

P.P.  
INC

# ARGOSY

The COMPLETE Man's Magazine

JULY 25c

MY LAST  
HOME RUN  
by Joe DiMaggio



LAKE WAPPASOTA  
Having a wonderful time - Wish you were here  
Jane + the Kids  
POST CARD  
Mr. Johnson  
424 Long Branch  
N.J.

THE CAPTAIN'S PRISONER NOVELETTE OF THE MONTH

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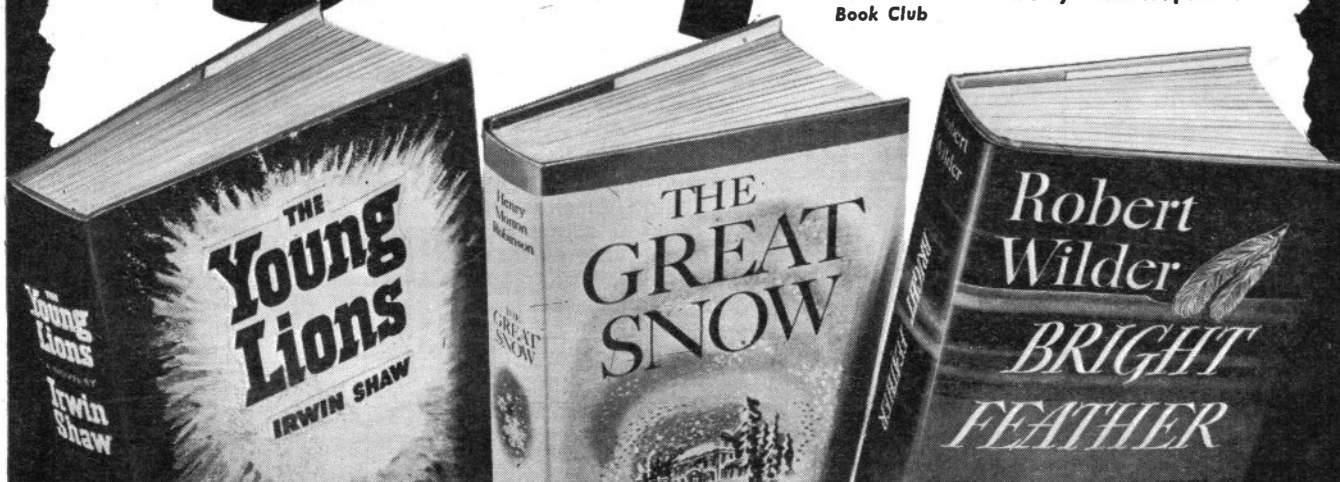


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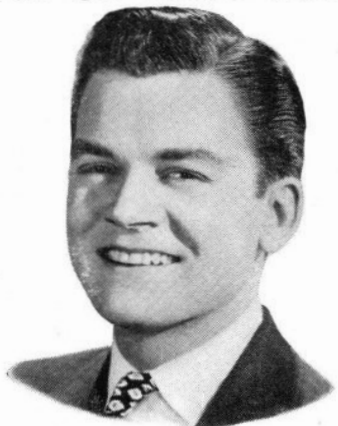
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# ARGOSY

THE COMPLETE MAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY, 1949

volume 329

number 1

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# Cooking with **DYNAMITE**

**T**HINGS are happening around here with the speed of lightning. Your editor is going to take off in a couple of minutes on the most exciting trip he's had in years. This article will be dictated just as fast as it can be talked out, and then we're off. First, we're going to tell you about the very interesting and informative time we had last week.

Your great friend Erle Stanley Gardner phoned on Monday to announce that he had flown East and was back in Boston to attend another seminar of the Homicide Investigation Group at the Harvard Medical School.

"You can get a plane this afternoon," he said. "Come on up and we'll plan some more cases for the Court of Last Resort and talk about the next Jerry Bane story for ARGOSY."

In less than an hour we were on our way and we met Erle at the Hotel Statler. Captain Frances Lee was with him. You will remember from six months ago what we told you about this unusual woman. She is honorary head of the New Hampshire State Police and runs the Homicide Investigation Seminars. Dr. and Mrs. LeMoyne Snyder were also there. You remember how he helped us dig up evidence in the Bill Keys investigation. LeMoyne is the foremost medico-legal criminologist in the country. The wife of Commander MacMillan of Arctic fame was also there and we had some fascinating conversation.

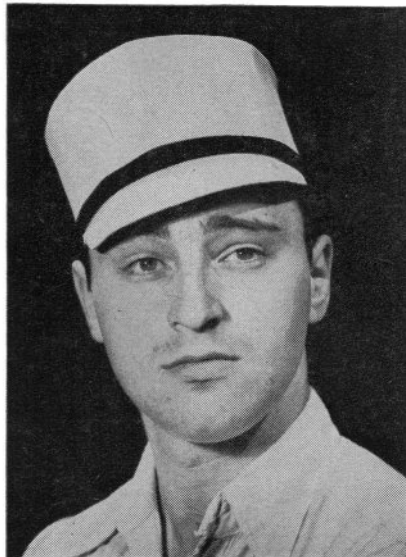
Erle has been working on two cases in particular for the Court of Last Resort and we're going to present both of them to you next month. As usual, we'll present the facts and then it'll be up to you to tell us by letter what you would like to have us do. One of the cases concerns a pair of brothers by the name of Brite who are imprisoned in California and the other is a case in Michigan which first came to our attention through Dr. Snyder. You'll be absorbed with these real-life dramas in the next issue of ARGOSY.

The next day we attended the seminar at the Harvard Medical School at Captain Frances Lee's kind invitation. The greatest scientific brains in the country are assembled semi-annually for these meetings. Two men are selected from each state by the heads of the state police and the governor of the state. There was also one man from London, England, and one from Ontario, Quebec. Captain Lee told these men all about the Court of Last Resort and the work ARGOSY is doing in trying to win justice for the underdog. After the class, we were interviewed by Reporter Harris of the *Boston Globe*, and Erle Stanley Gardner, ARGOSY and the Court of Last Resort were written up on Page 1. We'll admit frankly we're pleased to have this type of recognition. It was a whirlwind trip and we were back in New York again the next afternoon at our desk, planning other adventures.

## A SHANGHAIED READER

One of the letters we received on our return was from a reader. It outlined the wildest, most incredible personal adventure we've come across in many years. It seemed unlikely that the man could substantiate his story, but we wrote at once asking for documentary proof. He not only supplied the documents, but sent along with them in manuscript form the full account of his experiences, and these, too, will appear in ARGOSY next month, under the title, "I Was Shanghaied into the French Foreign Legion."

The author, Walter G. Leathe, is an American citizen who has a story to tell which you will find hard to believe. He tells in the most graphic language of the dangers, privations and hardships he experienced just (Concluded on page 111)



Shanghaied into Foreign Legion, his amazing story appears next month.

## SUCCESSFUL WRITERS

# Teach You To WRITE



**ROBERT SMITH**

Author: *Hotel on the Lake*; *The Human Image*; *Baseball*; many short stories.



**JANET WELT**

formerly on staff *N. Y. Journal* and *Detroit Times*; writer for *Dell* and *Fawcett Publications*.

**BETH WALKER**, author: *Hills of Home*; *Hollywood Ho*; radio scripts; verse; juvenile stories.

**MARY HEATON VORSE**, author: *The Pretense*; *A Footnote to Folly*; stories in *Collier's*, *Woman's Home Companion*, etc. And Other Successful Writers and Editors.

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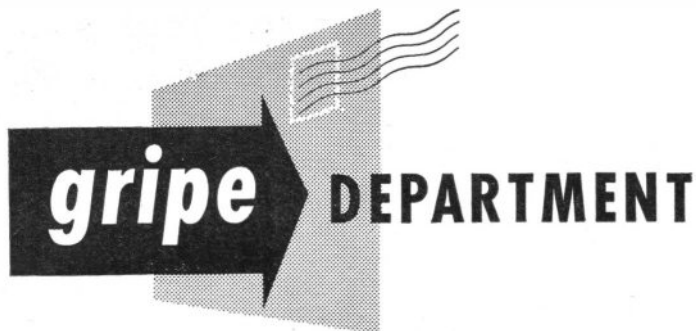
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# **gripe** DEPARTMENT

Have you a gripe that's been bothering you? If so, you can sound off freely in ARGOSY'S Gripe Department. ARGOSY will pay \$5 for any gripe letter acceptable for this page.

## **SPARKS FROM A RADIO REPAIRMAN** Gripe Editor:

When I read Ralph Gorham's gripe letter in the May issue it made me mad. Why must some people think that radio technicians are crooks intending to fleece them out of their money?

I am a radio technician and I pride myself on the quality of my work and stand behind it a hundred percent. We radio men are, I believe, entitled to a fair profit for our time and knowledge.

I am glad to give a few hints to the average radio owner. First, be sure the set is plugged in. You would be surprised to know how many times a set is brought into a shop just because it was not plugged into the wall plug. If the set is an AC-DC and the tubes don't light up, one or more is burned out. As they are in series, none will light up. If the set is an AC, you can feel the tubes and if you find a cold one it is burned out. If either type has a loud hum it probably needs new filter condensers. These things are about all the average person can tell, and to go any further into your radio troubles you need instruments and plenty of knowledge about what makes a radio tick.

I would advise any person to ask other people before taking his set to a shop. A good radio technician

will be fairly well known. Most of us are in the business to stay and we always try to do our best.

Finally, either trust your serviceman or go find another. You don't know radio and we must have your confidence.

JOSEPH D. KNIGHT  
Denison, Texas

## **A NEW FREEDOM** Gripe Editor:

I'm fat with a capital F—five feet, ten inches, and weigh 268 pounds. So I do wobble when I walk? So I can't see my feet? So what? It's my walk and my wobble. What gripes me is the way people act about it. Strangers who'd never think of saying, "It's a nice day" to me walk brashly up and start regaling me with a long list of the dangers of obesity, ask me if I've had a heart attack yet and tell me incredulously and pityingly how their poor Uncle Willie died from over-eating long before he reached my size. I learn, the longest way, how many calories there are in everything from a lettuce leaf to a peanut shell. Even my family give me a hurt look when I ask for a second cup of weak, black coffee. I for one am in favor of still another American freedom—the freedom of fat.

A. B. DUNDER  
Oakdale, Louisiana

## **A WAITRESS SPEAKS HER MIND**

Gripe Editor:

I am a waitress and I would like to know why a man will throw a half-dollar to a bartender for serving him a couple of drinks, then turn around and run a waitress' legs off serving him a full-course dinner and leave her a dime or fifteen cents—a quarter tops. Don't these men realize a bartender gets a good salary, whereas a waitress makes from ten to a possible eighteen dollars a week? Also, a bartender stands and either draws a beer or mixes a cocktail and doesn't use his manly muscles for much more than polishing the mahogany, whereas the poor female has to lug about nine dishes plus water glasses (count 'em) to serve an average five-course dinner, then lug 'em back again, in between times battling with cranky cooks, etc., to get her orders out properly.

Now don't get me wrong. I don't begrudge a bartender his tips. I just think those big-shots who overtip at the bar, then economize on the waitress' tip ought to stop and do some mental arithmetic. And stop looking at the waitress' legs while doing it.

(Name withheld by request)  
Miami, Florida

## **KNOW-IT-ALLS**

Gripe Editor:

I would like to register my gripe. I'm sure I'm not the first to register a like complaint. There should be a law against friendly advisors, those people who have on tongue-tips the solution to all problems, worldly and otherwise. They can, and willingly do, advise on points of law, medicine, politics, the mother-in-law problem, marital troubles, etc.

In truth there is nothing they aren't qualified to advise on, and if perchance some minute problem arises in which they are unskilled—and these are truly rare—they have a personal friend who will handle your needs at half the usual cost. If by any chance you should mention a problem in the presence of two of these people you are doomed. Caught in such a crossfire you are baffled at the wisdom but obvious difference of opinion of these great *stinkers*, pardon the spelling. Until Congress takes action may they all drop dead.

ROBERT F. CLARK  
Austin, Minnesota

## **KNIFE-AND-FORK POLISHERS**

Gripe Editor:

The writer's field of work calls for considerable traveling around our country. I have encountered the individual causing my gripe in all parts of the United States, so he and his ilk may well be termed a nation-wide annoyance. I refer to the "knife-and-fork polisher."



... regaling me with a long list of the dangers of obesity.



Why is it, in the finest hotels and restaurants across the land, one finds so many men (and, unhappily, some women, too) who seem to suspect the presence of germs on the silverware? Just before the first mouthful, they feel obliged to stage what frequently works up to an Academy Award performance, by brandishing their napkins and, with much waving of arms and appropriate grimaces, proceeding vigorously to polish their table tools.

Such conduct is, of course, an insult to the restaurant management, to say nothing of the other hardier guests who had—shall we say?—the reckless courage to dine there.

In addition, these offenders, who, truth to tell, often have the outward appearance of intelligence,



### They polish table tools—but why?

must realize that a thousand swipes with a napkin cannot completely remove harmful bacteria, if actually present. Such a waste of energy!

Perhaps a trained psychiatrist could supply the answer to such goings-on. As for me, in this situation I am more interested in effect than cause. In short, I don't like it!

ROGER T. MULLANEY  
Great Neck, New York.

### GAL MEETS "JUMPING DOG"

Gripe Editor:

"Nuts" to advice columns and "nuts" to the poor dopes who take their advice. That's me—always believing everything I read and doing anything some bright guy says can be done. Take for instance that item about "Jumping Dogs" by Byron W. Dalrymple in the March Argosy. It sounded sensible, so I swallowed it hook, line and sinker.

Mr. Dalrymple, have you ever been thoroughly kissed by a Great Dane? Kissed, licked, pawed, scratched, knocked down and trampled at the same time? You haven't or you'd never advise any

frail human being to risk her life wrestling a canine by the simple method of "encouraging the dog to place its forefeet up on you, then, while smiling, talking and scratching its ear, carefully step on the dog's back toes."

You see, our neighbors have a dog—at least they call him a dog but I call him a—well, anyway, Homer (that's his name—Homer) seems to have an overwhelming love for me. He demonstrates it with the "jumping-dog" technique every time we meet. After reading your article I smugly decided to outsmart him, so outdoors I go and firmly bracing my five-foot figure for the assault, I let go with a whistle.

Across the street and through the muddy yard charges Homer, eyes gleaming with fond affection yet seemingly amazed at my voluntary offer of friendship. Did you say "encourage"? Brother, I didn't have time. A hundred and twenty pounds of dog landed on me before I could open my mouth. With muddy feet on my shoulders, red lolling tongue in my face, it was all I could do to stand up. You say "step on the dog's back toes." How could I when he was standing on mine? Well, there we were—Homer weighing 120 pounds vs. Bunny at 95. Madison Square Garden would have a sellout for a bout like that.

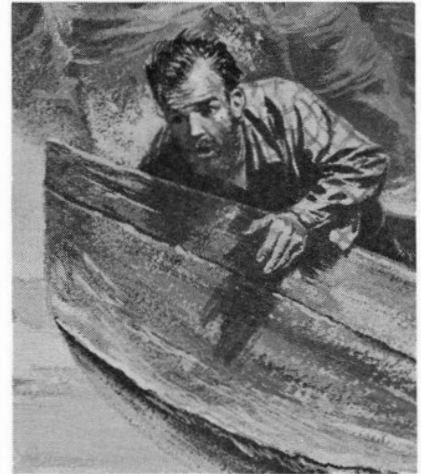
You say "when the dog whimpers and scrambles down, smile and encourage it to leap up again." How could I? When he went down I was underneath.

Well, I gave up the scientific struggle right there and resorted to cave-woman tactics, I bit the jubilant Homer on the nose and when he backed off to howl his dismay I got to my feet and reeled drunkenly into the house. Without even wiping the mud from my eyes I picked up March Argosy and tore out page 74. When I pass that magazine on to someone else they'll miss the "jumping dog" article, which any person in his right mind should be glad to do.

MRS. BUNNY SANDERSON  
Eau Claire, Wisconsin



Homer refused to learn manners.



from the "The Lobstick of Charlie Giroux"

## Next Month in Fiction

### OVER THE BORDER

(A Complete Novelette)

By A. E. Hotchner

The three desperate Americans sought their new life in a dangerous gamble in post-war Paris.

### ESCAPE TUNNEL

By Seymour Shubin

Night and day they dug—always in the shadow of fear. Then came the minute they had waited for. . . .

### HOLD THAT BULL!

By D. M. Johnson

At roping a steer or busting a bronc Tim was tops, but when he tried to hogtie Annie he tied himself in knots.

### TO HELL—WITH ORDERS

By Steve Hail

The new fireboat lieutenant had strong ideas on fighting fires—and some much stronger ideas on fighting his crew.

### TRAPPED BY FEAR

By John Masters

There in the jungle he sought to combat the strange darkness that was killing him.

### THE LOBSTICK OF CHARLIE GIROUX

By Les Savage, Jr.

In the beard of that magnificent river rogue were hidden his strength and his weakness.

### YOU CAN'T LIVE FOREVER

By William Holder

There was little chance that the sailors and the Army Joes would ever see eye to eye. There was less chance that they'd live long enough to argue.

August ARGOSY on sale July 20





**PAUL STEVENS**

**Cross-country peddling and movie publicity helped mold a reporter.**



**BRIAN O'BRIEN**

**Far-off, strange-sounding places always attract him like a magnet.**



**MORLEY GRISWOLD**

**An outdoor sportsman all his life, he became the Governor of Nevada.**

# argonotes

## MEET THE AUTHORS BEHIND ARGOSY'S STORIES

**WE DON'T KNOW** what it takes to become a newspaperman, but here's what it took for Paul Stevens, who wrote "Cash for Contract Harvesting," page 60, to get his job. After finishing college, Paul worked on the following newspapers: the Burlington, Vt., "Daily News," the Columbus, Ga., "Enquirer," the Atlanta "Journal" and the Pawtucket (R. I.) "Times." A year writing publicity for Universal Pictures in Rockefeller Center, N. Y., then Paul hit the open road as a salesman. He sold can openers, egg beaters and jar-top removers, peddling the stuff from a beat-up Austin, all across the U. S. Many times he traded off his wares to get the necessary gas and oil to continue to the West Coast. He lost twenty pounds on the California-or-bust trek, but gained an enormous knowledge of America.

Paul has been working for almost six years as reporter and feature writer for the Boston "Herald," mixing in a pretty successful side-dish of free-lance writing to boot. "Newspaper work is alternately fascinating and irksome," he admits, "and the meals you catch on the fly sooner or later promote ulcers. But who wants to be an eight-to-five man cooped up in a teller's cage?"

**BRIAN O'BRIEN** HAS an enthusiasm of another sort. Life opened up for him when he ran away from school at sixteen to enlist in the British Army at the outbreak of World War I. After serving in France, Italy, Egypt, Palestine and India, he returned home for a short visit. Then, to prevent any further exposure to formal education, he skipped off to West Africa and trekked about the Big Bush country of the French-mandated Cameroons, to report on exploitation possibilities for a French trading company.

In the Cameroons, Spanish Guinea and the French Gabon, he gathered rubber, ivory and palm produce, plus a number of smelly tusks, gorilla skulls and other rifle trophies.

After a stint as transport officer for the Nigerian Railways under construction by

the British Colonial Service, followed by a traveling assignment as European representative of a travel agency, Brian headed for America to see if everything his American clients had said was true. That was 1927, and except for short trips to Africa, Cuba, Canada and Europe, this has remained his home.

It was a quick step from this life of adventure to writing about it, and from the safety of the "Big Bush" of Connecticut, he turns out such pieces as "The Drums Say Die," page 56.

**IF EVERY POLITICIAN** could mix outdoor living with his statesmanship, this probably would be a much better balanced land. Take Morley Griswold, for instance, author of "I Catch 20-pound Stripers on Flies," page 46. Morley, the last Republican governor of Nevada, has balanced both phases of his career in perfect proportion. Born into a family of livestock dealers, Morley lived on a ranch, sixty miles from the nearest railroad, until he was nine years old. His earliest playmates were Indians, and it wasn't until he was nine that he saw his first train. His first streetcar didn't come along until he was eighteen. For recreation, as a rancher's child, there was always bronco riding, and Morley claims he was a fair cowboy.

With his graduation from the University of Michigan as a lawyer, Morley plunged into legal practice and has been at it ever since. However, his biggest passion is hunting and fishing and there is no Western state that he hasn't tried. Besides his lieutenant-governorship and governorship of the state, Morley has also been President of the National War Fund of Nevada, Red Cross Drive chairman and Arena Director of the Reno Rodeo.

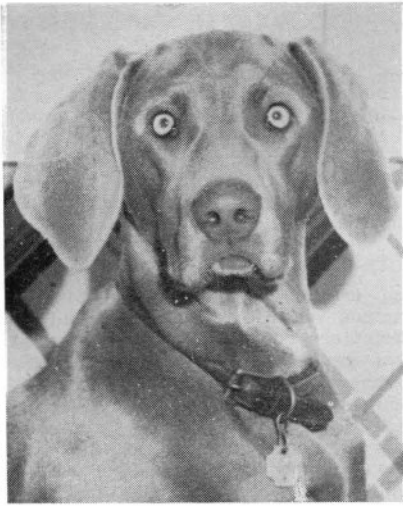
**ADVENTURING CAN GET** to be a disease. If it ever gets into your blood, you're a goner. Willard Price, who authored "How We Caught an Anaconda—Alive," page 26, has been infected ever since his childhood days, when he used to pole a

Whipping up a dog-days mood for our July cover came hard. Four of us, including Charlie Dye, the artist, kicked ideas around for five hours of a beautiful spring day. We discussed everything from deep-sea fishing to sand-dune skiing, and still had no cover. It was getting on toward sunset. One of the editors noticed the time, got up in a hurry. "Look," he said, "I'll have to go. My house is a mess and I have to clean it up. My wife's coming home from the country tonight." And Charlie Dye snapped his fingers. "That's it!" In five minutes he sketched the summer-bachelor nightmare at the right.



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**NO AUTHOR, BUT—**  
**he and others of the Weimaraner family make good copy for Expert Jack Denton Scott. See page 42.**

raft across a pond on a Canadian farm. He soon switched the pond for the Atlantic, and his poled his way to London, Lisbon, Buenos Aires and Capetown, among the seventy countries he has hit to date. As a roving correspondent for New York and London newspapers, he lived for many years in the Orient, and was the only American journalist to get into the carefully guarded Marianas and Carolines before the war. As a result of these Far East expeditions, Willard has racked up ten books, including one, "Japan's Island of Mystery," which was used as a reference by the U. S. Navy.

A fiend for adventure, social conditions, politics, ethnology and natural history, Willard has trailed anthropologists all over the face of the earth. It was on one such jaunt that he followed the animal hunters mentioned in his article into the rugged Amazon country.

**A**T THE AGE OF 33, John D. MacDonald has formed a set of very definite likes and ambitions. For instance, he goes all out for bullfights, black bass on a fly rod and martinis with a twist of lemon. For the future, he has the following projects lined up: (1) write a good mystery novel, (2) own a British sports car, (3) correct his dub-style golf slice and (4) halt the embarrassing recession of his hairline.

All this came about in a rather involved sequence of events. Before the war, John attempted to storm the citadel of Big Business, armed with a degree from Harvard's Business School. Then along came Pearl Harbor. After five and a half years of things military, John stepped back into civilian ways a lieutenant colonel.

"Although I was in the OSS (Office of Strategic Services), I was in the least glamorous end of it. I acted as a human buffer between high-level intellects and the obscure plumbing of the Middle East."

Once home, John decided that the life of a writer offered the best deal. He spent his four months of terminal leave producing over 900,000 unsalable words. Then things began to click. Since then he has sold over two hundred magazine stories.

Right now, John and his family (consisting of a wife and ten-year-old son) live in Cuernavaca, Mexico, where he claims "eternal springtime" is fact, not fancy. You'll find a sample of his Mexican output on page 38, "Tank Town Matador."

JULY, 1949

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### BURGLAR-PROOF JUDO

Sirs:

I wish to compliment you and express my appreciation for the article in the April issue of ARGOSY called "Streamlined Self-Defense." The author has satisfied the curiosity of many people who, since the war, have been asking about Judo and its value as a method of self-defense. As both a pupil and teacher of this art for the past thirty years, I'd like to suggest that in these days of hold-ups and burglaries you render a service to your readers by publishing a complete description of one or two authentic jujitsu tricks. Who knows, they might mean the difference between life and death for an ARGOSY regular?

WILLIAM FEINSINGER

Philadelphia, Pa.

### STAMP COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Sirs:

As one of your most ardent readers, it is with great regret that I find I am unable to obtain my monthly copy of ARGOSY, due to import restrictions imposed by my government. As my news agent is unable to import it and I am not permitted to obtain it directly from you, I would appreciate it very much if one of your readers would send me his copy when he is through with it. I would be unable to pay for the postage, but will gladly send him along any stamps from my country. Perhaps a stamp-collecting ARGOSY reader will help me out?

M. LOMBARD

16 Third Avenue  
Walmer  
Port Elizabeth  
South Africa

### ACCUSED OF HUBBY SNATCHING

Sirs:

The enclosed photograph will explain why my husband and I are not on speaking terms these days. ARGOSY comes in first every time a new issue hits the stands!

MRS. LYLE HOPKINS

Sanborn, Iowa

### CAT CHAT

Sirs:

I am a cartoon fiend. First thing I do when I pick up a magazine is turn to the back of the book for a glance at the cartoons. Last week I bought my first copy of ARGOSY and, following my usual practice, bumped into Claribel right off the bat.

