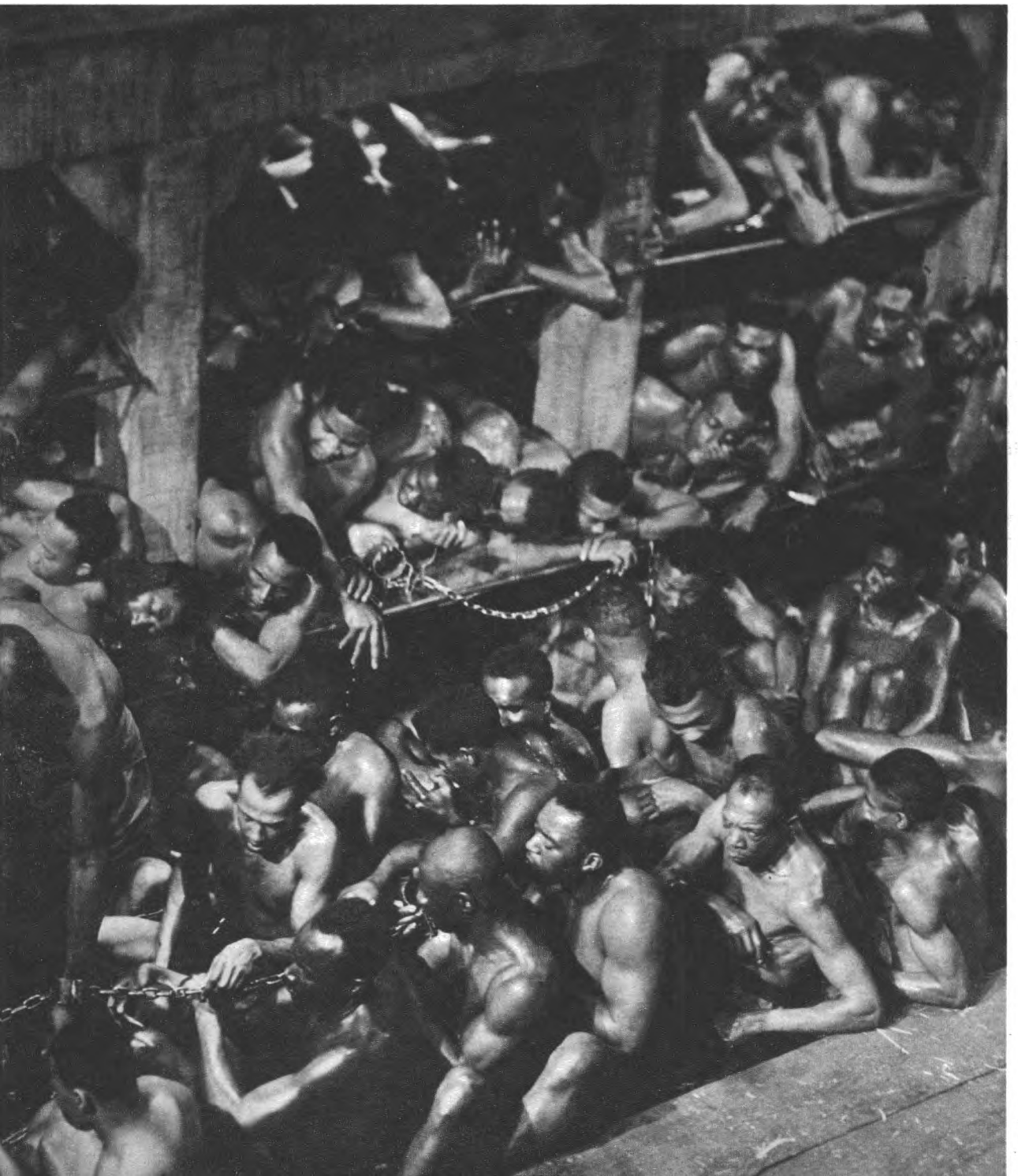
Hamed Bin Muhamid touched his forehead, lips and breast in the traditional Arab greeting and spoke in Swahili: "Hearing from afar of the great riches of N'sama, I have come bearing gifts to salute the mighty conqueror."

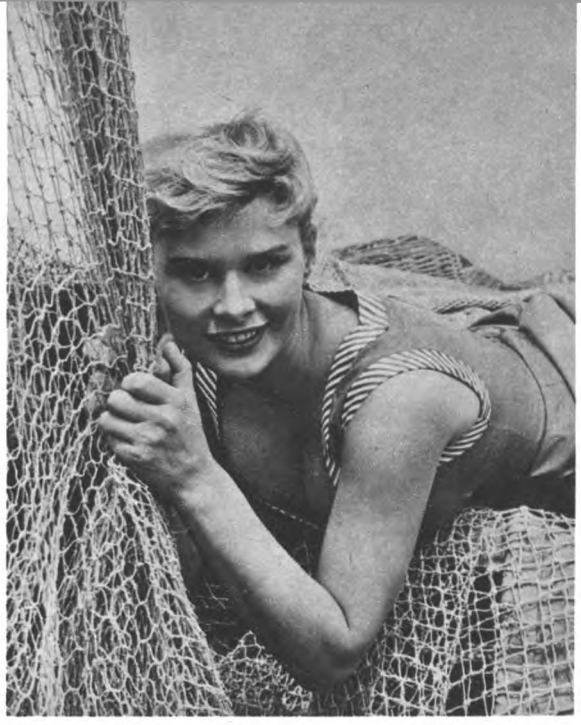
N'sama nodded haughtily and called his slaves to lift the grass mats from the entrance to an enormous thatch hut. Inside were hundreds of ivory tusks, stained and white, curved and straight—tons of them.

The ivory trader's (*Continued on page* 66)

The porters who carried his ivory across Africa to Zanzibar became merchandise themselves—black ivory.

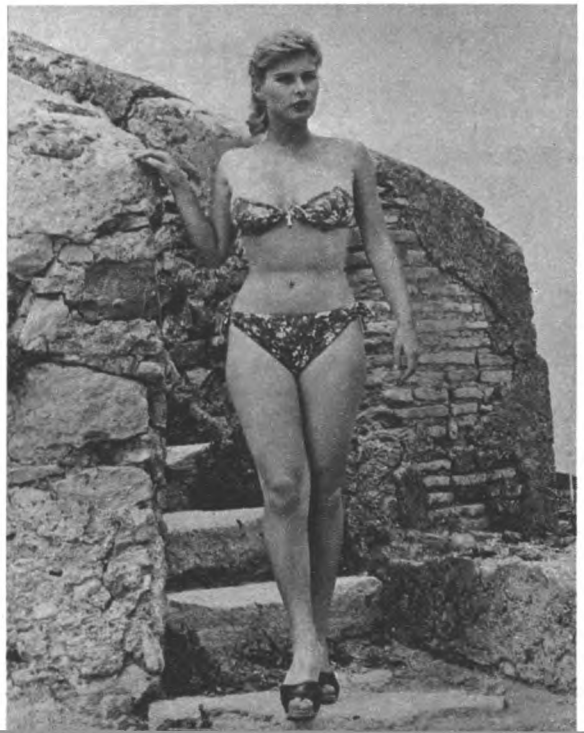
SAVAGE 100,000 MILES

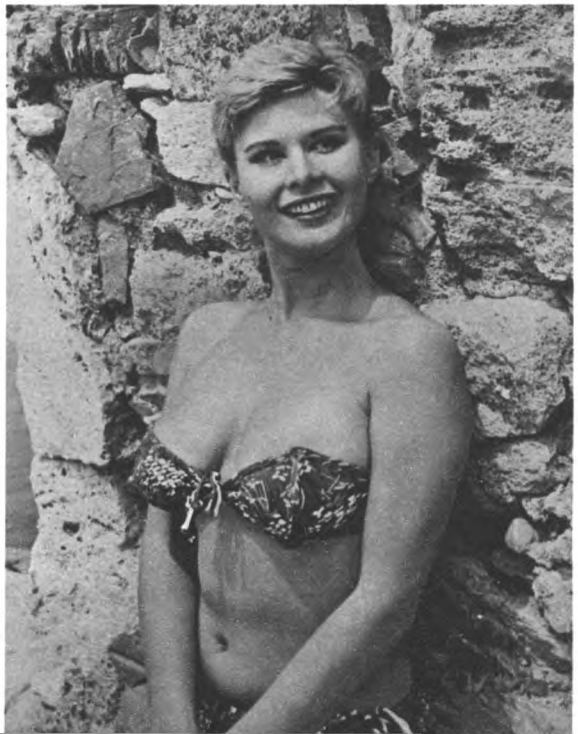


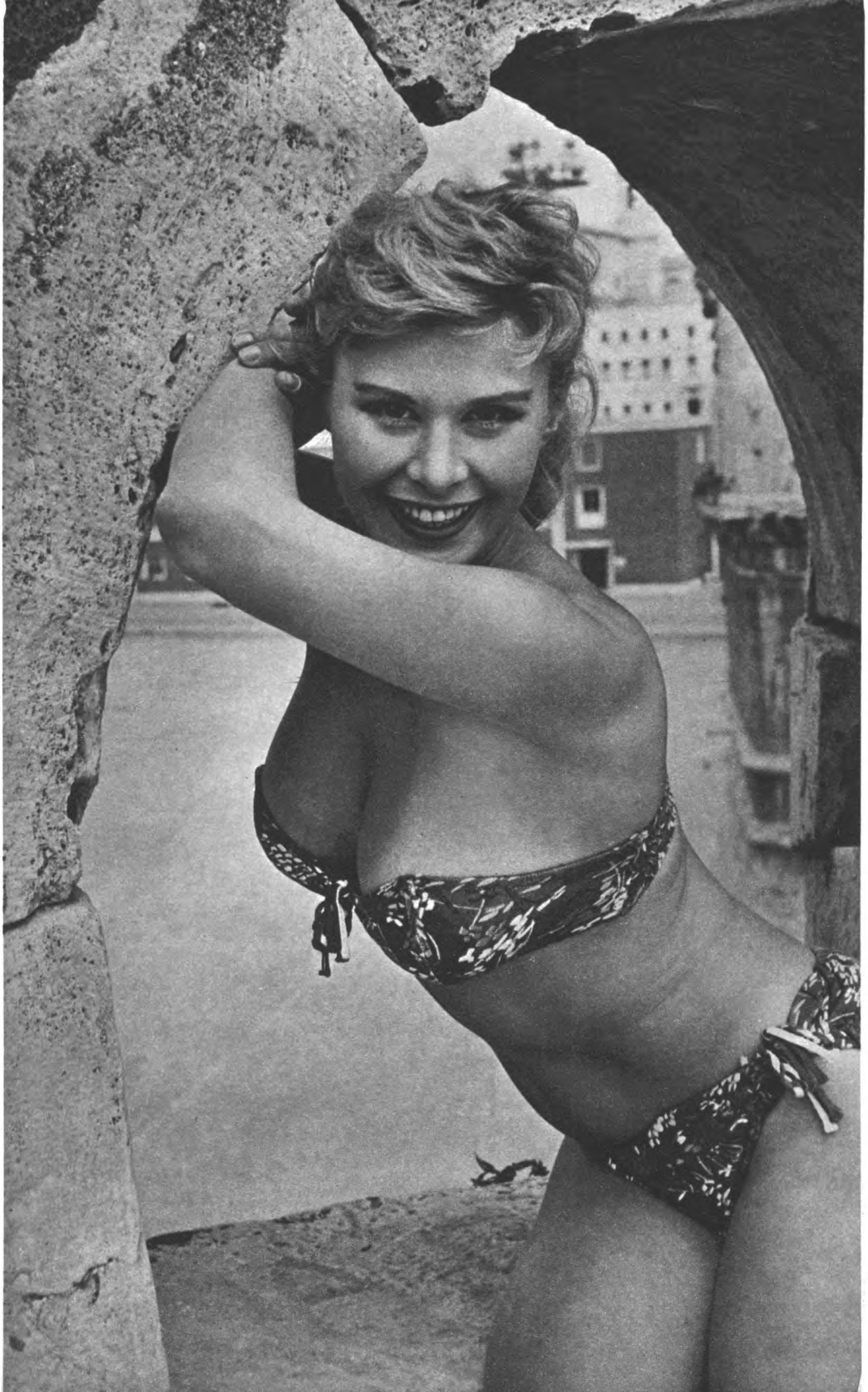


The Girl Who Said No

Ask the first 1,000 girls you meet in Rome if they'd like to come to the U.S. and be a Hollywood star, and 999 would start swimming the Atlantic.







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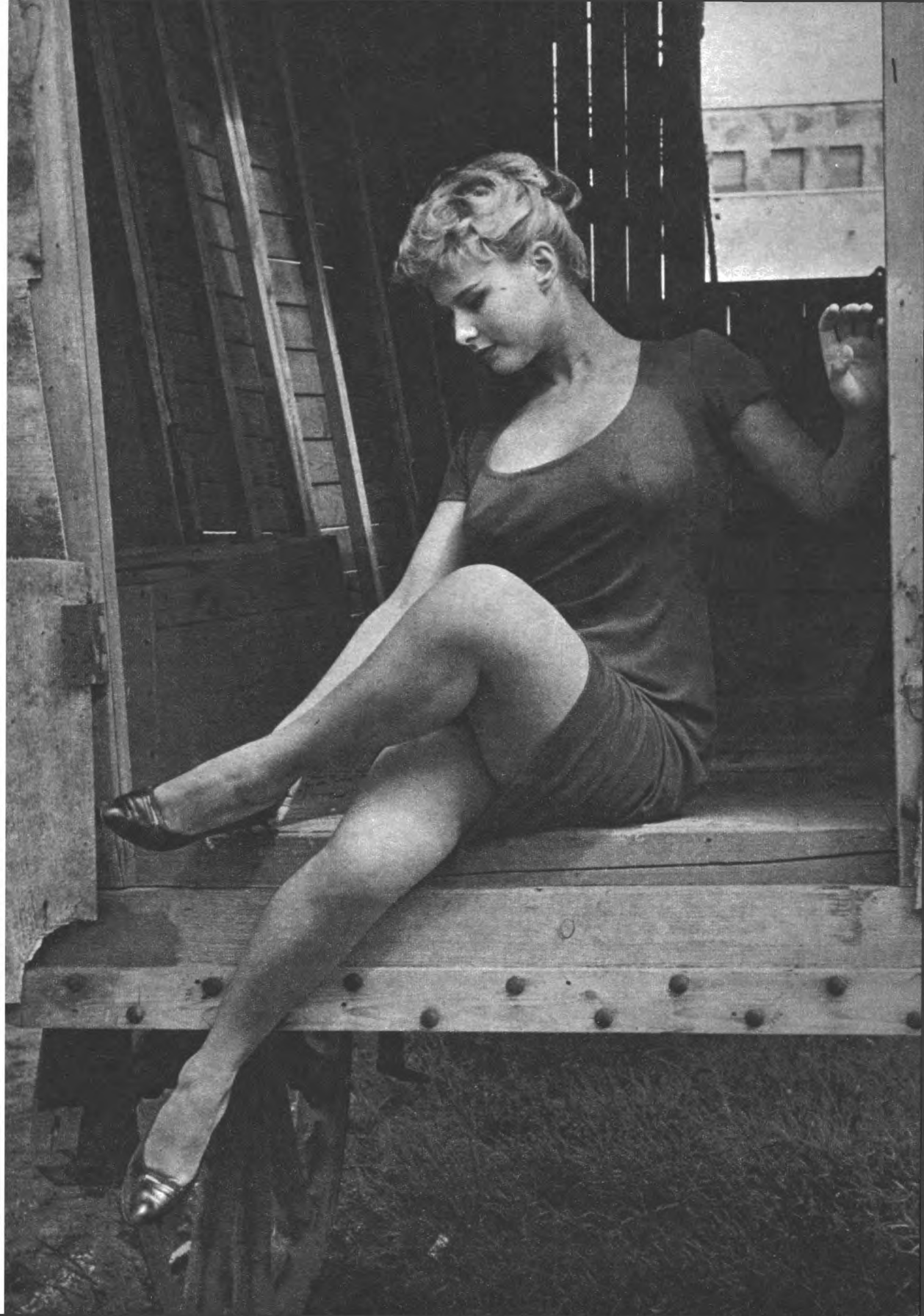
And the girl they'd leave behind—20-year-old Marisa Allasio—is the one who'd be most likely to succeed. A top Italian actress in her own right, she's already turned down a fabulous offer from David O. Selznick.



 CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

but not of anything's inside. If you have an idea, pass it along to National Inventor's Council, Washington, D. C. . . .

Treasure-hunting crowd now ganging up around Maine's Casco Bay, all of them after the loot of a rascal named Dixie Bull who was supposed to have littered a couple of hundred thousand along the shore . . . When the guy tells you he's getting his house 40% cheaper, because he's building it himself, YOU CAN BET YOUR RUCKSACK HE ISN'T FIGURING IN THE COST OF HIS LABOR. . . .

A MAN'S JOB

Hollywood will stuff your pockets with dough if you can die good; that is, do stunts in which you're required to die. "Dying" boys have to do it just right, die properly from bullets, in car accidents. Toughest way to die is from a speeding Apache pony with an arrow in your gut . . . Six times as many guys quit jobs today as are fired from them. . . .

PUERTO RICAN JOBS OPENING UP LIKE WILD-FIRE. The young country has top openings for tool and diemakers, die setters, first class machinists, sewing-machine mechanics, millwrights, electricians with industrial experience, electroplaters and knitter mechanics. A knowledge of Spanish gives you the inside track, of course. . . .

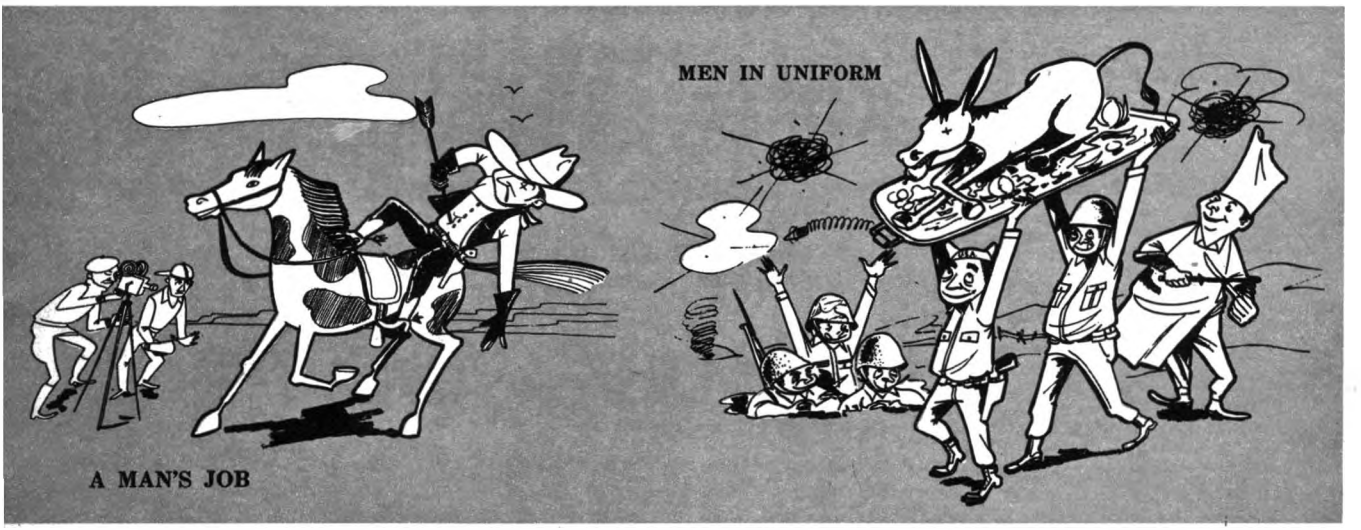
MEN IN UNIFORM

Army pretty desperate about shortage of electronics men. They find out you once owned a Hi-Fi set and YOU'RE OFF TO ELECTRONICS TRAINING . . . SAC BOYS MAY GET TO WEAR BLUE FELT BERETS AS PART OF UNIFORM. . . .

Now turns out that ITALIAN NAVY IN WW II REALLY WASN'T THAT "CHICKEN." They pioneered frogman use, and 30 per cent of the Navy went down in ships. All admirals were lost in action, and story is, if they'd had a little air support and fuel they would have been trouble . . . MOST RAPES BY GIs IN GERMANY ARE COMMITTED AFTER MIDNIGHT. That's why the new curfew and the strict bedcheck . . . Navy figuring by 1960 all its combat ships will be nuclear-powered. . . .

SIDEWINDER IS PROBABLY OUR MOST VICIOUS MISSILE. Enemy jet turns on the flame, and the Sidewinder smells it out, and chews it up. A fire-spitting tail is red meat for the Sidewinder. It's so accurate it usually shoots right up the tailpipe of the jet it's been tracking down. . . .

STARVING GIs ATE BARBECUED MULES in some WW II theaters (mules that became entangled in harnesses, drowned crossing rivers) . . . When a Filipino was picked for "special training" by Japanese, he knew he was in for it. They'd make him a live target for charging Japanese bayonetists who needed practice . . . STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND B-52 and B-47 crews now being issued BITE-SIZE STEAK DINNERS. . . .



MEN IN SPORT

Australian coaches say they get great results WHEN THEIR SWIMMERS DIET ON SEAWEED JELLY . . . Most dramatic moment in bull-fighting, one that will pack any arena, is the return of a great torero after he's been gored. Great suspense to see whether he's lost his courage . . . These, incidentally, are the worst things that can happen to a matador on the day of the bullfight: Cross-eyed woman will come along, crippled woman will pass by or, worst of all, someone will spill sauce on the tablecloth. . . .

MOST APPEALING KIND OF FIGHTER IN RING

is do-or-die type, guy who either belts out his opponent or gets belted out himself. Tony Anthony, top-challenger in the light-heavies, is the best of this type around today. . . .

NEW FOR MEN

BOATSIDE UNDERWATER DETECTOR THAT WORKS ON SUNKEN SHIPS, OUTBOARD MOTORS AND TREASURES IN SALT OR FRESH WATER UP TO 300 FEET DEEP (it's battery-operated and can pentrate seven feet of silt, sand or mud). . . .

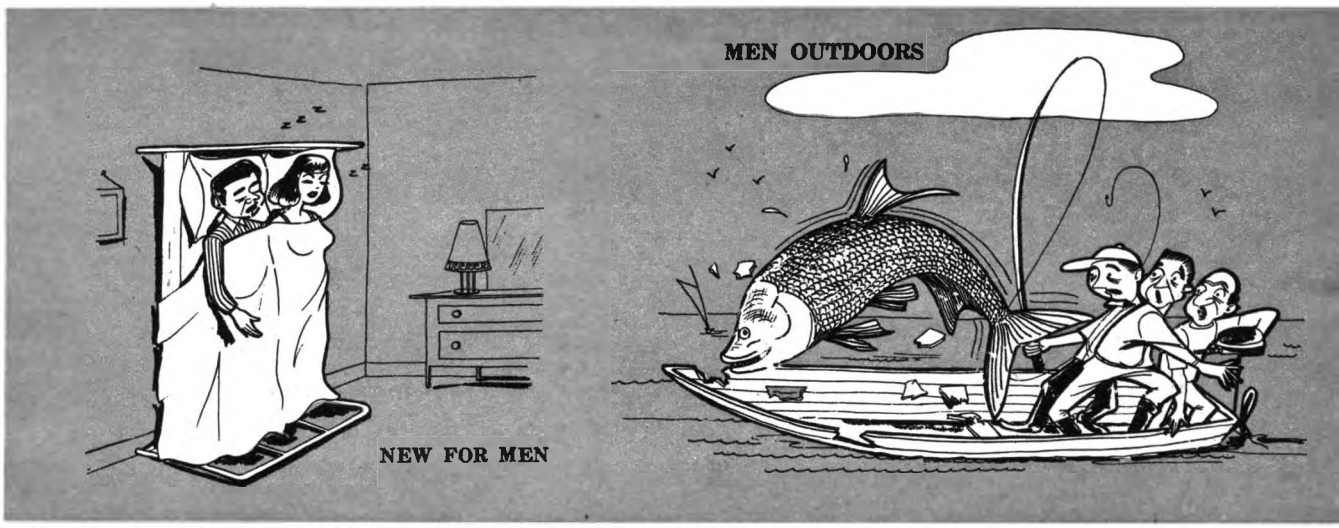
STAND-UP BEDS. . . .

Portable plastic-covered room made of aluminum that can be slung together as a retreat . . . Gas mask with built-in glasses for the four-eyed crowd . . . Emergency tire inflater that lets you transfer air from spare to flat tire (till you get to station) . . . A baseball bat that can't

one wildcat in 100 will go for a man out of the clear blue sky, BUT IF YOU RUN INTO THAT ONE say your prayers. He'll sweat plenty trying to kill you. . . .

If you're wearing hip boots, figure your swimming endurance will be cut in half. HAVE TO BE A PRETTY TOPFLIGHT SWIMMER TO MAKE IT MORE THAN 150 FEET WITH HIP BOOTS . . . ODDS-ON YOU CAN'T COME UP WITH A BETTER WORM-GRABBER THAN THIS OLD FAITHFUL: stick a long-handled pitchfork into the ground in a wormy place. Pull handle, let go so fork will vibrate rapidly. Worms start flocking out now, but don't grab them till they're all the way out of the soil.

There are jaguars below the border THAT'LL CRUSH A BULL'S SPINE WITH ONE SWIPE OF THE PAW . . . PASS UP TARPON FISHING IF YOU'RE IN A CROWDED AREA WITH OTHER BOATS. A hooked tarpon leaps into your boat, and you're a thousand times better off with the sharks. Hooked giant tarpon can turn



chip . . . A HAMMOCK THAT ROCKS ITSELF AUTOMATICALLY . . . BRICKS THAT ARE HELD IN PLACE BY METAL CLIPS . . . New homes with special "mother-in-law" suites. . . .

Sheet flooring that can be laid on concrete floor like wall-to-wall carpeting. . . .

BOMB THAT WILL DELIVER A FIVE-MINUTE SPEECH (to people below). . . .

A five-pound aluminum bed for unexpected guests. . . .

MEN OUTDOORS

If your boat will take three passengers and do 15 mph with them, THEN SHE'LL DO FINE AS A WATER-SKI TOWBOAT. Fifteen mph is the average required to keep a skier on the surface although 20 to 30 is a little better . . . YOU OWN A 20-GAUGE BROWNING SUPERPOSED NOT MORE THAN FIVE YEARS OLD and Browning will rechamber it for the three-inch Magnum shell. Check any good gunsmith . . . Only

your skiff to sawdust in nothing flat . . . A SLEEPER LOCATION THAT MAY BE THE FINEST FISHING WATER IN THE CONTINENT: the Louisiana Delta which juts far out into the Gulf of Mexico. . . .

PHONY GUIDES NOW CRAWLING ALL OVER ALASKA. New law says guide doesn't have to show credentials and every crumb in the territory is now passing himself off as a pro . . . States coming in with laws now that say a trapper must visit trap every four hours (to prevent animals from suffering too much). . . .

Northeastern Congo pygmies no longer as deadly as they were; FOR A CARTON OF BUTTS, YOU CAN PHOTOGRAPH THEM ALL ALONG, practically take one home with you . . . FUNDAMENTAL NUMBER ONE IN TROUT FISHING: When baiting the hook, leave BOTH ENDS dangling . . . BIG MOVE AFOOT TO REGISTER ALL POWER BOATS. If a wild man streaks by, you'll be able to "get his number," turn him in. . . .

JAMES OHIO PATTIE

Continued from page 32

them into his band on a semimilitary basis. When James Ohio and his father started out for the distant pueblo of Santa Fe they headed a strong force of riflemen.

They soon found that they needed every rifle. When they reached the territory of the Republican Pawnees, Sylvester called a powwow and smoked the peace pipe with the tribal chiefs, who gave him "a stick curiously painted with characters" which they promised would insure safe passage through any Indian territory. The worthlessness of this promise was brought out a few days later, however, when the trappers came upon a party of Pawnee Loups torturing a 15-year-old boy. The white men gathered around and watched in grim silence. The redskins had staked the boy out on the ground, spread-eagled. They were taking turns beating him all over his body with a heavy club, gently, to keep him alive. They must have been beating him for hours. Once in a great while, as the club rose and fell, the trappers could hear a bone snap, but mostly the sound that followed the dropping of the great stick was the squish of jellied pulp in a huge skin bag. He must have been a mass of internal injuries.

JAMES OHIO studied the boy in revolted fascination. The Indian was his own age, and suddenly as the Pawnee gave a particularly horrible moan, Pattie could stand it no longer. He raised his gun and sent a merciful ball crashing through the Indian boy's brain. It was a bad moment. The glowering Indians fingered their tomahawks and the trappers held their rifles ready. Finally a chieftain reached for the carved stick-passport in Sylvester Pattie's hand. Contemptuously he broke it over his knee and threw the pieces on the body of the dead boy. Then the redskins filed away without a backward glance. It was the last time James Ohio thought of Indians as human beings.

Several months later he had his baptism of fire when a band of Arikara suddenly attacked the camp. The trappers drove the savages off, James Ohio's sharp eye accounting for at least one of them. But a few days afterwards the redskins jumped two men tending a trapline away from the main force. The Patties found and buried the mutilated and scalpless bodies the next day. From then on, especially as they neared the Taos country of the crafty, powerful Comanches, the caravan kept a double guard.

On the Arkansas River James Ohio received another lesson in wilderness life. The region was infested with giant grizzly bears, and the expedition saw over 200 of the lumbering beasts in a single day.

One night a giant grizzly stampeded the grazing stock, broke the back of a panicked horse, and began eating the screaming animal alive. James Ohio was standing guard, and he wounded the bear with a rifle shot. Maddened with pain, the beast charged the camp. One of the men stumbled in his haste to get away, and before he could scramble out of danger, the bear was on him. James Ohio ran up to the grizzly, jammed the muzzle of his rifle deep in the thick fat of its side, and pulled the trigger. The bear left his victim and loped off, and Pattie followed it to its den, a nearby cave. Behind him his father shouted a message of caution, but the foolhardy young trapper fastened a pine torch to his gun barrel and entered the cavern. The fetid bear-stink that struck his nostrils was almost overpowering, but James Ohio had no time to worry about the smell. With a deep-throated growl the grizzly, its fur gleaming dirty yellow by the light of the torch, reared up in front of him.

Pattie had time to snap off just one shot before a lightning swipe of the beast's razor-tipped claw splintered the wooden stock of his rifle, sending it clattering to the stone floor and dousing the torch. He had only one other weapon—his knife. The cave was black as pitch, but the beast was close enough for him to smell its foul breath, and he struck again and again, burying his blade to its hilt in the furry hide. The bear fell, stone dead. He was so huge that four men could scarcely drag the carcass from the cave. The heavy layers of fat gave 10 gallons of highly-prized bear oil. After that, James Ohio Pattie had a new name. To one and all in the company he was "Old Grizzly."

The bruin's victim was mangled beyond all hope. Later, Pattie described him in his journal: "Our companion was literally torn to pieces. The flesh on his hip was stripped off, leaving the sinews bare. His side was so wounded in three places that his breath bubbled through the openings; his head was dreadfully bruised, and his jaw broken."

They waited until he died, and then they buried him. From that day on, Pattie ranked the bears with the Indians—things to be exterminated if he and his kind were to survive.

Week after week, the expedition pushed southwest. They rode slowly, stopping to trap and to trade with whatever friendly Indians they found. Finally, after many months, they arrived at Santa Fe. While they waited for the Mexican government to grant them a license to trap in its territory, there was grim diversion. For months a band of Comanches had kept the town in a state of terror. Indian raids were nothing new to the Santa Fe people, but this group of braves had added a new twist to their warfare. Somewhere they had picked up a lust for the white man's women, and the prize for which they raided was female flesh. They struck suddenly, killed the menfolk, set fire to anything that would burn—and whatever women they chose not to take along with them they raped on the spot.

The trappers were restless. On the first few nights in Santa Fe they had wallowed in tequila and Mexican prostitutes; the town had a plethora of churches to remind them that their actions were sins, and the brutal rapings of the women by the redskins only served to increase their sense of guilt. It was James Ohio who finally suggested it, on a bright, hot morning following an evening raid during which five young girls were carried off by the Comanches.

"Let's go get them damn redskins," he told Sylvester. The other Americans backed him up with a hoarse growl that sounded like one voice. Sylvester knew what his men were capable of; he had led them into battle before. He offered their services to the Mexican government, and they were gratefully accepted. Augmented by a handful of poorly-equipped government troops, the trappers set out in immediate pursuit.

They sighted the Comanches on the morning of the fourth day. Sylvester was combat-wise. He ordered a forced march around the savages, bringing his men well in front of the Comanches and concealing them in ambush in a leafy mountain pass through which the trail of the marauders led. James Ohio's post was in the center of the line. They waited an hour and a half behind their cover of rocks and trees, and then their enemies made their appearance. The first thing the trappers saw was the five nude girls, making their stumbling way before the whip-cracking, howling savages. They let the girls go by, and then the savages. When the last Indian had passed them, Sylvester signaled his men to open fire, and a volley of lead bit into the backs of the redskins.

YEARS later, James Ohio was to recall the scene: "The women ran toward us the moment they heard the reports of our guns. In doing this they encountered the Indians behind them, and three fell pierced by the spears of these savages. The cry among us now was, 'Save the women!' Another young man and myself sprang forward to rescue the other two. My companion fell in the attempt." An Indian raised his spear to take care of James Ohio in the same way, but before he could launch it, Sylvester Pattie threw his rifle to his shoulder and drilled the Comanche through the neck. James Ohio led the two sobbing girls back behind the protection of the trappers' gunfire and covered their nudity with horse blankets. The Mexican soldiers had broken and run at the first gunshot. Pattie buttonholed their officer.

"Stay with the girls," he said. He took his rifle back to the firing line and finished out the skirmish. The Comanches fought like devils, but they had been decimated by the first volley from ambush, and after a while the survivors slunk into the forest and vanished. The fight had been brief but bloody. Scores of Indians lay dead,

and 10 of the Americans were buried before the Patties headed back for Santa Fe.

