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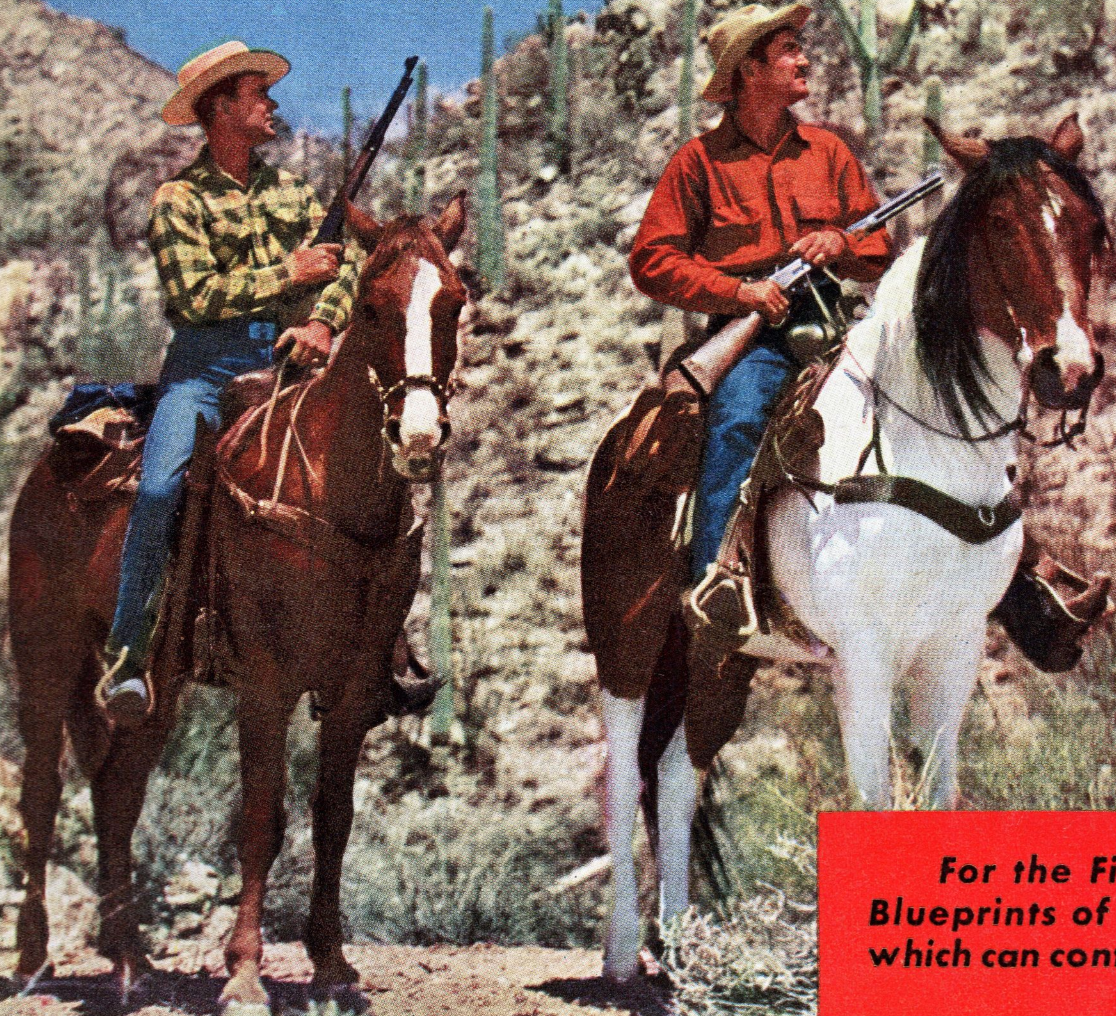

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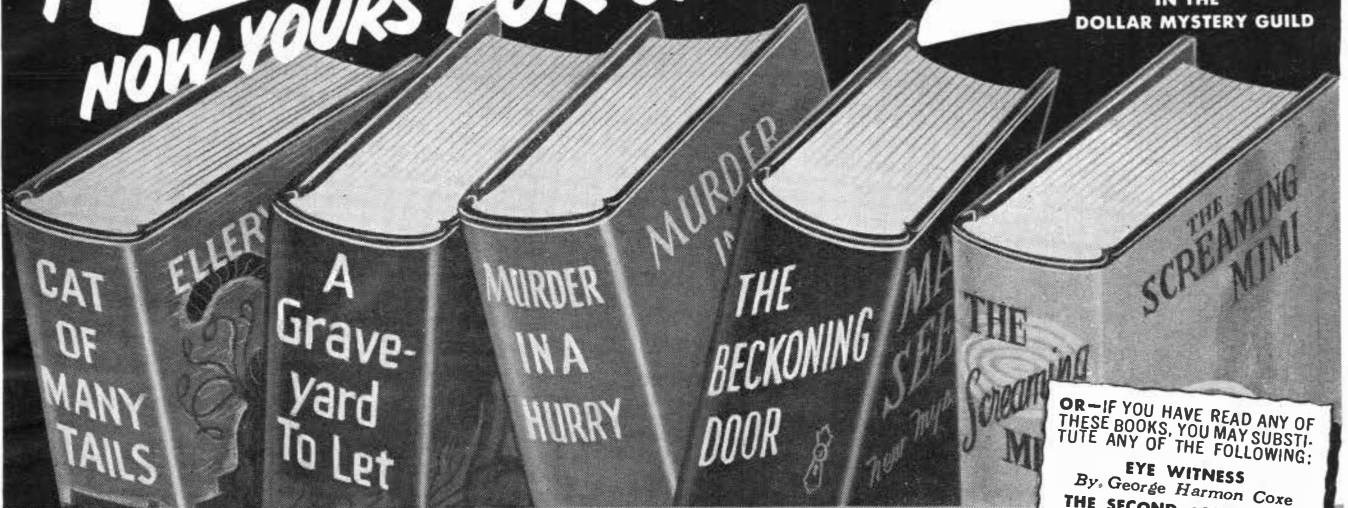

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ARGOSY

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THE COMPLETE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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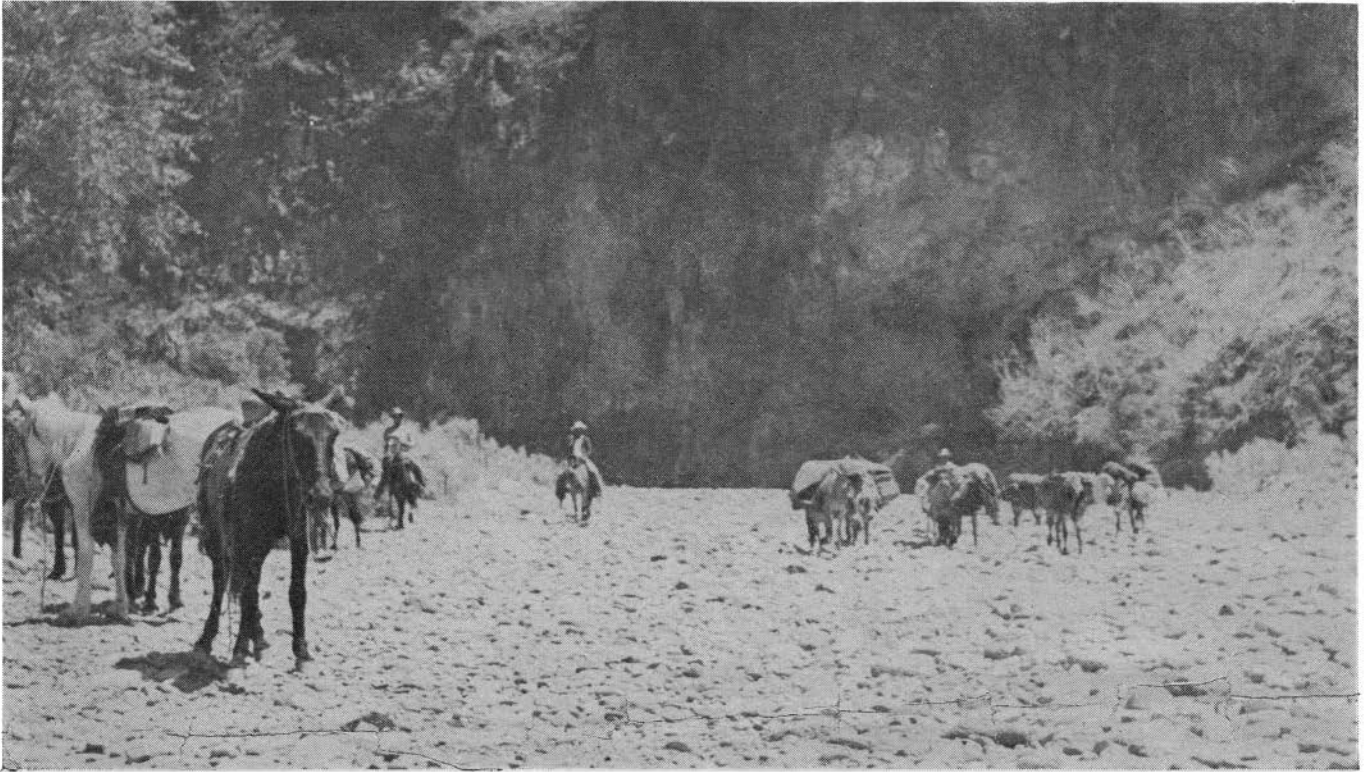


MOUNTAIN LION was sighted a moment after this was taken. Hunters Gardner and Steeger in center background.

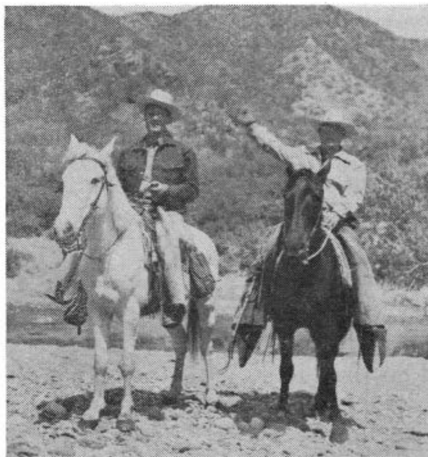
HITTING THE PACK TRAIL

THE EXPEDITION INTO THE SIERRA MADRES STIRS UP A LION, A DEER, A SECRET CAVE—AND A BURIED TREASURE

Our 24 horse, mule and donkey expedition pulled out of Nacori Chico and stood smack up against the whole Sierra Madre Mountain chain of Sonora, Mexico. "How do we get around these towering giants?" we asked Dan Mangum, the expedition boss. "We don't get around," he said. "We go straight up and straight down."

The second day out we were climbing a mountain so high the horses had to stop for a rest every 15 or 20 feet. Near the top, one of our burros lost his footing and rolled over and over down the mountainside. That would have been the end of him except for one lucky fact: he had our bed rolls tied around him on all sides. Eventually he was brought up short by a clump of trees—saved by his padding.

We told you last month we'd give you some idea of what kind of camping you could expect in this country. You can see from the cover picture about what it looks like. The mountains are five, six and seven thousand feet in height and the whole area is almost completely primitive. You don't see people for days, but you do see the biggest collection of animals and birds anywhere around. Take birds, for instance. Have any of you ever shot quail with a .22 rifle? Erle Stanley Gardner introduced us to the sport and it takes a mighty keen eye to bring back your dinner. Those little birds are smart enough to stay just far enough away and to run just fast enough so that you never get a steady target. They'll lead you through the worst underbrush and just as you're about to draw a bead, off they go like an arrow. We saw quail every day. They're all over the place. We spotted deer regularly, too, and before our expedition was over we shot and ate 14 of them. We also had wild turkeys running up as high as 30 pounds.



CHAPARAJOED for brush, Steeger and Gardner spot "biggest deer in Mexico."

About a week out, we camped in a little canyon at the top of a mountain range. We were beginning to get into good mountain-lion country. Report also had it that the territory had Indian caves never before explored by white men. One of our hunters, Henrique Valencia, had heard of such a cave nearby, so we decided to conduct a search. It was supposed to contain about eight rooms, including small ones for children. All the rooms were cut out of solid rock and dirt. Henrique thought the interior of the caves were just as the Indians had left them.

So off we went on a cave-hunting expedition. As usual, our horse wranglers were up and under way at 3:30 that morning. (The animals were allowed to roam at will every night in order to forage and sometimes it took as much as four or five hours to round them up.)

Once started, our path lay along a string of ridges. The scenery was breath-taking. Great towering mountains stretched out in all directions as far as we could see. The slopes were covered with giant pine and oak and, naturally, all kinds of cactus. Down

in the valleys, often at the foot of a perpendicular drop, were little tumbling rivers—the Rillita, the Bonita and the Yaqui.

We rode for several miles until we came to the rugged mountainside where the cave was supposed to be. There were tracks around us of deer, lions, chalugas (a cross between a honey bear, a monkey and a raccoon) and javalinas.

Then we took stock. Two of our Mexican friends who had been sent out to reconnoiter reported back that to look for the cave on this precipitous slope would be dangerous and almost impossible. The ground was covered with round lava rocks which would skid out from under us—we could expect to find ourselves sitting in beds of cactus quite frequently. The grade was practically straight up and down. So the chance of a bad fall would be fairly constant. And the heat—there would be plenty of it. And the language difficulties. Henrique, who would guide us down could speak no English. We could speak no Spanish. And, finally, there was the matter of guns. We could take no weapons with us because of the weight. The final fact: the exact position of the cave was unknown.

Now this is the kind of talk that's calculated to spur Gardner on to almost anything. Tell him something can't be done and he gets that flinty, eager gleam in his eye. So the two of us started the hazardous descent and left the rest of the party with the horses at the top of the mountain. We held out our watch and asked Henrique how long it would be before we returned. He pointed to the sun and then extended his hand over to the opposite horizon to indicate it would take all day.

It was necessary for us to study the formation of the mountainside for some time in order to determine the best method of descent. We've been down steep grades before on skis and on foot, but never anything as steep as this. Any steeper—and it would have been straight up and down.

Well, as it turned out, none of the thrills were omitted. We got everything we'd been promised. Except one thing. We slipped, we fell, we got covered with thorns, we broiled from all the effort. But—we got no cave. Henrique led us to all the likely spots. Always there was the hope we'd find it over the next pitch. We saw deer, and wild turkeys swooped over us most of the time, but Indian caves —*nada*, as they say in Spanish.

Several hours and many falls later, we wound up in the bottom of the canyon. The thought of climbing back up that mountain without having seen the cave was frustrating. But time was important. The sun was getting low.

Before returning, we agreed to strike up the canyon a short distance. The short distance grew into a long distance, the sun sank a great deal further and almost before we knew it, we had worked ourselves into a neat jam. Above us, there was a vast rock cliff. It presented an (*Continued on page 7*)

AT LAST!

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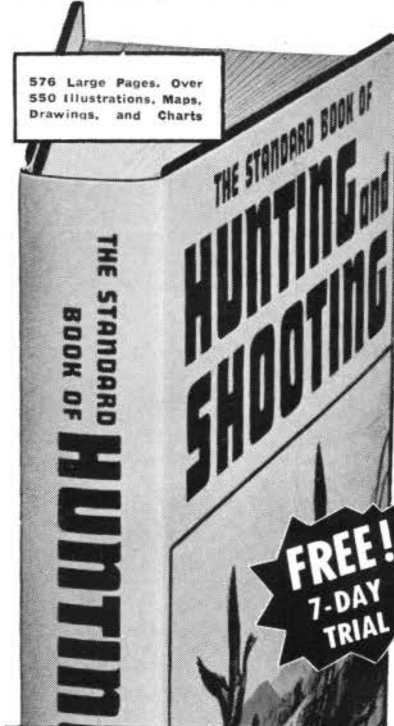

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by JIM BEARD

Author of "The Fireside Cookbook"

IN THE lazy month of August, you're probably ready to sprawl in the shade by early evening and consume a couple of good drinks. After that, thoughts of food become more inviting. A Collins is a perfect drink for such times—if you take the trouble to make it well.

SUMMER DRINKS: A good Collins can be made from whiskey, gin or rum. You need 14-ounce glasses. The large highball glass is perfect. For each drink use 1 ounce of lemon or lime juice and about 2 teaspoons of sugar or sugar syrup (this you can buy, or, if you want to make your own, write to this department for the rule—it's much better for all drinks which call for sugar). Pour the juice and sugar over plenty of ice in a shaker and then measure 3½ ounces of liquor for each drink. That may sound like a lot, but it makes a good tall drink. Shake these ingredients thoroughly and pour into a glass with the ice. Add soda to fill the glass and more ice if you need it. A slice of lemon or lime or a sprig of mint gives it an added flavor—but that's all. No fruit salad, please.

If you're inclined toward a lighter drink, try a Spritzer. Buy a couple of bottles or a half-gallon jug of good, *dry* California white wine. Keep it chilled in the refrigerator, and when you want to mix merely add a good shot of wine to a glass with ice and fill with soda. A fifty-fifty mixture is about the right proportion.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS: Cold summer dishes can get pretty monotonous. I like to vary the fare with a hot, spicy dish such as barbecued spareribs. Here are two different ways of preparing the ribs for barbecuing. In either case, it's important to have plenty. You should buy at least a pound per person. Have the butcher split the ribs across, but do not cut them into small pieces. It is easier to broil the entire strip and cut through after they are cooked.

Method 1: This is the easier way to prepare the ribs, and far better if you are carrying them with you for a picnic or on an outing. For five persons, or for four with good appetites, select five pounds of spareribs and have them split but not cut up. The day before you are to barbecue them, or the same morning, place them in a large kettle with 2 teaspoons salt, a large onion, peeled, and a bay leaf. Cover with boiling water and bring to a boil. Reduce the heat, cover the pan, and allow the ribs to simmer for about 45 minutes, or until they are just tender. Don't let them boil—merely simmer; and don't let them get really cooked and thoroughly tender. Remove from the water and let the ribs cool.

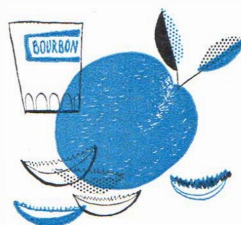
When ready to grill them, rub the pieces well with oil or melted butter, and brush with soy sauce. Place the strips in the grill and broil them over the coals, turning them several times. Brush with barbecue sauce so that the strips become nicely browned and glazed with the sauce. It should take about 10 minutes to get them really good and crisp and cooked thoroughly. Cut the ribs into small strips and serve.

Method 2: Have your ribs split and, without precooking, broil them over the coals. Brush the strips well with soy sauce and let them broil slowly, turning often. Brush them again with a little soy sauce after about 20 minutes. For the last 10 minutes of cooking they should be brushed well with the barbecue sauce so that they acquire a nice glaze. This whole process will take close to 45 minutes and perhaps longer, for spareribs must be well cooked and nicely crisped.

Here's a sauce that is about right for the sparerib job. Chop 2 cloves of garlic very fine and mix them with ½ cup olive oil, 1 cup chili sauce, ½ cup thick steak sauce (A-1 or Heinz), 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 3 tablespoons sugar (preferably brown), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper and ¼ cup vinegar. If you like the flavor of sweet basil or thyme add a good touch of either one. Mix all the ingredients and heat the sauce over the fire for about 10 minutes or until it boils, and keep it warm. Use any leftover sauce for dunking bread.

SIDE DISHES: Plenty of good rye bread and butter and cold beer are in order, and cole slaw is a natural with barbecued spareribs. It's best to make slaw about an hour in advance and let the dressing and the cabbage blend their flavors. Shred one medium head of cabbage very fine and let it soak in cold water for about 30 minutes. Drain all the water off and transfer the cabbage to a large bowl. Prepare your dressing as follows: Mix together ¼ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and ¾ cup sour cream or heavy sweet cream. Pour over the cabbage and mix well. Allow it to stand for an hour. Taste for seasoning—you may want a little more sugar or salt or cream. If you like green pepper, seed and shred one and add it to the cabbage mixture.

If you'd prefer a potato salad instead of cole slaw, boil six new potatoes in their jackets. Drain, cool, peel and cut in slices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and marinate in ¼ cup olive oil blended with two tablespoons of wine vinegar. Just before serving, add 4 or 5 small green onions or scallions, chopped parsley and if you like, green peppers, capers and stuffed sliced olives. Mix with enough mayonnaise to hold salad together.



DESSERT: It's time for peaches. Peel and slice about seven or eight fine ripe ones, cover with sugar and add a dash of good Bourbon whiskey—about two ounces for eight peaches. Eat them as they are or add a large scoop of ice cream for each serving. Peaches have a great affinity for liquor of all kinds. In Europe they put a large ripe peach in a huge glass shaped like a wine glass. The peach is pricked with a fork after it is peeled and champagne poured over it. It is quite a drink—people have been known to continue sipping for hours.

(Continued from page 5) awe-inspiring view, but not the slightest hint of a route by which we might return to the top. It was already too late to retrace our steps. And as Henrique solemnly declared, to go back via the canyon was impossible—the passage was blocked.

This all became rather ironic when we discovered that right up on the face of that rock cliff was the Indian cave. Even if we had had the time, we would be unable to reach it. The entrance was about 25 or 30 feet in width and the Indians had obviously used ladders to get in and out. It was hopeless and could only be the goal for another trip.

Right now, it was necessary to make a quick decision. We didn't relish the idea of spending the night in this primitive wilderness with lions and lobo wolves for companions and no guns for protection. Although Henrique had said the canyon passage was impossible, we determined to try it.

During the next few hours we found out that Henrique was almost right. Almost, but not entirely. We also found out what a rugged physique Gardner has. We climbed up and down huge boulders, we scaled narrow passages, we picked our way around falls, all at a murderous pace.

Of course, we finally got back—with the surest cure for insomnia ever discovered by man. But before we hit the sack, we had deer meat and biscuits around the campfire. Terry, the cook, makes his biscuits in a Dutch oven. He puts hot coals on the top as well as all around the bottom and what comes out is a flaky delicacy with a golden brown crust. That out-of-doors appetite plus the companionship of the campfire makes a great combination.

The next day we captured an ivory-billed woodpecker, which is thought by many to be extinct, and we built a cage to bring him back to the States. We also ran into a large pack of chalugas. But we had to move on—into the Yaqui River country where we had a date, we hoped, with some lions. On the way, we shot the biggest deer in all Mexico and it happened like this:

We needed camp meat, so Gardner, two of our Mexican hunters, Juan and José, and your ARGOSY representative, rode to the top of a mountain where Dan was sure we'd find game. We found it, not among trees, but standing smack on the very tip of the mountain. It was a sight, too. He was as quiet as the trees below him with his large antlered head held high. It was decided that Gardner and Juan would circle around one side of the summit, while José and the writer would approach from the other side.

They reached the summit first but the deer had vanished into thin air. Juan said he had gone down the other side. This seemed to be the right answer, but lawyer Gardner, accustomed to courtroom tactics, decided his antagonist was playing tricks. Juan went on down the other side of the mountain while Gardner dismounted and walked back to where we had first seen the deer. He slipped quietly around a large rock and there, just a few feet away from him, was his target, nestled down on the ground and hiding from us. Both Gardner and the deer were surprised and the enormous buck took off like a flash of lightning, making huge leaps, darting behind rocks and trees and flashing through the underbrush. It looked like the last of him, but Gardner did some of the fanciest shooting we've ever seen. It took several bullets to bring him down and Gardner complained—he felt he should have done it with one. Our private opinion was that it was a miracle he shot the deer at all.

The next day we had the most exciting experience of the whole trip. We were riding our horses slowly through the Rio Bonita valley when we came upon a large tangle of animal tracks. They were behind a little thicket of mesquite. From what we could read of the tracks, it looked like a lion and two cubs, though a lion seldom shows itself during daytime. We set our blue tick lion dogs on the trail, and moved cautiously down the almost dry river bed.

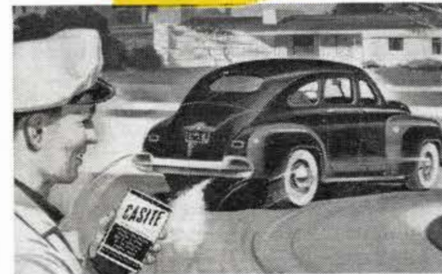
Several hundred feet farther down we came around the bend and there was the lion. What a sight! She was just in the act of springing on a deer from ambush. We broke all records in dismounting—yanked our rifles out from the saddle scabbards and in a few moments it sounded as though the third World War had begun. We can understand now why there are so many lions in this section. The minute she spotted us, she was off for the side of the mountain. The way she leaped around narrow ledges and across impossible crags seemed almost incredible. Each of us thought he had scored a hit, but she veered this way and that. Sometimes we lost her, then we'd see her again, and so perfectly did her color merge with that of the background that at times she seemed nothing more than a blur.

It would be nice to report how neatly we drilled the lion through the neck with one skillfully placed shot. We might have hit her but there is nothing to prove it. Lion and cubs disappeared much too rapidly to suit us and we now set about the business of tracking her. We thought we had seen her branch off to the left midway up the mountain, so we sent three of our hunters and the dogs around in this direction. Eulogio Valencia, another of our hunters, hiked directly up the center of the mountain and found her tracks in a place where we should have seen her easily. We just never thought of looking there because we decided no animal could possibly climb over it.

Next we ran for the deer which, though bady mauled, was still very much alive. We were able to catch it by hand and used a hunting knife to cut its throat. We didn't get that lion after all, but this is probably the first recorded instance of a lion's hunting and capturing (*Concluded on page* 106)

NEW LIFE

FOR OLDER CARS



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A pint of Casite through the air-intake frees sticky valves and rings, lets the power zoom through. A second pint in the crankcase oil keeps your engine clean and free-running, retards formation of sludge and gum.

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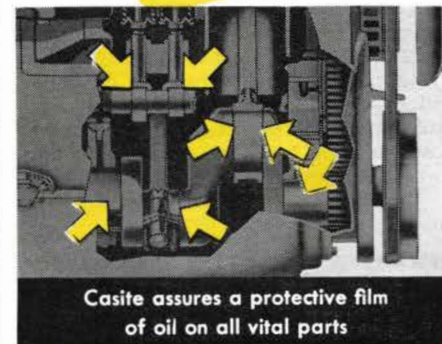

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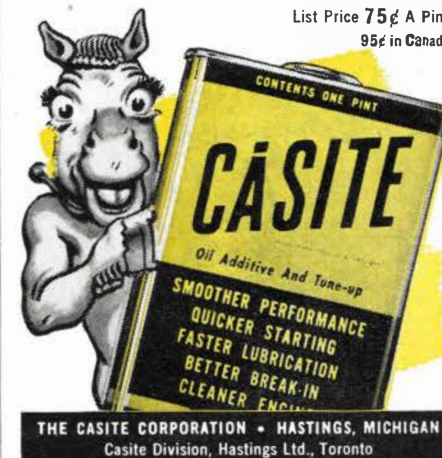


THE CASITE CORPORATION • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Casite Division, Hastings Ltd., Toronto

GRIPE DEPARTMENT

HAVE YOU A GRIPE? ARGOSY WILL PAY $5 FOR ANY LETTER ACCEPTED

CURB THAT GRIPE

Gripe Editor;

In your May issue you published a gripe from a Mr. Floyd Blount Jr. in Oklahoma. He complained about the "Flea-Brained" engineers who designed the curbs that car bumpers scrape and scare the wits out of old ladies.

Frankly I do not consider this a legitimate gripe. It might interest Mr. Blount, Jr. to know that there are reasons for curbs being as high as they are. Local ordinances and flood control are two common reasons. Rather than spend millions of dollars of the taxpayers money to reconstruct our nations curbs to suit Mr. Blount, Jr., I would suggest he purchase a bumper guard that would extend .002 below his bumper to prevent his so-called nerve-wracking ordeal.

It is a pity that the country is full of people, who through their own ignorance complain about the efforts of others. This is the basis of my gripe. I might also suggest that the curbs to which Mr. Blount, Jr., objects were probably built before his automobile. I wonder has he tried writing to the automobile manufacturer.

HENRY HUDDLESTON
Los Angeles, Calif.

UNWANTED MEN "OVER 30"

Gripe Editor:

Looking for a job? Well, if you're past 30 you might as well crawl into the woodwork and tell the termites to move over!

Every time I read the want ad columns of the papers I want to tear them to shreds. One ad which gripes me most is one which reads like this: "Top national firm has opening for an experienced man 21-27 college graduate, four years business administration experience, executive ability; willing to travel. Single preferred."

The fact that so much is expected of a young man between the ages of 21 to 27 doesn't bother me at all. The fact that such an employer expects to find a young, single, boy-wonder bothers me. But the fact that the age limit is 27 makes me wonder how old the president of the firm is.

Jobs for men over 30 are few. Jobs for men over 35 are scarce and jobs for men over 40 are improbable. I'm not saying that jobs for men 35 or over don't turn up. If you're a B.S., a B.S.D., P.H.D., and can claim title to every other letter in the alphabet you may stand a fair chance of getting something desirable.

Have employers forgotten that the war took a big chunk of years out of plenty of lives? Years that will never be made up. I say, get on the ball. Give the guys who are 30 and over a break. Maybe life doesn't begin at 40 but let's not let it end there.

L. WAITE
San Francisco, Calif.

AWNING DODGING

Gripe Editor:

Now that warm weather is here I can't get up the street without stooping and dodging these steel ribs and rags commonly called awnings. They are draped in front of practically every store, and cause me to make more motions than a hobo that's just lost his last dime.

In addition to being hung too low, they are just the right width so that when it rains, all the water drips off into the center of the sidewalks. And women with umbrellas all walk under the awning and try to jab your eyes out as you go past.

MACE GREER
Wilson, North Carolina

"I can't get up the street without dodging steel ribs and rags called awnings."

CITY FOLKS IN THE COUNTRY

Gripe Editor:

My gripe is "greenhorns."

I think the transplanted city fella, like the one whose gripe letter appeared in the May issue, who ain't in accord with country life and legends, should go back to the city and find some nice steam-heated apartment where he can easily keep his tootsies warm.

He went duck hunting—once? He didn't get anything? Number one requirement in sportsmanship is patience.

Number two. You cannot calculate enjoyment received in dollars and cents. A dog means more to a hunter than $$$$. He becomes a pal. You are repaid many times when you see him swimming back with a duck in his mouth. But you don't have to have a dog. We left ours home one trip, shot some ducks and then were horrified to see them drifting away from us. I finally ended up swimming out after them. And, brother, the water was cold.

A gun? It is more than just another C note. It is a proud possession that can give you a great deal of enjoyment. It doesn't have to be the highest priced one on the market—know your own gun—and make the best of it.

Certain types of equipment are needed no matter what you do. As far as the missus spending the day getting your "junk" together, that is nothing new, she probably spends most of her time getting things ready for you whether you are out shooting or at home.

Why worry about the weather or an early start? If you're a real hunter at heart, you'll go regardless and hope for the best.

Maybe you do get cold but you can have a hot thermos of coffee. You strain your eyes? Rest them on the scenery around you. And when you get too cold and tired to enjoy it anymore, go home; there is another day and another duck.

What do you expect? A man-made pond where you just push the button and ducks fall in your lap?

I have cleaned lots of ducks and also roasted them and I do not recall any that had to be cooked 24 hours. No wonder it shrunk—you are not supposed to dehydrate it.

What have we got that you haven't? It must be that certain feeling we get when you are slowly freezing by inches on a deer stand and that big buck comes bouncing out and almost runs over you. On the trout stream it's when you feel that sudden tug on your line, though mosquitoes and flies seem to be thinking you are their special lunch; or you're in a duck blind, shivering and wet, and a flock of nice mallards fly within shooting range. Confidentally, I would like to be counted as one of the nuts. You're definitely missing something brother and it's not only "ducks."

MRS. IRVING HUNSTABLE
South International Falls, Minn.

PARKING LOT KNUCKLE HEADS

Gripe Editor:

My pet gripe concerns that particular type of people who have no consideration for the paint job on the other fellow's car door. There may be three quarters of a parking lot vacant but the knuckle heads will invariably park as near as they can get to your car and then bail out in a mad rush, ramming their door into the side of your car.

E. R. Wilcox

NEW YORKERS

Gripe Editor:

I don't like people that come from New York City. During my Army career and in the years since, I have come in contact with thousands of these superior beings. I see no justification for their contention that the rest of the country's population is made up of hicks. I want to know why a grade school education in the big city is so much more desirable than a Master's Degree in some corn-state university? I'd like to know why an intimate knowledge of subways and Coney Island is more important than knowing how to speak decent English or how to have fun in a small town.

Maybe someone can tell me why life among the teeming millions of the metropolis is so much more broadening than a life spent in the great outdoors. Maybe. Nobody ever has.

Some of the boys from Texas gripe me with the same attitude, but after all they do have something to talk about and they usually turn out to be pretty good guys when you get to know them. Sometimes they'll even admit there are other places that are half way fit to live in. Ever hear a guy from the Bronx or Brooklyn admit such a thing?

New York does exist, and I suppose somebody has to live there, but isn't there some way New York public schools can teach kids that there are people living out West who lead a full life without knowing they are hicks.

Fred L. Pratt

Jerseyville, Ill.

SHOW-OFF SAMSONS

Gripe Editor:

My pet peeve is the big, overgrown lug who tries to impress everyone with his strength.

He usually approaches you from the rear and unexpectedly jars your lungs loose with a hamlike hand planted solidly between your shoulder blades.

"Hello! Hello!" he bellows, while your eyeballs spin madly. While you're still gasping for breath he extends a gorilla-like paw and promptly proceeds with the massacre.

You feel the vise tighten. Bones crush. You begin to sink into a black void. The grip relaxes, but a rapier-like thumb stabs into your ribs, and you wince with agony—while Samson bellows at one of his corny jokes.

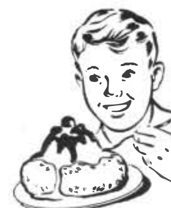
Brother! Someday I'm going to enter a plea of justifiable homicide.

Ray L. Claridy

Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

Mr. Spudnut
TRADE MARK

THE FRESHEST THING IN TOWN!



Fresh? You bet! Because Spudnuts are not prepared just once a day . . . but three, four and five times — deep-cooked to a fluffy golden brownness many times each day to insure that unforgettable Spudnut freshness and flavor. Try Spudnuts with ice cream, topped with favorite fruit or berries — a grand summertime treat, a taste-tantalizing eating experience you'll long remember!

WHAT ARE SPUDNUTS? . . .

Spudnuts are an exciting new pastry confection with especially prepared potatoes as one of the superlative ingredients in the secret formula. Spudnuts are raised in a proof box, just like the finest pastries . . . deep-cooked in highest-quality shortening . . . then, glazed, sugar-coated, or chocolate iced. Take a dozen home and see! Nearly three hundred franchised dealers are waiting to serve you.

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FREE PROFIT PLAN

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MORE BREEZE AND LESS BUZZ WITH 3-IN-ONE!

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Ask Your ARGOSY Experts

GOT A QUESTION ABOUT HUNTING, FISHING, SPORTS, HOBBIES? THIS IS YOUR DEPARTMENT

Bill Pell

THE HALL RIFLE was one of the first rifles with interchangeable parts.

An Early Breechloader

I recently acquired a cap and ball rifle and wonder if you could tell me just what it is? It is marked J. H. HALL, H. FERRY, U.S., 1832 on the top, forward portion of the breech block. Its over-all length is 52½ inches, and the barrel is 32 11/16 inches from the muzzle to the end of the breech. It has 16 lands and grooves. However, the barrel is unrifled for about an inch and a half at the muzzle. It is also stamped in several places with the marks VII S.

GEORGE PORTER

New York

● **Your rifle is an example of the famous Hall invention, which was the first official breechloader used by the United States Army. Captain John Hall patented his rifle in 1811 and the Government decided to try it in flintlock form in 1816. During that year 100 were made and issued to troops for trial. The flintlock rifles gave good service, and during 1817, 100 more were made in cap lock form to try out the percussion cap that Joshua Shaw had developed.**

These first 200 rifles were hand made and the parts were not interchangeable. Hall suggested that his rifle should be made to try out the idea of interchangeable parts, and the Government OKed the idea. So, a model of the rifle designed for mass production was made and officially adopted in 1819.

But it took quite some time to design and make up the machinery necessary for manufacture. The first 1,000 of the Model 1819 rifles were not completed until 1825.

These rifles were of about .51 caliber and were loaded at the receiver with a charge of 100-grains of black rifle powder (and 10-grains for priming the flintlock mechanism) and a half ounce spherical bullet. The rifles weighed 10 pounds without the bayonet.

Altogether 22,870 Hall rifles with interchangeable parts were produced at Harper's Ferry Arsenal. The year of manufacture was stamped on each rifle and they were produced until 1840.

The reamed-out portion at the muzzle may have been to help or make it easier to load in case the rifle had to be used as a muzzle-loader, or the cut may have been made with the idea of increasing accuracy.

Records indicate that all Hall rifles in storage had been converted to cap lock by 1843.

It is interesting to note that Captain Hall received 60 dollars pay per month for his personal services supervising manufacture at Harper's Ferry Arsenal from March, 1819, until March, 1827, and a fee of 1 dollar for each rifle produced, which amounted to 2,000 dollars for that period.

The Hall rifle is unique in that muzzle-loading service arms were still being manufactured in the 1860's.

PETE KUHLHOFF

Fishing in Maine

Three years ago a friend of mine got me interested in fresh-water (pond and lake) fishing. The first time I went I had what I consider fairly good luck for an amateur. I caught two bass (smallmouth) weighing approximately one-and-a-half and two-and-a-half pounds. It was good enough luck, anyway, to give me encouragement. The bug bit me!

Occasionally we also troll for them but it seems that still fishing gives the best results. We anchor the boat in anywhere from 10 to 30 feet of water and, using shrimp or minnows and a small sinker, let the hook settle to a couple of feet from the bottom. Then wait. We call this method "still fishing."

Well, that's the way I was taught to fish and that's the way I've been doing it in almost every pond and lake on Cape Cod. But, since my *first* venture I have had *very* little luck. In fact, I have come to the point where I believe

ARGOSY'S board of experts, each a specialist in his field, will answer your queries by mail. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply, without charge. Selected queries and replies are printed in this department each month. ARGOSY'S board includes Ralph Stein, CARS, PLANES, SHIPS; Pete Kuhlhoff, GUNS; Byron W. Dalrymple, HUNTING, FISHING; Jack Denton Scott, DOGS; Richard K. Wood, CAMPING, CANOEING; Doc Jenkins, TRAPPING AND TRAIL TIPS; Arthur Miller, HANDICRAFT FOR THE OUTDOORSMAN; Darrell Huff, HOUSE REPAIR; R. H. McGahen, LEATHERCRAFT; Bob Brewster, SMALL BOATS; Ejler Jakobsson, MODEL RAILROADS, Greg Hallow, STAMPS. Address Hobby Corner, ARGOSY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

I am not fishing correctly or that there aren't any *bass* on the Cape. And, as you said, "I go fishing to catch fish—today not ten years from now."

I thought I might spend a week's vacation at Moose Pond near Denmark, Maine. I have picked this spot out for no particular reason except that there are accommodations there and it can be reached by bus.

Can you tell me what my possibilities of catching fish will be? What kind of fish there are? How I should fish for them and when?

Am I making a mistake in thinking I'll do better in Maine? Your article tends to impress me with the fact that it won't be any better than down here.

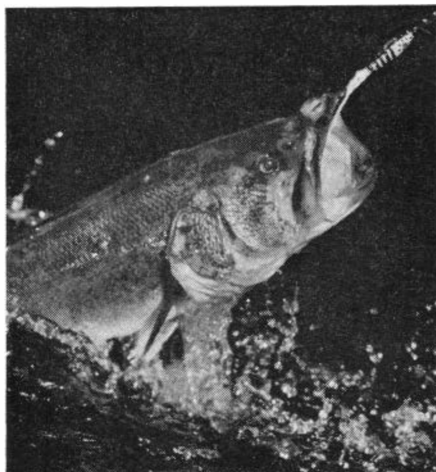
(Name withheld by request)

● **Just as you say, it is possible you won't catch any more fish one place than another, but that is what keeps fishermen going—the thought that the grass is always greener up around the next bend. Maine does have some wonderful fishing. The greater share of it is for trout. I'm not acquainted with the location you are considering but almost any of the Maine streams and ponds certainly have plenty of trout in them. If you would care to you might like to write Bob Elliot, Maine Development Commission, Augusta, Maine. I am sure he will advise you.**

Since you are not a plug or fly caster, you'll probably do your fishing with worms or minnows, and there's no reason why you should not catch trout in Maine that way. But don't hesitate to move around the pond some, if they don't bite in the first place you stop. I don't think you are making any mistake in going to Maine. You'll see some swell country, and you'll have a lot of fun. Ten to one you'll also catch some fish. Whenever you fish in strange territory, watch carefully how the local fellows do it.

BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Bob Elliot of the Maine Development Commission is writing about his state for ARGOSY'S forthcoming Battle of the States series.


Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission

"I go fishing to catch fish—today, not ten years from now."

Books for Coins

I would like to know where I can get a recent coin book for both U.S. and foreign coins.

MRS. GLENN BOWMAN
Fairmont, W. Va.

● **I am sorry that there is no single book for both U.S. and foreign coins, but listed below are separate books for each.**

U. S. Coins
1. Scott's Standard Catalogue. $3.
2. Scott's Guide Book. $1.50.

Foreign Coins
1. 19th Century Coins of the World. $3.50.
2. 20th Century Coins of the World. $3.50.

I am sure that your bookseller could obtain any of these for you if they are not available in the library.

GREG HALLOW

On Model Railroads

My model railroad layout is HO gauge.

Can a person without much electrical experience make his own relay-switch machines—that is, for a reasonable cost? If so can you help me with diagram, etc.?

What is a good mixture to use with paper maché for landscaping, such as mountains, adjoining right of ways, etc.?

FRANK L. PARKER
Victoria, B. C.

● **Numerous diagrams have been published at various times on the construction of relay-switch machines, both by "Model Railroader," 1027 North Seventh Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin, and "Railroad Magazine" at 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Both publications, I'm sure, would be glad to supply you with detailed information.**

I myself have tried a few but with rather indifferent success, one reason I would prefer not to send you diagrams of my own. In theory, the machine is simple enough for home production but mine, at least, never had the snap and kick of the inexpensive commercial models, and the time and trouble involved in the construction is hardly worth the dollar or two the commercial machine costs. Of the commercial machines, the Challenger, to my mind, is a reliable product.

I'm not quite clear on your second question regarding paper mache landscaping. I've used it over wire mesh stretched over a wooden frame.

Another simple way to construct mountains is to stretch cloth painted green over wire mesh, and sprinkle with grass flock. Quite a few modelers prefer using inexpensive asbestos powder, which is obtainable at most hardware stores. It is simple to apply and has more resistance to changes in temperature. Accurate small detail can be modeled with either plastic wood or plastic rock.

E. JAKOBSSON

HOW TO BE A FLOP AS A HOST

Palm off *ordinary* club soda or carbonated tap water on your guests. You can hide the label . . . but you can't hide the flat taste the club soda gives your drinks.

HOW TO BE TOPS AS A HOST

Mix your guests' drinks with Canada Dry Water. They'll recognize—and respect—that famous label. They'll get drinks that taste better, sparkle longer.

How CANADA DRY PIN-POINT CARBONATION makes drinks taste better

Thanks to this scientific process, your drink sparkles longer. Result: you always have a fresh drink in your hand no matter how long you "nurse" it.

Remember— ⅘ths of your drink is mixer . . . ask for the best— Canada Dry Water

ARGONOTES

MEET THE AUTHORS BEHIND ARGOSY'S STORIES

Associated American Artists
SMITH recalled the long watches . . .

LAWRENCE BEALL SMITH'S first magazine assignment illustrates Jim Miller's story, "Crisis at Mid-Watch," which appears on page 50.

Smith was one of the few accredited Artist Correspondents during the war and the subject of a night watch on a rolling ship was not a new one for him. He was on the Lexington while she was engaged in anti-sub work during her shakedown cruise in the South Atlantic. At the time, he made color notes and sketches from which he painted a series on Naval Aviation for the War Department.

From the Lexington, Larry was sent to Europe. He followed the 29th and 30th divisions through the Normandy invasion and the bloody battle of St. Lo. Many G.I.'s were puzzled at seeing Smith sketching right up behind the front lines, since he was allowed complete freedom and could have worked back at HQ.

Smith's job, however, was to report on the war and the war wasn't 10 miles behind the lines.

"ONE BILLION BUYS THE WORLD," by David Anderton *(page 16)*, is based on the author's years of research engineering in aircraft and guided missiles.

After graduating from Rensselaer Polytechnic in Troy, New York, as an aeronautical engineer, Anderton went to work for Grumman in 1941, designing fighter planes. He is particularly proud of one design that he worked on—the F8F Bearcat. Four years ago he moved to Schenectady to take a job as project engineer on guided missile work with General Electric.

Anderton found the work fascinating, but full of unforeseen complications. His family and friends, realizing that his work was top secret, refrained from questioning him. But Anderton is a man who enjoys conversation, and he found the enforced silence about his work frustrating.

There was also red tape. To move one restricted document from his desk to the desk of an assistant involved writing, signing and filing security receipts in triplicate. He figures that fully one-fourth of his time was devoted to such procedure. When G.E. finally moved a fireproof safe into his home, so that he could work at night on classified material, he decided the time had come to quit.

Now an associate editor on an aviation magazine, Anderton admits he would leave the literary business in a minute—if he could join the first rocket trip to the moon or go to work on a satellite project.

The Kodachrome illustrating "One Billion Buys the World" is printed by courtesy of Eagle Lion, from the motion picture, "Destination Moon."

. . . **MILLER** wrote about one of them.

JIM MILLER, author of "Crisis at Mid-Watch" *(page 50)*, went through a great many long watches, like the one in his story, during his three years of criss-crossing the Atlantic on a destroyer escort. The story, however, is not based on any actual experience of his. It is, he says, "the result of a stray memory of some long watches and of how important it was, or seemed, to be relieved on time. A few guys were habitually late and for some of them, sheer dread could have been the main reason.

"I felt like writing without scorn about one of them."

Miller these days is turning out fiction from his home in Pound Ridge, New York. Among his plans is a three-month trek through Europe with his wife and child. For despite the mileage he covered during the war, Jim never got to see any of the land that bordered the ocean on that side.

IN ORDER TO MAKE the photographs that accompany Jhan and June Robbins' article, "Look Out Below!" *(page 32)*, Homer Page had to spend many days right in the middle of house-wrecking operations.

Once he found himself five stories above the ground on a narrow wall that began to sway as he stood on it. He held his breath, took his picture and scrambled to safety just before the wall collapsed. "When you're up there you can't afford to think of what might happen if you fell," he says. "You just have to concentrate on finishing your job and getting back down."

He found ARGOSY's assignment a more dangerous proposition than his wartime work in a shipyard. In charge of fitting destroyers, he was involved in climbing all over some pretty big ships.

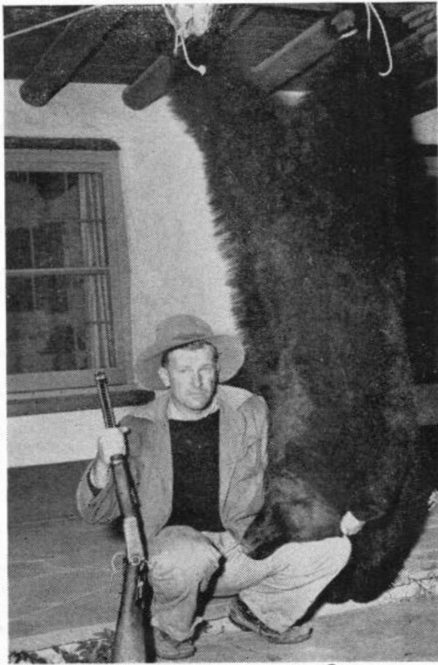
Page usually works with a Rolleiflex, but chose a Leica for this job. You hold a Leica up to your eye, whereas a Rollei's view-finder is looked down into at chest level—a bad plan on wrecking jobs, where the first rule is "Heads up!"

RICHARD MEALAND began thinking up the plot of his story, "A Girl Like That" *(page 26)*, while riding on a bus called "Paradise Green." It runs from Fairfield, Connecticut, where Dick lives, to the district of Bridgeport which bears that name.

"Since the real Paradise Green is neither very green nor anywhere near paradise, the incongruity of the bus' name and destination struck me," says Mealand. He put his fiction-writer's imagination to work on a story involving a bus driver and a woman passenger, and you have the result in his first contribution to ARGOSY.

A former newspaper reporter, magazine editor and story chief of Paramount, Mealand now devotes himself to free-lance writing, skiing, and the husbandry of four Connecticut acres. The author of two novels, "Let Me Do the Talking" and "The First Person," he is now at work on short stories, screen plays and a third novel.

Henry Dravneek
MEALAND began with the name of a bus.



C. E. Redman

HIBBEN hunts for science and fun

FRANK HIBBEN, who is well known to outdoorsmen for his exciting stories about hunting, also has a distinguished reputation in academic circles as an anthropologist and archaeologist. He made his first scientific field trip at the age of 12, when he got a job as water boy for an archaeological expedition. Later he made many trips for museums, and won degrees from Princeton, the University of New Mexico and Harvard.

After serving as a captain in the Army Air Forces (Intelligence) and later as a lieutenant commander in the Navy, Dr. Hibben returned to teaching anthropology at the University of New Mexico. This puts him in the happy spot of being able to combine hunting trips with research expeditions. His first piece for ARGOSY, "My Tangle with the Phantom Bear" *(page 22)*, will be included in his forthcoming book, "Hunting American Bear," a sequel to his "Hunting American Lion."

AUTHOR JOHN REESE first met "The Last of the Terrible Men" *(page 40)*, Jim Richardson, when he went to work for the Los Angeles *Examiner* in 1944.

"During the four years I worked for him, Richardson nearly made me a nervous wreck," he says. "He may seem crazy as a bed-bug by conventional standards, but by the same criterion he is one of the most brilliant geniuses I know. I wrote this piece in the mood of an ex-convict putting down his San Quentin experiences—to get it off my chest, even if it took all the hair off with it.

"I was spurred on by the fact that every time Richardson's name comes up in a bull session in the Press Club, somebody always suggests that somebody ought to do a story about Jim."

Now that Reese has broken the ice, Hollywood is interested in doing a movie based on Richardson's career.

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BACK TALK

TELL IT TO ARGOSY: 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Va. State Chamber of Commerce

ONLY the companionship and relaxation keep Reader Falvo trout fishing.

WHILE NOT CATCHING TROUT

Sirs:

How true, how true—have just finished reading "The Trouble with Trout," and it hits me right where I am touchy. After several years of pilgrimages to Maine, hundreds of dollars worth of tackle and lures, especially the "sure killer" kind, I am too ashamed to reveal my total take of trout. If it were not for the good companionship and the relaxation, I would have chucked it long ago.

You will no doubt be deluged with protests from the faithful. If it gets too hot to handle, let me help you. I will have lots of time between "not catching trout" if the usual occurs.

Yours for better fishing—any kind that's fun!

FRANK FALVO

Hartford, Conn.

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER BRUTALITY

Sirs:

It has been sometime since I read "I Was Shanghaied Into the Foreign Legion," and the rebuttal that followed from Sgt. Raymond S. Drummond, but the sergeant's letter still irks me.

Drummond compared the harshness of the Legion's actions with that of foreign armies. He even attempted to justify the Legion by raving about the invincible Blitz men of the Nazi war-machine.

Sgt. Drummond stated that he entered the service before he was seventeen. This should not necessarily impede constructive thinking. By now he should be grown up. Anyone that condones brutality, unnecessarily, is inclined to be brutal himself.

Cruel treatment makes cruel men, and the Nazis were living proof of this.

I am European by birth but American by choice. I served in China, and the Philippines, both in the U. S. Army and Navy. I observed at first hand these highly rated professional soldiers of Europe.

These men envied the Yanks, who were never intended to inspire fear, arrogance, or brutality.

Be proud of the tolerance, and equality you enjoy as a citizen, and soldier of the U.S.A., Sgt. Drummond, and don't defend or applaud any system that would brutalize man against his fellowman.

DAVID JACOBSON

Long Beach, Calif.

COMMENDING AMRINE

Sirs:

I have read the article by Michael Amrine . . . After much thought about this article I am left with the following impressions:

I feel the article is one of a type which is very much needed to supply the public with enough information about an atomic disaster to enable it to co-operate with civil defense counter measures.

Two schools exist today, the teachings of which I consider extremely dangerous. One group feels that atomic warfare is nothing to worry about. The other group feels that no defense can cope with atomic warfare.

I think that Mr. Amrine accomplished his purpose of informing the public that while the atomic bomb will cause unique problems, with proper planning, measures can be taken to minimize these problems.

Might I commend you for giving the public the information it deserves and needs for survival.

MILTON C. KURTZ

Army Chemical Center
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

I have read Mr. Amrine's story "Get Ready," and enjoyed it very much. I think Mr. Amrine has the right idea in developing this problem and hope to see another such article.

Thanking you again,

CARL H. MENZER
Director

State University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

Sirs:

There is very little in Michael Amrine's article, "Get Ready" (June issue), with which I would differ . . . It can do a vast amount of good if it can be widely read.

JOHN W. M. BUNKER
DEAN

Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: These are three of a great many comments we have received on Michael Amrine's article "Get Ready."

ARGOSY has compiled a list of sources for best information available on civilian defense. This list is available by writing to Dept. Ed. 1.

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER

Sirs:

I especially enjoyed the story "Close It Up." . . . I should like to see more like it in future issues . . .

JIM HAHN

Boulder, Colo.

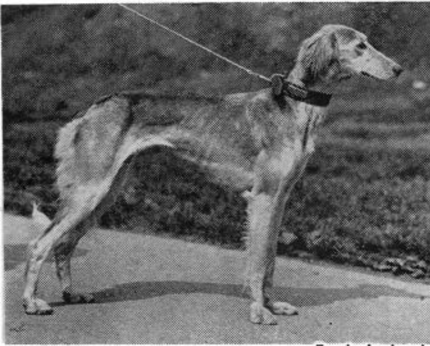
WESTERNERS MEET THE SALUKI

Sirs:

Congratulations on your accurate and sensitive article on the saluki in the current issue of ARGOSY. It gave us real pleasure to see our favorite breed in print. It was well handled without all of the high flown and inaccurate emphasis on glamor, as well as the redundant use of the adjective "exotic" with which almost every published comment on these hounds is tinged.

For the past year my husband and I have been the sole exhibitors of salukis on the Pacific Coast. At the present time there are to our knowledge only four adult specimens of this breed in this area. Three of them females and ours, which is a male. There are now, however, two litters of pups which will soon be in the show ring.

I was delighted and amazed at the



Frederic Lewis

SALUKIS are almost unknown out West.

number of telephone calls we received from friends and acquaintances who wanted to make sure that we saw the article. The Los Angeles Kennel Club show in Gilmore Stadium, drew numerous spectators who hunted until they found our benches so they could view the dogs they had been reading about.

MRS. F. C. BYER
Encino, Calif.

ARMY WANTS SCHARFF ARTICLE

Sirs:

The faculty of this school is of the opinion that the article entitled "Without Torture" by Hanns Joachim Scharff that appears in the May 1950 issue of ARGOSY would be of great value to students at this installation.

Your permission and that of the author is requested to reproduce and distribute "Without Torture" to these students. Proper credit will be given the author and publisher in the event you concur in this request. Re-publishing for local distribution would require approximately 300 copies per year.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM L. RILES
Fort Riley, Kans.

MORE ABOUT ANTABUSE

Sirs:

We, here at Fitzsimons General Hospital, were quite interested in your article "I Took the Terror Cure" which appeared in the May issue of ARGOSY, concerning Antabuse Therapy for chronic alcoholics.

The experimental use of Antabuse was started on our psychiatric service approximately one year ago and we find that it has been quite efficacious in a large number of cases. Naturally, many of our patients have since gone back to alcoholism. Antabuse is, of course, only an aid in ridding oneself of this habit and it is up to the patient himself to stop the use of alcohol and to continue taking Antabuse pills.

Colonel Donald Peterson, Chief of our Neuropsychiatric Service, and I have discussed your article and would like to have a number of reprints. We feel that reading this article would be quite beneficial to our patients who are taking the Antabuse treatment. We should appreciate as many copies as possible.

CAPTAIN L. W. WIEDERSHINE
Fitzsimons General Hospital
Denver, Colo.

WESTERN WHITE-TAILS WILL

Sirs:

After 44 years residence in the semi-primitive panhandle of Idaho, as a close observer of our wild life, I thoroughly disagree with George Heinold and his "venison-wise veteran" on the white-tail deer and their eating habits.

For several winters, when natural brouse became hard to get because of deep snow, our organization, in cooperation with the conservation officers of the State Fish & Game Department have fed hay to our deer. In fact, during the past two winters deep snow threatened to decimate our deer population. It would have if we hadn't fed them hay . . .

CLARK COLLINS
Spirit Lake, Idaho

BUT YANKEE WHITE-TAILS WON'T

● **You Westerners are sure digging me with your spurs since I wrote that New England white-tails do not feed on grass.**

Nevertheless, it makes me feel good to know some white-tails have sense enough to eat something that is both nourishing and plentiful. Our stubborn New England variety just won't. One snow-bound winter of a dozen years ago I was the chairman of the Madison Rod and Gun Club's winter-feeding committee. We had a herd of around 30 deer yarded up in a big cedar swamp. They had eaten off all the brouse in reach and were starving. Using a toboggan, another volunteer and I lugged in a heavy bale of hay and spread it out. Then, panting and heaving like mired steers, we hid a good distance away to watch those grateful deer gorge themselves. But they wouldn't. Finally we got cedar branches from another lot and these were eaten. I guess we should have imported some of that good Idaho grass!

The white-tails of New England are as stubborn as the original Yankees. Maine air-lifted tons of hay into the Aroostook wilderness one mean winter. The deer slept on it, but refused to eat it.

George Heinold

A SHELLBACK REMEMBERS

Sirs:

Your photos in the April issue, of a "Windbag" or sailing vessel sure were beautiful.