It took me a few minutes to get the drift, then I began to see a smart cat with a human instinct for trying smart tricks to get what she wanted. Not bad, I thought.



### Mr. Hopkins exhibiting the reason for his wife's most recent gripe.

But, if the cat is good, we have to admit that the boy who drew her must have an insight into life, or he would not have been able to give the cat its appeal. Maybe he has something else in cartoons that are good. If he has, why not show us?

H. W. PYLE

Memphis, Tenn.

### URANIUM IN THEM THAR HILLS

Sirs:

Darrell Huff's article on uranium in the March issue of ARGOSY has certainly stirred up much interest. Both Dr. H. C. Duke, editor of "The Mineralogist," and I have received many letters about "atomic rock" prospecting.

Uranium prospecting is quite new, perhaps a little startling, to many of the old-timers. Huff's article should help many prospectors who are anxious to become acquainted with the newest methods.

By the way, don't be surprised if Huff's article is directly responsible for the discovery of new uranium deposits in this country!

JACK DE MENT

Portland, Ore.

### ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM

Sirs:

The enclosed photograph should end all controversy regarding the Typical American Girl. She is Mrs. Charlotte Vosgier, who, at the time the picture was taken, had accompanied her husband to the South Pacific atoll, Canton Island, to set up housekeeping 120 miles south of the equator.

Mrs. Vosgier is a talented and imaginative young woman who excels in interior decorating, tennis, swimming and deep-

sea fishing. Her other accomplishments include painting, sculpture and dress designing. The swim suit she is wearing was created from an ordinary bedsheet.

Five feet, four inches tall, weighing 116 pounds and sporting a gorgeous head of red-gold hair, she can whip through a few fast sets of tennis or land an eighty-pound tuna and still appear as fresh as a page from "Vogue."

Any woman who will accompany her man to a barren rock like Canton Island is plenty of woman.

T. M. MOORE

Honolulu, T. H.

### APPEAL FROM ABROAD

Sirs:

As you are no doubt aware, reading matter, like most other things, is in short supply in Great Britain. This hits hospitals and sanatoria pretty badly, and it has been my endeavor during the past twelve months to try and supply South Wales hospitals with such reading matter, to make the unfortunate patients' lives a little brighter. Many institutions have benefited but I am now unable to meet the many requests I have received from other hospitals for supplies of magazines or books. I feel sure there are many of ARGOSY'S readers who would be glad to pass on to me their old books and magazines for such a good cause. I would be happy to acknowledge everything sent personally.

T. PHILLIPS

5 Dare Villas  
Aberdare, S. Wales  
Great Britain

### This "Typical American Girl" entry followed her man to Canton Island.





## FLYING CHICKEN TAKES OFF

Sirs:

I have a letter from Jack Christiansen, the "Flying Chicken" man, advising me that during the first eleven days that the April issue of ARGOSY was on sale, he received 173 applications for franchises. I have no doubt that he will receive at least 300 applications from readers anxious to start in a new business as a result of the article.

JAMES D. WOOLF

Sante Fe, N. M.



Not all Florida tarpon are in the sea. Here's one taken from river.

## BACKSTAGE NOTES ON TARPON

Sirs:

Your readers might be interested in knowing that while photographing the Pictures Tell the Story, "Tarpon—Hook, Line and Camera" (page 10), I managed to sneak off for some inland fishing as well. In the upper reaches of Florida's Peace River, I came across one of the most amazing fishing spots I have ever had the pleasure of visiting. In this fabulous body of water, you never know when you toss out your hook exactly what you are going to pull back into the boat. Big mouth bass, snooks or ten-pound tarpons are the order of the day. I've sent along a picture showing Earl Christopher, one of our group, with a small tarpon on the hook.

HOWE SADLER

Jacksonville, Fla.

## ARE AMAZONS WOMEN?

Sirs:

I was deeply interested in Mr. Juede's castigation of women who hunt, in Back Talk for May. I am one of those "Amazons," yet no one has ever accused me of being "unwomanly."

My husband taught me to hunt and fish before we were married, deliberately indoctrinating me into his hobbies so we could share them. The compliment I treasure most from my husband was the remark that he would rather have me with him on a hunting or fishing trip than any male companion he ever knew. Despite Mr. Juede's violent reaction, I sincerely believe that the wife who gives companionship full scope in marriage is more womanly in the process.

MRS. WILLIAM PARKER

Spokane, Wash.

JULY, 1949

# P M M

*BLENDED WHISKEY*

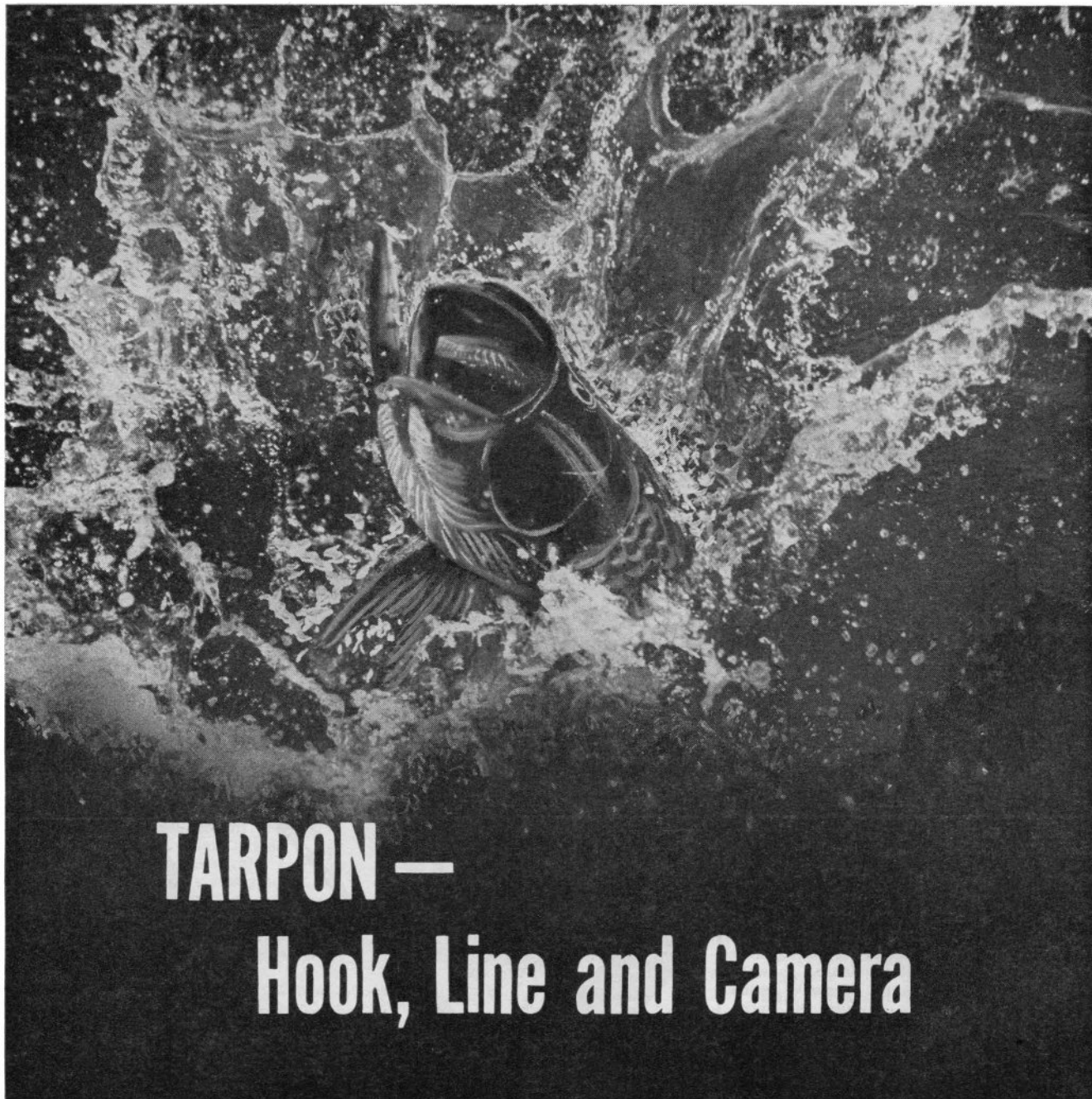
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# TARPON — Hook, Line and Camera

In an explosion of white water, Audrey's tarpon lashed at the line, fighting off defeat. Florida News and Photo Service

**Here's one fishing story where the pictures are the proof: The tarpon's spectacular violence makes him king of blue-water fighters.**

**P**UT a pretty girl on a fishing boat—when the tarpon are running—and you're going to get plenty of action. The only other thing you need to make it a perfect story is having Howe Sadler, the crack sports photographer, along for the ride . . . and the pictures.

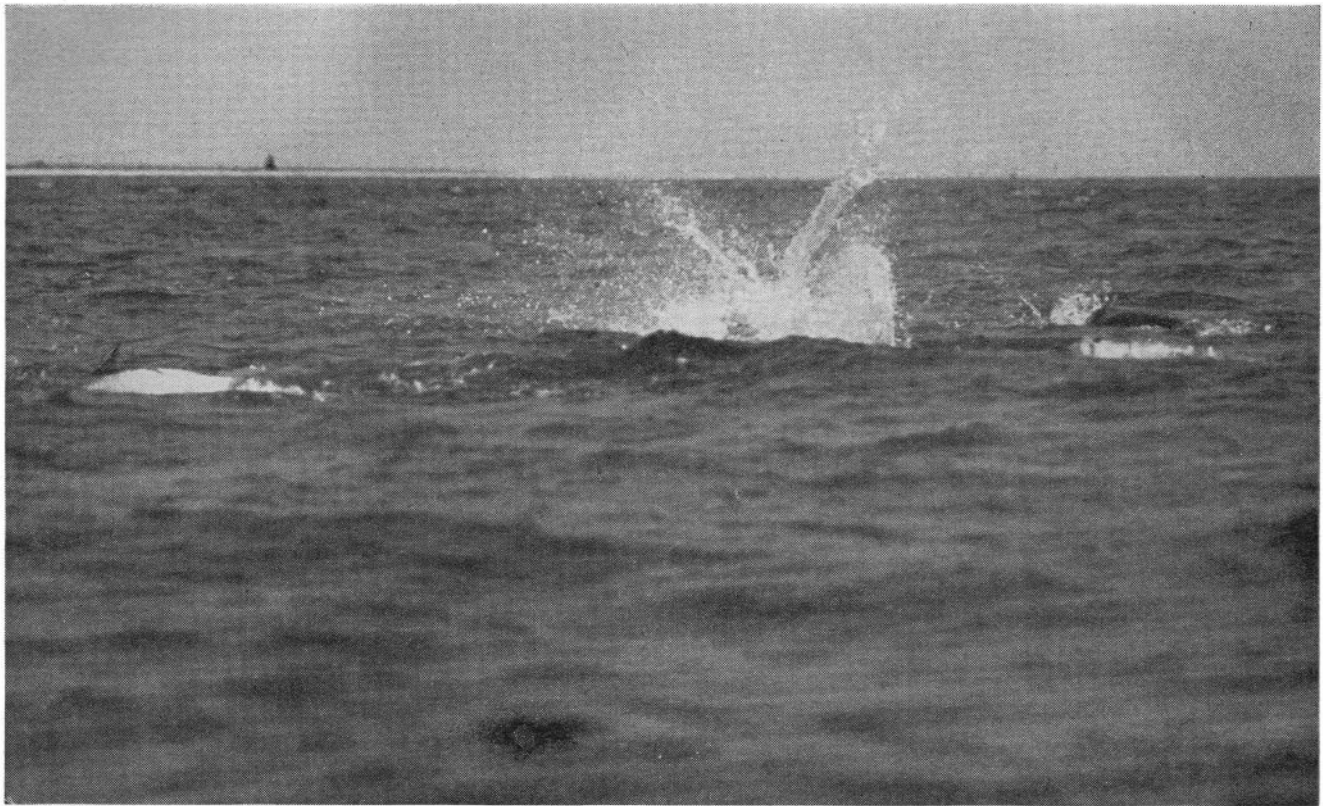
Loaded with cameras, film and light meters, Howe hung around the docks at Punta Gorda, Florida, until two things happened at once: The tarpon schools started moving and pretty Miss Audrey Radford, of Washington, D. C., decided to go fishing. Howe tagged along and here is his report: "We left at nine in the morning, and Audrey, a fresh-

**PICTURES**  
Tell the Story

water angler, proved she was a good sailor. About a mile and a half from shore, we sighted our first school, but they were too fast for us. Lines were out, but before Audrey could reel in, a new school cut behind us, boiling through our wake. "Suddenly a geyser of white water spouted in the middle of the pack. Audrey's rod bent double. A tarpon was hooked!"

The tarpon's first run was good for more than one hundred yards, ending in the first of a series of magnificent tail-walking aquabatics. For an hour the fight continued, until finally an exhausted Audrey boated her eighty-pound tarpon and Howe got his pictures.

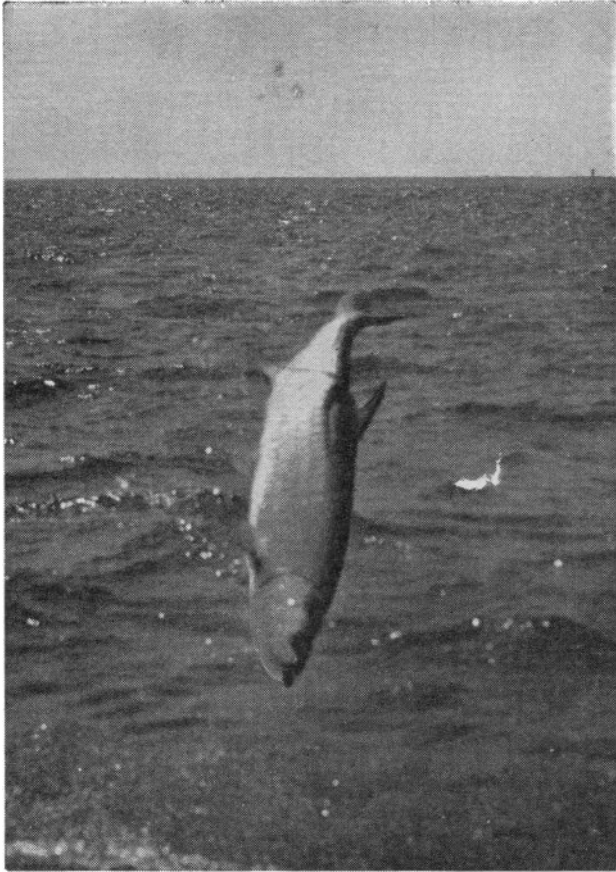




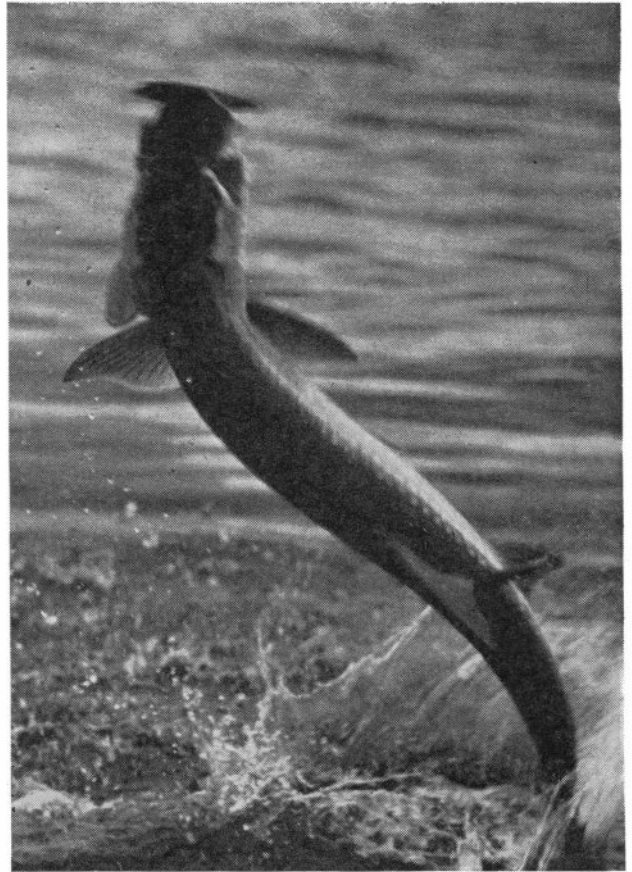
**That splash spells tarpon, as the 80-pound fighter first feels the sting of the barbed hook.**



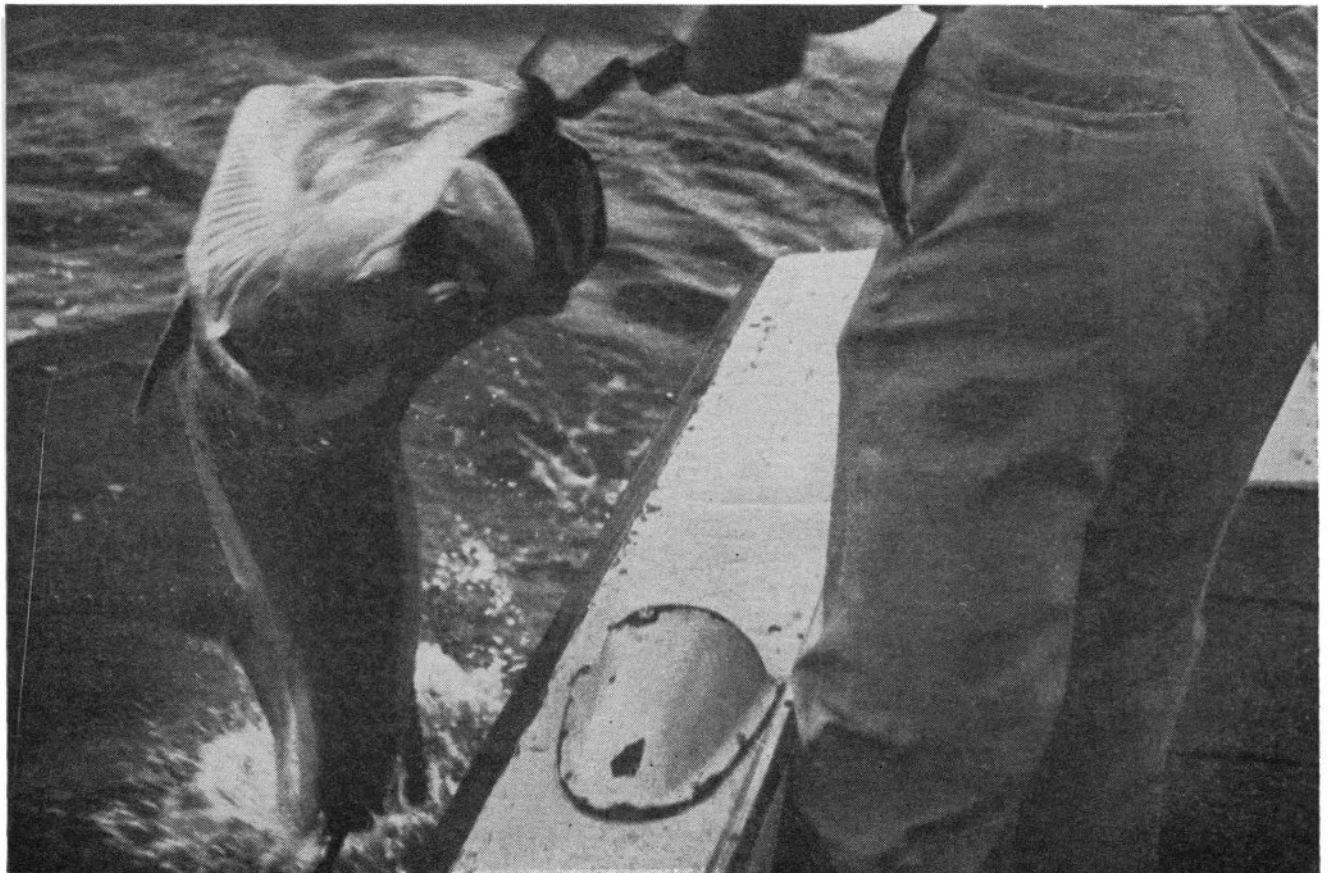
**The first leap was the most spectacular. Straining to hold the heavy rod, Audrey reared back.**



**A change in tactics! The tarpon first rushed up to the boat, then tried a close-in line-snapping leap.**



**Audrey reeled in as quickly as she could, luckily was able to keep line taut enough to foil new tactics.**



**The gaff goes home! The tarpon, exhausted and spent, still has noble fighting courage.**



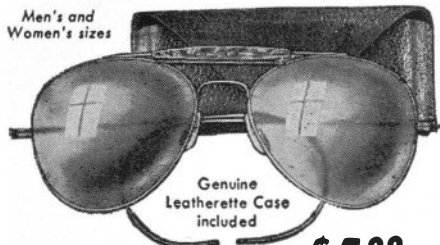


**The battle won, and the tarpon on the scales, a smiling Audrey is herself caught, by Howe's lens!**

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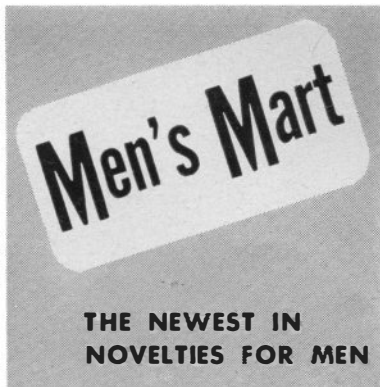
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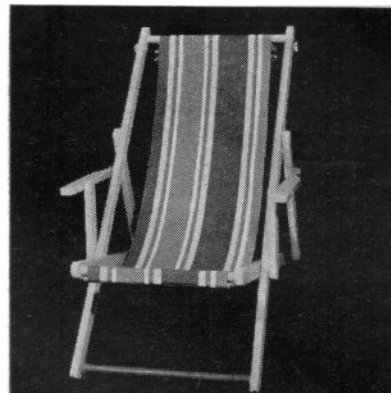
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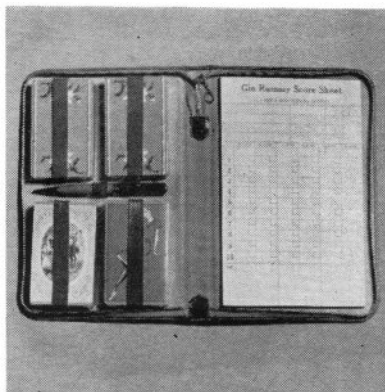
Any of the items featured in MEN'S MART may be ordered directly from the firms mentioned in the captions. Some of the products may be found in retail stores throughout the country. For fuller information, write the firms.

by John Ryan



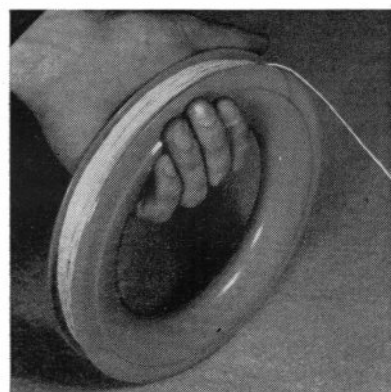
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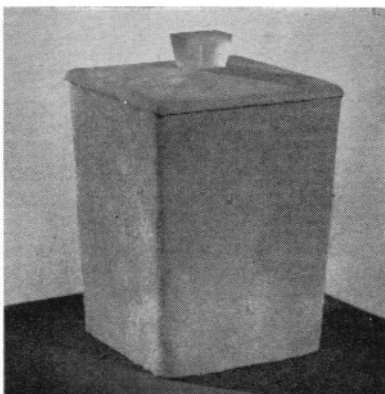
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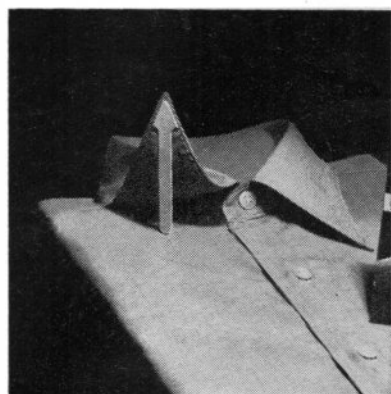
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For "spinning" hand fishing lines, a new 6-oz. plastic ring. Make casts of 150 to 200 feet with a 2-oz. weight attached, retrieve two feet per turn of ring. Price, \$2.25. Handicast Company, Box 5254, Cleveland, O.



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**PRES-STAY**

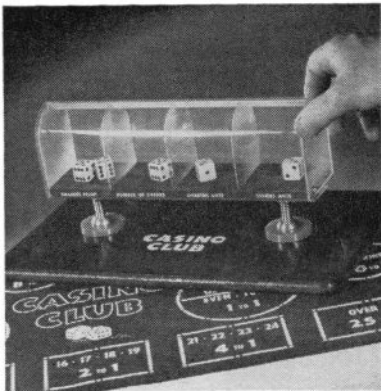
No pins, hooks, or special slots, and your collars won't wrinkle if you insert these self-adhering stays in the underside of collar points. Set of 4 is 25 cents. Wes-Ko Distributors, 2625 S. Santa Fe Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.