One of the two girls they had rescued, a dark, smoldering beauty named Jacova, was the daughter of a former governor of New Mexico. Her father owned a ranch on the Pecos River, and his gratitude to the Patties was deep and sincere. He invited them to be his guests at an elaborate fandango, and they accepted. That night, as James Ohio prepared to retire to sleep off the effects of the celebration, there was a faint tapping at his door.

"Quien es?" he asked. "Who is it?"

"Jaime?" He recognized Jacova's voice and he opened the door. A pair of warm, round arms clasped him about the neck, and the girl's full lips found his cheek. *"Te amo,"* she whispered. James Ohio kicked shut the door. It was the beginning of a love affair that was to last a lifetime, flickering low like a starved flame whenever he went off to another region, but roaring to life with renewed vigor on his infrequent visits to New Mexico.

AT Santa Fe the governor rewarded the Americans by granting their trapping license—with the stipulation that five per cent of all furs collected should be handed to him as a commission for having granted the permit! They could do nothing but agree. Splitting up into small bands, the Americans headed for beaver country. The Patties, with five other men, had the Gila River of Arizona for their territory. West of Santa Rita they met seven strangers who asked if they might join the expedition, there being safety in numbers while working in Indian country. James Ohio didn't like it. The newcomers looked like a dangerous, sneaky lot.

"Let 'em fend for themselves," he told his father. "We can deal with the Indians."

But Sylvester overruled him and Sylvester was the leader. As soon as the party reached the headwaters of the Gila, the seven strangers broke camp in the dead of night and pushed ahead, trapping the river so ruthlessly that the Patties found neither furs nor beaver meat, on which they had been depending to live in that barren region. The trappers pushed gloomily down the river, half-starving on a diet of insects and river weed. Finally they reached the mouth of the San Francisco, a large tributary that joins the Gila near the present site of Clifton, Arizona. It was virgin water, and they took 37 beaver in a few hours. That night they gorged on rich beaver meat.

On the following morning four pitiful relics staggered into camp. They were members of the group which had deserted and pushed on ahead. Five days before they had been fallen on by marauding Indians, who had killed one of their men, badly wounded a second, rustled the horses and forced the survivors to wander through the mountains for five days without food or weapons. Two more survivors, one suffering from a bad head wound, straggled into camp that afternoon. It was grim justice; but the Patties welcomed the renegades back into the fold and fed them and treated their wounds. Pattie recorded in his journal: "On the 30th we found the man the Indians had killed. They had cut him in quarters, after the fashion of butchers. His head, with his hat on, was stuck on a stake. It was full of arrows, which they had probably discharged into it as they danced around it. We gathered up the parts of the body and buried them."

A month later the party had another disastrous experience with the Indians. They found it necessary to detour around a deep canyon into which the Gila suddenly plunged. In a matter of hours they found themselves in a waterless wasteland of craggy rocks on which armored lizards dozed in the sun. That night, while the camp lay sleeping, a band of Indians overcame the sentry, crept in among the grazing stock, stampeded the horses and left the party completely stranded. Their plight was desperate. They had no other alternative but to cache their furs and start back to civilization on foot.

The trek was an ordeal of thirst, hunger and exhaustion. Game was nonexistent. One day the half-starved men carefully divided a raven for breakfast and a buzzard for supper. The group finally made it to the ranch of Jacova's father, and this time Pattie's appearance frightened his beautiful mistress. He was skeleton-thin and filthy, and his matted hair hung down to his shoulders. But Jacova bathed him and fed him and nursed him to health. As soon as he was able, he borrowed a horse and rode back to the Gila to pick up the cached furs. But only disappointment greeted him when he reached the spot where they had hidden their pelts. The skins had been stolen. The trappers had nothing to show for their long ordeal but wasted bodies.

Even the indefatigable Sylvester was discouraged. While he recuperated he negotiated to lease a copper mine at Santa Rita for $1,000 a year. "Come in with me, son," he urged James Ohio. But the younger man would have no part of business.

"I'm the one with itchy feet now," he said. A mountain man named Miguel Robidoux was organizing an expedition into Arizona, and James Ohio signed on as a scout. The years that followed were carbon copies of the ones that had gone before—full of hardship, fighting and narrow escapes from death. One day, after many months of traveling, Robidoux's group came to a village of Papagos Indians. The chief made them welcome and gave each man a shapely squaw with whom to spend the night. Only James Ohio and one other trapper refused to sleep in the village. "I don't like the looks of these people," Pattie told Robidoux. But the mountain man merely laughed, so Pattie and his friend went off alone and made camp in the woods.

That night the scout's worst fears were realized. While the trappers sported with the squaws, the warriors crept into the tents and murdered them, one by one. Only Robidoux, badly clubbed and almost dead, managed to escape. By the sheerest of luck he stumbled into the camp of the two white men, and the three of them left the area at once.

After that James Ohio traveled for some years with the expedition of Ewing Young. Along with the rest of the fur men, he fought Indians more often than he trapped. Once, in a skirmish with Mescalero Apaches, an arrow struck Pattie in the hip, the flint head shattering against the bone and the fragments remaining buried in the flesh. A few minutes later a second arrow buried its point in the muscles of his chest. He broke off the shaft and continued to fire. When the savages finally retreated, he later remembered grimly, "They left their dead and

THE CASE OF THE CHEAPER ELECTRIC CHAIR

by Joseph Pascal

Bill was drinking with Myrtle at Joe's Bar when a stranger stole his girl almost from inside his arms. Bill, a man of quick temper, grabbed Joe's shotgun from behind the bar and blasted the interloper before he and Myrtle could reach the door.

The outraged district attorney fought to throw the book at Bill. Pointing a damning finger at the prisoner, he screamed to the jury: "Why send that black-hearted killer to the penitentiary [instead of the chair] where he will be provided with shoes, with clothing and, if he has a toothache, a dentist to take care of him?"

When the jury obligingly voted for the chair, Bill demanded a new trial. He claimed that the DA's soapbox talk on penny-pinching had warped and prejudiced the jury's judgment against him so much that the 12 men were unable to give him a fair trial.

Should Bill get a new trial?

* * *

Bill got another chance from the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, because there was a strong probability that, due to the prosecutor's invective, the jury had weighed not so much Bill's guilt as what his imprisonment would cost them as taxpayers. Said the court: "We have not reached the stage where men should be sent to the electric chair in order to avoid the expense of keeping them in the penitentiary."

wounded at our mercy. We cut off all of their heads indiscriminately."

They had learned the hard way to fight cruelty with cruelty. Once three trappers left the expedition to reconnoiter the Colorado River for signs of beaver. When they failed to return Pattie took out a search party. The trappers surprised some Indians in camp, who fled at the first sign of the white men. The sight that greeted the searchers was horrible. "We found their bodies cut in pieces and spitted before a great fire," Pattie wrote in his diary. "We gathered the fragments of their corpses together and buried them."

James Ohio returned from the Ewing Young expedition to find his father in financial failure. The mining venture had been profitable, but Sylvester's confidential clerk had absconded with all his capital, over $30,000, and the back of the business was broken. The loss of his mining profits forced him to return to trapping. and once more the father and son planned an expedition together.

FROM the first they met with disaster. They went deep into Mexico this time, and the Yuma Indians harassed them constantly. The trappers fought them off for months, until they had amassed a small fortune in furs on the banks of the Gila. Then, hemmed off by the redskins, they hollowed out two cottonwood logs and made canoes, in which they escaped with their furs. Within a few days they thought that they had left the Indians behind. But one morning they detected two Yuma bowmen concealed in the tops of some cottonwood trees, ready to pick off the trappers as they floated by. Instead, Sylvester and another woodsman picked the Indians off first. "They made the earth sound as they struck it," Pattie's diary says.

The river had helped them escape death, but finally it, too, turned upon them. The crest of a late winter flood caught the canoes one afternoon and made it impossible for the weary paddlers to make another inch of headway upstream. The trappers cached their large supply of furs and set out on foot toward the west.

It was like a nightmare in which they relived their first overland trek. This one, however, was much worse. The country they traveled soon became Mexican desert, a waterless expanse of gently rolling sand. Day after day they plodded under a sky of brass. Despite careful rationing, their water soon gave out. Once a spring of good sweet water saved their lives. But the sand stretched on endlessly and the thirst came back. Their lips turned black, their tongues swelled and the blazing sun on the white-hot sand made them half-blind with pain. Some of the men started to drink their own urine. One trapper attempted to commit suicide, and Sylvester Pattie, giving up, lay down on the sand to die. But minutes later James Ohio heard the sound of rushing water, and half an hour later he staggered knee deep into a cold, clear stream. He drank his fill and then went back for Sylvester, whom he revived by the stream's bank.

The first white men they saw were the monks at the Mission of Santa Catalina. Expecting to be welcomed and nursed, the Americans were horrified when they were turned over by the priests to civil authorities and spat upon as enemies of the state. The Mexican governer, José María Echeandía, was on an anti-foreigner crusade. He called the Americans "worse than thieves and murderers," accused them of being spies, seized their arms and threw them into separate cells in the San Diego guardhouse.

It was too much for Sylvester Pattie. Broken in spirit by financial reverses and in body by the ordeals he had suffered, he sickened and died in his wretched cell.

James Ohio's cup of grief overflowed. He wasn't allowed to attend his father's burial in an unmarked grave, and as the weeks turned into months and his solitary confinement continued unabated, he became a brooding and bitter man.

Freedom came as unexpectedly as had imprisonment, in the form of a black death that gripped all of California. Smallpox was one of the region's curses. It ravaged the countryside periodically, and now a devastating plague struck. In the pack confiscated from Sylvester Pattie the Mexicans found a quantity of smallpox vaccine, which the elder Pattie had brought with him from the copper mines. None of the Mexicans knew the technique of vaccination, and haughty Governor Echeandía swallowed his pride and begged James Ohio to vaccinate his people. Pattie would agree to do so only if given complete freedom for himself and his companions and payment of one dollar a head for every Mexican he immunized. The terms weren't unreasonable, and the death carts rumbled through the streets of San Diego three times a day picking up swollen corpses. Echeandía had no choice but to agree.

In the months that followed, Pattie visited every mission, presidio and pueblo between San Diego and the Russian fort of Bodega north of San Francisco. When he completed his job he had inoculated 24,000 persons, and he presented a bill to the Mexican Government for $24,000. Echeandía countered with a "compromise" offer of a tract of land and 1,000 head of cattle—to be delivered only on condition that he renounce his American citizenship, become a citizen of Mexico and join the Catholic Church. The verbal explosion that followed has been called a masterpiece of invective. Pattie boarded the first American ship that came along and headed back to the States, where he pressed his claim through the State Department.

Months of legal wrangling followed, ending with Pattie dropping his suit in disgust. He wandered back to Kentucky, the scene of his boyhood, and worked there as a farmer for a year. But the smell of plowed earth only made him ill, and his feet began to itch worse than ever. He signed on as a hunter and guide with an expedition of settlers going over the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

It was the terrible winter of 1849-1850. The snows were deep and impossible to travel through. The wagon train made its slow and painful way to the crest of the mountains, and there, in a little pass, it became snowed in. As day after day passed it became apparent that their situation was desperate. It was impossible to shoot game in the blizzards that whipped the pass for 24 hours a day, and their precious horde of food was going fast. Even the women and children were on the slimmest of rations, and slow starvation began to take its toll in lives. James Ohio talked the situation over with the train captain.

"Every man who eats makes it tougher on the women and the young 'uns," he said. The captain agreed, not knowing what the other man had in mind.

LATE that night James Ohio Pattie left the life-giving warmth of the campfire and walked off into the blizzard. Only 45 years old, he had crammed enough adventures into his existence to have filled the lifetimes of a dozen men. The snows were as white as a grizzly's fur; the night was as black as a bear's cave. His body was never found. ◆◆◆

"I hit it with the car."

NONE CAME BACK

Continued from page 35

cotton and molasses from New Orleans, she was bound for Pittsburgh.

With a couple of long blasts on her whistle to warn small boats out of the way, the *Iron Mountain* belched fire and smoke from her twin stacks as she swung her line of tow barges into the current and pulled around the bend.

What happened to her from that time on will probably never be known.

The first inkling that something was wrong came when another steamer, the *Iroquois Chief,* had to swing hurriedly across the river to get out of the way of a string of runaway barges. The *Chief* ran back down river and picked up the tow-line. By dint of strenuous tugging, the barges were brought to a halt, but no boat showed up to claim them. And, oddly enough, the tow-line had not broken; it had been cut with an ax! This was common practice in case of emergency: Better to risk losing the barges in order to save the steamboat.

But what became of the *Iron Mountain?*

There was no debris, no trace of a fire or explosion and no indication that she sank from any cause. Along with her cargo and the 55 persons aboard, the *Iron Mountain* vanished without a trace.

The number of ships that have sailed away into oblivion is legion. When the oceans were trackless wastes where tiny sailing vessels ventured at the mercy of wind and wave, these disappearances were understandable. But in the 20th century, to have modern steamships vanish with cargo and crew is quite another matter.

We need turn back no further than July 26th, 1909, when the new passenger liner *Waratah* steamed out of Durban, South Africa, with a full cargo of meat, flour and pig iron—and with 211 persons aboard her. She was on a round trip from Australia via India; now, 26 days after she left Sydney, she was starting the last leg of her journey.

The SS *Clan MacIntyre* saw her the following morning, churning down the coast toward Capetown and bucking heavy seas.

The *Waratah* was never seen again.

She disappeared as completely as if she had sailed off the earth—a 1,600-ton steamer, equipped with lifeboats, flares and rockets, that vanished without a trace along a shipping lane where eight other vessels were within sight of her rockets, had she fired any.

The Blue Anchor Line, which owned her, leased two ships, and the British government sent three warships into the area to search for ship or survivors. All craft using that part of the sea lane were alerted to watch for some evidence which might help solve the mystery. The search lasted for weeks, but not a plank, not a life preserver, nor a body was ever found. The *Waratah,* like the four other ships before her which had borne that ill-fated name, had come to grief, but this time she had taken the secret with her.

The USS *Cyclops* left Barbados on March 4, 1918, bound for Hampton Roads, Virginia, with a crew of 88, a cargo of coal, and a rendezvous with oblivion. Like the *Waratah,* she vanished without a trace in an area that was well-travelled. The *Cyclops* was a ship of the US Navy and had full radio equipment—but when she encountered her final distress, she sent no messages. Just a trail of smoke over the horizon north of Barbados and the *Cyclops* was gone forever.

Of more recent vintage, but of the same degree of mystery, is the case of the Danish training vessel *Kobenhoven.* On the morning of December 14, 1928, the *Kobenhoven* took her leave of Montevideo after piping aboard her complement of 50 cadets and sailors. The youngsters had been taking part in a ceremony at the Danish consulate, little realizing that their future consisted of only a few hours. The *Kobenhoven* steamed out of the harbor, past a couple of small fishing vessels and vanished. Whatever happened to her must have been almost instantaneous, for incoming ships, which sighted the same fishing vessels a few hours later, never saw the *Kobenhoven.*

THE list of aeronauts who have vanished with their craft is long. The disappearance of balloons was not surprising, since they are at best children of the winds, man-made silken bubbles over which he has little control. Since the inception of ballooning the record has contained many instances where both man and balloon have slowly become mere specks in the sky—and question marks in the annals of the profession.

One of the question marks persisted for 33 years before it could be written off: Salomon August Andree, a Swedish explorer, believed that he could drift over the North Pole in a free balloon. With two companions he left Spitzbergen in his balloon on July 11, 1897, and vanished into the white nothingness to the north. Although numerous search parties scoured the Arctic and every clue was traced to its futile conclusion, Andree and his companions were not found until August 6, 1930, when their frozen bodies were located in the tattered remnants of their tiny tent—only 117 miles from their starting point.

The case of Andree is an exception, of course; first, in that he was ever found at all; second, in that the canned bread and meats which he had taken with him were found to be unchanged after all those years. The bread was as fresh as the day he sailed away—and the films in his camera were finally developed to give the world a few pitiful glimpses of the explorers' last moments.

That Andree should fly into limbo for 33 years is understandable for the simple reason that he was risking his neck over a relatively desolate and unknown region without a means of communication from remote points.

How then can we explain the disappearance of fliers and planes on short flights over heavily populated terrain?

Albert Jewel owned one of the low-powered airplanes which were common to his time. On October 13, 1913, he took off from a small field at Hempstead, Long Island, for a flight of a few minutes' duration which was supposed to terminate on Staten Island. It was a clear day. The route he planned to fly included Jamaica and Coney Island. Mr. Jewel was simply going to take a little trip in his airplane over some of the most heavily populated areas in the nation and across a short stretch of the heavily traveled approach to one of the world's busiest harbors.

That was in 1913. Mr. Jewel never arrived at Staten Island, nor has he ever been heard from since.

Captain Mansell James flew from Lee, Massachusetts, on May 29th, 1919, with the announced intention of landing at Mitchel Field, Long Island. But, like Mr. Jewel, something detained him.

He was seen flying over the Berkshires, but he was never seen again. Five days later, after scores of searching parties had found nothing, the Army sent planes into the area to fly over the same route in hopes of locating the wreckage. Nothing. Local newspapers carried reward notices; telephone companies called all their subscribers and alerted them to report at once any information which might lead to the discovery of the missing flier. Gradually the commotion died down. Captain James and his plane had flown away to nowhere and in the ensuing years they have been joined by many others.

It is noteworthy (if not significant) that many of these missing planes in recent years have made their last flights in a comparatively small area in the Atlantic north of Bermuda bordered on the west from Florida to Virginia.

There have been others, of course, north of this zone. There was the unexplained disappearance of the French Latecoere 631, a huge flying boat capable of landing on the ocean, which vanished over the north Atlantic without a sign of its passing on August 1, 1948, carrying 52 persons to oblivion. And there was the U.S. C-124, with 53 aboard en route to Ireland on March 23, 1948, which disappeared over the north Atlantic. There must have been survivors, since a few life rafts were found, but the people were gone.

It was exactly one o'clock on the morning of January 30, 1948, when authorities at Kindley Field, Bermuda, sent out an alert for a plane which had been missing since 10:30 of the preceding night. It was the British South American Airways four-engined luxury craft *Star Tiger* with 23 passengers and six crew members aboard. En route from

Kingston, it had radioed, "On course, 400 miles from Bermuda, good weather and no trouble." The plane and its human cargo simply vanished in the night. Ten ships of the U.S. Navy joined with 30 British and American planes in the fruitless search.

The *Ariel,* which Captain J. C. McPhee pulled off the runway at Bermuda at 7:45 A.M. January 17, 1949, was a sister ship of the ill-fated *Star Tiger,* which had vanished just about a year before. The *Ariel* had a crew of six, and 13 passengers, and she expected to make the thousand miles to Kingston, Jamaica, in five hours and 15 minutes. Just to be on the safe side, Captain McPhee had filled the tanks with enough fuel for 10 hours of flight.

The last that was ever heard from the *Ariel* or its crew was a radio message 40 minutes after it left Bermuda, when Captain McPhee reported that all was well and that he was changing his radio frequency to that of Kingston, a normal procedure.

Next morning the search was in full swing. Two of our finest aircraft carriers were on the scene, the *Leyte* and the *Kearsage,* scanning the waters to the north of Cuba. Three light cruisers, the *Portsmouth,* the *Huntingdon* and the *Fargo,* also assisted, as well as six destroyers.

South of Cuba, between that island and Jamaica, the mighty USS *Missouri,* the light cruiser *Juneau* and four destroyers combed the seas. Two merchant ships turned from their travels to help in the hunt for the missing *Ariel.* Six Coast Guard PBMs flew over the area.

The net result of this great search was frustration.

The disappearance of the *Ariel,* like that of her sister ship the *Star Tiger,* was so sudden that the crew had no time to radio for help, and so complete that no trace was ever found.

As part of the routine pilot training at the Naval Air Station in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, the planes take off frequently for short triangular courses over the nearby ocean. It is customary for the fighter planes to follow a pre-determined flight plan which takes them eastward a given distance, where they make a sharp turn to cover the second leg of the course, eventually banking again and returning to base. On the afternoon of December 5, 1945, five TBM Avenger propeller-driven torpedo bombers left the base for one of these routine training flights. They were to fly 160 miles east over the ocean, 40 miles north and then southwest back to the base. They had done it many times before, and there was no reason to believe that this trip was going to be different.

One plane carried two men; the others carried three each. All were equipped with the best radio and navigational equipment. All had self-inflating life rafts. Each man wore a life jacket.

AT a few minutes past two o'clock in the afternoon the first Avenger roared down the runway and into the air. Six minutes later all five were in flight, cruising in formation over the rim of the Atlantic at something slightly in excess of 200 miles per hour.

The first inkling of trouble came at 3:45. By that time the five planes should have been asking for landing instructions. Instead the base radio got a message from the flight leader which said: "Can't be sure where we are. Can't see land. I'm not sure of our position." All five of the navigators lost at the same time? Something incredible about that.

The misgivings at the base were well founded, for at four o'clock the tower heard the planes talking anxiously among themselves—and heard the panicky flight commander turn the command over to another pilot. At 4:25 the last message trickled in: "Still not certain where we are, but believe we are about 225 miles northeast of base. Looks like we are . . ." The voice trailed off into the silence which has engulfed both men and planes ever since.

Tragedy was obviously brewing and prompt emergency measures were called for. A big Martin Mariner flying boat, with a crew of 13, and loaded with rescue and survival equipment, roared out to the search—to guide the Avengers home, if possible.

Base radio flashed word to the Avengers that help was on the way. There was no reply.

Five minutes later base radio called the big flying boat to check its position. No reply.

The alarm was spread quickly. Coast Guard planes came roaring into action, following the flying boat's course toward the estimated position of the five missing torpedo bombers. Even after dark 10 planes roamed the area, keeping a sharp lookout for a signal flare which they never saw. At dawn the escort carrier *Solomons* was on the scene, crisscrossing the sky from Florida to the Bahamas with her planes. In all, 240 planes were involved in this one operation, but not one of them ever found a trace of the six missing planes or their crews. Before the search was finally abandoned it had developed into the greatest air-sea rescue attempt on record, involving 21 ships, almost 300 planes and 12 land parties that scoured the shores of the mainland and the islands for weeks, seeking some clue to the missing planes and crews.

The Naval Board of Inquiry which met to conclude the case officially considered all the known possibilities. The Avengers would have radioed an alarm had one or more of their group been forced down by accident or fuel shortage. Some of the men would almost certainly have escaped by taking to their parachutes. Debris of some sort would have been found had they crashed. Instead, they merely vanished.

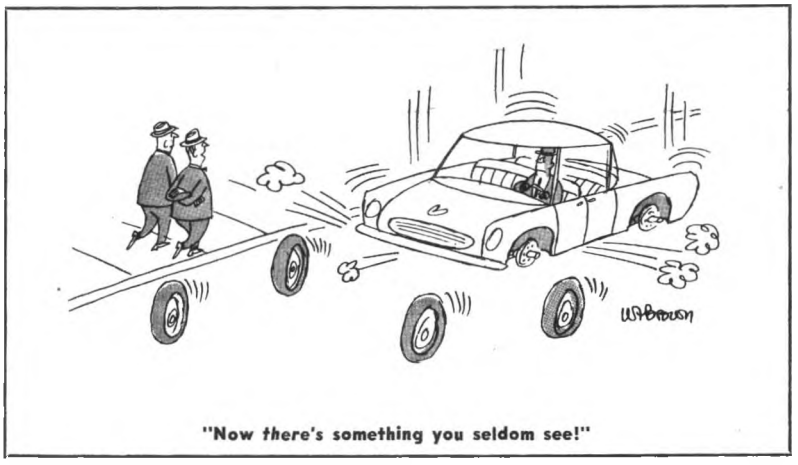
The big Martin flying boat could fly easily on one engine. It could land on the ocean. If its battery radio failed, it could still send messages on its hand-cranked set. Instead, it followed the five Avengers into the silence.

The Naval Board report says: "We are not able to make even a good guess as to what happened."

Also filed among the unexplained is the strange case of the Navy Super-Constellation, a sleek new passenger plane which took off from Patuxent, Maryland, to the Azores, on October 31, 1954, with 42 persons aboard, many of them the wives and children of Navy personnel overseas. The plane was virtually brand new, equipped with two radio transmitters and all the necessary survival material in case it was forced down at sea. Like the five Avengers and the Martin flying boat, it just flew out into the silence which seems to engulf that portion of the middle Atlantic. Hundreds of ships and planes scoured the ocean for days without finding any evidence whatever which might solve the mystery of the missing plane or its passengers.

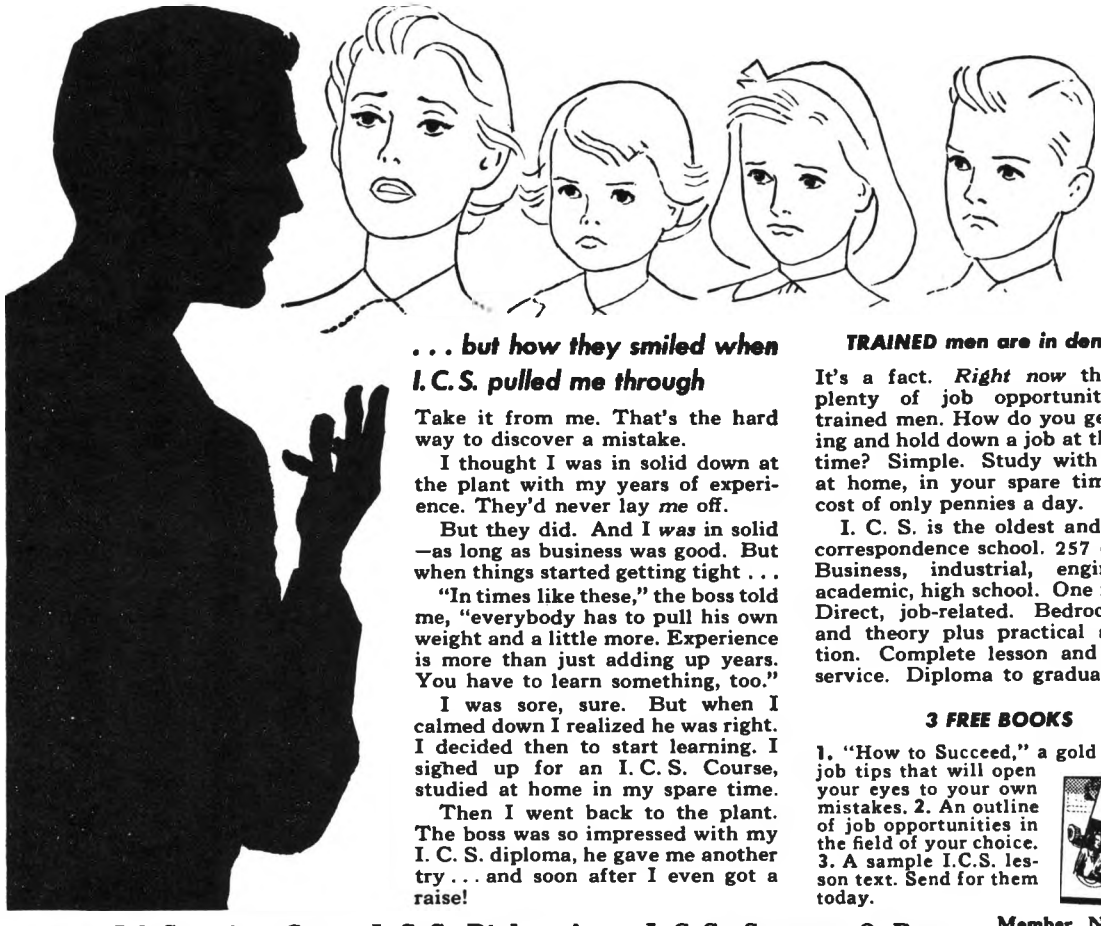
But if I were asked to cite the case which I regard as strangest of all, I would unhesitatingly turn to that of the twin-engined C-46 which crashed at the 11,000-foot level on Tahoma glacier in January of 1947. Rescue parties were dispatched immediately when the wreckage was located, for the plane had been carrying 32 persons, most of them military personnel, when it crashed.

Searchers found the crumpled plane on a slope of the glacier. They found the bloody bulkhead which bore mute evidence of the terrific impact when the ill-fated craft struck the mountain. And what of the 32 men aboard the plane? That is what the military would like to know—for, although rewards of $5,000 were offered for the discovery of the bodies, *not one of them was ever found.* It was another case where none came back. ◆◆◆



"Now *there's* something you seldom see!"

I saw my job failure in my family's eyes



. . . but how they smiled when I. C. S. pulled me through

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MANHUNT

Continued from page 19

heard him acknowledge "Yes, this is Sheriff Little." A moment later he banged the instrument back into its cradle and turned to his friends.

"That was Thelma Rose at the hotel. The bank's being robbed! I'm on my way. There's a shotgun in the kitchen. You guys get that and follow me to town."

The sheriff bolted from the house, sprang into his car, and spun the starter. In less than two minutes he was braking to a stop beside the Farmer's and Trader's Bank of Campton. Jumping out, gun in hand, he looked up and down the street. No one was in sight. As he stood uncertainly for a moment, his three pitch-playing companions came roaring into town in a second car, and parked in front of the Wolfe County Courthouse, directly across from the bank. Seeing them move toward the rear of the structure, Sheriff Little started toward the front, and Main Street.

ARRIVING at the corner, Sheriff Little saw a figure running toward him. The man wore an overcoat, but was barefoot in the bitter cold. Sheriff Little recognized him as young Daniel Stone, an ex-paratrooper who had been engaged less than two weeks before as bank watchman. Stone slept in the bank at night.

"Where are they?" Little yelled to Stone.

"In the bank," panted the latter.

"Well, let's go in after 'em!"

"No!" cried Stone. "I've killed one of 'em. . . ."

"A dead man won't hurt you, son," observed Sheriff Little. "Have you got a key to the back door?"

Before Stone could answer there was a shotgun blast from around the corner. Seconds later a man came dashing diagonally across Main Street in front of the sheriff. The man was running all out, and George Little immediately took off after him. Little is a rangy and wiry man of 46. He's limping around on crutches today, but on the morning of January 6th he was in prime condition, and at the end of a block's chase he reached out to grab his man by the hair. Just then the bank bandit swerved slightly to his right and rounded in beside a Chrysler sedan. Two other men were in the car and the motor was running.

As the fleeing bandit jumped in, the car spurted forward. The sheriff, momentarily off balance, went sprawling in the street. The next instant, however, he was up on his elbows, and blazing away at the retreating car.

Sheriff Little was a marksman. His first shot drilled through the back of the Chrysler; his second punctured the left rear tire. The car bounced successively to both sides of the road; then slithered to a stop. Instantly Little was on his feet and running. He sprinted to the left side of the car, rammed his revolver to within inches of the driver's nose, and ordered "Don't move this car an inch! If you do, I'll shoot you dead!"

Unobserved by Sheriff Little, holding his gun on the driver of the Chrysler, another of the bandits left the car by the right-hand door. This second bandit carried a .45 caliber machine gun. He proceeded to a deep ditch in front and to the left of the getaway car. Once in position he cut loose mercilessly at the sheriff, at a range of scarcely ten yards. Sheriff Little jerked convulsively and he sprawled in the road, seriously wounded.

At that moment Stone, the bank guard, came charging up. He was instantly knocked out by a blow over the head with a pistol butt. The bandit then reversed his pistol and pointed it at the sheriff's head. "This time I'm going to finish you, you so-and-so!" screamed the bandit.

"Oh, no, you're not!" It was the calm voice of Frank Adams. He stood there in the bitter night waving the muzzle of his shotgun under the bandit's nose. It was an extremely courageous thing to do because, although the bandit didn't know it, the shotgun was not loaded. Adams had fired his only shell back at the bank when the fight started.

Bluffed by Adams, the pistol-whipping bandit started withdrawing slowly toward the car. His pal came crawling out of the ditch, trying unsuccessfully to reload his machine gun. They both reached the car at about the same time, and tumbled in. "Get this car out of here!" yelled the machine-gunner. "I've killed one of these men."

Flat tire and all, the Chrysler leaped forward and sped off into the night. The sheriff's young son knelt beside his father, trying to ease his pain. Adams raced to Rose's Hotel to call for an ambulance. Little lay in a widening pool of blood, shot several times through both knees. There was a momentary lull in one of the most curious chains of dramatic action in the history of the Kentucky State Police.

At the time machine-gun bullets were whipping up a storm through the bleak streets of Campton, I was in command of Troop F, Kentucky State Police, at Morehead, Kentucky. More, I was sound asleep in bed at my Morehead home when, shortly after one o'clock, my bedside phone rang. It was Jesse Stimson, our radio dispatcher.

"The bank at Campton's been robbed, Lieutenant," he told me. "Sheriff Little's been shot. The bandits are still believed to be in the area."

My response was automatic, the product of long habit: "Notify Billy Lykins," I told Stimson. "And have Caudill pick me up at home. I'll be ready by the time he gets here." Sergeant Billy Lykins was in command of the Morehead post; he'd know what to do. Detective Murvel Caudill lived close to my home; we could go to the post headquarters together.

"Mae," I said to my wife as I rolled out of bed, "the bank at Campton's been robbed. Don't expect me back soon. *This may be it!*"

To all responsible officers of the Kentucky State Police, the news from Campton meant considerably more than notification of an isolated bank robbery attempt. For the better part of two years now, the state had been the scene of a long series of daring bank and safe robberies.

A score of times I'd gone over the lengthening list:

Case 15-38: Safe in the R. C. Bottoms Garage, Springfield, robbed of $550.00.

Case 15-40: Safe at Liberty High School blown after drilling. Loot $700.00.

Case 15-54: Safe of Albany Furniture Company, Albany, drilled and blown.

Case 15-53: Safe at Durham Wholesale Company, Columbia, drilled and blown.

Case 7-2895: Safe at Perryville Motors, Perryville, blown.

Case 7-2896: Safe at Farmer's Bank, Nicholasville, blown.

Case 4-2406: Safe blown at D. B. Sutherland's Mill, Bloomfield.

ALL of the cases—and many more were included in the complete list—had at least two things in common: each was unsolved, and the hottest suspects in each were two brothers, John Paul and Donald Roderick Scott. But never yet had we been able to nail either of this pair with a conviction. This time, I thought, things may be different. If it really is the Scott brothers, and if they're still in the area, we may have a chance of getting them at last.