It brought me back, and I guess many other shellbacks who are on land now, to the days when we hit the doldrums off "Cape Stiff" as Cape Horn was known to us, with frozen sails to be taken in. Our fingernails would bleed from trying to bring the rags up on the yards, and hold them fast with a gasket that was stiff as wire.

I'm finishing a story of a trip I made on a four masted barque, and those photos made me very homesick, even though a lot of times we'd be up to our waists in water, while hauling on the braces. Best of luck to you and your staff, for a good job well done.

HARRY BROYLES
Banning, Calif.

I TOLD THEM SO

Sirs:

Thank you for your story in the April issue, "The Sailor Who Bluffed the Whole Army."

I had told this story many times and no one believed me, before Lederer backed me up in ARGOSY. My Hooper rating is tops now.

(Name withheld on request)
Calif.

TIPS FOR AN EMERGENCY SQUAD

Sirs:

My hat is off to the New York City emergency squads and their exploits of courage as reported by Harry Henderson in his article, "Emergency!" in your May issue. However, there are times when a lack of proper equipment and training turns the efforts of the bravest men into acts of foolhardiness.

The gas leak episode which cost the lives of three valuable men and injured at least three bystanders is a forceful example. The tragic errors which occurred in this instance are many:

1) The area should have been cleared of all but trained personnel. 2) Carbon dioxide gas should have been available to flood the furnace and extinguish the fire within. 3) Nonsparking tools of beryllium-copper should have been provided, hammers, sledges, wrenches, etc. 4) Wooden plugs are fine for stopping water leaks, as the water swells the wood for a tight fit. Tapered lead plugs, with fine threads to catch and hold, and with handles so that they can be held in place against the pressure while driving them in with the sledge, should be available for gas leaks. 5) Pure gas will burn but not explode. The breaking of windows and ventilating of the building only tended to hasten the explosion, by providing sufficient oxygen to make an explosive mixture!

I sincerely hope that this accident resulted in obtaining proper training and equipment so that the lives of these stalwart heroes are not unnecessarily jeopardized in future emergencies of this type.

D. P. H.
Lorain, Ohio

Francis Reiss—Pix

LACK of equipment can take the lives of brave emergency squad personnel.

ONE BILLION BUYS THE WORLD

A rocket engineer makes a shocking revelation: Any nation can build a fortress 4,000 miles above the earth

by David A. Anderton

Rocket engineer and aviation expert

ABSOLUTE control of the earth is for sale today to any nation that wants it badly enough. The price, at prevailing exchange rates: about $1,000,000,000 U.S.

The item: a satellite—a tiny, deadly, all-metal, air-conditioned, man-made moon. Will operate 4,000 miles out in space, cruise at a speed of three and a half miles per second, circle the earth twice daily. Can drop H-bombs on any point which appears to have grown restive or troublesome in the 12 hours since last sighting.

A bargain?

I am an engineer and I can vouch for the facts. Obviously, as a weapon, a satellite would be unbeatable. I can show you that it is feasible. As a mechanical achievement, I can make it sound exciting, even attractive. But the moral issues of the satellite's use are more profound, less easy to grasp than the brilliant techniques which make it possible. And thus the question is not mine alone to answer. That burden I share with you and every other person in the world.

There's still some time. Let's take a look at this "final" weapon before we buy it. The satellite would be a sphere perhaps 100 feet in diameter. Prefabricated, its sections would be hurled into space in rockets launched from platforms somewhere on earth, and actually assembled 4,000 miles out in space.

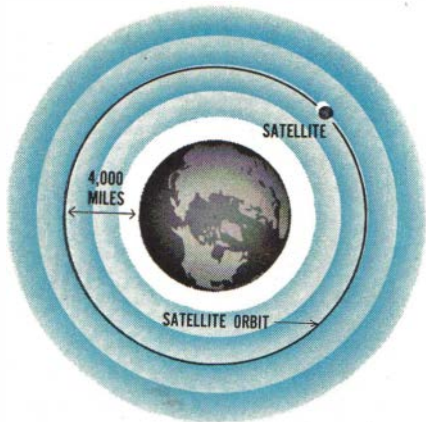
Fantastic?

Not at all.

The basic problems involved in such a project have already been solved; the fundamental techniques are actually available today. It's known in theory how the component parts of such a satellite can be launched, assembled, and positioned in its final orbit. All the automatic controls and steering necessary for the job exist in rudimentary form today.

Like the moon, such a satellite would stay in its orbit—its circular track around the earth—because there is nothing to make

Satellite *(below)* will revolve around the earth twice daily, enabling its crew to observe and threaten any trouble spot on the surface of the globe.



PRESSURE

it do otherwise. The centrifugal force of the satellite's rotation would be carefully measured against the gravitational pull of the earth, and an exact balance could be struck. As long as such a satellite maintained its established rate of rotation or orbital speed, it could neither plummet to earth nor fall away into outer space.

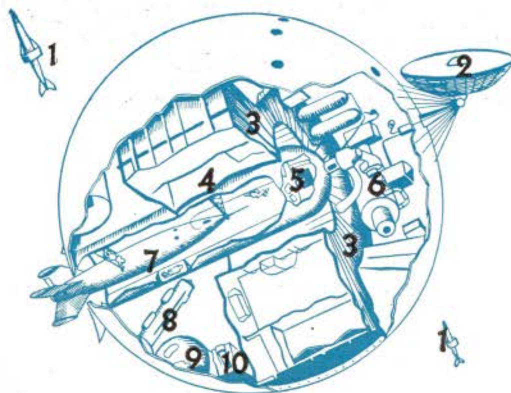
At 4,000 miles, there is no sensible atmosphere and, therefore, no aerodynamic drag. Given an initial speed of approximately three and a half miles per second, such a man-made satellite would stay indefinitely in the same exact orbit around the earth. It is this same exact balance of speed and gravitational pull which would keep the original sections and the construction gang's rockets in place while the sphere itself was assembled.

Top speeds of today's best rockets are classified information. It is known, however, that the speed of the German V-2 rocket was 4,900 feet per second, or a little more than nine-tenths of a mile per second. It is estimated that such a rocket, constructed of high-strength aluminum alloys instead of the low-carbon steels available to wartime German industries, could reach a speed of one and two-tenths miles per second. The new rocket fuel of liquid hydrogen and liquid oxygen could propel this improved rocket at a speed of about three miles per second.

For the past several years, experiments have been made with step rockets—small rockets fired from the noses of big ones—moving at high speed. Again using the V-2 as an example, two such rockets, made of aluminum alloy, and powered with hydrogen-oxygen fuel, could attain an estimated ultimate speed in *excess of five and a half miles per second.*

Titanium, the wonder metal, may eventually be substituted for aluminum alloys in such an undertaking. Our radar (*Continued on page* 68)

Drawings by JAMES CUTTER



PLAN OF SATELLITE

1. "Wolf pack" of rockets.
2. Parabolic sun mirror to receive radiant energy.
3. Rotating "living zone."
4. Hydroponic gardens (inner stratum of "living zone").
5. Engineers' control room.
6. Engine to convert solar energy to electricity.
7. Supply rocket in hangar.
8. Missile launcher.
9. Observation and firing-control station.
10. Warhead storage.

MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE

Hunting strange game in his underwater jungle, Pierson knew the terrible odds against himself — and ignored them

by JOHN D. MacDONALD

Illustrated by GEORGES SCHREIBER

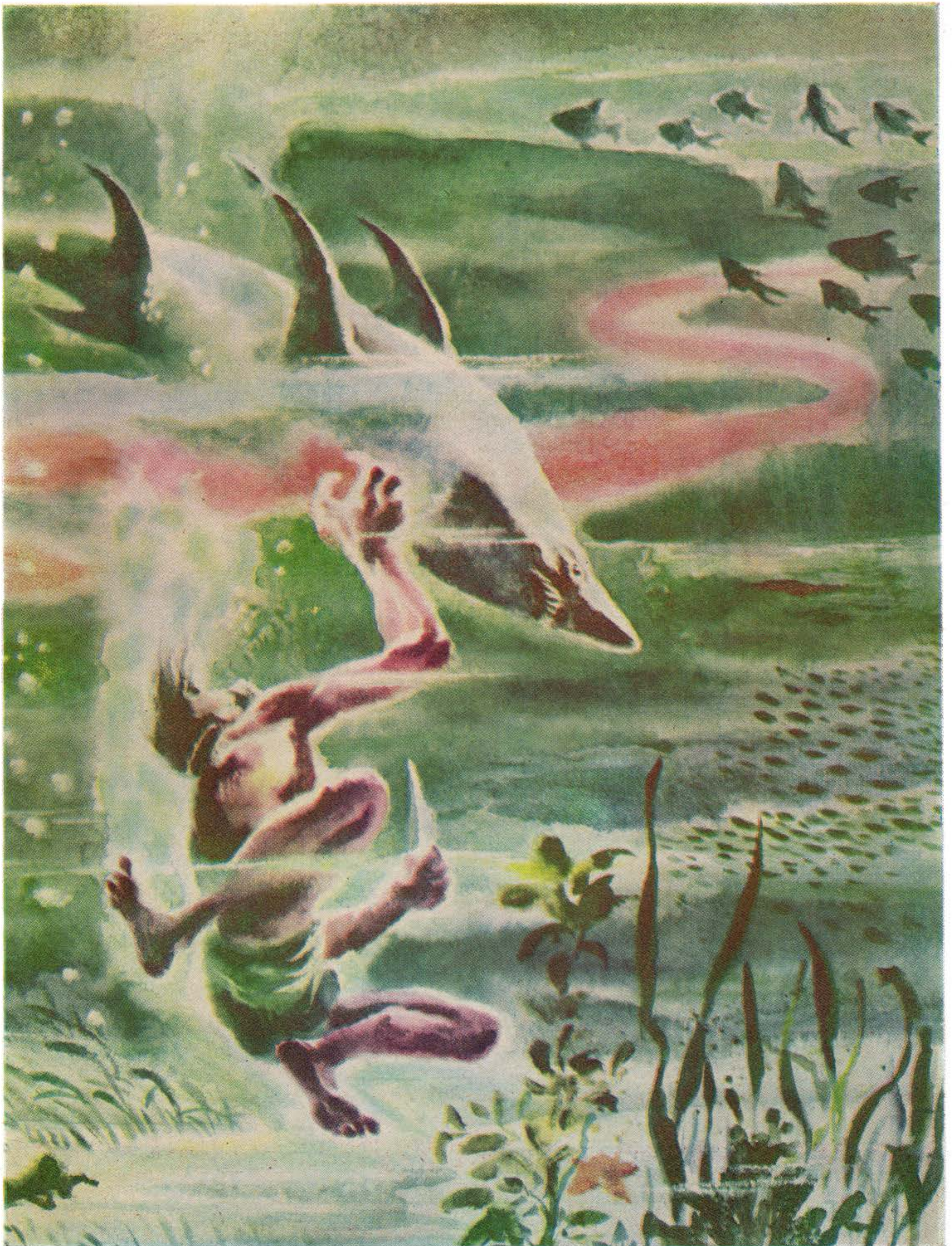
WHEN Pierson turned off the asphalt onto the side road, the homemade trailer bounced hard. He gave an apprehensive glance back to see if the boat was all right. He realized that through eagerness he had pushed the speed up too far.

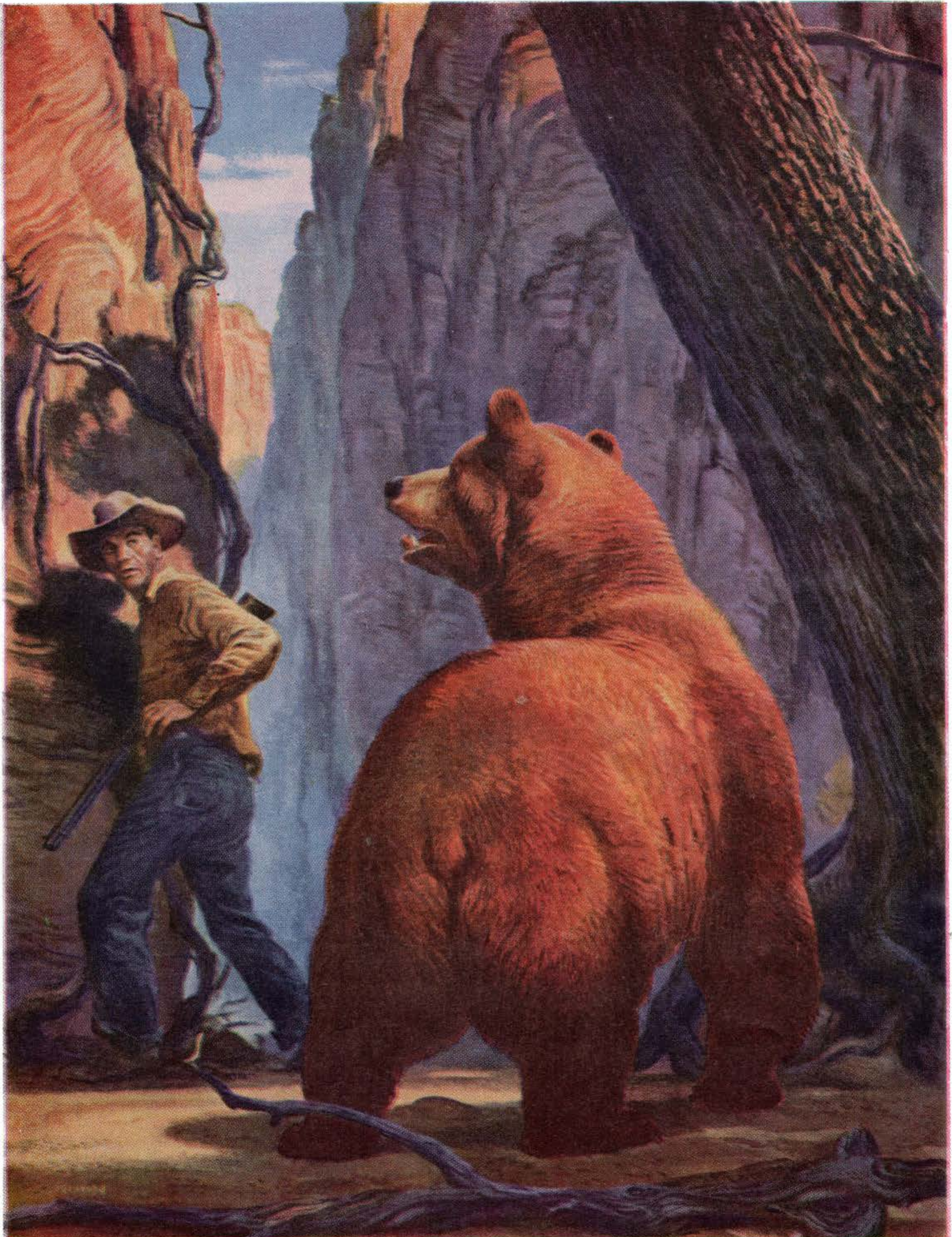
Another five minutes and he'd be there. The sun was directly overhead in the cloudless sky. There wasn't a breath of wind. This last day would have to be perfection.

He put the coupé into low gear for the sand ahead. The only thing that could spoil the day now would be the damn porpoises. His big brown fingers clamped hard on the wheel when he thought of them, when he remembered the last perfect day, and coming over the rise to look down into the bay only to see the fool things rolling and playing and snorting. Anger thickened his throat. If they spoiled this last day, too . . .

With that in mind, he'd put the carbine in the back end. The penalty was stiff, but this was a deserted enough stretch of beach so he could get away with it. There'd be a lot of satisfaction in getting even with the fool things, pumping lead into them. The day would be no good, of course, but neither would a (*Continued on page* 60)

Suddenly the shark was upon him, teeth bared in the half-moon mouth.





My Tangle With The Phantom Bear

When a large-sized bruin tries to join a mountain-lion hunt, there's bound to be trouble. There was.

by Frank C. Hibben

Illustration by BOB KUHN

BEARS are like people. They are all different and generally unpredictable. It was this human quality which attracted us to a certain chocolate-colored bear in the sandrock country of Arizona some years ago. We did not start out as friends, although we weren't exactly enemies, either. It was at first a laissez-faire situation, probably produced by the fact that we were not hunting this particular bear and he was not, I think, hunting us.

Giles Goswick and I were scouring this canyon country for mountain lions. Giles had spent a storybook lifetime in pursuit of all kinds of game. Though a rancher by classification, he had collected a well-earned reputation as "the best damned lion hunter in Arizona," as more than one rancher had told me when I questioned them about the road to the sandrock country. He was large of body and soft of voice, with a matter-of-fact efficiency when handling horses and hounds. I learned much from Giles Goswick on that hunt.

As we followed our lion trails through the cliff-cave houses that ancient Indians had built so long ago in those canyons, we found the tracks of the bear everywhere we went. Certainly there was nothing for a bear to eat in the dry cliff houses of dead men. There were no succulent grasses in these desiccated ruins; no wild berries sprouted from the tumbled walls and baked plazas of these deserted places. There was not even a colony of acrid ants which a red bear tongue might lap up as they scurried in the wreck of their broken home. But this one bear visited these ruined places nonetheless. As Giles and I rode the canyon rims and climbed the steep ridges, we seemed to find his tracks everywhere we went.

He was not a cub. As a matter of fact, when we saw him first in the moonlight, he looked enormous as he sniffed the wind, with his nose and head stuck out toward us.

But our bear didn't come into our lives all at once. He grew on us like a cancer. There were several occasions on those cool nights of late August when our horses showed an undue restlessness and the dogs whimpered and growled in their sleep. There were nights at this time when the horses refused to leave camp at all and snuffled and stamped around the tent ropes. The beasts were hobbled, it is true, but otherwise perfectly free to move about as they chose. They certainly should have been seeking what grass they could find to harden their bellies for what was always an arduous ride on the next day. The dogs and the horses and even we seemed nervous and ill at ease. There was a presence among us, something foreign, a Thing that instilled fear and yet was invisible.

The inevitable happened on a moonlight night. There was only a half moon, but it produced an even white light that made shapeless shadows of the pine trees around our camp. Giles and I had spread our sleeping bags by the fire, as we always did. We never slept in the tent unless there was a blizzard or worse. On this night, as many times before, I had felt a disturbing restlessness and uneasiness.

I'm not sure what awakened me. One of the hounds was curled close against my face and was trying to inch gradually into the top of my sleeping bag. I could smell the warm dog odor of his dirty skin and I pushed him roughly away. The poor dog shrugged his tail in the way hounds do and lay down on the edge of the tarp.

Then I heard a horse (*Continued on page* 79)

Behind me in the narrow canyon, not 20 feet away, was a mountain of flesh and fur.

❶ Caught in Mastermind Boudreau's classic pick-off, Braves' catcher Phil Masi drives back to second.

❸ Umpire Bill Stewart calls Masi safe, but this now-famous photo sequence seems to prove the opposite.

Master-Minding

The Great McGraw started it when he said, "We'll win as long as my brains

by STANLEY WOODWARD

A CROWD of 63,876 was in Yankee Stadium July 4, 1949, to see the New York club play a double-header with the Boston Red Sox. In the ninth the Yankees had Boston 3 to 2. Then, with one out, John Pesky singled, Ted Williams singled and Vern Stephens walked, filling the bases.

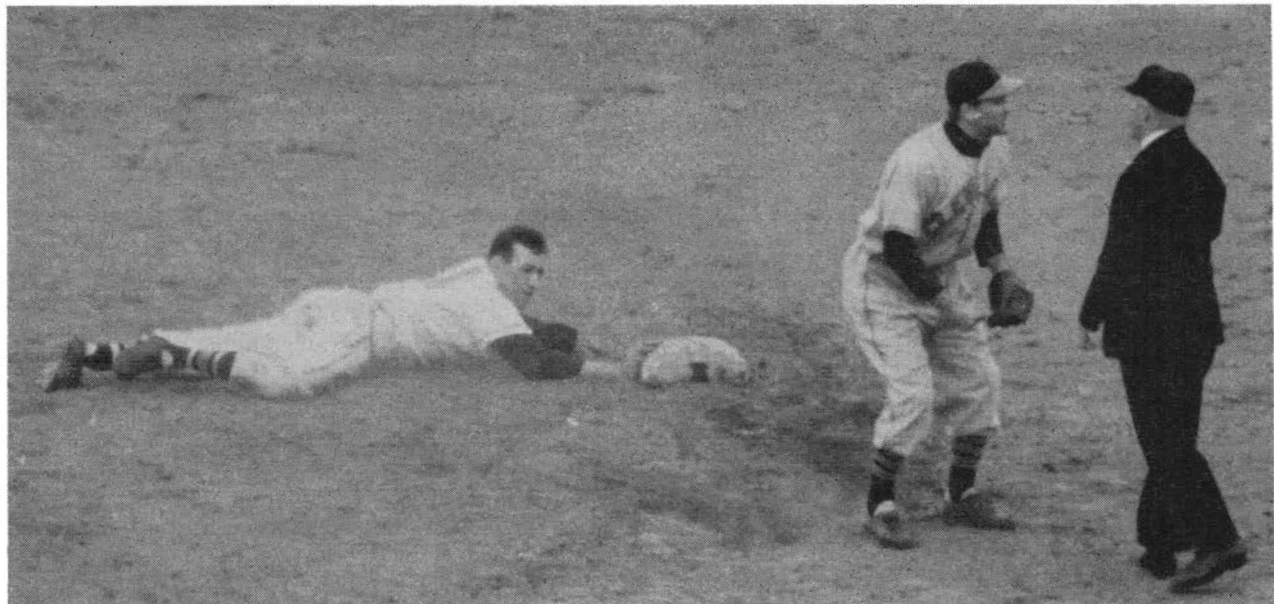
A gusty wind was blowing and a little twister stirred up a dust storm and forced a momentary delay in the action. The air was still full of dust particles when Al Zarilla rammed an apparent single into right field.

Cliff Mapes charged in at the ball. The late Kiki Cuyler, who was coaching at third, yelled to Pesky, "Tag up, John."

Neither he nor the Boston base runner was sure, under the conditions, whether or not Mapes would catch the ball.

He didn't catch it. He trapped it on the first short hop and cut loose a tremendous throw to the plate.

2 Boudreau moves in to catch Feller's throw. Sequence camera shot shows Masi tagged on slide to base.



Photos by Wide World

4 Boudreau disputes Stewart's decision, which led to the decisive run for Braves in 1948 Series opener.

Wins Ball Games

hold out." Now there's a strategist in every dugout—and every bleachers seat

It was a strike and it beat Pesky by a full stride. Yogi Berra, the Yankee catcher, stamped gleefully on the plate, and then held the ball up high overhead to call the umpires' attention to the force play.

It was the most unusual play of the season. One of the faster runners in the American League had started from third base and had been thrown out on a legitimate single to right field. The fans yelled accolades to Mapes. When he went back to the right-field stand and caught Bobby Doerr's wind-blown fly for the out that ended the first game and started the Yanks toward a double victory, the rumpus the crowd raised was long and deafening.

It was some time afterward that the more astute *aficionados* started figuring out the background of that truly remarkable play. What was Mapes doing in right field? In the sixth inning the Red Sox had removed a right-hand pitcher and had put in the left-hander, Earl Johnson. Normal operating procedure called for an outfield shift by Casey *(Continued on page 103)*

A man like Marty, stuck in a rut, could easily forget his wife for

A GIRL LIKE THAT

by Richard Mealand

Illustrated by VICTOR KALIN

HE HAD never seen this girl before. She got on the bus at Fifth and Depot Streets, opposite the cable factory, and he glanced down, from habit, to see her legs. Not bad.

"Well . . ." She had a V-shaped face, dark lips, lifted cheeks, a pointed chin. Her glance slanted down at him. An open polo coat revealed a bursting sweater. Slender, gloved fingers slipped a coin into the box while she stood for a moment over him, appraising him and liking what she saw. "Hello!" she said.

"My, my," he said. "Working late?"

"Mm-hm. And you?"

"Another hour yet. How far you going?"

"Out to Twentieth. Let me know, will you? I'm a stranger here."

"Where from?"

"Buffalo."

"Night shift at the cable plant?"

"Yeah."

She brushed her hand lingeringly against the fare box and moved back into the bus. The rear-view mirror gave him another glimpse of her before she slid into a seat. At Seventh Street the late movie crowd got on and he forgot her in the rush until she leaned over his ear around the screen.

"Too bad you got another hour. Some other time?"

He pressed the door button to let her out. She turned, after stepping down, and waggled her finger at him, making a pout of disappointment.

All the way to Paradise Green he couldn't get her out of his mind. Crazy desire rose in him, blinded him. He cursed the bus, the hour, his wife, his kids, the whole confining world that kept him from a girl like that. He pushed his cap back over his bristly brown hair and rubbed his hot cheeks. It was some time before he could get his sense of humor back and put the girl in her place. There were a million like that in the world. Trouble-bait, that's all they were. A devil face, a figure, legs. But they didn't throw themselves at you every night in the week.

He checked in at one and dumped his take. Martin Kosacs. Route No. 17. Paradise Green to Fairhaven. There was a new checker on duty. "Is the bus O.K.?"

"Oh, sure. You might have 'em look at the brakes. Otherwise, O.K."

He hopped a ride out to the Belle Bridge traffic circle with Joey Mudo, then walked to the Veterans' Project where he lived. Crossing the lot past the deserted gardens, he looked up briefly at the December sky. The stars were out, reminding him that tomorrow he would have another day at Mr. Bentick's, cutting brush. Steffy could have the car, unless there was something else wrong with it, but she'd have to call for him in the afternoon in time for him to change and check in again at five.

No, wait. Tomorrow the drivers had to pick their routes again. Three o'clock, no later, he'd be due at the garage. That would give him only five hours for Mr. Bentick. Well, anyway, that would be seven and a half bucks and he could work the next day from nine to four. Every extra dollar brought him that much nearer to the washing machine he was going to buy Steffy for Christmas and that much closer to the time when she would not be tired at night, the house a mess and the kids running around like slum brats.

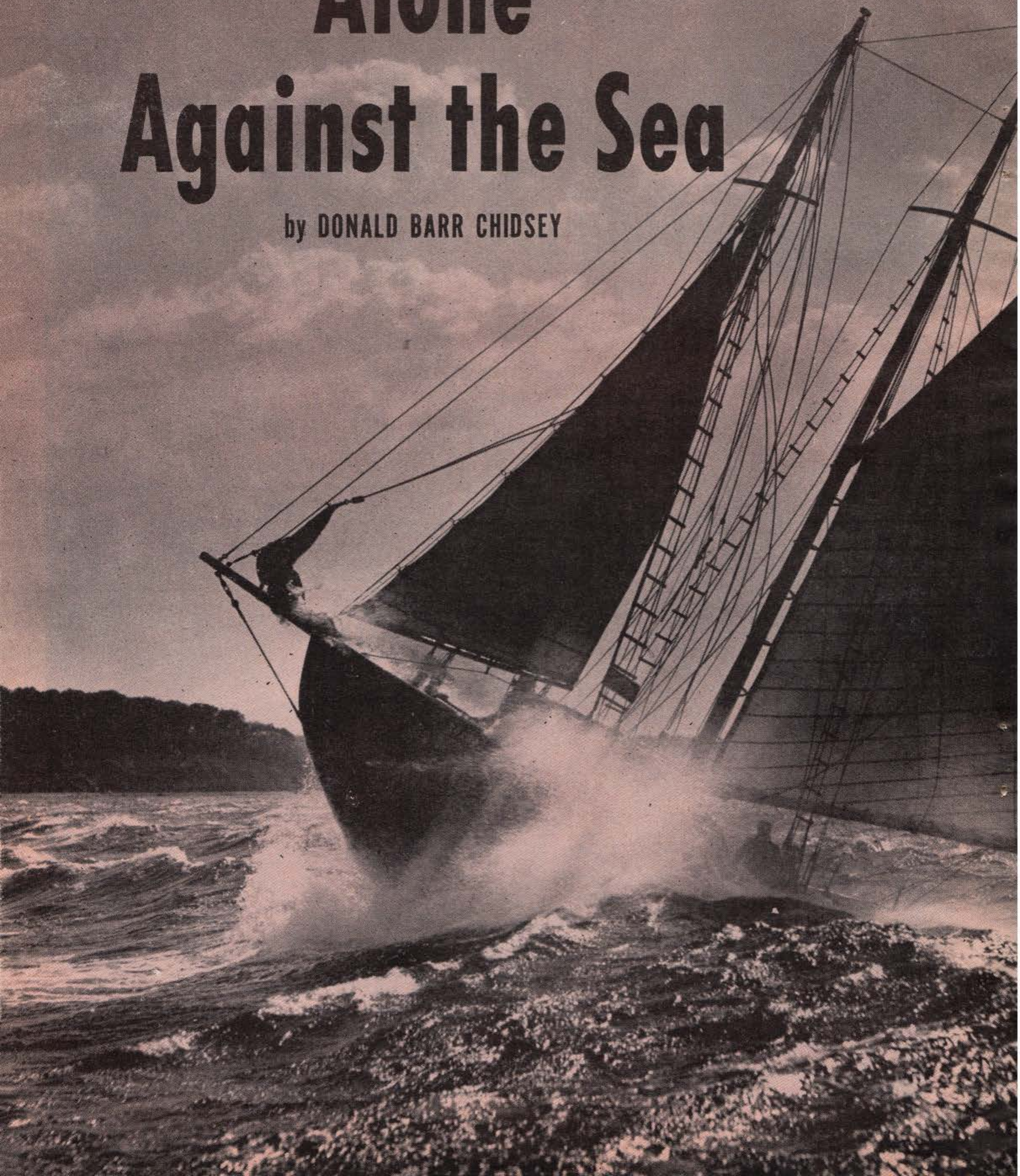
Now you take Mr. Bentick's house in Fairhaven; everything was neat and clean, the grounds well kept, Mrs. Bentick never seemed to have a hair out of place. Mr. Bentick spent time at home, fiddling with his telescope or his carpentry. That was the way to live—no fuss, no dirt, plenty of time for everything, and enough money so he didn't have to worry. Of course, Mr. Bentick was getting along in years, his kids were grown (*Continued on page* 88)

She stood there a minute, appraising him, liking what she saw. "Hello!" she said.

BUS
STOP
Victor Kalin

Alone Against the Sea

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY



INP

GERBAULT cruised solo for five years.

What is it that makes a man try to sail around the world with only his courage for crew?

HAM OLDS and I sat on the verandah of the Cercle Bougainville and looked over the tops of our drinks at the small sailboat coming in through the break in the reef. Since it was coming head-on we couldn't make out its rig, but it was much too small for the *Oiseau des Iles* or the *Tiare Taporo* or any of the other boats we could think of that might be putting in.

I took my feet down from the rail. "Where's the glass?" I asked.

In Papeete, in those days before the war, any waterfront café of pretensions maintained as part of its equipment a battered telescope, to be used in just such emergencies as this one.

"Cola!" shouted Ham. "A rum punch and the glass, and make it *tout de suite*, eh, pal?"

"*Two* rum punches and the glass, Cola," I corrected.

"Ho kay."

Cola has a great many kinds of blood in his veins, and he speaks excellent American.

Before the glass arrived, however, the newcomer, now safely through the pass, tacked to starboard, and we saw that she was even smaller than we had supposed, with only one stick—a very tall one for the size of the boat itself, which was what had deceived us when she was coming head-on. In fact, she looked like a baby in a barroom. She had no business 'way out here. She was the sort of job you'd expect to see neatly moored for weekend use at Port Washington or New Rochelle on Long Island Sound.

Olds put down the glass in disgust. "Another Goddamn circumnavigator," he said.

After a while he drifted off, and I sat musing while the sun slid down toward Moorea, and the little boat came closer to the quay, where a crowd had collected. It is easy to get a crowd in Papeete, where folks haven't much to do. Otherwise the arrival of another circumnavigator would have attracted little attention.

Men in small boats were forever appearing out of the east in those days in Tahiti, and doubtless are again today—out of South America and Panama, but (*Continued on page* 91)

Photo by MORRIS ROSENFELD

Over the Mountains to Freedom

They were both running — the boy from his past, the man from his future

by **WALTER HAVIGHURST**

BREAKFAST was a lingering and friendly meal at the Flying Cross guest ranch, while the sun slanted in the broad window bay and the desert lay out there like a tawny ocean. But the talk at the long table died abruptly when a car rasped to a stop outside the windows. For a moment a fog of dust dimmed the sunlight. A car door slammed, then came quick, hard steps on the stone flagging of the patio.

Ross Waymack got up from his place at the head of the table. His boots clicked through the shadows of the lounge where the drapes had not yet been opened to the sun. When he came back a stranger was with him, a strict-looking man in sand-colored pants and jacket. When he saw them at the long table he reached up to take his big hat off. His sand-colored hair was combed down neatly and a white line showed where the sunburn stopped just above his eyes.

"This is Tom Lankes," the rancher said. "Warden over at Fort Gregg I'll let him tell you what he came for."

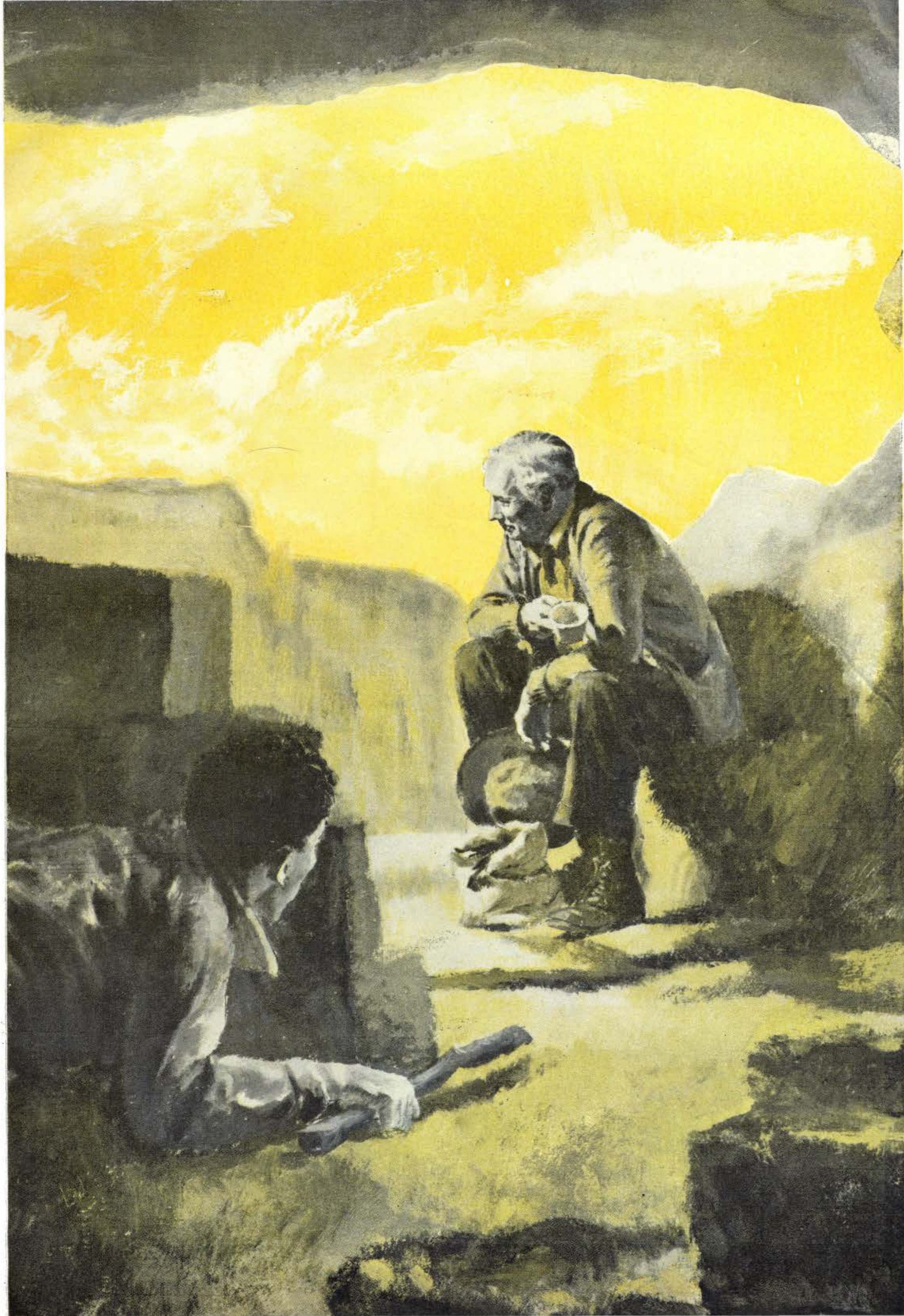
The warden passed his big hat from one hand to the other, and there was his cartridge belt with a revolver bulging at his side.

"One of our boys has got away," he said.

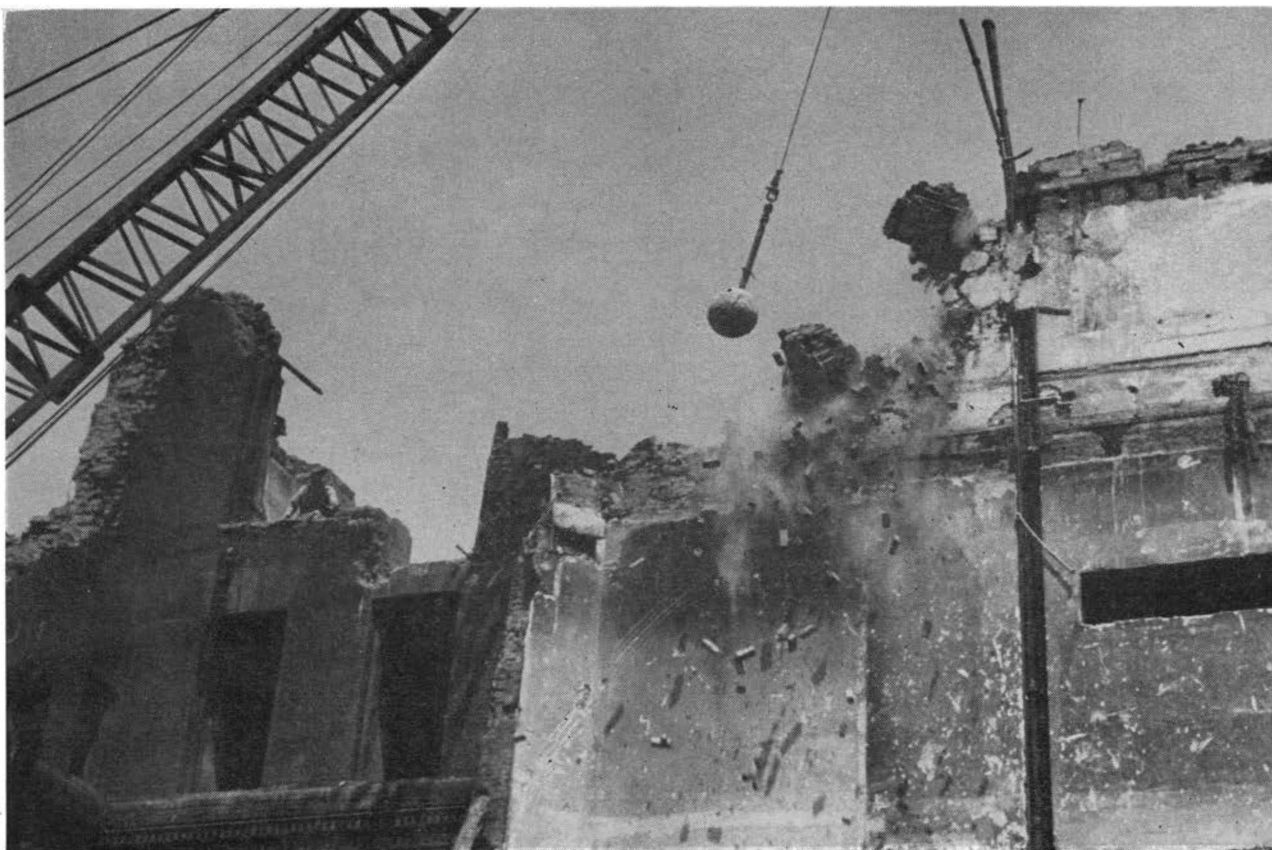
All along the table people's eyes went to the bank of windows. They could look down the broad, far valley to the glinting irrigation reservoir at Coronado, fifty miles away. But nearer, almost like a neighbor to the Flying Cross, at the foot (*Continued on page* 98)

Illustrated by JAMES AVATI

He didn't hear a sound, not any sound at all, but he knew that someone was watching him.



PICTURES
Tell the Story



ONE-TON IRON BALL, swung by pivoting crane boom, can cause havoc if not aimed with utmost accuracy.

LOOK OUT BELOW!

photos for ARGOSY by HOMER PAGE
text by JHAN and JUNE ROBBINS

BUILDING-WRECKING is one of the most dangerous jobs on earth. Only sandhogs and bridge workers have a higher percentage of industrial casualties. The men who work on the ground level of a wrecking project are often crushed by falling girders and hit by flying bricks, while the crow-bar operators, who work above them, walk off the building into thin air with disturbing frequency. High pay for the profession is $2.50 an hour.

There are only 100 major house-wrecking concerns in the U. S., and their employes, in the busiest of seasons, seldom number more than 2,500. Nevertheless, they do an astonishing amount of damage. Each year, they eliminate as many buildings as were leveled in Berlin during four years of aerial bombing. No job is too large—one company sheared off nine square miles of New York's tenement-tangled East Side to make room for a housing project—or too small—a St. Louis wrecking outfit once sent out three men to pry open a particularly stubborn closet door for a suburban housewife.

The business end of the industry is just about as risky as the jobs

TAKING DOWN heavy sections of stone calls for skill and brawn.

GOING . . .

GOING . . .

. . . GONE!

SLEDGE SWINGER WORKS ON LEDGE FIVE STORIES UP

RIGGER'S job of loosening steel is most dangerous of all.

BARMAN runs constant risk of destroying his own perch.

WRECKING CREW moves in to kick and batter down wall after worker at left has softened it up with crowbar.

it provides. There isn't much profit in used bricks. It is almost impossible to take them apart neatly and no one wants them after you do. There is money to be made, however, in salvaged radiators, bathtubs, plate glass, scrap iron, steel girders, tile and flooring. All the wrecker has to know is how to get the stuff out intact, where to sell it and how much to ask. Against the demand, a wrecking contractor juggles his estimate of the time and money needed for the job.

At this stage, the business resembles a game of stud poker. The rules are to make the fee cover the cost of demolition and hope that the profit from salvage will provide some gravy. Competing bids often vary fantastically. Recently a government contract to tear down an abandoned army camp was let to a contractor who offered $200 for the privilege. The next nearest bidder had demanded $200,000. Neither could explain how he arrived at the figures submitted. Said the low bidder, with a shrug, "I just took a chance. I'll probably (*Continued on page* 102)

612

He had refused to sell out and abandon his plans for the highway. But she had not yet made—

Her Best Offer

by WARNER HALL

CREGHAN had been dozing, the quick, light napping of a man used to taking his sleep when and where he found it. The settling of the big plane as the pilot began to let down brought him sharply awake and he heaved himself upright, turning to the window at his elbow.

The last time John Creghan had flown north into Inlet, the war had still been on and the security shades were drawn long before they had come over this side of the mountains. Now he studied the humped, icy piles of the Chugaches below with interest born of an old curiosity about this wild country and the people who chose to live in it.

The mountains fell away to brown-thicketed foothills. Ahead, half hidden by the plane's dropping nose, Creghan saw the familiar gun-metal snake of Boat Creek coiling about the air strip and the Army post on the far bank before it crawled on through the buildings of Inlet at its mouth on the bay.

A few moments later, standing on the black tarmac and shrugging the collar of his worn trench coat closer to shut out the damp wind streaming across the strip, he looked again at the town's silhouette against the saffron Alaskan sunset. The cluster of single-story roofs, broken along the line of First Street by a double row of frontier-style false fronts, was reminiscent enough with but one exception. A brick and glass pile, yellow and glaringly new, thrust itself up an incongruous six stories.

Creghan cupped his hands about a match. As he lifted his head, smoke pluming away on the wind, he saw an olive-drab Army sedan roll through the gate and stop alongside the flight strip. A woman in gray tweeds, bareheaded and tall, stepped from the rear seat and crossed the tarmac toward him.

It had been five years since he had seen her, but he recognized the walk before he did the oval, dark-eyed face. It was not Nancy Strain's intention that any man who saw her move should ever forget it.

Creghan murmured, "So it's started already," and strode to meet her, reaching for his hat.

The beginning seemed pleasant enough. The girl who came to him, hand outstretched, was a beauty. She was not much below Creghan's own six feet plus but so softly and perfectly made that she seemed much smaller. Mist glistened in dark hair and heightened her clear coloring. The sight of her carried Creghan a long way into the past.

She said, "It's good to see you again, Jack. And welcome back to Alaska—if a mere cheechako of a year's standing may be so bold."

"Nice to see you, Nancy. A year, did you say?"

"Phil was ordered to Inlet a little over thirteen months ago. He was so unhappy that he couldn't be here to meet you himself. But he'll be back in time for dinner. You're staying with us, of course."

They were at the car. Creghan handed her in, then stood with his hand on the open door. "I'm sorry, Nancy. I'm afraid I can't."

She stared at him standing bareheaded in the drizzle, approving the set of his cocked black head and lean shoulders even while she considered his refusal. Soberly, she admitted, "We were afraid you might feel that way. Not even dinner, Jack? Could there be anything wrong in that?"

"Of course not. It happens, though, I have a date for dinner." (*Continued on page* 94)

Illustrated by HERMAN BISCHOFF

COURT OF

Don't Hide

THE REV. W. A. GILBERT, who championed Clarence Boggie, discusses new cases with Gardner at writer's ranch.

LAST RESORT

the Facts

by Erle Stanley Gardner

Your investigators unearth new evidence—which has been hidden too long—about three cases

JUDGE James M. Allen, one of the lawyers who acted as a special prosecutor when the district attorney of Siskiyou County refused to prosecute the Brite brothers, takes issue with us, and we take issue with him. Because Judge Allen has now been elected to the position of Superior Judge, his words carry much greater weight than would otherwise be the case. The dignity of his office has invested the man's statements with a certain judicial authenticity.

Judge Allen has been out making speeches in Siskiyou County. The effect of these speeches is to arouse public sentiment against the Brite brothers. It seems to have become almost an obsession with Judge Allen to see that John and Coke spend the rest of their lives behind prison walls.

THE RECORD

BILL KEYS—9 YEARS
Investigation started January, 1948
Paroled: November, 1948

CLARENCE BOGGIE—LIFE
Investigation started May, 1948
Pardoned: December, 1948

LOUIS GROSS—LIFE
Investigation started June, 1949
Freed: November, 1949

JOHN H. and COKE T. BRITE—LIFE
Investigation started June, 1949

VANCE HARDY—LIFE
Investigation started April, 1950

Now, we're not questioning Judge Allen's sincerity, but we're questioning his facts.

In the first place, it's not by any means certain that the Brite brothers killed those three men who invaded their camp at one o'clock in the morning. On the other hand, it's almost certain the Brite brothers did not fire *all* the shots that were fired that night, and it is absolutely and positively certain that Charles Baker, bitter enemy of the Brite brothers and the witness whose character and testimony is constantly glorified by Judge Allen, was never able to tell a story which wasn't filled with inherent contradictions and inconsistencies.

Judge Allen has bitterly castigated the witness Decker, shouting from the housetops that Decker changed his story in so many respects that the prosecution simply couldn't use him as a witness because (believe it or not) the prosecution wouldn't use *any* witness whose integrity and the accuracy of whose testimony couldn't be vouched for.

It seems impossible to believe that any man of mature intelligence could make such statements with a straight face, and then rely on the testimony of the witness Baker to send two men to the death cell.

As nearly as we can tell, the prosecution found it very expedient to lay off Decker as a witness because Decker's statements flatly contradicted some of Baker's claims, and the prosecution had to rely on Baker's story to convict the Brites of murder.

The situation becomes serious in view of the fact that Siskiyou County is a small county. The officers who were killed were very popular. They left a host of friends and quite a few relatives. These Siskiyou residents are having their feelings worked up to a fever pitch of hostility against ARGOSY's Court of Last Resort and against the Brites.

If they'd only stop to think, they'd realize that nothing was quite as insulting to the memory of the dead officers as Baker's story of what he claimed happened the night of the killing, or some of the innuendoes of Judge Allen.

In a speech before the Yreka Lions Club, Judge Allen is reported to have commented on the position of Officer Clark's body. It was, Judge Allen pointed out, in the position of a man praying.

That expression also occurred at the trial.

Clark never moved after the fatal bullet struck him. He was found doubled up on his knees, he had been holding a flashlight in one hand, a billy in the other. The course of the bullet in his back was upward. His coat had been pulled from behind up over his head. The fatal bullet left no hole in the coat, showing the coat had been in that position when he was shot.

Decker claimed he could hear the Brites' dog growling and fighting. The inference is that the dog was attacking persons whom he could only recognize as hostile invaders, since these invaders were clubbing his masters over the head. (A dog doesn't know anything about peace officers. If a man pussyfoots into camp, jerks back the covers and starts clubbing, a dog's sense of justice tells him there is only one thing to do.)

At the trial, Baker swore up and down there was no dog taking any part in the fighting. We doubted that statement purely because the evidence of the position of Clark's body indicated that a dog had grabbed his coattail and was pulling him around. Someone had shot at the dog—and missed.

But Judge Allen talks about the body being found in a praying position. There is a nice chance here to arouse indignation on the part of the casual, unthinking listener—and Judge Allen is apparently quite a spellbinder.

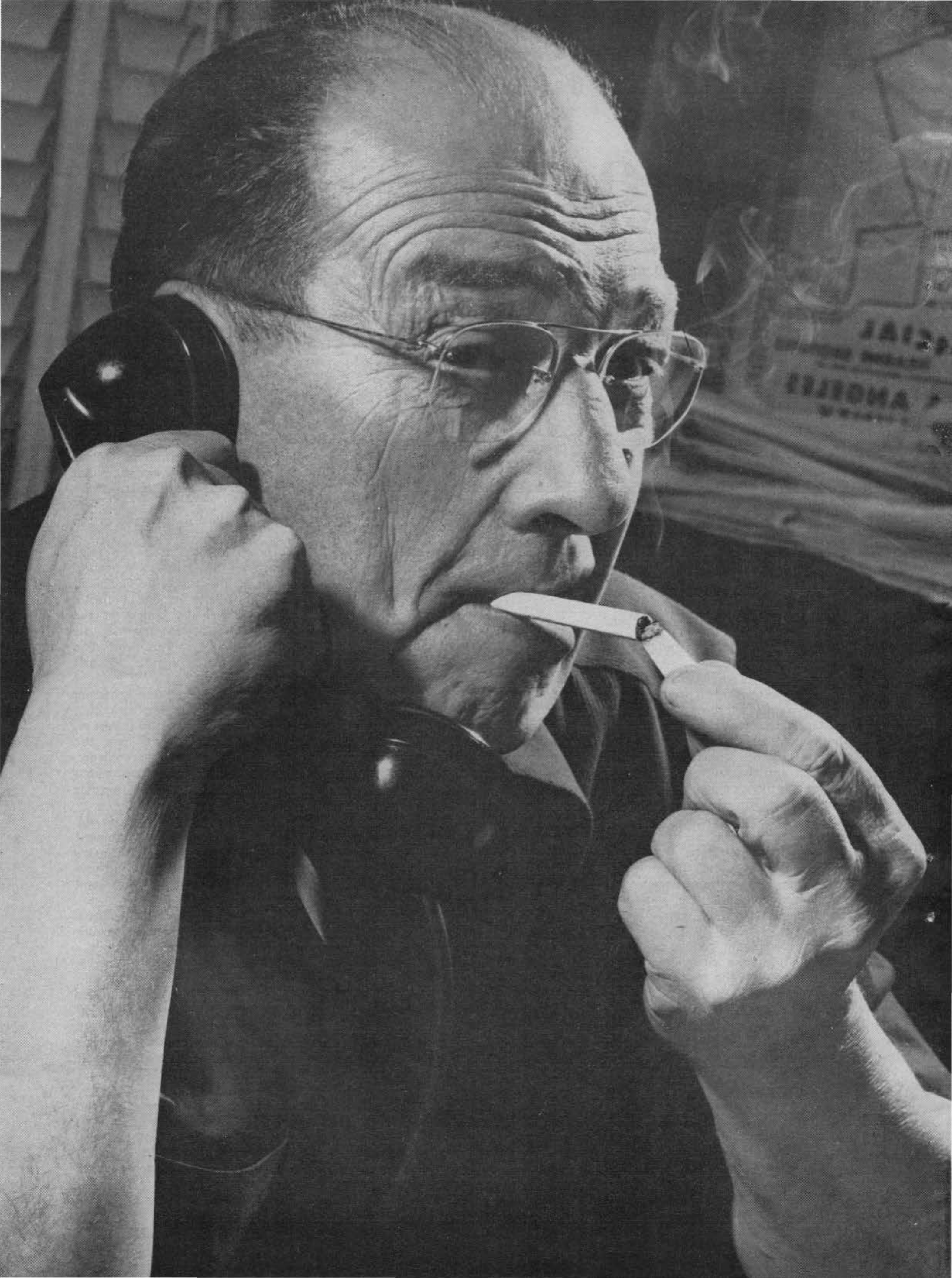
But let's think for a minute.

It arouses sentiment against the Brites, all right. Here they had—according to Judge Allen's theory—killed off two men. Clark was left. He knew he was doomed. He got down on his knees to pray, and the wicked Brite brothers shot him in the back while he was praying.

Sounds fine when a spellbinder pulls out all the stops. But let's think what all that implies.

According to the prosecution, the men were all killed with one .30-30 rifle. First Coke Brite fired a shot, then John Brite took the gun from Coke. (That way, you see, both brothers were equally guilty.)

Now, Clark's gun was in his (*Continued on page* 62)



The Last of the TERRIBLE MEN

James Hugh Richardson has stopped carrying brass knuckles and trying to outdrink all comers, but he's still the toughest #!?/%#!*! city editor in the business

by JOHN REESE

JAMES HUGH RICHARDSON, city editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, is perhaps the lone survivor today of the old brute breed of tyrant newsmen. Richardson has trained a whole generation of good reporters, and he has beaten all the spirit out of at least as many less durable ones. During the war, many of his men regarded enlistment in the Marines as a comparatively soft snap. "I feel like a coward, boys," said Leonard Riblett, his day assistant, when he left for boot camp.

An apprentice reporter named Ray Parker returned to the *Examiner* after three years in the Air Forces and took up where he had left off. "How do you like working for Jim by now?" an older reporter asked, a few weeks later.

"All right," Parker sighed. "I had the right prep school, though. Year and a half in a German prison camp."

In contract negotiations with the paper, a union representative once proposed a clause prohibiting Richardson from cursing out his reporters. "That's out of the question," the paper's spokesman said. No one laughed.

"A city editor has to be tough," says Richardson, who speaks as one of the best-paid representatives of his craft. He will not disclose what he gets, but around $25,000 a year is a good guess.

Richardson has a cast in one eye. The other scans the world out of a broad, bland face that resembles a disenchanted Buddha's. He has an expression befitting a man who has divided his life between seedy hall bedrooms and the chaos of newspaper offices. Margaret, his present wife, broke him to a dinner jacket a few years ago. She also took away the brass knuckles he formerly carried, his bedside .45, and the white cotton socks he used to wear in the belief that colored ones hurt his feet, which were battered when he was a hockey player in his younger days.

"I have worked on more than (*Continued on page* 84)

AT HOME. Richardson keeps in constant touch with paper, has phone extension in tree above his hammock.

PHOTOS FOR ARGOSY BY GENE LESTER

"HALF CAPTAIN BLIGH, half Groucho Marx," ex-staff member calls him.

The Lady and the TUMBLERS

by Merle Constiner

Illustrated by HERMAN GIESEN

They could tell the inn was evil. And when murder was done in the stable, they knew the pale, beautiful girl inside would be next to die

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER was an instructor in the backsword and quarterstaff and was known as Bone-Crusher; my grandfather, also known as Bone-Crusher, was famed for his cutlass play and skill in the prize ring. My father was a professional strong man and pugilist and took the name of Stone-Crusher. The true name of all these men, including my own, was James Thomas Smith. All were wanderers and inn players, rough, hard men, men against the world, but men fanatically steadfast in devotion to family. My mother was killed by a horse in an inn yard in Savannah; I have no clear memory of her.

In April, 1838, my father and I, having finished a swing of the South, crossed the river at Cincinnati and headed north into Ohio, toward Springfield. I was twelve, and my father was thirty-six.

In those days my father was in his prime. It's hard to describe him. To the coachman passing us on the pike he was simply squat and black-haired and ragged. But to those who watched him in play—or fight—he was a torrent of fierce, trained muscles. Then hot tinder glowed in his smoky black eyes and a wise man standing by could catch a shadowed glimpse of a startling brain. Only a glimpse, however, for it is the way of the road to pretend to stupidity.

All day the sky had been overcast, and out of Cincinnati the night and the forest seemed endless. Muggy weather had tightened our cart spokes, and Jennifer, the mare, was nervous and skittish. My father tried to soothe her by rippling the reins and whistling to her between his teeth, and I dozed on the hard seat beside him. We were deep into the Lebanon road when the sky split with flames, and ropes of rain lashed the new-budded trees like chain shot. Half-choked in the fury of water and wind, I struggled under my father's arm and called, "What o'clock?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow," he shouted back.

This was an old joke between us, for his watch, very precious to him, was kept wrapped in oilskin in his waistcoat pocket and never produced except to time his feats of strength.

Suddenly he wheeled the mare from the pike and brought her to a halt in a grubby clearing.

A wretched, rundown farmhouse, now a tavern, sprawled in a grove of oaks, splattering the storm with lamplight.

"This doesn't look too good to me," my father said. "But maybe we can play for bait and bed." He led the mare into the shelter of a lean-to that seemed to serve as a stable, and we swung open the huge front door and entered the parlor.