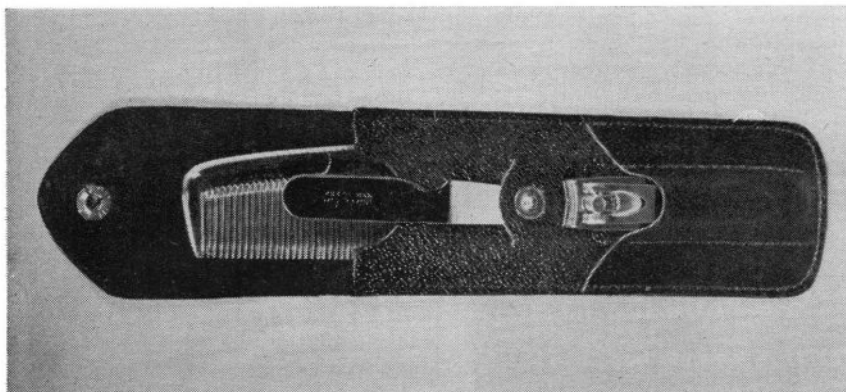
**PET-TOTER**

Take your pet vacationing in a carrier of sturdy brown duck, rubber-lined, cross-ventilated, zipper closure. 14- and 16-in. \$10.50. 20-in., \$12.50. 24-, 26-in., \$16.50. Nathan Prod., 2157 Prospect Ave., Bronx, N.Y.



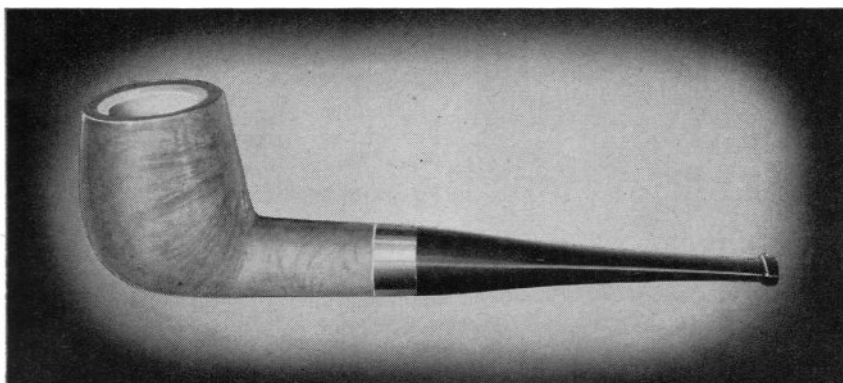
**CASINO CLUB**

Place your bets, gentlemen, on a game that's professional-looking down to a felt game cloth that comes with it. Up to 12 players, several games. Compact. \$10. Capex Company, 615 South Blvd., Evanston, Illinois.



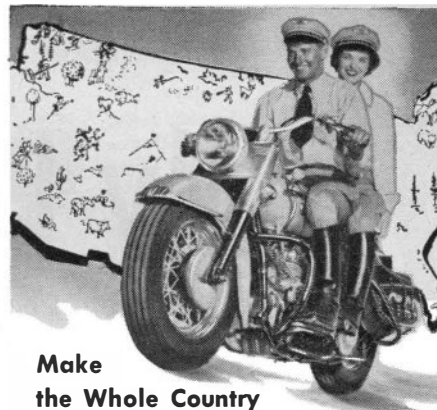
**MANICURE SET**

A man is never at a loss when he wants to spruce up a bit if he has one of these sets along with him. This particular one has a comb, a triple-cut nail file and a nail clipper. The three are in a good-looking case of morocco leather which has a snap closure. The price, which includes postage, is \$1.50. If you are interested in one of these for yourself, or for the perfect gift the set makes, write Morton Products, 421 Seventh Ave., New York City.



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# My Last Home Run

Exclusive: The greatest ball player of modern times tells the story of his game battle against the retirement predicted for him by gloomy sports writers and sorrowing fans.

by JOE DIMAGGIO

**I** THOUGHT I had hit my last home run. . . .

A few days after I reported this spring, I was sitting on the porch of this pleasant hotel in St. Petersburg, talking to an old newspaper friend. He asked me why I looked so gloomy.

"My heel's kicking up today."

"Heck, you had an operation on the other heel two years ago. Everyone thought you were through. Two months later you stunned 80,000 fans in Cleveland by hitting three homers in a row. One more operation and you'll bat .400—and maybe send Babe Ruth's homer record to the cleaners."

Three weeks later I sat on the same porch. That afternoon, against the Reds, I made a double and a single. My heel felt okay. I felt great all over. Soon I'll be walking up to the plate at Yankee Stadium, I thought, experiencing once more the sweetest thrill in the world—that of being a Yankee. I'll rub dirt on my hands. I'll take a preliminary swing or two. I'll size up the pitcher. He'll go into his windup. I'll square off and—whang! There goes the ball, over the infield, past the outfield—into the seats!

Then, after we left St. Petersburg for our exhibition tour, I raced from first to third in a game against Dallas. You know what happened: The aching pain started again. I rushed off to an orthopedist for X-rays, and twenty-four hours later I was back in Johns Hopkins Hospital.

I am writing this in the hospital solarium. The story has been published that I'm through, washed up, retired. It isn't true.

Some day I'll hit my last home run. But it won't be this year! When the time comes, I won't know it's my last. I'll jog around the bases, hear the glad music of the roaring crowd and that solitary boo from the guy who's rooting for the other team. I'll be as proud that day as I am whenever I manufacture a homer. It's a special kind of pride, like that of the old

man back home in Frisco who whittles wood into the shape of a toy ship, with riggings and masts and decks polished and each little brass knob where it's supposed to be. He loves his craft, and I love mine.

Take my first Yankee game on a May day in far-off '36. We were playing the Browns and I hadn't yet become accustomed to wearing the same uniform as Lou Gehrig, Bill Dickey and Lefty Gomez, heroes of my kid days on the Coast. People already called me a dead-panned

thousand ball games you'll play before you're through. Just hit like you did on the sand lots. Relax. And swing in the old groove."

Imagine how I felt—the great Gehrig talking like a father to me? I dug my spikes into the dirt. I saw the ball coming. I swung, and dribbled a grounder toward third. I felt as if I had let Lou and the Yankees down.

But a few innings later I caught one on the nose. It screamed leftward . . . I raced around the bags to third. A triple! I nearly grinned. Triples meant something special to me then. I'd hit one in my first game as a San Francisco Seal, I'd hit one in my first exhibition game as a Yankee, and now I'd hit one in my first regular league game at the Stadium. Wow! I loved that triple!

But that was nothing in comparison to the supreme thrill of hitting my first home run. It was mid-May. We were playing the A's. I saw the pitch head straight for the plate. It curved a little. I swung outside. Off it went, not toward my usual left-field pastures but toward right. It cleared the wall. Fans were scrambling for it. Suddenly I realized what I had done. I had socked one into Ruthville, where the old Bambino's colossal clouts had split the back of many a seat.

That was my first home run and I've never forgotten it. Some day, years hence, it will be bracketed in my mind beside my very last.

**I**F I could have written this article thirteen years ago I might have explained away a lot of misconceptions about myself. I've been called a placid guy, and I suppose that's the way I look. But I'm as tense as the next fellow, only I don't show it.

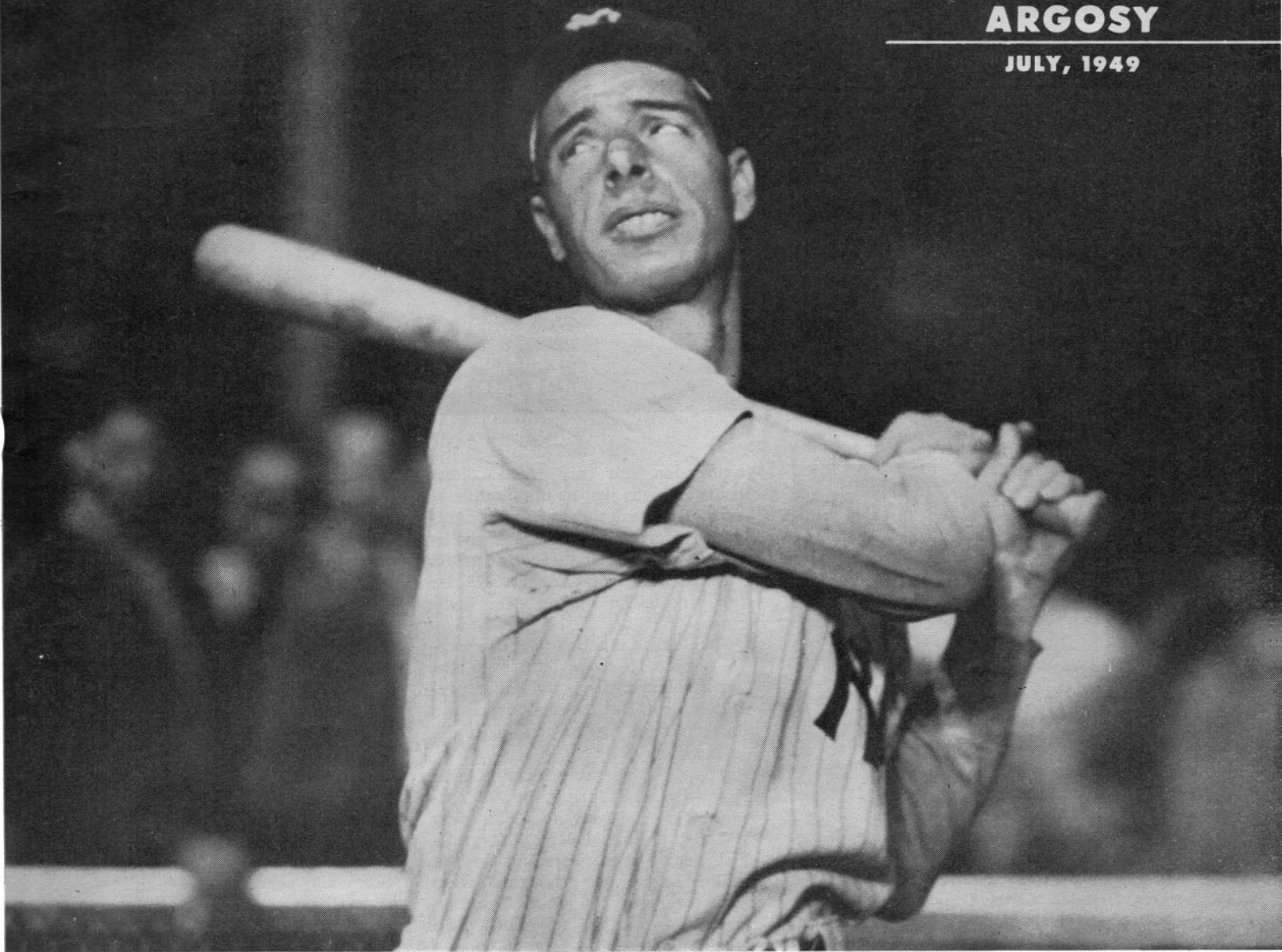
Part of this tenseness comes from being a Yankee. Now, we Yankees aren't built from a special mold. But we're conscious of the Yankee tradition and know that we must live up to it. Every Yankee feels that way the moment he steps through the club-

**"Once more the fans and sports writers are saying that I'm through. They're full of misgivings about my future. Ten years ago Joe McCarthy was worrying about me; two years ago Bucky Harris. Today it's Casey Stengel and the whole baseball world."**

youngster, too cocky, tough to talk to. They didn't know how I really felt. I'd never been east of the Rockies before. New York overwhelmed me. And being a Yankee was like walking in a dream.

The first time I went to bat Lou Gehrig put his hand on my shoulder and asked, "Nervous, kid? Just take it easy, Joe. This is only one of two





**JOLTIN' JOE: "No matter who throws it, it's still a baseball." DiMaggio is biggest thrill to baseball thousands.**

By Hy Peskin

house door on Rupert Place. The stands are somehow bigger and more awesome. The beautifully tended diamond looks like no other diamond in the world. That dugout . . . the game's greatest stars have sat there, and then have gone forth to conquer the baseball world.

Remember that Silver Anniversary Game a year ago, the Babe lugging his bat up the steps for the last time, with the ghost of Gehrig at his side, and among the gray-haired men of middle age who awkwardly took their places on the diamond were baby-faced Waite Hoyt and towering Wally Pipp and durable Everett Scott? And Bob Musial of the mighty arm and Jumping Joe Dugan and fellows who had played with me ten years before—Ruffing and Lefty Gomez, Bill Dickey and Ruby Red Rolfe . . . and the younger fellows, Keller and Henrich and Gordon?

Seeing them all together put me in

my place. Tears came into my eyes, tears of gratefulness that I was and still am a Yankee.

No one knew my true feelings that day. One morning, during my rookie season, I read a story about myself. The writer described me as a cold, stand-offish mystery man from the Pacific Coast. Then he went overboard in praise.

I looked at myself in the mirror and asked, "Is that you, Joe?" Was I myself? Or was I some fictitious character created by fans and writers?

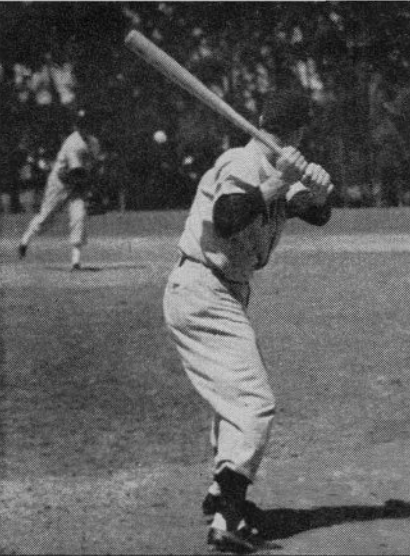
It's the same way today. My pals of the press and radio speak of me as Joltin' Joe and the Yankee Clipper. I suppose there is some such hero somewhere, but he exists only in the minds of small boys and others who love baseball. Once in a while I do jolt the old apple and do live up to their expectations. But the truth about me is that I'm the same Joe DiMaggio whose father was a fisherman and

who used to hide under the bed when Pop yelled, "Hey, Joe, comin' out on the bay with me today?"

I hid because I didn't like the smell of fish. And after Pop went off with his nets and pails I scurried to the nearest sand lot. My brother, Vince, was already a pro with the Seals and, as everyone knows, I followed in his footsteps.

But baseball didn't really get into my blood until I knocked off that sixty-one-game hitting streak in '33. Getting a daily hit became more important to me than eating, drinking or sleeping. Overnight I became a personality. The newspapers hurraed, big league scouts mobbed the ball park—and there I was, a tall, skinny kid, all arms and legs, not knowing by half what all the fuss was about.

I stepped out of a taxi one evening and something went "pop" in my knee. By morning all San Francisco was worrying. Thereafter, if I split a



"Eyes, feet and hands ready for the pitch.



"It was inside and I took a short stride.



"My body began pivoting to face Reynolds.



"I aim to get best part of bat on ball.

## HOW I HIT A CURVE

**BATTER:** Joe DiMaggio  
**PITCHER:** Allie Reynolds  
Magic Eye photos, exclusively for Argosy, by Morris Gordon.

toenail or bruised my ankle the whole world knew about it—and worried much more than I. It's been like that ever since. Each spring I undergo a public inspection of my ailments.

Although I traveled around the Pacific Coast League circuit with the Seals, I stuck close to the old DiMaggio hearth when we played at home. At the St. Petersburg training camp, I was so shy that I barely spoke to anyone.

Manager Joe McCarthy was swell to me, but he nearly knocked me for a loop when he told me I would start the season as a regular, and not be eased into the lineup as was his method with other recruits. In an exhibition game I slid into third, bruising an ankle. Doc Painter, the club trainer, treated it with a diathermy machine which burned the skin. As days passed a knot tightened inside my stomach. I sat on the bench, waiting, waiting. Columns of newspaper space were devoted to speculation about my trick knee, the burn, and would I become another Babe Ruth. By the time Mr. McCarthy sent me into the lineup on May third I was downright scared.

Then came that triple—and finally that first home run. The

expression on my face didn't change. I was just as untalkative as ever. But underneath I was fighting to overcome my stage fright by telling myself that these big leagues were a pushover—I'd hit .375 for the season. I'd wallop fifty home runs.

Confidence is a ballplayer's greatest asset. It sends him into the game relaxed, his body under perfect control. But overconfidence can do terrible things to you—as it did to me.

The most valuable lesson I ever received came during the '36 All-Star Game. Braves Field was jammed to the girders. Fifty million people were listening on the radio. Everyone's thoughts were fixed on me, the first freshman admitted to All-Star ranks. And what did I do?

I batted five times. I failed to put the ball over the infield. I rolled into a double play, left five teammates on base. In the field, I played a single into a triple. I handled an easy grounder as if the ball was coated with liquid fire. The score was Nationals, 4, Americans, 3. All but one of the Nationals' runs was directly or indirectly due to my miscues.

After that awful day I crawled into my shell. But I resolved never to be over-cocky again.

Since then I've had my ups and downs. That '46 season, when I came back after three years in the Army, was tough. Tougher still was to read the constant suggestion that I was slipping, maybe through. That year I developed that first spur on my left heel. Hobbling into our '47 camp on crutches was less painful physically than mentally. The following winter's operation and last

November's removal of a bone spur in the other heel deepened my gloom.

Yet there's always a tomorrow, bromidic as that statement sounds. I did bat well over .300 during the last two seasons and bashed fifty-nine home runs. Today I feel as fit as ever. And I know that my last home run is many seasons away.

**P**EOPLE are always saying, "Hey, Joe, what's the most thrilling game you ever played in?"

Freshest in my mind is a game last season in Fenway Park, Boston. We had been trailing the Red Sox, Indians and Athletics for months. One more defeat by the Sox could conceivably eliminate us from the race. That day a ding-dong battle began. The score was tied several times. It was 6-6 in the tenth when a Yankee rally began.

The Sox pitcher was Earl Caldwell, a veteran with uncanny control. He began to weaken, but he still had enough in his noodle to tease the batters. I came up with two out and the bases loaded. It had been a tough afternoon for me, for my right heel had pained me severely, causing me to favor muscles seldom used in running. A charley horse was coming on. My calves and knees were swelling.

And there I was, faced with the opportunity of winning the game. I swung at Earl's first pitch, and missed. He put a couple on the outside which floated by for balls. A third slow curve completely missed the plate.

I decided to swing at the cripple, no matter where it was. It came toward me, a medium-fast ball right over the plate. I put every-

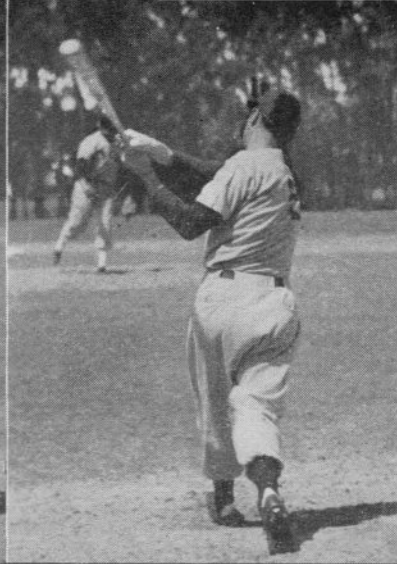




"Arms were in front of my body as I hit.



"Power is not in my step, but in my body.



"Wrist action adds momentum to swing.



"And my head doesn't turn until I've hit."

thing into it, direction and power. It crackled off the bat like a cannon shot, straight into the home-run groove. Then, as it whistled toward the fence, it curved outside the foul line. The count was three-and-two.

There goes my homer, I thought. I knew how Caldwell felt—the batter who hits a foul homer seldom duplicates the feat. He was confident now. He took a full wind-up, putting all his waning strength into the pitch. I shifted my feet a fraction of an inch. I kept my eye on the ball. I had one chance in a hundred of making another fence-clearing drive. I brought my bat around with sharp wrist action. I did not quite complete my follow-through. As I started for first I saw the ball disappearing into the left centerfield stands.

Then there was that '39 World Series wind-up, when Ernie Lombardi sat down on home plate as Charlie Keller whizzed by and I sprinted home from first to end the Series against the Reds.

And Mickey Walker missing that mysterious third strike at Ebbets Field in '41, with Tommy Henrich galloping to first base after the game should have ended with the Dodgers winning, 4-3. I was next up, facing old Hugh Casey. Only my bat stood between us and certain defeat. Crack! What sweet music. The rally was on. Dickey, Keller . . . more hits and victory regained.

**A** GAIN at Ebbets Field in '47, racing back and to my right to pull down Bruce Edwards' terrific line drive. My catch kept Bill Bevens' no-hitter intact until the ninth, when Cookie Lavagetto cracked his famous two-bagger against the

wall, the only hit off Bill. That was the most tragic game of my career, for it marked Bevens' last and finest effort as a Yankee.

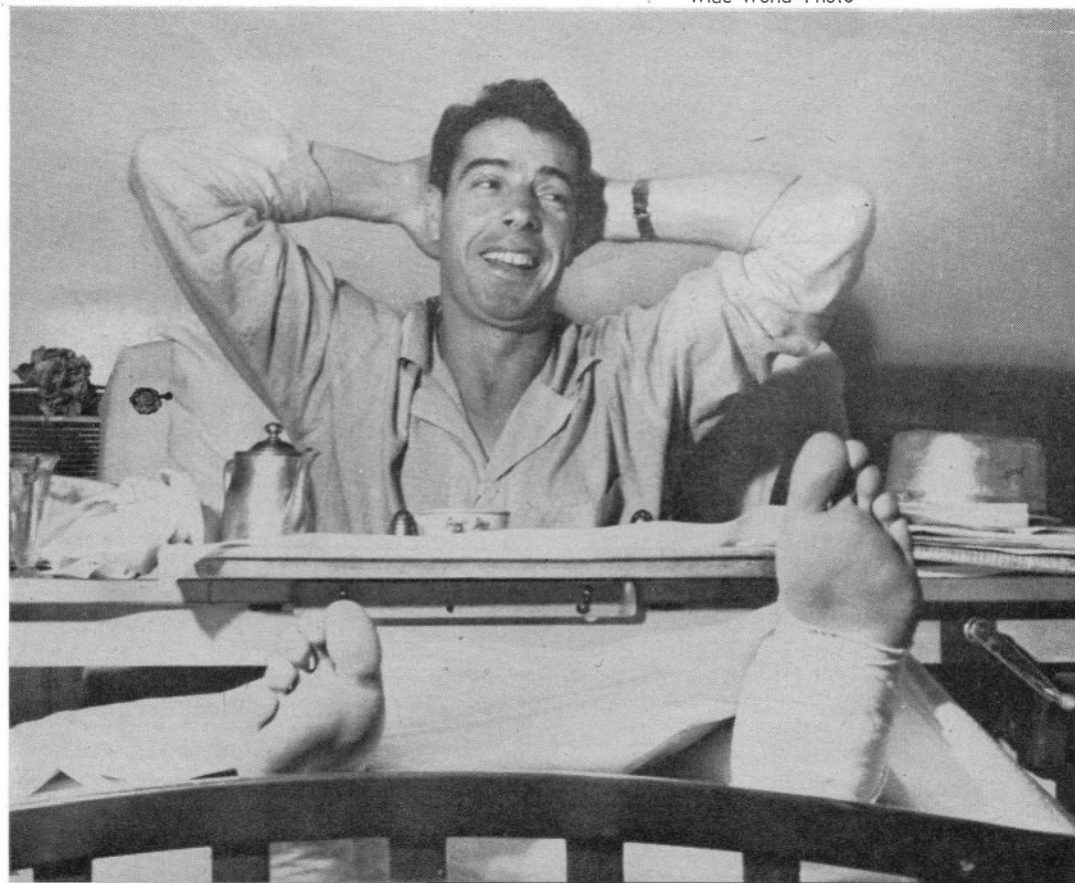
And there was my fifty-six-game hitting streak in '41. After the twentieth game my every time at bat was a trial. As I approached Willie Keller's forty-four-game record I absurdly crowded the World War off the front pages. Manager McCarthy was paying more attention to my streak than to the pennant chase. He never gave me the "take" sign, no matter what the situation when I toed the plate. My teammates seldom spoke to me

for fear they would "whammy" me by inadvertently mentioning my slugging streak.

I became superstitious. My food didn't taste right. I decided I was the luckiest man alive as from time to time ordinary grounders splashed through the infield for hits. I was grim when I went to bat against Jack Wilson, of the Red Sox, in that forty-fourth game. Even when I singled in the first, the steep hill still rose before me—the damned streak wasn't ended yet. When that game was called by rain in the fifth I tried numerology, astrology and black (Continued on page 102)

**QUESTIONED** about his bad heel, DiMaggio says, "I'll definitely not retire. And I'll always be a regular . . . no pinch-hitting for me!"

Wide World Photo



# the CAPTAIN'S PRISONER

**Locked in the fantail of that hell ship was Captain Sloan's deadly secret, threatening the lives of all of us who sailed with this madman.** by CALVIN J. CLEMENTS

**D**ENARDO leaned back in the wicker chair and slowly chewed on the yellow cigar. He eyed the clean but shabby tropics I wore.

"A mate's berth," he said finally, "ain't an easy matter these days. With idle bottoms rusting in every harbor there'd be five like you waiting to fill each berth."

I shifted from one foot to the other in front of his desk. With everything I owned in hock this wasn't news.

"I know," I said, "but Hsing at the Internationale claimed you were interested in filling a berth."

Denardo grunted noncommittally. Through the open window behind him the singsong chant of a street vendor drifted in with the muggy air. A ricksha clattered over the cobblestones.

"Maybe you know the arrangement?" Denardo spat a wet sliver of tobacco leaf onto the dusty floor.

I nodded. Agent for a string of coastal tramps, Denardo's "arrangement" was a fee for introduction to ship masters short a mate. "I have a hundred dollars," I said. "That's the amount, isn't it?"