John Paul Scott, 30, short, with brown hair and eyes, and his brother, Don Roderick Scott, 28, of slighter build and nearly bald, were Kentucky mountain boys, and both were convicted bank bandits. Just prior to our own wave of safe and bank robberies in Kentucky, both men had served time in Texas for bank jobs. In the Texas penitentiary they'd met blond-haired, blue-eyed Earl Franklin Morris, from Ponca City, Oklahoma. All three men were hard as tempered steel, cruel, cunning and contemptuous of death. But the Scott brothers had qualities Morris did not possess. Both Scotts were college-educated; both were exceptionally well spoken; both worked off and on as laboratory technicians in hospitals as cover for their extra-legal operations. Morris, an expert at cutting open bank vaults with an acetylene torch, was a painter by trade and, intellectually, several cuts below the Scott brothers.

When the three selected the Campton bank as their target for the night of January 5th-6th there was nothing haphazard about their choice. Almost precisely a

(*Continued on page 52*)

Men! Send for This Money-Making Outfit *FREE!*

See How Easy It Is to Make UP TO $30.00 IN A DAY!

Do you want to make more money in full or spare time . . . as much as $30.00 in a day? Then mail the coupon below for this BIG OUTFIT, sent you FREE, containing more than 100 fine quality fabrics, sensational values in made-to-measure suits, topcoats, and overcoats. Take orders from friends, neighbors, fellow-workers. Every man prefers better-fitting, better-looking made-to-measure clothes, and when you show the many beautiful, high quality fabrics—mention the low prices for made-to-measure fit and style—and show our guarantee of satisfaction, you take orders right and left. You collect a big cash profit in advance on every order, and build up fine permanent income for yourself in spare or full time.

No Experience Needed

It's amazingly easy to take measures, and you don't need any experience to take orders. Everything is simply explained for you to cash in on this wonderful opportunity. Just mail this coupon now and we'll send you this big, valuable outfit filled with more than 100 fine fabrics and everything else you need to start. You'll say this is the greatest way to make money you ever saw. Rush the coupon today!

PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. R-195
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Illinois

Add to Your Profits with Tailored Suits for Ladies!

You can add many dollars to your earnings by taking orders for our beautifully-styled, fine quality made-to-measure suits and skirts for women. Many husbands sell suits to men, their wives sell suits and skirts to women . . . and the profits roll in! You can too! Outfit contains styles, prices, and simple instructions.

YOUR OWN SUITS WITHOUT 1¢ COST!

Our plan makes it easy for you to get your own personal suits, topcoats, and overcoats without paying 1c—*in addition* to your big cash earnings. Think of it! Not only do we start you on the road to making big money, but we also make it easy for you to get your own clothes without paying one penny. No wonder thousands of men write enthusiastic letters of thanks.

Just Mail Coupon

You don't invest a penny of your money now or any time. You don't pay money for samples, for outfits, or for your own suit under our remarkable plan. So do as other men have done — mail the coupon now. Don't send a penny. Just send us the coupon.

PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. R-195
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Illinois

Dear Sir:
I WANT MONEY AND I WANT A SUIT TO WEAR AND SHOW, without paying 1c for it. Rush Valuable Suit Coupon and Sample Kit with actual fabrics ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Name..... *Age*.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

(*Continued from page 50*)

year before, the Scotts had made their first assault on this same institution. On that occasion they failed to breach the vault, and their loot consisted of only a few thousand dollars in silver. However, on the following morning the newspapers reported that the vault had contained $122,000. That kind of money was an irresistible magnet to the desperate Scotts; a second assault on the bank was inevitable.

Procurement of weapons and equipment was no great problem for these experienced men. Preparing for the Campton job, on December 16th, 1956, the Scott brothers raided the National Guard Armory at Danville, Kentucky. They stole two .45 caliber machine guns, two revolvers, two carbines (which they later threw away) and an ample supply of ammunition of appropriate types.

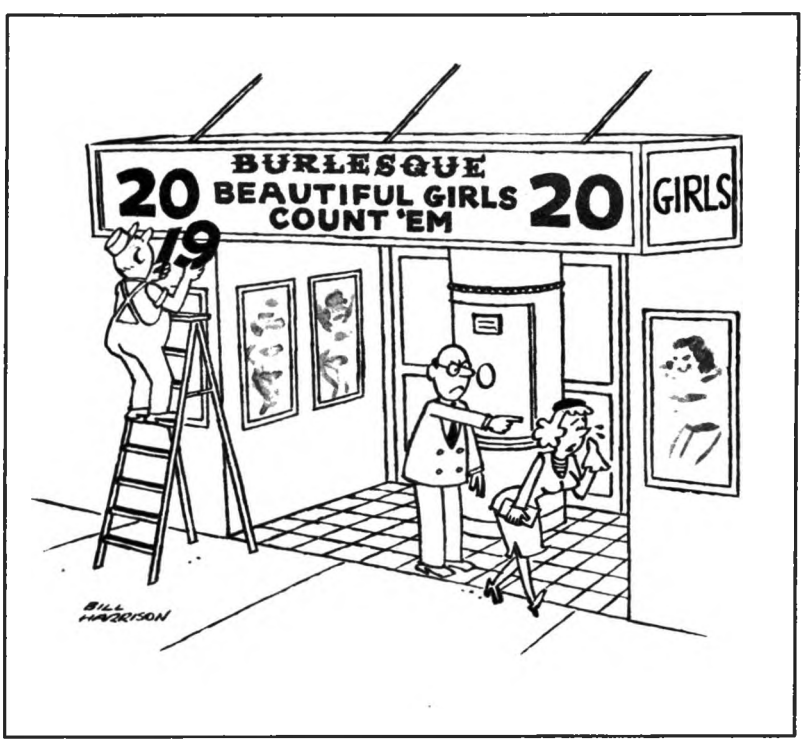
At nine P.M. on the night of Saturday, January 5th, while on the way from Litchfield to Campton, John Paul Scott and Earl Franklin Morris—Don Scott was to meet them in Campton with a second getaway car—stopped briefly at the plant of the Minewell Company, in Lexington, Kentucky. There they transferred to Morris' Chrysler, from a Minewell truck, a bottle of oxygen and one of acetylene gas. This, plus assorted small items such as a gasoline can filled with sand, 100 feet of telephone wire, and some gunny sacks, completed their equipment. But Earl Franklin Morris wasn't entirely satisfied, and as they bored through the night toward Campton he spoke to his partner:

"Paul, suppose one of these bottles should be empty. We'd be in a silly spot when we started to work."

"Let's try 'em," replied Paul. So the two pulled off the road about two miles out of town, unlimbered their stolen cylinders, took off the safety caps, and started attaching the gauges Morris had brought from Oklahoma. What followed illustrates the ruthless character of both men, and their contempt for the law.

Cruising in a Fayette County patrol car, Sergeant James Pelfrey and Patrolman Everett Grace spotted the parked Chrysler. Expecting to find motorists in trouble, the patrol car pulled up. Sergeant Pelfrey got out, and approached Scott and Morris. The next thing Pelfrey knew John Paul Scott was snarling, "Get lost!" The command was given pungent point by a machine-gun blast which ripped the night over Pelfrey's head. Obviously outgunned, the officers took off into the night as commanded. Knowing the alarm would be sounded, John Paul Scott and Morris hit the back roads, and eventually met Don Scott in Campton, as planned. Don Scott had parked the second getaway car, a new Chevrolet, on Sky Bridge Road, about seven miles from Campton. In Morris' Chrysler the three proceeded to the bank. The time was shortly before one A.M. on Sunday morning.

THE bandits thought they knew everything about the Farmer's and Trader's Bank of Campton. They knew, for instance, that there was no burglar alarm system. And they knew that access to the bank proper was easy; all they had to do was to pry off a heavy window screen at the rear, break the glass, and climb into the bank's restroom. But what they didn't know was that, only days before, the bank officials had engaged young ex-paratrooper Dan Stone as night watchman. He slept on a cot on the banking floor.



What followed was the first of a monumental series of accidents. Assembling their gear in the alley behind the bank the three got to work. Don Scott climbed to the roof of an adjoining shed to act as lookout. Paul Scott and Morris pried off the screen, broke the restroom window, and Paul Scott climbed through into the bank. Once inside, he flicked on his flashlight to look around.

That was all Dan Stone needed. The tinkle of breaking glass had awakened the guard. Seeing the flashlight he fired directly at it with his Luger-type automatic. His aim was almost too good. A bullet hit the flashlight, knocked off the cap at the base, and buried itself in Paul Scott's forearm. But the fantastic thing was this: Paul Scott had his mouth open when Stone fired. The bullet knocked the spring out of the base of the flashlight and sent it, with shotgun speed, right into Paul Scott's mouth, where the spring wrapped around and imbedded itself in his tongue. Blood flew all over the restroom. Paul Scott screamed in agony, and crashed back out through the window. Stone bolted for Rose's Hotel across the street, from which Mrs. Rose called Sheriff Little, and the machine-gun battle in the main street of Campton followed.

Although the bandits got out of town in the crippled Chrysler, leaving Sheriff Little hovering between life and death, their trouble had barely begun. Heading out Sky Bridge Road they turned off on Rock Hill Road, and soon found themselves in trouble. The crown of the road was high; the Chrysler was low, with a flat tire. Trying to turn the car around to get out of the trap they got it crosswise in the road and couldn't move it farther.

With the Chrysler disabled, John Scott took time out to remove the flashlight spring from his brother's mouth. Paul Scott was weak from loss of blood, and the three started out on foot to circle the town. Cutting over hills and through fields they managed to reach the Wolfe County High School on a hill at the northwest limits of town. Here Paul Scott gave out temporarily. The others placed him on the floor of an empty school bus, and Don Scott left to try to get to the new Chevrolet upon which all of their hopes for escape now centered. But once more luck was against the bandits.

The people of the Kentucky hills are apt to be suspicious of strangers, particularly when bank bandits are known to be abroad. In the early dawn of Sunday morning the postmaster at Pine Ridge had noticed a strange new Chevrolet parked not far from his post office. On impulse he went to the car, removed the rotor from the distributor, and later reported to me. Meanwhile Donald Scott had reached the vehicle but, unable to start it without the missing rotor, he took off again on his own.

Back at the high school still another small drama was in progress. Suspicious like the postmaster, high school Principal Taylor Booth decided to inspect the school buses. Minutes later he found himself looking into the business end of a

(*Continued on page 54*)

GOOD JOBS WAITING

...for the Young in Heart!

HOTELS, CLUBS, MOTELS CALL FOR TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN

If there ever were a business for the young in heart, it's the hotel, motel, club field. Here, every day can be a thrilling new adventure. Different people to meet, "different" duties to perform. There's laughter, gayety, dancing, excitement. An ever-changing scene of people and events.

There are no "tired old people" in this fascinating field. Even the grey-haired are gay—for there's always excitement and change in the air. It's truly a business for those who want to "go places."

Choose from 51 Exciting Positions

Yours to choose from are luxurious hotels, thrilling resorts, glamorous clubs, as well as the beautifully-appointed motels and motor hotels that are being built from coast to coast. Waiting for you are many different kinds of well-paid positions—each colorful, important, necessary in this happy, ever-changing world of catering to America's traveling millions. But to qualify, you must have training—the kind of training the Lewis School has been giving ambitious men and women like yourself for more than 40 years.

There's Prestige, Position in Hotel Work

Chances are you've seen Lewis-trained men and women if you have ever traveled. For they are managers, hostesses, assistant managers, stewards, purchasing agents, and hold dozen of other well-paid positions in many of America's top hotels, motels, clubs. You've seen them—even envied them—for the things they do, the life they live is so thrillingly "different."

Yet, not so long ago, most of them knew no more—perhaps less—about hotel, motel, or club work than you do right now. Nine out of ten of them had no previous experience. They come from every walk of life—and they range from high school students to college graduates. What they have done—YOU can do.

You Can Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position Certified to "Make Good"

Lewis Training qualifies you quickly at home, in leisure time, or through resident classes in Washington for those well-paid, ever-increasing opportunities. Soon—very soon—you can join the countless Lewis graduates now "making good." A happy, ever-growing future awaits you in this business—previous experience has proved unnecessary and you are not dropped when you are over 40.

Our FREE Book, "Your Big Opportunity," explains how easily you can qualify for a well-paid position; how you are registered FREE in Lewis National Placement Service; how you can be a Lewis Certified Employee—certified to "make good." MAIL COUPON NOW.

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Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone..State.....

☐ Check here if eligible for Veteran Training.

(*Continued from page 52*)

Colt .38 in the grip of Earl Franklin Morris:

"I'm sorry, Mister, but you're in trouble!" said the bandit. "Our lives depend on getting out of here safely. If we leave you here you'll tell the police, so I guess you'll have to go with us in your car."

Booth, a fast and convincing talker, probably saved his own life that morning. He talked Morris into taking his blue 1949 Chevrolet, leaving Booth behind. Soon after the bandits drove off Taylor Booth hotfotted it for town. I met him on Main Street near the bank where we'd set up State police field headquarters, and within minutes I had State troopers fine-tooth-combing the roads for the schoolmaster's blue Chevrolet.

BY this time the area was alive with sheriff's posses, FBI men, and State troopers, and the pursuit was too hot for the desperate bank bandits. Although they, too, reached the getaway car, the missing rotor still immobilized it. Knowing the schoolmaster's Chevrolet was hot, they abandoned it and took to the fields. Meanwhile State Trooper Paul Coombs had found the abandoned Chrysler belonging to Morris. In the school bus where Paul Scott and Morris had hidden out, we found a bloody shirt with Paul Scott's name stencilled in it. Thus, finally, we knew exactly who our quarry were, and with the area surrounded and cordoned off, we knew it would only be a matter of time.

Sunday night, bruised, bleeding and freezing, Don Scott presented himself at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Conkright, an elderly farm couple, and begged for shelter.

"I'm a man of God," said Mr. Conkright, "and I'll not turn you away."

Don Scott spent that night on a couch in the living room. But, once more, his fate was sealed by an alert neighbor. She reported the presence of a suspicious man by telephone, and Donald Scott was picked up early Monday morning.

Paul Scott and Earl Morris managed to hide out until Tuesday morning in a corn shock on the farm of Harold Alexander. They had a machine gun and other weapons with them; had taken some hay into the shock for warmth, and were prepared for a last-ditch stand. The hay, however, proved their undoing.

About 8:30 Tuesday morning, carrying a shotgun, I headed a party of State troopers conducting a search of Mr. Alexander's cornfield. Ray Faisst, special agent in charge of the FBI at Louisville, also was with us with a party of his men. As we started through the field Mr. Alexander suddenly stopped, looked long and appraisingly at a corn shock that, I must confess, looked just like all the rest to me, and then said "There's hay around that shock! That shouldn't be!"

We kicked the shock over. There lay Paul Scott and Earl Morris, both with frostbitten feet and scarcely able to move.

The Scott brothers and Earl Franklin Morris now are doing 30 years each in Atlanta. And our two-year wave of bank and safe robbery—Kentucky mountain style—has ended! ◆◆◆

DEATH TRAIN TO DUNDEE

Continued from page 17

Chapel heard Short resume his sermon.

By 5:30 the conspiracy of wind and current battering down through the firth and against the concrete butts and iron frames of the bridge, crashed in the ears of the citizens of Dundee. They thought uneasily of the train from Burntisland Station due at Dundee by way of Tay Bridge.

The train moved into the storm and went through the cuts on Peacehill bend at 5:30; thence northeastward toward Wormit. In all, 75 men, women and children were aboard the train as it sped for the bridge at Tay, below Dundee.

The engine was olive-green, bright with brass—pulling in all, her own weight and that of her cars, a total of 114 tons; the length of the train was 225 feet. A benign, bearded, affable man, David Mitchell, drove engine No. 224. John Marshall, 24, father of three, was his stoker.

By 6:15 the hurricane's force stood at nearly 78 miles an hour; the barometer dipping below 28.80. The hurricane roared along the entire length of Tayside, battering Lochee, Arbroath, Colliston, Kirriemiur, Montrose; and, in the heights above the river, those who sat in the chapel wondered vaguely whether the last train from Burntisland would cross.

The Reverend George Grubb arrived at Tay Bridge station from Newport on the next-to-last train—the south local. Midway across the bridge, another passenger had opened a window to look at the angrily swirling river as it broke on the butts. Grubb felt shock waves vibrating through the car and quickly asked that the window be closed.

Guard Robert Shand of that train told stationmaster James Smith, "Damned if I'll cross that bridge again tonight for any amount of money! My coach was lifted from the rails and sparks shot up from it!"

But Shand's engineer hadn't seen the red warning lamp that he'd waved, frantically, from the end car, and so the next-to-last train crossed Tay Bridge and delivered its passengers at Dundee.

Mitchell's train to Dundee, 224, *the last train*, was on schedule. Mitchell, his right hand firmly on throttle, his left pulling out a railroad watch, asserted that in exactly 64 minutes their train would cross the high girders spanning the Firth of Tay —then home!

Mitchell was only half right.

That was Sunday, December 28, 1897, the night of—as John Prebble in "Disaster At Dundee" calls it—the Great Storm; it was also the night that Sir Thomas Bouch's great iron bridge—1,705 yards of "not so *terribly* bad iron"—fell into the black, windlashed waters of the Tay. . . .

In 1849 Thomas Bouch came up to Scotland as traffic manager and civil engineer for the Edinburgh and Northern Railway. Bouch, 27, was a lonely, single-purposed dreamer who believed in his ability to build bridges. The first time that Thomas Bouch looked at the waters of Tay, he began hatching a dream of the longest single span in the world.

"It can be done," Bouch said, prophetically. "I don't know *how* exactly, but it can be done . . ."

Born in Thursby, Cumberland, in 1822, son of a retired sea captain, Bouch was apprenticed to an engineer who was building the important Carlisle and Lancaster Railway. As Prebble points out, this was the era of the iron horse; anybody willing to become an engineer's apprentice practically assured himself of a promising future. Bouch saw it that way, anyhow.

BETWEEN 1830 and 1850, the British railway system began to spread its steel arms throughout the north of England and Scotland. The young Bouch spread right along with it. What Bouch's early life was like is not known, but it was probably during his apprentice days on the C & L that he learned the then fundamentals of pragmatic engineering. At 27, Bouch propounded the theory that Tay could be spanned, blithely proceeded to draw plans. The stockholders laughed, but that bothered Bouch not at all. "First things first," he reputedly confided to an assistant. "Let 'em get used to something across the river—boats!"

This, of course, was not a new idea, but the directors let the young engineer put a few of his dreams into execution. He thereupon designed and built a floating railway where freight cars were run onto steam ferries from a flying bridge. Overnight, Edinburgh and Northern realized a sharp increase in revenue, and Bouch's fortune was quickly in the making. As with *all* of his ideas, the one that made Bouch was far from original. A one-time engineer for the Edinburgh, Perth and Dundee Railway, Thomas Grainger, had drawn plans for a floating caisson that could ferry cars across the Tay between Broughty and Port-on-Craig. Bouch's contribution—no more, no less—was execution.

Not to take anything away from the man who built Tay Bridge, he was typical in some respects of the average working engineer of the era. British engineers, Prebble asserts, "not only seemed capable of appalling mistakes, but were remarkably diffident about them—"

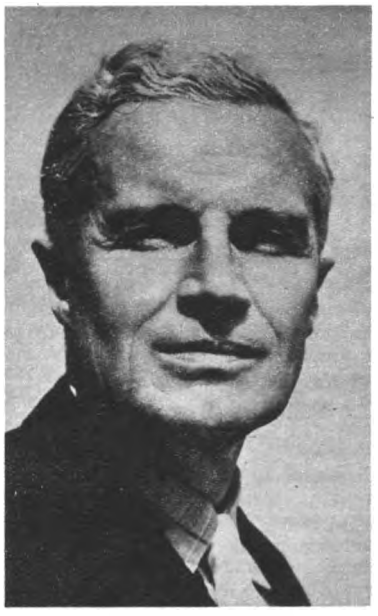
"I'm very glad it happened," publicly stated British engineer Brunel when one of his bridges collapsed. "—I was just going to build a dozen like it . . ."

A seawall costing $50,000 collapsed at

(*Continued on page 56*)

I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!



I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

* Posed by Professional Model

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON Suite M-19-M
1512 Jarvis Avenue
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

(*Continued from page 54*)

Sunderland during a storm, and the engineer said, "Very good, indeed! It'll help consolidate the works . . ."

"A grand illustration of the destructive powers of the elements—" was a British engineer's reaction to the collapse of his 25-span bridge over India's Narbada River.

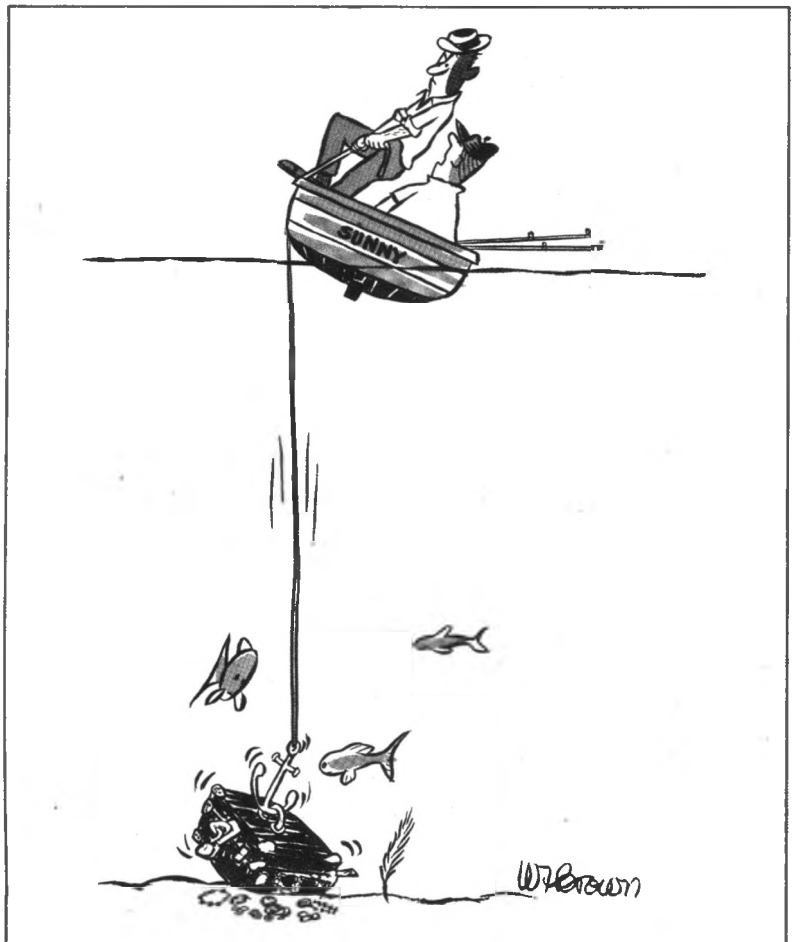
If that was the prevailing attitude—and it damned sure was—Thomas Bouch's reckless and irresponsible bridge-building dreams were no more shocking than those of his contemporaries. Bouch began with a series of slender viaducts, gradually working himself up to Tay.

However, with no real knowledge of engineering other than his thumb-rule of stress and strain, Thomas Bouch soon found his works weren't all acceptable to the public. Criticism made him hypersensitive and in an effort to conceal as much of himself as possible, he grew a beard. Shortly thereafter Bouch married and fathered one son. Every aspect of his life was placid except the bridge-building preoccupation, and this consumed him.

From a culvert crossing for the short-line Leslie Railway, to Redheugh Bridge (four spans totaling 1,000 feet) and later Tees Bridge, engineer-of-sorts Bouch took on all comers. Tees, considered something of the Tay forerunner, was built with malleable iron lattice girders—which Bouch stoutly proclaimed "offer less resistance to the wind. . . ."

No single utterance ever pushed through Thomas Bouch's black beard had more significance! Wind-resistance would play the weightiest role in his future life. It's rather doubtful whether Bouch realized what he was saying when he made the statement—or whether he just plucked it out of the air—but the obvious truth is that he saw no further than the end of the abundant black shrubbery that obscured his face.

Twenty-one years and an infinity of legal squabbles after Bouch's fertile mind laid siege to the roily firth of Tay, Parliament, on July 15, 1870, approved of a 250,000-pound expenditure for construction of Tay Bridge. Bouch was ordered to proceed as quickly as possible. He did. The entire future of the North British Railway system depended on Bouch's "rainbow bridge." One mile long and nearly 100 feet high at its High Girders, the malleable spindle of iron was to be supported on tall brick piers, carrying a single railway line. There were to be 85 spans, ranging in length from 28 to 285 feet, between butts.



"If it's stuck, let it go. How much can an old anchor be worth?"

Tay Bridge contract was let to Charles de Bergue & Co., London, in May, 1871. Supposedly, the contract called for completion in three years; it was *six years* before completion, and in that time 20 lives were lost in its building. They were not the last, by any means.

"Solid bedrock all the way across!" was the happy verdict of sounder Wylie, commissioned by Bouch to take borings. "The last 250 yards on the north shore isn't *exactly* solid, but we can build it up with caissons. . . ."

Unfortunately, Wylie's calculations were as incomplete as Bouch's knowledge of stress and strain. The estuary was much deeper than Wylie had reported and further, what the sounderman reported as "solid bedrock" was actually nothing more than an obstinate layer of gravel.

On this preposterous finding a bridge was built and the man who dreamed it into being, Thomas Bouch, was knighted!

"In case of an accident with a passenger train on the bridge," wrote Patrick Matthew of Gourdiehill, long-standing opponent of Tay Bridge, "the whole of the passengers will be killed. The eels will come to gloat over in delight the horrible wreck and banquet."

ON September 26, 1877, Tay Bridge was completed. On that day, bright and golden with a warm sun shining down, the first train crossed:

"Along the high land at Wormit," the event was chronicled, "the crowd cheered and waved handkerchiefs and parasols in the sun. There was a fluttering of handkerchiefs from the carriage windows as the train left the high ground, moving on the first spans where the clacking of its wheels changed to a deeper, sonorous rumble.

"The crossing took 15 minutes. To the west of the bridge, steamers *Star o' Gowrie, Star o' Tay* and *Excelsior*, a cloud of yachts, fishing boats and wherries, crowded with color, filled the river. On the far shore, along Magdalen Green and the Esplanade, many thousands of people watched a train on a bridge, a lonely, unreal thing crawling along a great thread . . ."

The first train across Thomas Bouch's dream bridge was clocked at 25 miles an hour—Scotland's press said, "Whirled across at 25!"

Sir Thomas Bouch's name echoed reverently in Parliament as that of a man whose genius had strengthened the Empire by linking Fife with the rest of it. Here was a bridge stepping through 45 feet of water and a five-knot tide; he would build others, God willing! Bouch accepted the accolades with serene impassivity. He was already at work designing the Forth Bridge when Queen Victoria titillated the crowds by a train crossing, and after her, General Grant. Nobody knows exactly what Victoria's reaction was, but the visiting Yankee's comment got into print:

"It's a very long bridge," Grant said. It was the only thing he said.

As well as being the world's longest bridge, Tay was the economic jugular vein of the North British Railway system. For

(*Continued on page 58*)

"I've actually seen new hair grow on my own bald head...and on scores of others, too!"

"I'm sure you would never guess, to see me now, that I was once the bald young man whose small 'before' picture is shown at the left. But I was! New fuzz started to grow and then hair covered my scalp after continued use of the Brandenfels Home System of Scalp Applications and Massage."

"That was a number of years ago and since then I have seen literally scores of men and women—and children—in all parts of the United States who, without expensive office calls, have achieved one or more of these benefits:

Renewed Hair Growth — **Less Excessive Falling Hair**
Relief from Dandruff Scale — **Improved Scalp Conditions**

"Why was new hair growth possible," you ask. "The reason was that I—and the others who grew new hair—still had live roots in our scalps, beneath the skin. Medical research has shown this can be possible."

"These roots were reactivated back into production and for this we will always be grateful."

No expensive office calls

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 HOME without expensive office calls. Carl Brandenfels realizes results may vary from individual to individual (as with any remedy) because of systemic differences, general health, and localized scalp conditions. But while these formulas are not "magic", they do offer a real, tangible prospect of success in a substantial portion of cases.

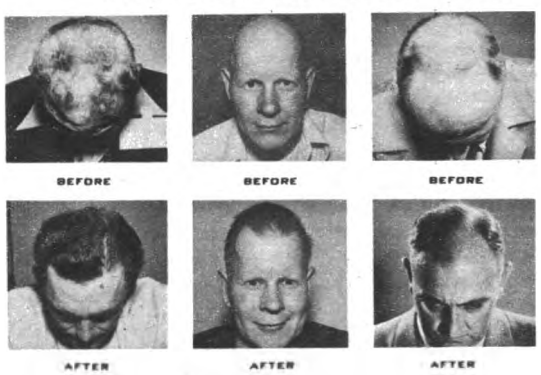
Carl emphatically believes—and proves it with 20,954 audited testimonials—that his formulas and unique pressure massage will bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp, that in many cases will help nature to grow new hair.

Pleasant and easy to use

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF . . . YOUR BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES . . . AND YOUR FAMILY to give the Brandenfels system a thorough trial. Brandenfels' wonderful formulas have a "clean" aroma, and are pleasant and easy to use. Enclose $18.00 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Use the handy coupon below. Send your order to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

If you — or anyone in your family — have already become bald, or are losing hair rapidly, SEND TODAY, for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage, with complete easy-to-follow instructions. Remember, every day you wait may make your problem more difficult. Act Now!

Three of the cases I have seen:



"It was thrilling and gratifying to see my hair grow back (as is shown by my pictures) as I used the Brandenfels System." O.B.

"Doctors were unable to help my baldness so I was overjoyed at the results following use of the Brandenfels Plan." O.W.

"Fine hair filled in where it had been sparse. Just to have stopped losing hair and to have even a little more is wonderful." D.N.

RIGHT NOW! — MAIL THIS COUPON BEFORE YOU MISPLACE IT!

Let's Really Get Straight About Scalp Remedies!

Statements in this ad are more than mere words—they are the verbatim and interpreted testimonials of users with practically every type of scalp trouble!

Most scalp applications are *bactericidal*—they kill bacteria outright. By this very fact they're so strong they may be hurtful to tissues. Brandenfels formulas, on the other hand, are *bacteriostatic*—they slow up bacterial growth until finally the micro-organisms starve — without injury to tender skin.

For 10 years the Brandenfels Home System has been bringing benefits. *No one else we know of can point to such a record!*

No one else shows untouched before and after pictures. Carl Brandenfels does!

No one else cites bona fide medical proof of efficacy.

References: U. S. National Bank, Bank of St. Helens, Chamber of Commerce—all of St. Helens, Ore.

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon: Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

- ☐ I enclose $18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship ppd.
- ☐ I enclose $20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
- ☐ C.O.D. — I agree to pay postman the $18.00 plus postal charges.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid. C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postage regulations).

IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

- ☐ Excessively Falling Hair
- ☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
- ☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
- ☐ Alopecia

SG-117

(Continued from page 56)

the first time in the road's history it prospered—prospered beyond its stockholders' wildest dreams. Thanks to Sir Thomas, revenue stood at a staggering two million pounds: traffic between Dundee and the mainland had doubled; season tickets increased 100 per cent. In six months, freight traffic at Dundee had risen by 40 per cent. As Thomas Bouch's severest critics (he always had some) reluctantly agreed, the completion of Tay Bridge brought remarkable economic and social ramifications.

THEN the first doubts began to creep into the otherwise serene picture. "Something in the nature of a percussive effect," was experienced by the Reverend George Grubb, when passing through the High Girders during a strong wind. Grubb reported that he was conscious of a vibrating effect on his ears—"something similar to shocks of electricity, first in one ear, then the other."

Others who experienced similar sensations, all of them unpleasant, remarked that the speed of the crossing trains was considerably in excess of the 25-mile limit set by Major General Charles S. Hutchinson, Royal Engineers, when the bridge was opened. William Robertson, an engineer and former provost of Dundee, clocked the Tay crossing at 42 miles an hour. A well-known Dundee architect, Alexander Hutchinson, reported a discomforting sensation of "vertical oscillations in the High Girders." "A motion in the carriage not ordinarily felt on a level railway—a prancing motion," reported John Leng, editor and publisher of the Dundee *Advertiser*.

Henry Noble, inspector of the bridge for the North British Railway company, was buttonholed by numerous bridge-maintenance employes. Almost three hundred weight of *rusted* bolts was found lying inside the lower booms; holes in the girders were found by painter Peter Donegany; and another repairman, John Milne, admitted extreme sickness when working the High Girders. Also the cement had cracked in several of the piers. Noble did the best he could to make temporary repairs, but nothing more was done and the trains kept crossing.

Sunday, December 28, 1879, had been a clear, very still, windless day, but at a few minutes after four it began to rain. Retired Admiral William Heriot Maitland Dougall, returning from church to his home on the Fifeshire bank at Scotscraig, got caught in the rain. The wind lashed the old man savagely and tore at his cape and it took all the marrow in the admiral's knobby sea legs to navigate Scotscraig hills. The first thing Admiral Dougall did when he reached home was to check his barometer and cluck his tongue in amazement. It had read 29.40 before church; it read 28.80 now. By 5:30 the force of the wind pushing rain across the scarred moon was of hurricane velocity.

The 5:20 from Burntisland was passing through the cuts on Peacehill bend, moving toward Wormit, carrying 75 men, women and children, in all. There were five coaches, a brake van and the green-and-brass engine No. 224.

After leaving St. Fort station the train came next to Wormit signal box. Signalman Barclay, bending against the press of the hurricane, walked alongside engine 224 for a few paces and handed the baton to stoker Marshall. Engineer Mitchell, on the throttle, squinted at the track ahead and the wind swept his wet beard against his eyes. He withdrew quickly.

"She's blowin'" Mitchell shouted at the man in oilskins below his engine. "Mon, the barn'll look good tonight!"