It was a shabby inn, and a shabby inn may be good—or it may be evil. Roadmen such as we have many ways of telling a tavern's honesty at a glance.

And this was an evil inn.

The parlor was a square, low room with a ceiling of blackened beams. Surprisingly, it was well lighted. Directly facing us, across the adzed-log floor, was the warren-like entry to the enclosed staircase which ran steeply upward to the second floor. At our far left was a short bar and behind it a few makeshift scissors and shawls and other catchpenny sundries. To our right was a huge fireplace with a spume of soot coughing from its storm-lashed chimney throat. Here a flat-faced man, ape-legged and dressed in blue cassimere, talked loudly and coarsely to a cluster of half-attentive loafers, vicious road scum.

As we entered the bar, (*Continued on page* 70)

I watched, breathless. If Manser struck the rock a glancing blow, he could crush my father's skull.

Glenn Balch says: I'LL TAKE

IDAHO

A seasoned sportsman starts a controversial series with a pitch for his favorite hunting-fishing state of all 48

HENEVER I hear men arguing about the relative merits of their favorite fishing spots, I am reminded of the Idaho cowboy who went to Texas one winter. He listened quietly to the natives brag about everything from bronc champions to horned toads. But when the subject turned to fishing, he spoke right up.

"Shucks," he said. "Up in Idaho we don't dare go fishing without our ponies. We need 'em to pull out the fish!"

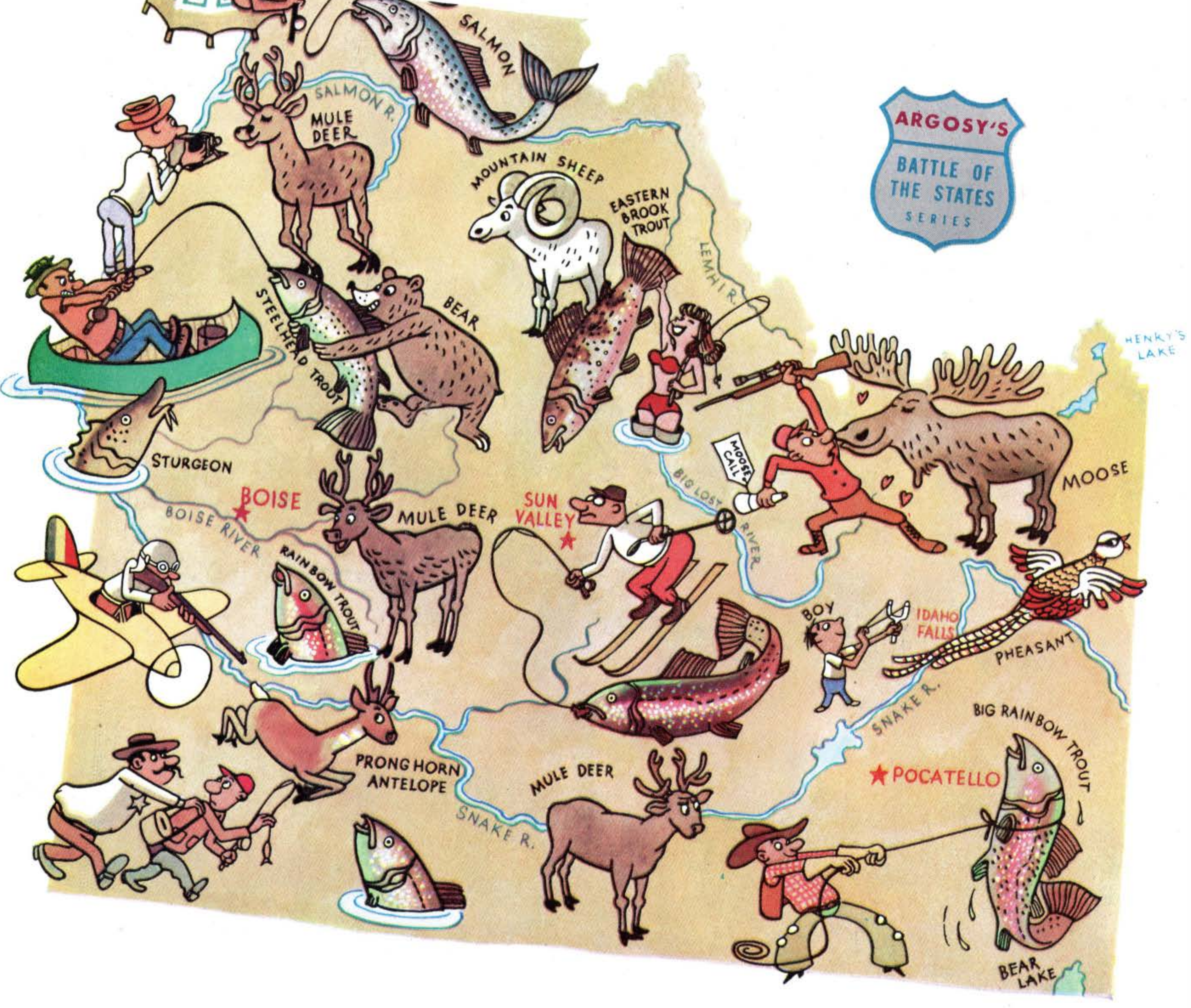
He dug into a tail-pocket of his levis and brought out a battered snapshot that showed not one but two horses hitched to something that looked like a fresh-water whale. "We hooked a team to this one," he said. "It was a mite bigger than usual—weighed twelve hundred pounds."

I can't say it was the picture of that Snake River sturgeon alone that brought me to Idaho. I'd also heard tales of mule deer as big as yearling steers, elk that ran in herds, and pinnacles crawling with bighorn sheep and mountain goats. So a couple of years ago I came north—and what I found has kept me in Idaho ever since.

I'd have stayed on in my new state if I'd found nothing else there but the fabulous wilderness area of the Salmon River country.

Inhabited by every type of wild life still found in the mountainous section of the western United States, this vast watershed of the Salmon—together with that of its neighbor to the north, the Clearwater—is the legendary stronghold of big game. The Salmon River country has produced more trophy and record heads of bighorn sheep, Rocky Mountain goats, deer, elk and bear than any other similar-sized area in the nation, and is still unsurpassed in the variety and numbers of these animals.

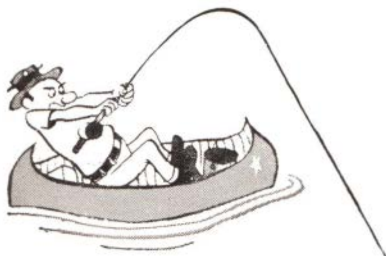
MAP DRAWN FOR ARGOSY BY Ralph Stein



ARGOSY'S
BATTLE OF THE STATES
SERIES
SALMON
SALMON R.
MULE DEER
MOUNTAIN SHEEP
EASTERN BROOK TROUT
LEMHI R.
HENKY'S LAKE
STEELHEAD TROUT
BEAR
MOOSE CALL
MOOSE
BIG LOST RIVER
STURGEON
BOISE
BOISE RIVER
MULE DEER
SUN VALLEY
RAINBOW TROUT
BOY
IDAHO FALLS
PHEASANT
SNAKE R.
BIG RAINBOW TROUT
POCATELLO
PRONG HORN ANTELOPE
MULE DEER
SNAKE R.
BEAR LAKE

Sun Valley News Bureau

WILDERNESS of Salmon River can be reached with collapsible boats. Here fishermen havé choice of teeming rainbows, steelheads and huge chinooks.



IDAHO

CONTINUED

As if that weren't enough, the Salmon takes its very name from the superb game fish which fight their way up through its churning waters to spawn in the tributary riffles. There are times when the streams are alive with the movements of big chinooks. Big steelhead, also up from the Pacific, lurk in the swirly holes—and cutthroats are there for any man to take.

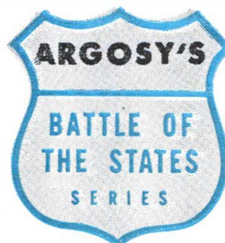
Few states allow more than one deer per hunter, but in the Middle Fork of the Salmon drainage the legal limit during the past few years was increased to two in an effort to keep the herd down to winter-range limitations. Old tom cougars dog a man's trail out of sheer curiosity, and camp bacon must be tied in a tree out of reach of the bears and porcupines. Primitive area pilots often have to buzz the back-country strips before landing to scare off the elk and deer.

Only the great national parks, such as Yellowstone and Glacier, can vie with the Salmon River country in abundance and variety of big game. But these, of course, are protected areas and, though fine, worthwhile projects, have little more appeal to the hunter than outdoor zoos.

Both Montana and Wyoming claim impressive big-game populations, but it should be remembered that a large percentage of them are the permanently protected park animals.

Deer are numerous in Idaho and widely distributed. Few towns, even those in the irrigated valleys, are more than an hour's drive from deer habitat, and it is commonplace to see the animals along the mountain highways. Early this spring a ranger friend of mine and a companion counted more than 3,000 head while driving within a 15-mile range of Boise, the capital city!

Most of Idaho's deer are mule deer, although during recent years the white-tailed variety, about half as large, but about which many states nevertheless boast, have been introduced. For those who cannot find their own deer, many Idaho packers and guides will *guarantee* a shot, and the trip is free if they fail to make good. Some will even make the same proposition on elk. One man, though confined to a wheel chair, shot his deer by having his companions push him to a likely-looking spot near a game pass. Idaho deer average around 200 pounds in weight, and some have been killed that weighed more than 400 pounds—as big as some elk in other states.



Sure, states such as Pennsylvania, Minnesota and Michigan have larger annual deer kills than Idaho, but they are of the white-tailed variety, scarcely larger than a big Idaho jackrabbit, and about eight or ten times the number of hunters go after them. In Michigan in 1948, for example, 362,002 licensed deer hunters took 109,421 head, roughly a 30 per cent success, according to the commission's report. But how many of the hunters in these states could go for an elk and an antelope, too? Not a single one east of the Mississippi and damn few west of it.

Idaho's elk hunting is second only to her deer hunting. The season is adequate and the territory is big. In 1949 nearly a third of all the hunters were successful, and the percentage was even better in 1948. While there are some particularly favorable elk regions, such as Chamberlain basin and the Selway and Locksa drainages, elk are often killed in the same hunt with deer. The major problem is getting the meat out, for an average mature Idaho bull will weigh 800 to a 1,000 pounds and will load four pack horses!

The two dollars which an elk tag costs a resident hunter is without doubt the biggest meat bargain in the nation.

Elk, of course, are warier than deer and inclined to the more inaccessible back country, but two years ago a woman hunter I know killed a nice bull on a high ridge within sight of the capital dome. Not many years ago an elk was roped one winter morning in the streets of Boise. Almost every winter the citizens of Wallace, a north Idaho mining community, are treated to a view of elk browsing in the residential sections.

Idaho deer and elk hunters frequently bring home still another big-game animal that is a rarity in most states. Last fall more than 700 black bear went into game bags, mostly those of elk and deer hunters. Add two more horses to that pack string.

Down in the valleys, where the evergreen timber gives way to willows and low brush, Idaho has another beautiful and exciting game animal, the prong-horned antelope. The antelope's range was once as wide as that of the buffalo and, according to historians, the antelope was equally numerous, the peak estimate being above thirty millions. Today Idaho is one of the very few states that still have antelope, and one of the last where hunting them is permitted. There are half a dozen places where, by simply driving along the road in the late afternoon of a summer day, you are practically certain to see antelope. About 80 per cent of the hunters in Idaho's controlled antelope hunt last fall were successful.

Of course, a great game (*Continued on page* 82)

SHOW'S ON when chutes open and 12 bucking Brahma bulls burst into arena and try to unseat their striped riders.

Even the Convicts Bust

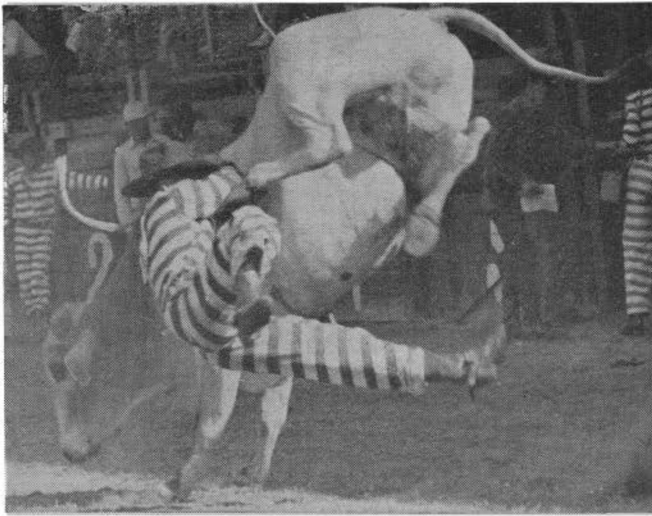
ROUGHEST AND TOUGHEST OF RODEOS ANYWHERE ARE THE DEVIL-MAY-CARE SHOWS AT

RODEOS are wild, exciting shows any place, any time. But down in Walker County, Texas, each fall, convicts from the State Penitentiary put on a rodeo that outdoes them all.

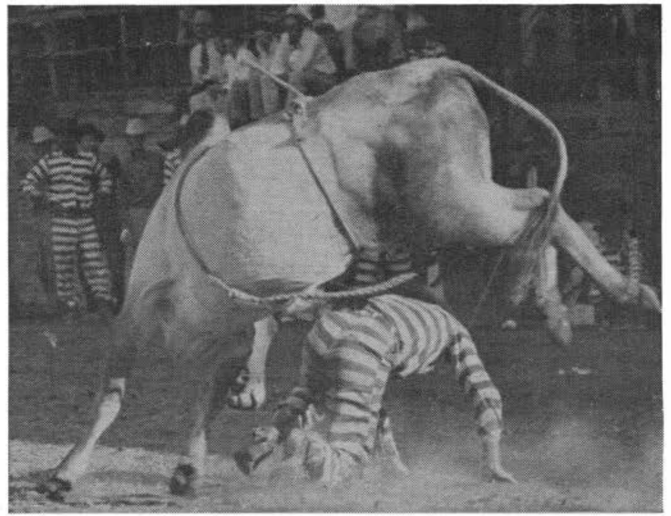
It's as different from other rodeos as a saloon brawl is from a college boxing match. No one bothers about any tiresome technical rules. Performers care nothing for personal safety. After all, what does a man serving three life sentences have to lose if he doesn't play it safe?

From the very beginning, the show is never allowed to lag. One act overlaps another as violent men get rid of pent-up energy by straddling killer broncs and fierce bulls. They're still picking up victims of the opener, a bull-riding event, when the next act begins. So it goes until the end, in a mounting excitement, air heavy with dust and sweat and the yelling of thousands of spectators. And the most excited spectators of all are the convicts who have spent a year of good behavior looking forward to going to the rodeo and seeing their fellow-inmates straddle the "bad'uns."

It's not only the fast pace of the show and the individual daring of the performers that make for the excitement. Part of it comes from the behind-the-scenes tension. Guards are everywhere and Texas Rangers patrol the area. Several years ago, one daring performer, running from a pursuing bull, leaped atop a wire fence that separates actors from crowd. Seeing



TOUGHER than any prison guard is this angry bull.



PERFORMER hits dust, and 100,000 fans start going wild.

MARE-MILKING takes a team of three men—two hold the mare and one tries to get a few drops of milk in a pop bottle.

Broncs in Texas

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY **DEV KLAPP**

HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS, WHERE THE RIDERS HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT THEIR LIVES

what he thought was a hole in the guard line, he jumped and ducked under the grandstand, racing for liberty, only to be stopped within 50 feet by a guard almost as brawny as the bull he was running from.

And then there was the convict performer who tried to pick up some easy prize money by making sure he won the wild-mare milking contest. He scarcely gave his teammates time to throw and tie the mare before he had milked her and was triumphantly holding aloft a bottle a third filled with milk. It was a remarkable performance. The judges were about to award his team the prize when the opposition demanded a check. Contents of the bottle turned out to be milk, all right, but milk of magnesia from a sponge concealed up the man's sleeve. Three prison guards had to protect him from his fellow contestants.

Since 1931, when it was started as a prison recreation, the show has grown until it has become in recent years one of the biggest and most highly organized rodeos in the country. More thousands every year are eager to pay the admission that goes toward providing extras for prisoners. Performers are frequently sought by the big rodeos after they have finished their prison stretches. So, it may well be that the daring performer you'll be watching some day in a rodeo in your own community is a graduate of this roughest, toughest, most devil-may-care show of them all. ● ● ●

On those long nights at sea, small troubles could eat at a man until the safety of a whole ship was at stake

THE WAR WAS LIKE THIS: No. 5

Illustrated by LAWRENCE BEALL SMITH

LIEUTENANT Kellam was pacing the dark bridge when he heard the boatswain's mate clattering down the ladder. That meant it was three-thirty, praise God, time to call the relieving watch. Kellam was officer of the deck on one of ten Navy escorts taking a convoy to Ireland. Since midnight he had relied upon three things to keep him awake. The pacing, as usual. Then the message he had read

Crisis at Mid-Watch

by James Robbins Miller

"Don't stand there, for God's sake!" Kellam bellowed. "Make yourself useful."

on the way up: "Enemy U-boat sighted your vicinity." They hadn't encountered one yet, but they might—they always might. Finally, Kellam had worked himself into a hot, hypersensitive wrath aimed directly at Lieutenant Philip Ford, the man who was about to relieve him.

In more than a year at sea, Ford had relieved him on time for perhaps a dozen watches. He was supposed to relieve at a quarter to the hour. At first he had been five minutes late, then ten. Now it was fifteen. And once he appeared—well, normally it required about two minutes to get the dope and take over, but Ford stretched it out with so many fool questions, jokes and irrelevancies that Kellam was lucky when he got below within a half hour after his watch was over.

One of the bridge phones rang. Kellam knew which one it was and snatched it up in the dark.

"How's the weather up there?" Ford asked.

"Cold, black," Kellam answered.

"O.K. Thanks. Be right up."

Nuts, Kellam thought, jamming the phone back in its box. Ford could have got the weather from the boatswain's mate. He just wanted Kellam to know he was up. Right now he was in the

wardroom pantry, still in his pajamas, drinking coffee, smoking, leafing through an old magazine.

Letting it pass, kidding about it, reasoning patiently, Kellam had tried everything. He was tired of it. He needed every minute of his off-watch time for work or, sometimes desperately, for sleep.

And there was another thing. To Kellam, the most important person in the world was his wife, Barbara. She was in California. He hadn't dared to move her east because of the constant rumor that his ship was headed for the Pacific any day now. It was almost a year since he had seen her. And so, every night, no matter what time he turned in, he had been taking from his locker a little folder of pictures that showed her alone or the two of them together. He never got tired of looking at them and remembering.

Maybe it was silly, but every man on the ship worked out some sort of compensation. Anyway, it meant a lot to Kellam. The trouble was that lately, what with heavy winter seas and Ford's always being late, Kellam had simply been too exhausted at night to think of anything but sleep. When this happened, he felt that he and, somehow, Barbara had been cheated. He could not blame the weather, but he could and did blame Ford.

DEEP in anger, Kellam had been half-conscious of movement on the bridge, A signalman, crouching low, passed in front of him and said goodnight. Presently the bridge talker and a variety of voices from below reported that all gun, radar, sound and wheelhouse watches had been relieved. There were no other sounds for some time except the heaving wash of the sea and the persistent *ping . . . pong . . . ping* of the sound gear.

It was three minutes past four when Ford called up through the radar-room voice tube, "Bridge! Here I come!"

Sure, Kellam thought. Now Ford was catching another quick smoke while he read the captain's night order book and the late dispatches. Kellam looked straight ahead into the black sea. He was ready for Ford. He knew exactly how he was going to handle him. He would let Ford go through his whole stalling routine. Then he would show him what time it was. And then, by God, he'd let him have it, but hard.

He heard Ford's footsteps on the ladder, eleven lurching, uneven steps. The doorknob squeaked and the door swung open fast with a roll of the ship. Ford's dark figure, bulky with foul-weather gear, barely showed against the bridge bulwark. He looked up and said, "Nasty, eh? I knew I should have stayed in my sack."

Very funny, Kellam thought, but not funny enough. "I hate a night like this," Ford went on. "Just black. I don't want a moon. That makes you a bloody target. But I sure want stars. This way it's creepy. You get hit, and you'd never know what hit you."

"The radar's working. The sound gear's working."

Ford grunted. "Pips and pings. Small comfort, mate."

Kellam yawned.

"What's the matter?" Ford said. "Sleepy? Up here in this fine cold air?"

Kellam gripped the voice tube hard and gave a brief order to the helm.

"Gyro compass O.K.?" Ford asked.

Kellam, surprised, said, "Sure. Why?"

"I just wondered. This is the kind of night it usually picks to go on the fritz. It did with me once. The damn ship turned a hundred and eighty degrees before I . . ."

Dimly, Kellam heard him talk on.

At last, Ford said, "Well, I suppose I'd better get the dope. What course? Speed? What sail aloft? Say it slow."

"We're on course zero-eight-two," Kellam said. "Speed thirteen-and-a-half knots. All four engines on the line. There's a couple of stragglers behind the convoy and the commodore's raising hell. Also, that second ship in column one keeps busting out on this side. She's our baby. Her radio is out and I've gone alongside twice to holler her back. You may have to again."

"Why can't those jerks keep station?" Ford said resentfully.

Kellam cleared his throat. "That's it. Rest of the watch is relieved."

FORD waited a moment. Then he called down to the radar operator and asked about the ship in the first column. The operator said she was on station.

"O.K.," Ford said to Kellam, "I guess I relieve you."

Kellam drew a long breath. "Thanks, pal," he said. He held up his watch. "It's now four-twenty, which means—"

"Con!" a voice rang out from the sound hut.

Ford stiffened but said nothing. With a quick look at him, Kellam jumped to the voice tube and said, "Con, aye."

"Contact bearing zero-nine-five, range one-two double-oh."

"Dear God!" Ford gasped. "That sub they reported! We better call the skipper!" He began reaching among the phones.

The sound operator reported another bearing and a closer range.

Kellam turned aft on the bridge and hollered, "Stand by for depth-charge attack!" He pushed Ford aside and called to the helm: "Come right to zero-nine-nine. All engines ahead, full." Then to Ford, "There's no time for the skipper. Are you going to take this or not?"

"Let's check it some more," Ford said hesitantly.

Kellam turned away. "Talker," he said, "have the depth-charge team set up pattern two, shallow." He bent his ear to the sound-hut voice tube. Echoes and reports came fast.

"Don't you want me to call the skipper?" Ford said.

"No!" Kellam bellowed. Then more quietly, so that the others on the bridge would not hear him: "Don't stand there, for God's sake! Get into the sound hut. Make yourself useful."

Ford moved quickly out of the way.

The sound operator reported contact was moving right rapidly. Kellam brought the ship hard right. The range was down to four hundred yards. "Pattern set, sir!" the talker sang out. Kellam raised his arm.

THEN, suddenly, it was over. There were echoes coming in from every bearing and, mixed with these, a distinct series of chirping noises.

"School of fish, sir," the operator called out. "Positive. Echoes everywhere now."

Kellam straightened, and ordered the ship back on station.

Ford's dark figure moved toward him. "Some submarine." Ford laughed shakily. "I figure it was seven hundred feet long and shaped like a crescent."

Kellam raised his binoculars and pretended to look toward the convoy.

Pretty soon Ford said quietly, "I'm darned sorry. I get rattled as hell in these situations. I just can't think straight. I don't believe I'm scared. It's just—" His body seemed to sag. Then, with a catch in his voice, he said, "I guess I *am* scared. I don't know why, but I'm scared every time I have to come up on this goddamned bridge. I don't know what it is."

There wasn't much use saying anything. All Kellam could do was to stay up there with him a while longer, and he did that.

Finally Ford said, "Go on down. And thanks a lot. I know you were going to chew me out for being late again. I'll try to quit it."

When Kellam got into his bunk it was five o'clock. He didn't take out the folder of pictures. He thought about it for a minute and decided that he wouldn't be doing that again very often. He'd have to figure out something else for himself and Barbara. Ford would always be late. ● ● ●

Photos by J. Kissner

HAIR-TRIGGER BALANCE saves ski expert Herman Naef from plunge into a foaming chute of the Shepaug River.

WHITE-WATER JETS

by JULES ARCHER

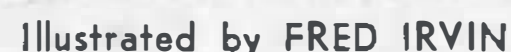
THERE once was a time when veteran skiers sat on their heels all summer, waiting for the first snow. No more. Many of them have taken to white-water foldboating, report it every bit as thrilling a sport.

The foldboat is exactly what its name implies—a boat which folds up when not in use. It consists of a limp rubber hull, into which you insert wooden frames. You can put the foldboat together on a river bank in 20 minutes and knock it down in less than 15.

Foldboating appeals to skiers because it makes much the same demands on physical strength—keen judgment, split-second timing and perfect co-ordination. Spills can come quickly when rapids spin the foldboat around and slam it broadside against boulders.

Foldboating is rough and tough—but not lethal. Once a fleet of 200 foldboats shot down the rapids of Connecticut's Housatonic River. Score at the end of the day was nine tip-overs, six rock smash-ups, two boats abandoned, one lost, nobody killed or seriously wounded. • • •

IN RACE through rapids of a Maine river, a Brooklyn entry battles for U.S. white-water championship.



Illustrated by FRED IRVIN

Cookie's Tour

The remarkable case history of Cookie Cerulli, whose worst suspicions about cops are herein confirmed

by STANLEY NISS

Statement of Pasquale Cerulli, alias "Cookie," on November 18, 1949, at the office of the Safe and Loft Squad, Detective Division, Police Department, City of New York, 400 Broome Street, New York, N. Y., made in the presence of Captain James McVeigh, Detective Hi Silverman, Detective Francis Thompson and Assistant District Attorney Philip D'Angelo of the District Attorney's office, New York County. Patrolman J. J. Hennessey, shorthand reporter.

CAPTAIN McVEIGH: What is your name?

A: Cookie Cerulli.

Q: What is your actual first name?

A: Do you have to put it down there, Cap?

Q: Yes.

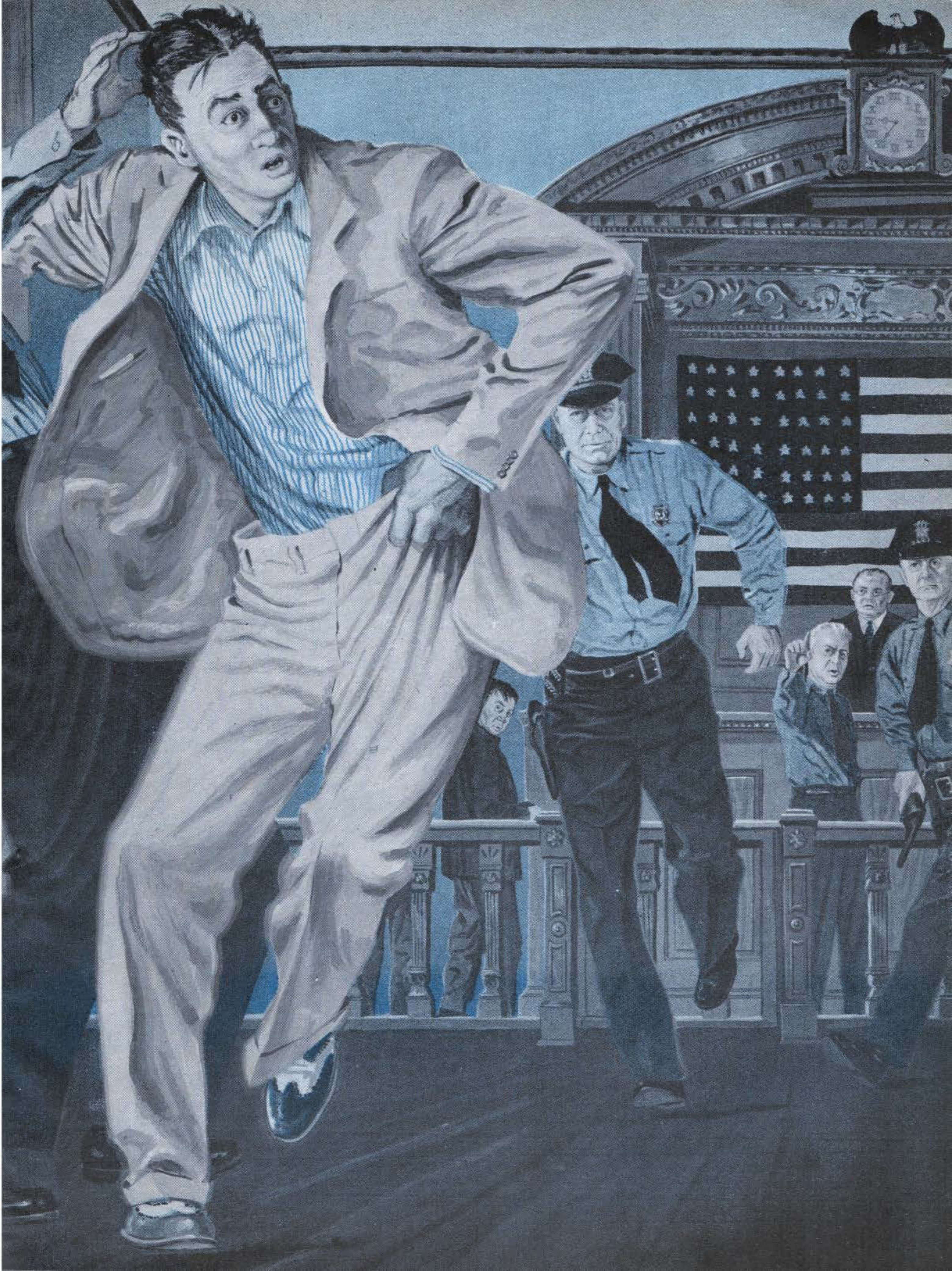
A: Well, it's Pasquale. But don't blame me. It wasn't my fault they hung it on me. I was in no spot to kick.

Q: Pasquale Cerulli—is that right?

A: Yeah. That's right. Cap. But everybody calls me Cookie.

Q: Before we begin, it's my duty to inform you that any statement you make may or may not be used (*Continued on page* 107)

"Stop that man!" the clerk yells. The cop tries to grab me, but I break through.



IN AUGUST, STRIPERS SURGE INTO THE BREAKERS ON INCOMING NIGHT TIDES

Sportsman's Almanac

1 NIGHT SURF-CASTING FOR STRIPERS
2 WHAT CHOKE FOR YOUR BIRD GUN?
3 MEDICINE FOR FISHING DOLDRUMS

by Byron W. Dalrymple

4 ARGOSY TESTS THE .222 REMINGTON

by Pete Kuhlhoff

SURF-CASTING for heavyweight stripers is probably the most dramatic rough-and-tumble fishing ever invented. It calls for rugged gear and he-man muscles. And it pays off in tackle-busting battles.

This month, for the greatest surf-casting thrills of all, try striper fishing at night. During August heat, surf fishing is actually far better at night than in the daytime. Everywhere from New England to the Carolinas, and from Oregon to San Francisco, these dark-striped, silvery bruisers come surging among the breakers each night on the incoming tide, to gorge on forage fish, squids, crabs and worms.

For vacationers from inland, trying this fine sport for the first time, tackle will not seem especially expensive. Often it can be rented. A surf rod of seven-foot tip weighing eight to 12 ounces, with a 30-inch butt, a 3/0 reel carrying 200 yards of nine-thread line, makes a good outfit. For bait fishing, you'll need a six- to eight-ounce pyramid sinker and 4/0 to 9/0 hooks, depending on the size of local stripers.

Along the California coast, chunks of fresh-dead sardines are the most popular bait. In the East, bloodworms, shrimp, crab or eelskin lures are used. If you prefer artificial baits, try the specially-designed striper plugs available in coastal tackle shops, or use metal jigs, squids, and spoons.

The best striper fishing is found near river mouths and tidal inlets, or on shoals and sand bars in the surf with deep water on either side for the big fellows to lurk in. At the mouth of California's Russian River, I once saw two 22-pound stripers taken at night within half an hour, during August heat.

One taste of this fishing in the light of a beach fire, with the surf roaring and your reel screeching at the 80-yard runs of a big striper, and surf fishing will be tops on your August calendar from now on.

What Choke for Your Bird Gun?

Many an Almanacker is already trying to decide on that new shotgun he plans to bat the birds around with this fall. The toughest problem is how much barrel choke to buy. If you know for certain what type of game you'll hunt most, you can then judge choke very accurately in terms of average shooting range.

Roughly speaking, a barrel termed *cylinder bore* has no choke at all. It is a simple, straight tube. It is excellent on woodcock and grouse in thick cover at close range. Widely spread shot won't shoot up your birds. At 40 yards, however, you will be getting only 25 to 35 per cent of your shot in a 30-inch circle—a very thin, broad pattern and not too effective.

An *improved cylinder* bore has just a bit of choke. It puts from 35 to 45 per cent of the shot in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. Thus, such a barrel is excellent for close work in brush, fair at distances up to 40 yards, and a fine first barrel for a double gun.

A *modified* boring will jump the shot percentage to 45 or 55 per cent. This is a very good general, all-round barrel with fairly close patterning to reach out to the 40-yard ranges. Past 40 yards, though most hunters hate to admit it, the computation of lead and swing and speed of flight become such that few wing shots shoot accurately anyway.

An *improved modified* barrel gives you 55 to 65 per cent of your shot in the 30-inch circle at 40 yards. It's a honey for the second barrel of the double gun for quail, grouse or pheasant, and does mighty well on ducks, too. For general work it's a little too closely choked for a single-barrel, but is fine when you need to tag 'em far out with a

Photo by J. Julius Fanta

second shot. It will also be O.K. on your occasional duck hunts.

A *full choke* will put nearly 75 per cent of your charge right in the 30-inch circle at 40 yards. In pass-shooting ducks on a flyway this is the real reach-out-and-get-'em barrel you want.

Be particular about buying the right choke. You'll up your field performance immeasurably.

Tips for Fishing Doldrums

Fresh-water fishermen are grumbling their loudest these August vacation days. The ordinary flies and lures often won't take a fish, and regular baits are hard to find. Worms have burrowed deep in the dry soil, and minnows are scarce in shallow water. At this time, however, the fish are piecing out meals on stray tidbits in place of regular food. An off-trail morsel can tempt them when nothing else will. Here, then, are some frequently overlooked baits which can do a sensational August business.

Do you live in country where those mammoth cockroaches are found? Hook one through the head or tail without killing it. When dropped on the water and allowed to scramble frantically a cockroach will bring vicious strikes from big crappies, bluegills, bass, etc.

One of my most exciting August experiences occurred at Spiritwood Lake, North Dakota, where yellow perch grow to mammoth size. Water was very low, and artificials wouldn't raise a fish. In the shallows were hundreds of small crayfish. We gathered some, tore off the tails, used those for bait. You couldn't cast one in without getting an instant strike.

In Ohio one August I learned about catalpa worms. These juicy, mottled green butterfly larvae feed on catalpa trees in many sections of the country. I won't say they're pleasant to handle, but for bass and all panfish they are absolute killers.

Grasshoppers, now at their peak, are one of the best baits for all fish. Fresh-water mussels abound in most lakes and slow streams. They're good for everything from catfish to bass. Bee and yellow-jacket larvae are also excellent.

There is, in fact, almost no end to the fine baits available for August. So get the old noggin working on the off-trail bait ideas, and you'll catch fish—guaranteed!

Bulging and Tailing Trout

Early this summer I watched a trout fisherman as he earnestly cast a dry fly to what he supposed was a rising trout. He finally gave up in exasperation. Literally hundreds of times I have seen trout fishermen make the same mistake. They saw a circle upon the water, assumed the trout was taking surface food. Actually, the circle had been made by the trout's tail or by his back, and at that moment he was taking *underwater* food.

Every trout fisherman should know that trout feed on surface food only at special times and seasons, but they feed on nymphs—the underwater forms of aquatic insects—the year 'round.

When a trout is grubbing for nymphs in shallow water, very often his tail breaks the surface. This is known as "tailing." Close observation will identify the movement easily. At such times, a nymph fished very slowly, right on bottom, is indicated.

During summer these aquatic nymphs drift upward, and some cast off their shells and become airborne insects. When trout are feeding on drifting nymphs, they roll near the surface and often make quite a splash. The close observer will note, however, that almost never does he see the trout's head. Trout are said to be "bulging" when feeding in this way. A nymph fished just below the surface, slowly, with a swimming motion, will fill a creel with "bulging" trout, while a dry fly will go its way completely ignored.

If you will learn to distinguish "tailing" and "bulging" trout and keep a healthy supply of nymph patterns in your fly box, you will make limit catches throughout the seasons when other anglers tell you the trout just can't be caught.

Books for Sportsmen

Recommendations for August: "The Official Gun Book," published by Crown Publishers, 419 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C. A hundred and seventy-eight up-to-date pages of guns, 154 models of American rifles, shotguns, and handguns plus all the latest dope on ammunition, reloading, and shooting. . . . "Black Bass," by John Alden Knight, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.C. $4. A painstaking study of largemouth and smallmouth bass with all fishing methods covered by this expert. . . . "Lucas on Bass Fishing," by Jason Lucas, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., N.Y.C. at $5—a sound book giving Lucas' ideas on how best to take these big old battlers.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Byron Dalrymple has modestly omitted his own newest book, "All You Need to Know about Fishing, Hunting, and Camping," Pocket Books, Inc., 25 cents. In the first months of publication its 375 pages of readable, expert advice have already placed this handy volume among the most widely read outdoors books ever printed.

Good Gadgets Department

A unique gun item is the Dial-Hanna Rifle, made by the Dial-Hanna Firearms Co., Orlando, Fla.—a gadget to convert your shotgun into a .22 rifle in a couple of seconds. It's available for all 12-, 16- and 20-gauge single- and double-barrel, break-type shotguns. All you do is insert the gadget into the shotgun breech. Empty .22 cases are ejected by your shotgun ejector. Price is startlingly low—$8.50.

Almanackers should have a look at the catalogued bargains at Klein's Sporting Goods, Inc., 227 W. Washington, Chicago, Ill. For example, I have a rod-and-reel combination from Klein's. The reel, a Deluxe Model 400, sold for $11. The rod is a $14.20 "Gep." Klein's combination cost $9.95.

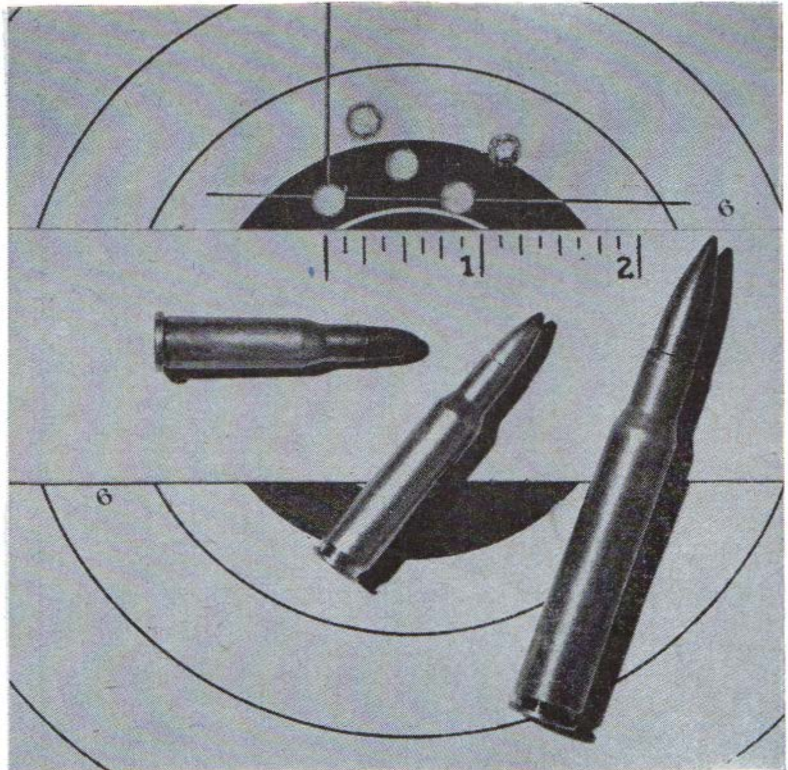
San Luco, Inc., 846 State St., San Diego, Calif., makers of Tigerglas Rods, have a new five-and-a-half-foot plug rod of hollow construction that's well worth considering. It's tough, strong, yet with excellent action. Write the firm for literature.

Reversible Fishing Float Co., Inc., Hibbing, Minn., has a remarkable bobble that lets you cast bait as you would a plug. Let out line to the depth you want after the float hits the water. Then the float reverses, and the line won't slip until you hang a fish. See these in the stores, or write to Elmer Johnson of the firm named above, the avid fisherman who manufactures this unique gadget.

National Plastic Co., 2591 E. Foothill Blvd., Pasadena, Calif., has a folding transparent leader kit which should make a hit. It has 12 compartments, and the leader you want can be chosen instantly.

Paul Bunyan Bait Co., Minneapolis, Minn., has a new minnow bucket that eliminates oxygen tablets or changing water to keep minnows alive. A built-in hand pump stores air in the sides of the bucket. One pumping keeps minnows lively for as long as five hours. ● ● ●

ARGOSY EXPERT FIELD-TESTS NEW VARMINT CARTRIDGE



Bill Pell

NEW CARTRIDGE (*center*) and a sample target are shown actual size.

AT LAST, a new cartridge has hit the market in answer to an urgent need. The .222 Remington high-speed, the first new design in a dozen years, was factory-developed to fill that big gap which divides precision varmint rifles of the .22 Hornet-Bee-Zipper class from the much heavier .220 Swift. Needed was a peppier gun than the Hornet types, but one which did not involve the recoil, noise and expense of the .220 Swift. I can now report that the .222 will fill this order to perfection.

For ARGOSY's test of the new miniature high-speed, I used a Remington Model 722 bolt-action, the only production-line rifle so far chambered for it. On the first day, shooting weather was far from ideal. A strong, gusty wind crossed the range from right to left as I sighted in for my bench-rest test targets.

I was not able to catch the lulls perfectly, so my shots showed horizontal spreading. But all patterns were closely grouped. They averaged three inches across at 200 yards. The best at 200 measured an astonishing one and two-thirds inches. It was no doubt a fluke, but a pretty flattering one to the .222.

Later that afternoon I decided to intercept a few crows on their way to roost. I got in two shots and killed two crows. The first was perched about 125 yards away. The second I downed at exactly 207 of my extra long steps.

Performance on woodchucks is the real test for any varmint cartridge. So the next day I set out to test the .222's impact on an especially tough old groundhog who had been poaching on my garden. It was no easy task to put the telescope cross hairs on this wily character at exactly the 100-yard range I wanted. But when the job was done, the little projectile expanded nicely. It practically skinned him out.

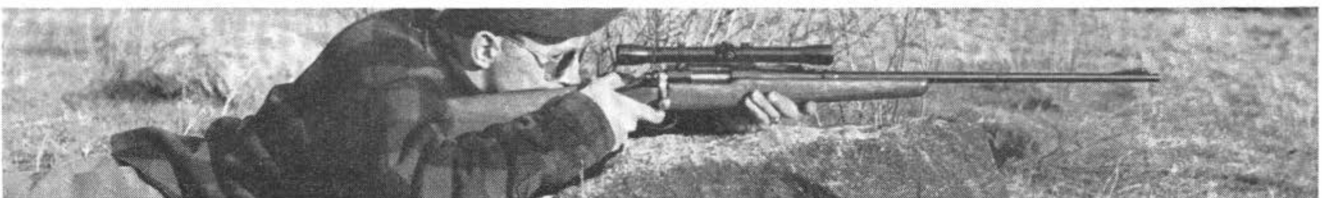
Impressive accuracy for the .222 was indicated by every test I made. Surprisingly, without any adjustments to the factory-line rifle, I consistently made minute-and-a-half angle groups at 100 and 200 yards. I would say that the average Hornet-class varmint shooter can add 50, or maybe 75 yards to his dead-sure range by using the new high-speed. In testing the new cartridge last fall, the Remington engineers took a few woodchucks at 300 yards—about the extreme limit, I'd say. For consistent scores, maximum range is probably closer to 200 yards for crows and 250 yards for woodchucks.

Now for the .222's advantages over other varmint cartridges. Compared to the Hornet, Bee, and Zipper it has greater shocking power and flatter trajectory. Mid-range trajectory for the 50-grain, spitzer-shaped bullet is one-half inch at 100 yards. It leaves the muzzle at 3,200 feet per second, and is still traveling a potent 1,750 feet per second at 300 yards.

Of course, the .220 Swift bullet moves still faster than this, with an otherwise favorable trajectory. But its ear-splitting blast is a bad handicap in settled areas. Accuracy life of the Swift barrel is much less—a mere 2,000 rounds, compared to more than 6,000 for the .222. To my mind, another major asset of the new cartridge is the gun which fires it, the excellent and comparatively inexpensive Model 722 Remington.

A cartridge with as many good points as the .222 is bound to be a natural with varminters. It should also appeal to precision-rifle shooters generally, and to reloading enthusiasts. Fact is, I hear the wildcat boys are already tooled up to produce "improved" models. I'm doubtful it can be done.

PETE KUHLHOFF



Pete Kuhlhoff

ACCURACY and added sure range of the new high-velocity varmint cartridge make it a natural for precision shooters.

Make One False Move

(Continued from page 20)

few porpoises. He came over the last rise, tense and expectant. The ocean was almost flat calm. It had an oily, pre-storm look. The long, flat swells broke thickly against the long coral reef that protected the hidden bay.

Pierson let out his breath in a great sigh of relief. No porpoises. This was the day. And this was the place. Every factor was refined and focused on this day and on the bay he had found after a long search.

Now there was deep satisfaction and excitement in him. He made himself move with great care. He drove as close as he could to the water, untied the boat, slid it backward out of the bent-pipe framework and muscled it down across the sand. It made the sweat stand out on his face and his naked chest. He was a compactly muscled man with a look of power in his corded shoulders.

He carried the equipment from the car down to the small boat and counted it all twice before shoving off. Then he rowed straight out for a hundred yards and shipped the oars. He sat and measured the amount of drift, decided that the light anchor wouldn't be necessary.

There was a ritual in every move. He knew that the bottom was twenty to twenty-five feet down. First he took the big metal cartridge of carbon dioxide and inserted it into the gun, locking it in place. Next he snapped a forty-foot line onto a stout ring set into the right side of the gun and made certain the other end of the line was secure inside the small boat. The barb, razor-sharp, glittering, was affixed to a short shaft which he inserted into the barrel of the gun. The second line, fastened behind the barb, was a hundred feet long. He coiled it loosely in the stern and made certain that it, too, was tied firmly to the boat and in a position where it would not foul the gun line. He laid the shining gun on the seat. It helped to have it bright so that it would glitter in the water.

Next, he prepared himself. He put on the swim fins, inserted the rubber ear plugs. He dipped the face mask over the side, then crumpled a damp cigarette and rubbed the glass, inside and out. He splashed water on his face, put the mask on and tested the fit by trying to blow out through his nose. It was snug all the way around.

With each step his excitement mounted.

Making certain that the broad-bladed knife was secure in the sheath that hung from his belt, he slipped over the side, taking great care to go into the water with a minimum of splash. He took the heavy gun in his right hand and, holding to the boat with his left, he emptied his lungs, filled them, emptied them again, all the time looking around at the bright surface of the water.

He took his last breath and let go of the boat. He went under, and the weighted gun pulled him almost head-down. He kicked powerfully, sliding down through the darkening green, down to the packed sand of the bottom. Through long practice he knew that he was good for two and a half minutes. He could reach bottom without the gun, or surface with it in his hands, but this system he had devised suited his plans.

As he reached the bottom he turned and his feet settled, almost without weight, on the sand. There was a large shattered conch shell a few feet away. It was odd how the fish never seemed to be alarmed by a man who came down into their world. Curiosity always brought them near. The little ones always flittered away into the green shadows when he moved, but the big ones would remain to watch him owlishly, looking almost bored.

PIERSON knew that this was the right place, if ever a place could be right. The nearness of the coral helped. The bottom was good. And the entrance to the bay, beyond the reef, was forty feet deep.

A small school of sheepshead, with their ridiculous faces that look like caricatures, angled down by him and went on off to some mysterious and obviously important destination.

Some sand perch, glittering like jewels, approached and fled in mock panic. Suddenly all the small fish were gone. A vast shadow came near him. He turned slowly, every muscle taut, and saw that it was just a huge jew fish, probably close to six hundred pounds, as stately and unconcerned as a dowager in an art gallery. Saucer eyes looked blankly at him and it moved off beyond his restricted range of vision. Once upon a time he might have tried for it, but he had learned that the spirit of this huge fish was torpid. It fought wallowingly for a time, then surrendered meekly.

A slow current moved him a few effortless feet. He began to feel the need of air. He put the gun gently on the bottom and shot up, careful to avoid the dark shadow of the boat overhead. He came out into the air and moved slowly to the boat as his labored breathing calmed down.

He lived for these days. And this was the last one. Early tomorrow he would have to start back north. This year the overcast weather had defeated him. When vision was bad on the bottom, he did shallow fishing on the reefs, but the big stuff was never there. And there was always the chance of a bad nip from the myriad needle-teeth of a moray eel.

He went down strongly, following the double line down to the shining gun. He grabbed it and let its weight pull him gently down onto his feet. A stingaree, evil, flat, as big around as a bushel basket, skimmed by with its peculiar flapping motion like a grotesque bird. They were harmless unless trod upon on the bottom. Then the barbed tail would whip over to stab the ankle or the top of the foot.

He carefully stalked an odd shadow until he could see it plainly. Just a little sand shark about a yard long. It ignored him. It turned slowly over onto its back and then wiggled along, scratching its back on the bottom, like a puppy wiggling on a living-room rug. Pierson grinned.

Suddenly he tightened. A huge black grouper, all of sixty pounds, appeared from the left. It hung in the water, looking at him. One-third of it was head. He knew it wasn't a record grouper, but it was big enough to be thoroughly impressive.

He waggled the barb back and forth slowly and the grouper drifted toward it. Its big mouth worked. The glitter of the barb had caught its eye.

Pierson stood motionless as the big lips came close, touched the barb. Then the black, satisfied that the glitter was inedible, turned slowly away. Pierson put the barb within an inch of the sleek side and pulled the trigger. The water in front of the muzzle boiled into a million white bubbles as the barb was thrust deep into the fish. The grouper pinwheeled violently off into the green blackness.

Pierson kicked up with all his strength, carrying the gun up with him. The swim fins, with his practiced leg-thrust, drove him up so that he surfaced beside the boat. He put the gun inside, heaved himself up over the stern. The coiled line was going out rapidly. He grabbed it, shoving his mask up onto his forehead. He let it slip through his tough hands, increasing the pressure. The boat was pulled along as the fish wore itself out.

GRINNING, he reeled the line in, pulling hard. The grouper made short, deep runs from side to side, coming ever closer. It tired quickly. A grouper's fight was soon gone. Pierson could see it now. It rolled just below the surface. He held the line with his left hand, got the short gaff from behind him, gaffed the grouper securely, and heaved it up over the stern. He yanked his knife out, reversed it in his hand and clubbed the big fish with the weighted handle. At the second blow it shuddered and lay still.

Pierson sat, breathing hard, admiring it for long seconds. The blacks were far prettier than the reds and had more fight. The flesh was firmer.

The barb was driven better than

halfway through the fish. He hammered it through the rest of the way, untied the knot behind the barb and pulled it out. As it had not been dulled, he washed the blood from it and from the line after he pulled it back through the fish, re-tied it and inserted it back in the barrel of the gun. He shoved the dead grouper up into the bow, recoiled the line, cleaned his mask again, and slipped over the side once more. The grouper had pulled the boat into slightly deeper water. Visibility on the bottom was reduced to what he guessed to be not more than twelve horizontal feet.

THE moment he touched bottom and acquired precarious balance, he saw a form that made his heart hammer. The grouper upstairs was nothing. This creature drifted five feet above him and six feet straight ahead of him, the incarnation of viciousness, and yet so slim and beautiful and perfectly designed for its devilish purposes that it was as though a hard hand had closed on his heart.

It was a slim and deadly wolf of the sea, a barracuda, with tiny glowing eyes, undershot jaw, whip-lean efficiency of motion. And it was so huge that he imagined it to be nearer to him than it was. This was indeed the king of barracudas, a seven-foot monster, a record fish. The taint of grouper blood in the water had brought it there at a fifty-mile speed.

It watched Pierson speculatively. His flesh crawled, even though he knew he was safe. A barracuda will sometimes flash up and snap as much as two pounds of flesh from a surface swimmer far out from shore. But its wariness and intelligence is such that it will not attack an unknown object on the sea floor, unless the underwater fisherman is so stupid as to fasten a wounded fish to his belt and taint the water around him with fresh blood.

Pierson knew that a barracuda will fight with a high, wild and perfect fury that has in it something of the astonishing power of a wounded jungle cat. It never gives up its writhing, heart-exploding efforts until it is dead, and even in the moment of dying the jaws can clamp like a bear trap.

Pierson knew it would be wise to try to frighten it away. And yet he wanted it. The odds were a hundred to one against boating it. He would have frightened away a smaller one. But this monster . . .

It disappeared so quickly that he did not see it go. He felt a bitter disappointment. He turned slowly and saw that it had reappeared behind him, closer than before. It gave him the feeling of being stalked. He felt better when he had the deadly little harpoon pointed at it, though he suspected that it could probably flash in and take off half his thigh or the front of his belly before he could pull on the trigger.

This was part of it—the fear as well as the lust of the hunt. Water builds up an enormous resistance. He would not dare release the barb unless it was within six inches of the 'cuda. If he merely stung the fish, it might strike back in rage.

The slow seconds passed. And suddenly he realized that the last thing he wanted to do was slant up to the surface for air. Even as a black bass in an inland lake will strike viciously at times at almost any small object dropped onto the surface of the water, the barracuda will dart and snap at anything which moves too quickly.

It was so close he could see a deep, puckered scar on its brown-gray flank.

The barracuda let itself sink until it was a bare three feet off the bottom, its lean head still pointed toward him. With enormous caution he moved slowly toward it. To his amazement, it duplicated his motion, moving ever so slowly toward him. It seemed to Pierson that it was much like two fighters coming warily out at the bell for the first round.

He stood absolutely still, his finger cramped on the trigger. The barracuda slanted up as it moved closer, and he followed it with the barb. Two feet, a foot and a half, a foot. It paused. He moved the barb up toward it, an inch at a time, his back aching from the tautness of his arms and shoulders.

Now! He thrust and fired at the same instant. The familiar thud of the explosion hammered against his ear plugs. He clung to the gun and fell slowly into a sitting position. He moved like a slow-motion film, but the 'cuda had disappeared like dark flame. He decided to take the gun up with him. It was rugged enough to stand a certain amount of dragging along the bottom, but this monstrous fish might not be quelled for an hour, even with the barb deep in its guts.

He crouched—and in that instant the barracuda reappeared like magic a bare yard in front of his face. He brought his gun arm up in panic. He saw the metal shaft protruding from its side, pointed downward, saw the line that stretched off in a gradual upward curve. Blood stained the water around the wound.

With his right arm across his face, he reached over and pulled the knife free with his left hand. It was a feeble weapon. The gun, still in his right hand, kept him anchored to the bottom.

The barracuda watched him as though, with evil intelligence, it wanted him to savor to the full the anticipation of its chomping razor teeth. Pierson had never heard of any fish, 'cuda or otherwise, which would ignore the pain-born panic of the barb to return calmly to the hunter. He could not help but believe that this fish had reasoned out what had hurt it and had come to exact payment.

Suddenly a great, swift, twelve-foot shadow slammed down out of the darkness, and the water was badly roiled by sand swept up from the bottom. It was as though a dim candle had been blown out in a dingy room. Pierson remained fixed in pure panic, and as the sand settled he saw the torpedo shape of what he recognized as a huge shark looming toward him, turning on its side, the killer teeth bared in the half-moon mouth.

Even as he realized that this deep-sea beast had no right to come into this sheltered bay, it was upon him, moving with the ungraceful, swift waddle of the shark. He thrust at it with the knife, dropping the gun. He felt the knife turn against the tough hide and felt the pain as the hide took the flesh from his knuckles.

The shark has a blind and unreasoning hunger. It had swum into the scent of blood and the tiny brain sent but one message to the vast, highly specialized body. Eat! Eat! A shark like this, once that message leaves its brain, will continue to tear and feed even when it has been torn open and other sea creatures are feeding on its own tail and belly.

"Of course, it's nothing but hunt and peck."

He had stayed to the very limit of his endurance. His vision darkened and his lungs were making convulsive heaves. Only his will, keeping his throat closed, prevented the rebellious lungs from expelling what was left of the stale air and sucking in the water. He could not turn, and even if he could, he could not have seen the shark. Red spots shot across his blackening vision. He knew that, with his wounded hand, it was a matter of seconds until the shark found him and tore him to edible bits.

He jumped upward with all the fading strength of his legs. His fins he had lost long ago in the first furious attack. He made feeble, climbing motions with his arms. He anticipated the slashing, ripping bite in every part of his body. The blood from the barracuda had brought the shark. Now his blood would send the shark streaking up after him, rolling to bring into play that incredible mouth.

He surfaced in the blinding sunshine, coughing the water from his throat, sobbing as he gulped the air into his lungs, splashing feebly in the hope that he could scare away the shark. But all the while he knew that no amount of splashing would drive away a shark with the blood scent sending that clear message to its brain.

He screamed as he felt a rasping touch on the side of his foot. The fin appeared beside him and circled back, turning almost on itself. Pierson screamed again, the cords in his throat standing out, his staring eyes looking up at the cloudless sky. The boat was an impossible hundred feet away.

There was a vast boiling beside him, a smashing thud, and a solid sheet of water slapped against his face and open, screaming mouth. Dark, shining backs surfaced around him and he heard the harsh, whistling exhalations. He swam for the boat as he had never swum before, trying, with each stroke, to claw himself up and out of the water. He scratched and grunted his way up over the flat stern and tumbled into the bottom of the boat. . . .