He ignored the question, took the cigar from his mouth and absently probed between two yellowed teeth with a dirty fingernail.

"What kind of ticket have you?" he asked.

"Master's."

He edged forward in the chair and

drew a writing pad toward him. "It's only a third you might be filling, but in these times I like to give a little preference to top grades. John Holland, you said your name was." He began scribbling on the pad with a stubby pencil. "You can try this berth, although I think it's an older man they'll be expecting."

"I've never had any complaints," I said.

He tore the top sheet from the pad and folded it into an envelope. "It'll be a hundred cash . . ."

I placed a small roll of bills on the desk. The money represented a sextant and gold watch being held at the Internationale Bar.

". . . and another hundred if you're working after ninety days."

"I didn't know about that."

He shrugged. "I've got a berth open that sails in a few hours. There'll be plenty of takers."

"All right," I said.

He picked up the money and folded the bills flat. "You'll board the *Nemesis*. She's just off the breakwater."

The name was vaguely familiar—and disturbing. "Who's her skipper?"

"Ephraim Sloan. He owns her as well."

That rang the bell and there was a sour taste in my mouth. I had never seen either Ephraim Sloan or his vessel, but from the tales told along the coast it appeared a matter for debate which was (Continued on page 92)

**Harsh, animal sounds came from his lips. With all my strength I smashed my foot downward.**

Illustrated by JOHN McDERMOTT









by **FREDERICK G. MOOREHOUSE**

**Here an aviation expert starts on the trail of one of flying's biggest mysteries — and comes up with conclusions which are new and startling.**

# The Case of the **FLYING**

I AM putting myself way out on a limb. As a writer who spends all his time investigating and reporting modern-day aviation, I say baldly:

1. There are flying saucers.
2. They represent the most advanced form of guided missile yet to appear.
3. They use a new source of propulsion which derives from an incredibly compact "soft fission" atomic powerplant that affords amazing performance in terms of range and speed.
4. They use a new scheme for guidance and control. It's simple, yet it gives a never-before-reached degree of precision.

Now for documentation:

When I started on the Flying Saucer trail, I found myself—in common with a lot of my colleagues—at a dead end, as far as the military was concerned. So I started out on a new trail by working backward. I consulted several aero-dynamicists: "Is it aerodynamically possible for a disc-shaped object to fly? If so, how?"

The well-known Chance Vought XF5U-1 "Flying Flapjack" has a partly-oval-shaped wing; and this was the closest thing in recent years to a circular airfoil. (This was the plane which was called the answer to the saucer riddle, although only two models were built and neither ever left the East Coast.) A circular airfoil would prove highly efficient. But if you didn't have propellers and rudders—which the Flapjack did and the saucers did not, so far as anyone knew—where would the power for flight come from, and how could the round flying wing be controlled?

The experts suggested, secondly, that if a circular wing were large and thick enough, a radial engine might be mounted vertically in its center and drive a horizontal propeller, helicopter fashion. But it would be too unwieldy for good performance.

Thirdly, the principle of rotation, or autorotation,

was recommended. Give a disc enough spin and it will fly far and fast. This principle makes it possible for Junior to sail pie plates or old Victrola records amazing distances. The spinning disc could be controlled like a helicopter, by "cyclic pitch," or tilting in the direction you wanted to go. The problem of powering a rotating circular airfoil was admitted to be an engineer's nightmare, however.

The trail got hot when I dug up some new information from private scientific sources which have proved extremely reliable in the past. This data fits so logically into the saucer jigsaw that I believe that only the U.S.A.F., Army, or Navy could elaborate any further, and that when their official account is revealed it will serve to prove further my Case of the Flying Saucers.

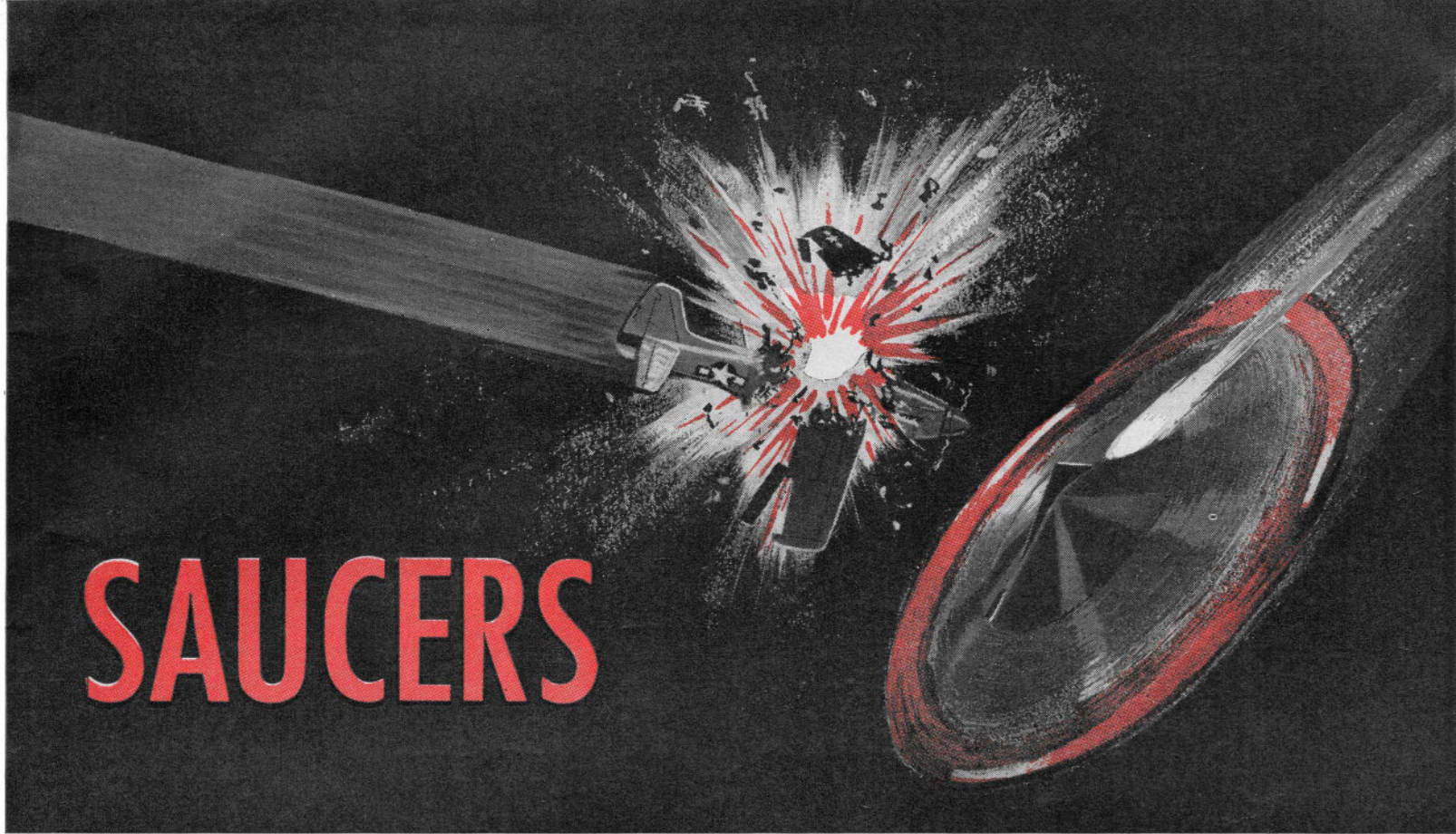
They are disc-shaped, with a sharp edge and the same general cross section as the diamond airfoil used on some high-speed airplanes. This is shown in the diagram on page 23, which is based on one scientist's "reconstruction" of the disc.

One model is nearly thirty-three feet in diameter and about five and one-half feet thick at its center. A smaller disc is approximately twenty-three feet in diameter and correspondingly thinner.

The disc has a cantilever structure, with only four internal bracing members. The rest of its strength is incorporated in the skin, which is of sheet-steel alloy of a new molecular formation. The center section is stationary and contains the fission engine and instruments for guidance and control. The outer two-thirds of the disc's diameter revolve at moderate speed.

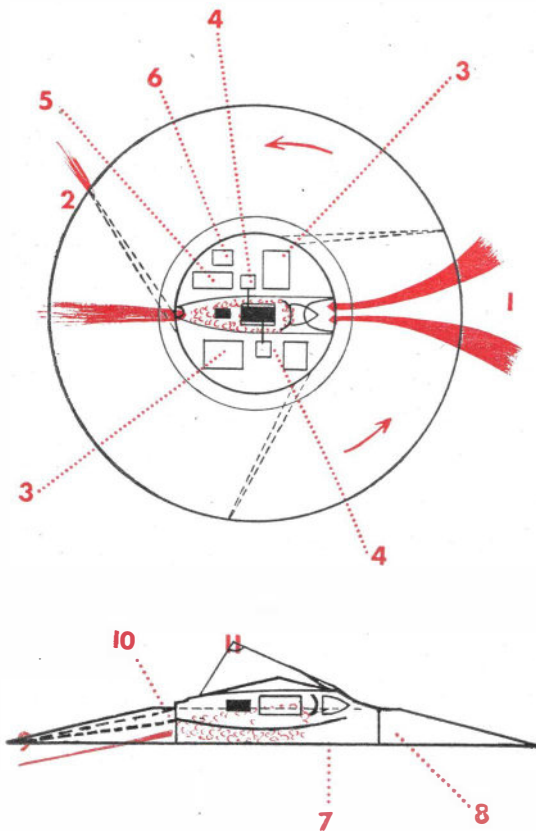
The autorotation principle makes flight possible. To obtain the necessary spin, the engine's jet stream is ducted into three tailpipes—equally spaced around the disc—and "canted" at angles to the disc's diameter. This is the arrangement which, in an elementary way, makes those pinwheel fireworks spin. There is a larger, straight auxiliary tailpipe which cuts in auto-





# SAUCERS

Author's conception of flying saucer, as the advanced guided missile might perform in action.



Photographer says this is actual saucer picture.

**SAUCER SAILS**, like a pie plate thrown by a child, because of its flat shape and high-speed spinning. At left, above: Some experts say this is what a saucer looks like and how it works—(1) ramjet fission engine, (2) offset blast nozzles, (3) gyro-autopilots, (4) timer and throttle motors, (5) beam following radio device, (6) magnetic sensing device, (7) stationary center, (8) rotating rim, (9) main blast nozzles, (10) auxiliary top jet for burst speed, (11) magnetic sensing antenna in fin. Jet stream from atomic engine in disc's center is ducted into offset nozzles in rim, kicking rim around, pinwheel fashion. Auxiliary top jet cuts in automatically for quick bursts of speed needed to escape pursuing planes. Another "defense" is optical proximity fuse to destroy disc when inquiring plane—or ground—approaches too closely. Magnetic "sensing" device keeps discs in formation. Automatic gyropilot governs banking and turning in flight.

matically for burst speed. This explains the undulating motion which many observers first noticed in the saucers' flight—this resulting from the rotation—and also accounts for the amazing bursts of speed in which the discs often disappeared.

An extremely clever device, which works on the same general principle as the optical proximity fuse, triggers off the main jet when another object such as an airplane comes within a certain distance of it. My sources believe that these optical fuses are half "blind" in that they respond to all shapes or patterns except circles or ovals. This might explain why a formation of saucers can operate—they can "tolerate" each other. The only object that might sneak up on one is another disc. It would take a disc to catch a disc, in other words.

Formation flight, the weirdest part of the saucer behavior, is controlled by a device described only as "magnetic regulators." There is a master disc or "commander" that controls the "slave" saucers by locking them together magnetically—towing them on what is, in effect, an invisible magnetic rope.

This corroborates information from another source that the saucer idea is the brainchild of the German scientist who designed those mysterious "silver balls" used for a while as an anti-air weapon against Allied bombers. These were aerial mines, said to have been made of gas-filled steel-impregnated glass spheres that were highly magnetic.

The control mechanism is said by my sources to have three principal elements: (1) a horizontal gyro to keep the disc's stationary center stabilized in a fore-and-aft line along the direction of flight; (2) a combination vertical gyro and pendulum device to

keep the disc level in straight flight or govern banking (turning) when change in direction is desired; (3) an automatic "throttle" that regulates engine fission (and, thereby, the amount of thrust) and works the tailpipe "gates."

The guidance scheme is, of course, hooked up with these controls and consists of three or four elements: (1) A compact apparatus that permits "pre-set" flight over a definite course for a given interval of time. (This might be of the rather simple type used to guide the V-1 and JB-2 robombs, which are pre-set missiles.) (2) A compact beacon receiver no larger than that used in personal planes: This is for "beam following." This corroborates one of the first peculiarities observed in the discs' behavior—their tendency to hew close to our airways. (3) A timer device. (4) An independent magnetic regulator, used only when formations are employed.

Complete disintegration is caused by a self-destroying detonator which is believed by my sources to be hooked up in some way with the engine. What has not been established, insofar as these informants know, is the exact manner in which the detonator works.

This may be accomplished by use of a proximity fuse, adjusted to operate under certain conditions. The few scattered reports, none officially confirmed, of the discovery of small segments of apparently exploded flying saucers, may quite possibly have resulted from a slight malfunction of this detonating device.

Another moot point concerns the methods by which the saucers are launched. One possibility is a catapult which is a larger, glorified version of the gimmick that shoots the trap-shooter's disc-shaped clay pigeons.

Another more likely scheme involves the use of JATO rocket bottles to start the disc on its way. Because its engine is essentially a ramjet, considerable speed must be gained before it becomes operative. In any case, some launching device is essential not only to start off the discs but to get them out of the way of the people concerned before the fission engine starts trailing radioactive "ash."

Last, but most important of all, is the soft-fission powerplant which is the only kind of engine that provides intercontinental range today without a prohibitive load of conventional fuel such as gasoline. In fact, the atomic powerplant's range is limited only by the time it takes the plutonium charges to exhaust themselves. Even at the high heat level these charges must operate, their productive time is estimated to exceed twenty hours. At 1200 m.p.h., that is all anyone needs.

My sources reconstruct the fission powerplant as being a compact, cylindrical case of stainless steel lined with beryllium and graphite. Inside this six-and-a-half-foot long cylinder are the "reactor" or miniature pile, a heating element, a beryllium reflector, and two cadmium control rods that serve as throttles.

Fissionable slugs of uranium or plutonium are incorporated in the reactor. When throttle movement withdraws the cadmium rods (which, when inside, "stop the engine" by soaking up all the streaming neutrons), the atoms of these fissionable slugs are released. These are directed against the heating element. This heat expands the compressed air in the same way that burning fuel expands the air in a conventional ramjet. The expanding air rushes out the tailpipe. The recoil action spins (*Concluded on page 92*)



Director Mankiewicz shows her how to do it.

## MOVIE OF THE MONTH

### ◀ The Picture ▶

### The Girl ▶

**THE GIRL:** Like so many others, Susan Hayward trekked to Hollywood to test for the role of Scarlett in "Gone With the Wind." And, like so many others, she was turned down cold. For years, Susan and her pretty face wandered around the movie capital, appeared in everything from "Beau Geste" to "I Married a Witch." But nothing much happened to her until Producer Walter Wanger turned her into a lady-drunk for "Smash-up." That started her on the way to the big time. Her work in Twentieth Century-Fox's "House of Strangers" will take care of the rest. **THE PICTURE:** Susan's looks and acting give added sock to the story of a father (Edward G. Robinson) whose sons conspire to ruin him. One of the sons, Richard Conte, plays the love of Susan's life.

J. C. Milligan—Twentieth Century-Fox



*Susan Hayward*



# How We Caught An Anaconda—Alive

by WILLARD PRICE

**Y**OU can't scratch a match on an anaconda.

That is one of the things we learned on a trip up the Amazon. I fell in with a free-lance animal collector, Roderick Campbell, who captures wild animals alive for zoos and circuses.

We traveled on Rod's *batalao*, a two-ton boat with a thatch house on it that served as a cabin and was called a *toldo*. The *toldo* had no windows, and was very dark.

Rod always scratched a match on a post of the *toldo* to light the cookstove. One morning, the match failed to light. He tried it again and again, then used another post. His match lit at once.

When the fire was blazing, we were able to see what was the trouble with the first post. A huge snake was coiled around it. Rod had been trying to light his match on its scales.

We realized with a jolt that we were looking at an anaconda, probably the largest snake in the world. Its only rival for size is the royal python of India.

This serpent must have been about twenty-five feet long and more than a foot thick. The body was an evil-looking dark green, and the head was black. The eyes were fixed upon Rod. He did not seem able to move. I thought of the stories told by Indians of how the anaconda can hypnotize man or beast with those terrible eyes. I did not believe such tales. All the same, I kept my eyes averted, and lost no time in yanking Rod out onto the deck.

We were moored against the bank in a reedy cove, and our Indians were on shore. We joined them, and broke the news.

They were usually eager to help Rod capture a specimen, but this time they showed no enthusiasm. Their spokesman, a fine young fellow named Xingu, said, "We never take it. The Indians all fear it."

"But you make a pet of the boa constrictor?"

Xingu smiled. "The boa is our friend; the anaconda is our worst enemy. The 'deer-swallower' is full of devils."

Xingu's use of an Indian name for the anaconda gave Rod an idea. He had a small deer among his specimens.

"Perhaps we can use the deer to attract the snake onto the shore. Once we get it there we might be able to make it fast with lines."

Before getting the deer, Rod glanced into the *toldo* to make sure that his quarry was still there. Glumly, he came ashore.

"Gone," he said. "There's a big hole in the thatch wall. It must have crawled out that way, then slid over the

*He came aboard uninvited, a  
scaly monster of destruction.  
And, with no holds barred, we  
fought him, jungle style.*

gunwale down into the water."

As we stood there, wondering what to do next, something like an earthquake seemed to shake the heavy boat. But the Amazon basin is not a land of earthquakes. Waves could not have caused the commotion, for there were no waves.

"It is the anaconda!" Xingu exclaimed. "There must be a nest of them here."

Rod immediately set the men to building a stout cage of three-inch bamboo posts. Then he strung a line from the mast of the *batalao* to a tree forty feet from the beach. He tethered the deer to this line near the water's edge.

Then he prepared three nooses, one for the anaconda's head and the other two for its tail. The cage was placed by the tree.

Now all that was needed was the anaconda.

We hid in the bushes and waited. Animal hunting, by the way, is one percent exciting action and ninety-nine percent patience. I was not so experienced in patience as my companion, and after three hours my desire for action got the better of me. Was there actually an anaconda nest as Xingu had supposed?

Signaling my intention to Rod, I slipped across the beach, and into the water. The bottom dropped off steeply. With a few strokes I was under the surface. It was hard to see, like going through the jungle, because long reeds grew up from the bottom. They were slimy and disagreeable to the touch. Sunken logs lay about in crisscross fashion, and under them there might be a refuge for small animals, but certainly not room enough for an anaconda.

I came to the top to breathe and went down again. Now I studied the steep bank that fell off from the beach. Suddenly I found myself at the mouth of a "submarine cave running back into the bank.

If any proof were necessary that this was the nest, I got it at once. Two small snakes five feet long came out of the cave and swam off through the reeds. Then the large terrible-looking head of an adult anaconda protruded from the cave.

I shot to the surface. I could already imagine those great jaws closing on my leg. Then I would be drawn down inside that black cave and devoured at leisure. In something of a panic, I scrambled up on the beach.

"What did you see?" whispered Rod.

"Anacondas at home," I replied. "You're sitting right on top of their house. There's a big cave running back beneath you."

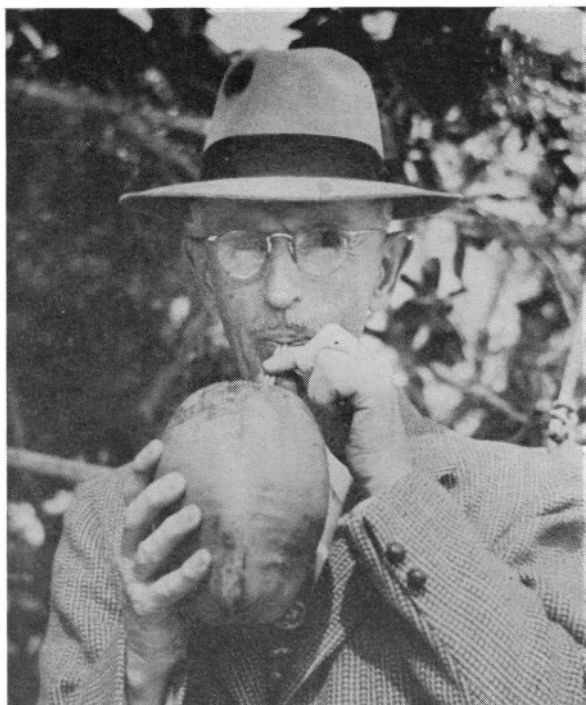
We settled down for another (*Concluded on page 109*)



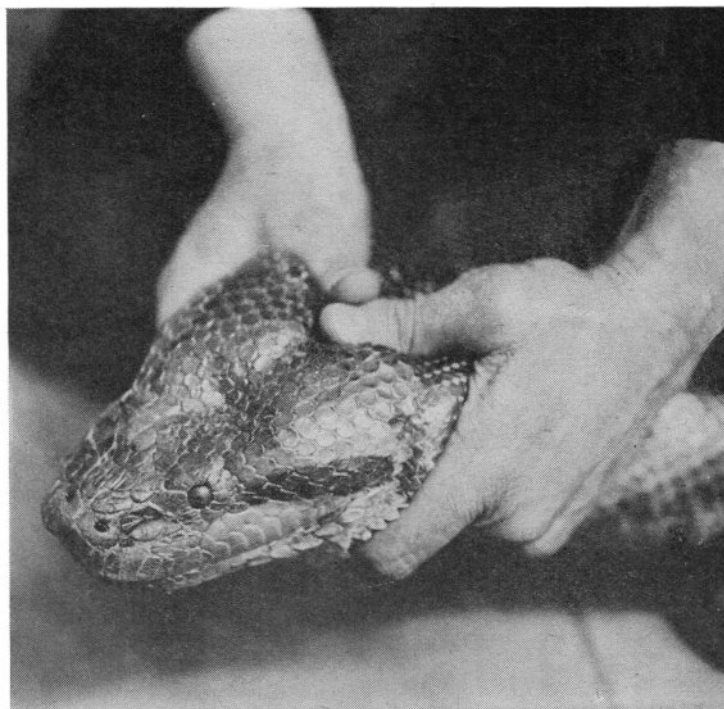


Photos by the author and New York Zoological Society

**Rare photo of anaconda, most deadly of giant constrictors. It stalks prey from water, with only its head exposed.**



**Author, in first encounter with Amazon "deer-swallower," was knocked flat by thrashing tail.**



**Experts can hold a young anaconda (they're three feet long at birth). Adult, foot thick, is manageable only after eating.**

**Was the savage Irish wolfhound really our first step toward the new life Mary and I had planned? Or was it simply a vicious brute that would destroy us?**

**T**HE farmer said, "Here's his chain, mister. If ya have any trouble with him a coupla good licks with this'll change his mind." And he handed me ten feet of chain, doubled and redoubled. A blow with that could cave in a dog's skull.

The chain rattled as the farmer held it out to me, and from the darkness the dog snarled. It was a jungle sound, unfamed.

"You use that on him?" I said.

"Sure. That there's a savage dog, mister. Dangerous. I gotta perteck myself."

I took the chain then, and threw it to a far corner of the barnyard. I felt sick at the farmer's callousness, so that for a minute I couldn't say anything. Instead, I started trying to round up the dog. My dog now.

That farm was a weird-looking place. Ordinary enough by daylight, I suppose. But this was night, and the only light was from the twin beams of my old station wagon and a faint yellow glow from a dirty kitchen window. The barnyard looked more European than American—a square enclosed by buildings, with an arched carriageway under a sort of barn. There was a high gate, closed now, across the carriageway. In the middle of the barnyard was a stake.

If that barnyard is vivid in my mind, the stake is more so. The dog was nearly two years old and he'd spent nearly all that time chained to the stake. The farmer used to chase him around and around it until the chain was wound up tight. Then beat him. For anything. For nothing. He was a hundred and eighty pounds of Irish wolfhound, that dog, and I suppose there are some kinds of men who think it's an almighty triumph to master an animal that big, that way. I had to believe it because the farmer had told us when we first drove in. Chuckling. Pausing to excuse himself before the lady when he spat on the ground.

The lady? Ah, Mary, my wife, and not liking any of this.

And that had me worried, because the dog had become a symbol for Mary, a symbol of a new period in our life. And if she couldn't accept the dog, she'd never accept the plans that he stood for.

Photography's my line, and I was typed when I re-opened my studio after (Continued on page 81)

# The Smell of FEAR

by J. F. WALLACE



Illustrated by ROBERT STANLEY



You could feel the kill virus hit his brain. Silently, he began to stalk me.





# GAZDA — Screwball Genius of

Meet the amazing, controversial Tony Gazda, inventor, arms tycoon, patriot, public enemy, pilot of experimental aircraft, and drinking friend of a horse named Cactus.

by Alden Hatch

**A**ntoine Gazda, formerly of Vienna, now of Wakefield, Rhode Island, invents things like anti-aircraft guns and aircraft for them to shoot down. He mixes in politics, finance and diplomacy. He delights a great many people and annoys an almost equal number. During the past decade he has been the subject of violent controversies. The British first regarded him as a crackpot and then as the savior of England. In Hitler's Germany they were sure they did not like him; but America alternately treated him as a dangerous pro-Nazi, whom it took twelve soldiers to guard, and a thoroughly public-spirited fellow. By the time this reaches print, he may have been made a citizen by Act of Congress.