Fares were collected by Robert Morris of the St. Fort staff. In the five coaches, travelers to Dundee—some asleep, some heads resting against the plum-red velours, some staring vacantly into the Stygian blackness—were quietly and gently relieved of their tickets. Then the train passed on to Tay Bridge.

At 12 minutes after seven the wind shrieked over the racing Firth of Tay at 80 miles an hour, and the moon, through sleeting sheets of cold rain, glinted down when clouds permitted. At 13 minutes after seven, John Barclay stumbled in from the hurricane and pulled off his oilskins, and he signaled to the north box that the train was on the bridge. The return signal came back clear. Barclay recorded the time; he logged the return of the north bells and settled down before the fire and raked over the coals. John Watt, senior by nine years in the road system, stood at the north window watching the train.

"There's something wrong with the train," Watt said calmly, without moving from the window.

"Nothing's wrong with the train," Barclay retorted. But he got up from the fire and joined Watt at the window. He saw the vanishing sway of three red lanterns on the end-coach; then suddenly sparks showered under the moving train, glowing to a flame and pulled by the wind. He watched for three minutes until he saw three sharp flashes and then an even brighter, single flash. The two men stood at the north window in numbed silence, but there were no red lanterns now; there was only blackness on Tay Bridge.

"The train's gone over, Barclay," Watt said, not moving from the window.

"Nonsense. She's down the incline to the north side," Barclay snorted. "We'll see her again—wait!"

THE two men waited; then Barclay went to bank the stove. Watt was still looking out of the north window. It was three minutes later and Watt said the train was still gone. Then the two men tried to signal the north box but received no reply.

They hurried into their oilskins and crouched against the screaming wind and crawled onto the bridge. They crawled 20 yards and dropped to their knees, to stare, squinting incredulously through the macabre mixture of rain and moonlight at a great expanse of water where the High Girders had been. And more . . . 1,060 yards of Tay Bridge with supporting columns had fallen into the firth. And so had the train.

The news telegraphed through the British Isles overshadowed the war news—

(Continued on page 60)

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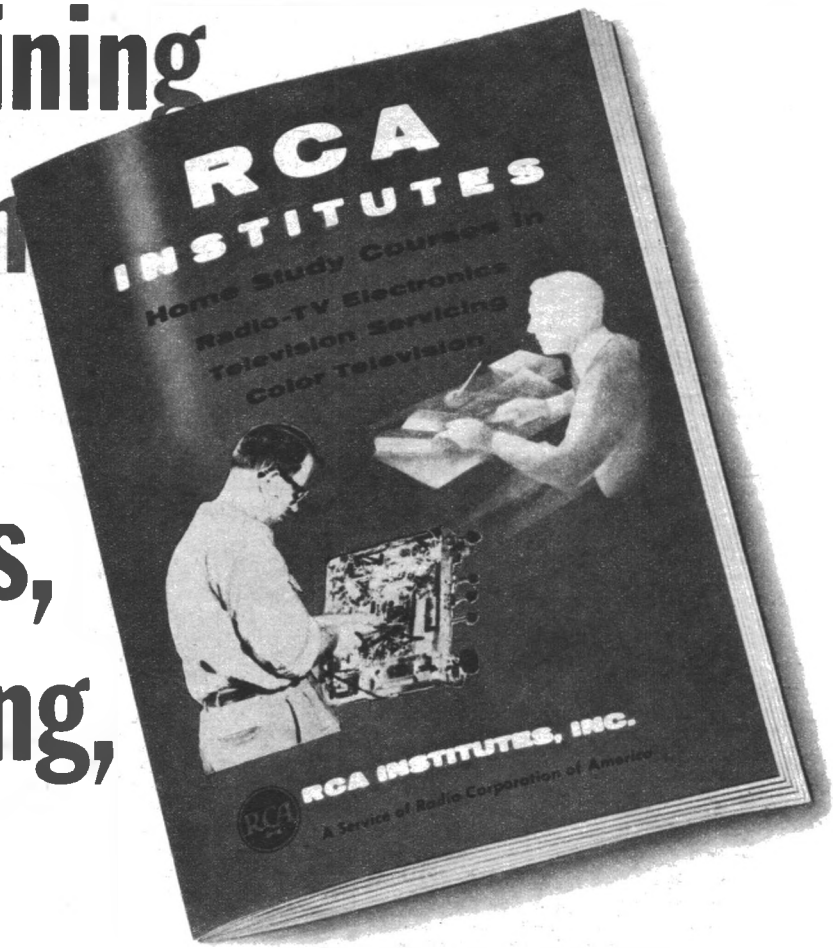

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(*Continued from page* 58)

Afghanistan was half-way around the world and the British would win under General Roberts in the long run; this was nearby, a terrible disaster, incredible. In the morning along Tayside the people saw 12 broken columns—stumps. In the morning Sir Thomas Bouch came to view his debacle. Late in the afternoon, three miles from Bouch's bridge, a musselman tonged up the floating body of Ann Cruikshank, elderly spinster. The railway company offered five pounds for every body recovered; they grappled up most of 46.

ON February 26, 1880, at Dundee, a court of inquiry "upon the circumstances attending the fall of a portion of Tay Bridge" convened.

The locomotive engineers, cross-examined by the inquiry, presented a united front. The testimony of John Anderson, engineer of 16 years' standing, was typical:

"That train speed was 40 miles an hour is nonsense!" Anderson staunchly averred. "A mon can get a train to 40, yes, but not if he must slow at either end to collect or deliver a baton!"

The other drivers, stokers, et cetera, concurred heartily. After severe cross-examination, however, it was proved that, when nobody was looking, engineers liked to see if they could beat the ferries across. But this was neither here nor there, everybody concurred. So it eventually came down to construction—and Beaumont Egg.

When a column was turned in a lathe, if said column came out with imperfections—"holes in the castings which were *only* half an inch across on the outside, but probably two inches on the inside"—the holes were filled in with Beaumont Egg. These holes, rather than being called imperfections, were dismissed by the Wormit foundry authorities as "honeycombs."

Beaumont Egg—a concoction of beeswax, fiddler's rosin, fine iron borings melted down and a little lamp black—was heated in, presumably to harden better than the original column. Under cross-examination, however, it was learned that a so-doctored column could be relieved of its Beaumont Egg by a man probing the holes with a penknife, no less.

Upon further cross-examination, the court learned that the chief "Egger" in the Wormit shop had been fired by his supervisor for drinking. Then came John Gibb, another hand with the fill.

"When the contractors or their engineers came around," Gibb confessed, "the columns that we dressed were covered over with tarpaulin—"

"Why?" the court wanted to know.

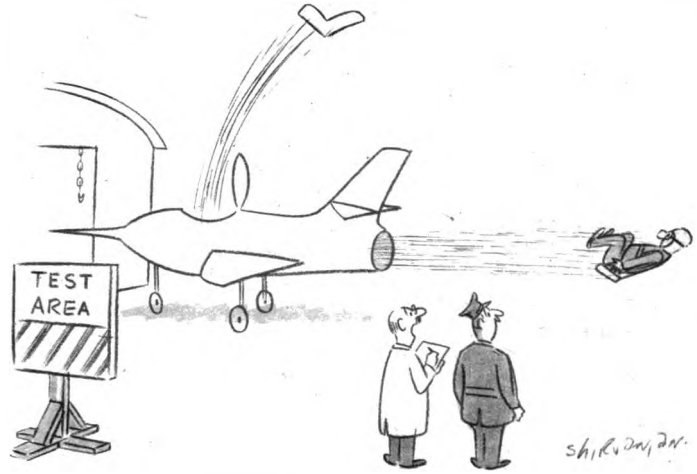
"So's they wouldn't be rejected, sir."

Questioned at length was foreman Fergus Ferguson. Arrogantly, the self-satisfied little Number One of the Wormit plant admitted to at least *200 bad column castings* for which British Railways had paid. He also admitted to the use of Beaumont Egg, the magic salve for holed columns.

"As a general rule," Ferguson remarked on the quality of his material, "it was not what you'd call *terribly* bad iron."

On April 19, 1880, at Westminster Hall, the court of inquiry heard Henry Noble, assistant to Sir Thomas Bouch and latterly inspector of Tay Bridge. For 18 months, Bouch's bridge was solely Noble's responsibility. Almost immediately the court determined that the inspector of the longest bridge in the world was *not an engineer; that he was, in fact, a bricklayer*. He reported that he had, in the course of 18 months, found slits in the ironwork and had reported the condition to Sir Thomas. *The columns were then strapped with bands of iron, surgery enough*. There were cracks in the masonry supporting the bridge, and he reported these to Bouch. *And these were also strapped.*

"Did anyone inspect the bridge from



"Something's wrong with the pilot ejector system."

the time you went there in May, 1878, till its fall in December, 1879?"

"No one but me," Noble told the court.

After the hapless Noble, a succession of authorities such as Albert Groethe, civil engineer for the Tay Bridge, and Astronomer Royal Sir George Airy testified.

"What was the usual allowance for wind pressure?" Groethe was asked.

"Twenty-one pounds per square foot," Groethe replied. "My notions have been considerably modified by what I've heard since the Tay bridge fell. . . ."

Royal Astronomer Airy was confronted with a letter to Bouch, dated April 9, 1873, from Greenwich Observatory:

"I think we might say that the greatest wind pressure to which a plane surface like that of a bridge will be subjected on its whole extent is 10 pounds per square foot," Airy wrote. He concluded, "But we do know that at limited times the wind is 40 pounds per square foot, or in Scotland probably more. . . ."

Bouch listened only to the first part of the advice.

Produced by the inquiry was Henry Scott, secretary of the Meteorological Council, who asserted positively that along the Tay pressures of more than 50 pounds per square foot were likely in hurricane winds. But Bouch had built his bridge on a 10-pound premise. . . .

SIR THOMAS was called to the stand on April 30. Calmly, dispassionately, he expressed his theory as to the destruction of Tay Bridge:

"It was caused by the capsizing of one of the last, or the two last carriages—that is to say the second-class carriage and the van; that they canted over against the girders."

"And that, in your opinion," the court asked, "was sufficient to destroy the bridge?"

"I have no doubt of it," Bouch replied. "Practically the first blow would be the momentum of the whole train until the couplings broke. If you take the body of the train going at that rate it would destroy anything."

Cross-examination destroyed Bouch. He confessed no knowledge of the false borings, though he said he'd been there "at least once a week in the beginning. . . ." He confessed no knowledge of faulty material; the Wormit people were Cumberland people and he was a Cumberlander, so he trusted them; he believed stoutly that the train, not the hurricane, had toppled his bridge.

"Sir Thomas, did you make any allowance for wind pressure when designing the bridge?"

"*Not specially.*"

Bouch was asked 820 questions; he replied to the best of his ability, which was negligible. Discredited as an engineer, in hopeless debt, labeled "murderer" by the press, his "rainbow bridge" down, Sir Thomas Bouch left Westminster Hall a broken, silent man hiding behind a white beard. The inquiry stated that Tay Bridge had fallen because of the grievances enumerated—everything from no wind allowance to Beaumont Egg and excessive speeds.

Sir Thomas Bouch went quietly insane and died within six months. ◆◆◆

THREE-DAY BLONDE

Continued from page 25

up—that sort of thing. But not when you're trying to make it all the way from Georgia to the West Coast with three bucks in your pocket. After a couple of days of them cars going past the way they do, you're glad if some farmer shoves his pigs aside to haul you as far as the next ditch, just so's you can keep moving. What I mean is, you ain't in no mood for teasing yourself with no dreams.

So like I say, she goes past me into the sun before her tires start screeching, and for a minute I didn't believe it was a car actually stopping, let alone what I saw when I squinted and started running after her.

BLONDE, that's first. Hair like cornsilk, long and tumbling and all flung around where she's been cruising with the top down. The top down, that's number two—I mean, if you've got your pick you'd take a convertible. And that would have been enough, even if she was 62 and had a back seat full of grandchildren. But, like I started to say, nobody'd believe any of it anyhow.

Because she wasn't going to see 62 for 40 years. I pegged her for 20, give or take a couple.

And then the clincher: gorgeous. Honest-to-hell-without-any-make-up-gorgeous.

And there you are. I mean, the unbelievable part. Because it don't happen. You get rides with fat salesmen looking for somebody to yak at their bum jokes, and truck drivers trying to keep awake at night, and yokels who got to tell you how terrific the alfalfa crop's coming in, and when you're really down on your luck there's always a queer to break your hump for good. But this one, well—I'm telling you. I threw my beat-up old duffel bag into the back seat and got in up front so fast, like if I waited maybe a minute the whole thing would turn into a pumpkin.

And the broad—she just grins, and before I've had time to see how she's built, which is the final unbelievable thing of all, at least to this point, because she's busting out like a broad should only you never saw it that good before except maybe in the movies—she's got the car, which was a Buick, hitting a cool 70. Me, I just sort of fumbled for a butt and got it lit after three matches.

"Next time, soldier," she tells me, and her voice is all deep and sexy, "use the lighter."

"Sure," I said. "I mean, thanks."

I mean, what in hell do you say? I was 19, just heading back to camp after a furlough, and all my loot gone the way it always is, and anyhow, what I didn't know about how to operate, you could write a book full of. So I just sat there, sort of half-staring at her.

"Out there long?"

"Three hours," I said. The watch on her dash said seven o'clock. "I'm sure glad I didn't get caught in the dark."

Which just shows you how stupid I was talking. Because I mean, I got caught in the dark the last two nights. All you do, you keep on going.

"Where you headed?" she says then.

"L.A.," I told her. "I mean Camp Karp, just south of there."

She was clipping along now, maybe 80, 85, and she didn't look at me. "You drive?" she wanted to know.

Well, I didn't have no license, but I mean, who can't push a car around? "Sure," I said.

Next thing you know, she's pulling over. She brings it almost into a ditch, jerking it, and then she turns and looks at me. She looks me over good, like she ain't seen me at all until now, even taking off her sun glasses, which I forgot to mention she had on. And which makes her look even better.

"I'd be glad to drive," I told her.

But she kept looking at me. After a while it got sort of awkward, you know. "No," she says finally, "I'm not tired now. Anyhow, in another hour or two it will be time to pull in somewhere for the night. But you'll do, Private."

She turned on the ignition again. "I'll do what?" I said.

"L.A.," she said. "You can do most of the driving tomorrow and the next day."

Well, I guess you know how that hit me, her going all the way and all that. Except for one thing—that lousy three bucks. I'd of given anything to jockey that heap out there, with a dame like that sitting next to me, except if she was going to stop places at night, I couldn't do nothing but keep right on hitching. Which I supposed was the end of that.

"I'm broke," I told her. "But as far as you're going tonight, that'll be swell."

The blonde looked at me, funny like, and then she laughed. "Relax," she said. "I didn't imagine the Army's started paying a living wage to enlisted men. It'll all be on me."

"Well, I dunno," I said. "I mean . . ." I could of kicked myself for starting to argue, but it just kind of came out. Because I got a funny feeling the way she said it, about paying for things—shivering like, in my knees. And you know, all kinds of ideas.

"Don't worry about it," she said. She was laughing again, and for a minute she had her hand on my thigh. I didn't say anything, like asking what was so funny, because those ideas I was getting—well, I damned sure liked them. I mean, this gorgeous blonde in this car and all, and the two nights and maybe three before we'd hit L.A., and well—my cigarette kept going out.

I mean, if you'd dreamed it, this was the way you'd start. With her hand like she'd had it on my leg and all that. I'd hitched out to the Coast once before after a furlough, and the closest I'd come to getting a ride with any kind of female was the queer who offered me 10 bucks outside of Phoenix and I almost punched him in the mouth, and then the s.o.b. left me out smack in the middle of the desert when he turned around because he wasn't going in that direction to start with. And here was *this*, now.

You know how it is in a convertible, with drafts and all? Well, she had the vent open, and that wind was whipping in, and coming in the sides too, and that skirt of hers was blowing up over her knees just about most of the time. She had her pocketbook in her lap, sort of holding it down, but you could still see up to where the flesh was above her stockings, I mean you could see it when you looked, which I got to admit was pretty much. And the legs were like all the rest of it.

Anyhow she kept sort of smiling, like something was funny that I didn't get. And she asked me things once in a while, like how was Camp Karp, which I said O.K., and how long had I been stationed there, and how old was I, which I lied and said 21, and the next thing you knew it was dark and we were just over the border into Texas and she was slowing down and there was a big sign ahead of us which said MOTEL.

I got sort of nervous then; I mean, what the hell, even if she'd said she'd pay I still didn't know for sure what was coming off, but I figured if I paid attention to what room number they gave her, maybe if I worked it right, I could sort of edge in later, after we ate or something.

So this fat old clerk comes out of the place marked OFFICE and he walks around to her side, sort of half-glancing at me, and then he says, "Evenin', folks."

"Evenin' yourself," the blonde said. "You've got our business, if there's someplace to eat nearby."

"Just down the road a mile," the old guy says. "Good food, reasonable prices. Called Kretchmar's Tavern."

"Good enough," the blonde told him. She opened the pocketbook and handed him a bill, it looked like a 10. "You be an honest boy and hold us the best you've got, and we'll register as soon as we eat."

So I still didn't know, except I had that feeling in my knees again because I ask you, if you were that guy at the motel, would you be saving one room or two? I mean, she left it vague, but how else would you of took it? The blonde had the car in gear and moving before the old man gives her an answer, and the next thing we're in this restaurant.

THE waitress came and I sort of hesitated, but the blonde nudged me under the table with her knee. I guessed that meant I could have anything I wanted, which was a steak, but I waited until the blonde asked for one herself first. She kept her knee against mine where she had nudged me.

In the restaurant was the first time I noticed it—the wedding ring, I mean. But I guessed I wasn't going to bring up anything like that, I mean not unless she did, you know?

"My name's Nora," she said then, and I told her Marvin. I mean, we talked about some things, like how the steak was and that, but it was all sort of vague. And it was funny, she knew all sorts of GI lingo, like "chow" and stuff, like she'd been around an Army base herself a little maybe. And then she paid and I noticed she left a two-buck tip on a six-buck tab, but I never did have the nerve to ask her where she got all that loot; I mean I figured maybe it was alimony or something, which probably she wouldn't of wanted to talk about, and then she drove back to the motel.

"You order what you want in those places from here out," she said, riding back. "Never mind about the money."

"Well—" I said.

"My husband can afford it," she said. And then she laughed like that was about the funniest thing in the world, so I guessed probably she was divorced after all and was happy about it or something, and anyhow, she was still laughing when she pulled up next to the office.

I sort of sat there, then, and finally Nora told me to go in and register. "The 10 will be enough," she said.

"I don't know your last name," I told her, sort of awkward.

"My God," she said, laughing all over again. "You know your own, don't you?" And then she laughed some more. "If you don't, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Lincoln might be a novelty."

And so there it was for good, then.

Well, we got a room, and there was only one bed in it, too, not twins or nothing. But first there's one thing I guess I got to get in here. I hadn't been around very much so I just had to fake it as best I could.

I brought her suitcase out of the trunk, and my duffel from the back seat, and I suppose, the way it was going, I shouldn't of been surprised when hers had a bottle of Scotch in it, which she took out first of all.

I was nervous, all right, mostly about how sort of cruddy I was after all that hitching, and how you go about getting into the shower and all, but I guess Nora kind of saw it. I mean, she sure must of been experienced. "Bring those glasses out before you take your shower," she said, just like that, "and we'll have a drink," so I mean it was all fixed for me to get cleaned up first. So anyhow we had a drink and then I went into the head and I got undressed and the water was even hot.

Except there I was then, all dried off and ready, only I didn't have a bathrobe. I mean, even when somebody sort of makes it obvious like she had, you don't just shower and then go marching out raw naked and tell her you're all set or something; I mean, maybe married people do after a while, but all I could think of was to pull on a fresh pair of khakis and sort of throw a towel over my shoulders, casual like, and then go back out.

And like I say, I guess every guy figures it's possible, since everybody dreams about it, but all of a sudden I didn't really believe it myself again. Because she was in bed. I could see the clothes she had been wearing and they were thrown over the back of the chair, I mean her bra and pants and the rest, and the sheet was pretty low across her shoulders, which were bare so you could see this birthmark pretty low on her breast, and the rest of her body was all outlined under the thin sheet, her hips and thighs and all, and there was one light on, on the table where the Scotch was. I guess I must of just stood there, sort of stupid.

"I always leave a light on," she said. "On the double, there, soldier."

"Marvin," I said, sort of blushing, but I left the light on, that night and the next two nights too. I mean we made three nights out of it in all, the third one not more than a couple of hours from L.A. either, with us stopping at the last motel at four o'clock in the afternoon even though we could of been into town by six.

I mean by the third day we really did register as Mr. and Mrs. A. Lincoln, and I never did realize before how easy it can be.

Except then she pulled it on me. Like I said, the third night we went to bed in the middle of the afternoon, I mean you do get to do *some* sleeping, and so come three, four o'clock in the morning we were pretty wide awake. Which I thought I'd make the best of, since it was the last day, and which looked like it was O.K. with her too, I mean going it some more. But then around five o'clock I fell back to sleep, and that was it.

Damned if she wasn't gone when I got up, and what she's done, she's scribbled a note on the mirror in the head with her lipstick, and it says:

Back to duty, soldier—
Smile pretty for all the generals!

Which I didn't think was very funny. I mean, it wasn't the hitch back to L.A., and then down to the post, which wasn't nothing, but I didn't know her last name or her address or what, and here I'd figured—well, she was pretty loose and all, even if maybe she wasn't divorced, which I didn't know for sure, and I'd figured that on the last day, you know, I'd at least find out how to get hold of her sometimes. I mean, after a time like we'd had—I mean, even with the lights on and all.

But nothing. I washed off the lipstick and got dressed and tried to sneak out, since how in hell do you just *walk* out of a motel. I mean when after all you drive in the night before, don't you? But sure enough, a clerk is standing around out front, and he looks at me funny.

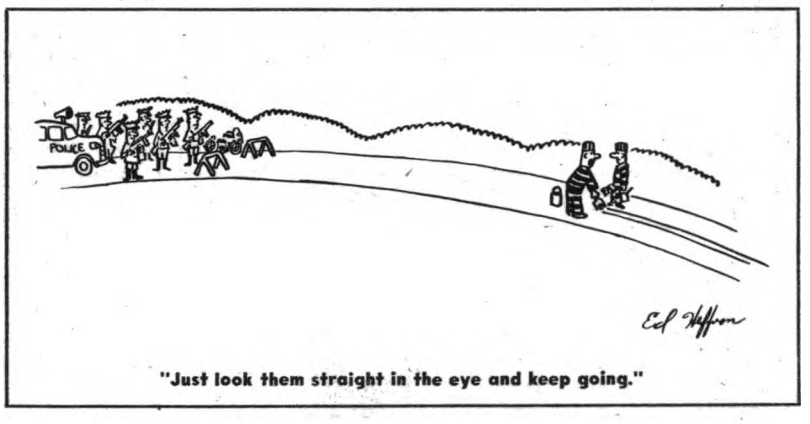
Well, I figured I'd got sort of cool in the three days, so I just said, "I'm Mr. Lincoln," tossing him the key, and, "My wife's picking me up down the road a bit."

"Good luck in the next election, Mr. President," the clerk says, going in.

I bummed a ride on a milk truck.

Anyhow, I told my buddies about it back on the base, which of course none of them believed it. I mean, it does sound pretty fantastic and all, but being true like it was, it got me pretty sore.

Like you take Paulie Norwood, he's a corporal from the motor pool. "Don't hand me that bull," he said. "Picked up by a luscious blonde nympho—you been out



"Just look them straight in the eye and keep going."

in the sun too long, man, that's what!"

I mean, they're even doing things like calling me "Blondie," even though I got black hair, and when we hit the sack in the barracks at night they say, "Marvin, baby, leave the lights on, huh? I like it better that way, doll."

So after maybe three weeks of this, when all of a sudden I saw her again, which I did, all I could think of was now I had to prove it about the three days.

It was like this. The camp being so close to L.A. and all, which is where Hollywood is, we get lots of stars from the movies coming down to entertain. They put on shows in the main post theater and everybody goes. So anyhow, on this night, which was last Thursday, we got a movie queen, and the place is mobbed. They had four or five lines going in all moving slow because there's so many guys, and then right in the middle is a special entrance for officers.

Anyhow, I'm in line with Paulie and the rest of my buddies, who are still calling me "Blondie" and things, and when we're getting near the entrance itself you can see all the officers standing around—I mean why should officers have to line up when it's hot and all, you know? And some of them got women with them, you know how that is too.

So I'm talking to Paulie and them, moving along slow, and we're passing some of the women, who are just sort of standing around and talking, like. And all of a sudden I'm looking at the back of one of them and I mean, there's the blonde hair like cornsilk and the same build and all. And then she turns around just a little and she has the dark glasses on, but I wasn't going to make no mistake—not after those three days. I'll tell you.

Anyhow, I must of stopped dead, because Paulie is shoving me.

"That's her!" I said. "Damn it, that blonde. The dame I hitchhiked with like I told you about!"

"Get him, you guys," Paulie says, laughing. "Blondie Marvin here says he shacked up with that luscious tomato out there. Like we're a bunch of yokels or something. Who you trying to con anyhow, Marvin?"

WELL, that got me sore, even though I was only half listening—I mean, there was Nora and all I could do, I couldn't take my eyes off her.

"Well," Paulie says then, "you say you know the broad, Marvin—put up or shut up. You go talk to her, man, we'll believe you. We'll even hold your place in line, won't we, men?"

I never stopped to think, you know? I mean, standing out there, she's obviously waiting for somebody, but hell, I was the guy she kept the light on with for three days, wasn't I? I guessed I could talk to her, all right.

So I go out. I mean, Paulie and the guys half pushed me, and anyhow, just at that moment, Nora drops her pocketbook. She turns and I'm standing right next to her, and then for a minute with the dark glasses and all, it was funny. I mean I sort of wasn't sure at all.

I mean, she looked at me like she never saw me in a million years.

All she does, she bends down to pick up the pocketbook.

"It's me, Marvin," I say, kind of stupid, and I bend down with her. "From the convertible, you remember?"

And then we stand up again, me with the pocketbook, and I mean, I almost dropped it all over again. Because who's standing next to us but a full colonel, and if that ain't enough, there's a *general* next to him.

"Thank you, soldier," the general says. He takes the pocketbook and he hands it to Nora, then turns to the colonel. "I don't think you've met my wife, Colonel," he says. "Nora, this is Colonel Fultz. Nora just came back last month from visiting her family in the East—" The general turns back to me. "That will be all, soldier. You may resume your place in line."

Well, there was Paulie and them, but me I just kind of staggered all the way back to the end. And then when I finally got inside I kept watching her, sitting maybe 10 rows away and not paying any attention to the show at all, and every time she moved or laughed or something, all I could think of was her in a motel bed and that time we'd had. And then I see that damned general sitting next to her.

I mean, if the guys didn't believe me before, there wasn't *nobody* going to believe me now.

And I'll tell you, if it wasn't for when she leaned forward to pick up that pocketbook and her low-cut dress came loose, and there was that birthmark she had, I'm not sure I'd of believed it any more myself. ◆◆◆

TIPOO TIB

Continued from page 36

strange eyes glittered. This was what he had come for—the loot of a hundred central African tribes.

"Riches indeed," he said softly. "Will the great chief not give me two small points as a mark of his favor?"

"Send him away," N'sama yawned to an elder. The audience was over and the chieftain and his throne got up and left the furious trader.

Trying to conceal his rage, Hamed led his men back to their camp outside the village stockade.

That night Hamed was well aware that spies studied his camp and the following morning he was not too surprised when a messenger from the chief brought an invitation for the trader to return to N'sama's village and to bring men to carry a gift of ivory.

Hamed bowed and said he'd be over shortly. Then he picked out 20 of his best askaris, inspected their double-barrelled flintlocks, saw that they had extra ammunition, and led them with 10 porter-slaves into N'sama's stockade.

N'sama sat on his unique throne watching the tall man stride across the wide space. Quietly he signaled to his warriors who closed in around the strangers. They began to shout and jostle the askaris. Then there was a yell and two arrows struck Hamed.

"Shoot!" he yelled, and dropped to the ground. The askaris turned outward and their guns, loaded with shot, slugs and blasting powder, bellowed, cutting down the natives in scores. The survivors, never having heard guns before, scattered, screaming, dropping as the reloaded guns sent volleys of potleg into their hides. In minutes the stockade was empty but for the Zanzibaris, their askaris, and the dead and wounded.

Hamed hobbled to his feet, yanked out the arrows which, fortunately for him, were not poisoned, and led his men back to the camp outside the stockade. Then they struck camp and moved inside to guard the tremendous store of ivory.

Night fell. Outside the walls N'sama's men capered about enormous watch fires. Carefully the askaris fired on their excellent targets. By morning the ground outside was littered with dead. The Zanzibaris made a sortie and returned with booty of slaves, food and cattle. They returned to the village to await attack. None came. So, no one claiming the ivory, Hamed claimed it for his own.

It was from that date that Hamed became known as Tipoo Tib. David Livingstone, whom he met shortly afterwards, said it was because of the constant nervous habit of blinking and squinting his eyes. But the *shenzis*, the Africans, said that when the man passed their way those strange clubs of wood and iron said "Tipoo! Tipoo! Tipoo!" and men died. N'sama claimed he bestowed the name; other enemies with bows and arrows had never stood against him. Only the guns of Hamed, the guns that said Tipoo, could conquer his might. So the name passed among the tribes to terrify millions.

From N'sama's village the conqueror took over 30 tons of ivory, several tons of red, virgin copper, and a calabash filled with gold nuggets. And the talk drums rumbled over the continent, telling of the great man whose magic said "Tipoo!" Tipoo had conquered the Eater of Souls, N'sama. Other tribes sent Tipoo Tib gold, ivory and slaves in gratitude, while N'sama sulked in the bush.

The conqueror had other names. One tribe, appalled by his sudden, stealthy and ferocious attacks, named him *Ya Chui*, the leopard. Some historians called him the Napoleon of Africa. David Livingstone, whose life he saved, said he was a good man. Henry Morton Stanley, who never would have found Livingstone without the aid of Tipoo Tib, said he was a rascal. Tipoo Tib was reported to have called Stanley a thief.

When anyone called him a slave trader, Hamed's feelings were hurt. He was an ivory trader; he only took people to hold them for ransom for more ivory and to carry the tusks over Africa to the Zanzibar coast ports. Such carriers as survived —sometimes as many as 20 per cent— were sold, if women and children, or signed on as askaris to follow the leader back into Africa for more ivory and carriers.

TIPOO TIB was born in Zanzibar of Muscat Arab descent. His coal-black skin and yellow eyeballs were a throwback to his great-grandmother, an African slave. He was known, as were all strangers in the African bush, as a white man. The Arabs, using every means to awe the natives, encouraged the pretense.

The Zanzibar ivory traders were the first explorers of Africa. Their trails, Mombasa-Lake Victoria, south to Tabora and on around Lake Tanganyika to the Congo, back below the lake and east to Kilwa, are still followed by bus routes and railroads. Early explorers followed the ivory trails and marked them as their own, though many were killed by outraged natives in revenge for atrocities committed by Zanzibaris.

Tipoo Tib, aware of this, took great pains to assist all Europeans, undoubtedly aware that the time was coming when trade in Zanzibar and Africa would be controlled by infidels.

It was while recovering from the arrow wounds received at N'sama's town that Tipoo Tib learned of an elderly white man alone and sick in the vicinity. He sent

askaris, in command of his brother—known to the natives as Kumba-Kumba, the Sweeper-Up—to protect the white man from any vengeful stragglers from N'sama's army. In July 1867, David Livingstone, sick, almost out of food and supplies, was brought to the slave trader's camp at Pond, near the southern shore of Lake Tanganyika.

Tipoo Tib gave him a goat, trade goods and sorghum, and offered him shelter and protection. Later Livingstone spoke to the polite Tipoo Tib of a great body of water to the westward. The slaver said he was going in that direction and would gladly escort the missionary to the lake. By this time all the Zanzibari slavers had a name for Livingstone, whom they revered. He was called Baba Daoud, Father David, and Tipoo Tib led him to discover Lake Mweru. They had been together for 10 weeks. They never met after that. But when Tipoo Tib returned to Zanzibar at the end of that year, his news of Baba Daoud was the last heard of the missionary, and the most important factor in in enabling Stanley to 'find' Livingstone in Ujiji four years later.

Tipoo Tib's next journey was deep into the Congo with an army of 4,000 askaris and carriers laden with blasting powder—"amerikani"—the most important article in African trade. Sending back caravans of ivory as he went, he reached the Lualaba River, not then known to be the Upper Congo.

He walked into a rich area where ivory was more plentiful than trees. He calmly took over, sent his askaris out to collect taxes in ivory from all outlying villages. He burned towns that hid their ivory, killing all men but reserving women and children to carry the treasure that torture had made them disclose. He was at his headquarters at Mwana Mamba when his spies brought word of another white man, the British explorer, E. L. Cameron, who was trying to cross Africa from east to west but was halted by mutinous carriers and the local chiefs. Tipoo Tib called on Cameron in white, his narrow feet in soft slippers, and told the chiefs to ford the white man across the Lualaba—or else! He invited Cameron to his luxurious camp: beds, fine foods, a harem—everything but drink—and sent him west with an escort of askaris and orders for them to stand by him until he could reach the Atlantic.

Some months later, Tipoo Tib was honored to meet another famous explorer, Henry Morton Stanley. Stanley's aim was to find out whether the Lualaba was head of the Congo or a tributary of the Nile. Livingstone had been turned back at the Lualaba, Cameron also. So Stanley sent haughtily for Tipoo Tib and demanded that he guide him to the sea, offering some thousands of dollars.

Tipoo Tib didn't like Stanley's manner and said he didn't need money. Stanley, realizing he'd get nowhere without Tipoo Tib's help, turned on the charm.

For 200 miles, Tipoo Tib opened the way, fighting hostile cannibals, capturing canoes until there were enough for Stanley's party to make their way down the river to the sea. Thus Stanley claimed he had proved the Lualaba was part of the Congo. Two years later, Tipoo Tib

received an autographed photograph of Stanley. Whether he appreciated that as much as the money Stanley had promised was not revealed at the time.