When he sat up to watch, it was almost all over. They hit the shark from all sides, coming up from underneath so that the heavy blows from the muscled snouts knocked the big shark completely out of the water. The shark writhed feebly as the mammal teeth chomped and tore at the tough hide, biting out great chunks.

And then there was nothing left. Nothing but the great, deep stain on the blue-green water of the bay.

The porpoises lost their brute speed and began to roll happily. They were the implacable and unforgiving enemy of the shark, hunting him down, slamming into him with pile-driver force, dazing him, eating him alive.

Pierson knelt in the bottom of the small boat, and the blood dripped from his torn knuckles. One porpoise surfaced so close to the boat that it nudged it gently. It exhaled heavily through the blow-hole atop its head, and its eyes had the wise mammal look of a good horse or a good dog. It arched back down into the depths. When it reappeared with the rest, Pierson saw there were about fifteen of them, heading back out of the bay.

Pierson was not an emotional man. But he knelt there for a long time, and cursed in a soft husky voice, and the corners of his eyes stung. He pulled the gun up from the bottom. The barb line came up without tension. The harpoon was gone, the line slashed as though a knife had cut it.

He rowed to shore, reloaded the boat, packed the grouper in damp burlap in the back end and drove slowly out to the main road.

He knew that he would be back next year, back in the green and frightening depths. Because, to him, all other forms of hunting and fishing had become as tasteless as games for polite children. ● ● ●

Don't Hide the Facts

(Continued from page 39)

holster. He had been holding a flashlight in one hand, a billy in the other.

Judge Allen's theory then calls for Officer Clark to have done these things in order:

1. He went to the Brites' sleeping bag at one o'clock in the morning.
2. He jerked back the covers from the two men.
3. He engaged in a desperate struggle, hammering the Brites with his billy. (Baker's testimony shows he did all that.)
4. Coke Brite got a gun. Baker had time to yell *three* times, "Look out, he's got a gun," and then Coke Brite shot. Then John grabbed the gun and John shot.
5. Officer Clark made no effort to draw his own gun. His companions were in danger. The Brites were shooting at them. His brother officer was fighting for his life—so Officer Clark simply turns his back to the whole affair, gets down on his knees and starts to pray.

Or if Clark wasn't shot after all this had taken place, then he must have been shot before. All right, then he was in there clubbing away at the Brites (Baker swears he was) and Baker yells *three* times, "Look out, he's got a gun!" So Clark thereupon turns his back, makes no effort to reach for his gun, pulls his coat up over his head, gets down on his knees and starts praying!

Divest this attempt to inflame passions of all of its oratory and of the solemn finality attending even the extra-judicial statements of a judge, and you wonder how people can even listen to that sort of bunk.

That praying theory is an insult to the memory of a brave officer.

Clark was killed by someone who was shooting at a dog that had grabbed him from behind and jerked him down to his knees. In the dark the man who was trying to kill the dog missed the animal and killed Clark.

Decker is right, Baker is wrong.

And, as you shall presently see, we're going to prove this *by Baker's own words.*

We're not going to try any oratory. We're going to give you FACTS. The theory of ARGOSY's investigators is that if you give the average American citizen the facts, he can do his own thinking.

The Ambush Propaganda

Somehow or other there has developed, or there has been developed around Siskiyou County a feeling that the Brites ambushed the officers.

You hear stories about the uncanny marksmanship with which these men shot down the defenseless officers, taking them by surprise.

This ambush theory is one that is well calculated to arouse public sentiment against the Brite brothers. I don't know where it originated, I don't know who is responsible for circulating it, but every so often it comes cropping out.

You drag it out into the open where you can look at it in the light of reason and it presents a pretty sorry spectacle. It hasn't a leg to stand on. It doesn't conform to the physical facts and it doesn't conform to the testimony. It's only good as a whispering campaign.

Yet when Judge Allen stood up in front of the Lions Club in Yreka to make a speech about this case, he is reported to have said, according to the newspaper, "The Brite boys expected them to come back with the officers. They were fully dressed, and even had their shoes on in bed. There was a rifle tucked under the covers and a six-shooter under a makeshift pillow. They were loaded for the officers."

If the Brite brothers ambushed the officers, then Charles Baker is an unmitigated liar, and the prosecution, despite its virtuous protestations that it wouldn't use any witness it couldn't vouch for, convicted the Brite brothers on perjured evidence.

But the Brite brothers did *not* ambush the officers. Anyone who wants to study the evidence is forced to the conclusion that no matter how the fight wound up, the officers struck the first blows. They came on the Brite brothers, lying in their bed, asleep. There was a terrific struggle before any shots were fired, and the officers were clubbing the Brite brothers with their billy clubs.

Charles Baker admitted that much. The marks on the ground show it. At least three of the four men who went up there to arrest the two Brite brothers engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with them. Baker, the fourth, seems to have been dancing around on the outside of the fray, exhorting the officers to "pour it to" the Brites. Then, according to his sworn testimony, when he saw Coke Brite reach for a gun, he paused long enough to yell *three* times, "Look out, he's got a gun," then took to his heels.

It's impossible, in handling a case

of this kind in a community like Siskiyou County, to discount the effects of an aroused and inflamed public sentiment inspired in men who knew and loved the officers who were slain.

But the story of Charles C. Baker, as told on the witness stand, is, to my mind, a slanderous assassination of the characters of these officers.

Baker's story does not agree with the physical evidence on the ground. Baker's story at any one time does not agree with Baker's stories at any other time. Baker's sworn testimony at the time of the trial is full of contradictions.

Very frankly, your investigators don't know whether the Brites are guilty of any crime. They may be; they may not be.

Your investigators don't believe the Brite brothers were guilty of murder. If they were guilty of any crime the evidence would certainly indicate that it was no greater than manslaughter, and in that event they have been punished more than enough.

Your investigators definitely believe that the Brite brothers were convicted upon evidence which simply does not conform to the physical facts in the case, evidence which cannot be correct.

Your investigators view with disapproval the attempts that are being made to inflame public sentiment against the Brite brothers by statements which seem to make it appear there was an ambush on the part of the Brite brothers.

Proof of a Struggle

If the theory of ambush is true, then the testimony of Baker must have been completely false. The officers had been engaged in a terrific struggle before they were shot. If they had been ambushed, they wouldn't have struggled. If they had been first greeted by gunfire, they wouldn't have taken out their billies and their handcuffs; they would have gone for their guns. If they had been ambushed, since the Brite brothers had only one .30-30 rifle, there would have been some answering gunfire from the officers before three men could have been killed. We know the officers had been engaged in a terrific struggle. The evidence on the ground proves that. Baker's testimony in every one of his conflicting stories agrees on that point. Rigor mortis had set in within an unusually short time. It was a warm night. Anyone who knows anything at all about forensic medicine knows that this indicated the dead men had been making great physical efforts for some time prior to the shooting.

Your investigators believe that there was an inexcusable neglect on the part of the officers to preserve the evidence at the scene of the conflict. In fact, this neglect is so pronounced that it becomes in and of itself a suspicious circumstance.

The district attorney of Siskiyou County, who refused to prosecute the Brite brothers on the ground no crime had been committed by them, regarded the fact that the evidence had not been left where he could see it as being a violation of his positive instructions. He intimated the evidence, if it had been preserved, would have been favorable to the Brites.

If nine shots were fired, what became of the nine empty cartridge cases? The prosecution only accounted for two. The bodies were moved with unseemly haste and then an attempt was made to place bodies in the location where witnesses *thought* the bodies should have been located. A photograph was then taken. An examination of that photograph shows that either the witnesses were wrong or the subsequent testimony was completely at variance with the facts.

Your investigators do not believe the Brite brothers had a fair trial. The judge who conducted the trial seems to have been eminently fair in most of his rulings, but all through the history of the proceedings are indications that public feeling had been stirred up to such a point that the Brites had been in definite danger of lynching. The transcript shows some indication that the prosecutors were at times sneeringly arrogant in their attitude.

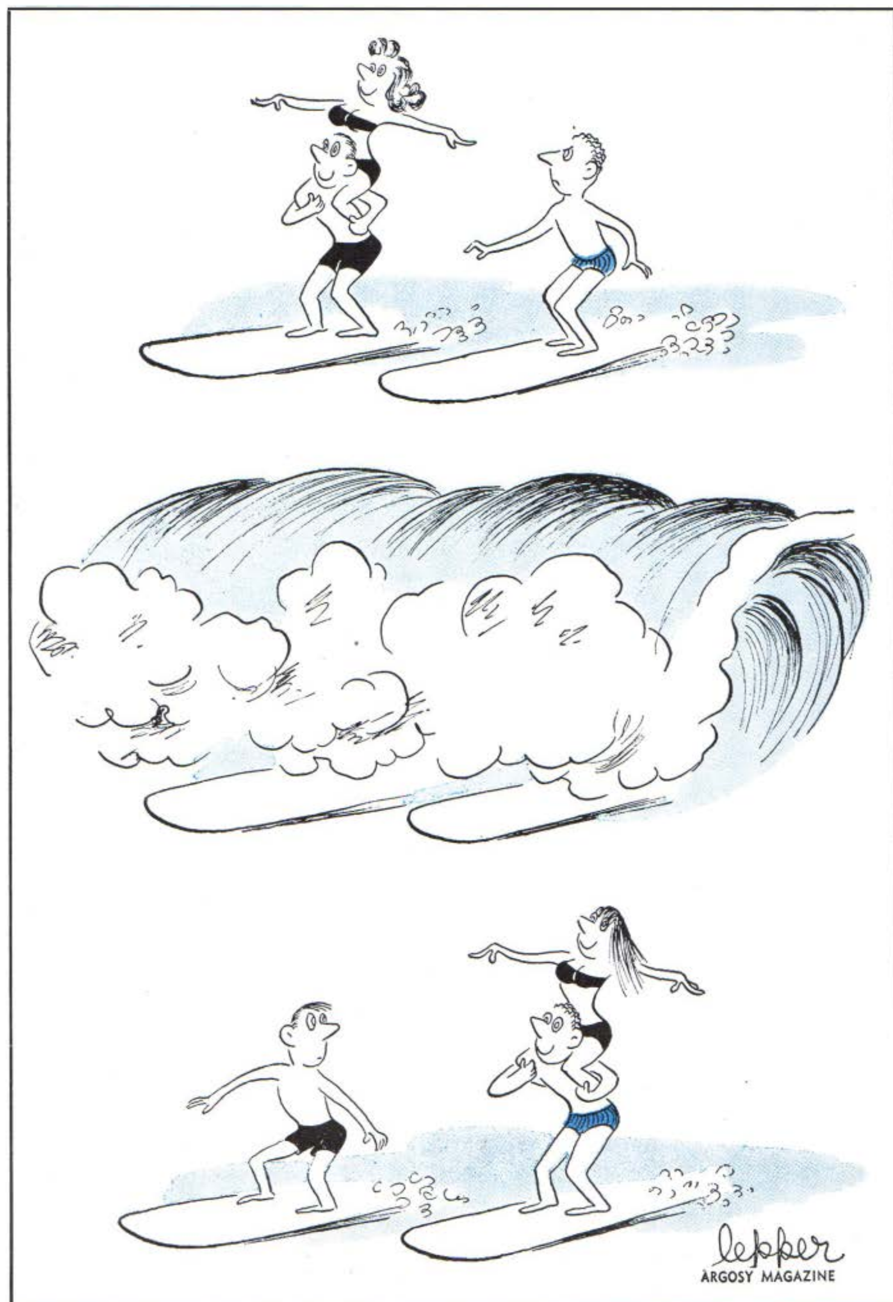
Take, for instance, the time when the attorneys representing the Brite brothers wanted to bring the Brites' dog into court. There was some talk as to how a dog could be an exhibit in a case, and then in the transcript we find this significant statement by Judge Allen:

MR. ALLEN: I will stipulate that this dog belongs to the Brites, and that this is the dog.

MR. FRYE: The dog may be withdrawn?

MR. ALLEN: Yes, you can take him out and shoot him.

That remark went unrebuked by the



court. It is a highly significant remark. . . . That's the Brites' dog, he said, in effect. Then, "You can take him out and shoot him." Remarks of that sort have no place in a court of justice. The fact that the person making it felt that he could make it without arousing indignation on the part of the jury, or without earning a rebuke from the court, is pretty strong evidence of the manner in which public sentiment had been built up.

The interpretation of circumstantial evidence is a tricky matter. The circumstances may not lie, but the person who tries to interpret the evidence may place an altogether erroneous interpretation on it.

It was dark under the trees where the struggle took place. There was some light. Let's let the prosecution's star witness tell us just how dark it was. Here's what he said under oath at the time of the coroner's inquest: "It wasn't so dark but what you could see the move of a person, but you couldn't distinguish who they was in this timber."

Too Much Detail

Later on, at the time of the trial, we have Baker testifying to a minutiae of detail that is in itself a suspicious circumstance. One would have felt Baker was a detached personality studying the action on a screen in slow motion.

Baker testified that Coke Brite jumped up out of the blankets, grabbed Officer Lange's billy club and jerked the head off. Then the prosecution piously asserts that Baker's testimony is corroborated by the physical evidence because the head of Lange's billy was found on the ground near the front of the car where the Brite brothers had been sleeping, and the leather part of the billy was found looped around Lange's wrist.

In the first place, if that action had taken place, Baker couldn't have seen it in the darkness. In the second place, it is highly unreasonable to think that a man can grab a billy and jerk the head of it loose, particularly without the leather thong tearing the skin on the wrist of the man who is holding the billy.

The Brite brothers say that the officers were clubbing them over the head. Baker admits that the officers were clubbing the Brites over the head. "Beefing him between the eyes," was what the district attorney said Baker told him.

How much more reasonable it is to suppose that the billy broke in two under the impact of those repeated blows, than to think that one of the Brite brothers pulled its head off.

Yet, in place of trying to make a fair appraisal of the circumstances, we find the prosecution asserting that the physical facts corroborate only the testimony of Baker, and that there isn't a shred of physical evidence to corroborate the story of the Brites.

Your investigators believe that a great deal of weight should be given to the evidence of the witness Decker. Every possible attempt has been made to discredit this witness. There have been sneering references to the "contradictions" in his story, the fact that he made various conflicting statements.

We have found no serious conflict in the statements of Decker. We have made allowances for the fact that a man's memory will not be as fresh after a period of years as it was at the time. We make allowances for certain minor inconsistencies which are the result of human frailties of recollection, but we find nowhere in any of Decker's statements the glaring contradictions that we find in the testimony of the witness Baker.

Baker told his first official version of the story to the district attorney of Siskiyou County the day of the shooting. The district attorney heard that story and the district attorney himself, despite the fact that he had been friendly with the slain officers and didn't know the Brite brothers from Adam's off ox, refused to prosecute.

We have the word of the district attorney that Baker very shortly thereafter changed his testimony in certain important details so that it would make the Brite brothers guilty of first-degree murder.

We stated that we'd point out some contradictions in Baker's statements. We can point them out and, if we have to, we can keep on pointing out contradictions in Baker's story, issue after issue, month after month.

At the time of the trial, Baker consistently maintained under oath that the Brites' dog wasn't in the fracas at all, that he didn't know anything about any dog belonging to the Brites being present or taking any part in the conflict.

Yet one significant thing slipped out. Baker admitted for the first time at the time of the trial that he had heard Officer Lange yell, "Take the brute off."

What brute?

A Lawyer's Affidavit

Now let's leave Siskiyou County for the moment and meet an attorney at law who resides in Sacramento. Arthur De Beau Carr.

Arthur De Beau Carr has an A.B. from the University of California and an LL.B. from the McGeorge College of Law. The records show that he has done some remarkably fine work in the legal profession.

Arthur De Beau Carr has filed an affidavit with your Court of Last Resort in which he states:

"That in early 1944 Charles Lilley, publisher of the Sacramento *Union*, requested your affiant to look into the imprisonment of John and Coke Brite for murder; that Mr. Lilley related he and the Sacramento *Union* felt the Brite brothers had not received a fair trial in the first instance or fair treatment since their imprisonment eight years before; that he and the Sacramento *Union* were that interested in justice they wanted a lawyer to inquire into all the facts and give them an opinion to the end they could support the bid for freedom of Coke and John Brite if in fact Coke and John Brite were entitled to that support."

Unfortunately the affidavit of Arthur De Beau Carr is too long to publish in its entirety at this point, but it contains certain significant facts which should be brought to the attention of you readers of ARGOSY who constitute the Court of Last Resort which is inquiring into these cases.

Here are some quotations from Arthur De Beau Carr's affidavit. After having set forth that he made a complete, thorough and impartial investigation of all the facts, so far as he was able to learn them, the affidavit goes on to state:

"That your affiant reported to Mr. Lilley and the Sacramento *Union* as the result of this investigation that Coke and John Brite were victims of the worst miscarriage of justice imaginable; thereafter the said Sacramento *Union* interceded with the authorities to no avail. . . ."

The affiant then goes on to state that in the summer of 1944 (some eight years after the shooting) he went to Long Beach to interview the witness Charles Baker.

"Pour It On Them . . ."

Now let's listen to these significant statements that Baker, according to Arthur De Beau Carr's sworn statement, made at that time:

"Baker related that before the boys awoke, he, Baker, said to the officers, 'Pour it on them sons of bitches.' Coke said to his brother, 'John, Baker's back here with a gang!' Baker said the boys started cursing and swearing while they were completely buried under the covers of their sleeping bag. He also said they were mumbling and he couldn't understand what they said. (At no time was he able to reconcile that they were mumbling under the covers in language understandable and swearing and cursing, although he made it clear that they were both happening at the same time.)

"Your affiant asked Baker why he didn't remember the testimony as to his, Baker's, saying, 'Pour it on them sons of bitches' at the trial and Baker replied he 'was too excited.'

"That Baker stated he observed the Brites' guns at the time he, Lange, Clark and Seaborn approached and noticed that they were at the head of the bed. Baker neglected to mention, as he had at the trial, that Coke and John were squirming around in the bed as if looking for a gun, but upon being reminded thereof, he 'remembered' that they had squirmed. Baker related that he saw John Brite pick up the rifle from the head of the bed after the officers and Seaborn had started beating Coke and John. When your affiant reminded Baker that he, Baker, testified at the trial that he saw Coke pick up the gun from the side of the bed and shoot one man, then hand the gun to John, he said, 'Yes, that's what happened, only Coke did all the shooting with the rifle, John used a .32 pistol.' Your affiant inquired as to the dog's attacking Lange, and Baker answered that Lange had screamed to 'take the brute off.' Baker made it very clear in his statement that Lange was referring to the dog and not to Coke Brite when speaking of the 'brute.'

"Baker told your affiant that he

would kill Coke and John on sight and wishes he had done so the night of the affray.

"Upon mentioning to Baker that Decker had said he heard more than one gun fired the night of the killing, Baker told us that he also remembered that a small-caliber gun was fired, but he added that the Brites had shot a .32 pistol. Baker related that Justice Rainey had told the officers not to let Baker carry a gun but Baker also said that Justice Rainey had told the officers the Brites were killers.

"When your affiant told Baker that the judge said he had begged the officers not to attempt to arrest Coke and John Brite at that time, Baker accused Judge Rainey of lying.

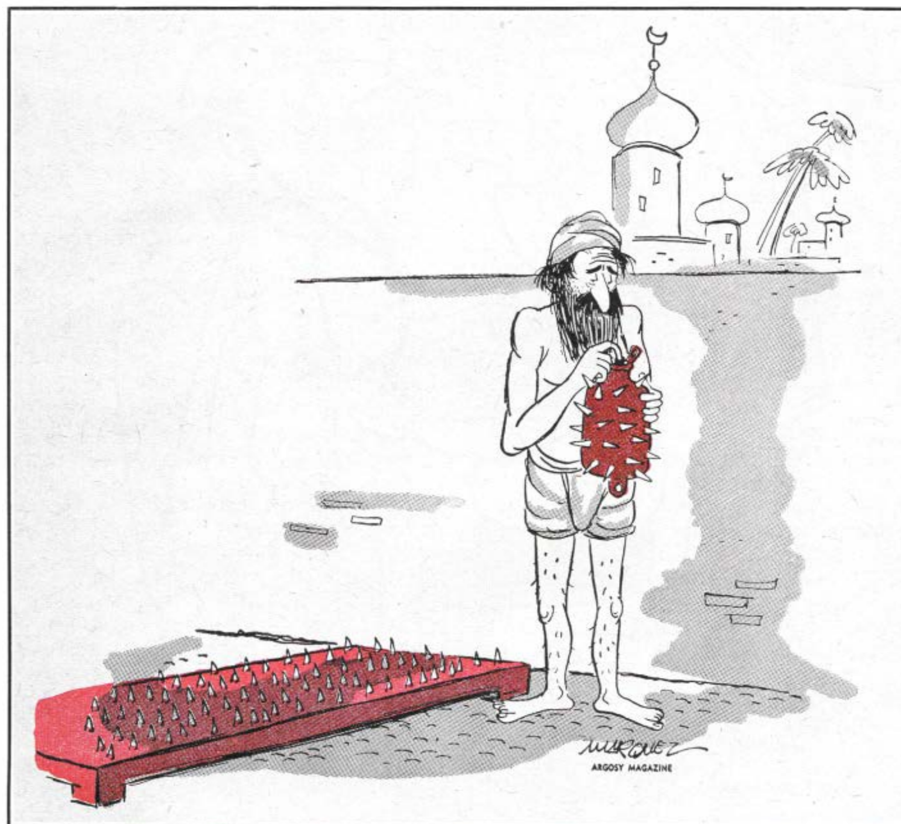
"Baker volunteered that as of the time they all left Judge Rainey's house on the way to arrest Coke and John, he, Baker, intended to kill both Brite brothers himself. In answer to your affiant's questions, Baker said that he intended to get his gun as they passed his house.

"Then Baker told us that when he, Baker, Lange, Seaborn and Clark arrived at Baker's house, Seaborn changed shirts and told the officers that he was going to change shirts so the Brites wouldn't recognize him; that at the same time he, Baker, started into the house 'to get my .30-30 rifle to shoot those Brites if they so much as moved.' Baker said Lange told him not to get his gun and when Baker insisted, according to Baker, Lange told him that if he did get a gun, he, Lange, would not let Baker go along."

By way of conclusion, Arthur De Beau Carr stated that affiant then pointed out to Baker that he had just told a story that was almost exactly the same as that told the district attorney, James Davis, four or five hours following the shooting, on the strength of which story District Attorney Davis refused to prosecute, a story which was entirely inconsistent with the story Baker told on the witness stand at the trial.

It is interesting to note that some eight years after the killing, Baker, according to Carr's affidavit, admitted, for the first time, that the Brites' dog was taking an important part in the struggle that night.

It is also interesting to note that at that time Baker admitted Decker's statement was true that more than one gun had been fired and that one of the guns was a small-caliber gun.



Baker claimed to Mr. Carr that one of the Brites was firing a .32 automatic. That is definitely and entirely at variance with his testimony given at the time of the trial. If one of the Brites was firing a .32 automatic, why didn't Baker say so at the time of the trial, why didn't he say so at the time of the coroner's inquest, why didn't he say so when he was being interrogated under oath before the grand jury?

And it is to be remembered that an automatic ejects the shells as soon as they are fired. Now if one of the Brites was firing a .32 automatic, what happened to the ejected shells?

Yet eight years after the killing, Baker confirms Decker's statement that a small-caliber gun was also used at the time of the shooting and that all of the shots were not fired from this .30-30 rifle.

Arthur De Beau Carr is a reputable attorney practicing law in Sacramento.

WHY didn't Baker dare to admit at the time of trial that the dog was engaged in the struggle? Why didn't Baker admit at the time of trial that more than one gun was used at the time of the shooting? Why didn't Baker admit at the time of trial that Decker was right in stating there had been the sounds of a small-caliber gun interspersed with the reports of the larger weapon?

It is to be remembered that John Brite stated that before he was clubbed into unconsciousness he distinctly remembered awakening to find someone pounding him over the head, and Baker standing by, shouting, "Pour it onto that son of a bitch."

Now *if* John Brite had called out to his brother (as Attorney Carr says Baker told him), "Baker is back here with a gang," it would have shown two things. One of them was that if the officers had previously announced that they were officers, the Brite brothers hadn't heard them. The other one was that it would have indicated that Baker was taking a prominent part in the affray, either physically or orally.

Why didn't Baker remember this important evidence at the time of the trial? Why didn't he remember it at the time of the coroner's inquest? Why didn't he remember it at the time of the grand jury investigation?

We only have the explanation Arthur De Beau Carr swears Baker made to him eight years later when asked why he hadn't so testified at the trial, and Baker replied he "was too excited."

But Judge Allen stated that he couldn't use Decker as a witness because Decker had made contradictory statements. The prosecution wouldn't use any witness who made contradictory statements.

What do *you* think?

Vance Hardy Case

It is time something should be done about Vance Hardy.

All of the evidence we have uncovered so far indicates that Vance Hardy was innocent of the murder of which he was convicted. That conviction took place 25 years ago. During all of that time Vance Hardy has been in the penitentiary.

The person who really committed the murder for which Vance Hardy has served a quarter of a century in prison is roaming the streets today, unless perhaps he has committed some other murder and has been tried, sentenced and convicted.

You will remember that Vance Hardy was convicted of murder virtually on the testimony of one witness who "identified" him. Years later, according to a reputable Michigan attorney, this witness repudiated that identification, and then admitted that he had seen only the backs of the men who were running away, that he actually couldn't identify any of them, but that because of pressure which had been brought to bear on him, he had felt forced to identify Vance Hardy.

Then this witness made an affidavit

repudiating his other affidavit, stating that the attorney hadn't written down what he had told him to write, etc., etc. However, even in that second affidavit he admitted that he couldn't be positive Vance Hardy was one of the men he had seen running away from the scene of the crime.

It is a shame that a man should be convicted and imprisoned on evidence of this sort.

Some time ago Vance Hardy was able to get a Polygraph or so-called "lie-detector test." That test was given to him in 1945 by a Polygraph expert of the Michigan State Police, and that test, impartially given, showed that Vance Hardy was one of the men who will react to a Polygraph test so that an expert can reach a definite conviction as to whether or not the individual is lying. Furthermore, that test PROVED VANCE HARDY ABSOLUTELY INNOCENT OF THE MURDER FOR WHICH HE HAD BEEN CONVICTED.

And still nothing was done about it.

It is because of cases such as these that readers may well ponder why it is necessary for a magazine and a committee of public-spirited businessmen, who are donating their time to the cause of justice, to have to take up cudgels on behalf of a man who has been so evidently and so grievously wronged by society. Society itself should take the initiative in such cases.

Investigation Promised

Last week Tom Smith flew back to Michigan. He and Dr. LeMoyne Snyder, the medicolegal criminologist, took the papers in the Vance Hardy case to the office of Gerald K. O'Brien, the Prosecutor of Wayne County.

You readers will remember Gerald K. O'Brien as the two-fisted, four-square prosecutor who started an investigation in the Louis Gross case as soon as the Court of Last Resort started publicizing that case.

Gerald O'Brien delegated two of his best men to make a whirlwind investigation. He received the investigators representing Argosy's Court of Last Resort in his office, listened to what they had to say and then, having become convinced that Louis Gross was innocent, proceeded to throw the weight of his office into the case.

Gerald O'Brien is the type of prosecutor we American citizens can look on with pride. He prosecutes men when he thinks they're guilty. But he tries to get men out whenever he thinks an injustice has been committed. Too many prosecutors think they have to protect their records at any cost, and once a man has been convicted they try by every means in their power to keep from having his innocence established.

Not Gerry O'Brien.

O'Brien, as Prosecutor of Wayne County, filed an application for a new trial on behalf of Louis Gross. That application was assigned to the court of Judge Thomas F. Maher, and the proceedings which took place in Judge Maher's courtroom on that memorable day a few months ago when Louis Gross was given his freedom should make every American proud of the way in which justice is administered in Wayne County, Michigan.

So last week Prosecutor O'Brien listened to Dr. Snyder and Tom Smith and promised to launch an immediate and sweeping investigation of the Vance Hardy case from his office.

We will probably have more to tell you about the Vance Hardy case next month.

In the meantime, your Court of Last Resort is literally being swamped with applications for action, many of them in cases which seem to be deserving.

"Mmm . . . just as I thought. You're in pretty bad shape."

In General

By the time you Argosy readers see this in print Theodore R. McClure will be dead.

McClure was a young Negro who had been sentenced to be electrocuted in Ohio. The records seemed to indicate that he was guilty, but when McClure directed our attention to the evidence of the ballistics expert, we felt there should be a further investigation.

The ballistics expert's evidence was introduced in such a way that it contrived to create an impression that the fatal bullets *might* well have been fired from McClure's gun.

The attorney for the defense contented himself with cross-examining the expert to show that the bullets might also have been fired from some other gun. He should have forced the issue right then and there and asked the expert if it wasn't a fact that the bullets could *never* have been fired from McClure's gun.

We didn't know how the expert would have answered *that* question, but it certainly should have been asked.

Because of the manner in which that ballistics evidence had been handled, we began to investigate the McClure case. Argosy Magazine spent a great deal of money on that investigation.

After the investigators for the Court of Last Resort had familiarized themselves with the case, after they had secured a complete transcript, Alex Gregory, the famous lie-detector expert of Detroit, was taken to Cleveland, Ohio, by Argosy's investigators.

That which followed was swift and dramatic.

Gregory determined that McClure was guilty. Whereupon Dr. LeMoyne Snyder, Tom Smith and Alex Gregory put the cards on the table. McClure confessed to the murder and also to two other crimes. Armed with those confessions, Argosy's investigators called in the members of the Commission of Pardon and Parole for the State of Ohio and told them there could no longer be any doubt of McClure's guilt, that he had made a free and voluntary confession.

Incidentally, McClure's confession showed that the gun which the prosecution had introduced in evidence and concerning which the ballistics expert had given this peculiarly uncertain testimony, was in fact *not* the gun that had been used in committing the crime.

Somewhere there seems to have developed a feeling that in ARGOSY'S Court of Last Resort the investigators are only interested in finding evidence which proves a man innocent.

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

ARGOSY'S Court of Last Resort tries to find out the true facts in any case which it investigates. Usually when the work of your investigators shows that a man is guilty, the case doesn't get into print because there is nothing for the Court to decide. The man has already been convicted and sentenced, otherwise the Court wouldn't be interested in the case, and your investigators wouldn't be working on it. Therefore, when it is determined that the man is guilty, we simply turn to something else.

We have dropped dozens of cases since the Court started, because your investigators came to the conclusion the man was guilty. It is only in the doubtful cases, in the cases where we feel the issue is open to discussion, or in cases where we have a definite feeling that an innocent man has been wrongfully convicted of crime that we set forth the facts in these columns.

Experts Volunteer for Court

And incidentally keep your eye on Alex Gregory.

You readers will remember that Leonarde Keeler, the famous Polygraph expert, was an original member of this Court of Last Resort. His death last summer came as a shock to his friends and associates and left a gap in the Court of Last Resort.

We are hoping that Alex Gregory will fill that gap.

And readers should also remember that we have back of us a whole staff of famous disinterested technical experts who have expressed themselves as being willing to work on any technical matter which comes within their particular field. For instance, the very famous Clark Sellers has not only held himself in readiness to answer any questions involving handwriting or questioned documents, but actually he has already been of service to your committee.

This was a case you never even heard about, yet it was one where Clark Sellers was able to demonstrate that an injustice had been done. But since publicity in the columns of this magazine would have been embarrassing to innocent persons, and attracted undue notoriety to people who didn't want it known that there was a black sheep in the family, the matter was handled quietly. The man was released from prison.

At a recent meeting fo the American Academy of Forensic Sciences, many experts came forward to offer their services whenever we needed to call on any specialist in their particular field. When you remember that the American Academy of Forensic Sciences comprises the foremost authorities in the United States, that offer really means something.

We also had a chance to find out something about who our friends were in the McClure case.

When we started an investigation in that case, Governor Frank J. Lausche of Ohio didn't know anything about ARGOSY'S Court of Last Resort and was a little skeptical about letting private citizens step in where the courts had left off.

It was interesting to note that a Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan wired Governor Lausche; that G. Mennen Williams, the Governor of Michigan, personally telephoned Governor Lausche. One of the Justices of the California Supreme Court, Jesse W. Carter, wrote the Governor's office, and so did Gerald K. O'Brien.

Some day I want to tell you more about Judge Carter and about the California Supreme Court. The Justices of that Court call the turns as they see them. There is no unanimity of opinion because of courtesy. Each one of the Justices feels he is called upon to express his opinions as he sees them. There are special concurring opinions, there are dissenting opinions, and underneath it all there is a grave courtesy, the greatest personal respect and a complete friendship. It is a Court which is dignified, yet not stuffy.

Mr. Justice Carter has one of the best legal minds in the country. He has a knack of seeing the issues in a case clearly and expressing himself in short pungent sentences. Quite frequently he is joined by Associate Justice B. Rey Schauer in his dissenting opinions. These two men are an anchor to windward. They keep a sharp eye on the encroachments of personal liberties, yet they are really liberals.

You readers know how impressed we are with the work of Gerald O'Brien and it was a pleasure to realize that Gerald O'Brien, from his contacts with us, is equally impressed with our fairness and sense of responsibility. So far, wherever ARGOSY'S Court of Last Resort has functioned, it has made friends among the high officials in the state. That is a source of great satisfaction to us all.

In an early article we want to tell in some detail just what happens when a man pays his debt to society, but before we write a complete article, here are a few thoughts on:

When a Debt Has Been Paid, Is It Fully Paid?

When we started this Court of Last Resort we made up our minds that so far as possible we would handle only the cases of men who had had no previous criminal record.

Then we began to find that, for the most part, the great majority of injustices are inflicted upon men who have had previous criminal records.

For instance, John Doe steals an automobile. He's a young scatter-brained kid with a flair for adventure and a streak of desperation. He's caught, pleads guilty and serves a short term in the penitentiary.

Then what happens?

Has he paid his debt to society, or hasn't he?

If he has, why doesn't society take the responsibility of seeing that as a ward of society his rights are protected?

Let's suppose a holdup murder has been committed. A stolen car is used. Some officer remembers that the technique of car stealing was somewhat similar to that used by John Doe in 1948, so they "round up" John Doe. He has two strikes against him already. If there is the faintest suspicion of evidence to connect him with the crime he is prosecuted, and when he is prosecuted he either has to keep off the stand, in which event the wise heads on the jury nod knowingly and say, "Oh, an ex-convict, eh?" or he gets on the stand to deny his guilt and the district attorney waits until the last question and then sneeringly says, "Have you ever been convicted of a felony?"

The man gulps and says, "Yes, sir."

His chances with the jury after that are just about nil.

Now that's not right. You're going to hear more about that in the future.

It's not only an injustice to the man, it's an injustice to society.

REMEMBER THAT FOR EVERY INNOCENT MAN WHO IS CONVICTED, THE REAL GUILTY PARTY IS LEFT FREE TO WALK THE STREETS AND COMMIT ADDITIONAL CRIMES.

The Condemning Answer

Let's have better justice and more efficient police work.

Look at the Brite case, for instance. The Brites had been in trouble down in Arizona over a minor theft of some blankets when they were boys, but despite the fact they had served a minimum term, they had a conviction against them.

And what happened in the Brite case? The very last question asked by the special prosecutors was that one question, "Have you ever been convicted of a felony?" and then, having received an affirmative answer, there was the sneeringly triumphant, "That's all."

And that *was* all!

Take the case of John Brite, for instance. The attorneys for the defense wanted to put all of the cards on the table. They asked John, *on his direct examination,* "Now, were you convicted of a felony in Arizona in 1925?"

The special prosecutors were up on their feet, vociferously objecting it wasn't a proper question, it was an impeaching question and the defense couldn't impeach their own witness.

Why all this furore?

Because the prosecution wanted to end the *cross*-examination on that one sneeringly triumphant note.

And then what happened? After the objection, which was, by the way, sustained by the Court, so that the defendant *couldn't* bring this out, we find the very last question asked of this witness by Special Prosecutor Correia:

"You have been convicted of a felony and served time in the State Prison at Florence, Arizona, haven't you?"

ANSWER: "I have."

MR. CORREIA: "That is all. "

The same question this special prosecutor had objected to so vigorously when the defense had tried to put the cards on the table!

We're going to take several of these things up for consideration in a separate article entitled, "Did the Brite brothers have a fair trial?"

We're going to give some more discussion to Judge Allen's comment about the dog, "Take him out and shoot him," and about the manner in which the Brite brothers were tried.

If we're going to have justice, let's have justice.

If we're going to have cases tried in a community where an adverse public sentiment is deliberately inflamed, let's recognize the fact that this tends to defeat the very ends of justice itself.

If we really want to do so, we can get men in public office who would rather see justice done than try to feather their own political nests.

Remember the honor roll of those men in public office who have taken what seemed at the time to be an unpopular stand, but who did what they thought was right, little dreaming of the public acclaim which was to follow:

Smith Troy, Attorney General of Washington.

Ed Lehan, Special Deputy Attorney General of Washington.

Hollis B. Fultz, Special Investigator under Smith Troy.

Gerald K. O'Brien, Prosecuting Attorney, Wayne County, Michigan.

Hon. Thomas F. Maher, Judge of Superior Court, Wayne County, Michigan.

Vernon Kilpatrick, Assemblyman, Los Angeles, California.

Montivel Burke, Assemblyman, Alhambra, California.

We can have a lot better public officials if we'll remember the "Square Shooters."

And also let's remember the men who have given so generously of their time to the spiritual welfare of the men in prison.

These ministers of the gospel who act as voluntary chaplains have been instrumental in helping out your Court of Last Resort in almost every case we've considered.

There was the Reverend William Gilbert, the Episcopal minister from Walla Walla, who drove all the way down to the ranch to tell us about the Boggie case. He is back here with me as I am writing this, incidentally. He has several more men he wants to tell us about.

And there was the Reverend Arvid Ohrnell who had put in so much time in the Boggie case, and Rabbi Joshua S. Sperka who first called the Louis Gross case to our attention. If you readers could only have been with us when we met Rabbi Sperka you would have shared a most interesting experience. We hope to have a more intimate association with this splendid individual who is Jewish by faith, American by conviction.

Captain J. Stanley Sheppard, President of the American Prison Association, by the way, is a chaplain of the Salvation Army, a true soldier of God, and a true spiritual leader by choice.

There are constructive forces at work. You'll hear more about them from time to time. Let's all put a shoulder to the wheel and try to keep this country of ours a land of true democracy. • • •

One Billion Buys the World

(Continued from page 18)

has already poked at the moon, proving its effective range to be at least 238,000 miles. The transistor—the equivalent of a vacuum tube in a space one-half by one-eighth of an inch—has recently been made available.

Step by step, the component parts of a whole new technology are being developed. Some one of these days, it will bring to realization man's long-held dream of being able to cruise out into space.

Let's look at the satellite itself. Spherical in form, it is actually a scaled-down world, complex and ingenious, whose inhabitants live in it, rather than on it.

Where Crew Lives

Around it equator is a "living zone," a ring thirty feet high and thirty feet wide, which rotates once every eight seconds. The speed of this rotation is enough to set up an artificial gravity which enables the crew to walk normally, although the concave inner surface of the ring serves as their floor and their heads point toward the center of the sphere.

In this ring are individual cabins for crew, dining rooms, kitchens, offices and laboratories. Under the curving floor is five feet of crawl space reaching to the outer skin of the sphere. Here is located the viscera of the living quarters—plumbing, air ducts, conduits. Here also are the insulation and the skeletal ribbing and framework of the sphere.

Inward from this level of the rotating segment is another stratum of the living zone. Rooms here are high-ceilinged to permit overhead piping and ducting essential to power plants and other heavy equipment stationed here and at the satellite's core. This area contains an assembly hall and a gymnasium, also hydroponic gardens of plants which emit oxygen in exchange for carbon dioxide. Next to the gardens is a mixing room where oxygen is blended with helium and some carbon dioxide which makes a stimulant to breathing.

To leave the living zone and enter either of the other segments of the sphere, it is necessary to pass through a "motion lock," a decelerating device which strips a body of gravity and thus reduces it to weightlessness. (A reverse process of acceleration to the rotational speed of the living-zone ring is undergone upon return.)

The "upper" segment of the sphere is an inverted bowl, 90 feet from rim to rim, and 35 feet thick at its deepest point. Stacked in storage bins along the inward-curving wall of the bowl are gear and supplies—food, uniforms, tools. Primarily, however, this is where the main power units are housed.

The satellite is powered by the sun. On a spidery lattice sprouting from the sphere's outer surface is a huge parabolic mirror which can be turned to intercept a maximum of the sun's radiant energy. A heat engine converts this energy into electrical power.

The motor, banks of air-conditioning compressors, a giant mercury-vapor turbine, the drive for the sun mirror—all this heavy equipment, free of gravity, floats under the dome of the chamber, moored, but not suspended, in the air by a web of slender cables.

The "South Pole" segment of the satellite is the hangar area. It can be reached from the opposite pole by an elevator which moves through a central shaft, or axis, of the sphere.

Here, too, is storage space. But the main functions of the segment are to receive rocket supply ships from earth and conduct missile-firing operations.

At the approach of a cargo rocket, curved clamshell doors, which, in repose, form part of the sphere's contour, open outward into the frozen blackness of interplanetary night. Looking into the void from the landing dock are the operators of the mooring crane and the off-loading crew. They wear heavy pressure suits with safety and air lines fastened to junction boxes at the small of their backs.

Approach from Earth

As the rocket comes alongside, one of the ground crew leaps from the dock and floats over to connect air lines which will equalize the rocket's cabin pressure with that of the sphere. He then leaps back—a distance of about 30 feet—while another crewman, riding the tip of the mooring crane, snags the rocket's nose.

Once hooked, the supply ship is drawn into the dock. The clamshell doors are closed and sealed. The air lock above the landing area is opened, pressure suits are removed.

The rocket's cargo—heavy crates that were loaded with a lift truck on earth—are now weightless. Floating free, they are guided into storage bins with light taps from the crew.

Above the air lock is the hangar

deck. Here, built inward from the shell, are the observation room and the control center for missile firing. One bay contains an automatic missile launcher. Bays on either side of it are loaded with atomic warheads, missile parts, fuel-storage tanks, and other military gear.

Around the satellite is a wolf pack of sleek rockets swinging noiselessly through space on the same orbit. They can be hauled into the sphere and fired, as needed.

This is the package. What is the performance?

From the observation room of the sphere, its parent world appears to be a five-foot ball seen at arm's length. Twice a day every terrestial square mile of our earth comes into view.

The vantage point 4,000 miles off in space permits complete and accurate mapping of our world, and a piercing photographic scrutiny of any unusual, large-scale activity such as the launching of rockets or fleet maneuvers.

With this lordly eye on the world, the nation possessing the satellite can run things pretty much as it pleases. Its security patrols can circulate among the nations, reporting any suspicious findings back to a central intelligence agency which is in contact with the satellite. If efforts leading to the construction of an anti-satellite weapon are discovered, a brisk note to top officials of the nation concerned should be sufficient to put an end to them.

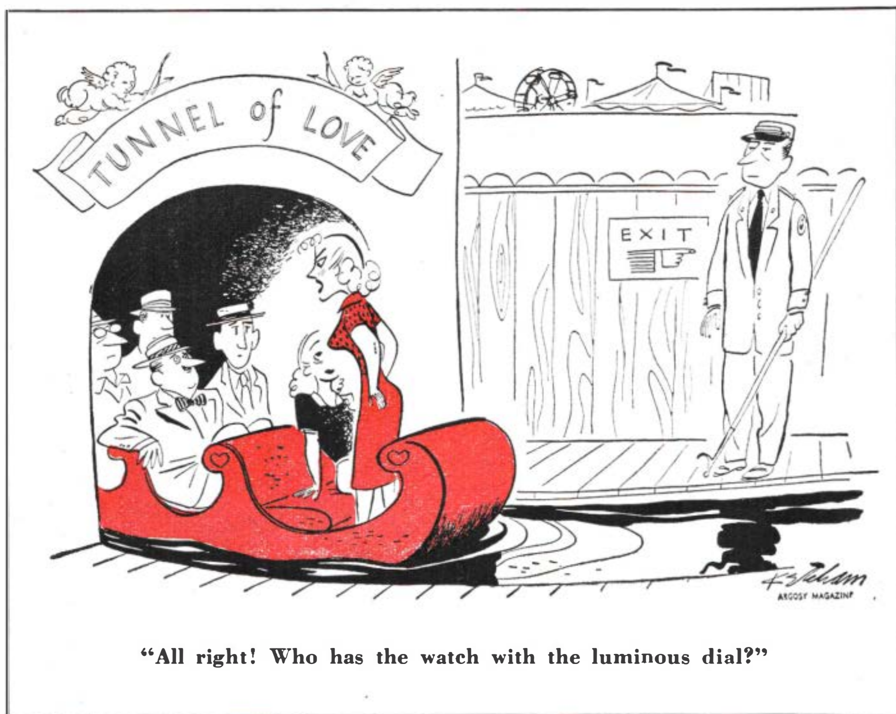
If the warning is ignored, the offenders can be showered with fire from the heavens in a matter of hours.

As an act of aggression, of course, the placement of a satellite as a fist eternally raised in the sky would be unparalleled. Coupled with the Missile and the Bomb, the Sphere, as outlined here, would be the nearest thing yet to an ultimate Destroyer.

No one, no thing could escape it if its masters directed it to strike.

Whirling through space, invisible to the earth people it commanded, it would—under the threat of annihilation—unify the world.

Obviously, there could only be one of them. There would be no economy-sized models at, say, 2,000 miles, operating on behalf of a small-budget, one-crop country. The first satellite revved up and started on its orbiting track would be *it*. This is the biggest argument for buying it, and the chilling thought of not having it makes a billion dollars look small.



"All right! Who has the watch with the luminous dial?"

Also, it seems impregnable. What could destroy it?

If the work of the trouble-shooting security patrols was thorough, nothing on earth. A counter-weapon could be devised; any rocket capable of carrying an explosive charge 4,000 miles on a collision course could probably pulverize the sphere. But if the complex and bulky industrial machinery needed to produce such a weapon would not be tolerated, who could complete one?

Maintenance and repair, possibly another huge sum, would guarantee against malfunction of the sphere.

Elaborate screening procedures would weed out saboteurs. Rigorous physical and mental tests would determine the personnel best fitted for duty in supply rockets or the satellite itself. Tours of duty in the sphere might be held to a minimum to avoid cases of fatigue.

What else?

The one remaining hazard to the life of the sphere might be this:

The alert horn, bleating inside the sphere, summons the off-loading crew from their bunks and to their stations in the landing dock. The *Orion*, a supply rocket in the satellite's fleet of tenders, is approaching. The radar pattern indicates that she has already begun the gradual deceleration that will finally bring her within feet of the sphere.

Aboard her, the crew is sweating out the difficulties of a perfect pursuit-curve approach. Behind them, the automatic flight-path indicator continuously integrates their decelerations, matches the calculated trajectory, corrects errors, checks the new position.

Seconds tick by. The dim form of the satellite appears on the forward TV screen, flickers and becomes firm. The clamshell doors open in welcome.

The distance between the rocket and the sphere shortens, and the *Orion* goes into the final-approach leg of her flight. A special computer alters the last few miles of the flight to a modified path which will put the *Orion* alongside the satellite, within easy reach of the mooring crane.

Two miles out now, and under partial thrust, the rocket comes parallel to the satellite's orbit. The co-pilot feeds the approach-path intelligence tape into the automatic flight-path indicator, and feels the ship immediately respond to the first course correction. The *Orion's* nose shifts to starboard a couple of points, and the thrust meter on his panel shows a slight increase.

Danger Ahead!

The *Orion* is half-mile away now and closing in. The light-beam transmitter from the satellite makes contact, and gives the pilot final instructions.

Making final contact will be a delicate matter. The *Orion* carries an explosive load of improved missiles intended as replacements for those attached to the satellite. The pilot and co-pilot let the autoflite take over and settle back.

The rocket crew begins its landing and safety check. The co-pilot reaches for his pressure helmet on the rack above and behind his head. Twisting awkwardly to grab it, his attention split between the gear behind him and the instrument panel ahead, the co-pilot feels the helmet slip from his fingers. It ricochets off a radio shelf and smashes into the receiver element of the autoflite.

Instantly the rocket motors blast to full thrust, and the *Orion* catapults forward with a force that pins the flight officers in their seats. The forward windows fill up with the looming bulk of the satellite, dead ahead. The clamshell doors yawn wide, the bulky forms of the landing crew stiffen and freeze before them.

The rocket pilot agonizingly lifts his hands against the ponderous, deadening force of acceleration, fights to get them on the throttles' manual override, to shut down the engines, to activate the reverse rockets. He is not in time.

Perhaps the best way for any person to judge our purchase of a satellite is to consider whether people would be glad or sorry that this happened. ● ● ●

The Lady and the Tumblers

(Continued from page 43)

the landlord's wife took tankards from their hands, and the landlord himself, a slithering weasel of a human, hustled in from the kitchen with fresh tankards on a tray.

The tankards were a good five ounces short of the pint they represented. They contained ale that had been 'frothed' in the kitchen. Thus our host was stealing with both hands.

A little apart, in the chimney corner, sat a sullen-jawed young gentleman and a beautiful, flaxen-haired girl. Luggage—a portmanteau, valise, and a pink satin bandbox—was piled about their ankles. They were obviously waiting for a stage.

My father walked by them without a glance and approached the men lolling on the hearth. I followed with a great show of timidity.

My father made his curtsy and I stumbled forward and mocked him clumsily. "Forgive the boy," my father said. "I picked him up in Louisville and he has not yet learned the trade."

Then my father began his performance. It was a cheap place, so he put on his cheapest act.

Pulling out a chair from the wall, he sat himself on it, raised his legs, and folded them behind his neck as though they were arms. He was ignored.

He righted himself. "Jim," he said, "do likewise."

Docilely, I sat on the chair. My father tucked his legs behind my neck. I pretended to pain.

The flaxen-haired girl cried, "Stop!" but my father only produced a pipe from his pocket, an ordinary tobacco pipe, and inspected the bowl. After a moment he put the pipe bowl to his mouth and, running his fingers along the pipestem in the manner of flute playing, gave issue to a tinkling jig. This was one of my father's perplexing sleights, for he did his whistling so secretly behind his teeth that many times I have seen his pipe carefully examined, and have even seen offers of purchase.

By this time we were the center of interest. I remained contorted on the chair. The girl stared at me in horror.

"Now then, Jim," my father ordered, "right yourself. Get to your feet."

My face was purple—from holding my breath. "I can't, sir," I said. "Something's wrong. I seem to be locked!"

Everyone, even the sullen young gentleman with the luggage, gaped.

"It happens sometimes," my father said to the room at large. "Mayhap I'll have to cut a tendon. Does anyone have a nice sharp knife?"

A shuddering gasp went through the audience.

Seeming to forget me, my father stripped off his coat, dropped it to the floor, and squatting to his ankles, frog-jumped about the room, ending with a great neck-and-shoulders tumble over the trestle table. There was a fluttering of applause.

Then, with a merry laugh, my father approached me. He unhooked my legs from behind my ears, threw me to his shoulders, swung me into the air in a somersault and walked away, allowing me to take the fall myself on the hearth. I took it with a roll and a bounce, as I'd done a thousand times before, and as my father once more gave music from his pipe I danced about the room on my hands while the room rocked with cheers and guffaws. Tossed coins struck the hearth.

These tossed coins are known to us as ring-money and are always followed by a collection. The collection and the ring-money totaled a dollar and twelve cents, which was liberal. My father ordered meat and potatoes and we ate. Rain swished against the windows.

Then a strange thing happened.

The sullen young gentleman arose and called for a bed.

One moment he'd been waiting for the stage, the next he'd decided to spend the night. He followed the innkeeper up the steep stairs.

The flaxen-haired girl remained in her corner, watching.

My father's eyes hardened over the rim of his tea-mug.

"He's deserted her," he said softly. "He's walked out and thrown her to the ferrets."

This could be very bad indeed.

The riffraff at the fire were already talking about her, talking in loud, oblique speech.

"Unharness the mare," my father said. "She will have quieted by now. I'll be out shortly to feed her."

ON MY way to the door the girl smiled at me sweetly, but I stared her out of countenance, for it's our rigid rule to form no engagements. And this girl spelt trouble.

Outside, in the dark night, the rain pummeled and whirled me. When we had arrived the clearing had been a blaze of light, now all lamps except the parlor lamps had been extinguished. I groped my way through the gale toward the lean-to at the rear. I touched the kitchen window, passed it, touched the unbarked logs of the lean-to, rounded the corner and entered. My teeth were chattering from the fury of the storm and my hair was drenched and half-matted across my eyes. Then I saw the three men and the lamp. First of all, though, I saw our cart and mare and saw that Jennifer was out of her wits with terror.

The lean-to was like a box with one end open to the weather. Musty pelts and braids of onion hung from pole-rafters. Foul cornhusks littered the floor. The three men were at the far end, by the door to the kitchen. The sullen young gentleman was spread-eagled on the earth and a second man, his back to me, was bending over him, his knees on the young man's outflung arms. Our host, the innkeeper, held a lamp.

The young man was dead from a cut throat. I was witnessing a newly completed murder.

It was too late for me to fly. I pretended stupidity.

The crouching man arose and there was a snick of steel as he sprung shut a sailor's claspknife, and deftly hid it in his coatsleeve. He turned his face to me and I saw that he was the ape-legged man in blue cassimere. His flat cheeks were oily and expressionless.

It was instantly apparent what had happened. The young man had gone upstairs from the parlor, down the back stairs, and out into the lean-to. Here he had been killed.

FOR a long time the two men studied me in silence. They expected me to speak, so I asked, "What happened?"

The innkeeper pointed to a scythe hanging from a peg a good ten feet away. "He was absquatulating on his bill. He tripped and fell. He kilt himself on that-there scythe."

Again they stared at me.

I wished my father would come.

At length the innkeeper appeared satisfied. "Nip in and tell my woman I want her. Tell her and nobody else. That's a smart lad."

I dashed around the tavern and into the parlor.

My father, elbows on the table, sipped tea from his mug. The girl sat by the door and the riffraff (minus my ape-legged murderer) hugged the embers of the fire. When I had given the message to the landlady and she had skittered away, I made a whispered report to my father.

He cocked an eyebrow. Taking me by the hand, he arose and we approached the girl. "Your young gentleman," my father asked, "—is he a kinsman?"

"Neither kinsman nor friend," she said. "I'm happy to be quit of him."

"You are very quit of him," my father declared. "He has just been slain in the horse shed."

She went suddenly white and I saw her great beauty.

"Then I too am dead," she said.

"Ha," my father said.

"There's more to this than you can know. My hope has been the night stage, and now they will not let me board it. My life is not worth an apple seed." The stiffness of her cheeks and lips sickened me.

"Oh, come now," my father said sternly. "Even Jim here is worth an apple seed. One should never undervalue one's self."

He whisked up her luggage and thrust it into my hands. "Out the door, both of you," he ordered, "and down the road. Stick to the brush."

He took us to the threshold, his great chest and shoulders bulging his tattered coat, and grinned hugely. "I'll be along with the cart," he said.

II

STUMBLING along the roadside in the clawing rain, we introduced ourselves. Her name was Sandel Carrick, she said. I told her that I was Jim Smith. That much, and that much only, did we divulge about ourselves.

We'd walked about a half mile, I should say, when we heard Jennifer pounding the black pike behind us and my father came thundering up in our cart. I helped Miss Carrick aboard and instantly we were off, me on the little seat, crushed between my father's rags and Miss Carrick's fine satin.

A quarter hour later my father slewed from the pike into a dell of sumach close by and brought the mare to a jolting halt.

In storm-lashed silence we waited.

The girl must have wondered about this, but she held her speech.

I, too, wondered.

After a bit my father did a strange thing. He took the girl's head in his muscular hand and gently turned it. Turned it so that she must perforce look through a gap in the brush, across a dark field. Then, in the distance, we saw the night lamps of the stagecoach as it rolled toward us down the pike.

My father grunted. "Get down," he said, and we dismounted.

My father next went to the back of the cart and groped beneath the sailcloth covering. He came out with a dry cattail and a bottle of sperm oil which he sometimes used in fire-eating, and doused the cattail with the oil. Single file, we made our way through the wet weeds to the pike where my father, using his hat as shelter, struck flint to steel and brought the cattail to a great flowing blossom of fire.

The stagecoach was on us now and my father, using the torch as a flare, waved the driver to a stop. I assisted Miss Carrick up the step and heaped the luggage on the floor. The door swung shut.

"Goodbye!" she called.

"Goodbye!" I answered.

My father grunted.

Instantly the coach was rolling, and soon its lamps were drawn like gold wires, thinner and thinner, into nothingness.

"Just another day," my father said. "Ho-hum."

Now I must tell you what I had seen a few minutes before, when he had lighted the flare. I had seen that one of his eyes was bruised and puffed in its socket, and that there was a crust of blood beneath his nose.

I said, "Did the innkeeper show fight?"

"Yes," he said. "The innkeeper and a herd of his friends. But they had a lot to learn about fighting."

"They know now," I said.

"They know now," said my father.

THAT night was wretched and terrible. We slept beneath the cart and there seemed no end to the rattle-bang of thunder and the leaden downpour. I slept fitfully, but I slept.

When I awoke the rain had stopped, the sky had split along the eastern horizon, and there was a red dawn in the little hollow. My father was cooking strips of bacon rolled on sassafras twigs before a fire. Two big potatoes were baking in the ashes and a pot of coffee was boiling. As I passed him on my way to wash at the brook, I said, "Good morning, Stone-Crusher."

"Good morning, Luggage-Carrier."

After my breakfast I had my lessons —Latin, arithmetic, penmanship—and learned my daily verse from the Bible.

This finished, my father settled back on his haunches and said, "Well, James Thomas, I have a surprise for you."

I brightened.

Dourly, he said, "No need to smile. This is an unpleasant surprise. More trouble."

With that he went to the back of the cart and came out with a leather valise. "A little discovery I made while you were writhing in slumber."

It was the young gentleman's valise!