Tony Gazda is a stocky, dynamic, gray-haired extrovert who would have been as much at home in lusty Renaissance Italy as in the not dissimilar turmoil of America today. He is happily conscious of being a genius. Tony hasn't a modest bone in his body; in fact, he nicknamed himself "Gazda the Mazda" because he was so bright. As for tall tales, if he were matched against Billy Rose, the columnist would lose by a T. K. O. in the first round.

In the outward trappings of his life, Gazda belongs in the fabulous fellowship of the mystery men of armaments, like Axel Wenner-Gren and the late Sir Basil Zaharoff. He has an estate in Rhode Island, a villa near Zurich, a yacht, and a suite at the Waldorf always at his command. He darts around the globe like a

peripatetic swallow, usually alighting at the spot where the most dazzling figures of our era are then congregating. He knows virtually all of them.

Gazda's most famous invention is the Oerlikon-Gazda 20 mm. automatic anti-aircraft cannon, which he developed and perfected at the Swiss Oerlikon Works. It was this gun that blew the Nazi dive-bombers out of the air and made the seas slightly safer for democracy. All British and American warships and merchantmen were armed with them—the *Queen Elizabeth* carried no less than eighty-two. In all, \$2,800,000,000 worth of Oerlikon guns were manufactured by 460,000 workers in the United States during the war.

The most spectacular of Gazda's current inventions is a jet-propelled

World's first jet helicopter, invented by Gazda. He allows no one else to fly it.





# Armaments

helicopter—the Helicospeeder, he calls it. The Helicospeeder rises vertically with its 130 h. p. aircraft engine geared to the rotor in the orthodox way. When it attains altitude, the motor is disconnected and used to drive the blower of a jet engine, while the rotor revolves on the free-wheeling principle of the autogyro. Lateral steering is accomplished by a jet tube. Indications are that a given horsepower will drive the Helicospeeder about twice as fast as a normal helicopter.

Gazda has successfully test-flown his new ship. He allows no one else to take it up. "There's a quarter of a million dollars of my own money up there," he says, "and if anybody wrecks it, it's going to be me."

The most mysterious of Gazda's new inventions is a new-type rocket that is many times more accurate than those used by either side in the last war. The simple device that guides its atomic warhead so surely to the mark is one of the top-most of top secrets.

Other current Gazda gadgets are the Octivator, which supplies the airplane motor principle of water injection to make an automobile practically take off; the Derusticator, that filters goo out of radiators; and the Sea Skimmer, a speed boat, driven by an airplane propeller, which draws so little water that it can cruise on a heavy dew.

There is nothing of the scientist about Tony Gazda—his educational equipment is as simple as the tools in his heavily guarded little laboratory on an estuary of Narragansett Bay. He can no more help inventing things than a spider can help spinning a web, and he works with the same sure, instinctive touch. He made his first great fortune in 1924, by inventing the flexible steering wheel that is now used on almost all automobiles. Dollars, pounds, francs, liras, and reichmarks poured in, and this wealth gave him the freedom to go ahead with his apparently crazy ideas, some of which paid off big. For example, he personally financed most of the development of the Oerlikon—a gun that the experts thought couldn't happen.

Photos by Gazda Engineering

## Some of Tony Gazda's inventions:

**Oerlikon-Gazda anti-aircraft cannon**

**Jet-propelled helicopter**

**New type of rocket (top secret)**

**Octivator—water-injection principle  
applied to auto motor**

**Sea Skimmer—speed boat driven by  
airplane propeller**

**Flexible automobile steering wheel**

**Glass bullet filled with indelible ink**



**Denounced as enemy  
when he came to U. S.  
during war, he built us  
this cannon that fires  
1200 shells a minute.**

Gazda says that the easiest thing about the gun was inventing it. Then came the task of getting the British Admiralty to adopt it. As Tony tells the story it is as melodramatic as a B picture. Though it has a happy ending, it touches one of the greatest naval tragedies in history, the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* in the China Sea.

Gazda began work on the Oerlikon gun in 1934. He was then living in Switzerland, because his native Austria had become a bloody battle ground between Communists, Fascists and the Social-Democratic government. As he puts it in an epic understatement, "Life was not pleasant there."

He was a furious pacifist when he reached Switzerland in 1929, and in that frame of mind produced his screwiest gadget, a glass bullet filled with indelible red ink that would shatter harmlessly on impact. His fantasy was that the nations should agree to new rules of war, whereby anyone bearing the red stain of his bullet should be counted dead.

Oddly enough, this quaint device was used by Paris police against the communist rioters in the Place Clichy in 1934. They fired into the crowd, and then arrested everyone they caught who bore the telltale red mark.

**WHEN** German democracy was cremated on the funeral pyre of the Reichstag in 1933, Tony stopped being a pacifist. Through his wide connections he heard that Hitler was equipping his new Air Force with dive bombers. As a member of the Austrian Air Force in 1918, Gazda had experimented by dropping a bag of flour out of his D-III Albatross plane in a dive and achieved extraordinary accuracy.

"That's how we'll do it in the next war," he said.

Hating Hitler and all he stood for, Gazda sought a counter weapon. He found it in the 20 mm. machine cannon built by the Oerlikon Works in Switzerland. He redesigned the gun into an anti-aircraft cannon capable of firing 500 shells a minute. It took him nearly three years. He tested the gun in a snowy Alpine meadow against targets towed by the cooperative Swiss Air Force. Military men who saw the tests were convinced that the new gun was the answer to Hitler's not-so-secret weapon.

Now all Tony had to do was to convince the British. The year was 1936. In London, Gazda met armor-plated obtuseness—you just couldn't convince a professional naval officer that warships could be sunk by bombing. When Gazda said, "Even battleships are vulnerable," they gave him the British equivalent of the bird.

The first man in England to believe

in Gazda's gun was Lord Louis Mountbatten, then a junior officer. He introduced Gazda to Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse, who was slated to become First Sea Lord, and he also arranged for a lecture before the top brass of the British Navy. On the designated day, Tony had such a bad cold that for the first time in his life he was speechless. Mountbatten studied his notes and delivered the lecture himself.

Thereafter, Mountbatten was tireless in pushing the gun. All he asked of Gazda in return was his sacred promise not to sell the Oerlikon to anyone else until the British reached a final decision.

That was a difficult promise to keep. While the British pondered, Prince Chichibu of Japan, who was in England for the coronation, made a special trip to Switzerland to offer Gazda \$2,000,000 plus royalties for the drawings of the gun. Gazda reluctantly turned him down.

The British didn't make it easy, either. Gazda met a curious subterranean resistance, which he attributed to the great British armament firms. Tony was quite capable of meeting intrigue with skulduggery. What he could not seem to overcome was the honest, implacable opposition of the new Chief of Ordnance, Captain John C. Leach, R. N. There was no question of Leach's integrity—he just could not see the use of the Oerlikon gun. Gazda almost gave up hope.

It took three years and two hundred thirty-eight conferences before Admiral Backhouse telephoned Gazda, on April 1, 1939, that the admiralty had accepted the gun. Tony thought it was an April Fool joke at first. Lord Craven, president of Vickers Limited, couldn't believe it either, and fired

most of his sales force when he was finally convinced.

Without waiting for a contract, Gazda got the gun into production. An order for five hundred quickly came through, and the first Oerlikons were mounted on British warships in October, 1939. By that time everyone knew what the Stukas could do, and orders poured in.

With the fall of Norway and Denmark, in April, 1940, Gazda decided that France would be next. He saw Switzerland sealed off by hostile armies, so he determined to go to America and begin the manufacture of Oerlikons there.

Gazda arrived in New York on May 26, 1940, as the British were retreating on Dunkirk. He was soon right in his element, rushing around the country like a Presidential candidate, giving a lot of people pains in a lot of places by his cocksureness. But he got things done. Though American industry was in the throes of conversion, he found in the idle textile mills and unemployed workers of Rhode Island the tools and the hands he needed. The American Oerlikon-Gazda Company was officially floated in October, 1940, with Antoine Gazda as vice-president.

With an assist from Lord Mountbatten, who arrived in the battered British aircraft carrier, *Illustrious*, Gazda got his guns adopted by the United States Navy, and Hudson, Pontiac and National Cash Register plants tooled up to manufacture them. Guns began coming off their production lines in June, 1941, only three months after Gazda got the Navy green light.

That spring, Gazda went to England, where a beaming Backhouse told him how well the Oerlikons worked. In Lisbon, (Continued on page 110)

## V O I C E O F T H E M O N T H

### The Girl • Her Records

**THE GIRL:** Some people travel in circles and get nowhere. Jane Harvey, however, has been singing herself around America with what the boys in the trade call "sensational" success. First tapped for fame by Benny Goodman, Jane left his band to vocalize for Bob Hope, Rudy Vallee, Mickey Rooney and Eddie Cantor. Her night-club circuit included the Blue Angel and Copacabana in the East, and Ciro's out West. This month she returns to the scene of her initial big-time bid: New York's Blue Angel. **HER RECORDS:** Jane's expressive singing style won her an MGM recording contract. First discs, smash hits: "So in Love" and "Always Faithful to You in My Fashion," from Cole Porter's show, "Kiss Me, Kate."

Photo by James J. Kriegsmann





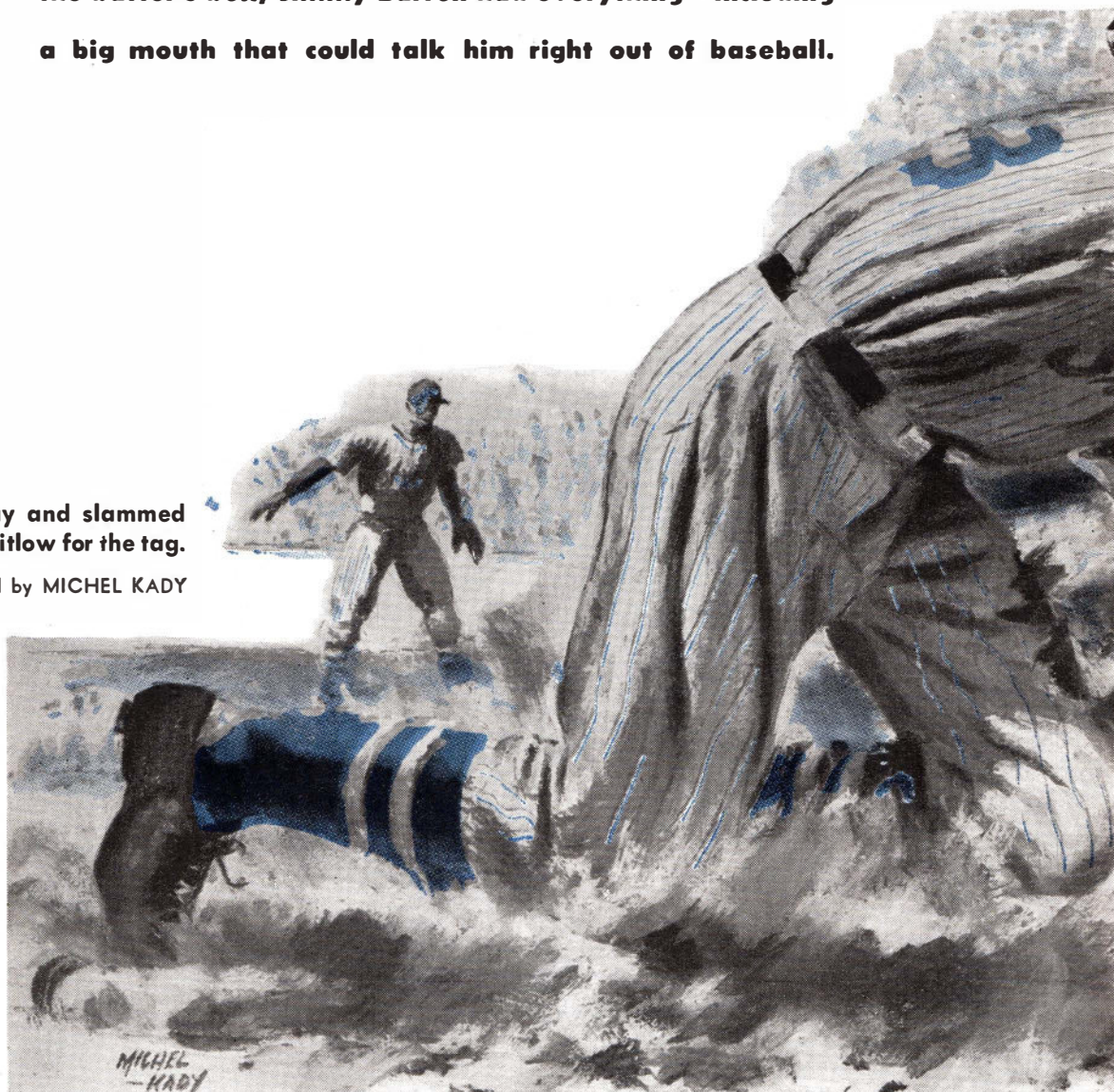
*Jane Harvey*

# Infield Wonder Boy

by JOHN WELLS At the keystone sack or in the batter's box, Jimmy Barron had everything — including a big mouth that could talk him right out of baseball.

He pulled away and slammed the ball into Witlow for the tag.

Illustrated by MICHEL KADY



**T**HIS Jimmy Barron didn't have to fight for the job. It was his as soon as he put on his glove. For years we'd been cursed with a parade of second-sackers who needed a bicycle and a basket, guys who couldn't hit a bull's back with a shovel. But this kid had it—an easy grace and flow of speed that let him cover more ground than a circus tent, an eye that never let a good ball get past him at the plate. I felt fine about it. I could play a lot of shortstop with him on the other side of the base.

That was what I thought at the beginning, after I'd watched him for a few days working out at the training camp.

After a while I wasn't so sure. The kid had everything, including a big mouth.

He was a nice boy, about twenty-four or twenty-

five, big and rangy, with curly black hair topping a pleasant face. But he had to talk.

After a week in camp, Doc Wilson, who managed the Sox, put him in with the regulars. He worked nice in the field, and when he went up to the plate, he busted a few with that beautiful loose swing that stamps a real hitter.

A bunch of us were sitting on the hotel porch that night, and Barron came out and joined us.

I said, "You looked good today, kid."

He nodded. "Sure, but I'll look a lot better as soon as the leg straightens out."

"Something wrong with it?" Hap Harris asked. The kid had moved like a dream all day.

"I broke it in four places. Ski-jumping."

"That's a hell of a sport," I said.





"It was up at Iron Mountain, in Michigan," Barron said. "I did two hundred and ninety feet, but the binding broke when I landed and I was disqualified." Gabby Fox was from up that way. "That's an awful jump."

"A couple of feet short of the American record. I probably would have broken the record with another jump. I just had the feel of that slide."

Joe Levine said, "Well, they'll probably have some snow up there next year. You'll just have to be patient."

The kid nodded. "When I came out of the Army, they told me I'd have some trouble, after the leg got shot up. The doc said to me, 'Major, that leg might bother you,'"

I said, "Major? You in the Air Force?"

He shook his head. "Infantry." He named an outfit. "You must've been a little young for a major." The kid said, "Not for me. I was twenty-one." I'd been in the infantry. I hadn't seen many twenty-one-year-old majors. I said, "Oh, twenty-one. I didn't figure you'd been quite that old."

He looked at me, and I thought, *A phony. We come up with a guy who can play ball, but he's phony.*

Barron seemed to forget about me. "There must be a golf course around here. I've seen people loading clubs into cars."

"About five miles down the line," Hap Harris said. "You play a good game?"

This kid nodded. "Real good. In the low seventies." He leaned back and lit a cigarette. "Sure like to play a couple of rounds." (Continued on page 77)



# NEMESIS OF THE DOPE GANGS



Photos by Acme, I.N.P., Wide World

Agents working under Anslinger's direction cracked down on Moe Binder in a recent West Coast narcotics raid.



by RICHARD BARR

**The gripping inside story of America's top narcotics agents, whose daily adventures often become more breathtakingly exciting than the most melodramatic action fiction.**

**I**N A hot, stuffy "pad joint," somewhere in Manhattan's Harlem, an exhausted drummer snores on a studio couch while his disheveled consort giggles drunkenly as she lurches toward a plate of hand-rolled cigarettes. In a beach-side villa on the southern California coast, three figures of the movie industry peer through the smoke of opium pipes while a fourth engages in a dance which would never pass the film censors. Overlooking Chicago's Loop, high in a skyscraper penthouse, a middle-aged man cups his hand around a flickering match and says to a pert, wide-eyed teen-ager, "Go on, try it. Then you'll really get a lift from the music."

Multiply these on-the-record snatches of life by a thousand cities and towns and you have a frightening picture of the illegal narcotics racket in the United States—a fifty-million-dollar business based on the degraded morals and corrupted minds of its victims.

The immensity of this illicit industry is illustrated by figures showing that for a four-year period the legitimate opium needs of the entire world total less than 4,000 tons. But in this same period, 18,500 tons were produced, with the difference—more than 14,000 tons—being absorbed by the underworld for sale at enormous profits to nerve-tortured addicts.

Yet, in terms of narcotic jags, raw opium is only a fraction of America's demand for illicit dope, since there is also a flourishing, drug-crazed market for heroin, morphine and marijuana. And for the narcotics racketeer this is a profitable situation, as he smilingly beholds the inevitable workings of the law of supply and demand. As initiation leads to liking, as liking grows to addiction, and as addiction spawns a steadily increasing craving for heavier doses, with a proportional breakdown of the addict's moral reserves, so also does business begin, expand and finally boom for the drug racketeer.

Even as his demand market increases, so also does his supply system develop. In Mexico, for instance, an estimated 10,000 poppy fields now augment the opium supply line from the Orient. Also in Mexico, at least thirty unregistered air fields, constructed by smugglers who often have bought surplus Army bulldozers for the purpose, serve as trans-frontier bases for fast, military-type aircraft which smuggle illegal narcotics into this country at better than 300 miles an hour.

In addition, countless Mexican fields raise gigantic crops of marijuana, the loco weed which can be seen growing wild and untended alongside the roads of our own southwestern states. Dried and stripped, marijuana leaf is hand-rolled into cigarettes. Sold at (Continued on page 106)



**Directing genius behind every dope raid: Bureau Chief Anslinger. Tiny force of agents accounts for ten percent of total Federal convictions.**



**Capture of Professor, big opium dealer posing as wealthy rancher, involved cloak-and-dagger spying, with death the penalty for any misstep.**



# TANK-TOWN MATADOR

by JOHN D. MACDONALD

THE room where he changed had the stink of failure, the tired smell of poverty and defeat. He could hear the growling roar from the crowd in the bull ring. Paco Solis smiled without humor as he fingered the dusty blackness, the stained embroidery of his *montero*, the traditional hat of the *torero*. He stood, lean, hard, the healed horn wound, the *cornada* he had received in the Mexico City bull ring, a deep dimple in the smooth shoulder flesh.

So many years, so many heartbreaks—and so many dreams. He pulled on the stiffly embroidered jacket. Joaquim Montez, who would place *banderillas* for him, strolled in, said, “Ah, nearly ready. What is the matter, Paquito? Are you affronted to perform for these country clowns, this *muy ranchero* collection of *aficionados*?”

“You have much mouth, my friend.”

Juaquim picked up the discarded letter from Juanito. He read a few lines before Paco Solis snatched it away.

Juaquim laughed. “Ah, Juanito is the wise one. He won the silver ear in Mexico one year after you did. Each of you, in your own year, was the best of all the novices, the *novilleros*, and could elect to become a full matador.”

Paco said sullenly, “You are correct. Juanito is the wise one. When we were both offered the *alternativa* he elects to remain a *novillero*, while I become a *torero*. Now I fight in these stinking little provincial towns, and he fights in the *novillero* season in Mexico and gets bigger purses than I get as a professional *torero*. I cannot get a booking in the professional season in Mexico City. Yet there is no turning back. I have chosen.

**The bull, swerving, struck Paco's side and knocked him off balance.**

Illustrated by PETER STEVENS





**Only a fool would risk his life to please  
a mob of crazy peons. But only a  
coward could refuse the challenge  
of this greatest bull of all.**





and I must remain a *torero*. Yes, Juanito was wise. It was not a good time to become a *torero*."

Juaquim thumped Paco's shoulder. "Don't brood, little one. We have work. Two spavined, over-age bulls for you to kill."

The traditional pomp and ceremony of the starting moment was as absurd in the weathered little bull ring as would be a symphony orchestra in a cantina. The Alguacil had requested the usual permission of the Juez de Plaza to begin the fight. He had backed his horse to the Puerta de Cuadrillas, and he advanced once again, leading the pitifully small parade.

**B**EHIND him walked the three *toreros*. Paco walked, as did the others, with the head-high strut of the *torero*. On one side of him was the eldest *torero*, Ricardo Espinosa, who would kill the first bull. On his other side was Pepe Redondo, a new one. Paco saw the glow of dedication on Pepe Redondo's face, the dilated nostrils, the extreme pallor. And Paco was amused.

Behind them marched the four *banderilleros*, whose services they would have to share, and, on padded, aged horses, the three *picadores*, followed by the *monosabios*, the ring servants.

They advanced across the ring, saluted the judge, a beefy, florid man who lolled, half-drunk, in his box.

As Paco turned to trade his embroidered cape for the working cape, he glanced over the crowd. The small ring was packed with what he guessed to be about seven thousand persons. The sun side, the cheap-ticket side, was rowdy, as usual, with a sprinkling of *touristas* on the shade side.

Paco stood behind the *barrera* and watched Ricardo Espinosa work the first bull. The animal was spirited, but too small for the big-city rings. Probably nine hundred pounds.

After Ricardo had watched the bull, made a few cautious *veronicas* with the big cape, the *picadores* entered and, in pic-ing the bull three times, did a clumsy job, hurting the animal too much. The shrill whistlings of the crowd expressed their displeasure. The *picadores* left the ring and the *banderilleros* did an equally awkward job, setting the *banderillas* lightly enough, but with one pair so far forward that they would obviously interfere with the kill.

Ricardo came out with the *muleta*, the small cape, and the sword. The bull was uncertain and, because of the mishandling, unpredictable. Paco half-smiled as he watched Ricardo's clumsy faking. His stance for the natural pass shifted clumsily into a safer *molinete*

pass as the bull charged. As soon as the horn was by, Ricardo would assume once more the natural pass position. It did not fool the crowd. There were yells of "*Maleta!*" and more whistling.

At last the small bull stood in the correct position, head lowered, feet together. Ricardo went in with the sword, surprising the crowd with the neatness and bravery of the kill.

The next bull was Paco's. He had long since decided that, in working the provinces, there was no need to perform spectacular work. Why die before these audiences of clowns?

It was necessary to dedicate the bull—and profitably. On the shade side, in a front row, he saw an elderly couple, obviously prosperous *touristas*, with a young, lovely, golden-haired daughter. They had a guide with them. Paco Solis marched to that portion of the *barrera*, dedicated the bull to the girl, saw her confused blush.

As he turned away, he flung his hat back to them, knowing that the guide would explain that he would return for the hat after the kill and would expect to find a substantial bill in it.

He went behind the little gate in the *barrera*, while the *banderilleros* took up their positions in the ring to await the entrance of the bull.

As the bull came into the ring, the flick of a cape in the hand of a *banderillero* attracted the animal's attention. He charged the cape, and as the man ducked, the huge bull leaped the *barrera*, jumping the five-foot fence with all the agility of a thoroughbred horse. The gate was quickly opened and the bull, running inside the *barrera*, found his way back into the ring. Head high, he moved quickly from side to side, alert and dangerous.

**P**ACO knew what had happened. This bull had been inspected on the big Piedras Negras ranch, had been judged too big, and thus not sufficiently agile for the big-time ring. He would weigh upward of twelve hundred pounds. But the inspectors had been wrong. This bull was as quick as a great cat.

It was a bull such as a *torero* dreams of, and fears.

The *banderilleros* ran the bull back and forth across the hard-packed yellow sand. Paco watched, fearing that something would be wrong with this bull. No, the bull followed the trailing cape, charging clean and true and straight. Nor did he pause before his charge. He charged so fleetly that it was difficult to guess the precise moment of his charge. The crowd was yelling wildly, knowing and appreciating a good bull. The brave and proud

animal stood, snorting, incredibly strong, incalculably dangerous.

This animal had been bred to die with dignity and raw, brute courage. In addition, his mind was keen. This was the first moment that he had encountered man, a puny, two-legged animal which dared the deadly power of his horns.

At last Paco knew enough of the bull to go forward with his own cape. As matador he was the first to be permitted to use two hands on the cape.

At closer range the bull appeared to be even more enormous. Paco flicked the cape, enticed the charge, passed the bull by him with a cautious *veronica* that passed the horn a good foot and a half from his thigh.

Ah, this was a bull! If only he could have a bull such as this in the ring in Mexico City! But here, where even his best work would be remembered only by these country *Indios*. . . .

**H**E THOUGHT of passing the bull closely with the big cape, then remembered the tiny purse he was getting, remembered the fading embroidery of his uniform. The bull snorted, pawed the sand, came at him again. He led the bull wide with the big cape, and the animal startled him by wheeling swiftly, charging again. But he made the wide pass. Feeble shouts of "*Ole!*" were masked by whistles.

Why risk death for these country people? But this was, in truth, a magnificent animal.

He gave the signal for the *picadores* and, one at a time, they came through the proper gate on the blindfolded horses. Ricardo Espinosa and Pepe Redondo came into the ring with their capes to perform the necessary *quito* should the bull knock down a horse.