Some years later they met again. This time Stanley was out to "find" someone else—Emin Pasha, a German-born naturalized Turk, who had been one of Gordon's officers and was now more or less isolated in Equatorial Province in the northeast Belgian Congo. Stanley wanted Tipoo Tib to guide him to Emin Pasha. Tipoo Tib made remarks about the way certain people paid their debts. However, trail gossip had said that Emin Pasha had hidden away 75 tons of prime ivory. So the Zanzibari was not disinterested. Stanley then made an extraordinary offer. With the authority of the Belgian Government, he offered Tipoo Tib governorship of the Stanley Falls area of the Congo. He was empowered to take ivory and slaves *above* the Falls and put down slaving *below* the Falls. In return, he must provide 600 carriers to take relief to Emin Pasha and to carry out the ivory which was to be sold to pay the expenses of the expedition.

To avoid hostile natives on the eastern routes, Stanley decided to round the Cape of Good Hope and sail up the Congo. Below the Falls, the expedition split up. Stanley followed a tributary, the Aruwimi, to Yambuya 1,400 miles from the sea. Tipoo Tib was left with Major Bartelott, Jameson, Bonny and the rest of the expedition, to continue upriver to Stanley Falls. There he hoisted the Belgian flag and began to recruit carriers.

But, as official ruler of thousands of square miles, with absolute power over millions of lives and a monopoly on slaves and ivory, Tipoo Tib had much better use for porters than recruiting them for Stanley. And Bartelott, as senior officer of the rear party waiting in camp at Bangala, some distance above Stanley Falls, was slowly going crazy with frustration.

Stanley meanwhile was pushing ahead on a horrible journey through lands laid waste by the Zanzibar slavers, past villages that were either destroyed or deserted. Hundreds of his men died of sickness and starvation. Finally, ivory camps manned by Zanzibaris gave them food and actually made it possible for Stanley to continue.

Bartelott threatened Tipoo Tib with Stanley without effect. He offered presents. The slaver said he'd send the 600 men tomorrow *inshallah*, if God wills! That was the catch whereby an honorable Moslem could make promises he had no intention of keeping. Fever took Bartelott's men and they deserted by hundreds, while the remainder, watching Tipoo Tib fool their commander, jeered at him.

Then a camp woman, thumping a dance drum near Bartelott's hut, drove him over the border. He yelled at her to go away. One of Tipoo Tib's askaris, a freed slave named Senga, who had his eye on the girl, called her to continue. The girl grinned, rolled her hips and went on with her belly dance.

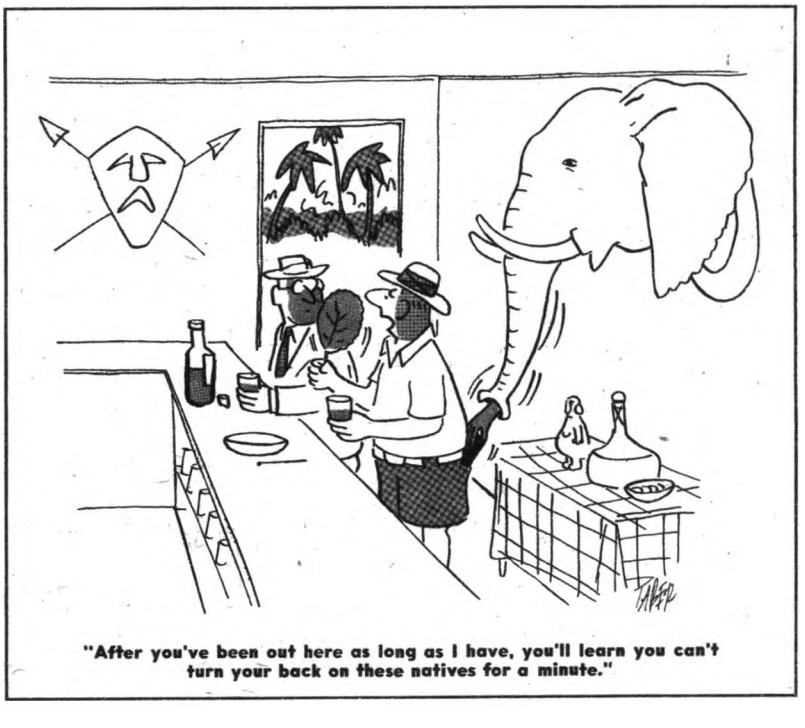
"Stop it, damn you!" Bartelott shouted. He ran out of his hut, revolver in his fist. "Stop it, or—"

Senga shoved his flintlock through the grass wall and blew Bartelott's heart out. At once the natives rushed the stores. Jameson, now in command, called for Bonny, and the two Britishers stood off the natives, bluffing them with threats of Stanley and the punishment of Tipoo Tib. Slowly the mutineers subsided.

"Take that man," Jameson pointed to Senga.

The mob gathered around the frightened Swahili. Jameson walked up to him, wrenched the gun from his grip, and stepped back.

"Chain him!"



"After you've been out here as long as I have, you'll learn you can't turn your back on these natives for a minute."

Senga, freed slave, was again in chains, marching with his wives and children to Tipoo Tib.

In Stanley Falls the governor, immaculate in white, his strange eyelids flickering, listened to the defense of Senga.

"Shoot him," he said at last.

The body was thrown into the Congo where the hungry crocodiles waited.

STANLEY, held up at Starvation Camp on the Ituri River, returned to Bangala where Bartelott had been murdered. He sent for Tipoo Tib in a dreadful rage. The governor was away on business. Stanley picked up what was left of his expedition and returned, forcing his way ahead with terrible losses until he found Emin Pasha who, some accounts state, was not at all pleased at being "rescued."

Stanley asked at once for the great store of ivory Emin Pasha had collected illegally and hidden. The erstwhile governor of Equatorial Province swore he didn't know what Stanley was talking about. He produced 20-odd scrivelloes, tiny tusks too small for trade value, and said they were all he had.

The expedition continued eastward to the port of Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar, and there, during a dinner to celebrate the rescue, Emin Pasha, who had been making up for lost time among the bottles, went out on a balcony for a breath of air, fell over the rail and landed on his head in the street below, almost wasting all Stanley's efforts for the last three years.

Stanley went on to Zanzibar and accused Tipoo Tib of conspiracy, responsibility for Bartelott's murder, and failing to provide the promised porters. He demanded 90,000 Zanzibar dollars in damages and caused all Tipoo Tib's Zanzibar property to be attached.

Meanwhile Emin Pasha, as soon as he recovered from his accident, decided to go back to Equatorial Province. Some said to retreive the ivory which he had told Stanley did not exist.

He never reached it, for he was knifed by an Arab, a slaver named Kibongi, near the boundaries of his province.

Many believe the ivory, over 75 tons of it, is still hidden somewhere in West-Nile Province of Uganda. Many poachers still search for it. But in the trade rooms of Zanzibar and the ivory floors of London and Antwerp, Emin's Ivory, as it is called, has not yet been reported.

Tipoo Tib, hearing of Stanley's suit, promptly left the Congo and returned to Zanzibar. Meanwhile, for two years a war between Belgians and slavers was tearing the Congo to shreds. Stanley's suit was dropped but Tipoo Tib lost millions in ivory and over 20,000 guns in the war against the Belgians, who finally drove the slavers out of the Congo.

Tipoo Tib was tired of the long marches and the lack of oriental luxuries on the slave routes. He retired to his Zanzibar palace and became a figure at court, much respected by Arabs and Europeans alike. But he hated Stanley until his death. He accused him of betraying him and his own followers.

"Without my help he would never have found the Congo," Tipoo Tib said. "Yet, as soon as he went home, he claimed it for his own."

A. J. Smann, a missionary who fought bitterly against slavery, though many times he had been glad of the slavers' protection against the bush people, often questioned Tipoo Tib's villainies.

"How did you get India?" the retired slaver asked one day.

"We fought for it," Swann told him.

"What you fight for belongs to you?"

"Of course."

"So with us Arabs," Tipoo Tib said. "Therefore the lands I conquered belong to me by your law as well as ours."

"Only as long as you rule properly," the missionary put in.

"Who is the judge?"

"Europeans, who love justice," Swann said.

"People are just only when it is profitable," the ex-trader in both black and white ivory said softly. "The Europeans are stronger than I. They eat my possessions as I ate those of the *shenzies* I conquered. But," the old eyelids blinked rapidly, "some day someone will eat up your possessions."

TIPOO TIB died in 1905. He had been known as a great benefactor, a wily strategist, a great conqueror, and the blackest villain in the history of Africa. He was illiterate yet he ruled an area of 100,000 square miles.

Binduki ya Sultani ya Barabara—the gun is the King of Africa—was his slogan. And it was guns in Belgian hands that finally conquered Tipoo Tib. ◆◆◆

BOOM-TOWN MADAM

Continued from page 13

with two sweating roughnecks trying to gut each other while the half-dressed dime-a-dance girls stood around cheering them on. A line of men had begun to form in front of the House of the Half Moon, waiting for the chance to ruin their stomachs on watered-down hootch while they watched the naked girl swinging on a platform suspended from the ceiling.

Belle stood and watched for about 15 minutes, then walked the three blocks to the Romany Hotel, crossing the lobby with swishing hips, well aware that the eyes of every man in the place were watching her. She was still a beautiful woman at 40, with a full figure, high, pointed breasts and a mane of brilliantly red hair, slightly streaked with grey. She registered under the name of Belle Smith and gave her occupation, appropriately enough, as "saleslady."

Then she walked upstairs and undressed. Turning out the lights, she sat in front of the window for a long time, looking down at the street with a sense of foreboding, for it seemed as if Cromwell was already well supplied with what she had to sell. Sitting at the window, she counted a dozen amateurs on the street, girls in cheap summer dresses who had come over from Oklahoma City or down from Tulsa, looking for thrills and the chance to make some extra money.

Belle had come all the way from Dallas to scout a new location for her bawdy house in the hopes that this boom town might replenish her waning bankroll. Now, she was not so sure. She sat at the window for an hour, then took a liberal shot of gin to calm her nerves and went to bed.

The next morning she began to make the rounds, stopping to see her old friends in the business, madams she had known for two decades and pimps she had done business with. All of them told the same story, too high an overhead, too much competition from the amateurs and occasionals.

Too, expenses for redecorating were considerable here. The oil men who worked in these hills were a rough and ready bunch of men. Only a week before, a gang of men had pushed the House of Joy off its foundations and laughed as it slid down a sandy incline into a creek.

The consensus of opinion was that Cromwell was a hell of a place for a self-respecting bawdy house to stay in business. Ordinarily, Belle would not have considered bucking such odds, for she was first of all a canny business woman. But by the summer of 1926 she had reached a point of desperation. She was nearing middle age and her bankroll was nearing the vanishing point. She knew what it was like to be poor and she wanted no more of it.

Poverty had started her career in the first place. She was born in Kansas City in 1886, the only girl in a brood of 12. Her father worked off and on as a section hand on the railroad when he wasn't fishing in the Missouri River, and the family subsisted on potatoes and turnips and an occasional catfish or two.

As a gandy-dancer, Belle's father was a flop. His natural tendency was to spend as much time as possible in a horizontal position, a tendency which conflicted with the hard-working traditions of the track layers. Mr. Hemley was always being booted out of a job and, in 1900, when hundreds of men were being laid off, Hemley seemed to be a cinch to be first on the list.

CHRONOLOGICALLY, Belle was 14; physically, she was 20. On the night before the reduction in railroad ranks was to take place, she went to the shack of the section foreman and knocked on the door. He resented the interruption. He was in the middle of preparing the list of men he wanted to keep and now somebody was knocking on the door, disturbing his powers of concentration. He opened the door, blinking slightly at this slip of a girl so well endowed by nature, and asked her in.

"I don't want you to fire my daddy," she said to him, blinking her big brown eyes in his direction. She walked over and sat down on the edge of the bed, and the section foreman promptly forgot everything except Belle.

The next morning, Hemley's name was first on the list of men to be retained and Belle was permanently installed in the foreman's shack. Hemley was content. Belle's absence meant one less to feed and the foreman had never been more friendly toward him.

Belle stayed with the foreman for a year until a truant officer got wind of the arrangement and demanded that Belle be sent to school. The section foreman argued that he was seeing to her instruction, but what he was teaching her did not placate the truant officer. He began an investigation. The section foreman, afraid of what would happen when the law found out that Belle was not his daughter, tried to send her home. Belle knew better than that. She packed up her bag and moved downtown.

Within a month, she was working at Motterie's, a famous and quite opulent establishment which occupied an enormous brownstone house and attracted customers from all parts of the country. Belle found it considerably more comfortable than the foreman's shack and considerably more profitable.

When she was not working, she lay in her room reading books on how to succeed in a small business, traipsing down the hall to ask the advice of more scholarly girls when she ran across a word she did not understand. Occasionally, she went downstairs to talk with Madame Motterie, a warm-hearted Hungarian who considered prostitution as a profitable form of public service. Belle asked questions about bookkeeping and rates and percentages, then went upstairs to write down what she had learned in a small journal.

By the beginning of World War I, Belle had learned her first real lesson, that it is more profitable to be management than it is to be labor. She had saved enough money to go into business for herself and she left Motterie's, taking along six girls who wanted to see the country.

To Belle's businesslike mind, Motterie's and all the places like it had one big handicap; they could not be moved. So they were forced to put out a considerable amount of cash to local officials. To avoid this, Belle bought a corrugated iron building which could be assembled or torn down in a few hours and which could be hauled from spot to spot by truck. She hired an old man (old enough to be able to resist the obvious temptations of his new job) and, with her retinue, headed west.

In the fall of 1915, she set up her portable business on a beach in San Diego near a Coast Artillery training camp. Dividing the single large room into neat cubicles with blankets stretched on wires, she opened for business. Opening night was better than she had expected. Somehow, the word had gotten around and even before dark the beach road that flanked her place was stacked deep with army trucks.

Belle was never more radiant. As a hostess, she smiled at the troops and directed them to appropriate cubicles, discouraged any personal advances and, what was most pleasurable, counted the money when the night's work was over. After she had paid the girls, she had close to $200 clear profit.

BUT on the second night, she encountered a bugaboo that was to follow her all the days of her career. A burly-looking man elbowed his way into the building and flashed a badge. Belle went into a momentary panic.

"Now don't go getting hysterical, lady," the man said in a friendly voice. "We got a good thing here."

"We?" Belle said.

"We," the man said.

The "we" meant exactly what she thought it meant. As an unofficial protector, he expected a cut out of every night's take.

"Ten per cent," Belle said.

"Fifty," the man said.

"Twenty," Belle said.

"Fifty."

Belle finally agreed and the law climbed back in his car, promising to return for his percentage at four the next morning. The moment his car was out of sight, she closed up. Within two hours, her building was on the truck and she was heading east.

She wound up in Oklahoma, a place more hospitable to free enterprise. On highway 66, her truck fell in behind a long procession of oil field equipment trucks crawling north from Oklahoma City. Belle figured that wherever there were oil men, there would be money.

"Follow that equipment," she said to her truck driver.

They ended up in Kiefer, a short-lived but hell-raising boom town where the house paid for itself many times over. She bought herself a large car and hired a young man on vacation from the University of Oklahoma to scout new locations and to drum up trade. Within a few months, Belle and her girls were well known by oil men all over Oklahoma and Kansas.

She set up her house on the Cimarron River for a while. But there she made a mistake: she decided to make even more money by cutting her girls' take and she informed them of her decision one morning after a very busy night.

"I can replace you for half the cost," she said.

A buxom blonde clad only in a man's shirt stood up and looked at Belle with a piercing stare.

"And you can go straight to hell," she said.

The rest of the girls shared her opinion. They all headed for their traveling bags and Belle found herself alone. To her surprise, she could find no replacements.

None of the free-lancers along the Cimarron would have anything to do with her once the word had spread.

Belle took her house to Houston and tried to recruit some local girls, spending 60 days in jail as a result. She tried Dallas, and Dallas was only a little bit more hospitable. She sold her portable house and her big car and, with the cash, started building an organization again. She picked her girls with care to obtain a sampling of different types, blondes, brunettes and redheads in assorted, voluptuous sizes. Installing them in a local hotel for the time being, she went off to investigate the new boom town of Cromwell which seemed to offer hope of recouping her fortune.

After three days in Cromwell, she was at her wits' end. She had looked into every angle. A couple of houses offered her a job, adding a guarantee because of her reputation. Belle refused. If she had to go back to working in a house, she would be stuck there for the rest of her life.

It was quite by accident that she stumbled across her great idea. The hotel where she was staying had been thrown together in a hurry and it was not very sturdily built. One night when she was about to go to sleep, she overheard a conversation through the rough pine boards that separated her room from the one next door.

She soon gathered that the room contained two oil men, both transients, both a few cuts above the roughnecks who swarmed into town for a nightly ramble. One of the men wanted to go out and pick up a couple of girls; the other one didn't. They argued a long time and finally the conservative one started yelling at the other one.

"Go on then. But if you get rolled, don't ask me for money."

To Belle's surprise, the other one gave in. They did not leave the room. This gave her a vague germ of an idea and she could not go to sleep for thinking about it. Everything in Cromwell was designed for the roughneck. There were few mirrors in the saloons because somebody was always getting drunk and heaving a bottle into them. A piano player had to be protected from flying bottles by a sort of wooden cage built around him. At the Murphy dance hall, there was an enclosed balcony where a gimlet-eyed man sat with a shotgun waiting for the first sign of trouble on the floor below.

But what about the more educated, less foolhardy men who shied away from violence, the geologists and the salesmen, the executives and the auditors, the host of well-heeled minor powers who had to come to Cromwell for one reason or another? They had been overlooked. They were the forgotten men.

It is an amazing tribute to Belle's charms and powers of persuasion that she was able to do what she did. She went to Oklahoma City the next morning and, picking a bank at random, went in and inquired for the loan department. She was ushered into an anteroom furnished with two chairs and a desk. In a few moments a loan officer appeared, a sprightly man of 55 who was highly esteemed in the bank as a judge of character.

She told him she wanted to open a rooming house on the well traveled road between Cromwell and Wewoka and she needed money for furnishings. He asked for references and collateral and she told him she was a widow with little experience in the business world. She batted her eyes at him, sighed frequently, flattered him constantly, and generally played him like a guitar. He hummed with self-importance, agreeing to come out and look over her property. If it was as good as she said it was, the bank would lend the money.

Her next job was to get the property. Changing into very demure clothes, she trundled off into the world of farmers. She picked a two-story house between Cromwell and Wewoka, a house set off the road and surrounded by a clump of trees. She knocked on the front door and

"Chief wants to see you, Thorndyke."

smiled at the farmer who opened it. Fifteen minutes later, she had a year's lease on the house at $300 a month.

Within a week, she had the money from the bank and was starting to remodel. The four bedrooms upstairs were partitioned into eight smaller rooms. Downstairs, she draped the walls with red satin and put in red velvet chairs and divans. Above the fireplace she placed a picture of an opulent nude trying to preserve her modesty with an inadequate ostrich feather. The girls came up from Texas and Belle was ready to open.

She set her opening day for December 21, 1926, but it was not generally announced. Making a list of the large oil companies with branch offices in Cromwell, she sent personal invitations to all the executives, formally engraved and quite proper. She named her establishment La Maisonette to lend it a tone of dignity. Other than the subtle implications of the name Little House, the invitations held no clue to the nature of the business which was opening. She relied on the curiosity of the oil men to bring them out.

By seven o'clock on opening night, the temperature had dropped to 20 degrees and a blustery wind was roaring down from the north. It was a discouraging omen and Belle had a few black thoughts as she stood at the window looking down the long driveway. A few minutes after seven, the first car turned off the road. It crept around the house, slowly and cautiously, then stopped in front as the oil men decided to take a chance.

THEY took no chance at all. For the first couple of hours, they drank good whiskey and filled up on fried chicken, openly wondering if this was a restaurant or a speakeasy or both. By nine o'clock, the parlor was full of men and Belle came in from the kitchen.

"Gentlemen," she said, "welcome to La Maisonette."

She clapped her hands and the girls began to parade out of the hallway, one at a time, dressed in transparent gowns. The men were astounded. Caught completely off guard, all they could do was stare at the variety of beautiful girls being paraded in front of them, ranging from a tall and billowy blonde who smiled constantly to a small, compactly built brunette who sulked across the room. The girls stood in front of the fireplace and Belle smiled.

"Gentlemen," she said, "make yourselves at home."

They did.

La Maisonette was a roaring success. A hundred dollars a night, but worth every cent of it. And it was exclusive. Only a certain number of men could be accommodated, and you had to have a reservation at least a month in advance. The house rules were simple. Upstairs, anything went, limited only by a man's tastes and endurance. But in the parlor, any man who asked prices or made a direct advance found himself outside before he had a chance to reconsider.

It took considerable restraint to sit and talk to a voluptuous creature who seemed unaware that everything she had was on display, but these were the rules and Belle

saw to it that they were strictly enforced.

Belle was making money hand over fist, and, what was equally pleasing, she found herself socially acceptable for the first time. She was escorted to oil company banquets in Oklahoma City and Tulsa, and La Maisonette saw as many big deals being born as any office building in the state.

Belle's sense of humor gave her more prestige in the oil fields than anything else. People were always investigating Cromwell. Every week saw somebody from Oklahoma City nosing around and even high-ranking members of the Commission of Charities and Correction paid periodic attention to the "cesspool of Oklahoma," as they called Cromwell.

IN 1927, all hell broke loose when it was discovered that Ma and Pa Murphy had been advertising for dance hall girls in some of the most respectable papers in the state, luring girls to Cromwell in the belief that they were going to be trained for musical comedy and a career on the Broadway stage.

The Tulsa public prosecutor moved in for a glorious purge. It was not in his jurisdiction but things were slow in Tulsa and this was an election year besides. He brought a good sized staff with him to gather statistics and facts and Belle invited him to stay at her place. He could not make it, but three of his earnest young men could and did.

Belle put dresses on her young ladies and the young men accepted La Maisonette as a boarding house. For a week, they collected data during the day and came back to Belle's parlor every evening to write up their reports. They were a little harried by the red-headed landlady who lambasted sin everytime they got within hearing distance and heartily endorsed everything they were doing. The young men never did know what was going on in the rooms around them and when the investigation fell apart they went back to Tulsa, blissfully unaware that they had camped in one of the finest bawdy houses in Cromwell. It was a masterful touch and Belle gained in stature because of it.

Everything was perfect for Belle until a June evening in 1927 when the inevitable happened. It had been raining all day and the road between Cromwell and Wewoka was a ribbon of gluey mud. Machinery and trucks were bogged down axle-deep along the 14-mile road and Belle and her girls were faced with a quiet evening ahead of them. The reservations had canceled out for lack of transportation. The girls were in their rooms, listening to the radio, and Belle was relaxed in the parlor, dressed only in a blue kimono, reading a magazine.

It was almost eight o'clock. The rain had stopped and just a few minutes before Belle's cook had gone home, trudging through the mud toward Wewoka. When Belle heard the knock on the door, she was sure the cook had come back for something he had forgotten. She was wrong. She crossed to the door and opened it and then tried to slam it against an unshaven and quite drunk roughneck who was standing there.

But he was too fast. He stuck his boot in the door and then forced it open and came in, tracking mud on the floor, a bleary glazed look in his eyes. He just stood there, rubbing a dirty hand over the stubble on his face, leering at Belle and the kimono that had fallen away to reveal a generous amount of white bosom.

He lurched toward her and Belle screamed. The drunk caught her by the arm and at that moment there was the bark of a small pistol and the man spun around, howling in pain and clutching the small hole in his shoulder. The girl in the door to the hallway squeezed the trigger of the pistol again and the bullet spattered into the door behind the retreating drunk.

Belle went into hysterics. She stood there and cried and the other girls came into the room and finally coaxed her into lying down while the girl with the pistol called the town marshal in Cromwell. She

got nowhere. Everything had happened so fast that she could not provide an adequate description of the intruder. Besides, the town marshal was busy handling some drunks down at the poolhall and it was too muddy to get over to Belle's place anyway. So the girl locked the door and bolted it and assured Belle that there would be no more trouble.

The girls went back to their rooms and Belle calmed down and began to read again. At shortly after nine, she smelled smoke and thought at first that one of the girls was cooking in the kitchen. Walking back to the kitchen, she opened the door. The wall of flames and smoke almost knocked her down. The whole back wall of the kitchen was in flames and, riding the draft through the open door, they shot into the rest of the house.

Screaming, Belle ran back through the parlor and into the hall, pounding on the doors. By the time she had roused the girls, the flames had crossed the dining room and leaped to the red satin drapes on the parlor walls. Two of the girls ran outside, stark naked, to get help from the crews stuck along the road. Another made a dive for the telephone and Belle began to haul water from an outside well with a bucket, flinging it wildly into the roaring flames.

It was impossible. The men streaming toward the house from the road could do nothing and Belle's attempts were futile. A volunteer fire crew left Wewoka at 9:15 and was stuck in the mud within five minutes; a fire-wagon dispatched from Cromwell met a similar fate. It took three men to drag Belle away from her burning house, and a couple of men provided blankets to cover the two naked girls who stood weeping at the sight of the burning building.

By 10:30, the house was reduced to ashes and charred timbers. The girls walked to Wewoka, led by a stormy-faced Belle. The next morning, she divided her money among them and said good-by. The fire was too much. With no insurance, she was wiped out and in no mood to start again despite offers of financial help that came in from all parts of the country.

A reward was posted for the man with a hole in his shoulder who, everybody believed, had set the fire. He was never found.

BELLE had had enough. She moved to Oklahoma City and married the banker who had granted her the loan. She became a society matron and no one ever knew of her past.

Cromwell died fast. By the beginning of 1928, flush production had all but died away to be replaced by pumps, and the saloons and the dance halls and the brothels were trucked away to Borger in the Texas panhandle where everything was beginning again. Within two years, Cromwell was forgotten.

But nobody forgot Belle. When she died in 1940, hundreds of oil men from all over the country showed up for the funeral. While the cream of society came to say good-by to one of their respected matrons, the oil men tipped their hats with a final smile to one of the most singular madams in oil field history, the fabulous Belle of Cromwell. ◆◆◆

TRAVELING BORDELLO

Continued from page 31

customers and drench themselves in drink. Finally, when they went on strike and refused to budge from behind their locked doors, Mussolini got his dander up. He ordered Madame Mira to take the first bomber plane out of Italy and told her to tell her fillies that if they didn't start providing some light in the Dark Continent, he'd have every single one of them shot at sunrise, including Madame herself —*evviva la Patria!*

Even that threat put no immediate bounce into the exported daughters of joy. It was nearly six weeks before Madame made them snap to and had things cooking at an efficiency the Italian male could appreciate. Fortunately, Il Duce had gotten himself tangled up in a welter of military-political glop which sponged all of his time; otherwise he might have blown his billiard-bald top over the fact that Madame Mira hadn't brought about instantaneous change in Italy's unique task force of bedbugs.

BUT once things got under way, under Madame's velvet whip, the house—which used to be a hotel for traveling salesmen—did a good business at the box office. It was Standing Room Only seven nights a week. The clientele washed out the front-line dust, picked out the soldierly fleas and settled down to a half hour of being made to feel like a human being again—all for the price of a glass of vino.

The house had two entrances. The privates and non-coms were admitted by the south door, and the officers and high-ranking civilian personnel entered at the north. The building had been partitioned with boards, curtains and drapes into hundreds of snug cubicles. The tarts who worked in the officers' section were no more pretty or better built than the ones who served the poor Joe. The only distinction Madame Mira made was that if any new ones arrived from Italy—and there were replacements from time to time—they were shifted first to the officers' side until they became accustomed to the climate and the hard requirements of their work before becoming part of the general pool. Assignments were ladled out by the week, and the doxies knew which section and which cubicle was to be theirs by consulting the bulletin board on Monday mornings.

One unusual facet to Operation Sex at the P.X. was an innovation Madame thought up—much to the approval of the home office in Rome. In fact, Mussolini even air-mailed a special medal (this one probably worth 20 cents) to the CO who presented it to Madame during a brassy noonday ceremony in appreciation of her original idea. At Madame's suggestion the army set up a front-line branch at Adi Ugri, right in among the combat infantrymen who were doing the actual fighting and shooting with General Rodolfo Graziani. This was to take care of the more urgent cases. The prices were modestly higher for this service, inasmuch as the 10 comrades-in-arms who volunteered for duty in front of the cannon's mouth were eligible for bonus pay. And the enemy co-operated beautifully by only blowing up one tentful of females during the entire Italo-Ethiopian War.

As a matter of fact, the soldiers of Haile Selassie were quite interested in Madame Mira's contingent. That they blew up a tentful of her girls was probably more mistake than anything else. At one time, a raiding party of some 300 Abyssinian soldiers, led by General Ras Kassa, managed to get behind the Italian lines for several hours and surrounded the jezebel headquarters at Adi Ugri. Instead of killing off or torturing the helpless captives, the enemy troops treated them with considerable courtesy. One of the girls later reported: "They did not harm us at all. In fact, several of them were quite generous with tips. But I am not exactly sure where I can exchange Ethiopian dollars for Italian lire."

A girl who put in a full complement of man hours in Madame Mira's cadre (and what girl didn't?) could earn up to 200,000 lire (about $10,000 in American money at that time) in a matter of six months—no small pay for anybody in those days. Leading in general a pretty good life, the mopsies rose late in the morning, dressed in their fanciest togs and bonnets and paraded around the streets of Asmara in horsecabs. Most of their time was devoted to stopping and shopping or nursing an aperitif at Merlo's around noontime. Afternoon dinner came off between two and four P.M. and, following a nap period of some two-and-a-half hours, they went on duty at around seven o'clock. The work continued unabated till one A.M., which was the official time to go to sleep.

In a country where there were no white women, the Italian soldiers talked of little else but Madame Mira's *pensionnaires*, as they were officially known. Every man on duty in Abyssinia sooner or later got to know most of the girls in his price range. Private Nino would start out by experimenting with Louisa and Federica and Marietta, and another Louisa, and Silvia, but eventually he would choose one as his extra special, his *favorita*. It was no uncommon sight to see a dust-weary captain, still in uniform and with a week's growth of fuzz on his face, waiting in the downstairs reception room while his Gabriella entertained another guy.

Curiously enough, upwards of 75 of Madame Mira's charmers ended up marrying a GI and going home to mamma to

manufacture a little *bambino*. Madame, wise to women's ways, never once discouraged any of her charges from tying nuptial bonds. After all, for every girl who abandoned her post, there was a small regiment back home champing to do their bit. Recruiting new boudoir talent was no problem.

If there had been any public dissent about Madame Mira's sinner sanctum in Ethiopia, it is barely possible that a first-person article she penned for the Mussolini-controlled press served as engaging propaganda in the home country. Whether any of it ever was swallowed outright by the *paisani* back home is hard to say some two decades later. With the probable help of a Fascist ghost writer, Madame Mira penned the following piece of pseudo-Dantean prose:

"THERE is something warmly human about these men. What do they tell her? Many many things. The mail has not brought letters from home for a long time, the enemy shot down a friend, the Fiat machine guns are the best comrades a man can have in combat. They feel the need of telling these things to somebody who smiles pleasantly and who doesn't chase them away. They must have a girl, any girl, to let her know how brave they were at the front . . .

"The women listen; it's their job. But they too have some things to say. They show pictures of their family, they read a bit from one of the letters they have just received, they talk about their last vacation in Venice or at Capri. Time passes. It costs the man money, but what does money matter? The *pensionnaire* blows a cinder from the man's tunic while he smokes a cigarette and listens to the phonograph record playing on the Victrola. Later, when it is time to go, the man and the girl shake hands, just like good friends. Then she greets another patriot and repeats the same process—all in the service of her country and her people!"

In a speech once to thousands of cheering Italians at Piazza Venezia, Mussolini gave high praise to the venture, almost as if trying to justify it to the populace. "For our men at war," he roared in a volcano of profuse approval, "the house of Madame Mira is the theater, the cabaret, the date, the party, the living room at home. It is a bit of Italy. It is the con-

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 14-15, PIX—Picture Post, U.S. Navy; pp. 18-19, Official Photos, Kentucky State Police; pp. 20-23, Burchman, Sparks—PIX, INP, European, Lopert Films—"The Lost Continent"; pp. 28-31, Ted Russell, WW, FPG, Graphic House; pp. 34-35, Larry Fried —PIX, WW; pp. 36-37, INP, Penguin —20th Century-Fox "Slaveship"; pp. 38-41, Leo Fuchs—Globe; pp. 86-97, INP, WW, Sparks—European. STAG's cover this month was painted by Tom Ryan.

crete proof that one is still alive after facing death for his country."

Mussolini had given Madame Mira a free hand in carrying out her operations, and though she exacted very few rules, the girls were quite orderly once the routine was established. The one regulation that Madame Mira insisted on having followed strictly was the order about not recognizing any client outside working hours. The men themselves, meeting the girls during the midday hours on the street, were often quite mixed up as to why their favorite Francesca didn't say *"Buon giorno"* or give a knowing wink when their paths crossed. No matter how much the boys would try saluting, smiling or nodding, they got no response. The *filles de joie* who walked around the streets and lounged at the cafés were out mostly for advertisement, it being Madame's strategy not to have them conversing or sitting with any single individual during this period.

It was precisely this kind of shrewdness that had made Madame Mira by far the best flesh entrepreneur in all Europe during the heyday of National Socialism on the continent. Though only in her late 40s, Madame had been a madam for many years, having organized and managed many a ritzy establishment. At one time she owned one of the oldest and most widely known Mediterranean resorts, a charming Victorian palace decorated with giant mirrors, potted palms and arty statues. At this particular rendezvous Madame kept in stock women from each continent of the world—and they were generally recognized by sophisticated travelers as the most beautiful creatures to be found from anywhere. One of these damsels, Yvonne, a statuesque Parisian with flaming red hair, was accepted for duty in Ethiopia, the only non-Italian to get such a bid from the Fascist Government.

Yvonne wasted little time in becoming the number one favorite of the Italian army. Though her speaking knowledge of Italian was more French than it was *italiano,* the soldiers went for her in a big way, perhaps because they were more interested in her assets than her accents. Yvonne was all profile. She had a figure that resembled an inverted numeral eight, though she was almost 35 years old and the mother of two small girls in a Swiss boarding school. Many of the men preferred to pack her private corridor and wait patiently until the *pièce de résistance* poked her exquisite Gallic face through the door for her next *caro amico.* At times the jam-up was so thick in her hallway that Madame Mira had two military policemen assigned there to control the traffic.