My father frowned. "Here, I believe, is what happened. The girl was in peril, and the young man, who was supposed to be her protector, decided to abandon ship. He left the inn parlor with this valise, went up the stairs and down the back stairs to the horse shed. There he saw our cart. He stowed his valise in the back of the cart and was just ready to drive off when he was overtaken and slain."

He was going to steal Jennifer!

I said, "If you ask me, he got what was coming to him!"

My father rebuked me with a glance but I saw that his heart, too, was with our little mare.

Without comment, my father unbuckled the straps and lifted the lid. Item by item, he examined the contents—a pair of battered Wellington boots, cracked and overpolished, a few frayed cambric shirts, a razor case, a bottle of fancy hair oil and a handful of cheap but flashy cravats. Nothing of value, nothing to denote ownership.

"We'll try it again," my father said.

This time the boots told a different story. The toe of one boot held a deerskin pouch containing five hundred dollars in gold coins, the toe of the other a letter. A letter on fine gray paper, addressed in gossamer script.

"Now," my father said mildly, "you can try out your spelling."

I squatted by his hipbone and thrust my head under the loop of his arm.

The address read, MR. CYPRIAN BARNHAM, FOUR CHIMNEYS, BLUE LION, OHIO. I unfolded the sheet, turned it over, and cleared my throat.

Dear Cyp:

I have reason to believe that you are in this horrible business against me, despite our childhood friendship. I know I cannot buy them out, but I have a feeling I can buy you out. You have always liked the color of money.

Here is my proposition. Meet me in Cincinnati at the McMarney stage offices on the eleventh, escort me safely home, promise to withdraw, and I will pay you $500. I will have the money with me, and will exchange it for your word. Your ancestors were gentlemen, which I assume makes you a gentleman.

SANDEL CARRICK

"Where does Miss Carrick live?" my father asked.

"Here's a clock, Mike. It's 12:30."

"It doesn't say. Mayhap in the same town, in Blue Lion."

"No. There's sealing wax on that paper. It's gone by mail stage."

"Why did he keep the letter?"

"He kept it before he received the money. He considered it a contract."

My eyes were unable to leave the pouch of gold. "What do we do?"

"The scoundrel broke his contract. The money belongs to Miss Carrick. We return it, of course."

"But how?"

"Blast if I know," my father said angrily. "I wish I was out of it! Tomorrow we'll go to Blue Lion. Mayhap there we can find a way." He was glum and roiled, so I changed the subject, and fed and harnessed the mare.

Mid-afternoon we arrived at a crossroads where a knot of villagers were gathered at a public auction.

"Here," my father said, "we will do *la perche*."

In a nearby woods he cut and trimmed a fifteen-foot sapling. Next he strapped a broad belt to his waist, a belt with a leathern socket in front. With the pole-butt in the socket and the pole itself vertically aloft, he wove his way among the throng, calling at the top of his voice, "I will hold the pole, gentlemen, if anyone cares to climb it!" They stared at him as though he were a lunatic.

TIMIDLY, I pushed forward. "I'll try it, sir."

My father recoiled. "A mere child!" he bellowed. "I forbid it!"

I swung to the pole, ran to the top, and grasping it firmly held myself stiffly out into the air, horizontally. Coins began to fall about my father's feet. I then lay across the pole-top and 'swam' on my belly. Next 'the bottle,' where I held my body upsidedown, my arms extended, clinging by my feet. These I followed with other positions.

In *la perche*, the top-worker is known as the 'sprite' and must always work against the wind. If the pole fell backward I could take it like a tumble. and no harm done, but were it to fall forward the pole-butt would dig in and up, disembowelling my father. My act finished, I descended head first. A howl of pleasure went up from the crowd.

My father dislodged the pole, laid it on the cobbles, and we made our bows.

Coin by coin, I picked up the ring-money. I was bending over, reaching for a silver half-dime, when my father's foot swerved out from his knee and blocked me. I heard his voice. Cold and clear and harsh.

"That money is foul," he said. "Have none of it!"

I straightened and blinked.

All eyes were turned to a mounted man at the edge of the circle.

My ape-legged murderer, my man in the blue cassimere suit, lolled on a shaggy, badly groomed horse. He smiled at us in contempt and amusement. Abruptly, he snapped his rein and the horse loped up the pike.

I made the collection. The collection and the ring-money totaled one dollar and four pennies.

There was a very good living indeed in our way of life. A good living, and good savings.

We walked from the market place, leaving the silver half-dime glinting like a fish scale in the sun.

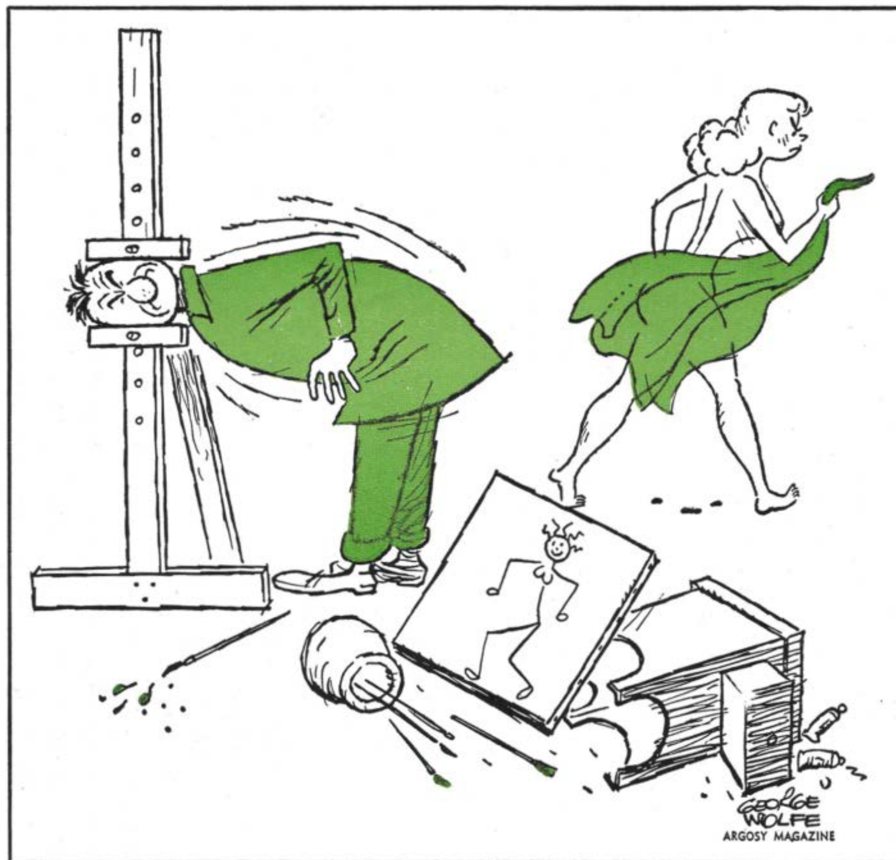
Back in the cart, I asked, "Was he among those you fought in the tavern last night?"

"No," my father said thoughtfully. "No. He had already decamped."

Inn players travel slowly and perform at the drop of a hat. In 1838, Ohio pikes were crazy ant runs, topsy-turvy with the turmoil of immigrants, and it was not unusual to find taverns and wagon houses and makeshift hostelries spaced scarcely two miles apart. The tavern with its spacious inn yard. The inn itself was two and a half stories, a little on the showy side, with a double-tiered wooden verandah across its front. It was immaculate and obviously thriving. Three stagecoaches stood in the yard. My father nodded approval.

We turned Jennifer over to a groom, climbed the scrubbed verandah steps, and entered the parlor. Our host came forward to meet us, chubby and white-aproned. His eyes were stony at the sight of our rags. My father's eyes were equally stony.

Though this was but a country tavern, its chairs and tables were superb, and the fireplace had a gleaming overmantel of waxed cherry. All about us



problem was where to show, and what act to put forth. Thrice more that day we showed, and our day's tot, when we crawled beneath our cart, came to six dollars and eleven cents. In the past year we had made nineteen hundred dollars, exclusive of food and lodging. A bank in Salem, Massachusetts, held my father's credit to the amount of thirty-one thousand dollars, part of which had been inherited from his father, Bone-Crusher.

Just at dusk on the following day we came to the town of Blue Lion.

III

BLUE LION was a pleasant, sleepy hamlet built about the Blue Lion Tavern. Three dozen houses, perhaps, of log, of clapboard (and a few of spanking new brick), were grouped about a fork in the pike, about the

travelers were eating steaming, succulent foods from good plate and chinaware.

The landlord said curtly, "Our rates are rather high, my friend. There is a farmers' inn just north of town."

"There are times," my father said mildly, "when I enjoy high rates. I will be happy to meet your prices, with a little to boot when we leave, if you will tolerate us."

"If you meet my prices, I will be happy to tolerate you," the innkeeper declared.

My father then took from his pocket a large copper penny, and as our host flushed angrily, laid it in his palm, where it became a gold quarter-eagle.

That brought us good food in a hurry, and a choice table by the fire.

"A quarter-eagle for a night's lodging," I muttered over my chicken and

dumplings. "Have you lost your mind?"

"Possibly," my father answered cheerfully. "Time will tell."

He lowered his voice. "For a quarter-eagle we want, first, a friendly host. Then information. Next, good food, a good bed, and, I might add, the return of our quarter-eagle. There have been worse deals."

"We are headed for trouble," I warned him.

"Man is born to trouble."

Our meal finished, my father summoned the landlord. "It strikes me I have an acquaintance in this town of Green Lion," he announced pompously. "A Miss Sandel Carrick. She and her mother have quarters with a relative, I believe, a Mr. Charles Barnham, who lives in a house known as The Chimney, on South Crown Street." He flicked his glance about the parlor. "Is this Mr. Barnham present among your guests this evening?"

"You are badly confused," the innkeeper declared. "This fine town is Blue Lion, not Green. I have never heard of any Miss Carrick here. The only Barnham hereabouts is Mr. Cyprian, not Charles, and he lives alone. That is, he did live alone. He is now deceased as of two days, from an accident down Cincinnati-way. His residence was known—I mean, is known—as Four Chimneys, not One Chimney, and lies first house beyond the creek on Oak Lane. Have I made myself clear?"

"Tolerably," my father said. "And I thank you."

He arose. "Come, Jim. Let's stretch our legs a bit before bedtime."

We went out into the spring night.

WE FOUND the creek, and then Oak Lane, and then the house of Cyprian Barnham, its four chimneys thrusting against the violet April night sky. We entered the yard and stood in the shadows.

"What is this all about?" I asked.

My father made no answer. I could hear his labored breathing.

And then the house took hold of me. Twice I averted my gaze, and twice, against my will, my gaze returned.

Desolate among the trees, stark and splattered with moonlight, it had a two-story front and a one-story kitchen at the rear, forming a back-yard ell. Its windows were dark; those on the ground floor were firmly shuttered.

"Wait here," my father said.

He crossed the lawn and hammered on the door. There was no response.

Wordlessly, we turned back to town.

When we came to the little bridge across the creek, my father touched my arm and said, "Sit down."

I dropped beside him on the rough-barked poles.

"I am going to tell you how your mother died," my father said.

Never before had we talked on this subject.

"She died through my carelessness," he said. His voice was like a rusty chain. "We were showing in Savannah. You were two years old. We were in an inn yard. She was ridden down by a crazy, fractious horse. I saw the horse rear, and shouted a warning."

"How do you see it that you were careless? You shouted a warning."

"I should have thrown the horse to the ground. I should have thrown him bodily on his side on the cobblestones."

"I have never seen such a feat performed," I said calmly.

"You would have seen it then, James Thomas," my father declared, "had I only my wits about me. For I knew that horse was a killer when I looked into his glassy eye."

My father was breathing heavily.

"I have been thinking this thing over for many years," he said. "I have just told you what I believe."

There was nothing for me to say.

"Never again," he declared, "will I permit a killer, man or beast, to ride down a helpless woman."

"Are you thinking of Sandel Carrick?"

"I am thinking of Sandel Carrick."

THE clock on the mantelpiece said nine when we again entered the parlor of the inn.

About thirty persons, prosperous townsmen and travelers, fine ladies and gentlemen, were making a social evening of it. Our chubby host was bounding here and there like a fat puppy, serving Madeira, walnuts, and French chocolate. A local fiddler was chopping away at a ballad. My father seated himself at a table, removed his battered beaver with a flourish and called, "Music, desist!"

The fiddler stopped mid-stroke.

"Host!" my father shouted. "Bring knife and fork and an empty plate, that I may prepare eatables!"

In certain taverns it was not uncommon for a guest to eat his own poor food. But not at such an inn as this; this inn was élite.

The innkeeper stood frozen and shocked, his ears an angry red.

"Very well," my father said. "Then I will take care of it myself."

Out of the air above him he produced a metal plate. Then, beckoning me to him loftily, he drew a knife and fork from my mouth.

A chuckle ran about the room.

"I'll have none of this in the Blue Lion!" the innkeeper yelled.

My father ignored him. He produced a wick of twisted flax and tar, lighted it with a friction match and, removing blazing bits with his fork, placed them in his mouth and pretended to munch. His face grew beatific. He said, "Yum!"

Now, into the plate he heaped a spoonful of brimstone which he ignited, and made as to inhale with great pleasure, and also ate. A murmur came from the watchers, so I began the collection.

In fire-eating we took up an immediate collection, not waiting for ring-money. That is, I took up a continuous collection all through the performance, while the audience was helpless with excitement.

Next, my father took a powder horn from his hat, sifted a bit of gunpowder into his palm, and exploded it. His watchers caught their breaths. He then set a stick of sealing wax a-burning on his plate, devouring it with his fork. Always his face was a mask of gustatory delight, and occasionally he made a comment in favor of home-cooked food. Finally, he placed a pinch of flax on the plate, sprinkled rosin and sulphur upon it from a pepper-box, and devoured this also, aflame.

All these sleights, in the main, are accomplished by holding the breath and by plenty of spittle. Eating the wick requires mainly confidence; the fire must be put deep into the mouth, quenched instantly. The inhalation of brimstone takes practice, and the eating of it more practice. The burning sealing wax and rosin, like the tar, carry their greatest jeopardy as they are being placed within the mouth. There is high skill to fire-eating, but all fire-eaters are accustomed to bad burns and blisters.

The collection was four dollars and nineteen cents, many persons donating repeatedly. A quarter-eagle is two dollars and a half; we thus made back our quarter-eagle, as my father had promised, plus a margin.

My father and I made our curtseys.

"You have just witnessed an exhibition by Stone-Crusher, the strong man," my father announced. "Assisted by his young son, Pebble-Crusher. Now, with your kind permission, we will retire."

Our host hopped forward and herded us up the staircase to our lodging. He was bubbling with pleasure at the sensation we'd caused.

OUR room was at the rear of the hall, by the kitchen stairhead. The floor was scrubbed with lye, the walls a deep buttercup yellow, and the air was crisp with the scent of lavender from clean bedsheets. A stubby log smoldered in the fireplace and a casement window with diamond panels looked out on a side verandah.

I was incredibly weary. We stripped to our underdrawers, my father made his nightly check on his broad doeskin money belt, snuffed out the candle, and we crawled into bed. . . .

The squeak of a hinge on the casement window wakened me.

I lay chipmunk-still, one eye smothered by the bolster, the other rolling in its socket, probing the dark room.

The casement was wide ajar. From the moon, I guessed that the time was well after midnight. I touched my father's pillow. He was gone.

Instantly I understood. I rolled to the floor, tugged on my clothes, and left the room—not by the window, but by the hall. Down the back stairs I crept, and out into the stable yard. Now I ran. Like fury. Across back yards, through fields and claw-briars and thickets. Panting, I vaulted a rotting fence and dropped to the ground beneath a lilac.

Before me, swathed in moonlight, was the desolate yard and house of the late Mr. Cyprian Barnham. My father had not yet come.

But soon I saw him approaching.

He came down Oak Lane in an easy walk, passed through the gate within an arm's length of me, and halted.

As I have said, the house was two stories at the front, with a one-story kitchen at the rear. My father sauntered to this low kitchen and swung himself gracefully up to its roof. Facing him was a back window to the second floor.

I settled myself and waited.

A match flared in the upper back room as he lighted a taper. The pale glow held the window glass as he searched the room. Abruptly the window blackened and I knew he'd stepped into the upper hall. His light appeared next in a room at the center front. Then again blackness, and I waited for his light in the front corner room. This time, however, the interval was longer and when the light appeared, it was downstairs, from behind the shutters of what I assumed was a drawing room or possibly a study.

This was more like it, I thought.

If somewhere in that house was a trail to Sandel Carrick, it would likely be found in Mr. Barnham's study.

My throat went stiff. There was a light in the upper room also.

Two lights. One upstairs, and one down.

MY FIRST thought was to join my father by way of the roof, to join him and warn him, but now his light went black and I realized that already he was descending. Half-crazed with alarm, I loped across the weedy yard, found the front door off-bolt, and entered a dark, musty hallway.

Ten paces away, candlelight from an open door sliced into the murk.

Then I heard my father's voice. Mildly it asked, "And what is that you are carrying under your arm?"

When my father spoke thus, overmildly, I became truly worried.

The room was indeed Mr. Cyprian Barnham's study. Once sumptuous, it was now fouled with years of neglect. The brocaded chairs were frayed and battered. Old quail bones, rat-gnawed, lay beneath a teak taboret, and the fine carpet was blotched with wine stains. My father, his beaver on the back of his head, lounged against the wall by a great gilt-framed pier glass mirror.

Across the room from him was Sandel Carrick.

She sat delicately on the edge of a desk, and under her arm she held a wooden box. A beautiful rosewood box, flat, perhaps eighteen inches long. A box with a tiny lock-plate.

Her eyes were serene, neither friendly nor unfriendly, as she said, "I hardly expected to meet you here."

"We've been searching for you," my father replied. "I have five hundred dollars which are rightfully yours."

Her eyes went cold.

"Money I recovered from Mr. Barnham," my father explained.

This was the wrong thing to say.

After a moment, she asked, "And what became of the little boy?"

"Which little boy?" my father asked diabolically. "Little boys to me are like thistles. Without number or value. I pick them up and discard them thrice weekly."

All this while she was studying him, carefully and impersonally. "What brings *you* here?" she asked.

"You led me to believe you were in peril. Therefore I have been searching you out, to help you."

"Ha," she said.

"I have no other aim or desire."

"Ha."

This was my father's favorite expletive and he winced.

"It appears to me," Miss Carrick said slowly, "that you have accidentally stumbled upon something which you believe can be turned to profit, that you have come to this house in an attempt to gain further information. I think it is your hope to replace Mr. Barnham himself in the jeopardy which has been laid against me. I consider you a menace."

"I am a menace," my father said.

"I have had a change of heart," Miss Carrick declared. "I am now a different person. I have decided to handle this thing myself, firmly and squarely, as it should be handled."

My father nodded with gusto, showing his approval.

She laid the rosewood box on the desk top. "I brought this with me. For emergencies like this. I will meet your price."

"I doubt if you can," my father said.

From a silver chain around her neck she took a tiny key and unlocked the case. Moving with great leisure and painstaking care, she lifted the lid (toward us, shielding the contents) and came out with a pistol.

It was an enormous horseman's pistol, a good sixteen inches in length, with about a sixty-caliber bore. The massive barrel was richly inlaid and the grip was encrusted with silver mounting. The piece was so heavy that she was forced to present it in her two hands. She swung it around as though it were a cannon on wheels and then she pointed it at my father, and pulled the trigger.

The room rocked with the thunderclap and the fire of hell, and the pier glass by my father's elbow exploded into froth. Shards rained all over the carpet.

"You missed," my father said. There was rebuke in his voice.

Unflustered, she replaced the weapon in its case.

To my horror, she came out with a second. A mate to the first.

"These things come in pairs," she observed.

"Ah, yes," my father said. "Like doves."

I SHOUTED—to confuse and break her aim—but there was no need. My father was across the floor in a tumble and a leap, and she was in his arms. His huge right hand clamped gently about her wrists, forcing the pistol muzzle high above her head. Slowly his index finger curled over her clenched fists and pulled the trigger. Again there was the bellow of gunpowder.

My father released her. Released her and apologized for his roughness.

At that moment she saw me. "Jim!"

I said, "Good evening, Miss Carrick."

"I almost killed your father!" Now she was sobbing.

Somberly, my father delved beneath his coat and shirt, fumbled in his money belt and came out with Mr. Barnham's pouch of gold. This he placed in the rosewood box and, taking the key from Sandel Carrick's throat, locked the case. "That's that," he murmured.

"Goodbye," she said.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

She made no answer.

"How are you fixed for transportation?" my father inquired.

"I have a riding horse in a thicket by the creek."

"Splendid," my father said. He appeared to lose interest.

She tucked her pistol case under her arm, wavered a moment in the doorway, and left.

We gave her about five minutes and then returned to the Blue Lion where we made our way to our bedroom.

IV

NOON found us far to the north, in an area of rich farmland. The zenith sun was crossing Jennifer's spine when we came to a bend in the road with an abandoned grist mill sheltered by a growth of young maples. Nearby was a shaley brook.

"Here," my father declared, "we will find rock." He pulled from the pike to the turf, and we alighted and lunched.

After we had eaten, he lolled in the grass. "What do you think of Miss Carrick and her pistols?" he asked.

I refused to discuss it.

He guffawed.

Suddenly he groped in the tail-pocket of his coat and laid before me a paper-wrapped bundle and a letter. "These I found last night in Mr. Cyprian's bedroom," he said.

Warily, I unwrapped the parcel.

It contained a pair of mittens. But such mittens. The palms were soft leather and the backs a silver-gray fur. I opened the letter:

Dear Barnham:
Here is something to make the old buzzard really drool. Northern lynx mittens! Post them to him as you did the lap robe, from Cincinnati. Appended is a copy of the letter I wish you to enclose.

Yrs.,
C. J. IVES

Then, at the bottom, was a copy of the letter Barnham was to enclose:

Mr. Jason Peregrine
Mattletsville, Ohio
Sir:
It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the Peregrine-Ives Fur Company has just established a new and thriving string of posts in the Popo Agie River country. Mr. Ives will inform you more thoroughly on this point, I assume.

It gives me further pleasure to send along with this a pair of lynx-and-deer mittens fashioned for you by one of our trappers deep in the Teton Mountain range. These mittens have traveled over fifteen hundred miles solely for your comfort!

Respectfully,

JNO. DEDDERMAN, MGR.
St. Louis Branch
Peregrine-Ives

"Barnham was to mail them and he didn't," my father said. "Mayhap his conscience began to bother him. What do you think of this hocus-pocus?"

"They're beautiful mittens," I said.

My father looked disgusted. "They should be," he remarked dryly. "I imagine they're worth many thousands of dollars."

"No mittens are worth that much."

"These are." He stowed them carefully with the letter under the cart seat and frowned. "Mattletsville is about ten miles up the pike. Mattletsville will answer many questions."

He took a short crowbar and a sledge hammer from his tool box. "Let's find some rock."

The brook was flat and shallow, winding among willows and sumach, and was bedded with it, with slabs of leaf-like shale. My father took a great deal of time and care in selecting the proper slab and loosening it from its fellows. The piece he selected was of varying thickness, from two to ten inches, and about the size of a sheepskin. It weighed goodness knows how much. He also selected two small fragments about the size of my fist. We carried them to the cart and covered them with the sailcloth. I tried to conceal my worry. Of all the feats my father performed, stone-crushing frightened me most.

There is no sleight to stone-crushing. It is flesh and muscle and bone against cold iron and rock.

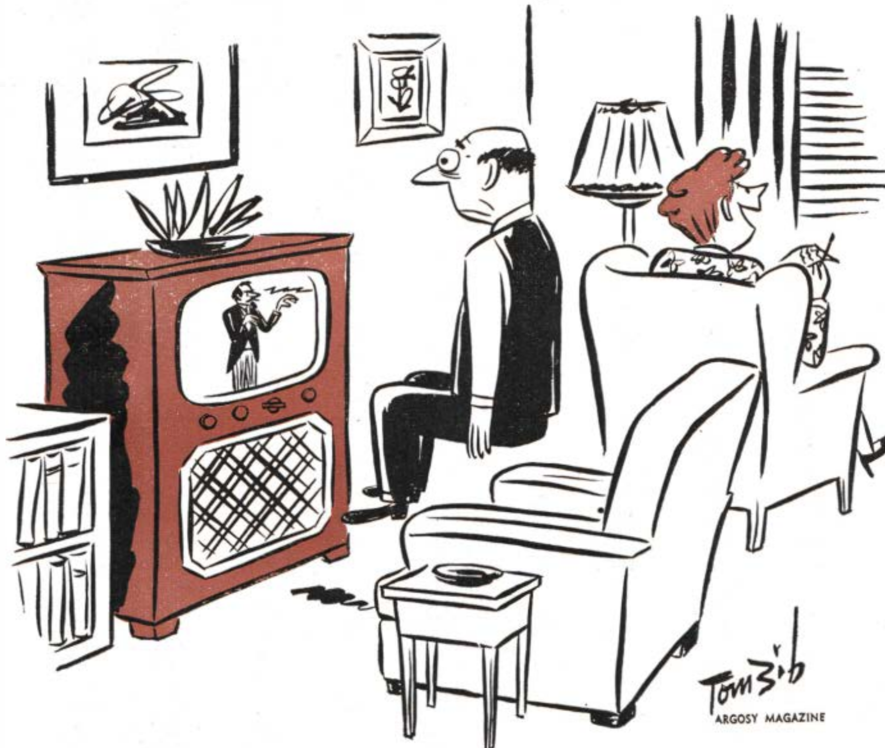
Twilight had come when we creaked into Mattletsville. It was a good-sized town. Perhaps a thousand persons lived in the jam-packed homes which lined its narrow, crooked streets. About the town square, in a rectangle, were prosperous-looking shops and offices, glowing in lamplight. Three inns faced the courthouse—a huge frame monstrosity, bearing the sign Cumberland House, a made-over brick residence called Reaper's Cradle, and a squalid, shuttered shack whose sign said simply: BEDS AND FOOD, SAM MAHAFFY, PROP. It was suppertime and the streets were deserted.

My father alighted and set off through the dusk with a sheaf of playbills. These were on red paper, and said, in screaming woodblock type:

Marvelous Exhibition of Preternatural Strength! The WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN, known in the Royal Courts of Europe as STONE-CRUSHER, will endeavor to amuse you! Watch him pit his UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH against a MAMMOTH ROCK! Noon tomorrow! Public square! Fantastic and Educational. Lesson in Anatomy! Bring the Children!

My father returned with a grin.

He'd tacked two of his bills on the pillars of the magnificent Cumberland House, one on the elm before the courthouse, and five on shop doors.



"I still think that hypnotist is a fake, don't you, dear?"

All these places were customarily prohibited, all would cause much anger and rumor and excitement.

My father then took the mare by the bridle and walked her past the Cumberland House, around the corner past the Reaper's Cradle, and into the tumbledown stable of the shack which said Bed, and Food. We circled to the front door and entered.

The room was scarcely larger than a tea chest. A small fire of twigs smoked in the tiny fireplace and a sperm-oil lamp dangled from a rafter on a wagon chain. In the far corner a fat woman sat on a rocker making corn-shuck dolls. Finished dolls littered the floor about her feet and each doll had a scrap of paper pinned to its chest which said "Five cents."

Beneath the lamp an ugly little boy about my age sat enveloped in a quilt on a milking stool while his hair was being cut by a short, jovial man with muttonchop whiskers. The child's hair was wild and long and matted with burrs and the man was scissoring it off close to the skull. All the time, the little boy glowered.

THE woman got to her feet and approached us with a grin of welcome. "Whipping the stump?" she asked.

"No," my father said graciously, "I am not a journeyman grubbing for his sustenance. I am Stone-Crusher, the strongest man in the world. This is my son, Jim."

"The puniest boy in the world," said the lad on the stool.

I ignored him.

By this time Mr. Mahaffy had cropped the child's hair and was shaving the scalp with a razor.

My father then talked business. He wanted to stay a week, he said, with food and board. They'd liked him from the minute they'd laid eyes on him, and he liked them.

The bargain set, he said, "Mattletsville. My cousin, a cabinetmaker, once did some work here for a very charming lady. A Miss Sandel Ives."

"You're twisted," Mrs. Mahaffy corrected. "It's Miss Sandel Carrick. She lives with her grandpap, Jason Peregrine. Third block to your right, fourth house, on Congress Street."

"This C. J. Ives is a different party," Mr. Mahaffy put in. "Office other side of the square. Don't love him. Not passionately, no-how."

"He's rich," Mrs. Mahaffy declared. "Owns the Cumberland House."

"Who wants the Cumberland House?" Mr. Mahaffy inquired. "They's rats and mice in them walls that's even strangers to each other!"

The little boy was glaring at me. Suddenly, in a loud voice, he said, "When I was a baby, I was stole and tortured by the Indians. Let me tell you, I been through hell."

Mrs. Mahaffy said, "You never seen an Indian. And it's us that's been through hell."

Embarrassed, I spoke to my father. "Mayhap I'd better feed Jennifer her oats."

Mr. and Mrs. Mahaffy laughed.

Mahaffy said, "What did you say?"

"Jennifer's our mare," I explained. "Mayhap I'd better—"

The little boy stood up and threw off the quilt. First I saw he wore a dress and then I saw it wasn't a boy at all but a little girl. She marched over to me, stuck her chest against mine and her jaw in my face, and said in a horrible gurgle, "It so happens my name is Jennifer too, and I don't relish bein' laughed at."

Then, with a swish of her skirt, she was out of the room.

My father and I had supper.

After supper my father and I went out into the soft spring night. Little knots of people were gathered up and down the street and in the square, visiting and chatting. We crossed the square and after a bit located a brightly lighted office window which bore in twelve-inch letters the words: C. J. IVES, LAND AGENT, COMMISSION MERCHANT, EMIGRANT ADVISOR. We stepped in.

As soon as I took a good look at the man behind the desk, I knew I'd hate to be an emigrant with a little money, and have C. J. Ives advise me. Did you ever see a possum? It has a sharp, protruding face, dull, vicious eyes, and lips which lift at the sides, exposing evil-looking needle teeth. That was Mr. Ives, except they say a possum is harmless. The office itself was square and bleak, empty but for the writing desk in the center of the room and the counting desk at the back.

The man's eyelids shuttered once, he decided there was no profit in us, and he said harshly, "Out. Get out."

"We are destitute," my father said cheerfully. "We've just finished a hard journey—"

"Take off your hat," Mr. Ives grated.

My father slid his beaver into the crook of his arm.

"What's this about a hard journey?"

"Fifteen hundred miles," my father said wearily. "All the way in from the Popo Agie country. That's trans-Mississippi, you know. I'm a trapper stranded here in Mattletsville—"

"From the Popo Agie country?"

"No. From the Teton Range. I'm very familiar with the Popo Agie country, however."

"How goes the fur business there?"

"There is no fur business along the Popo Agie now. It's moved back."

THAT jarred him. "You must be mistaken. I have a string of posts along the Popo Agie."

"I've seen no fur posts along the Popo Agie," my father said. "Perhaps you mean along the Snake?"

"I mean the Popo Agie."

My father stared at him. "I think you are being swindled," he said. "If you are financing fur posts along the Popo Agie you are certainly being swindled. Swindled."

Mr. Ives began to shout. "Stop saying that word. And what are you doing here? Whoever heard of a trapper stranded?"

"Not trapper, trouper," my father said. "I'm a showman."

The shout rose to a bellow. "Then what were you doing in the Teton mountains? Performing for the grizzlies?"

"I was visiting my brother," my father said with dignity. "He's a trapper, not a trouper." After a moment he added brightly, "Perform for grizzlies, did you say, and get paid off in roots and berries and bark? Oh, no. I'm too shrewd for that!"

Twice Mr. Ives tried to speak. Then he gritted his teeth, and laid two dollars on the desktop.

"Jove!" my father exclaimed. "The gentleman wants an exhibition, Jim. What would you like, sir? A little tumbling, perhaps. Or fire-eating."

"I do not want an exhibition!" Mr. Ives yelled. "I want you to get out of town! Out of town by daybreak!"

My father left the money untouched. "You are unwell, sir," he said gently. "Come, Jim."

V

OUTSIDE, we crossed the square. As we turned down Congress Street, my father asked, "Did you enjoy yourself, son?"

"No," I said. "I did not. The man gives me a chill."

"And quite rightly," my father replied. "For I doubt not he is the person who ordered the murder of Mr. Cyprian Barnham."

He chuckled. "But we've got him on the run. We've got him topsy-turvy."

Third block on Congress Street, Mrs. Mahaffy had said, and fourth house from the corner. The house proper, the 'new house,' was a charming brick cottage and this was joined on the left by an ancient annex of peeled logs. Both the logs and the brick were immaculate in white paint. The windows of the log wing were dark but there was a glow of soft yellow lamplight from a window in the cottage. I followed my father up the walk and watched him drop the knocker on its plate.

Sandel Carrick herself opened the door. She seemed considerably shocked when she recognized us, but not afraid, and not unhappy. Quietly, she asked us in and showed us to chairs in the small drawing room.

When we had seated ourselves, my father said mildly, "I think I've got this thing figured out."

Her eyes met his, and drank him in.

He asked, "Where is your grandfather, Mr. Jason Peregrine?"

"He has retired. He's a very old man and retires early."

"Is he a wealthy man?"

"A very wealthy man," she said. "He's one of Mattletsville's old settlers. He owns about half the town."

"He doesn't own the Cumberland House."

"He did once. But that and a few other properties seem somehow to have gotten into the hands of a certain Mr. C. J. Ives."

"I see," my father said. His face was wooden.

"You're wasting your time trying to help me."

"Perhaps," my father answered sadly.

"But I have started, and do not seem to be able to stop."

A pall of silence descended.

The girl then turned to me and asked me if my mother was alive. I shook my head.

My father, the perfect showman, made a quick movement with his hat and thus regained her attention.

"Here, I think, is the situation," he said. "This Ives is swindling your grandfather. He's gotten himself deeply intrenched in Mr. Peregrine's confidence and is bent on bleeding him of every cent he possesses. He has done this by creating in Mr. Peregrine's mind an entirely imaginary and mythical string of far-western fur posts, the Peregrine-Ives Fur Company. Am I correct?"

"There is no proof."

"He has sent him a beautiful beaver laprobe—"

"And other furs."

"And there is no proof?"

Her eyes were strained now, and her skin very white.

"You must stay out of this," she said. "I must take care of it myself. He's old and proud and a stroke might be fatal. It's his money, let him spend it as he wishes."

My father wagged his shaggy head in anger. "Why," he asked, "did you make that trip to Cincinnati with Barnham?"

"I went to Cincinnati alone. I'd received a threatening letter from there, from a man named Dedderman, warning me to leave my grandfather's affairs alone. This Dedderman signed himself Peregrine-Ives' St. Louis branch manager and supposedly wrote me from the Cincinnati Hotel. No one there had ever heard of him."

"He's nonexistent," my father said.

"I brought Mr. Barnham back with me for protection. Too, I tried to bribe him."

"And how did you happen to stop at the miserable inn?"

"That was Mr. Barnham's idea. To throw pursuers, if any, off track."

THIS Barnham is too much for me," my father asserted. "He constantly fluctuates between honesty and evil. Are you aware he brought you there simply to have you slain?"

"Before long I suspected as much. When I saw Manser."

"And who is Manser?" my father asked. But we both knew. He was the apish man in the blue suit.

"Manser is Mr. Ives' body servant. He was standing by the fireplace. A bow-legged man in a blue suit."

"So you went to Barnham's house and searched it and, incidentally, tried to pistol me."

She nodded. She didn't seem particularly sorry.

"Ah, me," my father said. He stifled a yawn and got to his feet.

Abruptly, to my astonishment, I found my voice. I heard myself speaking. "My mother is dead," I was saying. "And I have no stepmother."

No one seemed to hear me.

Sleepily, my father puttered about in his pocket and whipped out one of his red playbills. "Fantastic and educational," he mumbled. He thrust it into Miss Carrick's hand. "Marvelous exhibition. Known in the royal courts of Europe."

She glanced at the playbill and went icy with rage.

Now he was really yawning. "No charges," he said. "Free. Voluntary donations accepted, however."

Grimly, she saw us to the door.

MRS. MAHAFFY, dozing in her chair, heaved herself aloft as we came in and showed us to our quarters. The child Jen had been scooted off to bed and Mahaffy was by the hitching-rack in front of the Cumberland House, meeting night stages, peddling cornshuck dolls. Our room was clean, but incredibly frugal. We slept like logs.

All next morning we stayed inside the little shack-like inn. It was my father's policy when he performed a major act, like stone-crushing, not to dull its effect by exhibiting himself to the populace beforehand. Jen was off and away, and Mahaffy, too, was out in the town. Occasionally Mrs. Mahaffy would make trips in and out and with each return she was bursting with excitement, telling us in a garbled way the furor our playbills were causing.

Fifteen minutes to high noon my father and I left the inn by the back door, harnessed our mare, and drove our cart to a halt in the public square.

About half of the town had turned out, men, women, and children.

Under his breath my father said, "I suspect Mahaffy is partially responsible for this. I suspect he's been acting as our advance agent."

They were gathered in little groups under the trees, shop-keepers, townsmen, farmers, tradesmen and craftsmen in cloth and leather aprons. Quickly they formed a circle about us, gaping. I didn't see Ives in the throng, but I saw Miss Carrick. She stood at the front of the crowd, holding a little pink parasol.

My father made a fiery speech. He'd inherited his preternatural strength from his father and grandfather, he said. In detail he related the spectacular feats of those two great men. This done, he drew back the sailcloth and lifted the rock to the grass. As he lifted it he stumbled and a surge of whispering went up at its size and weight. My father stripped to the waist and chose two husky men as rock-lifters.

'On my honor, there is no sleight to this," my father announced. "I will have the rock placed on my chest and a volunteer shall break it with this sledge hammer." He held up the heavy hammer. They stared at it.

"Who," my father called, "would enjoy this memorable pleasure?"

The man named Manser stepped forth. Apish and ugly, he removed his tight-fitting blue coat. He took the hammer from my father and grinned.

Once before I'd seen that grin. When he'd stood with claspknife in hand, over the body of Cyprian Barnham.

"I ain't too strong," he said slyly, "but I'll take a try."

While there is no sleight to stone-crushing there is always a great danger. This danger is that the hammerhead, striking the rock, should slew and strike my father in the skull.

This would be sure death. Sure, accidental death.

At that moment I noticed that we had company. Mr. Mahaffy and Jen had joined us by the cartwheel. Mr. Mahaffy, looking very idiotic, held a market basket. "Hold up a minute," he said timidly. "I want my woman to see this."

He turned to his ugly little daughter. "Run home and get mama," he said. He handed her the basket. "And while you're there, look in the top drawer o' my dresser and bring back my thing-abob. Be sure it's loaded."

To Manser, who was listening, pop-eyed, he said amiably, "I'm referrin' to my pipe. They's a cravin' for a smoke coming over me."

Almost instantly Jen returned with her mother. The basket now seemed empty but for a napkin.

Mahaffy peeped under the napkin. "Now we can get along with this," he said. "And I thank you kindly." Wistfully, he added, "I sure hope Mr. Manser hits 'er a good square blow."

"So do I," my father said.

"I will," said Mr. Manser.

My father laid himself upon the turf, the rock was placed upon his chest. I watched, breathless. If Manser struck a glancing blow, he could crush my father's skull.

MANSER swung. My father, braced on his heels and hands, inflated his chest and took the blow. You take the blow in an arch, you see, with give.

And a frenzied, pile-driver blow it was. A blow that was meant to be a death blow. However, the hammer struck squarely and there was no slew.

Generally the rock splits, but this time it shattered.

I saw Manser, crouched and haunched and panting, the hammer still in his knobby hand, and my father flat on the ground. The look on Manser's face was enough for the crowd. There were curses and catcalls. He laid down the hammer, and melted away.

My father got to his feet, and while I could see that he had been slightly hurt I could see, too, that the showman was uppermost in him and that he was overplaying it for the collection.

First, though, he produced the two small fist-sized rocks from the cart bed and handed them to me. "Stone-crushing runs in the family," he announced. "Smash these for our kind audience, Jim."

Now there is a sleight to this, and the small stones had been very carefully selected. They are held in such a way—about a half-inch apart—and struck a certain way, with a certain smartness, so that they cleave.

While I was doing this, and the crowd was clamoring applause, my father took up the collection. It

amounted, that morning, to six dollars and thirty-two cents.

Miss Carrick, my father told me later, donated a bright new penny.

WE HAD a late lunch and when we left Mahaffy's about two that afternoon the girl Jen was in the chimney-corner, beating small rocks together with her fists as she thought she'd seen me do it, and howling with fury and frustration. My father and I, now the center of the town's attention, went down Main to Congress and out Congress to the Peregrine home. There was no answer to our knock on the door so we took the flag walk to the back yard and there found Mr. Peregrine himself, in a Windsor chair beneath an apple tree. He looked a hundred years old. His senile face puckered with displeasure as we approached.

Though the day was neither warm nor cold he was swathed in fur, and fur-trimmed clothes. Across his shoulders was a cape lined with martin and beneath it we could glimpse his coat jacket, collared in otter. Tucked about his knees was a beaver lap robe.

"You are showing some splendid furs there, sir," my father said.

"They came from my fur posts out in the western country. . . . Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Are you Mr. Peregrine, of the Peregrine-Ives' Fur Company?"

"I am, sir," the old man said. "And who are you?"

"My name's Debberman," my father said glibly. "I'm your branch manager from St. Louis."

This made the old man lick his lips and gulp.

"You're a bit more threadbare than I had imagined," he said. "But every man to his taste. How goes peltry along the Popo Agie?"

"Not so good."

"Not so good? Ives has another story. Ives says we'll soon be larger than Chouteau, or even American Fur."

"I would like to ask you just one question. Have you yet received any dividends?"

"No. But I am patient. I can wait."

"Here is my considered advice," my father said gravely. "Sell out your holdings. Sell them now, today, to Ives. At cost. Tell him you've talked to me, Debberman, and that I've advised it."

A glaze of hostility hardened the old man's withered cheeks. "Now it comes out. Ives sent you here. Now that we've got things about to move, Ives wants to buy me out."

A grapevine of blood veins puffed out on his throat and temples. "Leave my premises, sir," he said. "At once!"

There was nothing to do but go.

As we passed down Main Street my father said, "Keep those sparrow-eyes on the watch for Miss Carrick," and shortly after I sighted her before a lace-and-ribbons shop. We crossed the road and joined her.

"Do you have a good lawyer?" my father asked.

"We have a fine lawyer, but he is in the power of my grandfather."

"Finally I said to her, 'Either he goes or I go.' "

"Have him at Ives' office at four o'clock," my father said.

He then took his big gold watch from his waistcoat pocket.

She smiled as he unwrapped it from its oilskin and placed it in her hand.

"My," she said, "you treasure your valuables."

"I do indeed. Four o'clock. Where can I find this Manser?"

"He lodges at the Cumberland House, but stay away from him."

He turned on his heel, started down the street, and I followed him. A half-block away he said, " Go to Mahaffy's, Jim. I'll see you at supper."

"Not I," I told him then. "I'm coming along."

"Very well," he said casually. "But stay out of the way."

He then talked of other things. "It's not so simple as Miss Carrick puts it. Mr. Peregrine's money is his own, she says; let him spend it as he will. It's not so simple as that. Ives sees Miss Carrick as an obstruction. Once already he's tried to remove her. He'll try again. If we do nothing, she might be murdered tomorrow. I'm thinking of Miss Carrick herself."

I was thinking of my father's watch. Only on three occasions would he remove that watch from his person. He removed it in stone-crushing. He produced it to time certain feats of strength.

And he removed it when he fought.

VI

THE columned Cumberland House was magnificent and imposing in the broken afternoon sunlight. A groom was sweeping the stable yard and when my father inquired as to the whereabouts of a Mr. Manser the groom pointed to a door set in the building's stone foundation and said, "In yonder."

My father lifted the latch, we descended a flight of stone steps and found ourselves in the tavern cellar.

The room was long and dark and seemingly endless, stone-walled, stone-floored, and raftered with great oak beams. Two stable lanterns were set on the floor near the circular opening of a cellar well and nearby was the heavy oak well cover. Beyond the blossom of light I got the impression of dank vegetable bins and from an iron hook hung a side of beef, aging.

A giant of a man in an innkeeper's apron was standing over the well, lowering a bucket into the depths. The bucket filled, he raised it, grasped it by its bale, and passed us by to a twenty-gallon barrel where he emptied it. Beside the barrel was a scoop of dried apples and a small sack of brown sugar. He was making imitation cider, a very sorry drink indeed.

My father asked, "Where can I find Mr. Manser," and he turned to face us.

"I am Mr. Manser," he said, and for the first time we got a good look at him in the lamplight.

We'd never laid eyes on him before. He had long, corded arms, apish legs (like our Manser), and a big meaty face with mean little eyes.

"The Manser I have in mind wears a blue suit," my father said.

"That's my brother Joe. I'm Tom, the host here. I run this-here place."

"I see." My father grimaced with distaste. "Where can I find Joe?"

Then our Manser, Joe, materialized from the shadows and approached us.

"How'd you do it, Tom?" he asked. He waddled to a halt and grinned.

"He done it hisself. He walked right in, as pretty as you please. But he brought his cub."

Their eyes met, swiveled to my father, to me, and to the open well.

"Where they's room for one, they's room for two," Joe Manser said.

The innkeeper picked up a length of stovewood and made a clumsy swipe at my father.

Easily, my father dodged.

Then he saw it was a trick, for Joe Manser was on us, his claspknife open and rigid in his hairy hand.

STAY clear!" my father shouted, and I dropped to the shelter of the barrel. With a twist of his upper body my father lunged straight forward and loosed a crashing blow to Joe Manser's stomach. This blow we professional pugilists call 'the mark.' The knife spun into the darkness and the man sagged to all fours, like a hurt cow. Instantly my father wheeled to meet the innkeeper and took up the old-style boxing guard, left fist before the mouth, legs apart, right fist slightly below the chest.

The innkeeper rushed. My father beat him dreadfully about the face with 'choppers' and 'grained' him. This 'graining' is a bear hug coupled with wild buttings of the head. It is horribly punishing. The innkeeper tore himself free, cowering and whimpering.

Joe Manser got to his feet. Crazed with brutality, he stumbled forward, hands clenched and outstretched. My father advanced to meet him.

At that instant the innkeeper threw the stick of stovewood, striking my father on the hams, knocking him down. He tried a half-roll, got to one knee, and I saw that he was injured.

In an instant the brothers were on him like hornets, kicking him, dragging him to the open well hole.

I was out of my corner like a shot, pummelling and yelling and caterwauling in rage. A boot-sole lashed my rib-cage and swept me aside.

My father squirmed to his back. His shoulders firm against the stone floor, he drew his knees to his belly and drove upward with his feet. Joe Manser caught the blow on his shoulder and reeled backward.

Reeled backward, and into the well-mouth. We could hear the muffled splash of his body.

His brother recoiled, his face a mask of terror.

"He can't swim," he mumbled.

"Neither can I," my father said.

He got to his feet, adjusted his stock, and brushed off his clothes.

"I want you out of town," he said. As an afterthought, he added, "By daybreak."

Just like Mr. Ives. Out of town by daybreak.

As he went up the steps to the stable yard my father limped a little. By the time we reached Main Street the limp was controlled and all signs of pain had been carefully wiped from his face. Behind us we could hear the innkeeper shouting for help. No one could save Joe Manser now.

We crossed the square and entered Mr. Ives' office. The wall clock above the counting desk said three minutes of four. Ives, pen in hand, inkpot by his elbow, and ledger open before him, was busy with calculations and entries. In the distance, through the window, townsmen could be seen scurrying into the Cumberland House stable yard.

"What's the commotion?" Ives asked.

"Joe Manser tried murder again," my father said. "But this time he killed himself."

Mr. Ives put down his pen as though it were red hot.

The street door opened and Miss Carrick joined us, accompanied by a little man in a fuzzy brown suit and a fuzzy brown hat. He was as pudgy as a dumpling but his eyes, behind thick spectacles, were slivers of milky pearl.

"Mr. Silsbee, my attorney," Miss Carrick said.

My father then took from his pocket the lynx mittens. And the letter Mr. Ives had written to Cyprian Barnham. He laid the mittens on the desk, and handed the letter to Lawyer Silsbee.

A smudgy pallor mottled Mr. Ives' possum face.

My father said, "This man Ives has defrauded Mr. Peregrine of several pieces of property, among them the Cumberland House. I want that property reassigned, immediately, as of now, under Mr. Silsbee's direction."

Mr. Silsbee was reading the letter. Part of it he read to himself, part of it he retraced and read aloud. "Well, well," he said. "Here's something to make the old buzzard drool. Northern lynx mittens. 'Post them as you did the lap robe, from Cincinnati.' Then a spurious note to be signed by a spurious branch manager, John Dedderman. I've never liked you, Ives, from the moment you came to town. This is going to give me great pleasure. In fact, I'll assist in your prosecution."

"Maybe we can prosecute him for murder while we're at it," my father remarked. "It was his hireling, Joe Manser, who murdered this Cyprian Barnham. There were two witnesses to this fact. My son here and a certain innkeeper in the southern part of the state. How do you like that?"

"I like it very much, indeed," Mr. Silsbee said delightedly.

Mr. Ives was clawing the air. "Wait!" he cried. "Please listen! I know nothing about any murder. However, I will admit I have somewhat misrepresented things to Mr. Peregrine and am willing to make full restitution. It so happens that I'm about to leave town—"

"By daybreak?" my father asked politely.

"No, now. By sunset."

THAT was the end for Mr. Ives, but it was just the beginning for me. In two days, at Miss Carrick's plea, my father allowed himself to be installed as chief host at the Cumberland House. He brought with him the Mahaffy family as his assistants. The Mahaffys proved to be jewels. They knew innkeeping backwards and forwards and in six weeks the Cumberland House was famous from Terre Haute to Wheeling for its table and beds.

Two months after we moved into the Cumberland, after Mr. Peregrine had been mollified, my father married Sandel Carrick. I know a thousand things about the roads and showmen and such, but I never quite got the hang of what brings people to marriage. Still, it was nice having Sandel about, and my father seemed happier than he'd been in years. As for myself, I did not give up our family trade, nor will I ever, but there were yet things I had to learn, and Blue Lion was a good place to learn them. So long as I stayed there, I was as happy as I've ever been. ● ● ●

My Tangle with the Phantom Bear

(Continued from page 23)

whinny not far away in the edge of the moonlight. It was not the nicker of an animal that seeks to locate a companion that had grazed away in the semi-darkness. This was the noise of a horse that feels fear.

There was a shuffling in the darkness, and shadows and shapes on the far side of camp seemed to move. I raised out of my sleeping bag on one elbow. There wasn't a breath of wind in the pine branches to make the shadows shift. I noticed the hound. The dog growled low in his throat and stared into the darkness beyond the moonlight where the horses were.

I reached for my boots. Something was out there in the dark, and I decided to tie the horses. I had just found one of the boots, when I heard a scream of terror from one of the horses. It was high-pitched and ended in a choked snort as though something had already throttled the poor animal.

Several hounds darted past me toward the sound. There was the sudden pounding of hoofs. Suddenly our camp became a bedlam.

There was the quick thud of horses' feet as the still-hobbled animals plunged and stamped with their front legs roped together. The hounds all began to bark at once, and Giles made confused, bubbling sounds as he sat bolt upright in his bed.

It became apparent to me, as the horse sounds grew louder that they were headed our way as fast as their tied legs would permit. I could see the plunging head of one horse coming straight toward me with his mane flying.

Giles and I must have been sleepy or just too dumfounded to move. The horses were upon us before I had so much as put on one boot or extricated myself from the sleeping bag.

The whistling screams of the horses, the clatter of tinware suddenly swept over us. I instinctively folded my arms

over my face and fell to one side as the two horses, bucking clear of the scattered pots, jumped over our beds. There was a single thud as a cleated horse's shoe tore through the sleeping bag close to my knee. Then the horses were gone.

I was rubbing my knee and still looking for my boots when I saw the cause of this near disaster. There, not 40 yards away, in a patch of open moonlight, a good-sized bear was calmly taking our wind. He should have been fleeing for his life.

Our 10 hounds were making a noisy dog chorus around us. The hot odor of bear meat was strong in their noses. A few of the veterans had started forward toward the intruder.

Then Giles cursed loudly. "Red! Smoky! Blue! Come back here, you fools!"

He lunged out of bed after two of the closest dogs that were just starting after the bear. He caught one and missed the other. In another 30 seconds four of our best dogs were howling gleefully along after the bear.

Giles retrieved the coffee pot and stirred up the embers of the fire.

"Of all the dad-blamed, contemptible bears in Arizona, we have to get one that wants to live with us," he growled.

It was still three or four in the morning, and we pulled the sleeping bags up around our backs and hunched close to the tiny fire. Giles didn't need to tell me that the dogs wouldn't catch the bear.

They straggled in the next day a little after noon, tired and disgruntled. So were we. We had lost several enameled plates and a day of lion hunting.

Again, the Bear . . .

It was only three days after the curious bear visited us in our camp that we returned the call, although quite unwittingly. There was a certain lion that habitually tracked the rock rims of Fossil Creek Canyon. This big cat had twice escaped by swimming the stream below. The books say that cats are afraid of water, but this particular lion hadn't read these books. Each of his swimming escapades had cost us a track and a kill.

On this disastrous occasion, we were after the same lion. That was obvious. The track cut down a side canyon into the gorge of Fossil Creek with scarcely a deviation from the path that the cougar had followed once before.

Giles and I had left our horses on top of the cliffs and were following the dogs as best we could down into the gorge. We could hear their collective voices echoing up to us from the depths of the canyon.

Suddenly they went silent—not a hound barked.

"That damned lion must have taken to the water again," I muttered.

We increased our speed, hoping to ford the stream quickly and find the spot where the lion had come out on the wet sand.

We found the dogs, as we'd expected, milling on some gravel at the mouth of the little canyon which we had descended. The lion had almost certainly taken to the water, for on both sides the sheer walls of Fossil Creek were straight and without ledges.

But as we approached the dogs, Old Blue, who had perhaps the keenest nose of the lot, lifted his head and tentatively took the wind, which drifted in a steady current downstream between the sandstone walls. Another of the hounds, too, seemed to show an interest in this breath of air.

I was elated. If the dogs had actually winded him, we would have a kill in a matter of minutes.

Blue, with Old Red and the other dogs behind him, waded through the shallow water and started up the canyon. Every minute or so, they threw their heads into the air and drank in the wind in satisfying whiffs. It looked as if this was it.

. . . The Hounds Pursue It

On the other side of the creek, the dogs broke into a dead run, and headed toward the opening of another canyon that cut through the sandstone ledges on the opposite ledge. In this same side canyon we had found a cliff house of three large rooms filled with the debris of ancient peoples. And in that cliff house, as usual, there'd been the tracks of a certain large presumptuous bear.

But the hounds were already rounding the shoulder of rock, and Giles and I broke into a dead run across the gravel and tumbled boulders of the canyon floor. When we cut into the narrow cleft of the side canyon, the dogs were well ahead, barking. They were running something—and they were looking at the quarry!

We raced with bursting lungs up the narrow side canyon. Giles was ahead, bending low and running fast for all of his heavy bulk. I lost sight of him for a moment, then almost bumped into him as I rounded a corner. He was standing quite still, looking at the ground. His face, that had been eager with the thrill of the chase but a moment before, was now disconsolate, and he chewed his upper lip with a savage, biting motion that was peculiar to him when things went wrong.

He didn't look at me, but with a finger that trembled pointed at a mark made by the front paw of a larger than average bear.

From the muffled hound voices far ahead, it seemed fairly obvious that our chocolate-colored friend was leading our 10-hound dog pack on another merry, fruitless chase.

We had stumbled upon a bear that seemed to enjoy being chased by dogs.

From then on our lion hunt became a farce. If Giles and I had started out after bear, we would have entered into the matter with enthusiasm. But we had come to hunt lions—and it was lions we wanted. The chocolate-colored bear didn't appear malicious in his actions. He simply was in the wrong place at the right time, and he constantly kept at it. Giles said it was "sheer cussedness." For myself, I think it was fascination which the bear felt for ourselves and the dogs.

One evening, after about a week of this, Giles seemed moody.

"I notice the acorns are getting ripe," he commented after a long silence. "Your friend ought to have enough tallow under his hide so that we can catch up to him."

Giles always referred to the bear as "my" friend, a petty source of irritation which I found very annoying.

I answered somewhat testily, "You seem to be thinking more about the bear than about the lions. Why don't you catch him and be done with it?"

Giles threw down a spoonful of beans on his plate with an air of finality. "Suppose we do that! The brown bastard's got me talking to myself."

It was then that we belatedly started out bear hunting. It seemed to both of us something which we should have tackled long before.

Next day we rode our horses to the lip of the canyon where most of the cliff dwellings were located—the same rocky cleft which debouched into Fossil Creek far below. It was our plan that I should get down onto the canyon floor by another route while Giles, with the hounds, tried to drive the bear from his lair and head him toward me.

I therefore left Giles tying his horse and whistling the dogs around him preparatory to making the descent, and I led my own mount perhaps half a mile farther on. Then I tied the reins to a fir and started to drop down over the cliffs into the canyon below.

Almost straight down from where I had tied my horse was the mouth of the canyon in which we hoped to start the bear. Over across was the chasm of Fossil Creek that had been the scene of so many disappointments these past few weeks. It was lonely there on the sandstone cliffs. Surely there was enough space in all of this wild terrain for the bear and ourselves. But it seemed decreed otherwise. The verdict had been given, the bear must die.

As if in answer to these speculations I heard the far-off cry of a single hound, and then another. The chase had already begun. The dogs had found the fresh scent of the strange bear in the cliff-cave ruins. I shrugged my shoulders at the inevitability of it, and dropped rapidly down over the ledges into the canyon depths below, letting myself down by any cracks and handholds I could find.

The Chase Is On

The cries of the dogs grew more muffled as I descended between steep sandstone walls. But the chase, as we had anticipated, seemed to be coming my way. After all, if Giles had started the bear in the canyon, there was no other way for him to go.