Paco enticed the bull with the cape, moving aside so that the bull saw the first *picador*, charged the horse. The *picador* placed the pic just as the horns hit the heavy padding. The bull, conscious of the sting of pain, surged up with his massive neck muscles, tumbling both horse and rider. Paco made the *quito*, passing the bull by him while the *monosabios* quickly got the frightened but unhurt horse to his feet, helped the *picador* to remount.

As the bull was lured toward the second *picador*, Paco, to his own intense surprise, heard himself shout, "Lightly! Not deep, *hombre!*"

The *picador* gave him one startled look just as the bull charged. Paco cursed to himself. It was to his advantage to have the bull pic-ed deeply, weakened in the mighty shoulder muscles so that the head would be carried lower. (Continued on page 90)





**Spend a Minute  
ON THIS QUESTIONNAIRE  
and Save a Dollar**



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**Yes,** your help in answering the questions below entitles you to subscribe to ARGOSY at the special rate of 8 issues for \$1.00 (saving you \$1.00 under the regular newsstand price).

1. Do you fish? (A) Often; (B) Occasionally; (C) Seldom; (D) Never.
2. About how many days a year do you spend fishing? (A) Under 10 days; (B) 10-14 days; (C) 15-19 days; (D) 20-29 days; (E) 30 days and over.
3. Where do you usually fish? (Please circle one or more.) (A) Salt water; (B) Lake; (C) Stream.
4. What methods do you use? (Please circle one or more.) (A) Trolling—Salt Water; (B) Trolling—Fresh Water; (C) Surf Casting; (D) Bait Casting; (E) Fly Casting; (F) Dropline.
5. What type of reel do you now own? (Please circle one or more.) (A) Fly Casting; (B) Bait Casting; (C) Salt Water.
6. What type of rod do you now own? (Please circle one or more.) (A) Fly Casting; (B) Bait Casting; (C) Salt Water.
7. How do you usually get to your fishing grounds? (A) Auto; (B) Train; (C) Bus; (D) Plane; (E) Other.
8. Which of the following types of boats do you own? (A) Cabin Cruiser; (B) Outboard Motor; (C) Speedboat; (D) Rowboat; (E) Sailboat; (F) Canoe; (G) None.
9. Which of the following types of boats not owned by you have you used during the past year. (They may have been rented or borrowed.) (A) Cabin Cruiser; (B) Outboard Motor; (C) Speedboat; (D) Rowboat; (E) Sailboat; (F) Canoe; (G) None.
10. Do you own an outboard motor, or intend to buy one soon? (A) Own; (B) Intend to buy; (C) Neither own nor intend to buy.
11. Do you hunt? (A) Often; (B) Occasionally; (C) Seldom; (D) Never.
12. What do you usually hunt? (Please circle one or more.) (A) Large Game; (B) Small Game; (C) Game Birds.
13. Which of the following pieces of equipment do you now own? (Please circle one or more.) (A) Rifle; (B) Shotgun; (C) Pistol; (D) Revolver; (E) Sleeping Bag; (F) Field Glasses; (G) Tentage; (H) Telescopic Sight.
14. How do you usually travel to your hunting grounds? (A) Auto; (B) Train; (C) Bus; (D) Plane; (E) Other.
15. About how many days a year do you hunt? (A) Under 10 days; (B) 10-14 days; (C) 15-19 days; (D) 20-29 days; (E) 30 days and over.
16. Do you do any target shooting? (A) Often; (B) Occasionally; (C) Seldom; (D) Never.
17. If "Yes," which of the following do you take part in? (Please circle one or more.) (A) Trap or Skeet; (B) Rifle; (C) Pistol.
18. Your age, please. (A) Under 18; (B) 18-24; (C) 25-29; (D) 30-34; (E) 35-39; (F) 40-49; (G) 50 years and over.

**Reader's Answers  
To Questionnaire**

Here's how you can assist the Editors of ARGOSY in making your magazine better and more enjoyable with every issue. Just read each question, circle the letters below to indicate your answers, and mail the answers to ARGOSY Magazine. You can take advantage of the special save-a-dollar introductory offer by using the coupon in the lower left-hand corner. However, you needn't subscribe to answer the questionnaire.

1. A B C D
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17. A B C
18. A B C D E F G

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

ARGOSY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing \$1.00. Please send me the next eight issues of ARGOSY as my reward for answering your questionnaire. I understand that this saves me \$1.00 under the regular newsstand price.

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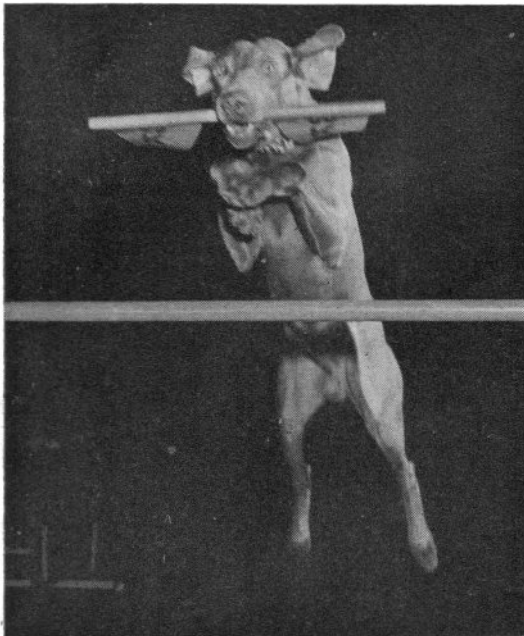
Thank you for your help. Use the coupon at the left to subscribe to ARGOSY at the special rate of 8 issues for \$1.00. Please indicate if this is a renewal or extension of your present subscription.

*The Weimaraners*



**ALL-AROUND:** Grafmar's Silver Dusk's pups will, like the rest of their breed, be the best companions, the finest hunters, the quickest to obey.





**OBEDIENCE:** Weimaraner pup holds record.



**COMPANION:** The only dog which hunts with you—not for you.

# Best In Dogdom?

“Yes!” say the Weimaraner enthusiasts about their favorite dog—and the way in which this latest canine importation is knocking over records backs them up.

by **JACK DENTON SCOTT**

*(Executive Secretary of the Weimaraner Club of America)*

**T**HE boy had been missing for three days. State Police, neighbors, troops of Boy Scouts and small armies of volunteer searchers beat the countryside. Finally the State Police brought out their bloodhounds. In the ancient tradition, they gave the hounds pieces of the boy's clothing to sniff and sent them out to start a trail. Still no trace of the small boy could be found. He had vanished completely.

On the evening of the third day, a man appeared with a strange looking gray dog. The dog had long houndlike ears, light eyes, a short tail, a silken bluish gray coat. He was quite large, weighing about eighty pounds.

“Let me try,” the man said. “This dog of mine can find anything.”

Police and spectators laughed. “Listen,” said the sergeant in charge, “if our hounds, with the hottest noses in this state, can't find the kid, what do you expect to do with that thing?”

The man flushed and turned to the missing boy's uncle, who was standing beside the police sergeant.

“It's worth a try, isn't it? Let's go back and start from the house and see if my dog can't pick up a trail.”

The uncle gave the man with the gray dog a long look, then nodded. Together they walked back to the house. The boy's uncle went into the house and returned with a small, now pathetic object—a tiny sweater. The man took it from him, held it under his dog's nose.

Photos by the author and Robert C. Gescheider

Immediately the dog went into action. From the doorway of the house, nose to the ground, he started a long, easy lope directly toward a small river about a quarter of a mile distant. The men followed. They came to a halt on the river's edge, where the dog stood immobile, his head high, looking out across the water.

Silently the men regarded each other.

“No,” the uncle said a little brokenly, “it can't be. The bloodhounds have been out this way many times. It can't be! Let's try again.”

So they did. They tried again, and again. The dog kept returning to the same spot on the river's edge. Finally the uncle summoned the State Police and the river was dredged.

Fifteen yards from where the gray dog had halted, they found the boy's body.

When the story hit the papers a line appeared stating that the amazing gray dog had found the boy in one hour after the trail had been cold three days, hundreds of people had walked over it, and the trail had been worked by some of the best bloodhounds in the state.

The boy's uncle took exception to this. He wrote one of the papers that had printed the story: “You are entirely wrong about the length of time. That gray dog, that Weimaraner found my nephew in exactly ten minutes. We didn't want to believe that the boy was drowned, so we made *(Continued on page 103)*”



# HIGH WATER MARK

by JACK CLINTON McLARN

**They fought each other,  
and they fought the  
raging river. And only  
the river could win.**

Illustrated by PETER STEVENS

**B**IG JIM GASSOWAY was mad. And when the bridge foreman of the River Division got mad, strong men quailed and little children ducked for cover. His bristly gray hair stuck up like early-morning frost-whiskers on the relay rail that we ran trains over, his gray mustache quivered, beads of sweat popped out on his weather-creased forehead. Couple that to about two hundred and thirty-five pounds of sheer fury, and you've got a pretty good picture of the best bridgeman who ever framed a bent. Big Jim Gassoway.

Right now he had some reason to be sore. Not that he always needed a reason, but this time I had to admit that there was a little reason behind his slowly purpling face.

It was the year of the big water. Other years, the Big Sandy and the Little Tom had worked perfectly together. When the Big Sandy hit flood, the Little Tom was peaceful. The flood water from the Big Sandy backed harmlessly up the bed of the Little Tom, the pressure was off, and after a little the flood danger was over. And when the Little Tom went on a small-scale rampage, the Big Sandy took the overflow until the smaller stream could handle it. It was a beautiful example of co-operation in nature.

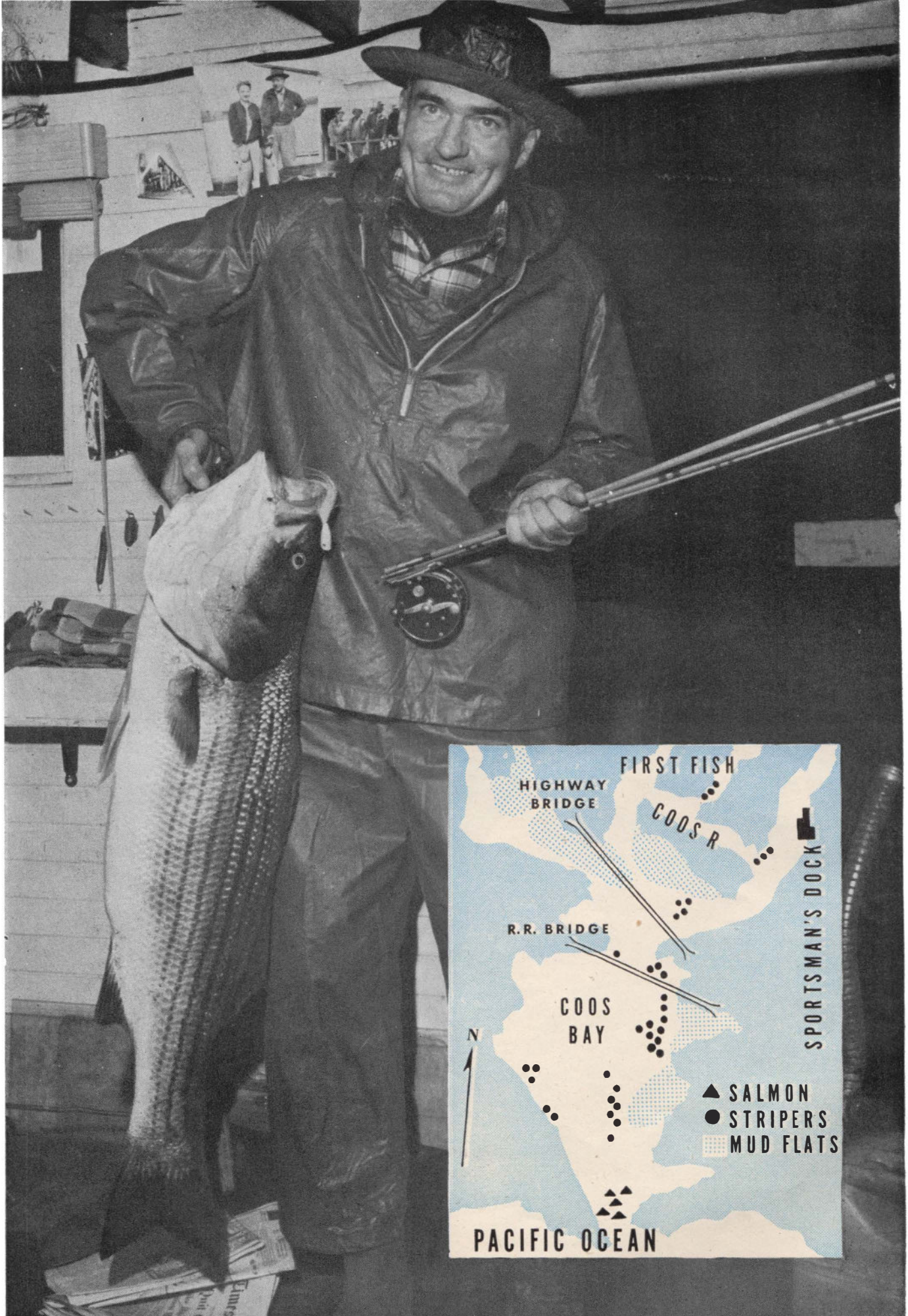
But this year something went wrong. The river sages nodded wisely and said things about the millions of dollars of tax money the "gub'-ment" was pouring into dredging operations. Others made ominous predictions about "messin' 'round with locks and such." Still others muttered darkly about the "bomb." Anyway, the delicate balance of the two streams went haywire. They both went on the rise the same day. There was no place for the twin floods to go. So the water backed up, spread to the deep swamps. The black, oily swamp water turned a dirty (Continued on page 86)

**He moved, cat-footed, toward the boy, talking in a slow monotone.**









Joe Brooks, of Baltimore, striper-fishing expert, holds 29-pound, 6-ounce bass—world record on fly rod—that author saw him take near railroad bridge at Coos Bay, Oregon. Inset shows fishing grounds.



# I Catch 20-Pound Stripers—On Flies

*The unusual experience—excitingly told—of an inland angler who found his biggest thrill in catching salt-water stripers on fresh-water tackle. If it gives you the yen to do likewise—here's all the detailed how-to you'll need.*

I TOOK twenty-pound stripers with fly rods and on flies. This must be news coming from a rank amateur in salt-water fishing. I don't know the difference between a pelcher and an anchovy, if there is a difference. I am more of an amateur as a sports writer, but when I read Byron W. Dalrymple's interesting article in the February ARGOSY and saw his picture with a couple of small stripers, I decided that the fishing public would be interested in my experiences.

Striper fishing in Coos Bay, Oregon, is not publicized. Even Raymond R. Camp failed to mention that area in his article in the March ARGOSY. Few, if any, articles have been written about that area, but it is well known in the west. Take your map of Oregon and look at about the center of the coastline, and there is the home of the stripers.

It all happened this way. My son went on a gypsying trip with, as usual, fishing thrown in. When he came home he told me of seeing big fish working on the surface both in the bay and in the ocean just off the jaws of the bay. "Dad," he said, "we can surely take those fish on flies if we can find the right kind of fly to use. The water is clear and conditions are just right for flies."

Last July found us at Coos Bay trying out this new and rather novel method of fishing. I went there primarily to see if I could take Silverside salmon on flies as they do in the Campbell River on Vancouver Island. After I arrived I lost interest in the salmon, and started to experiment on the stripers with flies and fly rods. The old-timers told me that they had heard of fly fishermen taking small stripers

by **Morley Griswold**

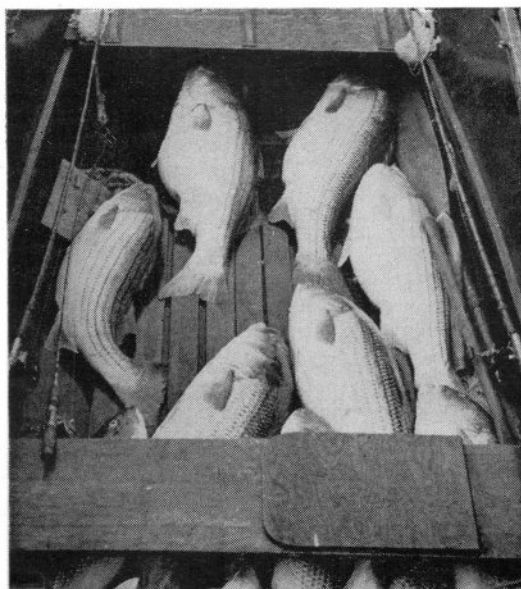
on small flies in some of the backwaters, but "Don't get tangled up with those fish in the bay proper," they said, "because we don't think you can make them strike, and, if you did, all you would do would be break up your fine fly rods."

Coos Bay is a rather large but shallow body of water with many necks and inlets running miles back inland from the jaws. At high tide water from two to seven feet deep covers many miles of the area. Then at low tide there are nothing but mud flats, with deep channels running up through them. (This can be seen by the rough sketch on the opposite page.)

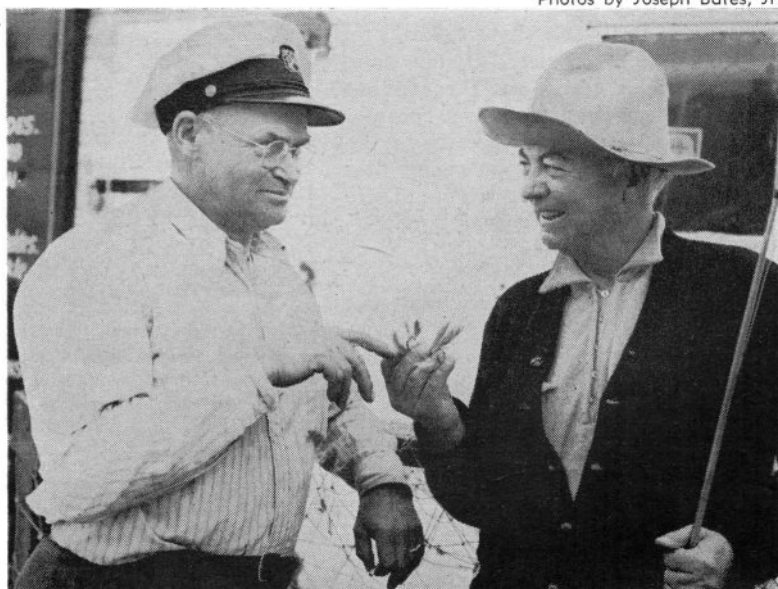
Ray Self, who runs both commercial and sports fishing boats out of Coos Bay, was interested and willing to try anything once. We first started to troll up the Coos River Channel from the Sportsmen's Dock, where his boats were anchored. Two days of trolling produced one fish of about three pounds, but no sign of the schools that were supposed to be working on the surface.

On the third day, in the late afternoon when the tide came in, we saw our first stripers break water. They were chasing minnows. The grass-covered shoreline of the channel was uncovered for a considerable distance at low tide. As the tide came in I noticed small food fish breaking water as if something was chasing them, and then the swirl of a good-sized fish at the edge of the grass. Then, there they were by the hundreds. Trolling bone jigs, feather jigs, and every type of plug and spinner in Ray's and my box failed to produce. We could see a number of big fish

**Some stripers party took home. Author got several 18- and 20-pounders on flies.**



**Author shows Ray Self fly he made duplicating minnows on which bass fed. Five inches long, they are tied on a 3/0 hook.**



Photos by Joseph Bates, Jr.

working all around us. We went home that night thoroughly disgusted with fishing.

When the tide was the same height the next day we were back on the same spot, and, sure enough, there were the stripers working. The night before I had tied up, on big long-shank 3/0 hooks, some standard Mickey Finns, Royal Coachman and other types of flies that had proved successful on fresh-water fish. My son and Ray landed me on the shore, and I waded out far enough to get a fly out over the grass and into water that covered the grass, probably to a depth of two feet or more. I could see the stripers coming up the shoreline working on the minnows, and now and then a boil as a fish would try for a minnow above the grass. They kept coming closer. I waited until the school was rather close before I made my first cast.

I was using a five-and-five-eighths-ounce Leonard with a Mickey Finn fly, with a five-pound-test nylon tippet. A number of casts produced no results, although I could see the fish breaking all around my fly. I then changed to a Royal Coachman, and about the third cast—*bang*—I had my first steeper on a fly. The initial run took out better than a hundred yards of backing plus my thirty-five yards of fly line. I yelled for my son to pick me up in the boat, as I had visions of losing line, backing, and being stripped, as I was only carrying about 150 yards of twelve-pound backing on the big Hardy reel.

I was putting all the pressure on my rod that I dared, and the steeper was still going. He stopped for a short time, evidently to get his breath back, and then took off again, this time, however, taking out only about twenty-five of the dwindling yards of my backing.

**T**HEN came the horsing and bulldogging, trying to get the steeper back to me on the shore. Fortunately I could run up and down the shoreline and, taking advantage of the tide that was coming in, I would get below the fish and work him toward the shore, then hike down the shore again, and repeat the performance. Just how long it took I don't know, but I know that my wrist was good and tired before I finally slid my first steeper up to the shoreline where I could get behind him and kick him out up on dry land. He weighed out just under twelve pounds, which is comparatively small for Coos Bay bass.

The boys had not hit anything out in the channel with their trolling, so I went back to my original position, where the bass were still working. I could not wade out nearly as far as I had for the first fish, as the water had got deeper and covered the grass, but

## ARGOSY ARTICLES FOR AUGUST

### I WAS SHANGHAIED INTO THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION

By Walter G. Leathe

The shocking true-life story of an American citizen who went to Paris on vacation and was impressed, against his will, into the dread Foreign Legion.

### ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

returns next month with the dramatic story of three lifers who may be innocent. Don't miss this second session of the

### COURT OF LAST RESORT

### WHAT IS A HOMOSEXUAL

By Allen Churchill

Dr. George W. Henry of the Cornell Medical Center, says: "This article is a vital public service." Its facts are frank—and startling.

### THE MUSKIE—TOUGHEST BATTLER IN THE LAKE

By Innes McCall

Ever had sixty pounds of fighting fresh-water fury on the other end of your line? The author, a national fishing expert, tells how to catch the biggest and toughest of them all.

### "NOT GUILTY!"

By Victor Boesen

It's axiomatic in Hollywood that if you're in trouble you need Giesler.

### TIMBER TRUCKING—FOR PROFIT AND THRILLS

By Tom Riley

Like adventure? You'll get your money's worth if you've the courage to tackle the perils of "gyppo" logging.

### ELECTROCUTION

The first series of pictures ever taken in a death house—with the inside story told by the cameraman himself.

### PLUS

Pictures Tell the Story, Sportsman's Almanac, Gripe Department, Men's Mart, Hobby Corner, Along the Airways and other dramatic, informative features.

I could still work my fly over the top of the grass by a rapid retrieve.

Soon I saw a tremendous swirl within casting distance. I cast the fly downstream from the swirl, let it sink for just a second, then started the rapid retrieve. The steeper almost took the rod out of my hand. When the hook set, the reel let out a screech that didn't stop until the fish had taken out better than 125 yards of backing.

The next run saw me down to where I could see metal on the spool. I knew by the feel that I had a much heavier fish than the first one I had caught. My son and Ray were having a lot of fun at my expense as I ran like mad up and down the bank trying to keep even with the bass—who was doing just exactly as he pleased. He carried me along the shoreline for more than 300 yards before I finally got my backing on the reel down to the fly line.

**F**ROM then on it was a tug-of-war. The comparatively light rod with its very stiff action never gave the steeper a moment's relief. The steady pull finally took its toll, and I made the fish come to the surface. Considerably later I had him up to the shelving shoreline, but I wasn't able to get his head on land; just his nose touched the edge of the shore, with his tail downstream with the current.

I waded in behind him and drop-kicked with all my might, and he landed out on the shore. I knew then that I had a worthwhile fish. He tipped the scales at more than sixteen pounds.

Two stripers in a day on flies—and no broken fly rods! The boys trolling had nary a fish to show for their efforts.

When I cleaned the stripers I examined the small fish on which they had been feeding. That night I tied myself some flies, duplicating the minnows as nearly as I could. I have never seen the fly before, but it is a close imitation of the small minnows locally called "pelchers." They are long, thin fish with white bellies and green backs. I tied them with polar-bear hair and made the fly about five inches long on the long-shank heavy 3/0 hook.

Next morning, bright and early, we went down to the Sportsmen's Dock to watch for stripers. We had seen them working there the night before, where the Coos River joins with another stream about 300 yards from the dock. All morning long we waited, but there wasn't a sign of one. We trolled, cast, worked jigs, plugs, flies, and every lure we could think of without even striking a fish. In disgust we went back and sat on the pier and watched the area with binoculars.

Just as the outgoing tide turned, the gulls gave us our first intimation that there was (Continued on page 75)





# AMERICA'S 100 BEST VACATIONS: \$100 TO \$300

by **RAY JOSEPHS**

**F**OR close to twenty years as a newspaper correspondent, I've covered every corner of the hemisphere—especially the United States. Out of that first-hand look at thousands of places I've selected a hundred of America's top vacation spots for you and the other ARGOSY readers. My list should help you find something new, different and really enjoyable for your two-weeks-with-pay this summer.

On the next six pages I've listed places to go and things to do in three geographical areas and three price ranges. The price allowances should be sufficient to cover one person's expenses for two weeks. Some rates are changing but I think those I have given will be close. You can save by doubling up or sharing a car. I've tried not to load the figures to make them look good. I've noted taxes, meals, admissions, and so forth, whenever possible. In listing hotel rates I've given the starting price. In almost every case I've cited the best moderate-priced hotel rather than the flossiest. Railroad fares are for round-trip coach travel. Pullman is generally at least a third higher.