While most of the girls could earn a respectable 200,000 lire during a six-month hitch, it was said of Yvonne that she accumulated nearly twice as much in the same period just from tips and gifts that her fans proffered. When Benito heard about Yvonne through the grapevine, he ordered her sent on a one-month furlough to Rome for command performances where she doubtless augmented her generous bank account. Yvonne wasn't her real name, by the way, but that was what she was known as among Madame Mira's customers. It was her *nom de guerre,* so to speak.

When the war in Ethiopia folded in May, 1936, and the Italian army had to turn its attention to other imminent battlefields in its alliance with Nazi Germany, finis was written to Madame Mira's government-sponsored brothel. The girls, all 500 of them, were shipped home with the multi-colored sofas, the mirrors of all sizes, the hundreds of spittoons and the oil paintings of nudes and near-nudes. The affair with military prostitution proved a gigantic success for Mussolini's government, even if his army did not. ◆◆◆

"What's the matter? Ain't you ever seen a million bucks before?"

HUSH-HUSH MISSION

Continued from page 14

else the one-lunger will conk out again."

"Flagship draws less than four feet of water," Clark pointed out calmly. "There's 10 under the keel right now. As for the engine—" He held up two crossed fingers. The antiquated one-cylinder make-and-break engine was running mostly on hope.

He glanced around at the other members of the crew to see how they were behaving under fire.

THERE were half a dozen of them, bright-eyed, adventurous young kids between 15 and 18 years of age, who grinned back at him cheerfully. They were members of what he jokingly called his "Young Men's Association."

Clark was justly proud of his little seagoing force. Since landing secretly on Yonghung-do on August 31st, 1950, only a week before, he had accomplished wonders with South Korean youngsters. He had taught many of them on the island to handle the .45 caliber pistols, grenades, grease guns, and two 50-caliber heavy machine guns which had been unloaded with him from a Korean frigate skippered by Commander Lee of the ROK Navy.

One of the machine guns was mounted on the bow of the 25-foot *Flagship* now, surrounded by sandbags.

Clark sauntered forward to the 50 caliber, alertly manned by a couple of 17-year-olds, Hayjun and Sienso. When he spoke to them they understood his halting Korean much better than did old Soji Iwon.

"Don't get trigger-happy. Wait until I order fire and then I'll lend a hand."

They beamed in anticipation. Sienso pointed as a third shell splashed far ahead with a faintly heard *pul-lump*!

"Bimeby Twantze have no more shell for bang-bang!"

"Maybe," Clark grinned at Sienso, "but don't let's count on it."

By this time the engine-powered enemy sampan was pulling well ahead of the three sailers carrying riflemen. Above the yells of victory, Twantze's voice could be heard. He sounded like a yapping mongrel as he angrily gave new orders to his gun crew.

The flustered gunners responded by elevating the muzzle of the 37 mm. A shell screeched high above Clark's head, speeding vaguely in the direction of China.

Flagship stuck doggedly to her course without returning fire. At a distance of 200 yards Clark came forward again and squatted down behind the machine gun with Hayjun and Sienso.

Another 50 yards and Captain Twantze's overtightened nerves snapped. He was an infantryman, chagrined at the failure of his gun crew to register a hit. He was disturbed by the ominous silence of the approaching enemy and the deliberate impudence with which *Flagship* had thrust herself into point-blank range. He suspected that there was something even more lethal aboard her than the 50-caliber machine gun whose muzzle eyed him balefully over the top of the sandbags. Some terrible secret weapon.

Twantze fled to the stern of his boat and yapped at the riflemen on the sailers behind to open fire.

They sounded off with a ragged volley like a carelessly put together string of firecrackers. Another volley. A few bullets thudded harmlessly into *Flagship*'s squat hull.

At a range of 100 yards Clark nodded his head.

"All right. Let's give it to 'em!"

The machine gun opened fire with deadly effectiveness. While the first burst hammered home, Twantze decided this was enough. It wasn't his idea of fighting.

Jumping off the stern, he began swimming back toward Taebu-do with frantic strokes. He was the only one to escape the starkly brief massacre on the first sampan. The other seven men were riddled.

At point-blank range Clark and his two kids stitched the sampan with an extra burst along the water line. The sea poured through her hull. She sank rapidly.

The reaction aboard the three sailers, still several hundred yards behind her, was one of bewilderment and confusion yielding to complete panic. The crews tried to put about and flee. The riflemen fired wildly, screaming for them to hurry.

Ominously *Flagship* chugged on toward the nearest sailer, catching her neatly as she tried to put about. Four men succeeded in jumping overboard before the machine gun opened fire again. The other 18 died in a withering hail of bullets. The sailer began to sink.

CLARK pointed to one of two remaining sailers and sang out a command. Old Soji Iwon's goat beard waggled with excitement while he spun the wheel. This time he needed neither encouragement nor an interpreter.

Flagship chugged valiantly forward for 10 yards. And then, for the 15th or 16th time that day, her temperamental one-lunger quit cold.

With a sigh of resignation Clark approached the formidable flywheel. He took a familiar stance, ankle-deep in oily bilge, reaching for a handy wrench.

When he looked up again, after coaxing the engine back to life, the two remaining sailers had made good their escape and were nearing Taebu-do.

"One of 'em picked up Twantze while you were working on the engine, Lieutenant," Sammy Wai reported ruefully.

"I made a couple of tries with my carbine. Missed the s.o.b."

"No matter," Clark answered, glancing over the water. "Stand by to receive visitors."

Three half-drowned survivors of the sailer were still treading water in various stages of exhaustion. With the aid of a 10-foot bamboo sounding pole, Sammy Wai and some of the youngsters hauled them aboard.

A CHEERING reception committee was waiting on the muddy bank when *Flagship* chugged back to Yonghung-do. Fully a score of youngsters, members of the Young Men's Association, carrying small arms, had gathered. At their head was an older man, "Two-gun Joe," with a couple of .45s tucked in the waistband of his old Army fatigues.

Joe, like Sammy Wai, was an interpreter Clark had brought to the island with him. He was short and tough, solidly built as a Nagano outhouse and an excellent soldier.

"Take charge of the prisoners," Clark told Joe. "Bring 'em to HQ one at a time. Usual interrogation."

Joe grunted and herded the three thoroughly cowed prisoners together. He dropped his hands threateningly to the butts of his .45s.

"Whenever you're ready, Lieutenant. These guys look like they've had it. They won't need softening up."

Clark's headquarters, a few hundred yards from the water edge, was an eight-man tent which had been unloaded from the Korean frigate with the other supplies. It contained three cots, a folding table on which a small, powerful two-way radio had been set up, and the sparse gear of Clark and the two interpreters. It had also briefly accommodated another occupant, a deadly green-and-orange snake which had crawled into Clark's sea bag. On the morning following his landing on Yonghung-do, Clark had reached toward the bag, intent on breaking out some C ration. He had withdrawn his hand just in time, grabbed up his .45 and killed it.

Flanked by a guard of armed kids, Joe began bringing the prisoners to HQ. Sammy questioned the first two. They were frightened North Korean farmers, less than a week removed from the rice paddies. They explained that the Communists had shoved rifles in their hands. They had been shown how to load, point the gun and pull triggers. They were then told they were soldiers and bundled off to Inchon.

The third prisoner, a Chinese, Lu Paichang, aroused Clark's interest. He took over the interrogation when Chang readily admitted that until a few days before he had been one of hundreds of laborers strengthening the defenses of the island fortress of Wolmi-do—"Moon-tip Island"—which was connected to the Inchon mainland by a stone causeway.

"This island has cannon?"

"Many monster cannon, numbering twice the number of fingers on my two hands," Chang disclosed. "We poured much concrete around them. We also built tunnels and trenches leading from one to the other."

Clark probed further. From the prisoner's answers he gathered that there were at least 1,000 troops massed in the fortress commanding the harbor entrance to Inchon, and that the entire island was honeycombed with tunnels and passages.

Later that night he coded his daily collection of information and began sending his nightly intelligence report to Tokyo.

"Report seaward side Wolmi-do . . . 20, repeat: 20 . . . heavy coastal defense guns . . . imperative to silence . . . before assault Red and Blue beaches . . ."

Lieutenant Clark was winding up another busy day. On Yonghung-do, less than 10 miles from Inchon and literally under the enemy's nose, he was sending another complete and accurate report to Major General Oliver P. Smith, USMC, and Rear Admiral James H. Doyle who were preparing the master plan for the Inchon landing.

And the success or failure of an assault on Inchon depended a great deal on Clark and his daring hush-hush mission.

It was in August, 1950, that the UN High Command decided it was vital to take Inchon and as quickly as possible. D-Day was set for September 15th. Considering the fact that almost nine months had gone into the planning of the Guadalcanal assault in World War II, 23 days to get ready for Inchon seemed a fantastic impossibility.

Inchon was a strongly fortified bastion which the Communists believed impregnable. The UN High Command knew that its approach was guarded not only by Wolmi-do, but by tremendous tides, a tricky channel, mud flats, sea walls and Lord knows what other obstacles and traps. Specific information was lacking. Before a master plan could be evolved, this information would have to be obtained.

ON AUGUST 26th Clark was entrusted with the daring spy mission. Square-jawed, dark-haired and broad-shouldered, Clark was a veteran of many South Pacific campaigns in World War II. He had been an officer on USS *Arneb* and commanded an LST afterwards. He spoke Japanese, Chinese and a smattering of Korean.

"You have two weeks to find out all you can," he was told. "The mission, of course, is top secret. Report to Rear Admiral William C. Andrewes, Royal Navy, in Sasebo. He has been briefed."

Admiral Andrewes commanded the war vessels on patrol in the Yellow Sea off the west coast of Korea. He put Clark, his two interpreters and supplies on HMS *Charity* on the night of August 30th. On the following morning he let Commander Lee of the ROK Navy in on the all-important secret.

Lee was cruising in the Yellow Sea on his small frigate, PC 703. Andrewes wirelessed him orders to meet HMS *Charity* 30 miles off Inchon in the vicinity of Tokchok Island. To avoid the enemy's suspicion, it was best not to take the British destroyer any closer to Inchon.

Early on the morning of September 1st, the two ships had their rendezvous. Clark and his little outfit were transferred aboard the PC 703. The tiny frigate sailed toward the rock island of Yonghung-do at the mouth of the ship channel to In-

chon. A mile from the island the ROK Navy officer cut his engines.

"Now we wait," he informed Clark. "The fishing sampans should be putting out before long."

"How do they feel about us on Yonghung-do?" Clark asked.

"Friendly—I think. Fishing village."

Clark nodded thoughtfully. Lee wasn't sure. No one was sure of anything about this part of Commie-occupied Korea.

Clark's speculative glance wandered toward Taebu-do, silhouetted against the morning sun a few miles to the right. Lee answered his unspoken question.

"Enemy-held. Understand there's a Captain Twantze in command and he's out to make a name for himself."

A little while later, as Lee had predicted, a fishing sampan chugged cockily across the frigate's bow. It was the only engine-powered boat that Yonghung-do boasted, and old Soji Iwon was at the wheel. Lee hailed him.

At high noon on September 1st, Lieutenant Clark, Sammy and Joe landed on Yonghung-do. They carried their .45s in easy reach. In addition Clark carried a grenade in the pocket of his fatigue greens. Day and night the grenade was to be always with him. It was, as he termed it, his "insurance policy." More certain than a slug from my .45, he had decided grimly.

Clark had made up his mind to use the grenade on himself if threatened with capture. He had heard many unpleasant stories about the ingenuity and skill employed by the Commies in torturing prisoners to extract information. He was determined that under no condition would the secret of the impending invasion of Inchon be wrested from him. As for Sam and Joe, while they might suspect the reason for the mission, they had been told nothing of importance. They were totally in the dark about the imminence of D-Day.

The supplies were unloaded on the shore. Kids of all ages flocked around quickly, looking over the military equipment with eager-eyed curiosity. Before long the mayor of Yonghung-do, a grizzled Korean named Engsan, appeared from the direction of the village to find out what it was all about. Clark introduced himself.

"I'm Lieutenant Clark, United States Navy," he said matter-of-factly. "I'm setting up my headquarters here."

Engsan looked at Clark and his equipment. His gaze wandered toward the island of Taebu-do. Then back to Clark's square-jawed face once more.

"We are peaceful fishermen on Yonghung-do." he declared hesitantly. "We wish no trouble with anyone."

Clark nodded in agreement.

"But suppose Twantze decides to bring the trouble to you and you are helpless? We can protect your island."

"Well—" Engsan began doubtfully.

The cheers of the youngsters stopped him. It was they who made the decision.

Clark and his two interpreters went to work immediately. Before sundown they had set up headquarters and recruited more than 150 enthusiastic kids for the Young Men's Association.

It was the most bizarre military organization in history and one of the youngest. It could not properly be termed a guerrilla band.

Clark efficiently divided the youngsters into three groups: the "army" to guard the island and any prisoners that might be captured; the "navy" to raid enemy sampans from *Flagship* and, most important of all, the "intelligence unit" to help gather military information on the mainland.

That first evening Joe assembled the army and navy and began small-arms instruction. Clark and Sammy had a session with the intelligence unit. They were gratified to find that three of the youngsters had recently been to Inchon and that one observant 16-year-old had been on Wolmi-do.

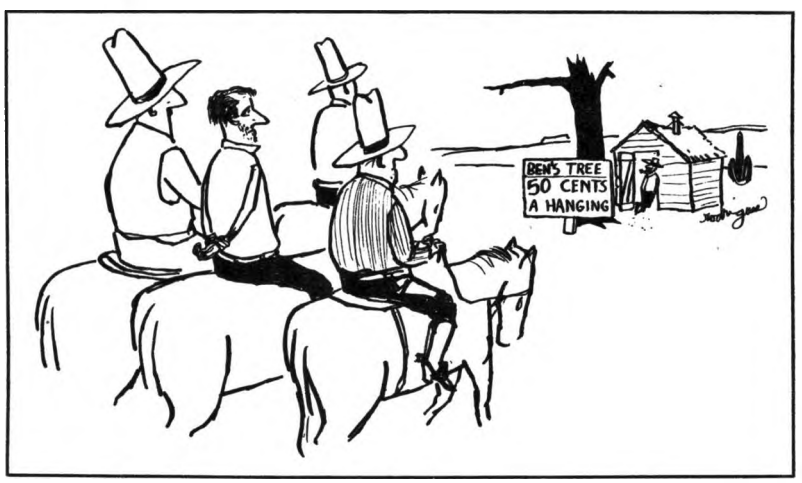
Shortly before midnight they set up the radio. Clark raised Tokyo without trouble. He grinned tiredly.

"Might as well let 'em know we're on the job," he chuckled to Sammy. "Here we go—

"Report one seasoned company enemy entrenched behind sea wall Inchon tidal basin . . . Report fire control tower on Wolmi-do is located big red building . . . We have begun to operate . . ."

Not quite 12 hours had elapsed since Clark had landed on Yonghung-do.

On the following morning he assigned missions on the mainland. He had



screened 10 kids old enough and smart enough to mingle with natives of Inchon, Seoul and other nearby towns without arousing suspicion.

"Keep your eyes and ears open, your mouths closed," he cautioned them. "Take no unnecessary risks."

The latter sounded like hollow mockery and he realized it. Every one of them was risking his life. Death was almost certain if any of the kids were captured. But there was no alternative. Time was important. It was now less than two weeks to 'D' Day and there was a vast amount of information to be gathered.

He selected kids to go to Inchon, Seoul, Wolmi-do, the Kimpo airfield. He carefully explained to them what they were to observe. They set out in fishing sampans and in rowboats. Clark saw them off with a tugging at his heart.

"Here's hoping they all come back," he muttered to Sammy. "Let's get on with the job."

The engine-powered sampan was quickly activated as the navy and a 50-caliber machine gun mounted in the bow. On September 3rd *Flagship* was ready for her first raid.

Under Clark's command she chugged out into the ship channel and, in the course of the exciting day, captured four enemy sampans from Inchon. It was very gratifying. The prisoners, 16 in all, were taken back to Yonghung-do for interrogation.

"And now we've got another problem," Clark commented wryly after the prisoners had been questioned. "We can't release these Reds. They'd spread the word about us, sure as thunder."

"Let's shoot 'em," Joe suggested realistically.

"No. Put 'em to work building a stockade, then put 'em inside. Pick guard details from the army."

In the course of the next week and a half *Flagship* bagged several more sampans. Altogether 32 boats of various sizes were captured. Some surrendered immediately. A few offered token resistance. Only Ewantze attacked with an "armada" —to be badly beaten.

Each night, following the questioning of prisoners, Clark's wireless reports to Tokyo became longer. Then his youthful spies began returning from the mainland and the reports became more detailed. The keen-eyed, alert kids were doing a fine job.

They related their observations of enemy forces, guns, emplacements. They had even measured the height of the seawall in the Inchon tidal basin so that Clark could wireless Tokyo specifications for ladders to be carried in assault boats.

One by one the kids returned and checked in at headquarters. By the end of five days the last one came back safely, much to Clark's relief.

Things are coming along fine, he congratulated himself. And then came trouble.

On September 11th, cautious Commander Lee raised a question. He politely informed Rear Admiral Doyle that he doubted the accuracy of the US Navy tide tables for Inchon. It seemed probable to him that a series of typhoons had raised hell with the old tables.

This was most serious. With the tremendous 30-foot tides and swift current on the Inchon coast, any miscalculation of tide by an invasion fleet might well disrupt an assault time schedule and invite disaster. The planning board sent an imperative request to Clark to check the US Navy time schedule.

On the night of September 11th, shortly after Clark received the message, young Sienso bobbed into the headquarters tent with alarming news.

"Make-believe fishing at Taebu-do," he declared. "Twantze mad like wasp. Now has many gun, many men. Bimeby tomorrow he come bang-bang island good."

"The devil you say," Clark muttered and stared at Sammy.

The interpreter nodded. Like all the other kids', Sienso's information was entirely to be trusted.

"There's been a lot of activity over at Taebu-do last few days, Lieutenant," Sammy agreed. "Twantze's getting ready to do something."

Clark thought rapidly. Here was this urgent job which Tokyo had asked him to do. It would take up his time on the following day. He couldn't afford to fight off an all-out attack.

No other way, he sweated, I'll have to get help.

SO HE wirelessed Tokyo for the thing he hated most to ask: assistance.

He received it promptly. At dawn on the 12th, the US destroyer *Hansom* appeared off Yonghung-do with Commander Cecil R. Welte on the bridge. Welte didn't know what Clark was doing on the little island. If he was curious, he didn't show it.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "Take you back to Sasebo?"

"No," Clark shook his head. "That's Taebu-do over there. It's under command of an s.o.b named Twantze. I'd like to have the daylights clobbered out of it."

"A positive pleasure," Welte beamed.

Captain Twantze, thirsting for revenge, was loading men aboard his invasion fleet of sampans when the *Hanson* began dropping HE shells on the island. Five minutes later he scuttled for cover with his men.

Back in Tokyo the High Command generously decided to give Clark even more co-operation. Corsairs with rockets and 500-pound bombs came winging over Taebu-do. They blew the invasion sampans to pieces and gave the island a terrific pasting.

The entire village of Yonghung-do, headed by the Young Men's Association, gathered on the shore to watch the spectacular show. Sienso threw out his chest.

"Me!" He announced proudly. "I start all this boom-boom!"

Clark made new tide observations and discovered that Commander Lee had been right. As a result of typhoons and recent oceanic disturbances the US Navy's tide tables were in error by five all-important minutes. Clark gathered his information and wirelessed it to Tokyo without the slightest interruption from Taebu-do.

The heavy bombardment of the island, however, warned the Reds that something unusual was up. The entire coast was on the alert. The *Hanson* had been

observed off Yonghung-do before sailing back to Sasebo.

They're bound to investigate our island before long to find out what's cooking, Clark thought to himself grimly, I've got to complete Mission X before they come.

Mission X was the top secret assignment entrusted to no one but Clark and to be executed personally by him. On his judgment depended the life—or death—of thousands of men in the invasion to come.

What the UN High Command still did not know was if it was *practical* to land an assault force from the sea.

Late at night Clark and four men—Sienso, Hayjun, Soji Iwon and Sammy—set out from the island and then headed toward Inchon under the moonless sky.

Clark read his watch. It was 10:30 P.M. and the tide was running fast. Two miles from Inchon he ordered Soji Iwo to cut the engine. Sienso and Hayjun put the small rubber boat over the side.

Clark entered it with Sammy. They began bucking the strong current towards Inchon. For half a mile they paddled hard. Then the blades of their paddles struck mud.

A few yards farther and their tiny craft was stopped by thick, slimy gumbo.

"Wait here," Clark ordered Sammy tautly. "If you hear a grenade, paddle back to *Flagship* without me."

Sammy nodded silently. He knew why Clark carried the grenade.

Clark removed his sneakers and placed them in the bottom of the tiny boat. He rolled up his fatigues and stepped out. His legs sank up to the knees in the soft gumbo.

He started for the nearest Inchon beach, almost a mile and a quarter away. The mud became firmer, scarcely reaching to his ankles.

He kept on moving. Suddenly he was floundering deep in the treacherous gumbo again. Up to his chest.

Doggedly he fought his way forward, step by step, until he reached the beach. Drawing a deep breath, he turned around and started back again.

I've found out what I want to know, he thought grimly; this would be a death trap under fire.

Exhausted, covered with slimy gumbo, he climbed at length into the rubber boat and paddled back to *Flagship* with Sammy. Clark had completed Mission X.

Back in his tent he raised Tokyo and wirelessed his findings:

"Report . . . Inchon not suitable for landing either troops or vehicles across the mud . . ."

ON D Day, September 15th, the US 10th Corps, First Marine Division and Seventh Division made an amphibious landing on Wolmi-do, securing it in two hours. Some 11 hours later the First Marines and ROK Marine battalions stormed Inchon.

There was but one area where tanks, trucks and other heavy equipment essential to success could be put ashore at Inchon: on the waterfront facing the city streets.

The attacking UN forces knew right where to put it. They also knew a great many other things about Inchon, Wolmi-do and Kimpo airfield, to the considerable surprise of the Communists.

The consternation of the defending Reds made Lieutenant Eugene Franklin Clark, US Navy, and commander in chief of the Young Men's Association of Yonghung-do, chuckle. He had spent more than two weeks and lost 40 pounds gathering this vital information right under their noses. In the most fantastic hush-hush adventure of the Korean War.◆◆◆

"I think perhaps we'd better ease up on those hormone shots for a while, Mrs. Van Pewter."

HELL-RAISER STYMIED

To the Editor:

Dean Lamb, the hero of your story "Hell-Raising Soldier of Fortune" (STAG, August), may have decided that life was empty for him. But, after all, he was over 70 when he killed himself and still so tough he had to do it himself.

That's the kind of life I wouldn't mind having myself. But how can a guy get around to cover the whole world and fight for both sides in a lot of foreign wars today? The rules and regulations and red tape tie a natural adventurer down so you can't even be a prospector in distant lands unless you work for one of the big companies.

Me for more freedom and less paperwork.

Rick Stonier
St. Louis, Mo.

SEX, LIMITED

To the Editor:

Just who does this Robert J. Levin think he is when he tries to paint his "Promiscuous Women" (STAG, August) as simply sensitive little girls who've gotten out of tune emotionally and therefor deserve a lot of pampering and understanding? Maybe I'm old-fashioned and don't have this enlightened modern attitude that he talks about.

I think that this whole problem of promiscuity before marriage comes down to this: the fact that everything a person does is explained and almost forgiven with psychological mumbo-jumbo makes it easy to let loose of morals.

Women are told that it's not a question of right and wrong, but that it's a question of hating their mother and father, or something else in their childhood, and that they can't help themselves in what they do.

This is rot. Everybody has things in their growing up that have disturbed and shaken them. But this is still no excuse for promiscuous behavior in sex. Regardless of what we may be emotionally, unless of course a person is insane, I believe that everyone has a duty to choose between right and wrong and not just say "I do what I do because I can't help it."

I've been married for eight years. My wife and I never had any relations before we were married, and I know I was the first. It wasn't because we weren't tempted, either. It was because we both felt that if marriage was worth waiting for, it was worth waiting until we were married for the things that go with it.

Joseph Ellsworth
New York, N.Y.

▶ We think that if you will reread Mr. Levin's article carefully you will find that he is not advocating anything; he is merely presenting the thinking of the top experts in this controversial field. In fact, the only conclusion he draws is that the general trend in this country right now is toward strict monogamy.

HONOR SALUTE

To the Editor:

In regards to your August issue of STAG, you state in the Stag Confidential column that Medal of Honor winners do not rate a salute from their superiors.

If you look in Military Regulations, you will not find anything to the effect that a superior officer *has* to salute a winner of the Medal of Honor. However, out of military courtesy and respect, all officers *will* salute.

In my opinion, a person who has done something to win that medal deserves that courtesy from anyone.

Jerry Levine
FPO New York

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My Adventures with the Golden Women of Kon-Plong

continued from page 22

special units, train partisans in guerrilla warfare, and teach the natives to defend their own Hré villages."

Now we were off to stage an ambush for the enemy.

"Bring back some prisoners," were Captain Pierre's orders, following an urgent note from the higher command.

Following the established rite, we drew up our sections in front of Captain Pierre and the leader of the detachment, before the accustomed: "Single file, scouts ahead, marching distance of five paces between each man. Rifles at the trail, forward march."

ACTION at last, I said to myself as I followed the column winding its way under cover.

When marching by day we took advantage of the jungle for cover, avoiding the Moï huts in the valleys, keeping away from the beaten track, and crossing open ground by night. Two days' cautious and silent progress brought us to the spot fixed for the ambush, the corner of a wood above open country. It was a point which dominated the rice-fields of a village out of sight, and a zigzag path over the small embankments crossed them. Taking up positions on the edge of the wood, we spread out our men facing the fields and began the period of waiting.

A Hré corporal and two partisans watched over the machine gun, set ready for rapid fire at a range of 300 yards. Its field of fire covered the windings of the path over the rice-fields which rejoined the forest down below.

There before our eyes was a checkerboard of fields under cultivation, their changing shades of green ruffled by the wind, and the clear water of a stream ran from one channel to another, crossed by a small bridge not far from our position. Although new to strategy and the tricks of war, I could see how important this bridge might prove to be.

The first day passed without our making a move. For 36 hours we lived in our foxholes on biscuits, chocolate, and vitaminized sweets.

From time to time Sergeant-Major Canivet came round, crawling on his stomach. At five in the evening there was a council of war inside the wood. The lieutenant thought that we should steal away in the dark and return before dawn. Then every man went back to his position. By seven most of the day had gone and there was no longer much chance of spotting anybody.

Then at the moment when, relaxing our watch, we were in danger of giving away our position by some unexpected noise, suddenly my heart began to thud —three Moï coolies, very ordinary-looking, had emerged from the outskirts of the wood into the open. They crossed the rice-field casually, men with time on their hands, stopping quietly to sit on the edge of the bridge and bathe their muddy feet in the running water.

They had cast a quick look round, and the deceptive ease of their manner as they waited was only one more trick, to trap the impulsive European.

At last one of them got up, cast a look round, for in spite of all our precautions the fact that we were about in the hills must have leaked out, and then summoned the others. A detachment of Annamites from a Viet-Minh commando unit, in their distinctive grey uniform, issued from the forest and came into view on the embankment path. With their rifles slung casually over their shoulders, they had the air of strolling players.

There were two reconnaissance groups, including coolies to carry bombs destined for our patrols. Nothing very much, but enough to take prisoners from. The first of them had reached the bridge and quenched their thirst, and already one of them had started off again to lead them into cover on higher ground.

Then came the rapid command to fire, and our first burst surprised them as they stood there. Some were bent double with pain and slowly crumpled into the rice-field. Others, cut down by our burst of fire, gave a sudden leap and then slipped quietly down the embankment to lie without moving again, their heads sinking in the water.

Our light forces, regulars and partisans, rushed shouting to capture the bridge, which they surrounded on the upper side, while a Tommy gun cut off those who tried to escape by the downward path.

Machine-gun, Tommy-gun, and rifle fire poured down on the moving figures who got bogged down in the muddy fields or who, trying to run, slipped on the soft clay of the narrow path along the embankment. It was almost too easy, more like their own sort of massacre—for many of our men had been laid low in ambushes of this type at which the Viets were past masters.

THE wounded dragged themselves through the mud to the shelter of the banked earth, without leaving go of their rifles. The bravest of them tried to save themselves by firing at the attackers, and the more cautious, considering the battle lost, gave way and made off, twisting round like hares breaking from cover.

The wounded, having abandoned their arms in expectation of our arrival, submitted to being lifted up and put on stretchers. One of them had a bullet in the thigh, another was groaning feebly—his stomach had been opened up and his guts were sticking out, already he was glassy-eyed. Two had face wounds, another had his arm smashed, and there were a couple of Moïs, captured by enemy riflemen and made to carry bombs. Their fellow-hillmen had reported them to our outpost long before this. They knew enough to interest the lieutenant, who questioned them before sending them to the rear.

The wounded were Annamite soldiers.

There was still a little daylight left when we withdrew into the jungle.

The prisoners had had their hands bound and tied by a liana to the wounded who looked resentful. The man with the stomach wound had died, and the one with a bullet in his thigh was left where he was with food and a roll of gauze. His comrades would find him and also a message for the Viet commanding officer, asking for the same treatment to be given to our men in such circumstances.

At last we stopped to camp in the heart of the jungle, and the Viets were tied up, but not ill-treated. We got back to Kon-Plong the next day.

WE were hardly back in the outpost before we were off again in strength bound for a destination known only to our officers. As Captain Pierre was leading the expedition, a sergeant-major had to take over the command of the garrison in his absence.

On the strength of information received from the Viet-Minh commando sergeant, we were going to launch a surprise attack—thanks to the map our prisoner had been able to sketch out.

We had left Kon-Plong at night, and our departure would only be known to spies in the jungle when we were already far from the outpost—nor would they be aware of the size of our forces. For this lightning raid we had two sections of partisans and three sections of riflemen, led by seven Europeans. We were not told much, but we realized that some sparks would fly, as we were taking mortars with us. We struggled on for 10 hours in darkness and by the light of the moon, in the heart of the jungle, until daybreak. Then we came quietly to a halt and paused for two hours to regain our strength, setting out again slowly and cautiously until the early afternoon. At two we knocked off until six, putting out scouts on our front and flanks with strict orders to be on the watch.

We camped on a wooded slope at the bottom of a gorge. Greedily we consumed our active service rations. Then Captain Pierre briefed us on the expedition.

According to our prisoner, we were only a couple of hours away from the Viet-Minhs' temporary camp. On the strength of his map, positions were sited, and every section was told what it had to do.

At the hour agreed we silently broke camp and regained the trail, in single file, with scouts posted 10 minutes ahead of us. For an hour every step had to be made quietly, until the scouts brought us to a halt by giving the alarm.

An enemy outpost was not far away, for a puff of smoke hung over a marshy hollow which the leading section was approaching. Four Europeans and five riflemen made a reconnaissance, while the

sections behind crouched down and concealed themselves in the undergrowth.

We went off with the lieutenant, forbidden to fire unless the danger was really serious. Slowly, with an interval between us, we advanced to the edge of the hollow, crawling up the slope. Sometimes lying on the stomach to see ahead and from side to side, sometimes on the back to peer into the foliage overhead and to take a glance backwards, or to spot any chance sniper perched in a tree, so we moved forward in an arc, side by side but keeping our distance, advancing yard by yard toward our objective, the enemy outpost—and suddenly, there it was. The trees had become more and more scattered, until at last the field of vision was enlarged.

On the top of a hillock was a bamboo hut. Then came the sound of voices—from Annamites whose figures stood out against the sky in clear outline.

We conferred together, each man whispering the lieutenant's orders to his neighbor. It was essential to find out what lay ahead. So far, there seemed only to be three of them. One slip, and we had had it. Those three wretched blokes in our way might cheat us of a Viet Camp. The prisoner we had made, the sergeant, had taken good care to say nothing about the sentries at this hut, in the hope that we would blunder into them and give the alarm.

If we outflanked them, there was still the risk of running into a patrol to the right or left of them, and now the main body of our forces was too concentrated to maneuver much on the flanks. Besides, the Viet prisoner had only marked this one track. It was the right one, and there was no mistaking it owing to the marking made by the enemy on the trees to aid his own men. We could not put five sections into action off the beaten track, with the risk of losing our way and becoming the hunted instead of the hunters.

First, how were they armed? A solitary Viet was walking up and down, apparently quite at his ease, with his rifle slung over his shoulder, chatting to the two others who were preparing the evening meal, getting up and squatting down entirely occupied in their cooking. These two were unarmed. All three wore the black uniform of the local militia, which provided scouts, bomb-throwers, propagandists, and spies.

ACTION had to be swift and silent, at the first opportunity that offered. Once our plan was made, we moved apart and acted singly, reaching the extreme forward limit of our jungle cover, where we waited.

The jungle was getting darker, and already the sun had reached the horizon somewhere on the other side of the Viet-Minh valley. Soon it would be night—and too late. The three men on guard were still together.

Then suddenly there was a diversion. One of the three Viets moved off to the right with a bowl in his hand to fetch water, while the second leaned down and puffed at the fire to raise a flame for the cooking-pot.

In two minutes, it was all over. A partisan with a knife held in his teeth crawled toward the man by the fire, a European sergeant took charge of the rifleman, and two men from one of our rifle sections went after the water-carrier.

That settled the matter. The cook had a knife in his back and was gagged, while, at precisely the same moment, the sergeant slowly suffocated the rifleman, whom he had in a judo grip. A knife brandished in his face as he lay on the ground taught him discretion, and then the grasp was relaxed, so that breath and life returned to him. A well-judged blow with the butt of a rifle laid out the third one.