The last 15 feet of the canyon wall was sheer, brown rock, and I let myself down with difficulty on the twisted stem of a wild-grape vine that hung from a cleft. As always, the rifle was clumsy to carry when I needed both hands, but I held it in the crook of my elbow and pulled myself close

to the vine as I inched my way down. I jumped the last couple of feet and at almost the same instant I hit bottom, there was another thud close behind me! It was not the sound made by my own feet striking the sand, nor the scrape of any small rock that I might have dislodged as I slid down the grapevine. I stood with both hands on my belt and the blood pounding in my neck. I was afraid to turn around.

From behind me, then, came another noise, ever so slight. It was a slop, as though some one had dropped a spoonful of gravy into a dish. It wasn't the running of water, and it wasn't the wild pounding of blood in my own veins. It was the noise of an animal licking its lips—a big animal.

I can't say that I was surprised when I turned around and stared at the mountain of flesh and fur on the canyon floor not 20 feet away. The bear lifted his nose a trifle higher as though to smell me the better—and slid a tongue as big as a red bandanna, through black lips. It made the slopping sound again.

His small red eyes seemed to take in every detail of my disheveled appearance. His chocolate-brown ears were cocked forward at an inquisitive angle. I was so mesmerized by his nearness that I never thought to use the rifle which still hung limply in the crook of my arm.

We stood an eternity there, the bear and I. He didn't look ferocious. Actually, after the first shock of fear had passed, upon finding the animal so close behind me, I somehow didn't feel afraid. The chief feeling seemed to be one of embarrassment, on the part of the bear as well as myself. My chocolate-colored friend shifted his forefeet uneasily in the sand, and seemed to look past me rather than at me. I just stood and stared.

After what must have been minutes of smelling and licking his lips, the bear sat down and scratched his neck with a powerful leg. Instinctively I shifted back against the wall of the canyon behind me and for the first time began to work my short rifle into a position for the kill.

The bear straightened himself like any great woolly dog and shook the dust clear of his fur. Again his tongue ran out as though to moisten his smelling apparatus. But he paused in midmotion. With his tongue hanging ludicrously from the side of his lips, he turned his head a little. His furry ears swiveled back, and immediately his head lost its quizzical appearance and took on a sinister aspect.

I raised the rifle and drew back the hammer, but the bear was no longer concentrated on me. He was listening to the dogs, whom I had completely forgotten.

Faintly down to us, past the many tortuous turns of the canyon, came the echoing roar of the pack. The chocolate-colored bear so close before me turned once more and glanced in my direction. His whole attitude said, "Don't move, and stay there."

Then with all the deliberation of one of his kind in a zoo cage, he turned and began to climb a tree.

It was a gigantic spruce—one of those scattered monsters that grow occasionally in these canyons, sucking their sustenance from the moist sands of the canyon floor. This tree slanted out, away from the sandstone ledges. Its middle and top were thick with heavy limbs, frosty green at their tips, but black and shadowed near the bole. It was into the dark interior of the spruce that the bear was headed.

The animal climbed with sure skill. His wickedly curved claws bit into the soft bark on either side of the tree's trunk. With slow hitching motions he climbed out onto the first limb and rested there a moment. He placed his furry rump directly across one large spruce limb and hooked his paws astride another branch higher up. He panted a little with the exertion, then looked back down at me.

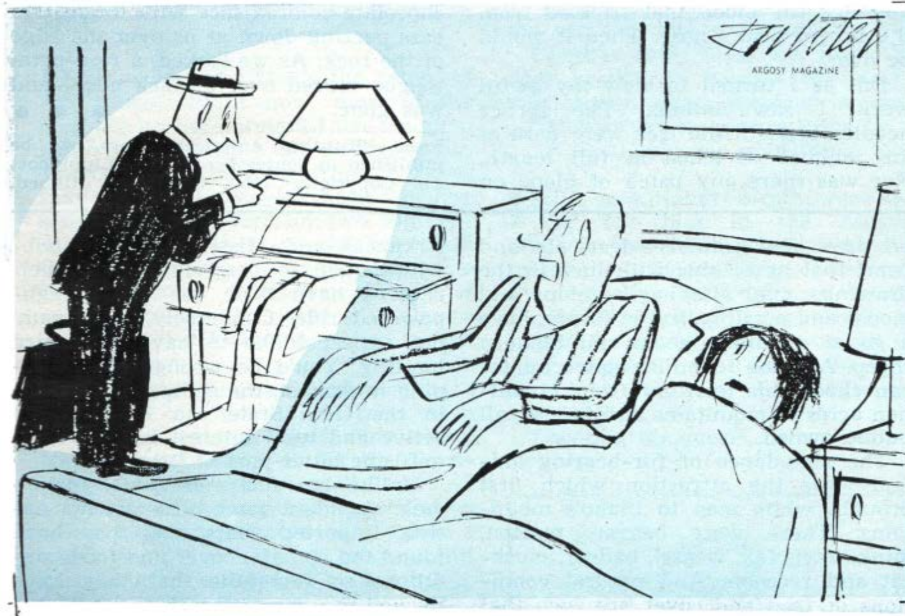
My chocolate-colored friend had laid up quite a layer of fat in the last few days. His bulk rippled beneath the well-furred hide as he shifted his position in the spruce. The situation was static again.

I, too, turned my head to listen to the oncoming dogs. The cries were plainer now, though still far away.

Should I shoot the bear? That is what we had come to do, but certainly this was no sporting thing. I decided to let Giles finish off our chocolate-colored tormentor. There was no pleasure in shooting a friendly bear out of a tree at point-blank range.

The animal above me shifted his weight, and a shower of small twigs and branches bounced down to the ground beneath. The dogs sounded much closer. The bear raised his body from the limb where he had been sitting and again grasped the trunk of the tree with both forepaws. I thought he was going to climb higher.

Instead, he started to come laboriously down out of the tree! He shifted his hind feet and dropped down a yard or two with the same motion as a telephone lineman descending a pole. He did not look behind him or seem to notice I was there at all. He just climbed steadily down, with the same slow deliberation that had marked all of his movements.



"When I took the loan from your company they said 'no embarrassing investigation'."

Alone with Bruin

I could hear the cries of the dogs distinctly now, just up the canyon floor. Would they be in time? I stood directly beneath the descending bear, and pieces of bark, rasped off by his claws, dropped on my face and shoulders. In his slow descent, his chocolate-brown posterior was now only a yard above me. I raised the rifle barrel and, with all my strength, lunged in a vicious upward thrust at the bear's tail. I could feel the hard metal of the muzzle sink into the fatty flesh and even grind hard against sinew and bone beneath.

The bear gave a slight "Oof!" at this indignity, but that was all. So far as I could notice, he never even paused in his deliberate movements, but came down even lower. I could smell him now. His hind legs were at the level of my hat.

Again I thrust with the rifle barrel in a hefty, uppercut swing that caught him in one of his fatty thighs. This time he turned to look at me with a hurt expression in his bloodshot eyes. But, as before, his front paws shifted downward.

There was noise all around us now. The dogs were in full cry around the last bend of the canyon. The hounds in the lead of the pack could smell the bear and also see him, I expect. They were excited enough. There was a

shouting, too, which I could not distinguish.

But dogs and Giles didn't matter much at that moment, for I was much too occupied with the chocolate-colored bear. I could have thrown my arms around him and embraced his brown body, if that had been practical. Instead, I stepped back from the trunk of the tree to let him hit the ground beside me.

There was another rush of noise, barking and confusion. There were dogs around us now. Then over the dog chorus I suddenly heard Giles.

"Shoot him, Frank! Shoot him, for God's sake!"

I raised the rifle. I still was so close that the muzzle of the weapon was within a foot of the bear's head. As if to lessen the hazard of this distance, I extended the gun with one hand and arm, holding it like a pistol. As I did so, the bear's hind feet touched the ground, but he still remained upright in that awful instant, with his forepaws on the bole of the tree.

The muzzle of the carbine wavered uncertainly as I thrust it forward. Some unseen force seemed to possess the awkward weapon so that it swerved like a poplar tree in a gale. But as the tip of the barrel touched the fur of one chocolate-colored ear, I pulled the trigger.

The blast of the shot was deafening between those narrow walls. The steel-shod butt of the rifle recoiled along my forearm and raked up a furrow of skin. Rifles are made to be fired from the shoulder.

At the instant of execution, I had averted my eyes, so I did not see the brown fur on the bear's head flatten and burn before the powder flame. I did not want to look at the expression on the animal's face as the bullet from my treacherous attack blotted out his life. In a moment that well-furred body would slump back from the tree into the waiting mouths of the dogs. They would worry the carcass a little and lick the blood that trickled from the brown bear's nose. Then it would be over.

But as I turned to view my awful work, I saw nothing. The spruce needles beneath the tree were bare of any animal stretched at full length. Nor was there any patch of blood on the canyon floor. Suddenly too, I became aware that there was no noise. The hounds that had been baying behind me had vanished. Then I heard them as my ears cleared from the deadening effect of my own rifle shot. The dogs were barking over across the canyon, and there was a scrambling sound and a rolling of rocks as though some heavy body was climbing up a cleft in the sandstone wall.

"Nice work," Giles commented briefly as he ran his fingers through a splintered groove in the trunk of the tree beside me. "You are undoubtedly the only hunter who ever missed a full-grown bear at the distance of six inches."

Far up on the canyon wall a dislodged piece of sandstone bounced down from ledge to ledge. Still higher up, we thought we could see a chocolate-colored face with inquisitive ears peering down at us over the edge of the rock. As we looked, a rose-petal tongue moved over a black nose—and was gone. ● ● ●

From "Hunting American Bears," to be published in September by J. B. Lippincott Co. Copyright, 1950, by Frank Hibben.

Idaho

(Continued from page 47)

state like Idaho has moose, too. These huge shaggy creatures are found in the dense forests, usually near lakes and swampy areas where they are frequently seen feeding on water grasses and bulb roots. In the afternoons their hoarse bellowing can be heard ringing across the water, and if you are smart you will not argue with one over the right-of-way on a narrow trail. They have Irish tempers.

Huge and temperamental as he is, the moose is no match for a high-powered rifle, and the Idaho game commission wisely permits moose hunting only on a controlled basis, and only mature bulls may be taken. As in the case of the antelope, every hunting-license holder is eligible to enter the drawing, with a restriction against those who have bagged a moose in the past three years. Success, after one has been lucky in the drawing, is almost a certainty.

The two American game animals probably most difficult to find and stalk are the bighorn sheep and the Rocky Mountain goat. They are the true mountain dwellers, at home on the lofty ledges and high crags. Idaho's tall mountains are their natural habitat. The bighorn sheep, with its massive curled horns, easily ranks with the moose as a trophy. Idaho has at least as many of these animals as any other state (excluding national park populations), but hunting has been suspended pending the results of an exhaustive study now being made of both sheep and goat populations. When resumed, it will undoubtedly be on a controlled basis.

Summing up for the Idaho big-game hunter, we find that he has a general open season of some 30 days duration on three fine animals—deer, elk and bear; that he or she, with luck in the drawings, may also bag antelope and moose and possibly, in the future, have a go at mountain goats and bighorn sheep. And the Idaho big-game hunter can choose his territory from 21 million acres of mountains and forests, all public-owned.

The abundance of fur-bearing animals was the attraction which first brought white men to Idaho's mountains. These were beaver, marten, mink, otter, fox, weasel, badger, muskrat and raccoon. And natural conditions of food and cover are such that all species are still found in numbers. Much Christmas spending money for Idaho youngsters comes by way of muskrat traps. Beaver are now estimated at 100,000, and this busy dam-builder is doing much to maintain stream conditions beneficial to fish life.

Rabbits Don't Rate as "Game"

Many states boast of their rabbit hunting, and far be it from me to belittle Peter Cottontail. He is a tasty dish and when I lived in Texas I used to hunt him, too. But most Idaho people, accustomed to stocking their lockers with venison and pheasant and grouse and mallard duck, do not even classify our abundant rabbit population as "game." Sometimes exceptions are made in the case of the hare or snowshoe, which is unusually toothsome, but few Idaho people hunt rabbits seriously, other than to destroy them as crop pests.

Frequently a state which excels in one particular phase of hunting does not have much to offer in other departments. South Dakota, for instance, has pheasant shooting that has been fantastic and is still good, but offers very little in the way of big-game hunting. Georgia and the Carolinas, Arkansas and Mississippi have bobwhite quail to brag about, but their citizens have little use for a high-powered rifle. Conversely, you would not expect Idaho to have good bird hunting. You'd be wrong, for, beginning in August, the shotgun enthusiast in the Gem State can maintain an active and legal interest in field sport until the latter part of December.

Unlike her fish and game, Idaho's most abundant game birds are not native. Imported years ago, they have found the climate, cover and food conditions so favorable that they have thrived in a manner seldom duplicated elsewhere in the country.

In game-bird variety, Idaho is at the top of the list. Pheasants, ruffed grouse, the splendid Hungarian partridge, bobwhite quail, sagehens, even the big blue grouse—all are abundant. Look that list over, you states proud of your upland birds, and try to match it! Then expand it by adding two more varieties of quail—mountain and valley. And consider this. The chukkar partridge has begun to take hold so well in recent years that it is now believed we'll soon be having open seasons on this fine game bird as well.

Let's take a quick look at how the average Idaho shotgun hunter spent his time during the succession of 1949 open seasons:

Sagehen hunting came first, in mid-August. Did you ever have a flock of those big chickens roar up from the brush in front of you? It takes steady nerves, but if you like tricky shooting and good eating you will go back again and again. A young sagehen of about three pounds is a real table delight.

The next shooting of the 1949 season came in late August, and this time the hunters went to the mountains and followed the clear trickles of the streams up through thickets of aspen

willow, chokecherry and service berry. The prize was grouse—Franklin, blue and ruffed. Here again are big powerful birds that explode from the thickets. Shooting a blue grouse as it arrows through the pines is an experience which, to many hunters, equals downing a Canada goose or even killing a deer. And the eating is equally pleasant.

In September, we shot doves. These migratory birds are abundant in Idaho, hanging to the stubble fields and sunflower patches. Smart, and among birddom's best judges of shotgun range, they make you work for them.

October and cold weather brought the first half of the duck season. Many ducks summer and nest in Idaho, and consequently the opening of the season usually finds a good supply of young, strong-flying birds. Shooting is good over river or pond sets of decoys, and many hunters take their limits in afternoon gunning along the drain ditches, where the ducks settle to feed on watercress and wild celery.

November—wonderful November, clear and brisk! That is the time of delight for the scatter gunner in Idaho. Pheasants, big, brightly colored ringnecks busting up from the stubble and out of the corn fields. And talk about quail—big, rocketing northern bobwhites from the ditch banks and wildrose thickets; still bigger mountain quail flaring out of the creek bottoms; and valley quail zooming up from the brush. And you can add some of the best Hungarian partridge hunting anywhere. A smart, strong flock-flyer, this grand game bird will test the stamina and intelligence of the best dog. Pheasants, quail and Hungarians —and the Idaho hunter may often find all three of them within the boundaries of a single field!

In December comes the last half of the duck and goose season, and by then the great northern flights of mallards, pintails, baldpates, widgeon and golden eye are flying the Snake River. From a blind in the river canyon you can see, as early morning lights the sky, great wide V's of big, strong-flying ducks, a steady procession of them —hundreds of ducks, thousands of ducks, tens of thousands. When ducks are flying like this along the Snake, you shoot only mallard drakes, which are generally regarded as the finest eating. All too soon your bag is filled, but still you linger around, watching the skies, for who can say when a flock of big Canada honkers will come swinging along?

It is difficult even to estimate the number of ducks killed in Idaho during the 1949 season, but one place among the several which do commercial picking in the relatively small city of Boise opened its doors one Monday morning to a flood of more than 3,000 ducks, mostly mallards, and with a nice sprinkling of geese.

And for the shooter who, after pretty steady gunning from mid-August until Christmas, is still reluctant to put his gun away, there is sporty crow and magpie shooting. But along in the spring the crows pair off and quit answering calls. Now even the Idaho sportsmen may as well put his gun away. Now he can go fishing.

And Idaho, thanks to the marvelous variety of her geography and her unusual river system, has big fish equal to her unsurpassed big game. My cowboy friend down in Texas was not exaggerating the size of Snake River sturgeon. These fresh-water monsters actually exceed in maximum size the vaunted game-fish, off-shore, salt-water fishing, of which states like California and Florida make so much.

Of course, they're the granddaddies of the tribe. Younger ones come in sizes from 75 to 400 pounds, which nevertheless adds up to a lockerful of delicious sturgeon steaks. And the roe is American caviar.

Or perhaps you're primarily a trout fisherman. Would you like to tie into a really big rainbow? Then there is only one place for you, big Pend Oreille Lake, up in north Idaho. Ever hear of the Kamloops? You have if you are a trout enthusiast. And Pend Oreille Lake is their adopted home. Stocked from Canadian sources in 1941, Pend Oreille has since 1945 been knocking world rainbow-trout records sky high.

Those Tremendous Kamloops

In 1945 a 31-pounder taken by E. W. Dreisback boosted by an amazing *four and one half pounds* the previous record which had stood since 1914. And the news was hardly out before another Kamloops was lugged in weighing 32½ pounds. Sensational? Well, listen to this. During the 1947 season that record was broken exactly *seven* times by Kamloops taken from Pend Oreille lake. The record as this is written stands at 37 pounds. Come on, California and Colorado and Oregon and you other states, tell us about your big rainbow trout!

But, say Oregon and Washington, we have salmon fishing, the wonderful gamey chinook. Sure, and you take them mostly from boats, in big water like the Columbia and Puget Sound, and doubtless that is fun. But did you ever hook one on a No. 6 fly in a white-water riffle? You can do it in Idaho—big battling chinook fresh up from the Pacific and in fighting trim. You can do it in the Salmon River, and in the Selway and the Locksa, and in hundreds of their tributaries. Big salmon, and big steelhead, too.

Skip the Kamloops and the salmon and the steelhead for a minute, and let's talk about just ordinary fishing, the kind that other states brag about.

Still speaking of trout, how about some cutthroat, some brook or brown, some Dolly Varden? A California golden? Sure, it is a brilliantly hued, gamey little fish that takes its proud name from a fine fishing state—and I myself have caught them in Idaho, way back in the blue gem of a little

"Well Dolson, how did that idiotic experiment of yours work out?"

lake high in the Sawtooth Mountains. Give me a hard one. A redfish? Man, is it possible that you never heard of Redfish Lake, lying at the foot of old Cathedral Peak? That is the home of the redfish.

Idaho streams are mountain streams, clear cold water plunging downward in a succession of riffles and swirly pools. That is trout water. As a matter of fact, a number of prominent people have said at various times that Idaho has the nation's finest trout stream. We Idahoans agree, but we are apt to argue among ourselves as to which it is. Living in the southern part of the state, my vote goes to Silver Creek. Silver Creek is a dream of a dry-fly stream. Winding through a broad, treeless valley, it gives the long-line enthusiast opportunity to extend himself, and the big rainbow lying in its depths are not hesitant about a properly presented fly. Silver Creek is, in fact, too good for its own good, and during the past few years the game department has been forced to put it under special regulations.

But other Idahoans may feel that the distinction should go to Birch Creek, or the Big Smokey, or Loon Creek, or Deadwood River, or to any of 40 or 50 others, and few of us have visited them all. There are more than 6,500 creeks and streams in Idaho. And there are 1,763 lakes, ranging all the way from the little blue gems in the mountains to big Pend Oreille. From the mighty Tetons and the high Bitterroots, the waters flow roughly westward, little trickles gathered creek by creek into the Salmon and the Clearwater and the Snake. And so vast is this drainage network, which reaches from the Canadian border to the state's southern boundary, that *if all the holders of fishing licenses issued in 1949 went fishing the same day, there would still be more than one mile of fishing water to every fisherman!*

When you mention fishing, most Idahoans think of trout. But the game department has wisely put the lower lakes and the river sloughs, and even the irrigation reservoirs, to work in the production of warm-water fish, such as bluegill, mackinaw, crappies, perch, bass and catfish. These serve a purpose for those who enjoy this kind of fishing and provide outing opportunities when trout seasons are closed.

Vast Primitive Areas

Look at your map. Bounded on one side by the Bitterroots and on the other by the towering Seven Devils, Idaho lies astride the main ranges of the upper Rockies. That means mountains and vast areas of forest. It means plunging streams and deep, clear, natural lakes. It means protective cover and natural food for fish and wildlife.

How many states have a primitive area? Indeed, how many people, even sportsmen, know that certain areas of our country, selected by reason of their special characteristics favoring wildlife perpetuation, have been set aside and withdrawn by the federal government from routine exploitation, —areas protected from private commercialization and in which no roads or trails save those essential to watershed protection and wildlife management may be constructed? Idaho, with her vast woodlands and sixteen national forests, has two such areas, the Selway-Bitterroot north of the Salmon, with 1,879,000 acres, and the Idaho, composed of more than a million acres south of the Salmon. You will not find here the criss-cross of roads and the hot-dog stands and the commercial drive-ins which have utterly destroyed the beauty and charm and a lot of the hunting and fishing in other states. This is country reserved for the deer and the bear, for the rainbow and the chinook.

Idaho has another essential of good hunting and fishing—and that is space. Private preserves are unknown. Pennsylvania boasts of some 800,000 acres of state-owned land that is big-game country. Idaho, with approximately one-tenth of the hunters and fishermen, has 21,000,000 acres of big-game and fishing territory. From the Snake River north to the Canadian border lies the wildest, most majestic and most isolated mountain terrain in the United States, and the vast majority of it, being owned by either the state or federal government, is a public hunting ground. The signs do not say: NO TRESPASSING or KEEP OFF THE GRASS. They say: PROTECT YOUR FORESTS AND BE CAREFUL WITH FIRES.

And over it all, arched high up in the sky, there should be another which would read: THIS IS IDAHO, THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND. ENJOY BUT DO NOT DESPOIL. ● ● ●

The Last of the Terrible Men

(Continued from page 41)

fifty newspapers," says Wain Sutton, now a television and movie writer in Hollywood, "and Richardson is the toughest city editor I ever worked for." Robert W. Kenny, when he was Attorney General of California, told a press conference, "I feel like crawling under the desk every time they say Jim Richardson is on the phone." Kenny started his public career as a cub reporter on Richardson's staff twenty years ago. Mayor Fletcher Bowron, also a former reporter, has said, "Jim Richardson is the only man in the world who can get my goat any time he feels like it."

He rarely praises a reporter for a good story; he hints that he is entitled to genius at the very least. A single awkward phrase in an otherwise brilliant piece of reporting, however, may provoke an outburst that can be heard in the pressroom a floor below.

No one hates and fears Richardson worse than the average policeman. He was a star crime reporter when most of today's minions of the law were, according to him, juvenile delinquents. He has solved as many crimes as most detectives, and his campaigns against police brutality have been numerous, heated and productive of reform.

Richardson was invited to speak at the Los Angeles Police Academy a few years ago, a blunder which some hapless officer probably has never ceased regretting. The Academy is a seminar for peace officers from all over the Southwest. Some three hundred attended this one, held in the country-club atmosphere of the police training academy in Elysian Park. Ahead of Richardson on the program was an editor who harped on the lofty theme, "You help us and we'll help you."

The applause for this speaker fell to a deadly silence as Richardson slouched to the microphone. His platform presence is like that of a trained bear riding a bicycle—he does it well but shows he doesn't like it.

"Look," he said. "I know every one of you hates my guts. Well, I hate yours, too."

With this beginning, he went on to rail at them for beating drunks in their cells, for "playing Sherlock Holmes when you should be earning your pay," for being secretive with reporters, for taking bribes, for always wanting to see their names in the papers.

"You always ask why I don't print something good about cops. Well, I will, when you do something worthy of it. But not just for arresting somebody. Not for just shooting it out with a bunch of dumb holdup men who never went past the third grade and couldn't hit the broad side of a barn," he said.

"That's what you're paid for, and paid well, and it's not news. But every time I hear of police brutality, every time I get a whisper one of you has taken a bribe, every time you hold out on one of my reporters—I'm going to skin you alive."

On and on he spoke, for thirty terrible minutes. "When I looked down at that sea of red faces," he said later, "I couldn't hold it in."

This was the old hard-drinking, hard-fighting, clue-stealing crime reporter reverting to type. There was, of course, no applause at the end.

Now and then the police fight back. Twice in his early career as a reporter, Richardson faced down policemen armed with service guns and a grudge. It was not necessarily fearlessness, but rather his sublime contempt for this type of cop, that enabled him to brazen it out. Both times Richardson, in effect, offered to ram the gun down the policeman's throat and kick the handle off. He hounded another policeman for two years for beating a prisoner, until the man was glad to escape into jail for 60 days.

At the same time the *Examiner* is probably the nation's most convincing evangelist for the doctrine that crime does not pay. Once it starts a campaign it never lets up, even though the public becomes bored with it all. One racke-

teer left Los Angeles because, as he said, "The people would let me operate, but every time I sat down in a restaurant, there was a damned *Examiner* reporter on the next stool, writing down what I et." Richardson is a cinch to win any such war of nerves, because his supply of gall is unexcelled and inexhaustible.

It was the *Examiner* which braved the taxpayers' wrath and made the City Council hire several thousand new policemen, as soon as demobilization of the armed forces made young men available. The *Ex* printed a daily front-page box score of crime—so many murders, so many criminal assaults, so many auto thefts, etc. The force now is at full strength, but the paper still runs the crime-box score daily, lest the public forget.

These campaigns are almost as hard on Richardson's staff as they are on his victims. There is a Hollywood tradition that Cecil B. DeMille has worn out more publicity men than all the other producers put together. William H. Zelinsky resigned as the *Examiner's* head police reporter to work for DeMille.

"I gained eight pounds in a year with DeMille," he said, " but I lost it back in five weeks when I went back to work for Jim. And I got ulcers besides." He returned just in time to get in on another crusade against crime.

Why do reporters work for Richardson at all? For one thing, he sees to it that they are paid generously, if they produce. He protects them from just retribution when they get drunk or use nasty language to cops or call movie stars "Babe."

"Believe me, chief, This is no ordinary peeping Tom."

He Puts on an Act

For another thing, there is his sense of humor and his gift of pantomime. Richardson's "acts" are touched with the artistry of Chaplin and the late W. C. Fields, whom he most resembles in his derisive caricatures of life. He uses his acts in the city room, to break the tension that sometimes grips a crew at deadline and sends stories down to the copy desk full of horrible mistakes.

In one he is a bowler. Without props, he can create the illusion of thronged alleys simply by staring into space and tugging his fingers along an imaginary towel. You've seen bowlers do it a thousand times; it's the one gesture they all have in common. In another he is the piccolo player in a symphony orchestra. "He ruined symphony music for me," says Ernie Lonsdale, *Examiner* church editor. "Now I can't take my eyes off the piccolo player."

Then there are impromptu acts, such as the one inspired by a reporter assigned to interview a girl who had recently been acquitted of murder.

"This pig," said Richardson, "is working in this factory. Get me a good human interest story. How people like working with her, and so forth."

The reporter shook his head sorrowfully. "Mr. Richardson, I can't do it. That poor girl has suffered enough. I got her that job myself, so she could avoid publicity."

Richardson crawled up and lay face down on his desk, kicking his heels and sobbing wildly, until the reporter left in confusion. The same act has served several times since, to express the unutterable bafflement and scorn inspired in him by stupidity or innocence on the part of the help.

Another act, which also just grew, was abruptly discontinued years ago, at the height of its popularity. Richardson was the first person to skate on ice in semi-tropical Los Angeles. Artificial refrigeration was new then and eastern cafés had learned that skating acts on small rinks outpulled all other floor shows. There were two important cafés in downtown Los Angeles then—the Bristol, and Harlow's, both on Spring Street.

Hamilton "Ham" Beall, still one of the city's leading press agents, represented Harlow's. They got their rink done first, but when they went to look for talent, they found the Bristol had everybody under contract. Ham remembered that Richardson had grown up in Canada. Could he skate?

Richardson could. Could he find a girl partner who could skate? Richardson, then getting $35 a week as a *Herald* reporter, could and did.

With a Canadian-born manicurist, Richardson opened at Harlow's and played two sensational weeks, at $125 per week. Years later, when he was managing editor of the now defunct *Post-Record,* the story came out. Beall told three artists on the paper about their editor's brief career as a skating star. These three wags would whistle *The Skater's Waltz* at odd, unexpected moments. The managing editor would thereupon jump up, lock his arms behind his back, and skate the length of the editorial department and back, without benefit of ice or skates.

Richardson, at the time, was a heavy drinker. One day, when he was carrying an extra foot of ballast, the publisher brought in a delegation from the State Chamber of Commerce. Richardson arose, somewhat unsteadily, to shake hands. At this exact moment, the trio in the art department struck up a merrily whistled *Skater's Waltz.* By the time Richardson skated back to his desk, the delegation had vanished.

Anything could happen on the *Post-Record.* The rats were so bold that they ate not only the paste, but also the hair from the paste brushes. A loaded rifle was kept over the copy desk, and two or three times a shift would come the whoop, "Heads down!" The staff would flatten to the floor while .22 slugs sprayed the room. When the paper finally died, the editorial crew gathered up 1,800 pounds of bottles on the premises, to pay the bootlegger for the liquor with which the farewell party was illuminated.

Union rules have made it possible for most reporters today to know where their next cup of bourbon is coming from. But things happen on Jim Richardson's staff, union or no union, which couldn't happen on any other paper in the country. A few years ago his men took up a collection and bought him a buggy whip for his birthday. It was a city-room joke. It wasn't a joke when, a few days later, they asked him to "take that damn thing home." It made them nervous.

The *Examiner* is the Hearst paper

that William Randolph Hearst reads first. Richardson works under The Chief's eye. He is Louella Parsons' city editor and probably the only man outside of The Chief whom she fears.

Richardson has never gone to work on a paper without its showing an immediate increase in circulation. This could be coincidence, except that it has happened five or six times. There is some indication that circulation follows his slam-bang treatment of the news.

It was in 1937 that R. T. Van Ettisch, the *Examiner's* soft-spoken managing editor, called a conference of six aides to pick a new man to strengthen the city side. The story is that they wrangled for three hours without agreeing on anyone. Finally someone asked, "Van, exactly what qualifications do you want?"

"To succeed on this job," Van said, "a man just about has to be the meanest, toughest blankety-blank in the business."

"Oh, in that case—" the six chorused. The man who sprang instantly to their minds had gone home early that evening, and received his promotion in a telephone call from Van.

Seven Lost Years

Richardson likes to gloss over these highlights of his career and condense his autobiography into one line: "I have been married four times and shot at twice." He is particularly vague about one period of his life. Asked what he did between 1928 and 1935, he says with cheerful candor, "I don't know. I was drunk." He was a rip-roaring drinker long before Hecht and MacArthur introduced the type to the stage and movies in "The Front Page." He swore off 13 years ago, and today professes to believe that no man can be a complete reporter until he has been driven into a sojourn in the gutter by liquor, women or both.

It was Richardson who invented the breast-pocket flask, with a rubber tube running from it to a carnation in his lapel. Judges who saw him come into court sober and reel out drunk may have wondered why he bent to sniff his boutonnierre so often. But they never caught on.

Richardson was born in Windsor, Ontario, November 23, 1894. He went to school, until he was expelled, in Winnipeg, Manitoba. He landed his his first job with the *Free-Press* there. His father, more grievously shocked to learn he was working for a Liberal paper than by his expulsion from school, which he had regarded as inevitable anyway, got him on with the *Telegram* at seven dollars a week. The *Tel* was safely Tory.

It was here that he first rubbed shoulders with the old journeymen reporters, a disappearing type—tramps who moved with the seasons, drank like sturgeons, and borrowed eating money from cubs like Jimmy Richardson, then 19.

In the spring of 1913 his mother's health failed and the family moved to Los Angeles. His father got Jimmy a job on the *Times*, through the late Harry Chandler, its publisher.

"Son, where did you come from?" the city editor asked, after a week.

"Winnipeg," Jimmy said.

The editor winced. "Well, you'd better go back there. You'll never make a newspaperman," he said.

Jimmy was still jobless on Empire Day, May 24, 1913, when the Richardsons went to Long Beach to help several thousand other expatriate Imperials celebrate the late Queen Victoria's birthday. Jimmy and his brother hurried ahead of their parents to get good seats for the show at Municipal Auditorium.

The Auditorium was a three-story wooden structure built on pilings over the beach. Just as the boys approached it the second-story floor caved in, dumping nearly 1,000 people through in relays, at the other end, could actually hear the groans of the injured who soon littered the floor. The final death toll was 48, with 312 injured. Jimmy grasped his fate by the throat. Before he surrendered the phone to two *Herald* men who were rushed to the scene, he extorted from Campbell the rash promise of a job as a reporter.

He started with the *Herald* at seven dollars a week. Three years later he was its boy-wonder star reporter. By 1923, when he was 29, he was its city editor and a big man in town. Judges called him mister and bootleggers reverently brought him the first case off the boat. Los Angeles was just entering its gaudiest, goriest era, two decades in which dead bodies were discovered almost weekly. It might have become monotonous except for Richardson's endless enthusiasm.

to the first. This in turn collapsed. Bodies dropped through to the beach until the funnel-like aperture was choked with them.

The boys helped with rescue work until it occurred to Jimmy that he was on the site of what might turn out to be quite a story. He ran a block to the nearest drug store and called J. B. T. "Jack" Campbell, city editor of Hearst's *Evening Herald*. The *Herald* was then locked in mortal circulation combat with the rival *Express*, which it has since absorbed. Campbell did not identify the breathless voice on the phone with the gawky and persistent Canadian youth who had been thrown out of his office several times.

"Stay there," he said. "People always go to a drug store for first aid." This was Jimmy's first lesson in what people always do. "Ask questions. Get names and addresses and feed them to us. Above all, hang onto that phone!"

Jimmy hung onto it for an hour and a half. The rewrite men who took him,

Death never bored him. His stories hailed each new mutilated corpse as though murder had just been invented. Zack Farmer, now a wealthy Los Angeles business man, worked as a reporter with Richardson during this period. "Jim," says Farmer, "had a natural talent for unnatural death, a bitter insight that no other newspaperman I knew ever had. Even in a cheap skidrow killing he could come up with some heartbreaking angle that gave the reader a sense of identification with, and pity for, the victim. I'd hate to be Jim Richardson, and see what he sees that the rest of us miss."

This was in 1923. Five years later he was broke and jobless again, having been fired for drunkenness by every paper in town. This despite a brilliant record as a crime and court reporter on countless big stories.

For two years, unable to get a job, Richardson worked for his brother, a commercial movie producer. Then the late Ivan W. "Ike" St. Johns, chief of publicity at Universal studios, hired

him to do the publicity on "All Quiet on the Western Front." Richardson had worked on the *Herald* with both Ike and his wife, Adela Rogers St. Johns, who became Jim and Maggie's close personal friends.

Richardson held the job without incident, until Ike unwarily sent him to convoy two bus-loads of women fan-magazine writers to a junket on location. Richardson fortified himself for the ordeal with firewater, the girls ended up alone in the wrong desert, and Richardson was once more out of a job.

It was in 1935 that he awakened in Queen of Angels hospital with kidneys, heart and liver all in a state of mutiny. He spent a month there with his face to the wall, while an unsympathetic doctor got his vital organs synchronized again. When he wobbled out, Richardson swore he was through.

"Poppycock!" the doctor said, without malice. "You'll come back. Drinkers like you always do."

The doctor's cynicism shocked him into making good on his pledge. "Sure, it was bad for a while," he says, "but the only way to quit is to quit."

Then came the hard climb back. No editor would believe he had quit, or even could. His first break came when he was retained as investigator by a reform group seeking to oust the district attorney. Richardson produced the documentary evidence that resulted in the official's indictment. He was later acquitted; but in the meantime Richardson had moved on to another job, as investigator for a committee of the State Legislature, empowered to inquire into "all sources of revenue."

Race Tracks—a Hot Potato

This included race tracks, then the hottest political potato in California. There was only one track in the Los Angeles area then—Santa Anita. Richardson's report led the committee to recommend that a second one be authorized. One of the backers of the second track venture was a wealthy Los Angeles horseman, Norman W. Church.

Church hired Richardson to carry on the fight to get authorization for a second track through the Legislature. Less than a week later the famous "Proclivity Case" broke. Proclivity was one of Church's horses. It won a race at Santa Anita. The next day, while Church was entertaining guests in his box at the track, the loudspeaker announced that his stable had been suspended because Proclivity had been doped.

Church angrily yanked his horses out of the meet, and Richardson, with all the backing the irate rich man could give, began the long campaign to clear Proclivity of the charge. He did it by calling in experts from California Institute of Technology and forcing the case into court, where their testimony became public record. They cleared Proclivity and the courts cleared Church. The second track—Hollywood Park—was then built.

Richardson was making important money, but he had been a newpaperman too long to be happy in any other line. In 1937 he went back to Van Ettisch and pleaded for another chance. Van hired him as a rewrite man. A month later he was city editor.

Today he is in his thirteenth year on the job. If he was a terror to police and opposition papers, as an irresponsible, brawling reporter, he is more so as the editor of the city's biggest paper. Two recent feats, in one of which he scooped even his own reporters, will help explain why the *Examiner's* circulation goes on climbing faster than the population of Los Angeles.

The "Black Dahlia" Case

Three years ago, a girl's terribly mutilated body was found on a vacant lot in Los Angeles. After the police had failed, the *Examiner* identified her as Elizabeth Short, the "Black Dahlia," by wiring her fingerprints to Washington, where they were matched against those filed when she worked as a clerk in an Army PX post. It was the *Examiner* which got her mother's address from the same source, and it was an *Examiner* reporter who called her home in Massachusetts and broke the news.

A few days later Richardson located the girl's luggage less than a mile from the City Hall. For the first month of this still unsolved case, the police came to the *Examiner* to find out what what was going on.

In the Overell case, Richardson engineered a scoop from his own home town that sold over 100,000 extra papers, a record for the West Coast and pretty good anywhere. George "Bud" Gollum and Beulah Louise Overell had been arrested in neighboring Orange County, on a charge of murdering the girl's wealthy parents by dynamiting their yacht. A week before they went to trial, Richardson came out with three exclusive pages of lurid love notes exchanged by the sweethearts while they languished in jail.

The notes, which a deputy sheriff had been transmitting for the young lovers, had been saved as a prosecution surprise. They were. Not even the crew Richardson had covering the story knew about them until they came out in the *Examiner*. Their publication was credited with blowing the state's case higher than the dynamited yacht. Bud and Beulah were acquitted. Richardson says he will never tell how he got the photostats of the notes—only that he transcribed them and dictated the story to Maggie in his own living room.

He lives in a comforable home in Santa Anita Oaks, 18 miles from Los Angeles and as far from Hollywood as he can get. He has spent 36 of his 55 years in the newspaper business or kindred pursuits, 35 of them in one city. When away from the office, he lies in his hammock under the oaks, reading Saroyan and Thomas Wolfe. On a tree at the head of the hammock a weatherproof telephone extension has been installed. And the contacts of 35 years creep furtively into telephone booths all over California, to tip him on stories. There is a saying in Los Angeles—particularly the Hollywood area—that a murderer who keeps his head will first phone Jim Richardson and then Jerry Giesler, the coast's leading criminal lawyer.

Everyone in Los Angeles has a favorite Richardson story. His friend Harlan Ware, the writer, likes to tell about the time George Lait, then an *Examiner* reporter, went deer hunting in the Sierra Nevadas with Sam Sansone, a photographer. Three days later Lait staggered into the city room with his arms full of bleeding slabs of meat, which he threw on the desk.

"Help yourselves to venison, boys," he said proudly. "Take all you want."

Richardson went on working as his staff shared the kill.

"Aren't you going to have some, Jim?" Lait asked him.

Richardson grimaced at the bloody meat.

"Not," he said, "until I see Sam Sansone—alive."

He believes that a good city editor has to have, as well as toughness, an ego with a hide like a regulation baseball.

Half Captain Bligh, half Groucho Marx—that is the way he is described by L. W. Claypool, a distinguished alumnus of the Richardson school, now political editor of the Los Angeles *Daily News*. To Henry Sutherland, his star rewrite man, he is half elf, half oaf. "Richardson," says Clarence "Gus" Newman, veteran *Examiner* reporter, "is just as good as he thinks he is—and that's pretty good."

I Try to Resign

To me, the thought of him will always bring back the most uncomfortable afternoon I ever spent—and I don't mean just the most uncomfortable one in the years that I worked for Richardson.

I was covering the City Hall beat. Three times that afternoon he had telephoned to ride me—with spurs on—about my stories. The fourth time it was over a misplaced apostrophe. The theory that it was all for my own good—that he did it because he liked me, really—had long since worn thin.

"Mr. Richardson," I said, when I could insert a word by its thin edge, "how long will it take you to get another reporter down here? Because in exactly fifteen minutes I will have emptied my desk, shaken hands with the Mayor, and forever kissed these marble corridors—"

That was as far as I got.

"Who the hell do you think you are, giving *me* the rush act?" he roared. "You stay where you are! I'll tell you when you can quit!"

It was another year and a half before I managed to get away, and I still haven't fully recovered from the effects of working for him. But I can now look back on the experience philosophically. Into each life, I say to myself, some rain must fall. ● ● ●

A Girl Like That

(Continued from page 26)

and lived away. That made all the difference. It was having a tired wife, and kids, that made you feel as Marty often felt, hemmed in and strapped down tight, like that dream he'd had from the time he was a kid when Pop would come home drunk and bloody from the Lithuanian Club and Marty would listen in bed, then fall asleep inside the glass mountain.

Actually there were two dreams, the glass mountain dream and the turtle dream. The glass mountain was the worst. He was encased in it, looking out, and he couldn't move at all, not even his eyeballs. There was no sound except the beating of his heart and the rushing of his blood. The world went on outside the mountain, but Marty was imprisoned, like a stone in ice.

The other was a bus driver's dream. Then he was a man who turned into a turtle. There was a heavy plate below him, another on top. His head, hands and feet stuck out as he tried to cross a road before a truck came along and squashed him.

He didn't have to be asleep to have the turtle dream. Sometimes he had it wide awake as he drove through rain out the deserted turnpike toward the end of the line at Paradise Green.

HE HOPED that snow would stay away until Christmas. Once the ground was covered there'd be no more part-time work. Mr. Bentick regarded the coming of snow as a signal to withdraw until spring. "Well, Marty, thus endeth the odd-job department until the winter of my discontent has passed." Mr. Bentick always talked like that, as though he were reading from a book. He was a white-haired, dreamy little guy who knew all about flowers and trees and birds, but never put a finger in the soil; who could reel off facts about the stars, but all he did was look at them through his telescope. Marty couldn't figure how a guy like that could make the money he seemed to have. Probably inherited it, or something.

Marty had to work for every dime he'd ever had. Steffy was always after him to get a job at the chemical plant in Paradise Green, so he wouldn't have to work nights and all day, too. "You'll kill yourself, Marty. Besides, how do you think I like it, home alone every night, never even get to see a movie? The kids drive me nuts sometimes."

He knew it was no fun for her. She was getting thin and scrawny, the kids were running wild, the crummy Project house was showing signs of neglect. And then sometimes, on Thursday, when he had his night off, something got into him. One beer might start him off; the guarded smile of a pretty girl would be enough to bring on that feeling of wanting to bust out. The one night in the week when he should take it easy at home, or go out with Steffy for a little recreation, would become a time for adventure and escape, too often with humiliating results. He would end up early Friday in the diner near the garage, swallowing black coffee while the other drivers razzed him about a black eye, or he'd rush home to get to bed before the kids woke up. He didn't like the kids to see him with a hangover. He remembered too well how his old man had looked.

Yet he never was so foolish as to spend the money he had saved up for the washing machine. He had a special wallet for it. One half of everything he earned at Mr. Bentick's went to Steffy, but the other half he stowed away secretly in the wallet on his hip. No matter how many beers he had, he never touched it—although right now he could feel it burning in his pocket. Thursday night was coming and that girl was on his mind.

The possibilities raced through his blood as he stood at his own front door. He could see her wide, shining forehead, her pouting mouth, half smiling, half kissing. He got out his key and snapped the door open. He had his milk and sandwich and then went in to bed.

Steffy was asleep. As usual, she had left the window closed, knowing he would open it and replace the room's warmth with his own. She loved him, always and no matter what. Without Steffy, he'd be the world's biggest bum, a dope, a no-good drifter, prey to every girl who liked the size of his shoulders and every drink that passed beneath his nose. He knew that. But still he couldn't cool the hot memory of a pointed face that offered swift release for his large, unruly nature.

He told Mr. Bentick about the girl next day, not to be boastful but because Mr. Bentick seemed to enjoy the experiences of a bus driver. Mr. Bentick had his telescope on the lawn and was looking at the sun, having screwed a black disk over the eyepiece to shut out the glares.

"You mean," he said, "this factory Venus, in a split second's observation, decided that you were the sole object of her heart's desire, and was quite willing to demonstrate . . ."

Marty never liked the kidding way that Mr. Bentick talked. "Well, you know how some girls are."

"Obviously a prostitute at heart, Marty. You were quite right in rejecting her advances. Any man would do for her, any man at all."

"It wasn't like that exactly. You see—"

"Would you care to observe two exceptionally large sun spots, Marty? Just put your roving eye to that glass. After which, I am afraid, we shall have to resume our warfare against nature's excessive growth in the lot."

"Good deal, Mr. Bentick. Good deal."

Marty always came away from the Bentick place vaguely dissatisfied. Where did Bentick get off, pretending to know all about women? Why should an old guy understand how a girl like her could stir up Marty's guts?

Steffy called for him in the beat-up Ford at two and gave him a hot lunch at home. He changed into his uniform, transferring the special wallet from his work pants to his baggy driver's trousers. There was no clean shirt for him. All his shirts were on the line, except the one he'd worn two days.

"I couldn't get to them until this morning," Steffy said. "You don't know how many clothes there are to wash, especially in winter."

HE SMILED knowingly and slapped his driver's cap back on his head. "Sure I know, honey. But I don't need a clean shirt today. I'm not going any place." It was hard not to tell her about the washing machine.

He said, "Be good now," to the kids before he headed across the lot to the traffic circle where he hopped a bus driven by old Frank Farkas, senior driver for the company.

"You going to pick today?" he asked Farkas.

"Yes, sir, and I'm keeping this route."

"Why, Frankie boy, I wouldn't take this route if you gave it to me. No excitement. Too far out in the sticks. I like a route that goes through town."

But while he was waiting at the garage he got to thinking about the girl again. If he picked the same route, he'd probably see her frequently. The night shift at the cable factory let out two minutes before he was due to pass it going east. He couldn't miss her, every night. Tonight, for instance, she'd be there and she'd remember him no doubt, no doubt.

Standing in line at the traffic desk, Joey Mudo said to him, "What you giving your wife for Christmas? I got to get something, I don't know what."

Marty came down to earth. What was wrong with him, worrying about the girl and which route to pick? What did it matter so long as he kept his job and earned enough extra to get that washing machine? Mr. Bentick was right. The girl would only lead him into trouble. Yet when the chief starter said, "Martin Kosacs. Same route, Marty? Number 17?" he didn't have sense enough to change. He could see the chart, too, and there were plenty of other routes still open.

Before he went on duty he took Joey Mudo to the store to see the machine. A few dollars more and it was his, fully paid for.

"Two more days at Bentick's and I'll have it," he said to Joey proudly.

"Then next year I'm going to make enough to get out of that lousy Project. One thing at a time, Joey, that's the way to do it. One day I'll own one of those nifty houses in Paradise Green and hire someone to cut my lawn, like old Bentick does with me. . ."

SNOW came that night. Marty was entering the city from Fairhaven when he saw the flakes. He checked his watch and made a mental note to tell the starter at Seventh that he wouldn't be able to keep on schedule.

That this should happen now! If the snow kept up, Mr. Bentick would call off all work, putting an end to extra money from that source. And another thing—he'd miss the night shift at the cable plant. The girl would get on somebody else's bus while he was still in Fairhaven.

He forgot that when he was a kid the first snow of winter was greeted by the Kosacs boys with shouts of joy. This snow was a plot against him personally, a dirty trick, a gyp. It ruined everything, his boast to Joey, his confidence before Steffy, his plans for Christmas and his more immediate expectations about the girl. On the outskirts of the factory district he leaned forward angrily, gripping the wheel in resentment against nature. He could feel the turtle sensation taking possession of him. The bus was his body, the floor and roof were the plates above and below, the skidding wheels were his four sluggish claws. There was no escape.

When he reached Depot Street there was no mistaking the lasting quality of the snow. Small cars ahead of him were taking it slowly. Knots of people waited under hazy street lamps, shivering when they stumbled in. At the cable factory stop, a crowd got on.

"Back in the bus!" Marty yelled. "Everybody move back!"

The girl was one of the last. She swung to a tight place just behind the screen. "Hello. How you doing?"

He jerked his head and there she was, wrinkling her nose at him. Her collar turned up, her face pink with cold. The heavy lipstick, built up at the corners of her mouth, made her smile look like a seductive snarl.

The turtle that was Marty slid out of its shell, rose up and walked like a man. "Well, look who's here. Who let you out?"

"The foreman was afraid he wouldn't get home to wifie, so they shut down for the night."

"Where you going now?"

"Home, I guess. Got any ideas?"

"Same old routine. I'm on till one. Probably two in this storm."

"I couldn't stay awake that long."

Marty thought fast. Tomorrow was Thursday, his day off. Monday was Christmas. He'd planned to stay home and sober tomorrow night, getting things ready for the kids. Then Friday he was going to put in his last lick of work for old Bentick and on Saturday pick up the washing machine and the other gifts. He had had it all arranged. But now there'd be no work at Bentick's. The few dollars he needed for the washing machine would have to be borrowed or coaxed out of Steffy's household funds. And what about this dame? Where was he going to get the dough for that?

Spending money on her wasn't in his plans at all. He wanted only what she seemed to offer, something much more direct than fancy romancing. She started it, she had opened the door for his flight from domesticity. He didn't "reject her advances," as Bentick put it; he never rejected excitement when it came up and hit him between the eyes. But he didn't like it complicated. He didn't want it to cost anything.

He couldn't think while the passengers pushed and jammed against the guard rail. He had to have time to figure out what to do.

"Ride out to Paradise Green with me. I'll be needing company on the way back. I'll check the garage on the return. Maybe they'll take this bus off." He had a full run to make and then some. He was ten minutes behind and getting slower by the minute.

At Seventh, the starter held some of the crowd for the next bus. Marty shouted out to him. "What's the word?"

"Go to the Green and come back. Check me on the return. If it gets too bad we'll cancel Fairhaven."

Just as he thought. Marty peered around for the girl but she was squeezed too far behind for him to see her. He figured he could drop her off on the way back, check in early and meet her some place by midnight. Why wait until tomorrow night? If he had to spend money on her, he could use a little of the washing-machine money and get Steffy something else for Christmas. The machine could wait another month. And if he didn't get home until late, he had the best excuse in the world—the storm.

The pre-holiday crowds were with him all the way to Paradise Green. At the community building they jumped out and headed for home. One woman, carrying mistletoe, gave him a sprig and he felt so cocky he hung it from the cross rail above the fare box. The girl was still in the bus.

"Hey, what's the idea?" she said. "How many women do you want?"

He ducked out from behind the wheel and took her to the Paradise Corner café. Over coffee, he asked her, "How come you didn't get off at Twentieth?" almost wishing she had.

She was just lonely, she said. Didn't know anybody. All the guys at the factory were jerks. "You married?"

"Yeah. Why?"

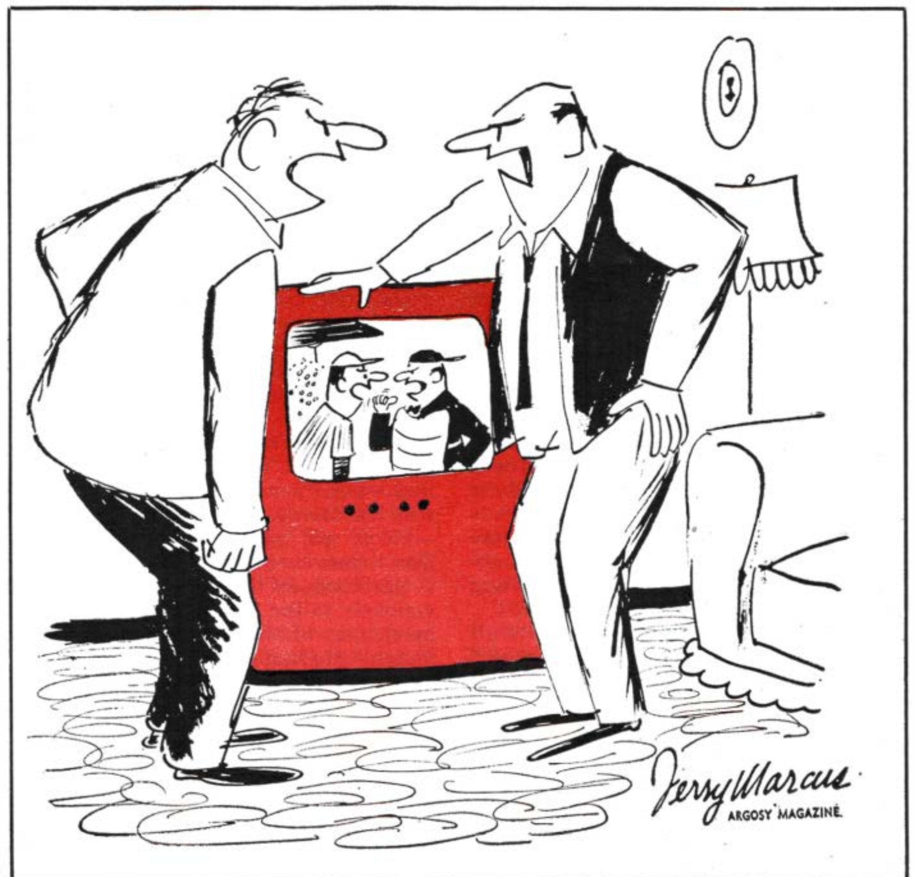
"I was just asking. I like to know whether we're going to have a good time or whether you're going to start worrying about how late it's getting."

"Who's worrying?"

"Well, I like fellows who aren't afraid of their wives, or anything."

Marty slapped some change down on the counter and stood up. "Come on, let's go." He strutted a bit as he walked back with her through the snow. Afraid? He wasn't afraid of anything.

Two men were sitting in the bus, waiting for the driver. One was Mr. Bentick. "Hello, Marty, I was wondering if this might not be your vehicle."



"Well, Mr. Bentick. Your car get stuck?"

"Not exactly. But I left it at the plant. It's not a very pleasant night to drive to Fairhaven. I thought I could entrust my aged person to the more experienced maneuvers of the omnibus driver. Do you think you can safely deliver me to my destination, Marty?"

"Oh, sure. I'll get you there. I'll get you into the city anyway."

The girl took the jump seat near the fare box. Marty glanced at the other passenger. "How far you going, mister?

"Seventh and Depot."

He got behind the wheel and shut the door, starting up immediately. It occurred to him that things might be working out even better than he expected. Here was his chance, for instance, to talk Mr. Bentick into keeping up the work at Fairhaven. With that assurance, he could still get Steffy the washing machine even if he did have to spend money on the girl tonight. What was he worrying about? The storm hadn't spoiled things after all. Instead it was a lucky break.

He thought he'd better clinch the deal before he made plans with the girl. "What're you doing in Paradise Green, Mr. Bentick? You work at the chemical plant?"

"I'm a chemist, Marty. Didn't you know? Occasionally I am summoned to devise a formula and bring a new jaw-breaking word into the language."

SO THAT'S where he got his money. A chemist. No wonder he knew so much about everything. Marty concentrated on his driving, but he kept on talking.

"I guess you won't be looking through your telescope tonight, huh?"

No answer.

"I'll bet your driveway's going to need a lot of shoveling tomorrow, Mr. Bentick. You want me to come over and go to work on it?"

Still no answer. The old guy was probably thinking it over.

"Tell you what, Mr. Bentick. Suppose I go over to the plant tomorrow and pick up your car. You shouldn't leave it out when the weather's like this. I could drive it to your house and then clean off the driveway."

It was funny that Mr. Bentick didn't say anything. Marty turned to look around the screen. On the jump seat, instead of the girl, the other man was sitting. His legs were crossed and he appeared to be relaxed and comfortable. But in his right hand was a gun, a stubby-looking thing with an ugly black hole in it. The hole was pointing straight at Marty.

"Okay, mug. That's enough. Pull over and stop. And don't get excited."

For a moment Marty couldn't believe it. It was all so quiet and quick. The bus had just gone past the last neat house in Paradise Green and was heading back down the turnpike across the meadows toward the city. Nothing could be seen outside except the swirling snow. The rear-view mirror showed only empty seats. The girl and Mr. Bentick must be opposite the jump seat immediately behind the screen.

The guy was a lanky fellow with a long mean face under the shadowing brim of his hat. "Nobody'll hear me if I let you have it."

Marty pulled over and stopped.

"Leave your motor running and empty your pockets."

Lead weights were in Marty's arms. He tried to move his hands but he felt as though he were enclosed in something solid. He could see and feel all right, he could hear his heart beating, his brain was going a mile a minute, but around him, once again, was the intolerable glass mountain.

Mr. Bentick spoke up in a strange, tight voice. "Look here, young man, do you realize—"

"Shut up, pop. Turn out your pockets. Everything."

Marty didn't dare turn around. He heard the girl say, in a kind of wheedling voice, "I haven't got much to give you, handsome. I work in a factory . . ."

"You got plenty, baby. Sit tight. Don't move. I'll take care of you."