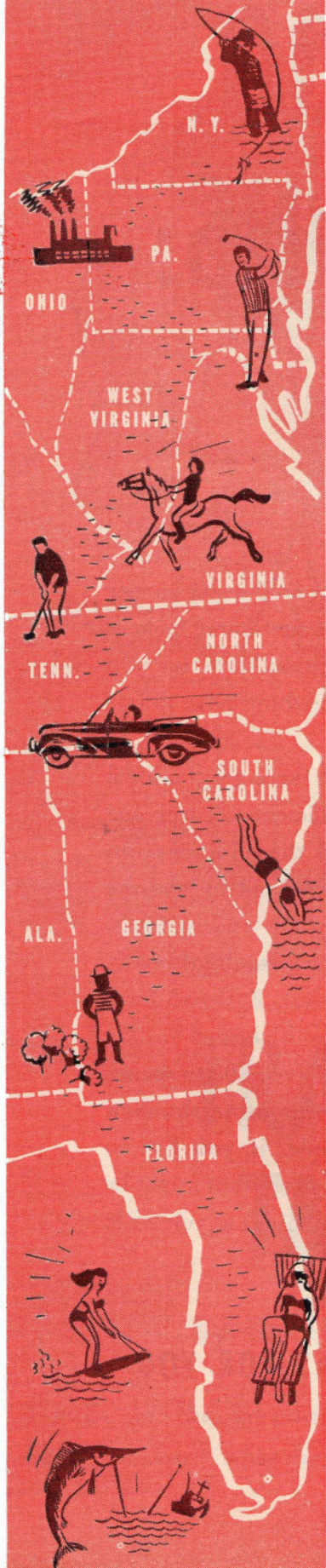
Though I've listed New York City as a good place to go if you have \$300 to spend, you can do it for \$200 if you stay at less expensive hotels, perhaps in nearby New Jersey. The lists will suggest other alternate plans. For example, if you live in Manhattan and have a little extra for travel, a midwest or western suggestion might be more appealing than one of my eastern choices. You can scramble things as you wish. Turn to the next page—and start scrambling!

SIX PAGES OF VACATION IDEAS FOR YOU





# WHERE TO GO IN THE EAST



**\$100**



(1) Venture a canoe trip to a lake in your own region. If it's New England, try western Maine's five Rangeley Lakes. Attractions include 450 square miles of uncommercialized waters, stocked with fighting square-tail trout (I've seen them up to eight pounds), and landlocked salmon. Fishing from the time the ice leaves to October 15th. Outdoor camping sites are free, but bring your own equipment. You can dress as you please. If you want a Rangeley hotel, I suggest the Sagamore Lodge: \$6 daily, single, with meals. . . . (2) Or be a Robinson Crusoe on one of Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire's 274 habitable, tree-covered islands.

**\$200**



(1) The 15,000,000 Americans who visit Atlantic City, New Jersey, annually can't be wrong. The famed Boardwalk Steel Pier, with scores of attractions, the really first-rate surf bathing, the people from every part of the world all add up to fun. Extra attraction: the Showman's Variety Jubilee when they choose Miss America in September. There are hundreds of hotels, rooming houses, apartments, and some are inexpensive. The Plaza and Pennhurst, for example,

It's real backwoods in the White Mountains foothills, with the Northeast's best trout, salmon and bass. Lots of free camp grounds. Or I can recommend the Lakeview Hotel at The Weirs; \$3, daily, single. . . . (3) My favorite in the Northeast is Acadia National Park, near Bar Harbor, Maine. Damaged by forest fire in 1947. Query first. . . . (4) Farther south investigate Tennessee's many lakes. Especially recommended: Fontana Dam recreational area, America's newest playground, in North Carolina-Tennessee. Cottage village, originally constructed for T.V.A. dam builders in the heart of a mountainous wilderness region, has accommodations at \$2.50 and \$3.00 nightly, facing the huge man-made lake. Swimming, boating, tennis, golf, hiking, a l available. For reservations write Government Services, Inc., Fontana Village, North Carolina. . . . (5) Or rent a campsite and live close to nature in the Great Smoky Mountains in North Carolina and Tennessee. This is really special—an outdoor wonderland with the country's largest area of virgin

start at \$2.00, single, daily. If you want a complete list write the Chamber of Commerce Bureau, Convention Hall, Atlantic City. . . . (2) New Jersey's long coast is dotted with other A-1 resorts. Wildwood and Ocean City are family style—Breakers Hotel, one of the best, is \$6.00, single, with meals; the Strand, \$3.00 and \$4.00, without. In Wildwood the Maryland Hall and the Davis are moderate; rates issued on request. And in upper Jersey, you can't beat Asbury Park. Swimming, fishing, a dozen golf courses nearby. The Berkeley-Carteret is the best—\$6.75 up, single, without meals, but including a sport a day. Good and inexpensive: The Plaza and Lafayette are \$2.00, single, up, without meals. . . . (3) Sail the Canada Steamship Lines vessels down the broad St. Lawrence and the Saguenay. Fare from Toronto to the Saguenay and return: \$43.00. Lots of chances for inexpensive stop-

**\$300**



(1) Don't overlook New York City, our No. 1 summer resort. Instead of a big hotel, stay at lesser-known places and see things that cost less but which are just as much fun. Take the Sightseeing Yachts around New York, \$2.00 for three hours. Go out to sparkling Jones Beach. Eat at the Automat or smaller Chinese restaurants for a change. See the big stores, ride the roller coaster in the Steeplechase at Coney. Hear the big radio and television shows originating at Radio City; they're free if you write to NBC, CBS, ABC, and Mutual in advance. I recommend the Cornish Arms, downtown, \$2.00 up, single, \$4.00 to \$6.00, double. The Great Northern in midtown, \$3.00 up, single, \$5.00, double. The Chesterfield, in the Times Square area, \$2.00, single, \$3.00 to \$6.00, double. The Beacon, upper Broadway, \$4.00 up, single, \$5.00 up, double. All without meals. . . . (2) Cruise up to Nova

Scotia from Boston via Eastern Steamship Lines, \$30.00 plus tax, round trip. Gasp at the amazing Fundy Tides and then try fishing for blue-fin tuna and broadbilled swordfish in waters where all but two of the records of the last thirty-eight years have been established. Ride the Cabot Trail around Cape Breton past the great inland seas of Bras d'Or. See the Highland Games in July at Antigonish, and stuff yourself on lobster. Best hotel at Antigonish is the Royal George: \$5.00 daily with meals. Best lower-priced hotel in Halifax: The Carlston, \$2.25 daily, single. . . . (3) If you like music go to the Berkshire Music Festival, Stockbridge, Massachusetts. The area offers sports besides music, but be certain to make reservations in advance. . . . (4) Sign up for the New Haven Railroad's ten-day Pilgrim Tour from New England. It includes two days in New York, dinner and floor show at Billy Rose's, a seven-day cruise on the Great Lakes, plus stopovers in Detroit and Buffalo. Cost, including food on trains, \$205 plus tax from Boston; \$198.50 from Hartford. . . . (5) Take Pan American's planes from Miami (\$34.50, including tax for a thirty-day round-trip ticket), or Cunard Line's eight-day cruise, to Nassau and Cuba, \$195.00 plus 15% tax, up, from New York.



red spruce, sixteen peaks rising more than 6,000 feet and miles of trails and trout streams. Cabins rent for \$25 to \$30 weekly. Special lures: Fishing and horseback riding. Gatlinburg, Tennessee is the center of things. I've found the best hotels to be: The Greystone, \$8 daily for one with meals, \$12 for two, and Bear Skin Cottages, \$3 single, \$5 double. . . . (6) Pass up the usual and more expensive mountain resorts and stretch your legs on an easy, ever-new walking journey along the Appalachian Trail. One of the world's most unusual hiking routes, it runs from Georgia to Maine. You can enter at hundreds of points, stop at conveniently located hostels with good food and better companions. For information write: Appalachian Trail Conference, Washington, D. C. . . . (7) Enjoy tuna fishing at Block Island, Rhode Island, out in the Atlantic, nine miles south of the mainland. This is an unspoiled spot which many sportsmen consider the best tuna grounds on the eastern seaboard. The Atlantic Tuna Club headquarters here. Old dungarees and sports

shirts are all the wardrobe you need, but there's also golf on the cliffs and riding. You get there from Providence or Newport. . . . (8) Another favorite island, with picturesque New England rooming houses at \$20 to \$25 weekly, is Nantucket, Massachusetts, twenty-five miles off Cape Cod. A-I fishing, beaches, horse and bike trails, yachting races, a famous artists' colony, and savory New England clam chowder and cooking in abundance. The Massachusetts Steamship Lines operate three boats between New Bedford, Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. . . . (9) For a switch, take a whirl at crabbing at seashore points in Jersey, Virginia or the Carolinas. Hire a rowboat for \$1 to \$2 a day instead of paying \$10 to \$20 for a motorboat ride. Gorge on crab specialties, such as crab ravigotte, deviled crabs and crabmeat Dewey. . . . (10) Pass up the well known Cape Cod or Martha's Vineyard resorts for lesser publicized New England spots like Swampscott and Duxbury. You'll find artists, fishermen, pretty girls and surf bathing,

beach picnics, and first-rate summer theaters. Instead of hotels, try the rooming houses, not as fancy but as much fun. . . . (11) Try the New York Central's Great Eastern Circle Tour. Hudson River Valley, Washington, D. C., Virginia Beach and colonial Virginia, including historic Williamsburg, restored with Rockefeller millions, can be covered for \$40 coach rail fare, plus tax. On your stopovers, food and incidentals can be kept to a minimum if you watch the extras. . . . (12) If you like golf, remember that around Pinehurst, North Carolina, swank golfer's center, there are medium-priced hotels where you can play some of the country's sportiest courses for two weeks and still keep within the budget. Typical are the Belvedere and Southern at Southern Pines, the Holy Inn at Pinehurst and the Hendersen at Aiken, with rates from \$2.50 to \$5.00 daily, single, without meals. The diet is golf and more golf, but there's swimming also, if you wish to vary your activities—and 19th hole socializing with lots of good fellowship.

overs in the Thousand Islands, with good fishing, camping, hiking, horseback riding. And you can see Quebec, an Old World fortress town, and Montreal, Canada's thriving industrial metropolis, en route. . . . (4) See another part of the South, not the big cities which are pretty standardized, but the real you-all country 'round garden-dotted Charleston, South Carolina; Mobile, Alabama; Atlanta and Savannah, Georgia. Visit plantations with fields of white-tufted cotton. Many of the stately mansions, now almost gone-with-the-wind, are open to visitors. Almost everywhere, rates are lower than in the North. For a good, inexpensive hotel in Atlanta, try the completely renovated Marion. Rooms: \$2.50 nightly. . . . (5) Visit Miami Beach, off season. It's warm, but play clothes and the non-stop trade winds keep you from noticing. In Summer, Miami Beach's luxury hotels are as low as

\$6.00 daily. The palm-lined beaches, deep-sea fishing and inland lake fishing, are all there. So's the fast jai-alai, the oversize moon and the cover girls. You won't need the fancy clothes of the flashy winter crowd, either. Be certain to include Coral Gables, the Coconut Grove, Hialeah Racetrack and the Seminole Indian Village. . . . (6) Use two weeks for that Washington trip you've always planned. You'll find the usual places yourself, but there are some special recommendations: Get up to the Press Gallery of the Senate and see how the news comes to you. Visit the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where they print money and stamps. Have cocktails at the Statler and see more headline names than you'll find anywhere else in town. For extra treats, go up to the Naval Academy and ride down to colonial Mount Vernon, Washington's home, and the Arlington National Ceme-

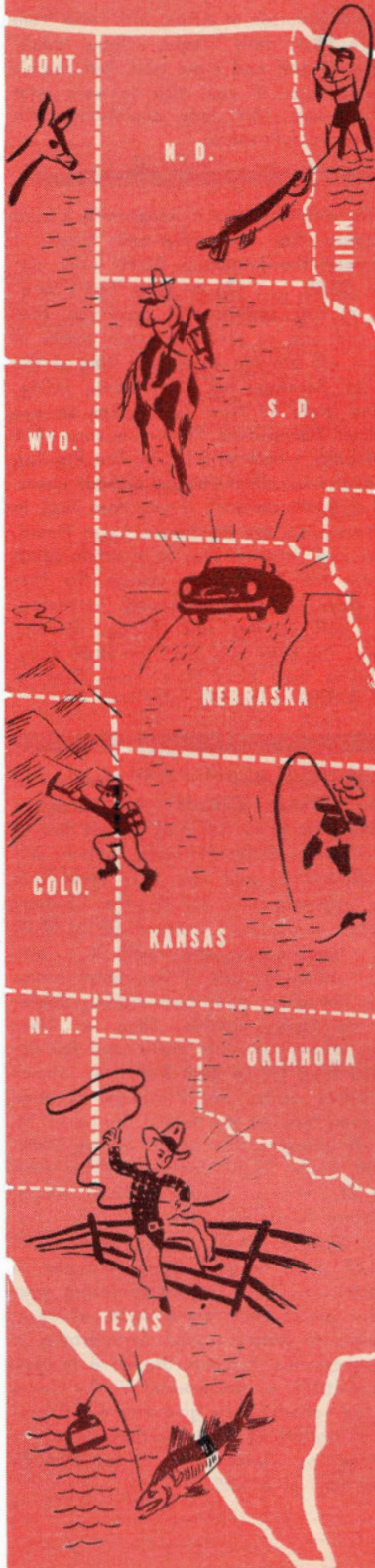
tery. The White House is temporarily closed to visitors. For good low-cost hotels, I recommend the Annapolis, \$2.50 daily, up; Dodge, \$2.00. . . . (7) At New York's Saratoga, mineral springs will give you that glow, and one of the finest race tracks in the East will provide an August fling at the gee-gees. Saratoga has golf, tennis, riding, and the State of New York keeps an eye on prices. The Gideon Putnam is tops—\$11 to \$20 daily, single with meals. The Rip Van Dam is also excellent—single without meals, \$3.00 or \$4.00 daily. . . . (8) Also tops in New York State are the famed Lakes Placid, George and Saranac. Stay at a public camp site near Mt. Marcy. No charge the first three days. There's swimming, canoeing, tennis, golf, riding and hiking. Recommended: The Bear Lake Inn from \$8.00 daily. Greyhound bus from New York City to Placid, \$11.00 round trip, plus tax.

Get over to Nassau in the Bahamas. Bask on pink beaches, play tennis, golf, fish, sail in the moonlight, dance under the starlit sky, inspect historic old forts. One of the most entertaining vacation spots anywhere, summer or winter. No passport or visas needed. Among the less expensive hotels I recommend The Parliament, \$4.00, single; Lucerne, \$5.00, single; Carlton House, \$5.00, single, \$8.00, double. . . . (6) For a change, pick a dude ranch. There are almost as many in the East as in the West. Stony Creek Ranch, in New York's Adirondacks, and Rocky Ridge Ranch, Lake Lucerne, New York, are both under \$45 weekly; others run up to \$100 including food. Romance often blossoms in these places. . . . (7) Spend a week in Detroit, the great auto center. Most companies welcome visitors, and there is nothing more interesting than to watch the belt line—bolts coming in one end, V-8's off the other. Don't miss the Edison Institute Museum and Greenfield Village at Dearborn, which Henry Ford restored as it was in Great Grandpa's day, and a trip over the Ambassador Bridge, world's largest international suspension structure, to Canada (car and driver fifty cents). Rates at the Book-Cadillac in Detroit, \$3.00, single, up. At Dearborn Inn, \$4.00, up. Then head north

for a week in Michigan's lake territory. Round trips, New York to Detroit, \$19.75 plus tax, Greyhound Bus. . . . (8) You've plenty of time and cash for the St. Petersburg, Florida, area. Breezes keep it cool even in mid-summer. Hotels and tourist homes have especially favorable rates. Typical, the Bahama Shores—in villas, including maid service, housekeeping equipment and membership in the Bahamas Yacht Association, \$5.00 to \$15.00 daily, for double occupancy. The Hollander, away from the noisy district—\$3.00 to \$6.00 daily, single, \$4.00 to \$7.00 daily, double. St. Petersburg also has lots of motor courts. I recommend the Allegro and the Cabana, \$5.00 daily for two; weekly rates on request. The Bay Cottages, \$4.00 up, and the air-cooled El Royal, \$3.00 up. The Million Dollar Pier, Madeira Beach, the Jungle, Snell's Island, are all points not to be missed. Take light clothes. New York to St. Petersburg by Greyhound, \$42.26 round trip, including tax. From Norfolk, Virginia, \$31.05, including tax. Pennsylvania Railroad from New York, \$67.71, round trip, including tax. . . . (9) Ride the Yankee Trails around New England. Excellent roads, rolling green hills, picturesque villages and history-packed cities. The New England Council, Boston, will supply

you with information. . . . (10) Head up to Quebec, French Canada, the Canadian Maritime Provinces. See how people live in another world—different foods, customs and ways. Round-trip rail fare from New York points, approximately \$35.00. The Chateau Frontenac is Quebec's best—\$6.00 to \$8.00 daily without meals, and worth it. I also suggest asking for one of the newer rooms at the Windsor, downtown—\$3.00, single; \$4.00 to \$6.00, double. Dine at Chez Marino, dinner fifty-five cents, and for the best sea food try Le Baril D'Huitres, dinner seventy-five cents, up. Provincial Quebec costs even less. At the famed Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, the Montmorency Hotel is \$2.00, single, \$3.00, double, and the even better St. Lawrence, \$1.50 to \$2.50, single. At Riviere Madeleine, the Hotel Bon Accueil is \$2.00 to \$4.00, single, dinner \$1.00 to \$1.25. Cod tongues fried in butter a specialty. . . . (11) Instead of taking your vacation all at once, try a series of week-end visits to hotels around Stroudsburg in the Pennsylvania Poconos, Stamford in New York's Catskills or Mt. Laurier in the Canadian Laurentians. They give you a full program of everything from sports to Broadway entertainment. Rates from Friday through Sunday start at \$15.00.

# WHERE TO GO IN THE MIDDLE STATES



\$100



(1) Float down the White River or the Taneycomo, in the Shepherd of the Hills country, on a Missouri float trip. Fish from your flat-top for crappie, bass and goggle eyes. Camp out and relax. Your guide has arranged for a car at journey's end. Rates depend on the number participating, but you can bargain. . . . (2) Look into all-expense trips to Niagara Falls. You may remember it only as the old-time honeymoon center, but it is a perennial favorite with good reason: The grandeur of the Falls, the trips through the area, and the fact that you can cross over into Canada and spend half your time seeing our closest

northern neighbor at little expense. New York Central round-trip coach fares from St. Louis: \$37.89 plus tax. From Indianapolis, \$21.85 plus tax. . . . (3) Forget your own detailed planning and take an all-expense AAA tour—from Niagara Falls through the St. Lawrence rapids to Montreal—at about \$80, with additional stopovers on your own. . . . (4) From anywhere west of Chicago, an auto tour to the Colorado Rockies, using motor courts, can be accomplished within the budget if you'll join up with a buddy to split the gas and driving. The lofty rocks are the home of the celebrated Rocky Mountain sheep, elk, deer, coyote, brown bear. There's spectacular scenery including sixty-five peaks rising more than 10,000 feet. Six free camping grounds, fishing, hiking, riding and swimming. Or do it by Burlington or Santa Fe Railroad: \$69.46 round trip from Chicago to Denver, including tax. \$47.21 round trip, including tax, from St. Louis, on the Rock Island. . . . (5) Team up with a couple of

\$200



(1) Sail the Great Lakes chain by comfortable lake steamer, Buffalo to Duluth. Stop at such way stations as Cleveland, Detroit, Isle Royale, Sault Sainte Marie. Seven-day round-trip cruise from Rochester, on the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company steamers: \$98.50 and tax. Canadian Steamship Line's seven-day cruise: \$105 plus tax. Georgian Bay Line nine-day cruises from Chicago, \$125 plus tax, up. Six-day cruises from Detroit, \$80 plus tax, up; week-end cruises, from Detroit and Cleveland to Chicago, \$56 plus tax, up. And that includes the food, important because

you'll build up a terrific appetite. . . . (2) Make it a shorter lake trip and stay over at historic Mackinac Island, reached by boat from St. Ignace, Cheboygan or Mackinaw City, Michigan. Automobiles are taboo on the island. You'll travel by a horse and carriage or bike, or else walk, breathe the blossom-scented breeze, and enjoy beaches, tennis and golf. The Grand Hotel is best but expensive: \$15.95 to \$27.95 daily, single, with meals. But I've found the Lake View (ask for a room overlooking Lake Huron) at \$4, single, without meals, first-rate. The Iroquois and Windsor are: \$2.50, up, single, without meals. . . . (3) If you go for really unusual scenery, drive up to Wisconsin Dells, Wisconsin, where erosion has carved some of the oddest sights to be found anywhere. Along the Wisconsin River in the area are camping places, cottages, and hotels, good swimming, fishing, boating, tennis and golf. The Multnomah Lodge, situated on a beautiful

\$300



(1) Go down to New Orleans, experience the Parisian flavor of the legendary French Quarter, the quaint settings, cafes and antique shops on Rue Royale, Bourbon and Burgundy Streets, the races at the Fair Grounds. Tip: When dining on creole food at famed Antoine's, you can order one of the over-size portions for two. Expensive but worth it. I also urge that after a night on the town, winding up with coffee and doughnuts at the old French Market is not too high. I've found good, less expensive creole eating at the Court of the Two Sisters and Galatoires. Don't overlook the 30-mile Mississippi cruise on S. S. Capital, \$4.25. Nearby Lake Pontchartrain offers lots of variation. Both the St. Charles and the New Monteleone Hotel have singles for \$4 daily. Fares: Chicago to New Orleans, Greyhound, round trip: \$28.06

including tax. Train: Illinois Central, \$48.65 round trip, including tax. From St. Louis to New Orleans on the Louisville and Nashville: \$36.51 round trip, including tax. . . . (2) For rest and luxury there's no better combination than the famed French Lick Springs Hotel in Indiana. Stuff yourself on excellent grub, then work it off in the mineral baths or hiking, riding, fishing and swimming in the peaceful atmosphere of the rolling Cumberland foothills. At the hotel, rates for singles, with meals, start at \$8 daily. . . . (3) Let's go on a really luxurious visit to Hot Springs, Arkansas, one of America's best-known spas. It's a narrow valley, hemmed in by mountains. A national park since 1921, it is famed for mineral waters, three golf courses, two lakes for swimming, boating and fishing, a fast race track—plus a tradition of making you feel waited on hand and foot that's really a pleasure when you're on the receiving end. The Arlington, one of the show places, and the Majestic, \$3 up daily; the Burch Court and Spike Hunter Court, \$3 to \$5 for two, without meals. . . . (2) Strike out for California and the West Coast by sky coach, low cost planes. Check local newspaper for announcements. You may not get all the stewardess



pals and strike out by car for Yellowstone. It's a 3,150-mile round trip from Chicago, including the Bad Lands and the Black Hills of South Dakota. Few spots in the country can match its 3,000 geysers and hot springs, including Old Faithful, Yellowstone Falls, the bear and deer that come up to eat from your car, and the many foot and bridle paths. Hotels aren't cheap, but lodgers are welcome at Yellowstone Tourist Cabins. Many at \$2.25 to \$3.75 and less. . . . (6) Take a Gulf Coast vacation. Corpus Christi, Texas, is the mid-south's most recently popularized spot. All kinds of festivals and regattas in summer months. Marvelous swimming at North Beach and from the dunes of Aransas Pass. Don't miss night-fishing for flounder—a South Sea Island thrill without the need for a Pacific jaunt. The Nueces and Robert Driscoll Hotels are \$2.50 or \$3 up. But I also suggest either the Bell Tower or Del-Mar Motels—doubles \$3 and \$4 up. . . . (7) Get into the really rugged country of South Dakota's Black

Hills. Forests, national park, trout streams and lakes and Mount Rushmore Memorial, with its figures of Washington and Lincoln carved in granite in a mountain. There are dude ranches, hotels and camp sites, riding, fishing, swimming, golf and tennis. The town of Lead is the kick-off place. The Highland Hotel here is \$1.75 to \$3, single. Rapid City's Swiss Chalet, in Alpine style with doubles at \$4 to \$6, is unusually attractive. . . . (8) Work out of Chicago or Omaha and divide your time between the cities and the mighty grain and livestock empires of which they are the centers. Each town has a varied array of summer activities. Your AAA can supply data on what to do and where to go. . . . (9) Cross the boundary into the Province of Ontario, currently attracting more tourists than any other region of Canada. You'll find 75,000 miles of good roads, streams plentiful with fighting trout, lots of camp sites and inexpensive lodging. No passports or other formalities for visiting Yanks. In Western Ontario, the

region closest to the midwest, Port Arthur, located at the head of navigation on Lake Superior, has everything from paper forests to gold mines. The Canadian National Railways operate the Prince Arthur Hotel. Rates of \$3.75 to \$5.75, single, include breakfast in the continental style. Fares, Chicago to Port Arthur, are \$46.92 round trip, including tax, on the Milwaukee Railroad. . . . (10) Explore Minnesota's waterways by canoe. Towns closest to the base area include Ely, Tower and International Falls. I recommend the Isle of Pines at Tower, reached by auto bridge from the mainland at Arrowhead Point; \$5, single, with meals. Swimming, fishing, boating, canoe trips, golf, etc. Nearby: muskellunge, pike, bass, trout, crappie, and perch. The Basswood Lodge on Basswood Lake, near Ely, has a Finnish steam bathhouse and sand bathing beach. It's operated by the Wilderness Outfitters—they outfit you for canoe trips, furnish guides, etc. Rates \$6.50, single, with meals; \$13 to \$15, double.