Our sections had already emerged from the undergrowth. After the terrified sentry, who trembled in all his limbs, had been briefly questioned, the prisoners were stripped, tied and gagged. They were stowed away like baggage at the back of their hut, and while two riflemen put on their uniforms, the corpse of the third man was carefully concealed in the undergrowth. Our men in Viet uniform would take over sentry duty for the enemy, with two groups in an ambush ready for any newcomer.

One section had already gone ahead to explore before it was completely dark when we got moving again. Luckily they discovered a network of lianas strung with tin cans, to give an alarm. Anybody blundering into and catching his feet in invisible threads stretched across the track would make the contraption start tinkling like a row of bells and give the alarm. At last we got through this maze and took up our positions in the darkness to await the dawn.

At last the sky grew paler, bringing dawn and the light of day. The Viet camp stirred, fires were lit, orders were shouted and the camp woke up. One by one the men withdrew behind their quarters to satisfy the needs of nature. It was the right moment, for we were in position while they were scattered. It was three bursts from the mortar which began it, followed by two minutes' intense fire from all arms, then the assault was launched over a wide arc. The surprise was complete, and Tommy-gun fire was the answer to spasmodic resistance at a few points. It was a scene of mad confusion and terror, a wild rush to arms which were dropped and picked up again, as some offered a show of resistance and others fell dead.

THEY had a couple of sections of commandos and a few local detachments untried in battle. It was these who caused the panic which made possible our rapid advance, while the regulars regrouped themselves and fell back still firing. But they could not resist, nor even hold their own, beyond the river, as our men had already filtered across and were preparing to take them in the rear. Their temporary camp could not be defended, and they knew it. In half an hour it was all over. But, alas, two of our comrades were seriously wounded, there were a few natives slightly wounded, and two, whom we could not carry away with us, had been killed. Their graves had to be dug.

Sergeant Jean, the medical orderly, saw to our wounded and had litters made to serve as stretchers. The enemy wounded, regulars, had their wounds attended and were questioned. Then they were left with some food on the edge of the forest, where they could wait until their unit

The Reds closed in on our column, concentrating their fire on our wounded.

To cross the flooding stream, we strung lianas into a temporary "monkey bridge."

came to pick them up. We kept the partisans from going near them, for once our backs were turned they would have finished them off.

The only unwounded prisoners we had made were several terrified natives of the district, more coolies than soldiers. They would do for stretcher-bearing over the track back to our outpost.

Without waiting for any countermove on the enemy's part, we had to regroup our scattered units and pick up a few Viet muskets, not much of a booty. But that did not matter, for the real object of our attack was documents from the enemy command post which would tell us something about the local command's plans and give us the chance to root out the tangle of propaganda agents and guerrillas in any villages we could reach.

The leader of the Viet detachment, caught on the hop like his men, had taken nothing with him. We found hundreds of Ho-Chin-Minh piastres untouched in his dugout, which would be useful for our agents in Communist territory. But the real and unique booty from our attack were the records and lists, the bills and leaflets, and the Viet-Minh flag, red with a yellow star.

It was a rich harvest, and it was time to make a getaway. While we were withdrawing under cover, explosions were still going off from the destruction we had set in motion, roaring up into the sky, plumes of black smoke flecked with flame. It was a fine shindy which echoed afar, a more effective victory propaganda than the voice of a loud-speaker.

We left the Viet wounded, wishing them good luck against the creatures of the wild, ants, and septic disease.

THEN we began our march back to Kon-Plong.

Every one of us, rifleman, partisan, European, took a turn at the stretchers, slogging along the way we had come.

In spite of the netting spread over the wounded, flies settled on their faces and swarmed over the spots where blood had soaked through. One of our two comrades, a corporal, was at the point of death. It was four in the afternoon, and he could not last until evening. A rattle in the throat and constant groans showed how near the end was. Then a painful cough uncovered his gums, the mouth opened in a vain last gasp for life, and the lips, drained of blood, slowly closed over the teeth. The limbs slackened, and the whole body relaxed—the corporal was dead.

The corporal's body, wrapped in canvas, now required less attention—it was so much lighter and easier to carry, once the spirit had left it.

Lines of weariness and misery showed in our faces, and our clothing was stained with grime and blood, while sweat made it cling to our bodies.

The corpse had rotted and begun to drip. It was becoming impossible, for we could smell the putrefaction, and one man after another was sick. It should have been buried there on the spot . . . like a dog. No . . . supposing it had been one of us? It would not come to that, unless the safety of the column was jeopardized.

We were done up, but here at last was the final stage and we were back in our own district, at Vitring, only two hours' march from Kon-Plong. It had a striking effect on our listlessness, and even on the working of our strained muscles.

Then our dulled reflexes were abruptly roused to attention—a booby trap at the side of the track went off in the middle of the column, which luckily was keeping the proper intervals between men. At the very moment when we were thinking ourselves safe, we came upon an enemy ambush, on ground that we patrolled ourselves. The Viets had regrouped, taken a short cut, and advancing more swiftly overtaken us on the march, to await us at the very point where we least expected them, close to our own outpost. Our scouts, pushed out ahead and on our flanks, had found them out too late, and the main force of the ambush was on our rear.

The Viets broke shouting from the undergrowth, and while we received their fire, by force of habit we had already dropped down to fire back. Bursts from machine guns, Tommy guns, and the hurling of grenades—the fighting was confused on all sides.

The prisoners who had been carrying the dead man dropped the litter and tried to seize a weapon. Our riflemen struck them down at point-blank range. We tried to protect the wounded man by dragging him aside from the track, but his body was riddled with bullets before he could be got under cover. The enemy attack was concentrated on his stretcher, as they knew that the Europeans would keep close to it.

We were surrounded, with only the jungle to protect us, and we were withdrawing into it when two Viets rushed forward and overturned the stretcher, dragging it to their side. Our desperate rage at this was also vain, for there were too many of them. But by hurling grenades and firing at point-blank range with Tommy guns, we managed to break out and drive them back.

Then suddenly there were fresh shouts and cries and rushing about, the yelling of orders in Annamite, firing on the right, mortar explosions on the higher ground. Then it was the turn of our riflemen and partisans to track the Viets, for two sections had come from our Kon-Plong outpost to meet us, as previously arranged, and had taken them in the rear.

That was the end of it.

It was midnight before we got back to Kon-Plong.

Two days later, the smell of putrefaction enabled us to find the pitiful remains of our comrades. Insects had devoured most of the flesh on their legs, which had been set against a bamboo stake driven into the ground. The stake went in at the anus and came out at the sternum, while the top of it stuck into the chin and raised the head, which was a fearful sight. The feet rested on the ground, while the arms and legs were tied to crossed sticks. A board above their heads had a French text which told us that this was the punishment which the people of Viet-Nam had in store for the lackeys of American imperialism, Anglo-Saxon capitalism, and French colonialism, who were war criminals.

Some of us then had our first glimpse of the real face of Communism, with all its lies and hatred.

AFTER this battle, Captain Pierre frequently sent me out alone with Hré partisans into the Monome country, as far as the Dadzas. Their dialect had become familiar to me.

Slowly too I had changed my name. As I liked and sympathized with the Moïs and was exceptional to the dark hillmen, in having fair hair, I became Ba tchiac gaho tabouac, or the father with white hair—then Ba Tamoï, father of the Moïs.

The partisans had adopted me as one of their own people, as the captain had hoped. I lived in their own style, adapting myself to their customs, learning their law, eating their own dishes, and studying their way of life.

Captain Pierre made me take a first-aid course, so that I could be a doctor to them in their jungle villages.

In November, the Hrés wanted to do me the honor of offering me a wife from

their tribe. Dumbfounded, I refused this proposal with a smile. But the captain did not approve of my attitude. He knew how sensitive the hillmen were, and he was also aware that an Asiatic may regard a refusal as an insult.

So the proposal had to be considered. To marry a Moï girl, according to tribal law, of course, might make a difficult job a little easier, so long as one made a real ally of her. In the course of my lonely expeditions across their country, such a union might be regarded by the natives as a whole, and in particular by the chiefs, as an important guarantee—a decisive stake in considering what position to adopt in the struggle between the Viet-Minhs and the French.

For never, never under any circumstances could a Moï so much as consider a girl of his own race becoming the wife of their traditional enemies, the Yoanes.

So, pleading that it was only modesty which had led me to think it over, I had made good my mistake. On a second occasion I accepted, with some confusion, the young girl who was destined for me.

Her name was Ilouhi, and she came from the village of Vikli on the Song-Hré.

She was of medium height, slender, and her long jet-black hair hung down to her supple waist, a figure of classical proportions.

We were married at a time when affairs with the Alakhones had taken a new development. Djerö, the chief of the Kon-Plong country, had sent messengers with alarming news. The Viets had learned of his appointment under the French administration. Worried by the regrouping which was turning to our advantage, they were going into action.

So the hill marriage of Ilouhi, the Hré girl, and the Father of the Moïs was celebrated at a time when the position among the Alakhones demanded all our attention.

The ceremony, which was quite simple, only lasted two days in view of these circumstances.

CAPTAIN PIERRE'S term of service, which had already been extended, was drawing to a close. Any day he might be sent home, but before handing over to his successor he wanted to set a seal on his work by realizing a plan which was very close to his heart.

Some months previously the Viets had stationed one of their light jungle units in the heart of the forest, in the Kon-Klang direction, to bar our way and prevent access to the Song-Hré. The captain thought that he had at last established the position of this unit, as a result of information gathered with some difficulty in the weeks before.

For this he needed all his riflemen, as regular troops were the only ones qualified to attack and destroy the enemy objective. So Captain Pierre would make a fine end to his term of service before returning to France.

To carry out this operation against the Kon-Klang Viets properly and at the same time satisfy Djerö, who was also asking for help, the captain decided that first of all only partisans should be sent to Kon-Pong to aid the Alakhones or prevent their going over to the Viets.

This preliminary mission was assigned to me.

In the middle of December, the expedition got ready. Men and leaders were both hand-picked, for I would be the only European, for a month or two, some three days' march from the outpost.

WE set off. The scouts clambered down the sides of the track to look out for any bombs, booby traps, or ambushes.

It rained in torrents and poured down from the lower branches of the trees. Our detachment went forward in mud, a sticky red clay which made every step an effort like that of a piston going up and down.

Then there were the leeches. Those in the leaves and lower branches of the trees dropped down on the passer-by, while those in the grass and on the ground hovered in wait for their victim and nipped the flesh as it passed. Their first touch caused a revulsion, then you got as much used to it as to the blood which trickled down the legs and insect bites, which, once they were infected, would turn into poisonous sores within three days.

So the track went on through jungle, leeches, and mud.

Then we heard the roaring of a stream swollen by the rain. The scouts went on in front, holding their rifles well forward, their haversacks hanging down. Two of them moved off to spy out the land. The others cut lianas to make what was known as a "monkey bridge."

The column wound on in the rain for hours. We emerged from the jungle to see the first rice-fields of a deserted hamlet whose name was unknown even to my men. It consisted of three huts which we tried to reach to take shelter by crossing the marshy ground in front of them. The blackened rotting trunks of trees showed on the surface, offering a deceptive support which gave way and sank beneath the foot. It was a thick bubbling mud which exercised a powerful suction. It paralyzed my limbs and was dragging me down to certain death. I had sunk up to my armpits, but keeping hold of my Tommy gun I was still able to support myself a little owing to the horizontal pressure of my arms.

Ilouhi and the riflemen got me out with bamboos sent back from the head of the column at the bank. A troop of elephants which had passed a day or two before had left holes large enough to swallow up a man. I was a fine sight, a heap of clay ready for a sculptor to work on.

At last the sun appeared through a rift in the clouds, at the very moment when we halted in front of one of the huts. We went in, but there was no sign of an occupant. Ilouhi moved off to the edge of the jungle and returned with an old woman who had fled at our approach. Ilouhi kept well away from her, and at a first glance I had realized why.

Some of her toes were missing. There were discolored patches on her thighs and forearms. One of her hands was reduced to a stump, and the disease—leprosy—had already attacked one eye.

She came toward me, while all the partisans moved away from her. I figured as a hero in their eyes, for I gazed at her without flinching and even smiled. I went up to her with a greeting and we talked together.

She hardly dared to believe that I was so close to her, and asked whether I was not afraid. I answered that my spirits were guarding me and also taking her under their kindly protection. The truth of the matter was that I was pinning my faith to a treatise on leprosy that I had recently read at Kon-Plong.

I got some information which she gave readily. Ilouhi put out for her some canned food, rice, dried fish, cloth, a blanket and, greatest luxury of all, a necklace of glass beads—as she took it, her old hands trembled.

We had made a friend and from that moment there were eyes and ears on the alert to keep us informed when we passed by again on the new track which she advised us to take.

Once more we glided off into the forest.

It was no longer the impenetrable jungle of the morning's march, but rather a forest glade with great trees 150 feet high, whose lofty feathery leaves allowed the light to pass through.

I WAS beginning to get anxious. I did not care for this sort of scenery, which is all very fine for an explorer but not for an expedition such as ours. A few bursts from a Viet-Minh Tommy gun would cause heavy losses to our party, and it was a perfect spot for a massacre. I asked Ilouhi about it and was at once reassured—she knew how we stood in relation to the village which we should soon reach simply by following the sun.

We emerged on a savannah. Two naked figures rose out of the elephant grass. I recognized Djerö, the chief of the district. He came up to greet me, bringing his messenger with him. He gave a sign, and the whole savannah came alive—I saw some 30 warriors rise up, armed with crossbows, broadswords, spears, and shields.

It was a useful lesson. From then on I would push out scouts much farther ahead and on my flanks when engaged in reconnoitering an area. For the moment, there was nothing to fear. I called a halt and began the palaver.

Djerö had been waiting for me, to cover my arrival, as for some days the enemy had been out after him and his warriors. The Viets had guns, and his Moïs could only harass them at dawn with flights of arrows. So, hindering their preparations to depart, they were able to prevent their making off with women, cattle, and food from the district.

Djerö's village had been occupied for four nights by guerrillas. More bandits than soldiers, they had taken charge, as the men had made for the jungle on their approach.

Moreover the Viet-Minhs knew—it was a mystery how—that I was on their trail, and they were waiting for me. It was for me to come to a decision. The trouble was that I did not know the district. A map sketched on the ground with a piece of stick was a bit uncertain.

The enemy had placed his bombs and posted his scouts about a quarter of an hour's march from where we were, on the northern approach, while we had

come in from the west. That was a first thing to thank the woman with leprosy for. On her advice I had altered our route —she knew that the Viets were drawn up on the side at which we would normally have approached.

We set off again. Climbing an abrupt slope, we went over the top. I sent snipers up into the trees and also climbed up myself to get an idea of the country. At our feet, quite close at the bottom of the slope, was a valley with a winding stream and, on the right bank, some huts with smoke rising from them. Djerö had rejoined me—this unusual smoke from every hut was a sign that there were no enemies in the village. They were hidden round about in the undergrowth.

I sent out scouts with Djerö's warriors and deployed the bulk of our forces in an arc to advance to the attack. Suddenly to the east the crack of a Viet-Minh gun broke the silence, followed by a burst of Tommy-gun fire.

Bombs, which the lurkers in the undergrowth had not had time to dispose of, exploded close by. They were hoping to scare us away and cover their own retreat which we could make out through the thicket. I had this swept with machine-gun fire and a couple of light bombs dropped. Plumes of smoke from delayed-action bombs were rising into the sky as the last of them exploded, and that was the end of the ambush.

The men rushed yelling into the wood —it was a frightful shindy. Our stock of ammunition was blazed away into thin air. But that did not matter, as at least the others had the wind up and scattered before this hail of fire.

Then came the final bursts, intermittent fighting at one or two points, and traces of blood which we followed up. First one, then another, then a third enemy corpse was discovered in the undergrowth. Our booty consisted of helmets, bags, blankets, some grenades still intact and a cavalry carbine, a present for Djerö.

The chiefs and all the inhabitants welcomed us at the village. That evening a feast was to be given in our honour, to thank the kindly spirits who had permitted the destruction—I was more doubtful about that—of the Yoanes.

But first I had to get some sleep.

IT WAS sunset when Ilouhi woke me up, and I was still utterly exhausted. Corporal Hone, on duty with his three machine-gunners, announced that the feast was about to start. The chiefs and their warriors were waiting for me. So I had to get up.

I went forward with my guard of honour. All the men in the village had assembled round the sacrificial mast on the beaten earth in the centre, and they welcomed me to the sound of gongs and tambourines. I took my place with the elders, beside Djerö, the chief, who was paying me this honour.

The totem pole was a bamboo over 70 feet high, the top of which had been left untrimmed.

A black buffalo with great curving horns circled round the totem pole to which it was tied. Snorting, with its head lowered, and stamping on the ground, it followed with slow movements the warrior parade which was beginning around it. An orchestra accompanied the dance, with bronze gongs, tom-toms and tambourines to which the men's feet kept time, while the women and children echoed the rhythm by clapping their hands.

The buffalo was the sacrificial victim offered to the kindly gods to beg their aid. Dawn would see it die, confined between the four fires which were symbols of this petition, at the foot of the totem pole erected to the spirits of the tribe.

At the sorcerer's invitation, I sat down in the ring of elders, close to the fire. A man came forward to set at the feet of Patjaö (the sorcerer) a gourd and a white cock. Another followed with a jar in his arms, while a boy handed to the village chief skewers of grilled pig's liver.

THE sorcerer knelt down, killed the bird, pierced its heart, and gathered the blood in the gourd. He prayed in a low voice, dipped his fingers in the blood and made a cross on my hands, cheeks, forehead, and the nape of my neck. A little rice-spirit on the head, in place of lustral water, two grains of rice, and pieces of meat were the elements of this pagan communion.

Djerö, the chief, made me drink some rice-spirit from the jar, while I ate two pieces of skewered meat with him. The pagan priest tied to each of my wrists two pieces of cotton, known as *Tatzéo*, to ward off evil spirits. But even then I was not completely initiated. The elders got up and bowing, one after another, they put a copper bracelet on my wrist, a pledge of the union between us, and said: "*Boc, bène hoïte bac que gay*—white man, we are devoted to you. *Ha wa que gay bro ba bène*—we want you to be a father to us."

I replied: "*Aho, moutir hoïte bac que hi*—I too am devoted to you. *Aho, bro ba ta Moï di*—makes me the father of all the Moïs."

And bowing they said, "*Mémo, ba*—thank you, father."

Then they all resumed their places around me, to cries of joy from the onlookers. The sorcerer made a prayer and initiation was over. The union was complete—I was the Father of the tribe.

The eating and drinking were interspersed with frenzied dancing to the rhythm of gongs and tom-toms. From time to time, one of the guests would go to the buffalo, curse it, strike it, and then return to the feast. The maddened animal roared, snorted, stamped, kicked, and circled round to avoid the spears which drew blood. Under the blows of sharp blades, lightly given simply to uncover the flesh, blood dropped in a dark red stream on its black hide. Then came the final blow, a spear right in the heart. Blood gushed from the wound in its heart. It paused for a moment, blinded, lowered its head, bowed at last, and fell as if smitten by thunder, facing the east, facing the sun.

It was the best of signs, that the sacrifice was accepted by the gods—the village was under the protection of the sun. On the huts the sorcerer traced in blood the symbol of strength and life, the rayed cross of the sun.

The sacred blood was preserved in a bowl. Heart, liver, and entrails were removed. Soon the meat was crackling on the hearth, skewered on bamboos. This flesh meal was a part of the sacrifice in which I still had to take part.

The great buffalo's head went to adorn the totem pole of the spirits, on which it had to be preserved for the sake of the oracle, so that everything might be accomplished.

It was all over.

Three weeks had gone by. Djerö had summoned the village chiefs, one after another, and together we were organizing the Alakhone country.

When I had summed up the results of those first weeks, I made a detailed report for Captain Pierre. A group set off with it for Kon-Plong, and also took a request for ammunition, food, and trading goods.

Our propaganda agents received instruction in long evening palavers around the fires, when I explained why we were there and the causes of the struggle against the Viet-Minh.

It was about this time that I learned Ilouhi was expecting an heir. She was proud and delighted, and I was not displeased.

Ilouhi had plans for the fifth month of the moon, as the law was strict in forbidding husbands and wives to sleep together after that time. As a great chief, wealthy and respected, I had to accept that. Unless I wanted to lose all my reputation, I could not remain monogamous.

ONE night we were attacked. A few shots at intervals at two in the morning, and at dawn bursts of Tommy gun fire from the opposite bank, taking the hut at an angle. I did not like the sound of that at all. It was carefully directed fire—there was no doubt of that. The enemy had men constantly on watch in the jungle, and perhaps spies in what I called Shanty Town. To add to my anxiety, Shanty Town was spreading beyond its bounds. There were now some 40 huts in the clearing on the west bank of the river.

To police Shanty Town, where chickens, ducks, pigs, dogs, and goats mingled with the children, I had to replace my own riflemen with some of Djerö's men.

Ilouhi, given the job of getting information, confirmed my suspicions. She had moreover organized an intelligence service, with a female staff, in which all I had to do was to issue presents—cloth, necklaces, and coolie hats, which she distributed to good effect. This feminine help was a great gain. Among the women was a handsome girl from the hunting tribe of the Bahnars, known as Crey the Bahnar.

She and Ilouhi were inseparable. Wherever Ilouhi went, Crey the Bahnar followed with her crossbow to hand. Gradually Crey came to live with us.

Owing to her upbringing Crey was a huntress, just like the men of her country. The Boutes lived on such poor country, on the thickest part of the jungle slopes, that only meat, relieved with a few wild plants, allowed them to survive on such wretched soil. The Boute women, who were the only women in that part, therefore went hunting in the same way as the men.

Crey the Bahnar knew how to make herself useful. This silent huntress supplied us with game, fresh fish, and also took the hardest work off Ilouhi's hands.

It was the end of October, and my first wife was showing signs of her interesting condition. Crey treated us both with great respect but, urged on by her companion, she won her way into our home by little attentions which were touching and almost childish. It was soon agreed that she become my second wife.

THE opinion of Crey the Bahnar, when consulted about the shots in the night, was that the danger came from Shanty Town. Hone, my rifleman corporal, and Djerö, promoted to be sergeant-major with the partisans, had the same suspicions. The attack demanded that we should discuss the matter, and I had to make important decisions at once. The rice crop, which was partly cut, had to be got in. The remaining fields had to be cut, and for this task all the coolies, women, and children available had to be put to work, with a combat group to protect them.

The Viet-Minhs, if they could not get hold of the rice, at least meant to demoralize the workers by launching an attack. The shots in the night were only a diversion to produce an alert at the point they had chosen, while the real attack would be made first on the workers in the rice-field, and then on Shanty Town, to loot the stocks which had been piled there.

I saw to the posting of the men, and I went over every position. When all the workers were busy with the harvest, I sent off three sections, spread out quite openly toward the bank that was open to attack—but in reality only one section would hold this bank, to unmask the snipers. The other two, advancing under cover, would cross the river higher up, to rejoin us with all the skill of Red Indians. The movement went off beautifully, and I left the defense of our base for Djerö to organize. With the bulk of our forces I went a good way under cover and came round by the north toward Shanty Town, to stage an ambush in the jungle.

The enemy would attempt a pincer movement from the south, with his left flank on the village, his right on the workers in the rice-field, where he had his sympathizers. There too there were men waiting for him, under Hone, who was already in position. So the enemy would be encircled—and so would be his coolies at work, for Djerö had them under fire from his defenses.

It happened just as we had foreseen. Our scouts, posted on the moving flank of the enemy's forces, which did not move fast enough to discover them, watched the advance of their outposts and came to warn me when the first detachment was on the point of coming up.

When I saw the enemy moving up to Shanty Town and getting into position, I laughed softly to myself. Their scouts went through the village and, surprised to find it abandoned, took up positions facing the fields. They never accomplished what they had set out to do, for booby traps began to explode under their feet, while arrows and bullets cut off those who tried to flee.

The main enemy force, emerging from the woods to rush to the rescue and fire the huts, was held up by our barrage. Then the Viet-Minhs withdrew to get under cover, without putting up a fight—and when four rascals, working in the rice-field, rose up with guns in the middle of the terrified coolies, they were shot down like rabbits.

The paddy field was booby-trapped with sinkholes. I fell in up to my neck.

Then the pursuit got under way, and by evening the fighting was all over. I reckoned up gains and losses—we had two dead and two wounded, while they had 17 dead, and lost three prisoners, a Tommy gun, five rifles, bombs, and grenades.

Djerö and the sorcerer took charge of Shanty Town, for it was just as much a matter of their security as of our own. I knew that there would be some strict questioning, but I had no desire to take part in it. Traitors would be made to speak and they would meet their fate. Moï justice was less gentle than ours.

Peace returned, and the daily round was resumed, while my mission as a result of the battle just fought would be coming to an end. The country and its chiefs had proved their loyalty in the blood of the enemy, and the common struggle had shown their faith in our alliance. From that moment, and for as long as we supported them, Djerö and his men would remain our allies, in the interest of their own lives. Already they would be on the Viet-Minh black list and the district marked with a cross on the map as hostile to influence.

WOMEN were busy in all the huts. Ilouhi and Crey, my second betrothed, got on wonderfully together. Ilouhi claimed her rights until the wedding ceremony—which was to take place during the harvest festival—had ratified the second marriage.

Crey the Bahnar said to me, "Before we honour the gods in the harvest festival, the moment has come for the Great Hunt."

"What hunt, Crey?"

"The one you have to offer up, according to the law of my brothers, the Boute hunters."

"Why do I have to go hunting in honour of your gods?"

"You are going to become one of us when you join in the great feast, with the Bahnar ceremonies here. A boy from my tribe only becomes a man on the day of his first Great Hunt. At least once he has to track a gaur, a tiger, or an elephant on his own account. You have to set out for the Great Hunt, Father, and show what sort of man you are. If not, when I become your wife, my people will not accept you. Boute women will laugh at me, and the spirits will give me a yellow child, small and weak and no braver than a rabbit."

"Explain then, Crey, what I should do. What have I to kill?"

"Erohé, Father, the elephant, the lord of the jungle. If you agree, I shall go with you."

"What an idea—but certainly I agree."

THE Boute hunters, Crey's brothers, had come. Their wives followed them. For a night and a day the men, guided by Crey the huntress, went out into the heart of the jungle and to the edges of the marshland, to discover the tracks of the herd of elephants which we were after.

The Boutes marched at the head of the silent column, in front of Crey, crossbow in hand. Dr. Freysse, who had come from the civil administration to visit me, accompanied us, and we followed at a distance.

The herd, which had already been located, had attacked a village not far away, according to the latest reports, breaking up the barns where the rice was stored and getting plenty of fodder there. The hillmen from this village, fleeing before the ferocious herd, had come to seek refuge with us in the night. The information they gave us told us what direction to take. Their vivid descriptions of the pachyderms rushing to destroy everything which stood in their way agreed with our own trackers' estimate of their numbers. When they described, with some exaggeration, the size of Erohé, the champion of the herd, and the other tusked beasts with him, we all decided that we could wait no longer.

We finally reached the village that had been laid waste. Roofs had been stove in, dwellings cut in two by a sudden charge through them, jars and cooking utensils smashed, foundation piles torn out of the ground, props and supports hurled like playthings into the treetops.

The hillmen from the village, encouraged by the presence of guns, searched among the ruins to recover anything that was still worth having. I left them to it, promising them help with foodstuffs and with materials, once the hunt was over.

THEN we returned to the trail, which had become as wide as a trunk road. It was nearly evening when, passing near a marsh, we were warned by the rumblings of the herd as it took a late bath. It would soon be night, and it was clear that getting close to them would involve some uncertainty and danger. The beaters, without saying anything to us or asking for anything more, silently clambered up trees large enough to offer protection.

The Boutes made us turn against the wind and work up against it in the direction of the marsh. There the herd were confidently disporting themselves, splashing loudly in their bath or making the reeds crackle as they crushed them while gamboling on the bank. We were unable to see them, because the vegetation, which was both dense and tall, concealed them from our view.

We advanced through the mire, with night at hand. We got up to our knees in mud and water—soon it was up to our waists. We could get no farther without warning the elephants by some momentary carelessness and so needlessly exposing ourselves to death.

Although Crey was beside me I am now not ashamed to admit that I was sweating with fear. Though I was stifled by the heat, I must also have been pale with fright. The mosquitoes, buzzing aggressively, attacked us in clouds. My face dripped with perspiration, my heart beat loudly, and my hands trembled on the butt of my gun. Ox-flies clung and stuck to the flesh. Slimy insects and verminous water-creatures crept along the legs and got inside the clothing.

I was almost at my last gasp when the doctor turned round to point out a huge bulk on guard beside the pool. At that moment of dusk between day and night, with my eyes blurred and my mind at fever-pitch, I had difficulty in making it out, and it was on nothing more than a shadowy object that I opened fire when Crey finally gave the signal to shoot.

My wife Ilouhi organized an all-girl intelligence service that covered the area.

The noise of firing rolled and echoed again and again round the walls of the valley, but it was almost drowned by the terrified roars of the elephants in flight and the crash of their mad retreat into the jungle.

And there, alone on the bank, smashing everything around him as he raged, resolutely threatening us with his tusks, was Erohé, the guardian of the herd, trumpeting and covering their retreat.

He turned as he felt the impact of bullets in his flesh, then faced us again as if indifferent to them. A shot from the doctor's heavier rifle brought him to his knees, and then the hail of fire was redoubled on that dark bulk which was slowly being lost to view among the shadows.

While Crey was directing my fire in the wild hope of seeing that kneeling monster crumple up all at once, he got up, trumpeting with pain, and rushed galloping into the night. For long we could hear him blindly threshing his way through the jungle, overturning and crushing bamboos and saplings in his flight.

We had the greatest difficulty in emerging from our lair, only avoiding by a hair's breadth being either drowned in the potholes or engulfed in the mud. Crey saved us from more than one false step and, making her way toward the sound of voices, led us back to solid ground and the rest of our party.

WE made camp for the night and early the next morning we set out. First we had to find the marsh we had left the evening before and work round it to reach the spot where the herd had made off. The Boutes, taking Crey with them, distinguished the tracks of the herd—far away by then—from those of the great wounded bull elephant which had stayed behind alone.

Somewhere in the savannah the tusked beasts were fighting to know which of them in future would use his strength and cunning to lead the herd in its wanderings and to choose its pastures as the seasons changed.

The one who had controlled the bull elephants and taken for himself the females that he chose, now alone and forgotten, was preparing for death in the heart of the jungle.

In examining his tracks we had to pick up the thread of his final trail at the dawn which would lead to his last resting place. Perhaps he was already dead, and that would be the end of the chase when we emerged from that labyrinth.

SUDDENLY, at the very moment when we had called a halt, we saw beneath the foliage huge elephant droppings stained with blood.

When our Boutes had unravelled the pattern of the tracks, we emerged from the thickets in the direction of his death, following under a noonday sun his zigzag passage into the savannah's pastures. Dark patches, some stained with blood, revealed that the exhausted beast had stopped more and more often. We would not have been surprised to find him stretched there before us.

It was Crey, who unmasked the pachyderm's final stratagem to lead us astray. The tall prairie grass, known as elephant grass because they liked to rest there, reaches a height of over six feet in the rainy season, so that as we went through it we could see nothing ahead. There were three converging tracks on the ground, and we had to decide which was the right one and how to pick up the trail—otherwise it meant searching around once more. Crey the Bahnar explored in each direction, raising her nose to sense something in the wind which I could not possibly have made out.

She hesitated on one of these tracks, then showed us the direction to take.

Progress became still more slow, silent, and cautious in the limited visibility of the prairie, and Crey took advantage of a halt to inform me, "I got the smell of water over this side, so we'll come out at a stream going through a marsh."

Erohé was at the point of death. He was hot and thirsty, and the sun was beating down on his aching head. He could still move, he could perhaps keep on until evening, perhaps even to the following day. But he had to have water for his burning throat, water in which he could immerse his great body and his throbbing hoofs, so that he could go on into the jungle at nightfall.

We struggled on after him through the dampness of the overheated earth, and then Crey pointed to the peaceful water of a pool gleaming at the end of the trail, on the outskirts of the jungle. "Erohé is there, Father, and it is for you and the other white man to bring him down."

IMMEDIATELY the beaters scattered into the savannah, and we went toward the pool.

Suddenly my attention was riveted on a great dark back. While we had been reaching the outskirts of the jungle, the elephant, exhausted but refreshed, had plunged into it—and then it was that Djerö played us a dirty trick, for surprised by the great bulk which passed only a few yards in front of him, and scared out of his wits to see it so close, he fired two or three random shots into the beast with his Enfield rifle, instead of waiting.

The pachyderm, recognizing his enemy's presence from the sound of the explosions, made a half-turn and, starting off at a gallop, charged and missed us by a hair's breadth.

Then, for the second time in 24 hours, Erohé the lone elephant broke into the jungle. But this time we had got him, close at hand, for he no longer had the strength to get far away, and perhaps he even wanted to stay and fight us. I was still in a cold sweat when the doctor signalled to me to follow him.

Yard by yard, we pushed into the thick undergrowth on the track of the lone elephant. If a sudden sound or smell had warned him, so that he turned, we would have been finished. Thickets, shrubs, and saplings offered no protection, and all retreat was cut off by the interlaced lianas and the massive vegetation.

He was there in front of us. Crawling through the foliage. I could hear him trampling about. I could also glimpse a piece of open sky, as the elephant had made a break in the jungle, while he roared and snorted his rage, bringing down everything around him with great sweeps of his trunk.

I was less than 10 yards from this jungle circus, but the doctor wanted to get even closer. I signalled to him that I was quite near enough, and he went on alone. Creeping like a snake under the branches, silently and against the wind, he advanced inch by inch, in a way that I could only admire. Down on the ground and quite at the mercy of a sudden attack, he was only a few yards from the threatening tusks when he opened fire, aiming just above the top of the trunk.

I did not fire a shot, as I stood there transfixed, for I had lost all presence of mind.

The elephant's eyes glinted fiercely, but it was the trunk which sensed the hunter on the ground only a yard away. While the doctor fired without aiming straight into his throat, the elephant reacted to this by falling on to his hind legs. Then he recovered, swaying but still erect, as if invulnerable to the Mauser's shots, and moved to crush the doctor.

Then from an instinct of defense, rather than any courage or process of reason, I let fly with my Mas repeater, aiming at the corner of the eye.