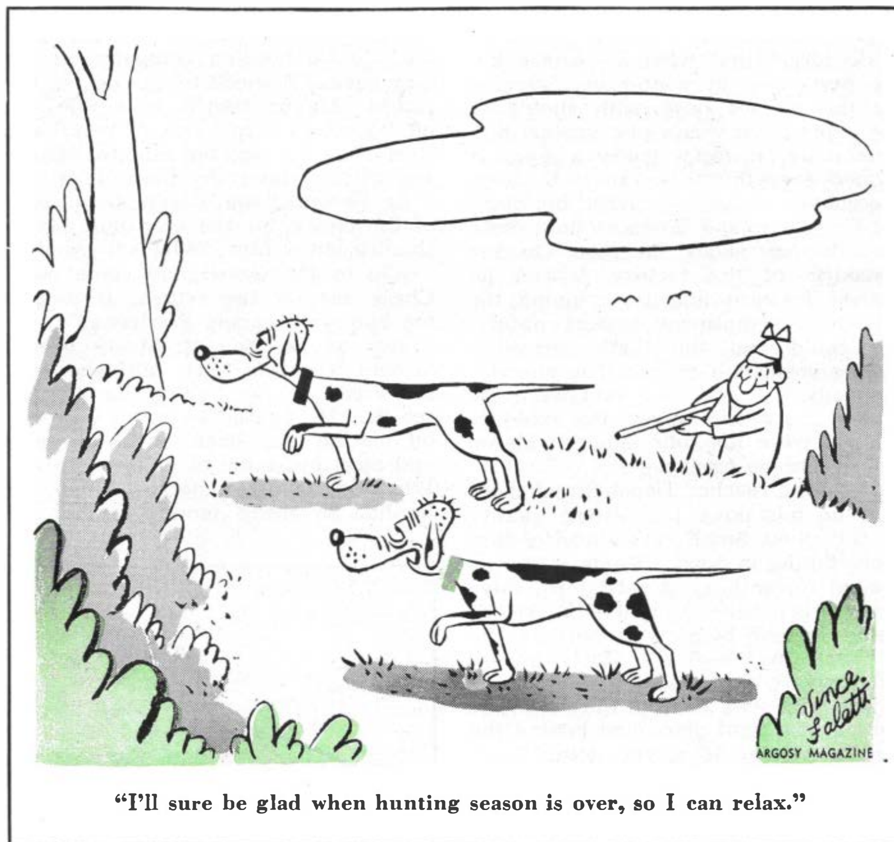
He stood up then and booted Marty viciously in the hip. "Hurry up, squarehead. Out of that seat. Let's see your dough." He kicked again. Marty moved at last and crawled out under the rail. He felt sick inside as he stood erect; the coin clip hanging from his neck was on its strap. He clicked the levers slowly, letting the coins drop into his nerveless hand. All his movements were deliberate. He turned over the coins, then dug into his coat pocket to bring out a fistful of change.

With his head lowered he got a glimpse of Mr. Bentick and the girl, side by side on the front seat. The girl's legs were crossed, her skirts high up. Mr. Bentick was shaking, his face ghastly pale as he took a wallet from his coat, removed his wrist watch and laid them on his lap. With the gun on Marty, the guy gathered up the offerings. Then he reached for Marty's change. Several coins dropped to the floor, but he paid no attention.

"That's a good boy. Now your folding money. Hurry up."

The girl was staring at the gunman, fascinated, not moving. Her mouth was open a little way and she was breathing hard. Her eyes were hungry holes, her red lips made a curling gash more seductive than a smile. She didn't seem to be afraid at all. She was giving the guy all she had and getting a big kick out of it. Just like Mr. Bentick said, any man at all would do for her.

The sickness in Marty's stomach became a great revulsion, not only against the holdup man for getting everything for nothing, or against the girl for being what she was, but mostly against himself. He thought of the washing machine and the money on his hip. He looked out of the glass mountain and saw things clearly; but this time he could see himself, a big dumb pig who hadn't sense enough to know he was only fat for killing. He wasn't satisfied to have a house, a wonderful wife, four healthy kids and steady work. No, he had to go hog-wild for everything, a dame, a good time on the town, and still play safe



"I'll sure be glad when hunting season is over, so I can relax."

with Steffy and his job. What kind of man was he anyway—a rat, like this chiseler with the gun? Or was he just what the guy said, a squarehead, a mug, a dope?

For the first time Marty understood why Mr. Bentick talked to him in that kidding way and why the other drivers razzed him about his binges. He wasn't smart, that's all. Maybe he couldn't help it, maybe he was just like his old man, but all the same. . .

He felt his muscles tighten. His voice said words that hadn't formed in his mind. "If you want any more, you'll have to take it off me."

The guy raised his head. "Look who's getting tough. Why you—"

Mr. Bentick shouted. "Marty! Do what he says. He'll kill you. Never mind the money. Do what he says!"

But Marty couldn't change his nature now. It wasn't the money and it wasn't the girl. It was something else, bigger than he was. The guy was pushing him against the rail. "You heard what pop said. You want a bellyful?"

Marty couldn't stand it any longer. The glass mountain heaved and split apart. His throbbing fist came up hard and fast. Everything went blood-red wild. The gun went off, the guy sailed back against an empty seat. The girl screamed. Mr. Bentick collapsed, sliding off the seat like a dropped rag. Something resembling a truck rolled up and roared right over Marty's body. Glass shattered behind him, and the next thing he knew he was a turtle again, floating on a wavy sea.

There was a plate on top and a plate below, but he was on his back. He tried to move his heavy claws, but they wouldn't move. The truck had mashed him at last. He was flatter than a dead thing in the road. Up and down he went, gently on the swelling sea.

"Easy now," someone said. "Don't bump him." He slid forward on his shell into darkness. Then he heard a siren from far off.

When he breathed he could feel where the bullet went, under his ribs on the right side and out the back somewhere. He remembered, when it hit him, it felt just like a truck.

He opened his eyes and there was Mr. Bentick.

"Well, Marty."

He wasn't a turtle any more, but he was still floating on the waves. Somehow he managed to talk. "Mr. Bentick. You all right?"

"Yes, Marty. Everything's all right. You, too, you rascal. What did you do it for? You might have been killed."

"I got mad at myself for being such a dope. What about the guy?"

"You hit him rather hard, Marty. He's in the hospital, too."

"The girl?"

"She wants to come to see you. You're a big hero now. I told her to wait a day or so. This is the girl, I take it, who was about to make an unpleasant mess of your married life?"

Marty groaned. "Tell her to go back to Buffalo. I'm through with dames like that. She was just like you said. Can't you keep her away from me?"

Mr. Bentick pursed his mouth. "Well, we *could* get you a job in Paradise Green when you're on your feet. Remove you from temptation, as it were. A daytime job, too. Anybody who'll hang mistletoe in a bus, either literally or figuratively, simply shouldn't be driving a bus, especially at night. Am I right, Marty?"

Sometimes he couldn't tell whether Mr. Bentick was kidding or not. "Where's Steffy?"

"Talking to the doctor. I'll get her."

Steffy came in and threw herself beside him on the bed. "Oh, Marty!"

He put his hand out and touched her shining hair. "Steffy, you sure look good. Is my money all right?"

"Your money?"

"The money in my wallet. I was going to buy you a washing machine for Christmas. I saved up for it."

"A washing machine? For *Christmas?*"

"Yeah. Isn't that what you'd like?"

She glanced at Mr. Bentick, her eyes shining with surprise.

Mr. Bentick laughed. "Now that's very strange. I asked your wife what she wanted for Christmas. And she didn't say a washing machine."

"She didn't?"

"No. She merely said she wanted you back home and well. Women are awfully hard to understand, aren't they, Marty?" ● ● ●

Alone Against the Sea

(Continued from page 29)

most of all from California, wafted south and west by the trades, checking their figures, getting off their course, worrying, despairing, eventually rejoicing. They came singly, in boats they had bought at bargain sales or had constructed in their own backyards. They came in pairs, trios, quartets, none of them speaking to the others by the time they fetched up in Papeete. They came using charts, official and otherwise: one lad I knew sailed more than 4,000 miles alone with only a page torn from a second-class atlas. And Harry Pidgeon, the second man to single-hand it around the world, made the Tahiti-Fiji leg (darned near halfway across the Pacific at its widest part) with nothing but the map in a steamship folder.

But they got there. That's the extraordinary thing. With their wobbly legs, crazy compasses and rusty sextants, their whiskers—somehow, again and again, they made it.

Down at the quay the tiny sloop had made fast, and the customs agents were swarming aboard, all but sinking it under their weight. They'd popgun questions at him, and poke about, undeterred by the obvious fact that the boat contained nothing declarable.

After a while the soloist was permitted to step ashore. Immediately, the crowd engulfed him and he was paraded triumphantly to Quinn's. Later he would be escorted to Laurey's, then here to the Club. They usually came here for the third shout.

From friends who flopped down to drink or just stood to pass the time of day from the road below, bits of information drifted past me like smoke. The newcomer's name was Potter, he was from California, and he'd been more than eleven weeks out of sight of everything but water and sky—hadn't even sighted a ship or heard the tumult of a reef. The first he'd wanted to know when the *douaniers* boarded him was if this was Nukuhiva? He seemed thunderstruck when told that he was 900 miles south and west of Nukuhiva. He simply couldn't understand it. We could. He was by no means the first mariner we had known to make the same mistake.

Anyway, it had been a close thing, in another sense. He was down to his last pint of water, his last two cans of peaches.

It was Pupu who found the *mot juste* for Potter. Pupu was a town gal, not a giggler like most, but rather grave, with beautiful shoulders and breasts, enormous feet, and the carriage of a queen. Pupu found me alone, and I bought her a *"pippermint."* In a blend of pidgin French and (on my part, at least) even more pidgin Tahitian, we chatted of various things while we looked down at the waterfront and all the little white schooners. Then suddenly, and most unexpectedly, Pupu burst into English.

"He knots," she exclaimed, motioning below.

"Eh?"

Down there, a group made up mostly of non-buyers was escorting the newcomer, still dazed, from what probably had been Quinn's to what certainly was about to be Laurey's.

Pupu pointed. "Knots. He knots."

She twirled a forefinger against the side of her head.

"Sister," I said with feeling, "I think you've got something there."

So it was that even before Pupu had sauntered hippily away I fell to pondering what peculiar kind of madness drove these latter-day Magellans down to the sea in cockleshells. It is a derangement as yet unclassified.

There was Josh Slocum, a retired Yankee skipper, who rebuilt the 39-foot, nine-inch *Spray* at a cost of slightly more than $500 back in '95, and sailed it around the world, 46,000 miles, in three years, two months and two days. Slocum was in his fifties. He made his longitudinal calculations by dead reckoning, and he never got lost.

There was John Voss, another hard-bitten skipper, who rigged an old Indian dugout with three masts. It was 38 feet overall, had a five-and-a-half-foot beam, and drew only two feet. Voss didn't even carry a sextant—he used an old-fashioned quadrant instead. A driver, he took on and cast off a succession of mates, the first a Canadian newspaper reporter, the sixth and last a Catholic priest. He

visited all sorts of countries and had the time of his life. It took him three years, three months and 12 days to go 40,000 miles. He and the *Tilikum* were in perfect condition at the finish.

There was Tom Drake, a cook, who built himself a whole succession of small double-ended schooners and soloed them (his only timepiece was a dollar watch) again and again through the seven seas to just about every accessible country in the world, and wrecked them one by one, cheerfully escaping. He died of old age.

One Did It Twice

These were seafaring men to start with, but Harry Pidgeon was born on an Iowa farm and was 18 before he saw any body of water bigger than a pond. He was a professional photographer who went to sea at 50, having studied navigation in a public library, and having built, from his own plans, a 35-foot yawl, *Islander*. The job took 18 months and cost about $1,000. A Melville fan, he wanted to visit the original Typee Valley in the Marquesas. He went there alone. Then he thought he might as well sail around the world. So he did, Los Angeles to Los Angeles, in three years, 11 months, 13 days. And then after a few weeks at home, damned if he didn't go out and do the same thing all over again! He is the only man who has done it twice.

There was Erling Tambs, a Norwegian newspaper man, who got married and set forth with his bride in the 40-foot pilot boat, *Teddy*. They had a dog. A child, Tony, was born in the Canaries, another, a girl, in New Zealand. They all got home eventually, but not in the *Teddy*, which piled up on a reef.

These are some who come to mind. There were many others. And there will be more.

Why?

There wasn't any use asking myself that, for the fact is that I had been bitten by the same bug. For years I had yearned to make a fool of myself in some small tub, and only laziness or timidity had prevented me. I had the excuse that I lacked the money—but it doesn't cost much to go around the world in a small boat alone.

Most of the soloists have done it on a shoestring, in many cases giving occasional lectures in order to be able to buy supplies, or sending stamps with rare postmarks to those people back home (much crazier people) who treasure such things. A few extra bucks can be picked up now and then by dropping a missionary or a box of trade goods at some remote island ordinarily visited only once a year or so by a trading schooner.

I was still thinking of the other circumnavigators I'd known, when all his new friends brought Potter up to the Cercle Bougainville veranda, and I met the guy. He was young and husky and homely and rather nice. He had pale blue eyes, showing even paler against the dirty dark red of his face. He'd been badly scorched. Naturally blond, his hair was now almost white, and you had to squint even to see his eyebrows.

He didn't suggest a daredevil—but then, how many of them do? The Fahnstocks, Sterling Hayden, looked the part; but most of these men are mild, shy, inconspicuous. Barney and Pewee Whitman, the chocolate scions, who without assistance sailed their 47-foot ketch *Four Winds* to Tahiti, are nice guys personally but about as undashing as you can imagine. They were educated in a Quaker school, and they are overcautious in everything, even their bridge, which is otherwise sound. Skipper Jeffery, with whom, in the 38-foot *Land's End*, I sailed through the leeward islands of the Society group and down to Raratonga in the southern Cooks, is a retired businessman from South Africa, middle-aged, gentle.

This Potter might have been a men's-wear counter clerk back home, or a teller in a bank.

"Cola!"

"Ho kay!"

Looking at the lad, studying him, I thought of Bob Mill. Bob had been a Hollywood press agent, six feet tall, weighing more than 200 pounds, in his lower thirties, slow-moving, gentle-spoken, wonderfully good-natured, when he too suddenly decided to sail around the world alone. For about $5,000 he bought the double-ended 26-foot cutter *Walrus*, small but very strong. I took up with Bob at Raratonga, and we did a lot of sailing together in the Cooks and Samoa. He liked to tell stories, to laugh quietly. He knew the dangers he ran, and he'd been good and scared several times, but he'd got over it. He didn't think of himself as any kind of hero. He was just having a good time, that's all. If he had managed to take the *Walrus* around the world it would have been the smallest boat ever to do this—something Bob hadn't even known when he started out. Alas, he didn't. He wrecked her on the Great Barrier Reef, a complete loss, though he saved his own life.

Sleeping at Sea

Somebody asked Potter: "But how do you *sleep?"*

They always asked that. He'd get used to it. Bob Mill always used to smile and answer, "Flat on my back, and snoring like hell."

What Potter answered I don't remember. He hadn't got his answers down yet. He would.

It is true that the single-hander sometimes has to stay awake for days at a time, and even when asleep he must be ready to wake up instantly, all senses alert, at any hour, in any weather. But he gets plenty of sleep, ordinarily. He gets into a regular wind, preferably the trades, and lashes the wheel or the tiller, and then takes it easy. A boat like that, thoroughly understood, with everything shipshape, with no cargo to shift, will sail itself, just the way an airplane will fly itself, given any kind of steady wind. Very few of these circumnavigators ever heave-to at night.

Alain Gerbault, the one-time Davis Cup star turned circumnavigator, had a compass with luminous dial built right into the teak deck of his *Firecrest II*. Lying in his coffin-like bunk below, he had the underside of this compass just a few inches above his head. Awake or asleep, he *felt* his boat, as they all do, as they must. By simply opening his eyes he could make sure, from below, that she was right on her course. In one good jump, if it was necessary, he could be at the wheel.

Tom Drake, a homey old party, who probably spent more time alone at sea than any other man in history, used to describe himself as an "indoors man." He liked the cabins of his boats to be warm and snug. He spent a great deal of his time below, eating beaten biscuits and drinking tea.

We finished our drinks and shook hands all around, and Potter said he'd like to get back to the *Baby Mine*.

What makes 'em do it I kept asking myself.

Adventure? That's too pat an explanation. Single-handed sailing is dangerous enough, Lord knows, but it could hardly be called exciting. There are days and even weeks together when there is nothing whatever to do. Even the storms, vicious though they may be, after the first few hours are monotonous, a matter of slogging it out, of hanging on.

What Do They Get Out of It?

Fame? What fame? The lone sailor sometimes has a fuss made about him, as they were making a fuss about Potter down there right now, but nine times out of ten he is the sort of man who is only embarrassed by it. The return to the home port can be noisy and thrilling, but the shouts soon die. A few pictures in the paper, a few lectures before women's clubs and you're a private citizen again.

No, there's something else that drives these men, something nobody has ever been able to define, and I ought to know, having felt it myself. I was a little bewildered, looking down to where Potter was going back aboard *Baby Mine*.

It was the *aperitif* hour, and everything was quiet along the waterfront. The leaves of the *flamboyante* trees hung unstirred by breeze. There was not a ripple on the lagoon, all spread with red, for the sun was setting beyond Moorea, shooting fiery javelins past those jagged, unbelievable peaks.

Looking down at the *Baby Mine,* I saw Potter's bleached head disappearing below as he opened the cabin, and I knew that I envied that kid with all my heart and soul. Why not admit it? Looking down at the ridiculous little boat, I found that I couldn't see it well. My eyes were misted.

Some day, perhaps—who knows?—I'll keep the vow I made that afternoon, and set out like all the rest of them, to sail round the world in some little tub that would look more at home on Long Island Sound. ● ● ●

FAIR AND WARMER by Bill Wenzel

Her Best Offer

(Continued from page 37)

"Well . . . at least a ride to town?"

Creghan climbed in. "That I can take and thanks."

The Engineers corporal at the wheel turned through the gate and down the Inlet road. Nancy said idly, "Just landed from Seattle and you already have a date. She must have been on the plane with you."

Not many men, Creghan imagined, had ever told Nancy Strain to mind her own affairs. That he was one of them was probably no credit to himself. She had said, that time five years ago—Nancy Munson speaking, then—"It's going to be one of you, Jack. You or Phil. I'd rather it were you, but..."

Creghan could remember his answer very clearly. He had said, "I'm afraid it couldn't work, Nancy. You expect too much from a man. I don't think it's in me to get it for you."

Now he thought he must have been wrong. If she had followed Phil Strain to Alaska, to live the Spartan life of an Army wife on a frontier post, she could not have turned out to be exactly demanding.

He felt no impulse to offend her now. He said, "No, not on the plane. I think I made this date a long time ago. About the time I left Inlet, just after the end of the war. So it's very likely it won't last long. Could you and Phil come in for a drink later?"

"I'll ask him. Where are you staying?"

"I haven't thought. Would that yellow monstrosity up ahead be a hotel by any chance?"

"Yes, it is. I'm told it's very nice. Laird McNeish built it last year."

"McNeish!"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

"There was a part-Aleut, part-Russian son of a whiskery old Scots sourdough named McNeish who ran one of the local saloons while I was here. Did his own bouncing. The old man used to call him 'Laird' whenever he was well down in the bottle. Not likely the same one."

"Highly likely, I should say. He now owns several more saloons as well as the hotel."

"Well, I suppose that's where I'll stop. I'll expect you and Phil this evening. If McNeish runs it, I presume it has a bar"

"It has," Nancy assured him, absently. They were approaching the outskirts of town, marked by dwindling intervals between cabins and tarpaper shacks. On what seemed a sudden impulse, she swung to face Creghan, leaning toward him across the narrow seat.

"Jack, I hope you aren't bringing bad news for Phil. Are you?"

"Whatever I have to tell him," Creghan answered, carefully, "it shouldn't be news. He already knows how the Bureau feels about the high route. They've told him."

The eyes she lifted to him were darkly brimming with something very like pleading.

"He has heard it but he doesn't understand, Jack. Nobody up here does. All this sudden power the Bureau has been given over him and the Engineers is hard for them to comprehend. Is that what you've been sent up for, Jack? To explain that power? Or just to—to wield it?"

"Neither, Nancy," Creghan told her, uncomfortably. "It's not so complicated. Congress at last has given us an appropriation to build a road down the Mena Peninsula from Inlet to salt water on the Gulf. The Army Engineers are going to build it but it was thought that we civilians in Interior should approve the route. The reason I'm here is no secret. Phil wants to build a fine, straight military highway right across the mountains. We feel it would cost less if it followed the shoreline. That's all there is to it."

"Except that you've come all the way up here to tell Phil he can't build it the way he wants to."

"I wouldn't put it that way. I've only got to try to convince Phil that his way would cost too much."

She had always had a strong physical effect on Creghan, as she would have on any man. When she laid her fingers lightly on his knee, he had a queer feeling that he could not have moved if he tried.

She said, "Jack, how does it feel to be on the other side? Opposed to the men you used to work with?"

Creghan found that his knee would move, after all. He laughed. "Not much different. I was only a part-time soldier, remember. It didn't penetrate very deeply."

THE lobby of the new *Alaskan* was brightly and garishly modern. The room they gave him was a good deal better than he would have got in the old days. He showered, put on a fresh shirt, and went down again to First Street.

Both the street and the people on it had changed since war days. Neon burgeoned on the false fronts along the five blocks of the business section. The proportion of uniforms to jackets and parkas was much smaller.

At the end of the last block, just before First Street dwindled to a few clustered shacks overlooking the bay, Creghan found a neat pole cabin, its step set flush with the sidewalk. A sign over the door said: RORY'S.

This had not been built, either, when Creghan left Inlet. They had told him at the hotel desk where to find it. The appointment he was keeping inside, as he had told Nancy Strain, was one he had made a long time ago, but only with himself. He was probably too late for it—five years, too late—but he had to know.

A girl behind the counter was busy at the grill. She looked over her shoulder as he entered, but if there was any change in her expression as she said, "Hello, Creghan," he couldn't detect it.

Creghan said, "Hi, Rory." He glanced around at the half-dozen stools before the counter and the booths against the far wall. "I see Nils is still handy with an axe. How long has he been in the restaurant business?"

"He isn't. I am. You saw the sign."

"Well, good. I always wondered if you could cook. Am I too late for supper?"

"Not if steak, French fries and coffee will do. I might find a piece of pie."

"What else could a man want? How is Nils, by the way?"

NILS ROGNESS was one of the Territory's bona fide old-timers. Creghan—Major Creghan of the Engineers, at the time—had once commandeered him for a pack trip down the Mena. Ostensibly on a preliminary survey for a road, they had done a little hunting and a great deal of talking. Out of that, and Creghan's talent for listening, had come one vital statistic.

Rogness had been in Alaska for nearly half a century. Twenty-odd years before, he had met and married a teacher at one of the Indian schools. She had not long survived the rigors of the Yukon winters but she had stayed with Nils long enough to leave him with the problem of bringing up a baby daughter. A daughter they had named Aurora, after the most beautiful thing either of them had seen.

Gazing at the result across the counter, Creghan thought that Nils had done a fine job. Five years ago Creghan had thought that what he felt for Rory was simply hunger for the best-looking girl in an almost womanless country. But memory of her had stayed in his mind.

Now she brought him out of his fleeting reverie by saying, "Nils? Still healthy as a bear and just as shaggy."

"He in town, too?"

She turned from the grill, a tall, full-bodied girl with bright hair pulled smooth above broad brows. "Not Nils. We have a place now on the Fox, above Lake Tustemena."

"Down the Mena? That's not gold country."

Rory Rogness laughed. "No. We're homesteading. At least, I am. I try to keep Nils happy with a mail-order Geiger counter and a rumor I pretended to have heard that there was uranium there. Nils knows better, but he humors me."

She laid knife and fork on the

counter and placed a sizzling platter between them.

"We got your letter," said Rory. "You're here about the road?"

Creghan nodded, and devoted himself to eating for a moment. Then he said, thoughtfully, "You say you're homesteading on the upper Fox? Why up there?"

She poured two cups of coffee and sat down with one across the counter. "You know Nils. He feels cramped with anybody else within fifty miles. On the lower fork toward Sunrise, its really getting crowded. Creghan, you won't recognize that valley. Since the war, more than a hundred families have come in. Nights, instead of listening to the wolves howling along the flats, they can look out and see lights all around them. Homes. With kids. They've even got a school!"

"Sounds lovely. What do they live on?"

HER eyes fell. "That's the catch, of course. Right now, most of the men are up here around Inlet trying to make a little money to tide them over. There's no point in putting in crops they can't sell. They've been working some of those places for two full seasons now and you should see what they can grow. Cabbages big as a bushel basket. Tomatoes six inches across. Things that cost a dollar a pound in Inlet—but no way to get them there."

"I know," Creghan agreed. "That's why they cost a dollar in Inlet. Men have been talking about what cheap transportation could do for the Territory for twenty-five years."

"That's what these people settled on—the hope they'd some day have a road. But if it's going to be built across the mountains, it isn't going to help those kids."

"I got that," Creghan said. "Wives and kids, eh? That must be playing hell with the old ratio of ten men to every woman. I wondered why you had to go to slinging hash."

She laughed. "I'm getting on, Creghan. Twenty-five next month. But I still get offers. Some of one kind, some another. Trouble is, I need an engineer and none of those have come along."

"They're useful fellows," Creghan agreed. "But why an engineer?"

"I've got a quarter mile of frontage on the river and they tell me it could be damned to furnish enough power for a sawmill. I've a hundred acres of timber myself and I can get options on ten thousand more. And lumber sells for five dollars a thousand here."

Creghan stood up. At her warning glance, he stopped his motion toward his pocket. He said, "I'm going down your way tomorrow. I'll look over your Grand Coulee site when I drop in on Nils. But tell me something, Rory. You and Nils are on the upper fork. You know I'm here about the new highway, yet all you've done is give me a fight talk about the homesteaders at Sunrise. Suppose you had convinced me and I was able to run it down that way. What then?"

She smiled. "You were never the domestic type, Creghan. You wouldn't go sentimental over a bunch of hungry kids. Besides, Nils and I are safe. We know the road is going in along the upper fork."

Her face was smooth and smiling. Then something clouded it.

"Where are you staying?" she asked. "The Alaskan?"

Creghan nodded.

She said, "Laird McNeish owns that. Do you know Laird?"

"I did. I'm trying to remember anything good I might have overlooked."

"It would be hard to find, I think. This you should know, though. Laird has a place on the upper fork, right on the Pass. The story is that he's building a big tourist lodge there. Hunting, fishing, skiing and so on."

"On the Pass, eh?"

"Above the lake. Right beside where the road is coming through."

Creghan said, "Tell me, Rory. How does everybody happen to know so much about where the road is going?"

"The survey stakes are there."

"Well, thanks for everything, Rory."

PHIL and Nancy Strain were waiting for him in the Alaskan's Wasach Room. Creghan stood for a moment at the entrance, blinking in the less than half light which filled the place. Cocktail lounges had come to Alaska as early as the war but Creghan suspected that Soapy Smith and Dan McGrew were still revolving in their graves.

Locating his guests, he walked over. Phil Strain, tall, pale and nervous as ever, rose to shake hands. The two drinks on the table were nearly fresh and Creghan discouraged Strain's motion to the waiter.

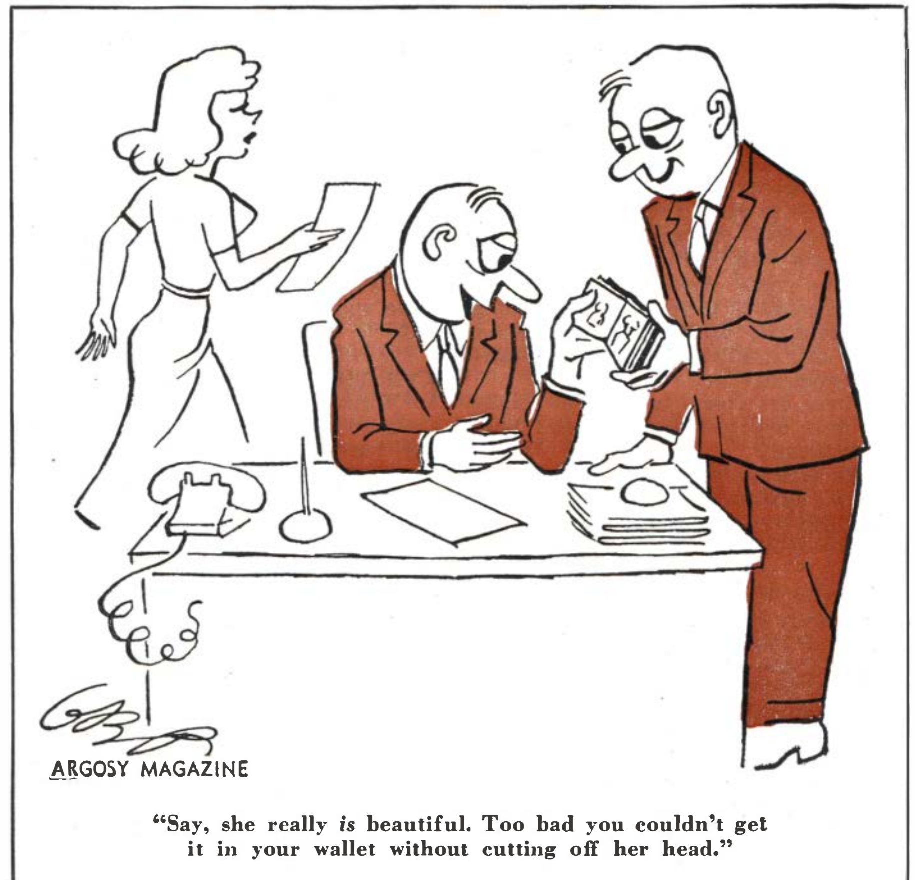
"Thanks, I'll wait. I've just had dinner."

It had been five years since the Strains' wedding, which was the last time Creghan had seen them. At that time he and Phil had been assigned to the same Engineer regiment in the States. Strain now wore a colonel's eagles.

Creghan had known a number of West Pointers while in the service. By his standards, some of them had been good men and some not so good. They were all good engineers. The weakness of the bad ones was always the same, a besetting ambition. Other men, civilians, who built well were paid in wealth and distinction as well as in satisfaction with their work. Men like Phil had little more than an inordinate pride in the structures they raised and so they came to think of them as personal monuments.

That was what Creghan was afraid was wrong with Phil Strain. Having seen Strain's plans for this new road, he could be almost certain of it. He was also uncomfortably aware that he himself, as ranking consultant on the Bureau's staff, already had a certain small amount of the reputation, at least, which was beyond Strain's reach.

They filled in the five-year gap with small talk. Finally, Strain turned to Creghan. "Jack, are you all ready to



"Say, she really *is* beautiful. Too bad you couldn't get it in your wallet without cutting off her head."

take off? Anything I can get you for your field outfit?"

"My stuff came up ahead. I'm ready any time."

"Fine. We'll get away in the morning then. Man, I've really got something I want to show you when we get down there."

"So I hear." Creghan's tone came out a little dry.

"We'll begin at the bridge site, just below town. I'm going to throw a single-span steel arch over the south arm of the bay between Inlet and Salmon Rock, right across the gorge. Two hundred feet above the water, it will look just like the Hell Gate span over the East River in New York. Will the tourists' eyes bug out when they drive over that, up in this howlin' wilderness!"

"Not," Creghan said, "if they happen to be taxpayers."

STRAIN'S face went slack. It was as if that last word was one he had hoped not to hear. "It will be worth it to the country to get the Mena opened up."

"That depends on what the country has to pay. You never get back waste."

"Where's the waste? You've got to cross the Arm."

"Not at Salmon Rock, you don't. Not with a five-million-dollar steel bridge. Ten miles inland, at the head, you can cross the Arm with a culvert and a couple of planks."

"After you've built twenty extra miles of road."

"True enough. But road built with little or no grading and with ballast hauled up from the beach a hundred yards away. Might cost ten thousand a mile but not much more."

Strain's mouth drew tight. Creghan, seeing that, decided he might as well go ahead and say it all.

"You don't need a steel bridge over the Arm, nor a seven-hundred-foot tunnel through Mount Tamena. You don't need to carry your road over any thousand-foot gorges. You're not building a scenic railway—just a plain two-lane road down the Peninsula. You're going to have to build it along the shore, on contour lines. And for about fifty million less than the estimate you sent in."

"There are rivers to cross at shoreline over a thousand feet wide. What about them?"

"We won't cross them at shoreline. Follow upstream above the coastal plain and you can jump across."

"And build a hundred extra miles of road."

"Maybe fifty. So what? We'll save the money, we'll open up some country, and that's what counts in this project. I know your survey is straight. Straight across country, come sea, come mountain. But the war is over. I'm used to working for people who are spending their *own* money."

Strain's thin cheeks were flushed. Anger boiled up in him and he struggled to find the words he needed. A waiter at his elbow forestalled him before he could get them out.

Creghan turned, glad of the interruption. Surprised, he saw a tray being offered with three fresh drinks.

He said, "Sorry, wrong table. We didn't order those."

"This is with Mr. McNeish's compliments, sir."

Turning, Creghan saw Laird McNeish filling the doorway, watching the Strain table. As he met Creghan's glance, he smiled and started toward them, maneuvering his bulk through the crowded room with surprising grace. A big man, Creghan had heard it said that McNeish's soft look, inherited from his half-breed mother along with a saddle-leather complexion and other even less endearing attributes, was deceptive. There was bone and hard sinew beneath it, gifts of the Scots father who had also bequeathed the slate-gray eyes and startling brush of red hair.

"Good evening, Mrs. Strain . . . Colonel. And Major Creghan. Welcome back, Major."

Filling his pipe, Creghan did not see the broad brown hand extended. After a space, it was withdrawn.

Nancy Strain said smoothly, "*Mister* Creghan, now, Laird. He's no longer with us."

There was an undertone in that which Creghan didn't get, or hoped he hadn't.

McNeish murmured, "Is that so? Is it that we are going to be lucky enough to have him as a permanent resident?"

Creghan rose, pipe in hand. "Not very permanent. I'm going to make my first move right now. Where shall we meet, Phil?"

"I'll come by here. About seven."

"Fine. Well, it's been nice seeing you both again. Good night."

McNeish's slate eyes dropped to the untouched drink in front of Creghan's seat. He lifted them to Creghan and said softly, "Good night, Mr. Creghan."

Creghan turned back, also glancing at the drink. He said, "You have that one, McNeish. Drink to better luck on your future projects."

He walked away, pleased with himself.

ON THE fifth floor, the noise from First Street came faintly through Creghan's windows. It had been a long day, but with complications at the end. The latter kept him awake longer than was usual for him. He had been in bed a half-hour and had reached the last fringe of awareness when the tap on his door roused him again. His response was reflex, without thought.

"Come in."

Nancy Strain's filmy dress was a cloud around her in reflected light from the hall as she slipped through the door, shutting it quickly behind her. "It's I, Jack. Nancy."

Creghan lay still and thought about that. Finally, he said, "Well, wait a minute. I'll turn on a light as soon as I find the pants to these pajamas."

The light showed her still at the door, her back pressed to it. "Don't say anything," she told him swiftly. "I know how mad this is. But there's one thing I had to tell you before you went out with Phil tomorrow."

"Better make it quick."

"Jack, somehow I've got to make you see what this road means to Phil. It's his last chance."

"Last chance for what?"

"To get a reputation, so that he can get a job outside the Army while he's still young enough to make something of himself."

"I'd say he was doing well enough. Full colonel isn't bad."

"That! Jack, he has draftsmen who make more than he does. What kind of a life is that for a man who believes in himself?"

"I didn't care for the Army myself," Creghan said slowly. "But I'm damned if I know what that last stuff amounts to. What do you mean 'who believes in himself'?"

"Jack! Listen to me! Phil's a good engineer. And he's got everything else it would take to make a success. What he hasn't got, I have. We could do it, if we could only get the chance. We can get it, if you'll only let Phil build this road."

"He'll stand a better chance with the record of an honest job behind him than the picture of a pretty bridge which everybody'll know wasn't needed."

SENSING the wall of finality Creghan was raising against her, she assailed it in the last, best way she knew. Coming away from the door, she moved until she was standing in front of him, so close that her breasts touched him as she breathed.

"Jack," she whispered, "I told you once before it had to be you or Phil but I would rather it was you. I'm going to tell you that again. Go ahead. Change Phil's plans. But if you do, don't leave me here behind you in this Godforsaken country. I can do as much for you as I could for Phil. More."

She offered frankly, and what she offered was nearly all a man could want. The impulse to reach out and take it was compelling. It was not quite overpowering, Creghan found, but to be sure of that, he had to step backward, away from her.

The instant he moved, she knew she had lost again. Tonelessly, she said, "All right, Jack. Then I'll tell you the rest of it. That road has got to follow Phil's survey or he's finished, even in the Army. For good."

"Why?"

"Laird McNeish is building a lodge on Mount Tamena, just where the survey crosses. Phil owns part of it."

Creghan swore. "Has he gone crazy?"

She shrugged. "Laird agreed to buy him out for ten thousand dollars, the day the road was finished. It was to be the money we'd need to make the break."

Creghan stared at her. For the first time since he had known her, he could do that without remembering she was

a woman. He said, slowly, "Nancy, I'd been wondering whether Phil sent you here. Now I know he didn't. You don't know your husband very well. Men of the breed he belongs to may have their faults but they can't be bought. Never."

Neither of them had heard the door open. Even Creghan started at the sound of a third voice in the room. McNeish was standing on the threshold, smiling. The slate eyes were mocking.

"As it happens, Creghan," he said, "you're right. I would never have dreamed of approaching the colonel. It is Mrs. Strain who is my partner in the Tamena venture."

Creghan said, "I guessed that, ten seconds ago."

Nancy Strain's chin came up, defiantly. "What if it is? What difference will that make if the route is changed and Laird makes a stink?"

"There will be no stink," McNeish told her, softly. "Creghan had his dinner this evening with his own little friend who has a place on the lower Fox at Sunrise where Creghan wants to build the road. But you and I, Nancy, we were there first. I think we'll stay."

Creghan said, "What's all this? My little friend? What friend?"

"I made it a point to keep an eye on you since you've been with us, Creghan. And I'm quite familiar with the location of the Rogness claim."

"That's on the *upper* Fox."

The half-breed smiled again and put his hand up. "Don't waste it on me. It doesn't matter anyway. The route is not going to be changed. Not after I have called Colonel Strain to come and get his wife. He may understand why she is here, but I do not. I'm merely the hotel-keeper, who followed a woman to a room in which only Mr. Creghan was registered, and at midnight. Imagine my astonishment to find the woman to be the Colonel's wife. Just how much credit do you think your recommendations are going to be given, Creghan, after I have published that?"

"You damned Siwash snake!"

The big man laughed. "Call me anything you like. Just make sure I don't have to pick out any fancy names for Mrs. Strain."

He was still standing with his back to the door. One step forward placed Creghan in front of Nancy, between her and McNeish.

As Creghan took the step, the half-breed's hand came out of his pocket, showing the gun. "Easy, Creghan. Just stand easy until I call Colonel Strain. He can take his wife home, and there will be the end of it."

Salmon . . .

"Put that thing away," Creghan told him, contemptuously. "The Aleut in you might like to shoot but the Scot would never let you. Gun play would cost you more than you've got invested. Up to now, it's only money. Murder comes higher. So will you get out of the way or must I make you?"

The broad face sagged with the merest trace of indecision. Creghan, straining to see that, made his move instantly. Striking downward at the gun with his left hand, he drove the other at McNeish's mouth. The half-breed snarled and tried to heave the pistol back into line, but Creghan was inside, close to him, slamming his head back against the door with a volley of short-armed, hammering punches. McNeish's head struck the door jamb and the next blow took its full effect.

Creghan heaved him off the floor, dragging him clear of the door. His eyes averted, he told Nancy Strain, "All right, Nancy. You'd better beat it. It would be best if you forget you came here. . . ."

Rory found her first customer waiting for her on the steps when she opened for business in the morning. He followed her in and took the same stool.

"One thing, my friend," Creghan said. "Why did you tell me your place was on the upper Fox?"

Busy at the coffee urn, she kept her back to him. "I know you, Creghan. I didn't want you to get to brooding over the favor you might be doing a couple of old friends by re-routing that road and decide you had to lean over backwards. Those kids down there need that highway too badly. How many eggs?"

"Let's start with four."

It may have been the smell of bacon frying or the coffee bubbling in the urn but Creghan found himself trying to remember whether he had ever before seen Rory Rogness at six o'clock of an Alaskan April morning. If he had, he knew he hadn't sufficiently appreciated it. He thought about this for just a moment longer, looking at her still, and then decided it was something he had never seen. He'd have remembered.

He asked curiously, "You've really got this country under your skin, haven't you?"

"It's a place to live."

"There are others. Others, where the roads are already built."

SHE turned, and gave him her full attention. "You mean, where the work is already done? By somebody else?"

Creghan said, "No. But when a man comes to the point of asking a woman to marry him, he likes to feel he is marrying her and not her neighborhood."

She considered him. "Why, as to that," she said, "it is true I'm fond of Alaska, never having known anything else. I've always felt that all this country needed was people to live in it. Really live in it—not just come and stay barely long enough to make a stake to carry out again."

"That's how it seemed to me you felt, five years ago."

"I don't remember that you asked me how I felt."

"No," Creghan said, "I didn't. The idea came to me when it was too late. Now it occurs to me that there may be some reason why I have been given another chance to ask. It will be a year until I have this road finished, but what about after that?"

She laughed. But the blue eyes were soft. She said, "I think that, after a year, I'll not be worrying about where we live, Creghan. I'll hope to have other things to occupy my mind. If worst comes to the worst, you can always build my sawmill for me."

Creghan looked down at his plate. "There's that, too. A Svenska-Irish cross will undoubtedly turn out some mighty good eaters. Do you think one sawmill can support 'em?"

Rory waited for him to come around the counter. She said, as he reached her, "I think we'll manage. Nils probably will make them all moose-hunters anyway." ● ● ●

Over the Mountains to Freedom

(Continued from page 30)

of the abrupt gaunt mountains, the strong, clear desert light showed the green of cottonwoods and the clustered roofs of the old frontier army post that had become, since the Indians grew quiet, a state reform school.

"I thought we'd get him back without alarming anybody," the warden said. "But he's been gone two days and we can't find any trace of him. He'll be hungry now, and he might come in here." He shifted his hat again. "He's sixteen years old, thin and lanky, dark hair and eyes, wearing denim pants and jacket and cap. You'd all better be on the lookout, and I wouldn't think any of the ladies ought to ride alone. And don't anybody leave a horse untended. This boy stole a horse last year." He put his hat on. "Ross can phone me if anybody sees him."

OVER their second cups of coffee the guests of the Flying Cross felt a current of excitement.

"Sixteen years old," said Mrs. Lecky, the wife of the Kansas City doctor. "That's just the age of my nephew at the Lake Forest School."

"Out alone in the desert—" said the Des Moines schoolteacher, shaking her gray head slowly.

"He stole a horse," declared the lawyer from St. Louis.

"How many boys do they have there, Ross?" Dr. Lecky asked.

"About a hundred," the rancher said. "More now than before the war. I don't know why—they're all younger than military age."

The schoolteacher leaned forward. "Do they often get away?"

"No," the rancher said, "they don't. This country isn't easy to hide in, or to travel on foot. They have to turn up somewhere. Last year one of their boys tried to get over the mountains. He nearly starved before he went to the ranger's cabin on Spanish Peak and asked for food. He was ready to give up. The ranger brought him down to Bar B—that's the next outfit up the valley. They fed him up and took a liking to him—and they got him paroled to them."

"Good!" The schoolteacher nodded so that the light flashed in her glasses. "That's the answer right there."

"But before a month was past," the rancher said, "he ran away."

One person at the long table had paid no attention. Mr. Enderly, carefully opening his soft-boiled eggs, and chopping them gently in his egg cup, had not even looked up when the warden stood there. Mr. Enderly himself was running away. He was hiding from the gray skies outside his apartment windows on Sheridan Road, from the bitter winds off Lake Michigan, from the pain that stabbed him under the left shoulder blade and left him weak and wavering and sinking, not knowing how to hold on. One fugitive has no concern for another.

After breakfast, when they all filed through the lounge and out to the patio with its little cactus garden and the ocatilla flaming against the low adobe wall, Mr. Enderly stayed behind. He felt for the little medicine box in his jacket pocket. Then he got up from his place, took his rough cane from the back of his chair and went to the kitchen door. He stood there for a moment, a little bent over, his gray hair spilling down his forehead. He was not as old as he looked. Just five years ago he had been striding through the vast sounding chaos of the Chicago Housing Project with rolls of blueprint in his hands, and with reams of it, precise and intricate in his mind. Now he stood patient in the kitchen doorway.

INDIAN Mary finished her coffee at the kitchen table, got up heavily and went to the pantry. "Here's the lunch box," she said.

He took the basket silently and turned away.

Hannah shut off the faucets in the big double sink. "You'd think he'd sit in the patio. A sick man like that."

"Or stay in his house—in Tchicago," Indian Mary said.

Mr. Enderly walked across the patio, between the indolent people sprawled out in the morning sun. He let the blue half-door close behind him and went on across the brown bare ground to the rutted road. He stepped cautiously over the cattle guard. Then. stabbing the dust with his stick, his head bent, dragging his morning shadow, he turned off on the trail to the canyon.

Every day Mr. Enderly walked this way to the Indian ruins. He carried his lunch, and when he came back in the long evening shadows his basket was filled again, with flakes of old painted pottery and chipped fragments of flint and obsidian.

It was a mile to the ruins, but it took Mr. Enderly an hour—shuffling down the arroyos, climbing slowly up, crossing the sandy sunny ridges strewn with rock. Sometimes he stopped and poked with his stick at a bristling clump of Spanish bayonet. Sometimes he lingered in the thin cottonwood shade, with clusters of mistletoe green in the bare winter branches. He stared over the long tawny valley, went on into the canyon, following a broad ledge halfway up the face. The red and yellow walls steepened above him and a little thread of water kept talking on the stones in the brushy canyon floor. Ahead of him the mountains rose, gaunt and sparse.

Where a cave opened in the canyon wall he sat down in the sun's brightness. He unbuttoned his tweed jacket and felt again for the small box in his pocket.

For a while he sat in the sun, lifeless as a lizard, staring up at the smoke stain that darkened the yellow canyon wall. At the cave mouth the earth was black and fine, compounded of sand and the ashes of fires that burned out centuries ago. Out of the black shelf rose the ragged edge of an adobe wall. Mr. Enderly had been a builder, and it gave him a kind of melancholy pleasure to sit where other builders had baked their bricks of clay when "Chicago" was still a name for the wild onions that grew beside Lake Michigan.

The cave in the canyon wall was long and shallow, its ceiling sloping down to darkness. It was really a ledge into which the sunlight fell a little way. The soft-purplish walls showed crude pictures of horses, slim, antlered antelope, and wide-winged birds in grotesque flight. He sat there reading the simple literature of the mysterious Basket Makers who had lived here and had died out, like their family fires, before history began.

Above him, on the rimrock, the string of riders passed, the clip-clop coming faint and distinct on the windless canyon air. Mr. Enderly resented them all—the healthy, hearty, horsey people. They filed on against the bright sky, and then there was only the faint sound of water in the canyon's hidden floor.

Idly his hands scraped in the blackened sand, straining it through his fingers, sieving out bits of broken pottery. He made a little collection of his fragments, heaping them in a hollowed stone *metate* where some ancient woman had ground her corn. He was a man feeling older than his years, sitting alone in the sun and the silent ruins, thinking about people dead and gone.

WHEN the sun was high he opened his basket. He spread the paper napkins and laid out his sandwiches. He uncapped the thermos bottle and poured milk into the cup.

He didn't hear a sound, not any sound at all. But he knew, as he tipped his head to drink, that someone was watching him. He put the cup down and turned slowly. In the cavern darkness, beyond the bright stripe of sunlight along the ledge, lay a dark-eyed boy.

He lay flat on his stomach, his hands in the soft dark sand, his eyes watchful and wary. He crept out until he was in full sunlight. Then he got his feet under him and stood up. He had to crouch under the sloping ceiling. He stood there, bent and watchful, and his eyes went from the man to the food spread on the ground.

"You're hungry," the man said.

As the boy stepped out, his eyes

darted down the shelf-rock trail and up to the naked rimrock and then back to the man sitting between his spread-out lunch and his worthless little mound of points and potsherds. His gaze fixed on the food.

He wore gray denim pants and shirt and jacket, and his denim cap was jammed into a pocket. His pants were torn at the knees and all his clothing was blackened by the ashes of those prehistoric fires.

"Sit down," Mr. Enderly said. "Here's all the lunch I brought. Eat it."

The boy crouched at the man's side. He seized a sandwich and crammed it into his mouth. He tapped an egg against a stone and tore the shell away. His blackened fingers dyed the moist white flesh.

"Here's salt," Mr. Enderly said. "And there's milk in the bottle."

At first the boy had looked both wary and threatening. He had looked like a hunted and hardened man. But hunger revealed the defenselessness in him. He ate like a famished boy, stuffing the food into his mouth, gulping the cold milk, swallowing as though his stomach could not wait.

Mr. Enderly pushed the fruit toward him. The boy's hands tore at the orange skin.

"What's your name?" Mr. Enderly asked when the orange was gone.

The boy licked his lips like a dog. Then, for the first time, he spoke. His voice was half-treble, not yet deepened into manhood.

"Jim Corbin," he said.

"My name is Enderly. Eat your apple."

"You'll—be hungry," he said, already reaching.

"I haven't been hungry for five years."

He ate the apple, core and all. His dark eyes met the man's for a moment. "You know where I came from?"

"Fort Gregg," Mr. Enderly said. "Why did you run away?"

The boy looked away from him—out of the canyon to the far blue peaks of Dos Cabezas. Then the words rushed out. "They had us thinning winter beets. All day on our hands and knees. All you could see was the beet rows and the water in the irrigation ditch. At night if I sat up in my cot I could see the lights of Coronado and the lights of the ranches and sometimes a car moving somewhere on the road. In the morning we would be back in the beet rows again, up one row and down the next one." He was still gazing over the long, sun-washed valley. "There's a filling station in Mesa City where they keep a coyote in a cage. I've watched him, going back and forth, five steps each way." Now his eyes came back, defiant, to the man. "I couldn't stand that. I can't live that way. I stayed there six months. I couldn't stand it any longer."

Mr. Enderly was scratching the sand with a little wedge of pottery. Deep inside him something stirred and fluttered.

"I worked for the Mesa outfit," the boy said, "before they brought me here. They said I stole a horse. I never really stole him. It was the top horse —but I was going to bring him back."

Mr. Enderly kept scraping at the sand while the boy explained that it was Saturday night and all the other hands had gone to town and a neighbor drove up in his new sedan and the boss and his wife got in and they all drove away. That left a boy alone on the place. Alone in the empty bunkhouse, leafing through the old tattered magazines and playing the scratchy old records and finally hearing the owner's horse stamping at the rack where they had forgotten he was tied and saddled. A boy could go out to take the saddle off and turn the horse loose, and then he could think about taking the horse himself, just long enough to ride down to the forks and up to the other outfit and see Tom and Tex that he had worked with all last season. He could take the shirt and slicker that Tom had loaned him and he hadn't had a chance to return. So he could start out, not thinking of anything but how bright the stars were and how good it felt to have a top horse under him. He couldn't know the boss would be back so soon, look-

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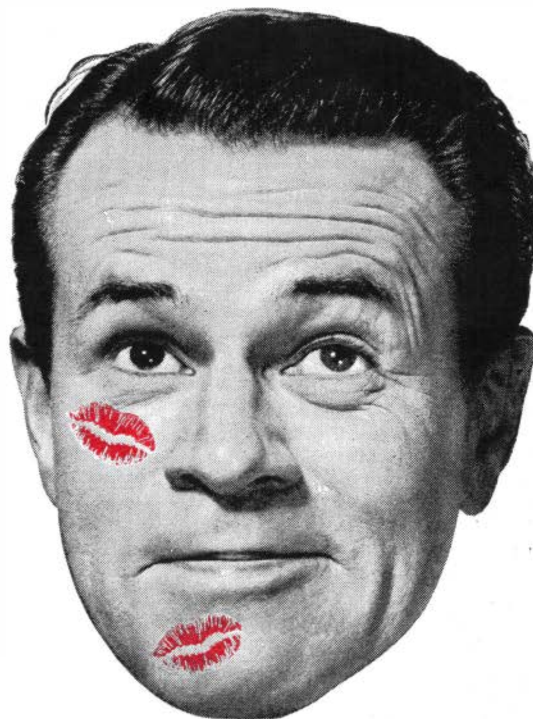

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ing for his horse, and that the headlights would race down the road to the forks and they would find him jogging along with a clothes roll tied across the saddle, and the boss would say, "I never took him for a runaway and a thief." And the neighbor would say, "You just can't tell about these drifters." And the boss would remember then—"His father had a bad name too. I knew that before I hired him, but I didn't think about it."

Mr. Enderly hardly followed the story. He was busy with that stirring deep inside him—the stirring of things a man has surrendered, all the things a man forgets when he has to carry a hypodermic needle and a box of ampules in his pocket.

When the boy stopped talking, he asked, "How long did they send you up for?"

"A year."

"A year isn't long," the man said. "Another six months and it will be over. Then you—"

"I'll never go back," the boy said quickly. His voice deepened. "They'll never catch me."

"What will you do?"

His dark eyes lifted. "I'll get over the mountains. I'll get rides on the highway, or the freight trains. I'll travel at night and hide in the daytime."

Mr. Enderly said quietly, "It's no good hiding. They always find you."

"I'll go to Mexico. I'll swim across the river like the wet-backs that come up here. They'll never get me again."

Mr. Enderly looked steadily at him. "It wouldn't work, Jim. You'll have to go back."

"I'll starve first," the boy said in a quiet voice.

THEY were a tired man and a desperate one sitting in the noon brightness, both fugitive and both thinking of escape. There was lean durability in the boy. His hair was cut short and his ears seemed too big for his head and the cheekbones showed in his thin face that had not fleshed out the way it would. He still had growth in him. He hadn't grown sudden—not yet. But he had grown frantic. And now the man saw the dark eyes on him, dark and guarded, and for the first time he realized that this boy regarded him as hostile.

He wanted to set the boy right, to line up with him, on his side. He thought savagely: *I'm against the world, too. You and I and that coyote in the cage, we're all together.* But he only said, still scraping in the Basket Makers' ashes, "Six months isn't long to wait."

When the boy turned, his eyes were full of accusation. "What are you here for, Mister?"

Mr. Enderly thought about Chicago and the gray skies over Lake Michigan and the stab of pain beneath his shoulder, and he thought of the stubborn, unreasoned feeling that if he could find sun and space and silence he would get well again. He thought about how a man who has left youth behind him, like another country, dreams of going back there, like an exile dreaming of home. He said, "I'm running away, too."

The boy looked startled. "You mean—they're after you?"

He nodded. "And they know where I'm hiding."

"At the Flying Cross?"

He nodded again.

"Why don't they take you?"

"They like to watch me trying to get free."

He saw the incredulous gaze upon him, and then the fearful eyes lifting to the rimrock.

"I've got a bad heart," Mr. Enderly said.

"Oh—you only mean you're sick."

"I might not live six months." From his pocket he took the silver box of ampules. "I can't go anywhere without these things. I'm in as tight a cage as you are."

"But I got out," the boy said. "I'll get away. I'll go over the mountains."

"And how?"

He moved so quietly that Mr. Enderly was startled to find himself alone. The boy had disappeared in the cliff's blackness. When he crept out he carried a bridle and a halter. "See these—I got them last night out of the tackroom at the Flying Cross. I went right past the bunkhouse, and nobody heard a sound. If they had left a horse in the corral . . ."

The lighted eyes, the firm and quiet voice, the way his hands gripped tight on the halter rope—all spoke to Mr. Enderly. This boy had a chance. He was young and strong and enduring. He had never once surrendered. Perhaps he could do it.

"I'll get you a horse," Mr. Enderly said, and the fluttering inside him became a beating of wings.

"When?"

"Now. I'll get you a horse. You can be in the mountains tonight."

He got up and started down the shelf-rock trail.

"You're going to tell them," the boy said. "You'll bring them back with guns and horses. You think you're going to get me."

"I'm going to bring you a horse," the man repeated.

HE WENT on down the trail, and the boy dropped back behind him. Soon Mr. Enderly emerged from the canyon mouth. It was downgrade, and he didn't have to rest. He crossed the dry washes, passed through the tangle of mesquite, and came out on the dusty road. Head bent, stabbing the sand with his stick, he went on, past the ranchhouse and then into the purple shadow along the adobe bunkrooms. He slid back the smooth board and let himself into the corral. As he neared the horses, the wrangler came yawning from the tackroom.

"You wanting a horse, Mr. Enderly?"

"I've got a couple of grinding stones, too big to carry. I can bring them on a horse. I'll lead him there and back."

"Sure, if you want to. Those stones will go in the middle bags, I expect. Take Pedro here, he'll lead all day and all night."

Mr. Enderly looked at him quickly, but the wrangler was whistling tunelessly as he crossed the stirrups in the saddle. He gave the horse a spank and untied the reins from the rack. He opened the gate and Mr. Enderly led the horse through. Soon he was on the trail to the canyon.

When he reached the blackened ledge, the boy was gone. There were the heaped artifacts in the hollowed stone and the food remains bright in the dark sand. He peered under the sloping stone.

"Jim! Jim!"

His voice sounded hollow under the low roof. He called louder. "Jim!"

All at once, as though that shout had spent his last breath, Mr. Enderly felt a faintness and a swimming. He steadied himself against the horse.

Leaning against the saddle, he looked up and saw, on the rimrock, a figure crouching. He took a step. "Jim!"

Then his boot rocked on the rounded stone. It turned under him and his foot turned with it. He collapsed there on his little mound of artifacts.

He had been afraid of pain under his shoulder, but this was another pain. It fastened onto him and gripped like steel. He got onto his hands and knees. He drew his good foot under him. He started to rise. But when his weight shifted he collapsed again. The pain staggered through him. He lay there, swimming in space and brightness.