The result was as swift as it was unexpected. At the very moment when, at last recovering my presence of mind, I was beginning to wonder whether our bullets would ever down the monster, he swayed backwards, his feet rooted to the ground. Raising his fore-hoofs in the air, with his trunk lifted on high and his tusks pointing toward the western sun, he opened the blood-flecked gulf of his jaws in a last gasp for life.

The terrifying trumpeting of his death agony, carried by the evening breeze into the hills, silenced jungle, savannah, and marshland. In his fall he crushed trees, branches, and undergrowth, and they cracked beneath his weight. His trunk was lifted once or twice as if in a final cry, and his body was shaken with its last convulsions, while his belly sank with the sound of air being expelled from some great bellows.

Erohé, the great bull elephant of the hills, was dead. In the trees the monkeys began to grind their teeth, and the parrots resumed their chatter.

I WENT back to the outpost of Kon-Plong. Once I had passed through the gate into the fort, the consideration of political matters and the most recent happenings there—among them a successful attack by Captain Pierre on the Viet-Minhs in the Kon-Klang jungle—at once put me back into the right military atmosphere.

We were to go into action among the villages in the Monome-Hré no man's land, a country different from that of the Alakhones and Boutes. My own task was clearly defined—it was to go with partisan units to penetrate and reconnoiter the Song-Hré valley, working in the Monome country, before falling back on the country of the lesser Hrés in the Mankra plain to the south.

Having considered the available strength of our partisans, regrouped the best of them and got a few Monome scouts to guide us to Kon-Klang and Vipé, we left the outpost one morning at dawn.

Captain Pierre had just brought to a successful conclusion a lightning raid on these Monomes, who were settled on the outskirts of the Hré country, and destroyed a Viet-Minh base there. But Viet-Minh propaganda was still active among them, resulting in a network of informants and snipers, hillmen who had rallied to the Communist cause.

Before we left the outpost, the captain had recommended a Monome partisan, Corporal Lake, whose intelligence and initiative would be of use to us. A little later he was raised to sergeant at my request having shown his courage and loyalty by saving my life on two or three occasions. Following his advice from the start, instead of thrusting deep into the hills before reaching the valleys, we made a temporary settlement on high ground only seven hours' march from the outpost.

I had our first camp set up on the grassy heights of Viklung, between two or three villages of the same name, Vitring in our rear and Kon-Klang, a jungle village on the slopes beneath, where most of the people had gone over to the Viet-Minhs.

The men spent the first days in exploring the heights and the hill country whose terrible damp climate, which lasts for eight months of the year, demands the utmost fortitude even from the constitutions of hillmen. Rain, winds, mists, and typhoons from the China Sea beat down relentlessly on these hills, some of which reach a height of five or six thousand feet.

WE spent a whole month under this stormy sky, and moreover the camp took its name from the most usual feature of the heights—the mist. From that moment, then, a new position was marked on the maps to the north of Kon-Plong —Mist Camp.

After a few days, reconnaissance patrols brought me news that the people there adopted a reserved and even hostile attitude toward us. No village chief, nor even a messenger, paid a call on us. It was necessary to decide on an action which fell outside the framework of our mission and might lessen its influence and its effect—to make an armed reconnaissance into these people's country.

I had made up my mind to that, when one morning, at 10 o'clock to the minute, we heard the echo of three explosions to the east, almost together. A group of Hrés, going toward Kon-Klang, had run into some booby traps in the jungle.

Things had taken an ugly turn and, despite my Moï philosophy, my reactions were those of a European and a soldier. The next day we set out at dawn on a reprisal expedition.

As was the normal practice on a reconnaissance, the scouts were advancing on either side of the path, on the edge of the cover afforded by the ravine, while we waited, concealed in the grass for their signal to advance. When it proved that there was nothing to report and all was well, we moved on. The head of the column was already vanishing down the slope when—even before I heard the well-known sound of a Viet-Minh rifle—bullets came whistling around me, and at the same time I heard the echo of two explosions.

We followed the usual drill on such occasions, breaking from open ground to cover in the undergrowth, there to spot the enemy before launching a counter-attack. Without much hope I chose a position for sweeping the path with Tommy-gun fire—no hope, because the Viet-Minh snipers always refused to join battle.

They had made off. We found traces of them and two shell craters at the entrance to the wood—they were 75s. We found a third, thanks to a system of lianas which had meant to explode it at our approach, but the fuse was a dud.

We had been lucky: there were only two men slightly wounded by splinters

in the head and the hand. The Viet-Minh snipers, fearing they might give away their position if they stopped to engage the column, had preferred to fire at me with a rifle rather than use a bomb. This decision to concentrate their fire on the European had allowed my men, warned by the firing, to dive down on either side of the path and lie flat under cover.

We marched for a good hour, getting back to the prairie and crossing the ravine without any more alarms. In future, whether going downstream or upstream, I would avoid any clumps of bushes and would choose the right ground for a reconnaissance. If the Viet-Minhs wanted an ambush, we would reply by setting ambushes for them.

LAKE, the Monome partisan, advised me on tactics.

"Follow me, Father, and we shall pass by the Kon-Klang that I know. Then, doubling back on our tracks, we will go through the jungle, avoiding the paths, and take the Viet-Minhs by surprise."

I adopted Lake's tactics in every detail. The sun was getting low on the horizon, and the column, with the scouts ahead, fanned out more light-heartedly over the slope through undergrowth in which there were no paths made. Lake marked the stages of our route by breaking a branch here, a twig there, in case we had to retreat quickly to the heights.

Night was falling when we emerged from cover on the prairie to the plateau of Kon-Tao, a village which was half a day's march from the camp. I halted the column in a thicket, to provide the men with cover for the evening meal. When the moon was rising, I set them going again at intervals in single file.

By three in the morning we had crossed the plateau, having advanced through the tall grass in an arc towards the south, while the evening before we had gone north towards Kon-Tao.

When the Monome corporal recommended a halt, he came over to me with Hone, my man from Mankra in the Diac-Hré valley. Hone knew the country. We were up on a ridge that was bare and steep. Below us there spread rows of maize, plantations of tobacco, banana, cucumbers, and small pumpkins. We were on the frontier between the Hré and the Monome countries, and a 20-yard barrier had been erected to mark the fact.

One side belonged to the tribe downstream, while the hilly side belonged to the Monomes upstream. Anybody outside the tribe was forbidden to settle, hunt, fish, or prospect on their territory. If this rule was broken then war was declared with spear and crossbow—or there was a friendly solution adopted, usually between the elders from down below and the village assembly from the higher ground.

So dawn revealed my men in position on the ridge, ready for battle. The riflemen were spread in two broad lines on the flanks of the front line. The Viet-Minhs, clambering up the slope by the path, would be trapped like animals in a snare. A group of commandos, making use of the banana thickets in which my snipers were installed, outflanked the village with all the cunning of Red Indians and invested its rear, cutting off the enemy's retreat and thus sealing the trap. The Viet-Minh sentry on duty in the grey dawn failed to spot them.

The village began to wake up. Women drew water from the pool made by a spring and lit fires for the first meal of the day.

The guard was changed. Two or three Viet-Minh regular troops in uniform made a splash of contrast on the landscape. Finally they assembled round the flagstaff to salute the red flag with its yellow star, while the villagers stood with them in silence. The leader, a political commissar, gave them a lecture. The flag floated at the masthead, and fists were raised as a mark of respect. The coolies drifted off, and the Viets, rifles slung over their shoulders and packs on their backs, set out.

"If only, damn it," I thought, "they're not on their way back into the valley."

But my fears were unnecessary. They began climbing toward the heights, to spoil our game, keep me off the tracks, and harass our scouts. They carried bombs and grenades as well as rifles.

The 15 men of the group, all of them Annamites, chatted happily, using the winding path to climb the slope which we invested on all sides. We had no need of bombs—grenades, rolling downhill, would cause damage enough.

They had left the cover of the undergrowth, following one another up the zigzag path. What happened was as swift and unexpected for them as for the villagers. Shots rang out, grenades exploded, and bodies tumbled down the slope. Those who tried to escape to one side or the other were caught in the fire from our flanks, and the few survivors who made off toward the village and the valley were taken prisoner. There were three of them, including their leader, the political commissar.

The rest of them lay stretched out flat on their backs or in the grotesque attitude of broken dolls. The ambush had been a success, and the booty was considerable. We had wiped out a whole enemy group and taken three Annamite prisoners—the attack would also be very good propaganda for us all over the countryside.

I had the village searched and got hold of some mines, grenades that had been issued to the leading men, and the chief's old firearm. I made the most important men of the place prisoners for the time being. The rest of them, terrified at first, were soon on good terms with the Hrés, their brothers, and I had to throw my weight about to regroup our men and prevent their getting drunk with their easy victory.

Without waiting for any countermove that the enemy might make, we set out on the way back before nightfall.

I FOUND Mist Camp turned into a fairground. Huts made with foliage or thatch, or other makeshift dwellings, were all over the prairie at the foot of the ridge. The most important people in the Hré country, with their wives and children, had come up from the valleys and plains to visit their own people and give them encouragement for the war.

As to military matters, the three prisoners, impressed by the hate and suspicion with which they were regarded by the others, at last opened their mouths, and by crosschecking I was able to send in detailed reports. That same evening I got in touch with the outpost by radio and gave an account—in code, of course—of the new outlook at Camp Mist.

After asking for food, ammunition and other supplies, I asked for presents to give, from motives of policy, to the chief villagers and their agents. I also asked that, for the sake of propaganda, all this stuff should be either dropped direct from a plane or sent by parachute.

At the time agreed for a transmission the next day, a Junker aircraft was promised for 10 o'clock that morning. I had the nets laid out and got ready the green flares used as beacons in the field.

The ambush against the Viet-Minhs, our prisoners, the arrival of the Junker and the parachutes were a sensational series of events which had a happy effect on both hillmen and plainsmen. All the Monomes in the jungle having seen the aircraft in the sky, the next day at sundown Roy, the chief of the district, came with his leading men to pay us a visit.

From the moment that they entered the camp I had virtually won the struggle with the Viets for political supremacy in the hills. Their arrival meant an official request for an alliance, for they had brought presents with them and others followed with the porters.

THE night which followed was given over to ritual feasting—but I did not omit any precautions, as anything might happen, and I doubled the guard on our fighting positions and around the camp. My bodyguards were with me, and each of the chief men took before I did the food and drink that were set in front of us. The following day the official palaver began.

Roy, the chief, was a giant even among the tallest of his race. Aged about 45, he showed strength and the habit of command in his whole person, in every movement of his body which brought the muscles into play, in the energy of his head, in the authority of his glance. He was entirely open with me, not in the least obsequious and using none of those roundabout phrases so dear to the men of the hills, saying: "White man, whose name is on the lips of our brothers down below, I bring you an alliance with all my people. We have wounded two Hrés among your men. In agreement with their chiefs, we shall offer a blood sacrifice to their gods and ours. Then we shall pay the fine, according to the law of the elders.

"But as for you, Father, what can we do to earn your good opinion?"

I had led Roy exactly to the point where I wanted him—ready to make amends honorably and to ask for my terms. Then I gave them. "Roy, long ago the Japanese, coming from the sea, made you prisoner?"

"Yes, Father."

"They made you work on the track which leads by a day's march from your village to Mankra, in the Hrés' country."

"Yes, Father."

"After having employed you, they took you to a long flat strip of ground which you call Taman-Dian, where their aircraft, which you call Tabey, came down and took off."

"Father, you know a thing that is unknown to many."

"Yes, Roy, I know that. I am sure that this place exists, but I cannot find the Japanese track, and I do not know where is the spot which in Moï you call 'Te Raum Tabey.'"

Roy answered directly: "You are the Father of the hillmen—everybody around you has told us that. My people attacked you and have offended you by wounding the Hrés. The people of Kon-Klang are my brothers—I am their chief, and I shall pay the penalty for them. You shall be the first to learn what many others, Viet-Minhs and Frenchmen, have sought in vain to find out. Father, I will lead you to the Japanese track and show you the landing-ground of their aircraft."

"Good, Roy, I thank you for the honour which you do me. You can tell your people that I agree to the alliance and that they shall be my children. You and I shall become brothers in the blood of the young cock which you have given me. So the gods desire, so shall it be."

I HAD succeeded in an achievement which many others had tackled without any result. I would go to the Hré country by the shortest way, which the Viet-Minhs themselves, with all their cunning and patience, still did not know. I was going to see the celebrated airfield made by the Japanese, which could also be of use to us.

Roy, the Monome chief, had redeemed himself, for giving up his secret meant that the Viet-Minhs would put him to death if they heard of it. That evening he and I became brothers for life in the blood of a young cock.

The feast went on into the night. After the sacrifice I had to accept presents and receive the leading Hrés and Monome hillmen. They agreed to the sacrifice of a buffalo to the gods, to make amends for the offense. The honour of the wounded partisans was preserved, and they were compensated for the injuries they had sustained.

The gongs echoed their message of peace into the night, carrying to the sleeping villages the news that everybody wanted to hear—that I had agreed to an alliance and would lend the force of my arms and my birds of the air to the oppressed peoples of the jungle.

IT was shortly after this that Ilouhi and Crey told me that Roy had tried to poison me. His right-hand man, Ngo, had sprinkled the poison over my food and my wives had seen him and replaced my food just in time. The next day, when we started an expedition into the Monome jungle, I placed Roy at the rear of the column and put a rifleman on each side of him.

I saw to it that the climb was finished in the same order, and the sun was setting as we passed into the cool shadows and the silence of the Monome jungle.

We settled down for the night and the next day set off at once by a track known to Lake, making for Dak-Xerong, which we should reach the following evening.

Then something of a crisis arose, as Roy was asking for Ngo. Lake came to say that Ngo could not be found anywhere.

Roy anxiously came to ask my advice. What could I say to him, when this disappearance might well mean that he had deserted?

I gave orders for the march. We had not gone more than 100 yards when the column came to a halt. Lake went ahead, put his men into their fighting positions and moved into the jungle. When he came back, he said to me, "Father, come and look here."

I followed, with Crey at my heels, and I saw.

A dead man blocked the path, face downwards in a pool of blood, arms above his head. A dark red patch stained the ground, attracting swarms of greenish flies to the head.

He was stiff and cold, an arrow stuck in the nape of his neck—it had halted him in his flight and struck him down on the spot. Lake turned the body over. The point of the arrow had come out through the right eye. Already worms and insects were hard at work on holes in the face from which brain-tissue was seeping.

The district chief's right-hand man had paid for his life for the criminal attempt which had been aimed at mine. The vengeance of the gods had fallen on the instrument, while the instigator of the crime, standing beside me, gazed with indifference at the dead body of his accomplice. He took care to say nothing and turned aside, apparently calm enough, passing back along the length of the column. Crey stared after him with an expression of hatred in her eyes, her fingers clenched on her spear. Then she gave the dead man a kick, as if he was so much carrion, raised her head and smiled at me—and suddenly it was all clear enough.

She realized that I knew, and at once a quick look of sweetness and tenderness passed lightly over the face of this huntress who also killed men. For the first time I saw in her the beauty of a real woman glowing in her true character—then the momentary flash vanished. Crey was a primitive woman once more, humble in the presence of a man.

IN the thick vegetation which surrounded us on all sides directions no longer had any meaning. Crey was in front of me, spear in hand, crossbow on shoulder.

The men at the head of the column suddenly drew back in terror. Ranks of black ants were only the advance party of an army on the march. Millions of these moving legs and mandibles spread over the leaves, plants, trees, over the soil of the jungle. They made a noise like a downpour of rain on corrugated iron.

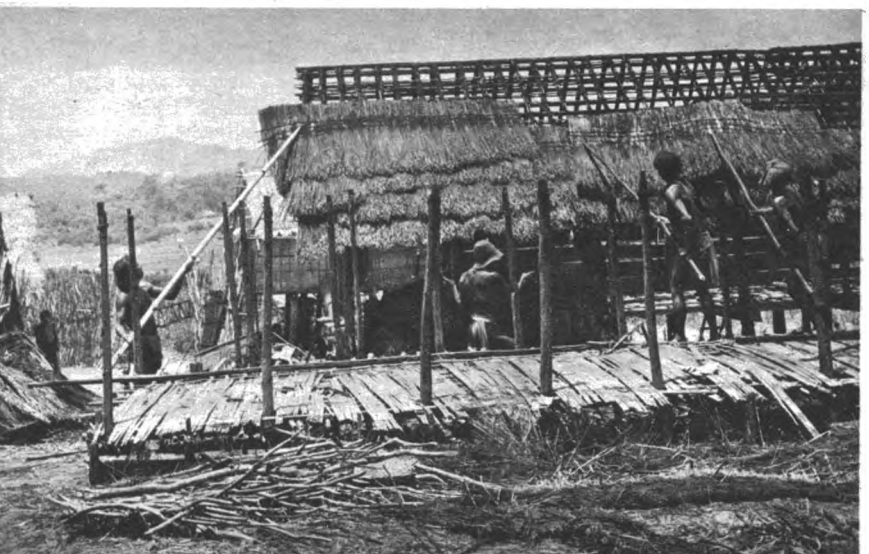
We fled breathlessly down the slope. Wild beasts rushed past, taking no notice of us. Game joined in our headlong flight. Crey and Lake were with me, and some partisans were letting out great shrieks—I stopped and shouted, "Halt," not wanting to leave a single man behind. Some of them were still fighting with swarms of ants, rolling on the ground—but they managed to reach the spot where we were.

Lake knew of a marsh, and we had to make a wild dash for it. The ants seemed to be left far behind us. They were advancing from north to south, and I judged from the sun that we were going due east. Then appeared the marsh which held our only hope of safety. But the ants would come toward us, perhaps drawn by the smell of flesh that was still alive, when their appetite had been aroused by the taste of blood.

We went into the marsh up to our chests and reached an island in the middle of the swamp. The mud oozed and gurgled as we dragged ourselves from its suction. There was a man missing. We called to him and he appeared, staggering, on the bank, without his rifle, utterly panic-stricken. As he struggled toward us, two of his comrades went to his aid.

I had a trench dug with spades in the soft ground, which reduced our little island and made a ring round it. There

The elephants hadn't left one hut standing. The whole village had to be rebuilt.



were reeds, dry bamboo, grass and wood. We had cartridges, incendiary and phosphorus bombs — they would make the flames spring up.

Then came the ants—the noise they made warned us before we saw them. Their first ranks reached the edge of the water, halted, and drew back. It was no good—the shock troops passed over them, and the ones behind piled up into a great swarming mass of them on the bank.

I THOUGHT I was dreaming, as the ants turned into a wall which twisted and floated as if borne on a hot wind—no, not a wall, but a steamroller, passing over the water, mud, and grass. It was coming toward us. God, it was terrifying! I was not going to die like that—I would put a bullet into Crey, and then do the same thing for myself, but not yet: The steamroller continued to advance. I threw a couple of incendiaries into the heap of ants, which drove them back for a moment and turned them aside.

Then I had another idea—a couple of smokebombs. We waited to see the effect. I believed we were saved, for the steamroller had gone into reverse, though the flanks of the army were still coming toward us, as they were advancing in an arc. With smokebombs and incendiaries, perhaps the noise would have some effect. We still had the trenches of the island to defend us. We could no longer see a thing. Gusts of wind came toward us and were not unwelcome. But spirals of flame descended on the ants, sank down, spread out, and then, fanned by the wind, rose swiftly again towards the sky.

Time passed, and I surveyed the last grenades left in the boxes and those which were dying down in the swamp grass. Three or four of them had sunk down, useless, into the mud, but fortunately the rest had taken effect.

Then suddenly it was all over, smoke as well as sound. Silence once more reigned over the jungle, but as a precaution I set up camp on the island. The sun touched the hilltops and the line of light from the hills revealed heaps of slaughtered ants on the surface of the swamp. Evening gusts of wind rippled over them, making them look sinister enough, after what we had been through. Fires were lit, and a calm and cloudless night at last spread over us the cover of darkness.

At sunrise nothing remained of the nightmare the evening before.

Some of the men, suffering from a number of bites, were feverish. Nothing could be done—we would survive those as we had survived other troubles.

We set out once more. By that time Ngo's corpse would be thoroughly cleaned and polished, with no bloodstains and no brain-tissue left lying about, to judge from the bones that we came across.

There were skeletons of rabbits and civet cats, and a roebuck, or probably a doe as there was the small skeleton of a fawn—a jungle tragedy—not far from her. They had not had time to escape.

We crossed swamps and climbed slopes. We had to get to Dak-Xerong. The chief was a friend of Lake's, an honest and reliable man.

From there we would go back to Mist Camp, certainly not to our base, as the mission was only beginning and so far had not been too successful. We would have to get back quickly.

At that moment we were back in the high jungle, keeping to a ridge, having crossed slopes and streams in our climb. Then came the leeches—we fell in with a whole tribe of them! They stuck and piled themselves on us. Dropping from the branches and the grasses, coming up out of the ground, they got drunk on our blood, those ghouls, draining it as we marched.

When that was over, we came to dry prairie land.

Then suddenly they rushed down on us, as swift as we were slow to react—a herd of hill bulls had spotted us as we came out of the high jungle. I saw them with their horns curved like a harp, smaller than a buffalo's, black where they joined the head, bright yellow at the tip —they were gaurs.

They came down on us at a gallop. I picked out the finest, knelt, and brought my gun to the shoulder, getting it in my sights. When the ear came into the line of fire, I had a shot. He came on, and I fired again. Still he came, and my next shot slowed him up. Another shot, and he rolled down the slope toward me. A bullock had also been brought down, and the herd circled off into the jungle.

THE gaur made no further move and I went forward, holding my gun and pleased with my first head, to have a better look at him, with Crey beside me. We reached the animal—he was still alive and I could see the white of his eyes moving. But I had no time to realize what was happening before the gaur was on his feet and driving at me—then I found myself flat on my face in the grass from a strong shove by Crey. I raised my head to see the animal 10 yards below, swaying on his feet and nodding his horns, blood pouring from his jaws and nostrils. A spear protruded from his shoulder, and the gaur was at the point of death. Crey smiled as she gazed at him, proud of her achievement. Having pushed me aside, she had struck at the animal and saved my life—yet again.

Now she was more of a toreador than a guardian angel. She laughed openly at my discomfiture as she helped me to my feet. I said, "Thank you," and at once her smile vanished. She withdrew her spear from the gaur, which had just fallen, and did not say a word. Why this was, I had no idea—it was clear that I should never understand the women out there.

The halt lasted longer than we had intended, as the meat had to be cut up and shared out. Then we set off more slowly. Flies attacked the pieces of still warm meat which hung from the men's packs. A coolie carried the head.

We reached Dak-Xerong village late in the afternoon.

The next day we set out again. Leake, the village chief of Dak-Xerong, had posted his own men as scouts to guide us. Lake was close to me, and Crey was ahead of us. We were crossing the Vi-Pé marshes which the Monome knew well. Toward noon it began to rain, and the mist still obscured everything, so that there was no border line between earth and sky. To cross a quarter-mile of swamp, we had to put poles and tree-trunks in the mud.

FIVE or six times I was in the mud up to my waist. If the Viet-Minhs had been watching from the opposite bank, what a fine mess we should have been in!

More rain, more mud, more rain, more mud, as we advanced into clouds of mist. I could understand then why the head of the column was making such slow progress. There were spots where great gashes had been made in the clay by a herd of wild elephants that had passed that way—their great hoofs had gone down into the swamp like a pestle into a mortar. Of course I had to go up to my neck in one of these holes, which dragged me down with their powerful suction. My men hauled me out.

Lake came to tell me that his guards had been obliged to threaten Roy, doing it as if for a joke, for he had taken advantage of these difficult moments to try and escape from them. Orders were given to bring him up the column toward us, without arousing his suspicions. A partisan kept close to him with his finger on the trigger of his Tommy gun, having orders to fire at any attempt to escape.

It was still raining as we crossed the Dak-Pée. We were making good progress now and would be back at Mist Camp toward eight o'clock. Roy, who was ahead of us with a Tommy gun at his back, gave no more trouble. I had him sent up farther ahead with the men guarding him, as we came to a beaten track on the hillside which was quite wide—it was overlooked by thickets which did not appeal to me at all.

Then suddenly came the inevitable ambush at exactly the spot where it was most likely to succeed, the spot marked out for it in advance. It was not aimed at my men, so they had been allowed to proceed, and the grass was the same everywhere, with no trace of disturbance in it, as the rain had wiped all that away —the ambush was for the European.

The first bomb fell five yards ahead of me, the second the same distance behind, and both exploded at the same time. The explosion flung Crey back into my arms. The grenades sent splinters whistling through the air, and bullets crackled around us. As I pushed Crey aside, she staggered and fell. I shouted my orders, and the partisans yelled even louder, charging into the thickets. I had to kick some of the others in the bottom, as they had dropped to the ground and were firing wildly in all directions.

Two of the Viet-Minhs, who had got up on a ridge, saw me, and called out, "Dio telène, ong tae (surrender, Frenchman)."

The first was my man, and he tumbled down like a doll under a hail of bullets. Lake accounted for the second, making his head burst like a pumpkin at point-blank range.

I got the machine gun into action and, screened by the two corpses, we joined battle in the mist. God, if only my men did not kill one another!

I made out shadowy figures running

away into the misty rain—Lake's Tommy gun lit up their path of retreat, and grenades were dropping a little further ahead, as far as I could see. The firing grew more spasmodic, then stopped, and it was all over—a scrap that had lasted 10 minutes.

I knew what was waiting for me behind, a thing I dreaded: Crey was wounded, and I could not go to her. Duty had to come first—I had to see to my men.

I got them together. The group leaders showed up, and we counted our dead, one from a grenade and two from bullets. No wounded, apart from trifling scratches. I had my brows and lashes singed by the explosion, and was bleeding a little all over the body, not from splinters, but fragments of earth.

We carried the Viet-Minh dead to the side of the track, the two that Lake and I had killed, and two others that had been cut down by grenades in their flight.

I knew that Crey was dead. I saw her lying inert, drained of blood, against the thicket.

The spirits—the evil spirits—had avenged Ngo. Roy came to look, and I thought I saw a cruel gleam of joy in his eyes.

I had a stretcher rigged up with a couple of poles, a piece of tent canvas, and a blanket. We would take her back to camp the same evening and her spirit would be close to us.

So we went off into the mist.

Late at night we reached camp.

Now I had to think about Roy.

In the morning, while Ilouhi arranged for the coolies to find a coffin in the jungle huts, I began the questioning of Roy. I knew that he had instigated the ambushes and was responsible for Crey's death, but he would admit nothing.

I had him guarded by Boutes, Crey's brothers, who had come to seek news of her in her absence. Some Hrés stood guard with them, as they intended to avenge the death of their own men.

I had to give up questioning him. I would assemble all the men from Kon-Klang, and I would renew the proceedings against Roy when I had heard what they had to say.

When the coolies from Kon-Klang arrived, Ilouhi sent for Roy, whom she questioned in front of the Monomes, taking the Hré leaders as witnesses. "Here," she said, "is our brothers' assassin."

Showing him to the onlookers, she turned to him and said: "It is you, Roy, chief of the Monome country, who allied yourself with the Yoanes of the plain. You kept them informed, you told them where they could lie and wait for us. You tried to poison the Father of the Moïs, but his spirits have proved stronger than yours. You brought about the deaths of Crey, my sister, and my Hré brothers from the bomb thrown by the Viet-Minhs.

"As Crey's sister, and as a Hré woman, I demand that the leading men assembled here, together with the men of my tribe, judge the Monome chief and accuse him of the crime according to the law of the hills."

Once the tribunal had been set up, the coolies from Kon-Klang were questioned first. I presided, together with Dio, chief of Mankane, who afterwards became a friend of mine. Then I learned what I wanted to know—Roy's conspiracy with the Viet-Minhs, his power and influence over the Monomes from Kon-Klang, his responsibility for the deaths of Crey and the Hrés. He himself admitted that he had tried to have me poisoned, calmly expressing his hatred for me and—a mistake on his part—his contempt for the Hrés and the Boutes.

Once a base was set up, women moved in to take over noncombatant chores.

THE leading men who were his judges decided that Kon-Klang should be burnt and sacked, and its men and women taken off as prisoners into the valley.

I got up and said that, as I was the Father of the Moïs, my gods advised me to show mercy. The village would be spared. I would pardon the coolies, but as amends I offered the head of the village and his leading men to be prisoners of the Hré chiefs. As for the district chief, Roy, he was to have his head shaven and to be driven out, unarmed, into the western jungle, far from his own land, to die of hunger.

But I had to alter the sentence once more, in face of protests from the chiefs and partisans. The gods of my country and those of Crey's demanded the death penalty, according to Boute law. The Boutes who were there added, "She was your wife and our sister, and we demand his death, as is the custom among hunters."

The Boutes took charge of Roy, and the Hrés got hold of the leading Monomes. The coolies got to work digging graves for those whom their chiefs had had killed, and the column that had been sent out that morning returned with the mortal remains which were placed in the middle of the camp.

At nightfall Crey's coffin was given to Ilouhi, so that her sister could have a dwelling place for her spirit. The dead woman, placed in a canoe for her passage into eternity, took with her all her personal belongings, for none might inherit, without incurring the spirit's anger, the objects which she had used in her lifetime.

Until daybreak, there were men and women beside the four coffins—hers and those of the Hrés—chanting the grief of the living in a dead language.

It was a grey and rainless dawn. The funeral procession got ready and the mourners redoubled their cries. The men were buried first, again keeping strictly to the law. Crey's grave was apart from the others, and her coffin was slowly lowered into the earth.

Then Ilouhi came forward. Throwing one of Crey the Bahnar's arrows at the foot of the grave she had Roy brought forward. His hands were untied. His expression was calm and scornful. I recognized his strength and courage. He advanced slowly. As he passed by me, our eyes met. He smiled at me and said, "Farewell, Father."

"Farewell, Roy." I returned his smile.

"Come and pick up this arrow," Ilouhi said to him.

He did not move—a man does not obey a woman. A Boute warrior, with a spear in his hand, came up behind him. "Bow down and pick up Crey's arrow."

Slowly and calmly his tall figure bowed down. His fingers were almost on the arrow, but they were never to reach it, for with a swift and brutal movement the Boute hunter drove the spear right through his heart.

Roy put a knee to the ground, raising his hands to the iron point which protruded from his breast. He raised his head toward the sky, his eyes blinked in the light, and he gently collapsed.

The wind rose, bearing away the flock of clouds and revealing the valley. Below us was the Hré country.

The light of the sun fell on the grave. It was the end of the mist. ◆◆◆

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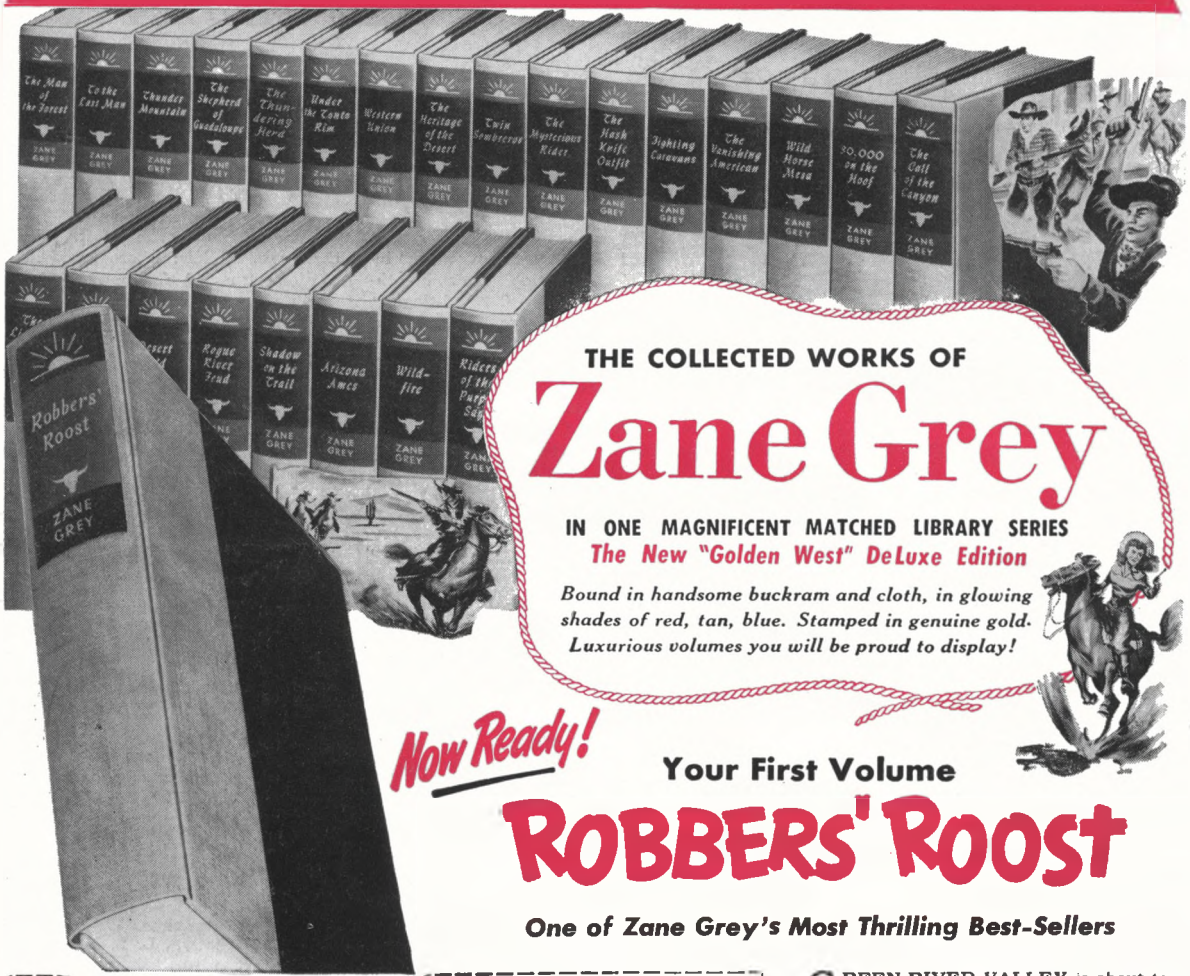

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