THE horse stepped over. "Whoa," he whispered. The knotted rein caught in a crevice of rock and the horse stood still. Mr. Enderly lay quiet, the boot tightening on his foot, the pain coming and going like a deliberate pendulum.

A shadow fell across his closed eyes. He had not heard anything, but when he looked up the boy stood above him.

"You're hurt," he said.

He bent down and pulled at the taut boot strings. He took out a knife and slashed the laces. As he pulled the boot off, the pain gathered again. Mr. Enderly closed his eyes against the whirling canyon wall.

What opened his eyes was the scuffle of hoofs and the creak of leather. The boy stood at the horse's side, tightening the saddle girth. His hands moved quickly and then his eyes lifted to where shadows were darkening in the high ravines. He stood tall and lean and restless, ready for flight. And the man lying helpless at his feet thought passionately that all of life was before him. He knew then that he would change places if he could—he would give this boy his freedom, take the boy's peril. And in the next moment, as his pain and helplessness came back, he knew that the exchange was already made.

The boy's hand gripped the pommel and his foot lifted to the stirrup. Now the ledge lay all in shadow and the evening chill was coming.

"Good luck," the man whispered. "Keep going."

The foot came down from the stirrup. "What?"

"Good luck," he repeated. "Don't let them catch you."

The faintness washed over him. His hands lost their feeling and a cold realization came into his mind. He could not survive the shock and pain that were gathering. He would die out here where an ancient people had baked their bricks of clay and ground their corn and fed their cooking fires. His bones would whiten in the charred black sand.

The boy stared down at him. For a moment his face was troubled. His eyes burned deeply. One fugitive has no time for another.

Again his foot was in the stirrup.

"Ride hard," the man murmured. "Ride far. Ride fast. Don't ever let them catch you."

He wanted to see the boy go. By an effort he kept his eyes steady and he stilled the canyon walls. He saw the boy rise into the saddle. He saw the fierceness and the yearning as his face lifted to the peaks. Then he saw another look, stricken, torn, and helpless—like a caged animal at the end of his short pacing, turning back from the bars.

"Whoa!" the boy said.

He stepped down from the saddle. He knelt beside the man. He lifted him in his arms. He got his good foot into a stirrup and pushed him into the saddle. He placed his hands on the pommel. He said in a toneless voice, "Can you hold on?"

THE long sunset shadows striped the corral as a boy opened the gate and led a burdened horse to the tie-rack. Doctor Lecky and the wrangler looked up from the bench beside the tack-room.

"It's Mr. Enderly," the doctor said. He threw down his cigarette and hurried across the corral.

Mr. Enderly shook his head at the doctor's question. "Not this time. Just my ankle."

The doctor touched the swollen foot, "And you didn't black out?"

"No. A couple of times I wanted to."

"You've got a better heart than you're supposed to have." The doctor turned to the wrangler. "Let's get him into the house."

Together they lifted him off the horse. "Put your arms around our shoulders," the doctor said.

When the boy let himself out the corral gate he found a big man in faded Levis waiting for him.

"Where did you find Mr. Enderly?" the rancher asked.

"In the canyon."

"Why did you bring him in?"

"He was hurt. He couldn't move alone."

"You're from Fort Gregg," the rancher said. "You know I'll have to notify the warden."

The boy stood silent.

"Did you mean to give yourself up?"

There was still a glint of defiance in the hunted eyes. "I never would."

"Why didn't you take the horse for yourself?"

"I was going to," the boy said. "That's what I meant to do. But I didn't. I don't know why."

Outside the kitchen door the supper bell began its clangor.

"Go on in the kitchen," the rancher said. "You must be hungry."

At the long table they couldn't talk fast enough to get it all said and heard and understood—how Mr. Enderly had taken a horse to pack out some grinding stones and the boy from Fort Gregg stole the horse, and then Mr. Enderly turned his ankle and the boy got him on the horse and brought him in.

WHEN Hannah opened the door they all peered through at the boy bent over his heaping plate at the kitchen table. Indian Mary had made him take his shirt off and she had scrubbed his neck and ears at the wash bench beside the kitchen steps. Now his ears were still red from the toweling and his short hair was combed down, and he was eating. Hannah confided as she passed the rolls, like a show steer in the fattening pen. At least, he would not go back hungry.

The phone rang and Ross Waymack got up from the head of the table.

"No," they heard him say, "you don't need to come over. . . . No, I don't mean I'll bring him. I'm going to keep him here. I want him paroled to me. . . . Sure, I know. . . . I'll call the judge. I'll call the governor. . . . All right, just leave it that way."

They were silent and waiting when he came back to the table. He put sugar into his coffee and stirred it slowly. Finally he looked up. "Barney needs some help with the cattle," he said. "Now he's going to get it."

The St. Louis lawyer looked disapproving. "You're taking a long chance, Ross. You can't be sure of—"

There was a scraping on the floor and Mr. Enderly came in on crutches, with the doctor beside him. He went to his place and leaned the crutches against the wall. For some reason, even with the crutches and the new lines in his face, he seemed stronger.

"Why, Mr. Enderly," Hannah said, "I was going to bring your supper—"

"I'm hungry," Mr. Enderly replied. "I didn't want to wait."

"In just a minute," Hannah said.

She left the kitchen door open when she carried out the empty platter. From the serving table Indian Mary was muttering about the people who come late to supper. She walked heavily across the room. "Here, Jimmy," she ordered, "take this to Mr. Enderly. You got to be useful if you eat in this kitchen."

When the boy came in he did not look at anyone—not even at Mr. Enderly—as he set the plate down.

Hannah stood in the kitchen door. "If you'd rather have a boiled egg, Mr. Enderly . . ."

"No," he said. "I'm hungry." He looked up for an instant and found the light in the boy's eyes. "Seems like I haven't had a bite all day." ● ● ●

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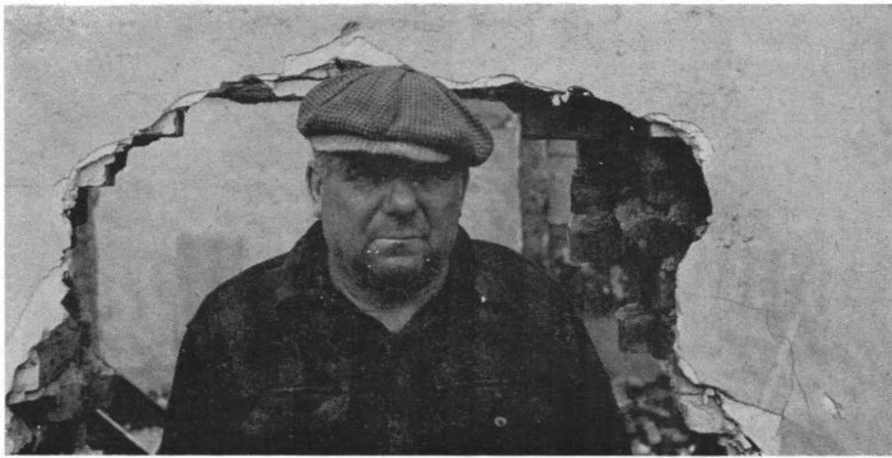


Look Out Below!

(Continued from page 35)

regret it before it's all over."

Generally speaking, a building can be demolished for 10 per cent of what it cost to put it up and in a comparable percentage of time. Sometimes, of course, a wrecker is fooled. In Chicago, a contractor dubiously agreed that it might be possible to demolish a certain long-abandoned mansion in time for the spring building season, two months hence. On leaving the house after his final inspection, he slammed the oaken portals heavily behind him. Just as he reached the sidewalk, there was a loud roar and the entire building collapsed into rubble.

Although commercial destruction in this country is far outspaced by construction, there is something about toppling a brick wall or pushing over a 100-foot chimney stack that gives the wrecking industry an exaggerated sense of its own scope. Few wreckers operate outside a 200-mile radius of their home offices, yet most of the companies have selected for themselves such all-encompassing titles as World Housewrecking, International Wrecking, and the ominous-sounding Empire Wrecking Corporation.

No Mere Junk Dealers

Those which are listed more modestly under the names of their founders still strive to disassociate themselves from ordinary junk dealers. The John J. Abramsen Company of New York, for instance, has a coat of arms and a Latin motto. It is *Qui Frangit Utilis*: "He also serves who destroys."

In the space of the last 25 years, Abramsen's company has dismantled more than 1,000 structures which, for one reason or another, reached the limit of their utility. Among these were hotels, mansions, tenement blocks, country homes, large trees, barns, chicken coops, railroad bridges, church steeples, and a 400-foot observation tower. He and his workers will best remember 1948. That was the year they tore down the 75-room Schwab mansion which stood on New York's Riverside Drive.

Pete Barsky, a nimble 59-year-old expert with the crowbar, was just as sorry as his boss when the eight-month-long job was over. Employed on a routine road-clearance project, he stopped work to speak wistfully of Operation Schwab.

"Now there was something I like," he sighed, waving his twelve-pound crowbar enthusiastically. "Stained glass windows—smash, crash! Sledge hammers swinging on the granite walls—boom! And inside, such magnificence! Solid-gold electric fixtures. Marble fountains. Solid-mahogany paneling. It was like a treasure hunt. You know what I found stuck behind the paneling in one of the bedrooms? A 500 ruble Russian note!"

Barsky is a White Russian emigré, a powerful, muscled man who has been in this country 30 years and been a barman—the kind associated with brick dust, not beer suds—for 28. He and his co-workers, mostly Slavs like himself, are a tightly-knit, clannish lot who live in a two-square-block area on Manhattan's Lower East Side. From these four blocks have come three diminishing generations of highly skilled wreckers, the great majority of the entire craft membership. It will most likely continue to diminish since 32 per cent of the wreckers are bachelors.

Tearing down a house used to be a much simpler business than it is today. Thirty years ago, the idea was to strip the first floor of a building down to its framework, throw a few chains around the central uprights and pull hard. Then everyone started running for his life as the upper stories came tumbling down.

Another popular hurry-up device, used on more solid masonry, was the swinging iron ball, weighing from 1,000 to 4.000 pounds. Adapted from a medieval battering ram, it was mounted on a derrick and swung to and fro on an iron chain like a pendulum. If properly used, it could crack a 10-foot stone wall as delicately as a breakfast egg. Too often, however, it produced ludicrous but tragic accidents. Too hard a swing drove the ball right through the wall and pulled the derrick after it. Nor was it unusual for the ball to miss its target altogether and swing on around to shatter some other building that stood nearby.

The iron ball is still used today but municipal regulations restrain its activity. Abramsen used one on the towers of the Schwab mansion, but he was loath to do so. He always remembered the time he saw one of them break loose at the height of its arc, drop into the street like a huge meteorite, and go tearing along the east side wharves, miraculously missing men and automobiles, until it plunged into the East River. The lost ball was worth several hundred dollars and whenever Abramsen has some spare time he takes a rowboat and a clam bucket and tries, thus far unsuccessfully, to locate its watery grave.

Seasoned barmen are careless of danger. Contractors shout themselves hoarse trying to get them to wear safety belts and rubber shoes. Abramsen once hired a barman who used to get out on the far end of an exposed girder and demonstrate polka steps. When he slipped off, as he occasionally did, he always managed to cling to the beam until someone hauled him in.

There's Loot for the Wrecker

Wrecking crews are spurred on in their work by the promise of unexpected finds, which by unspoken agreement go to them. Liquor caches, left over from the prohibition era, are the commonest finds and bosses have to be quicker than their workers to prevent a wholesale bacchanal. Not long ago one large wrecking crew found and consumed enough imported vermouth to end work for the day. According to Abramsen, the finest champagne he ever drank came from a bottle that he fished out of a hollow column in an old opera house.

Experienced wreckers are always happiest when they are assigned to tear down a building that has at some time housed a genuine, old-fashioned burlesque. This is not so much for the associations the job entails but for the fact that every burlesque stage in the country is a veritable silver mine, jammed full of coins that have been flung at the feet of prancing beauties and rolled to inaccessible spots.

A find that one contractor made no effort to claim was a well-preserved human head which one of his workers brought to him on a shovel.

"For one awful moment," he confessed, "I thought the fellow had gone berserk and chopped it off. It looked that fresh, if you don't mind my saying so."

Still on the shovel, the head was carried through the streets to the nearest police station where it caused an equal sensation. For days detectives checked missing persons lists and probed the neighborhood for an unsolved murder. Then a physician, a nasal specialist, came forward apologetically to report that the head was a specimen he had kept preserved for years in a jar of alcohol. When he cleared out his office just prior to the wrecking, he explained, he had thrown the grisly object into the back yard where it had been found. ● ● ●

Master-Minding Wins Ball Games

(Continued from page 25)

Stengel, Yankee manager, a two-platoon man who believes in using right-hand hitters against left-hand pitchers and vice versa.

But Casey didn't remove Mapes, a left-hand hitter. Here's the way he reasoned:

"We have a lead of 3 to 2 and the way Vic Raschi (right-hand Yankee pitcher) is going we might hold it with good defense. Mapes is one of the best throwers in baseball. He can help us in the field. So I'll let Hank Bauer sit on the bench and keep Mapes in the game."

Here was master-minding at its best. It is certain that no other Yankee outfielder, with the possible exception of Joe DiMaggio, could have made the play that Mapes made, and Casey had him in the spot to make it.

It is unclear to this department whether managerial brainwaves are currently more frequent in the atmosphere than they were in the day of the late John McGraw, but the fans nowadays are certainly more aware of what is called inside baseball than were their fathers and grandfathers. Sometimes of an evening in your favorite bar and grill you will hear conversation that sounds as if the protagonists were talking about chess or checkers rather than baseball.

"Lou Boudreau made this move;" . . . "Leo Durocher bunted Marshall;" . . . "Red Rolfe curve-balled Williams in the clutch;" . . . "When Pafko came up in the ninth Barney Shotton countered with Newcombe;" . . . "Why did Dyer steal with Slaughter in the seventh." . . .

Fans Make With Strategy

All this may be bewildering to the uninitiate. What it means is that the new vogue in fandom is strategy. Each move of each baseball manager is surveyed critically by a host of knowing fans and thousands of people get as much out of the ups-and-downs of master-minding as they do out of home runs and double plays. This newly intensified interest may have as much to do with current baseball excitement as the increase in night games.

It is generally claimed that Stengel master-minded the Yankees into the championship. And there is a case for Casey.

Through the season he habitually alternated Mapes and Gene Woodling, left-hand hitters, with Bauer and John Lindell in the outfield. He also alternated Bobby Brown, left-hand hitter, and Billy Johnson, right-hand hitter. on third base. Early in the season, before he pulled Tommy Henrich in from right to play first base, he alternated Dick Kryhoski, left-hand hitter, now with Detroit, and Jack Phillips, now with Pittsburgh, on first.

The only consistent hitter in the bunch was Brown (.238). The outfielders ranged from pusillanimous to mediocre at the bat. Lindell hit .242, Mapes .247, Woodling .270, and Bauer .272. The only healthy clouter in the Yankee outfield was DiMaggio, who played in 76 games after his sore heel got well. He hit .346.

The question arises: How did the Yankees win the pennant and the world championship with such an outfield?

The answer the experts give is this: Stengel confronted every right-hand pitcher he met with a preponderance of left-hand hitters and every left-hand pitcher with a cadre of right-hand swingers.

By doing so he nullified the effectiveness of the best clutch pitch of 90 per cent of pitchers—the curve ball—kept the pressure on the opposition pitching from the beginning to the end of the season, and forced many an enemy breakdown in the sixth, seventh and eighth innings. A pitcher who is forced to depart from his normal style of delivery and use his best pitch parsimoniously is apt to crack.

The Two-Platoon System

The two-platoon system is nothing new to Casey, but he never had it work so effectively for him as it did last year. Parenthetically, we might say that this probably was due in part to the operations of a bunch of good ball players, and in particular to Joe Page, his big left-handed relief pitcher.

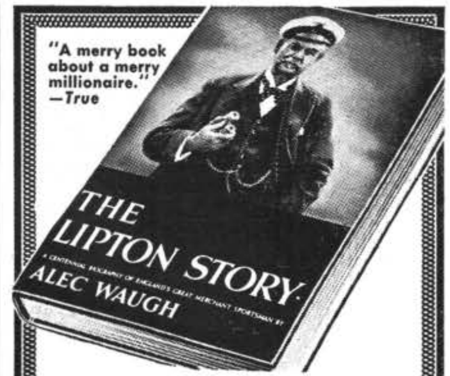
But disregard that. Back in 1935 I was traveling with the Brooklyn Dodgers, then an obscure and bumbling ball club. Casey was the manager. The Pirates had a right-hand pitcher at the time who wasn't fast but who had the most mystifying screw-ball human eyes have ever beheld. Against him one day in Pittsburgh Casey performed the unprecedented maneuver of putting nine right-hand hitters into his lineup.

For the record, we must admit that Pittsburgh's Blanton, his screw-ball partially nullified, beat the Dodgers anyway because his curve, ordinarily his second-best pitch, was breaking like a jug-handle that day—a circumstance impossible to foresee.

So nothing is new about the two-platoon system except the name, which derives from football. Apparently nothing is new in master-minding. It is only that the fans are now awakened to strategy and enjoy it vociferously.

Take the Williams shift, the counter against the slugging Boston outfielder. Its invention is erroneously attributed to Cleveland's quick-brained Lou Boudreau, who abandoned defense of the left side of the diamond, playing the second baseman in short right, the shortstop on the wrong side of second, and the outfield deep and far toward right. This tied up Williams for a while and all the other American League managers shamelessly adopted it and use it against the Boston slugger.

But Boudreau didn't invent it. The first time we ever saw the Williams shift, it was used against a guy named



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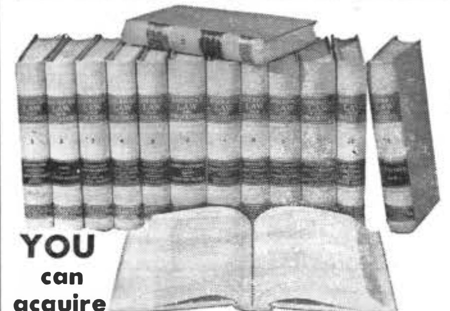

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Williams, but not Ted. Cy Williams, outfielder for the Phillies twenty years ago, was a big right-field slugger. The Boston Braves started to play him as the American Leaguers now play the current Williams. The other clubs picked it up and Cy was completely stifled.

The eight-count pick-off play may have had its roots in antiquity but Boudreau is the man who adapted it as a modern baseball tactic.

In the World Series of 1948—Cleveland against Boston—the fans were startled to see an apparent case of mental telepathy. Phil Masi, Boston catcher, had a lead off second. Suddenly the Cleveland pitcher wheeled and threw to an apparently uncovered base. Boudreau, however, got there with the ball and tagged Masi on the shoulder as he tried to slide back in, headfirst.

Bill Stewart, the second-base umpire, called Masi safe, but an excellent series of photographs (reproduced herewith) apparently proves that this punctilious arbiter was wrong.

How did the play work?

Like this: Boudreau at short flashed the signal for the pick-off to the catcher who returned it to the pitcher. As soon as the pitcher stepped on the mound, he and Boudreau started counting, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight."

On the count of eight the pitcher wheeled, threw at the bag without regard for coverage. Boudreau got there simultaneously with the ball and Masi was—or apparently should have been—out.

Managers generally master-mind all pick-offs and there are several preliminary maneuvers which set them up. Some right-hand hitters habitually bend their knees and lean over the plate on every outside curve ball, giving the impression they are going to swing at the ball whether they actually do or not.

The opposition manager, if he is smart, will instruct his pitcher to curve-ball such a hitter to death when he has a mate on first. The reason for this strategy is simple: Every time the hitter follows one of those curve balls down, the runner on first is in jeopardy. For he cannot know if the batter will swing or not and he must be ready to wing for second. Therefore, with his long lead off first, he becomes a prime subject for a pick-off. The ball is on the catcher's throwing side, the batter is out of the way and the runner has to recover from a false move in the wrong direction. Many a man has been picked off first due to this peculiar genuflecting action of the hitter.

How do you get a man off third?

You dust off the hitter—pitch at his head. Nine times out of ten the base-runner on third will stand flat-footed and transfixed, watching to see if the batter gets out of the way. Then he becomes fair game and a snap throw by the catcher frequently catches him off the bag. The third baseman, knowing the dust-off is coming, doesn't have to worry about anything but covering the bag.

Managerial master-minding is spread pretty generally through baseball, but the successes like Stengel, Boudreau, Eddie Dyer of the Cardinals, Barney Shotten of the Dodgers, and Joe McCarthy of the Red Sox, are under particular scrutiny by the fans. And the comments of the clientele are not favorable more than half the time. McCarthy is periodically rapped in Boston, which doesn't understand the philosophy which causes him to go longer with a pitcher than other managers. Shotten was universally castigated for his conduct of the Dodgers World Series effort against the Yanks.

The big screech against Shotten's World Series behavior was his failure to remove the tiring Ralph Branca, right-hander, when the Yankees inserted the powerful left-hand-hitting Johnny Mize with the ball game at stake in the third canto. Mize hit the fence and the Yanks put a stranglehold on the Dodgers from which they never recovered.

It was argued that Shotten should have replaced Branca with a left-hand pitcher when Mize was sent up to bat. In this case the Yankees either could have kept Mize at the plate or called him back to the bench. In the latter case he would have been out of that game for good. Under the rules, the Brooklyn replacement would have had to stay in until he pitched to one hitter, or got one out.

Shotten weighed all these possibilities and decided to let Branca continue. He guessed wrong and the people who panned him most savagely were the same ones who criticized him for taking Branca out of a league game a month before when Roy Campanella, the Dodger catcher, whispered in the managerial ear that Ralph had lost his stuff. There was a fearful screech in the press about that and Branca himself popped off, mortifying Shotten further.

Shotten Guesses Wrong

Old Barney probably thought back to the earlier episode when he was considering what to do about the formidable Mize. He started to signal the bull pen, thought better of it and sat down. If Mize hadn't happened to get hold of the ball Shotten would have been a genius.

The Boston fans frequently criticize McCarthy for leaving pitchers in, not understanding that Joe—the exact opposite of the Giants' Leo Durocher—is what might be called a long-term master-mind. Joe can be irascible and, to some, thick-headed, but when the question of taking a pitcher out arises, he is thinking not only of the game under advisement, but of tomorrow's and the one three days hence.

He reasons this way:

"If I take this guy out and put in that guy, what guy will I go in with tomorrow and how will the rotation be affected? Let him go another inning and see what happens."

There are two other factors which influence Joe. Ever since he left the Cubs to manage the Yankees he has been blessed with hitters who can make a big inning. He has them in Boston, but what he doesn't have is a reliable relief pitcher. So if he uses a starter for relief work earlier than the sixth or seventh inning, he fig-

ures the man won't be ready to take his next regular turn.

Durocher has an entirely different managerial strategy. His motto is: "Win today. Tomorrow it'll rain."

So Leo will clean off his bench any old time to win a single game. Some people say that Rickey likes him because he uses so many men. Old-timers claim that Branch—when he himself managed the Browns and Cardinals—seldom got through an afternoon without using 20 players.

Durocher's Tight Game

Durocher likes tight base-running baseball. It was he who started Jackie Robinson on his brilliant base-running career, one furthered by Shotten, who also knows that a mettlesome man on the bases upsets the pitcher and makes the infielders "cheat"—that is, devote more attention to being at the bag in case of a steal than covering their territory.

When Robinson whirls in, attempting to steal home, he does something damaging to the opposition whether or not he makes it. As the Messrs. Shotten and Durocher well know, the defense is all the more jittery the next time he gets on.

Liking tight baseball, Durocher's master-minding runs to such things as steals, squeezes and hit-and-runs. He gets streaks when he uses the squeeze play in all excusable occasions. In 1941, when he took the National League championship with the Dodgers. he won eight games with it.

Then it backfired with sickening results one day in Cincinnati. With the score tied in the late innings the Dodgers got three on and Dolph Camilli came up. Ray Starr was pitching for the Reds and Dolph practically owned Starr. But this time he fanned.

Now, with three on, one out and Lew Riggs up, Durocher called the squeeze. Everyone ran and Riggs bunted a weak pop-up to the third baseman who stepped on the bag for a double play, which cost the Dodgers their big chance and ultimately the game.

Another squeeze play that went wrong—but right—was called by Durocher when he first took over the Giants in Pittsburgh in 1948. The game went to the 11th inning with Big Ernie Bonham pitching masterly ball for the Pirates. In the 11th Bobby Thomson got to third and Durocher called the squeeze with Bill Rigney at bat.

As Bonham wound up, Thomson, a little over-eager, started running too soon and gave away the play. Bonham took the prescribed counter-measure. He fired the ball at Rigney's head. In trying to get out of the way, Rigney twisted suddenly with the bat still on his shoulder and inadvertently hit a single over second, which won the game.

Managers frequently get invaluable aid from players in the master-minding department. Some players, like the immortal Ty Cobb, produced a stream of game-winning thoughts. Others have pulled extemporaneous gems out of the borderland between genius and schizophrenia.

One of the great thinking plays of all time was pulled by Jojo White, Cobb's successor several times removed as Detroit center-fielder, in a training game at Orlando, Florida, in the spring of 1935.

Detroit was playing the Dodgers, who had a man on third with none out and the score tied in the last of the ninth. The hitter lifted a long fly to center field. Obviously it was all over. The man on third would score easily after the catch.

But White did not give up. Before the ball got to him he made a fake catch and throw. The runner broke for the plate. He was 10 feet down the line when Jojo actually made the catch. Before he could tag up again the ball was in the infield and the run was lost.

Cobb, who is remembered chiefly for his flashing spikes and his daring, had his own master-minding department under his cap. If he singled and the ball was on the glove-hand side of the outfielder he would take his turn and go for second on the theory that the throw would be delayed a second. If the ball was on the throwing hand side, Cobb would take his turn and start for second. If the throw was off the line he would keep going. Otherwise he would go back to first.

Ty used the threat of a bunt to make hitting alleys for himself. When he was up with a man on first, the first baseman had to play on the bag to hold the runner on. That opened up the right side of the diamond. If the pitcher wasted the first pitch, Ty would fake a bunt and hold back. This brought the third baseman in on the grass and weakened the left side of the diamond. Having adjusted the infield to his taste, Ty would hit as the pitch required. In other words, if it was outside, he would poke it past the third baseman; if it was inside, he'd pull it to right.

The First Great Master-mind

The master-minding tradition set in with John McGraw. McGraw was good and he knew it. In fact some say that his chief infatuation was with his own brainwaves. He would call every pitch in the clutches, working the curve ball virtually to death. He would confound the opposition with surprise moves which were frequently unorthodox.

In 1921, Pittsburgh came into New York with a seven-and-a-half-game lead for a series with the Giants. McGraw considered the Pirates, who featured laughing characters such as Rabbit Maranville and Charley Grimm as a clownish group which must be suppressed. He lectured his team in the clubhouse about how important it was to beat the Pirates.

Babe Adams, big Pittsburgh right-hander, had the Giants 3 to 0 in the ninth. Then they filled the bases. He fed three balls to George (High-Pockets) Kelly, and McGraw, in contravention of custom, gave Long George the sign to hit the next one.

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Adams grooved it and Kelly hit it "upstairs" for four runs and the game.

You'd think McGraw would have had a pleasant word for Kelly in the clubhouse after the game. Nothing of the kind! He walked briskly to the wash basin and scrubbed his hands as was his custom. Then he turned around and said, "We'll win this series if my brains hold out."

Another day, in Chicago, McGraw's Giants had the Cubs by a run in the ninth. The Cubs filled the bases with one out, and Wilbur Goode, the lead-off man, came up. He was fast and something of a tap hitter. The question was whether to cut off the run at the plate or try for a double play. McGraw decided on the double play.

Goode drove what should have been a single through the box. Dave Bancroft came over from short and made what he himself considers the greatest play of his career. He speared the ball near second, stepped on the bag and threw out Goode at first.

In the clubhouse all McGraw said was, "I guess we outsmarted them that time."

Bill Terry, McGraw's immediate successor, was a unique brainwaver.

In Boston one day the Giants led the Braves by seven runs in the eighth. The Braves got two across and a couple on. Terry immediately pulled out his pitcher and sent in Carl Hubbell, his left-handed screwball ace. Carl got the Braves out quickly.

After the game some of us asked Terry why he used Hubbell in such circumstances.

"Because it was easier for us to win that game with a five-run lead than it will be to win tomorrow's," said Bill.

And now for a leavener, a team that played more than a week without a trace of master-minding and won eight straight: In the days of Wilbert Robinson, Brooklyn traded one Jake Flowers to the Cubs. He came back to play against the Dodgers soon after, and the game had almost started when Uncle Wilbert recalled that Flowers knew all the Brooklyn signs.

There was no time to put in new ones so Robbie called all signs off for the day. The Dodgers won, so Robbie, a great hunch player, kept the signs off the next day and the next. After they had won eight straight without master-minding, he reinstated signs and the Dodgers promptly got shellacked.

The Dodgers of 1930 were a particularly slow-footed bunch. The opposition would force the lead runner at third when they tried a sacrifice.

In this case, master-minding spread to the press box. Garry Schumacher and Tom Meany thought they had devised an antidote. They waited on Uncle Wilbert and Shumacher said, "Why do you always bunt in a bunting situation? Why not hit and run?"

The chance came the next day against the Cardinals. Johnny Frederick was on first and the pitcher on second with none out. It was a situation that cried for a bunt.

But Robby called the hit-and-run with Wally Gilbert at bat. The latter slashed a liner over second base. Charley Gelbert, the Card shortstop, speared it with his glove, stepped on second and picked Frederick off first for a triple play.

Shumacher and Meany didn't go near the Dodger bench for a month.

It was a serious blow to master-minding but, in the modern era, the air is again full of brainwaves.

It looks as if master-minding is here to stay. ● ● ●

Hitting the Pack Trail

(Continued from page 7)

camp meat for a hunting expedition.

On the way back to Nacori Chico, we made a discovery which could be of considerable importance. Everyone in this section of Mexico has heard about the lost Tayopa mine and any of you readers who have had the good fortune to read J. Frank Dobie's book, "Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver," will recall the fascinating story of this famous mine developed by the Spanish Jesuit Fathers. Outsiders were never allowed to come near it and so its whereabouts have always remained a secret. One of our men told us of a time when he had discovered a stone-paved road going up the side of a nearby mountain. In this area such a road would be almost a miracle.

Our hunter says the road goes well up the mountainside and then suddenly stops with no trace of anything beyond this point, with the exception of a Spanish fortification and a Spanish graveyard with about 20 headstones. Such a story excites the imagination. Why is the paved road there? What was the purpose of the fortification and who are the people buried in the graveyard? Can it be that this is where the fabulous riches of the Tayopa mine lay hidden? The mountain is in the area in which the Tayopa mine could have been situated. We would like to have explored it but unfortunately we had to return to the United States.

The Law School of the University of Washington had invited Gardner and the writer and the other three members of the Court of Last Resort —Raymond Schindler, Dr. Lemoyne Snyder and Tom Smith—to be the guests of honor and speakers at their annual banquet in Seattle. We had to move fast to make this date. Governor Langlie of Washington State and the members of the State Supreme Court and the State Superior Court were all to be guests and we were anxious to tell them about the work of the Court of Last Resort.

With all that fresh air and exercise, we were ready to take the world apart. Dan Mangum will probably need a good rest back at Douglas, Arizona, to recover from his ornery dudes. Our Mexican friends will have our endless gratitude. The warmth of their hospitality and the obvious pleasure they derived from making the Northern visitor happy is something we hope you will all be able to experience sometime.

Salud y pesetas! **Henry Steeger**

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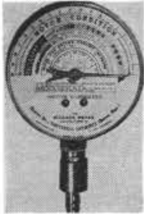

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Cookie's Tour

(Continued from page 54)

in evidence against you. You understand that, don't you, Cookie?

A: Sure. I understand it, Cap. I made statements before. Shoot.

Q: All right, Cookie. What is your age?

A: I was thirty on my last birthday. In August.

Q: What is your occupation?

A: I'm a safe burglar.

Q: I mean what is your legitimate trade?

A: Oh. I'm a baker. Or I'm supposed to be a baker. But I ain't worked at it since I got out of Sing Sing. I had enough baking at Sing Sing. I baked for two thousand gees up there.

Q: All right, Cookie. What we want now is a complete statement about what happened in Westover.

A: You're not interested in anything else about that safe job?

Q: You told us all we want to know about that this morning. Now we want to hear about Westover.

A: O.K. If you want to hear about it, I'll tell you. But it's a blot on my memory.

Q: Go right ahead. In your own words.

A: In my own words, yeah. Well, like I said this morning, the sting from that safe job wasn't bad. Over seven thousand. And cut up three ways that still ain't bad. So I got myself a little ready capital when I get word you got enough on us to make it stick.

I figure the safest way to play it is to breeze out of New York for a while. It don't take me long to figure that Baltimore is as nice a place as any to land, so I drop down to Penn Station, I pick up a ticket and before you know it I'm riding the cushions to Baltimore. I was—

Assistant District Attorney D'Angelo: Excuse me. Would you state why you happened to pick Baltimore?

A: Sure. Why not? I state I happened to pick Baltimore because I like New York, you know what I mean.

Q: I'm afraid I don't.

A: Well, Baltimore is far enough down the line so I'm not too worried you got me made for this safe job in New York and I'll be exposed to the heat from it. And, on the other hand, it's not too far away I can't run back here in five or six hours if I get the notion. Besides, in Baltimore there's this little broad I used to know and she's O.K. That answer your question?

Assistant District Attorney D'Angelo: Yes, well enough.

Captain McVeigh: Go on, Cookie.

A: Well, Cap, like I said, I'm in Baltimore with a lot better than a bumblebee in my kick and I'm out for a good time. This little broad and myself are batting around together. We're hitting on all eight, if you know what I mean. So, to make a long story short and sad, I get a little devil-may-care and I forget all about all the heat I got in New York. For some strange reason I'll never know, the little broad and myself are sitting in a scat joint one night when two big hunks of Baltimore law walk in, slap their hands on me and say, "Come along, bub."

Well, you can imagine how I feel. There I am laying in that Baltimore jail without a friend to talk to, the Baltimore heats they have in there being a terrible clannish bunch. So I'm not the most miserable guy in the world when they inform me a couple of New York cops are driving down to carry me back. It ain't the best situation that can happen to a guy, but I figure at least I'll hear a familiar voice, if you know what I mean.

It's long about supper time the next evening when . . . Say, Cap, do you know what they give you for supper in that Baltimore jail? They—

Q: Never mind that, Cookie. Go on with your story.

A: Yeah. It's along about supper time when they take me down to some lieutenant's office and there's the two New York cops. These here two guys, Detective Thompson and Detective Silverman. To me, after that jug full of strangers, they're like long-lost brothers only I don't admit it. Silverman shoves a paper under my nose and says, "Will you waive extradition back to New York?"

"I'll waive anything," I come back at him. "Where do I sign and let's get out of here."

This hits Thompson and Silverman between the eyes. They are planning to lay over in Baltimore the night and start driving back with me in the a.m. But I guess I give them an idea, because immediately they're figuring if they get back to New York by morning they got the rest of the day off coming to them.

So we all got the same idea in mind—Thompson, Silverman and me. We should start back to New York as soon as possible. But by the time they pass the courtesies of the day with the Baltimore cops and untangle the necessary formalities of getting me signed out, it's after eleven o'clock in the night. But anyhow, we're on our way.

Detective Thompson: At the time Detective Silverman and myself got you in Baltimore, Cookie, you weren't counting on making the move you did?

A: Listen. Who can count on such unseen circumstances?

Captain McVeigh: We'll cover that point when we get to it. Go on, Cookie.

A: Yeah. Thank you, Cap. So we get down to the car and they load me in.

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We start out with Thompson at the wheel and myself in the back with Silverman. They ain't taking any chances with me, you understand. Silverman has got out his cuffs, and the first thing he does is put one bracelet around my wrist and the other around his. But it's wasted energy, you know what I mean. It's nearly midnight and the last thought in my mind is a break. So, we're off to New York.

It turns out that this Thompson and Silverman are a couple of regular guys with it all. We have a nice conversation on the road. We're going over mutual acquaintances. Thompson, it develops, is the guy who collared my roommate at Sing Sing. And Silverman, of all people, went to the same public school I did only at different times. When I complain that the jailhouse coffee in Baltimore is like sweat and I'm dying for a cup, they oblige and stop at the nearest diner. After, Silverman takes the wheel and Thompson comes in back with me and the bracelets. All in all, it's getting to be a regular old-home week, you know what I mean.

Well, this goes on and on until the wee hours. I'm getting a little groggy and I start catching cat naps every once in a while. Thompson and Silverman are feeling the same way, but they're not passing such information along to me. After so much of this I'm beginning to wish I had stayed in that Baltimore jail another night. At least there was room to stretch out and put your feet up, which is not the case with the automobile we're riding in.

By now the sun is on the way up and daylight is making an appearance, when I hear the conversation between Thompson and Silverman. They think I'm in one of my cat naps but I'm catching every word.

"We're coming into Westover," I hear Silverman mention.

"I could use a little breakfast," Thompson comes back.

"It ain't no pleasure eating with this guy," Silverman says. I ignore the insult. "I wonder if there's a good restaurant open along the road."

"Hey, I got a thought," Thompson says. "There's an inspector here in Westover who I helped for four days in New York last year. He said anytime I get to Westover, the town's mine."

"So?"

"So let's drive downtown to the station house and put Cookie on ice a couple of hours while we have a leisurely set of ham and eggs," Thompson says.

"O.K. You got a customer." Silverman isn't hard to convince.

So we drive into the heart of town, which is sort of a Jersey City without the Holland Tunnel, if you know what I mean. It's only touching seven o'clock in the morning and the business district is definitely not a beehive of activity as yet. Thompson has got a good sense of direction and we find the police station with no effort at all. This Thompson is just like a homing pigeon, Cap. Do you know what—

Q: You found the police station.

A: Yeah, excuse me, Cap. We found the police station and the inspector who is the friend of Thompson's is sitting at his desk just like he was waiting all night for us to arrive.

There are the usual greetings and introductions. Pretty soon Thompson gets around to telling the inspector what he is doing in these parts and that he is hauling me back from Baltimore. I get a big build-up to the inspector as the "best safe ripper in New York," which naturally gives me quite a lift.

Before you know it, the inspector has offered to take Silverman and Thompson out for a spot of breakfast. Silverman rubs his chin and figures he could use a shave, to which the inspector is quick to recommend his own barber. But Thompson points to me and says, "We would love to accept your hospitality and patronize your barber," he says, "but what do we do with him?"

I volunteer that I also could use some breakfast and even a shave, but this goes over the head of the inspector. He pushes a button on the desk and in comes a cop—a big cop in soft clothes—who weighs no less than two hundred and fifty.

Before you can say "Boo," the big cop has me by the seat of the pants and I'm tiptoeing down the hall toward the jail house.

Q: The jail is in the same building, isn't that right, Cookie?

A: Yeah. Cap. The police station has sort of the first three floors and the city jail is upstairs on the fifth—or is it the sixth—

Detective Silverman: It's the fifth.

A: Yeah. The fifth. So this big cop takes me to the back and we go through a set of double doors which leads to nothing but a small room. There sits at the desk a sergeant and behind him is a caged-in place where another cop is working away at some papers. Also there is an elevator door, which, as I am to learn, is an express ride to the city jail.

The sergeant asks the big cop what are the charges and the big cop says there are no local charges. He explains that I am en route to New York and he gives the sergeant a run down on the situation between the inspector and Thompson and Silverman. All in all, the big cops says, I won't be in there more than a couple of hours.

For this the sergeant is grateful, because like everywhere else the jail has a housing situation. The sergeant takes my name and the other essentials and calls out the uniform cop from behind the cage. The big cop and the uniform cop shake me down, but they get nothing out of my pockets except a handkerchief, a comb, a pack of cigarettes and some matches. I explain to them that Detective Silverman has my money and the balance of my personal property.

At any rate, the sergeant gives me back my cigarettes, my matches and my handkerchief, but puts the comb in an envelope for which he gives me the customary receipt. He also takes my

necktie and belt and put them in the envelope. The poor jerk is afraid I'm gonna hang myself with the necktie and belt and dig my way out with the comb.

As I'm standing there trying to hold my pants up (I lost a few pounds in Baltimore), the uniform cop rings the elevator bell. The big cop leaves without a good-bye. As soon as he is out the door, the sergeant says to the uniform cop, "Throw him in the tank."

It was then that—

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY D'ANGELO: Just a second, Cookie. Exactly what is "a tank?"

A: Haven't you been district attorney long enough to know what a tank is?

Q: I know what a tank is, but I'd like the record to show it.

A: Lawyers, it don't make no difference which side they're on, they're all the same. A tank is a bullpen.

Q: All right. A tank or a bullpen is a large common cell in a jail where various persons charged with minor offenses are imprisoned together, either to exercise or await trial before a magistrate. Is that right, Cookie?

A: Right as rain, Mr. D. A.

CAPTAIN McVEIGH: Go on, Cookie.

A: Well, the sergeant says throw me in the tank. The elevator hits the floor, the cop and I get on and we take a ride upstairs to the fifth.

We get off and the cop hands me over to a keeper and says, "His name is Cookie Cerulli. He's en route to New York charged with burglary. The officers he's with have business with Inspector Ferguson. Throw him in the tank for a couple of hours."

Business, I say to myself. They're out stuffing themselves with ham and eggs while here I am again stuck with jailhouse coffee. While I'm thinking this, the cop gets back on the elevator and the keeper is pushing me toward the tank which he opens up and bids me enter.

I step in and I'm disgusted by the sight. I'm so disgusted that for a second I leave go of my pants and they begin to slip. The place is about as big as a good-sized handball court. One side is all bars, the other two sides are walls with maybe one or two windows high up. All around the walls are built-in wood benches.

On the benches, on the cold cement floor and practically hanging from the ceiling are about two dozen guys. Some are laying down, some are standing up. Some have their eyes open, some have them shut. But out of the two dozen I can guarantee you I was the only one who went through the night without a drink. Here I am, supposed to be a high-class safe ripper, in with a bunch of rumdums. It makes me nauseous, you know what I mean.

The only thing that holds me on my feet was that I knew it would be two hours tops and I'd be in the car going to New York. So I look around and see an open space on a bench between lushes. I walk over, thinking to stretch out and catch a few winks myself.

But first I figure I'll have myself a smoke. This, gentlemen, is my big mistake. No sooner do I pull out that pack than a guy weaves over to me. He's not the crummy type, he's well dressed. Except, of course, he's missing his tie and his belt which they got downstairs in the envelope. You could take him for the ordinary citizen if he isn't loaded—but loaded.

"How're you doing, pal?" he says.

"Hit the ties, rummy," I give him. But it goes over his head, he don't move.

"How about a smoke? Can you spare a smoke?" he wants to know.

Well you know me, Cap. My big heart sticks out all over me. I got a full deck of cigarettes and I don't have the meanness to turn the poor guy down. So I give him a smoke. And he adopts me. He won't leave my side, he sticks with me. He won't leave my side. And he's loaded like the Lexington Avenue express.

By now it's nearing seven-thirty in the morning and the tank is beginning to come alive. Some of the drunks are walking around, trying to shake off the night before. Most of them are moaning and holding their big, heavy heads.

Then I notice something that didn't mean too much to me at the time. The keeper that put me in the tank and all the other keepers are relieved and a new set of keepers comes on duty. To pass the time I notice this whole operation.

My friend, the lush, pretty soon has bummed his third cigarette and as far as he's concerned we're buddies from World War I. Instead of beginning to sober up he's one of them type drunks who the longer he's away from it the wobblier he gets, you know what I mean.

I'm taking in his life history because there is nothing else to do. His name he tells me is Johnson, the first name Fred. He's not from Westover at all. He's from Trenton. He's here in Westover for a little convention of hardware dealers of which, naturally, he's one. He got somewhat gay and unruly on the street last night and the cops, who don't know from hardware conventions, threw him in the jug. Now he's sorry about the whole thing, but he don't feel a bit better than he did when they brought him in.

Well, in the shape he's in he takes a good half hour to tell me all this. I humor him and let all these vital statistics breeze by me until the new keeper walks up to the bars and yells through, "All right, you stew bums!" he yells. "Court will be open in fifteen minutes. Get yourself ready to make a good impression on the judge."

It was like a flash! I can walk out of this joint! At least I can try. Why should I go back to New York meek as a lamb and take another five or even seven-and-a-half to fifteen in Sing Sing sitting down without even making an effort. What can I lose?

So I go to work on my buddy, Johnson.

"Look, pal," I tell him. "By a strange coincidence my name also happens to

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By ROD RODRIGUEZ
Auto Editor

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be the same as yours—Johnson."

This he buys because he's loaded and there are luckily a lot of Johnsons in the world. But the rest I got to play cagey.

"You're from Trenton and I'm a steady customer around this jail," I lay it on. "So for that reason they will probably call out my name first. I'll let you know, pal. O. K.?"

"O. K., pal," he says and my blood pressure goes up a notch, you know what I mean.

In five minutes the place is alive and stirring. Everybody who can stand is on their feet except me and Johnson. Everybody is getting in shape to see the judge, who I undersand by now is a tough nut to crack. Then the new keeper comes over and unlocks the gate to the tank. In he walks and all the lushes stop dead in their tracks.

"All right," he hollers. "You'll go to the courtroom ten at a time. As I call the names, step up here and fall in line!"

And he starts calling names. If he don't call Johnson in the first ten I figure I'm cooked, because there is no telling how soon Thompson and Silverman would be back.

When the keeper gets to about the fifth name, it looks bad. But we make it, just under the wire.

"And Johnson!" the keeper yells.

"That's me," I tell Johnson. "You'll probably be in the next batch. I'll see you, pal."

So I get off the bench and start over to the line of lushes. I'm beginning to feel pretty proud of myself when I hear a voice behind me. It was Johnson.

"Hey, pal! Wait a minute!" he hollers and he starts weaving over to the line.

This, I figure, finishes it. He's wise, he's gonna raise a stink with the keeper.

Hey, pal!" Johnson says as he gets to me. "Don't leave without giving me another cigarette."

"Here, pal," I come back, and the old blood pressure starts relaxing again. "Take the deck. Go back over and enjoy yourself until they call you."

CAPTAIN McVEIGH: This drunk, Johnson. He had no idea what you were up to?

A: He's in a stupor, Cap. How can he know what I'm up to?

Q. All right, Cookie. Go on.

A. Yeah. So, I get in line with the nine stewbums. And the new keeper marches us out of the tank. Here I'm trying to make myself look like I had a hard night and at the same time I got my eye open that maybe one of the night side keepers is still hanging around and hasn't gone home or wherever they go. The new keeper brings us to a stop in front of the elevator where the stewbums who are regular begin another conversation on how tough the judge is. This whole thing is beginning to look a little foolish to me because, odds-on, the judge is going to send me right back upstairs to do a slow ten days or so. But I've gone this far and, like I said, I got nothing to lose, irregardless.

The elevator door opens and I get the fright of my life. Who gets off but the sergeant that wrote me in downstairs not two hours previous. I'm standing there trying to look out the window and this sergeant heads right to me. It was like two acrobats trying to walk a tight rope without coming face to face. I figure the end has come. but the sergeant don't make me from Adam and brushes right past to talk to a keeper who is standing way in back.

The breath don't come too much easier as our keeper loads us all on the elevator and gets on himself. Then, just as the doors are about to shut, the sergeant comes running back toward the elevator.

"Down!" he says and he practically slides into home plate.

"Move back in there and make some room," the keeper tells us. I'm already flat against the wall, almost.

The door to the elevator shuts and we're on our way downstairs. It is lucky that the keeper and the sergeant are mutual friends and have a lot in common, so the sergeant don't take the opportunity to glance back at me and the stewbums in the car.

But when we hit the bottom, the sergeant and the keeper are first out of the car. They are prodding the stewbums along and I'm sure the gag is over. I'm the last one out and I got to once more come face to face with the sergeant. If he don't make me now, he belongs on the police department like I belong in the Boy Scouts.

"Are you in here again?" he gives me. "Can't you stay sober?"

I shrug my shoulders and he moves me along with a shove that wasn't any too gentle. The guy has me tagged for one of his steady boozed-up customers, but I figure he'll wake up sooner or later.

But, lucky for me, he ain't around long enough to get the connection. He and the keeper open the double doors and the stewbums walk through. The keeper comes with us and the sergeant goes back and sits down at his desk. I'm telling you, this is like something out of a moving picture.

So, the keeper leads us into the police court which is in the next building. The joint is filled with two-bit lawyers and cops who are waiting around for their cases to be called. That last fact worries me. What about the cop who pinched Johnson last night? They can't make a case in court unless he's there, so he's got to be there. But I figure to plead guilty, so maybe he won't be called on.

Q: Was the officer in court?

A: Wait. I'll get to it. So the keeper sits us all down there in the first row, me and the stewbums. One after another their cases are called; one after another they plead guilty and the judge knocks them off for five days, ten days, thirty days. I could see what they mean, a tough judge. Thirty days for taking a drink more than they ought to. Imagine!

All the time I'm sitting there won-

dering if Thompson and Silverman are back in the station and have they started to look for me yet. In the middle of all this wondering, the clerk of the court hollers out, "Fred Johnson!"

For a minute the name goes over my head, you know what I mean. Then I wake up, and I'm up on my feet and I walk over in front of the judge who looks like he could chew up four New York magistrates and spit them out in a ball.

"Present, Your Honor," I say as innocent as I can.

"You're charged with being drunk and disorderly," the clerk says. "How do you plead?"

"Guilty, I guess," I say.

"Don't you know?" the judge asks looking down at me from that high seat up there.

"Guilty," I say.

The judge looks down at a piece of paper. He studies it a minute and then he glares at me over the top of his glasses.

"The report of the police officer says you were drunk on Commerce Street and rolling in the gutter. He reports that when he attempted to get you back out of the street for your own safety, you struck at him and clawed him. Is that so?"

"Well, Your Honor," I say, "if that's what the officer says happened I'll have to take his word for it because at the moment my memory fails me for obvious reasons."

"Is the arresting officer in court?" the judge wants to know.

This I figure is definitely the end. But I get a break.

The clerk tells the judge that Patrolman What's-his-name is on another case in Traffic Court and would be fetched if the judge so desired. The judge says never mind as long as I am pleading guilty.

Well, the judge turns out to be a real Chamber of Commerce guy. He gives me a lecture about how Westover is so full of hospitality to visitors and that visitors should return the favor by behaving themselves. Then he hands me the news.

"Ten dollars fine or ten days in the workhouse," he says.

The very thought of it makes me sick. There I am without a nickel in my pockets, standing there holding up my pants from falling down like some lousy jerk off the Bowery. For a small ten bucks I could beat ten years in Sing Sing. What a spot!

Then the judge turns on the charm. He takes off those glasses and breaks out in a great big smile on me.

"Mr. Johnson," he says, "we here in Westover open our gates to visitors. You came all the way from Trenton to enjoy yourself at a meeting of your business colleagues. I want you to go back to Trenton and tell everyone what a warm-hearted city Westover is. Sentence is suspended."

You could knock me over with a sectional jimmy at this moment. I try to move my feet but they won't go. It's like being stuck in a pile of glue.

"That's all, Mr. Johnson," the judge says. "You are free to go."

"Thank you, Your Honor," I come back at him. "Thank you very much. I'll spread the word in Trenton."

With that I start to walk out. Not the way I came in, but I head through the big doors in the back of the court room. This I noticed before leads to the street. I got not a nickel in my pockets but that don't make no difference to me. All I got on my mind now is to get on the street.

Well, I'm halfway out the courtroom when someone hollers out behind me, the clerk, I think.

"Johnson!"

I pretend not to hear him and quicken my step. But there's a cop standing at the door.

"Stop that man!" the clerk yells at the top of his voice.

The cop tries to grab me as I rush by. But I break through and start running holding up my pants, with the cop right behind me. Before I know it there's two more cops from nowheres. One of them reaches out for me. He gets a hand on me. I fight back.

"O.K., wise guy," one of them says. He whips out his billy, I see him bearing down on my head with it and, all of a sudden, the lights go out. I'm out cold.

When the lights come on again, I'm looking up at a white ceiling and I hear voices. At first I make it to be angels in heaven but soon the voices clear up. It's Thompson and Silverman. They got that inspector with them. I'm in a bed in the emergency hospital.

I would like to hear what's going on, so I don't let them know yet I come around. I just listen.

"You got to give the little punk credit," I heard Thompson say. "He thought it all out by himself."

"He sure caused a change in regulations around here," the inspector says. "The chief ordered no more felony suspects held in the tank, even if it's only for ten minutes."

"Yeah," Silverman comes back. "You got to play it safe. I can imagine what our captain would have given us if we lost him."

"And, brother, you would have lost him, too," the inspector says, "if he'd have realized they weren't calling him back because they found him out, but only to give him Johnson's property."

As much as my head hurts from the billy, it hurts that much more from this blow. It was Johnson's property they wanted to give me, that's why they called me back.

"And wait'll he finds out that Johnson had a lot more than a belt and a necktie in that envelope. Wait until he finds out there was nearly $400 in cash in there."

Well, Cap, that finishes me. I can't utter a word all the way back to New York with Thompson and Silverman. Not a word. I just sit in the car and suffer. I'm still suffering and I'll be suffering more back up in Sing Sing doing all that baking for two thousand gees who don't know tea biscuits from pumpernickel. ● ● ●

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I'll Let That Cave Keep Its Gold

by JACK BRANDT with NED ARTHUR

Illustration by DOM LUPO

HIGH up on the top ridge of California's Providence Mountains we finished setting up our windlass. The rain was cold and slashed at the sparse growth of juniper and piñon as I got ready to be lowered deep into the earth. I was ready for anything. Maybe I'd find more gold than I ever dreamed of in a lifetime of prospecting.

When I first saw the hole, a few days before, I dropped a lot of rocks in it and felt the hair stand up on the back of my neck. They didn't make a sound or a splash or anything. I dropped a big stone in and listened for two or three minutes. All I got was silence. I made up my mind that this was one cavern I'd look into myself.

Now our little crew was prepared to lower me on a windlass. I had sent for plenty of rope—500 feet of strong Manila. But now I wondered if that was enough. I rigged a bosun's chair to the end of the line, tied on a flashlight, stuffed some flares in my pocket, and then told the boys to unwind.

It wasn't so bad at first. The boys yelled down to ask if I was all right and what things looked like down there. I yelled back that I was O.K., but I couldn't see a thing. An owl couldn't have seen the end of his beak in the blackness I was falling through. Then pretty soon I couldn't hear anything, either.

Hanging there in the middle of nothing seemed pretty queer when the noises stopped. I knew I was still going down, because the rope jerked every so often. Then that stopped, too.

I wasn't scared much at first. I kept thinking that any minute I'd start up or down. But nothing happened. I felt for my strong three-cell flashlight and snapped it on. The long shaft of white light reached out through the black cave, but it didn't touch anything. I pointed it in another direction, then another. It still didn't touch anything —no wall, no rock formation of any kind. For a hundred yards in every direction all I could see were specks of dust shivering in the light beam.

That was when I began to think of the old Mojave stories that had seemed nothing but superstition up above ground. Indians believed that the whole desert was hollow in this section. And there was an old prospector, E. P. Dorr, who told how he'd gone down thousands of feet in a place he called Crystal Cave. This was in 1934, and Dorr later swore out a statement that some friends of his discovered the secret and recovered more than $57,000 of gold from the sands of a huge underground river. This happened 30 miles north of where I was. I'd dreamed of finding that same river here.

Now I wasn't so certain I wanted the gold. When I turned off the light, I wasn't certain of anything, except that something was plenty wrong. I untied a light line I had and lashed myself to the main rope. It was lucky I did, for after a while the muscles of my back and stomach started to tremble and jerk. I might have shaken myself right out of the bosun's chair. If I'd known what was happening up top maybe I would have.

Outside the hole Jim and Bob had gotten worried as they watched the last coils disappear from the windlass. Then suddenly the line slacked. They thought I'd reached bottom. But when no signal came back that I was O.K.—two jerks on the line—they bent their backs trying to rewind me. The rope wouldn't budge. Somewhere far below it was hopelessly fouled.

Meanwhile the rainstorm was building up into half a gale. They were about cursed out and exhausted when a lone cowpoke, head bent against the rain, rode down the trail. It was now five hours since I'd stepped over the lip of the hole.

Bob and Jim and the cowboy decided that someone had to climb down after me. They matched coins, and Slim, the cowboy, won or lost, however you figure it. He climbed over the edge, and slipped down the rope into the blackness below.

Less than 100 feet down Slim found the trouble. The rope was firmly wedged in a crevice, dangerously frayed from hours of chafing. Slim worked desperately with a prospector's pick the Randalls sent down to him on a line, until he wedged out a piece of rock so the line could run free.

Then Slim signaled the boys to take in slack. He stayed below and hauled and sweated to pull me up, until he knew that the frayed spot in the rope was safe on the windlass again.

I must have passed out long before, because the next thing I knew I was on my back, with rain on my face, sputtering and gagging over a mouthful of red-eye. The boys told me what happened, and that nearly gave me a relapse. Looking over at Slim, tall and skinny, I wondered how he ever raised me that first 100 feet. I was 240 pounds of dead weight.

Since that cold afternoon I've prospected in a lot of places. I still have my share of gold fever. But one thing I'll never do is slide down that damned hole again. It might be that half the gold in California today is down at the bottom—if it has a bottom, that is.

Imagination? No, it's something more than that. I can't forget what happened just before I dozed off at the end of my 500 foot line that morning. I had pulled a powerful flare from my pocket and lighted it and leaned over to let it drop. But it never hit bottom. I watched it tumble farther and farther down, fading to a pinpoint of light. Then it just disappeared. ● ● ●

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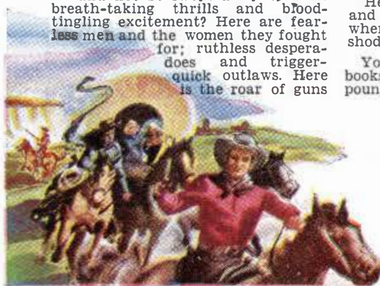

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