estate, is \$10 daily, single, with meals. The Crandell, in town, overlooks the Wisconsin River—is only \$3 to \$3.75, single. . . . (4) Wander down to the Gulf of Mexico and bask on the miles of uncluttered beaches around Biloxi, founded by the Acadians. Visit the gracious white-pillared plantations and enjoy water sports, fishing and boating. I found the Tivoli, on the beach facing Deer Island, very good. Rates \$3 to \$5, single; \$5 to \$9, double, with special accommodations by the week. The Hotel Biloxi, specializing in famous dishes of the Old South, has singles at \$3 up; doubles \$5 up, without meals. The Manor Hotel cottages—\$3.00, double, and up, are excellent. . . . (5) Head east and try an American Express all-expense rail tour to Washington and New York. See the political capital for its serious, international aspects and then let Manhattan show you its lighter, summertime side. Ask travel agents for details. . . . (6) Drive one way and return another from Mammoth

Cave in Kentucky. Underground you'll silently boat along a subterranean river and dine below the earth, then see "Frozen Niagara." Later there's 50,000 acres for riding, sports and sightseeing and fishing and swimming in the Green and Nolin Rivers. . . . (7) Try a bicycle camping trip to the Lake of the Ozarks region. There are scores of fishing centers where a man will find little interference. . . . (8) Every one of the five Great Lakes is ringed with vacation places, but few can beat upper Michigan. Resort areas like Houghton Lake, Charlevoix and Harbor Springs offer fine beaches, inland areas with sporty bass, perch and trout. Harbor Springs also has the famed Shore Drive, following a high bluff overlooking Lake Michigan for twenty-one miles, to Cross Village. The Belvedere in Charlevoix runs from \$4 to \$8 daily. The Colonial Inn, Ramona Park and Roaring Brook Inns in Harbor Springs are \$7 up, daily, with meals. . . . (9) Head east in

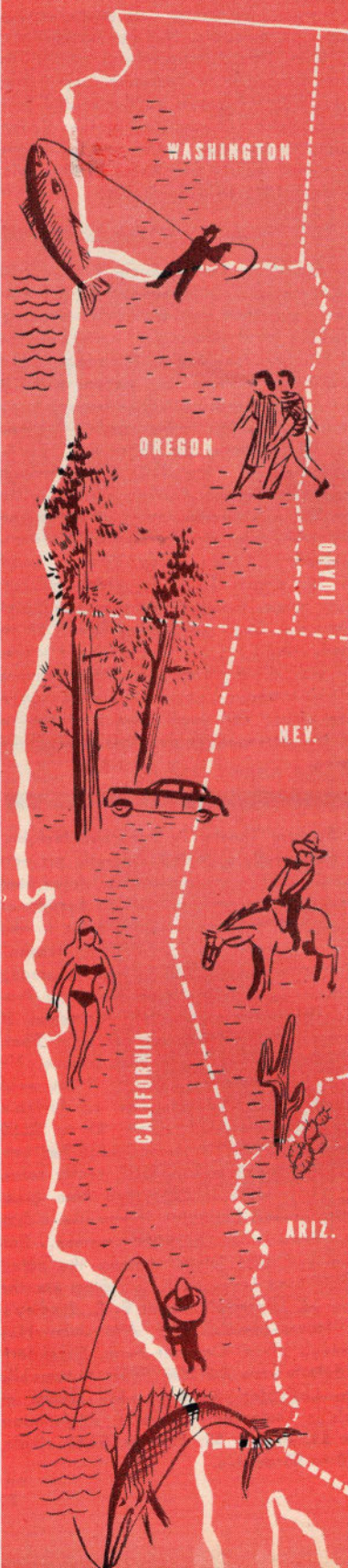
your car along the amazing Pennsylvania Turnpike, a super-highway out of the next century, and then visit historic Gettysburg, where the most important battle of the Civil War was fought, then Philadelphia and Valley Forge, where our nation had its birth. All of Pennsylvania has become very anxious to develop tourist business. Write to the State Tourist Commission in Harrisburg for details. . . . (10) Drive through Shenandoah National Park, including Skyline Drive. The park has 200 miles of hiking and riding trails, trout streams and vivid forests. Big Meadows Lodge, Luray, Virginia, is \$4 to \$4.50, single; \$6.50 to \$7.50, double, without meals. Good Virginia hospitality at the Mimslyn, near the Singing Tower, \$3 to \$5 daily, single. . . . (11) Experience a new thrill via driving tour of the summer theaters. Introduce yourself as a fan on a special circuit and you'll have a chance to meet the personalities and look behind the curtains.

service, but the ride is just as smooth and almost as fast as the DC-6's—and lots less expensive. For details on where to go and what to do when you get there, see West Coast chart on the next page. . . . (3) A West Indies cruise is well within your budget if you keep a sharp eye on the "incidentals" that always wreck the bank account. Alcoa Steamship Line cruises from New Orleans to Kingston start at \$165, plus tax, if you share a room. To Ciudad Trujillo, from \$220, plus tax, including meals. . . . (4) Fly across the border into Mexico and get a real look at our Good Neighbor south of the Rio Grande. St. Louis to Monterey costs \$155.13, round trip including tax, on American Airlines. Memphis to Mexico City: \$171.53, round trip including tax. . . . (5) Is the Minneapolis, St. Paul area your home? Then look into the Mid-Continent Airlines' "budget tours" to Los Angeles. Around \$225—but you can pay installments over six, twelve or fifteen months. . . . (6) With the help of any railroad travel agent, pick out one of the railroads' many Circle Trips and visit distant parts of the country at budget rates. For \$86.51 plus tax, you can go from South Bend to Seattle, cruise on Puget Sound, see Vancouver, go

down the West Coast to San Diego, across to New Orleans, up the Mississippi Valley to Chicago, and home. . . . (7) Take one of the Greene Line Cruises on the river steamers which inspired Mark Twain. Not cheap, but really unusual. An eight-day journey from Cincinnati is \$225 up, plus tax, including meals. A better buy is the ten-day Ohio & Tennessee River Cruise from Cincinnati to Muscle Shoals, Ala., and return, for \$110, plus tax, up, including meals. . . . (8) For a change, try a big-city vacation. Chicago is becoming more and more a summer center. Marshall Field's and the other great stores, the loop with its theaters, the night clubs, the Natural History Museum in Grant Park, the world-famed Union Stock Yards. Don't miss the symphony concerts in Grant Park, nightly except Monday and Tuesday, and the Annual Chicago Land Music Festival in August in Soldier's Field. When it is hot—and it can be—the cool beaches along Chicago's 22-mile front on Lake Michigan and beyond, give an opportunity for a refreshing dip. . . . (9) Other favorite summer vacation cities: Cleveland, with its Euclid Beach, and other bathing spots along Lake Erie, the symphony concerts during July and August, the Cain

Park Summer Theater in Suburban Heights, only municipally operated dramatic project; St. Louis, particularly during the Motor Boat Races. . . . (10) Hie yourself to Bemidji or one of the hundreds of other lakes in the heart of Minnesota's famed "Paul Bunyan" district. I regard the fishing here as among the best in America. Write the State Promotion Bureau in Minneapolis for names of dozens of centers where you can swim, boat, golf, ride, play tennis and hike. Innumerable free or low-cost camp sites, or if you want a hotel, the Markham has comfortable rooms, \$1.75 to \$3.50 single, \$3 to \$5.50 double. Ruttger's Birchmont Lodge has cottages with meals with special weekly rates. . . . (11) Make it Kentucky's blue grass country around Lexington if you like a lazy time. Famed for beautiful women, fine horses and mint juleps. Among the noted thoroughbred farms open to visitors are the Circle M, formerly Colonel E. R. Bradley's, Idle Hour, Mare's Nest. Also John Hay Whitney's place, Calumet Farm, Elmendorf. For details write the Blue Grass Automobile Club, Lexington, Kentucky. My choice of hotels in Lexington: Lafayette, single room from \$3, double \$5; Phoenix, \$2.50 single, \$4.50 to \$5 double.

# WHERE TO GO IN THE WEST



\$100



(1) Hop a bus or drive from Los Angeles to Arrowhead Hot Springs, 166 miles round trip. Hollywood celebs favor the de-luxe, superbly landscaped spa and its spring-fed swimming pool in the foothills near San Bernardino. But further on there are hotels like the Village Inn at the Lake for \$6 nightly, single. Magnificent riding, sailing, water skiing, and other sports. . . . (2) Sail out to Catalina Island (\$6.83 for the fifty-mile round trip from Wilmington, Port of Los Angeles). Loll on the beach; swim in crystal-clear water, enjoy quaint shops. Don't miss the subterranean gardens, seen

from glass-bottom boats, fishing for the West's finest tuna, bonita and mackerel. Hotels: \$4.50 up, single. . . . (3) Rent an apartment along any one of the Pacific beaches—Santa Monica, with its Palisades view; quaint Malibu and Laguna, in southern California. Work up your own beach lunches, dine out at the unusual restaurants. The Auto Club of Southern California, 2122 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, can give you details. . . . (4) If you're in the upper part of the Far West, don't overlook Mt. Hood, Oregon. Its seventy-four public camping grounds, close to Portland, offer fishing (salmon, steelhead, rainbow trout, bass, etc.), climbing, hiking, swimming and trails for riding. Take along packs and outdoor equipment. Or stay at the popular Timberline Lodge. Rates \$2.50 up, single; \$7.00 to \$14.00 double, without meals. . . . (5) Also in the north is the Coeur D'Alene National Forest in upper Idaho. Its lake, one of the most beautiful in the West, is par-

\$200



(1) Head down to Los Angeles. Skip the peek at studios and stars' homes and get a different thrill from one of the world's busiest harbors, the plane factories and the oil wells, all within this 452-square-mile city. Take a bus. Cab rides run high in this town because of the vast distances. Don't miss the Mexican Quarter, concerts under the stars at the Hollywood Bowl, the beaches, Pasadena, and the San Fernando Valley. You can write your own cost ticket in Los Angeles. There are decent little hotels like the Lakeview Arms at \$1.50 up, single; \$2 up, double. Slightly better ones such as the Olympic at \$2.25 to \$3.00, single; old landmarks like the Hollywood for \$2 up; and luxury spots like the Ambassador which

begin at \$5. Los Angeles also abounds in good motor courts, \$4 double nightly, up. . . . (2) Drive to Santa Barbara, a Spanish-style city whose Old World setting has attracted many of the country's wealthiest retired tycoons as residents. See the famous Mission, founded in 1786. Check special events; they are usually worthwhile. Swimming, golf, tennis, horseback riding are all available. Best inexpensive hotels: The Barbara and Californian, \$2.50, single. The Mirasol is the most expensive: \$14 to \$20 daily, single, with meals. . . . (3) Colorado Springs is famed for swank, but there's also an inexpensive section with drive-ins and woodland lodges, like the Bell and Bella Vista at \$5 to \$8 daily for two, without meals. Sports of every kind, plus a chance to see authentic Indian ceremonials, rodeos, polo matches, and auto races. Don't miss a trip to Pike's Peak or the Garden of Gods. . . . (4) Salt Lake City, the Mormon capital, is full of attractions, and close by are the Wasatch Mountains and Salfair on the Lake, with unique inland swimming in water as briny as the ocean. My favorite Salt Lake

\$300



(1) Most Americans say they never can get enough of cosmopolitan San Francisco. You can ride the cable cars, circle the Embarcadero and drive past the Presidio along the Golden Gate, see America's largest Chinatown and Fisherman's Wharf. You'll find romance atop Twin Peaks or the "Top o' the Mark" in the Hotel Mark Hopkins. Little-known and inexpensive water trips are run by the Harbor Tug and Barge Company. Among the less expensive hotels: the Drake-Wiltshire, singles at \$3 and \$4, doubles for \$6 to \$12; the Bellevue, singles from \$3, doubles from \$3.50; the Chancellor, singles from \$2.50, doubles from \$3.50. San Francisco also abounds in fine eating places. In Chinatown, try the Cathay House—din-

ner, \$1.25 up. Famed Omar Khayyam's dinner starts at \$2.50. . . . (2) Maybe you've always thought of Sun Valley, Idaho, as exclusively a winter ski resort. Like Miami, however, it's becoming a more and more popular summer spot. Off-season rates at Challenger Inn are \$5 to \$9 a day without meals. There's swimming, golf, hiking, pack trips, even ice skating. . . . (3) The Grand Loop from Denver to Boulder, Estes Park, Grand Lake and Idaho Springs on the Continental Divide in Colorado crosses the Divide over one of the highest roads in the world, affords comfortable travel through magnificent country. Most hotels in Estes Park are with meals, beginning at \$6 daily, single, but the Hupp Hotel, without food, is \$2.50 to \$4, single. Among the best motor courts are Jack Wood's, \$1.75 to \$6, double, and the Stony Knob, \$3.50 to \$7, double. . . . (4) Check on one of the special round trips, bus or rail, to Grand Canyon, Arizona. You can skirt the canyon rim by car, air, burro. There's camping, hiking, swimming. Camp sites are free. Entrance to park for your car: \$1. Housekeeping cabins: \$1.25 to \$2.25 daily. Don't miss dinner at the tradi-



ticularly renowned for fishing and water sports, regattas and boat trips of every kind. . . . (6) Choose from among the bus lines in Los Angeles or San Francisco, and go up to Yosemite. Round trip from Los Angeles on the Greyhound is \$13.80. By Southern Pacific Railroad, \$27.72. House-keeping tents rent from \$10 to \$17 weekly. Also, there are free camp grounds, horseback trails for 700 miles, all sports. Don't miss one splurge dinner at the Hotel Ahwahnee. It's terrific. Dinner \$3 and up. Less expensive is rustic Big-Trees Lodge and the old and comfortable Yosemite Lodge, which has rooms from \$2.75, single. . . . (7) Treat yourself to a medically approved rest at one of California's many hot springs. Soboba, in the San Jacinto foothills, and Gilman are especially recommended for sodic, carbonated alkaline waters. You'll find golf, tennis, swimming. The Soboba Hot Springs Hotel has singles from \$3 daily, without meals, and the Vosburg, a quiet homelike spot, offers

full board from \$4.50 to \$5.50 daily. . . . (8) Join the West Coasters who swear by historic Monterey Peninsula, but avoid the expensive resort spots in Carmel, the art center, Monterey, the capital of colonial California, and Pebble Beach, famed for its golf courses. Cycling on the peninsula is especially good. Boats are available at the wharf for regular deep-sea fishing trips. Bus from San Francisco to Carmel: \$4.21. The Kimball in Monterey is \$2.50 to \$4.00 daily, single, and the Mission Inn, \$2.50 to \$5.00. . . . (9) Make for San Diego, Southern California's finest port. Great naval installations, ultra-modern aviation plants and Balboa Park for contrast. Then cross the border to Tijuana in old Mexico. Here's color, a rip-roaring honkey-tonk town, plus a famed track and jai-alai games. The Hotel Churchill (\$1.50 to \$3.50 daily) is quiet and conservative. The Hotel San Diego has similar rates and is very good. There are lots of top-rate motor courts starting at

\$2.50 daily, for two. The Navy boys like to eat at Jay's Swiss Village—rolled steak is the specialty. . . . (10) If you are young and energetic you may want to make your cash go farther by working part-time as a waiter at one of the resort areas. Plenty of free time available after hours. . . . (11) Northern and eastern Arizona are pleasant in summer. Nights are always cool. The White, Blue and Escudilla mountains in the east central portion of the state are a sportsman's center. It's the Indians who make Arizona for me, however. The Navajo reservation is the largest (Fort Defiance and Tuba City the centers). The Hopis still live in picturesque pueblos on the high mesas as they've done for centuries. The Yaquis, whose principal villages are near Tucson and Phoenix—where the sun always seems to shine—are Mexican exiles, refugees in Arizona. They spurn reservations. Far more motels than hotels in Arizona, with summer rates from \$3 daily, double, without meals.

hotel, the Utah, starts at \$3.50, single, without meals. The Grand, Newhouse and Temple Square, are good and less expensive. . . . (5) Pile your fishing gear into the car and head for the secluded, rugged wilds—Glacier Lodge above Big Pine in the High Sierras. Spend several days at the Upper Lodge—seven and one-half miles by trail above the Main Lodge. Costs around \$12 a day for guide and animal. . . . (6) Take your choice of hotels or motor lodges at the Laguna Beach, California, artists' colony. Try to go during one of the festivals, when everybody gets into a gay, carefree mood. There's excellent swimming in dozens of coves, and attractive girls seem to dote on the place. The Laguna Hotel is very good—only \$2.50 up, daily, single. . . . (7) From anywhere in the Northwest, you can easily have two weeks for \$200 on the Olympic Peninsula and Puget Sound in Washington. Both are close to Seattle and Tacoma. The Sound has 172 islands, salt-water fishing, swimming. You can clamber around 8,000-foot Mount Olympia and its nearby glacier-capped peaks; or drive the peninsula's 365-

mile Loop Highway for an easier view of the tall-timber territory. Attractions include fishing, swimming, sailing, horseback riding, many camp sites. The Olympian Hotel in Olympia starts at \$2 daily, single, without meals. . . . (8) Easterners think of Reno, Nevada, mainly as an unhitching post, but it is a top vacation center. Better spots, like the Sky Tavern, are \$7 to \$14 daily, single, with meals. The Cortez is \$3 to \$3.50, single, without meals. Best motel is the Tavern Court, \$5 to \$7 daily, double. Ride across the colorful desert, exploring the steep Sierra slopes. And for variety, try (in moderation) the famed gambling casinos and night clubs. P. S.: It takes six weeks and considerably more than \$200 to get a divorce—but divorcees are plentiful. . . . (9) Special fares from most parts of southern California to Summer Camp High Sierra, operated by the City of Los Angeles in the heart of the High Sierra country. Inquire at Greyhound Terminal, 6th and Los Angeles Streets, Los Angeles, nominal rates. Fishing, hiking, swimming, or mountain activities. Take along a gang and split costs.

Having a car makes things far more convenient. . . . (10) Get plenty of scenery and relaxation by motoring or Pacific Greyhounding over the Roosevelt Highway along the Pacific at the foot of the Malibu Mountain. Or take the historic Mission Trail, route of the old Spanish Conquistadores, down California's length, with stopovers at the Santa Cruz Grove of Big Trees. AAA says you can easily make 300 to 400 miles daily. . . . (11) Sign up for a week at a dude ranch. Help with the chores, ride out with the cowboys, or just relax. Evenings have moonlight trips, square dancing, bonfire gab and cowboy guitars. Rates vary according to place, but I'd count on \$65 a week as the minimum. . . . (12) If you like the flavor of the old West, head for Anadarko, Oklahoma, for the American Indian Exposition usually held during August. It brings out members of the state's thirty tribes. Dances and festivals include the 2,000-year-old Sacred Fire Ceremony of the Cherokees. I'd recommend motels instead of hotels in this area and throughout the state. They run from \$2.50 daily, double, up to \$6.50 or \$7.

tional Hotel El Tovar. Fares: Santa Fe Railroad, Los Angeles to Grand Canyon, \$42.50 round trip, including tax. . . . (5) Or take the Santa Fe into New Mexico and discover that the original Americans still speak Indian or Spanish, live in adobe villages, and carry on their ancient crafts. Colorful Indian ceremonials at Taos Indian Pueblo. Be certain to dine at the Hotel La Fonda, dinner \$2.50 up. And don't miss the Los Alamos atom bomb center if you can wangle a pass. . . . (6) The Hoover, formerly Boulder, Dam recreational area, in Nevada and Arizona, and blue Lake Mead, world's largest artificial lake, formed when the dam trapped the Colorado River, is a boating, swimming and aqua-planing paradise amid desert peaks. Fishing is excellent. . . . (7) Don't miss fabulous, booming Las Vegas, fast becoming the Southwest's gayest oasis. There are swank and simple dude ranches, cafes and gambling spas, depending on your taste and pocketbook. The El Cortez Hotel is \$5 to \$12 daily, single; the Last Frontier and Elwell slightly higher. Motor courts are super. The Bonanga is one of the best—\$5 to \$11 daily for two. The

Franklin is \$5 to \$6 double and has air-conditioning and swimming-pool privileges. And nearby is Death Valley, which the promoters are now trying to rename Sunshine Valley. . . . (8) Lease a housekeeping cottage almost anywhere on the Pacific during lobster season from \$2.50 to \$12 daily. Set your own traps during the day and enjoy your own broiled lobster in warm butter. Or go deep-sea fishing for yellow-tail, salmon, sea bass, any of the other fifty varieties. . . . (9) If you're really an active outdoor man, pick Wyoming's Grand Teton Range, where the international mountain climbers try their skill. Much of the area is above the timber line and eleven of the mountains are of such boldness and prominence that they rank as major peaks. The best climbing season is during July, August and early September. Allow two days for Grand Teton. Authorized guide service available at Jenny Lake Ranger Station; solo climbs not permitted. If you don't want alpine-style ascents, you'll find five lakes and eighty-six fine hiking and riding trails. . . . (10) Drive down the magnificent Pacific coastline highway, stopping at the Riviera-

like resort of La Jolla. Swim off the rocks, visit the gay Casa Manana, \$4 to \$8 daily, single, and motor up to the San Juan Capistrano Mission. Enjoy one of the West's finest ranches in the Santa Ynez Valley—the Alisal. Breakfast rides, picnic rides, and midnight rides over 10,000 acres of open ranch in the rolling foothills. Luxurious cottage accommodations and all sports. Prices, \$16.50 daily, single, with meals. Don't miss a trip into Solvang—a neat, trim little Danish settlement with its original Mission. . . . (11) The Pinnacles National Monument, in upper California, offers 14,000 acres of precipitous red bluffs, spires and crags of volcanic rock, covered by trails. It's the West Coast's Number 1 bird sanctuary. Lots of deer and a wide variety of wildflowers. Admission: Fifty cents for a car, trailer or motorcycle. Good picnic and camping facilities. . . . (12) Cross the border into Mexico's Baja California country. From anywhere in southern California, it's an interesting drive over good roads to the border; after that you're on your own. Fantastic beaches, top fishing, a friendly people and the kind of climate Hollywood "thinks" it has.

# THE SAY DIE

**Of what use was his skill as a hunter against the invisible net**

**of treachery which closed about him? by BRIAN O'BRIEN**

**F**ROM a thicket in the blackness of the Bulu forest, Ekeli of Bayeme peered out at the town that had been his home.

The mighty trees that hemmed in the town were highlighted by a ruddy, smoking glare from great fires that blazed on the sweating figures capering before the throbbing, breast-high dance drums and shone red in the eyes of the people of the seven towns who crouched, chanting, in a wide ring about them.

At one end, Gola, chief of the district, sat on his curved stool surrounded by the six chiefs of the lesser towns. Women brought them gourds of palm beer and hunks of smoking meat from the long racks between the fires.

Ekeli's throat contracted at the savory reek of food; he had eaten nothing but an unripe, wild pineapple in two days. He was eighteen, thin and scarred with travel through thorny bush. A rotted bark cloth was knotted about his loins; his only weapon was a fire-sharpened stick.

He searched among the swaying people, recognizing those of his own town who sat together. He could not see his mother, who had been taken to serve the chief since his father had died under a bush buffalo when Ekeli was a child.

In the two years he had been away Ekeli had traveled far and seen many wonders. He had also tasted trouble. He wondered if the signal drums had talked of him. He eyed the laughing Bulus. Their bellies were tight with meat from the communal net hunt. The chiefs were placid with beer. With a deep breath he threw away his stick and stepped out into the light of the fire.

The drums stopped as he walked through the squatting ring, and the dancers turned to stare. He forced himself to move with dignity, face rigidly turned from the piles of frizzling meat, to

where Gola sat. He knelt before him in a whispering quiet.

"M'bolo, oh, Chief," he said. "I see you."

The chief, immense, white skullcap on his shaven head, trade cloth falling like a toga from his bowed shoulders, frowned over a shell of beer.

"Why have you come to this place?"

"It is my home," Ekeli said. "My mother—"

"Your mother is dead. There is no place here for a thief."

Ekeli stood up. As a man he must conceal the grief that chilled him.

"So the drums have called me thief," he said bitterly. "Did they also say that I tasted prison on the words of a liar and the judging of a white man who could not hear my tongue? Have I no mouth? Will you drive me away without hearing my words?" He glared at the chiefs. "You know me. Was I ever thief?" His eyes caught those of a slim, rounded figure in shell headdress and grass bustle who stood behind the chief. "Oh, Magola, daughter of Gola," Ekeli called. "When we were children you followed me to play and to swim. Was I thief then?"

She whispered to her father, who nodded, eyes on Ekeli.

"You have come at a time of feasting," he said. "So you may eat meat. This night you sleep in the hut where your mother died. Tomorrow you go."

Magola went to sit with the women. Ekeli took his place among the men of Bayeme, shrugging defiantly as they edged away from him. He reached for meat and a gourd of beer, eating ravenously while the drums resumed their rhythm.

There was shouting (*Continued on page 70*)

**Spear in hand, she moved with stealthy grace as the drums quickened their beat.**

Illustrated by DARCY









# WOODCHUCKS, Gadgets and Game Fish

by Byron W. Dalrymple

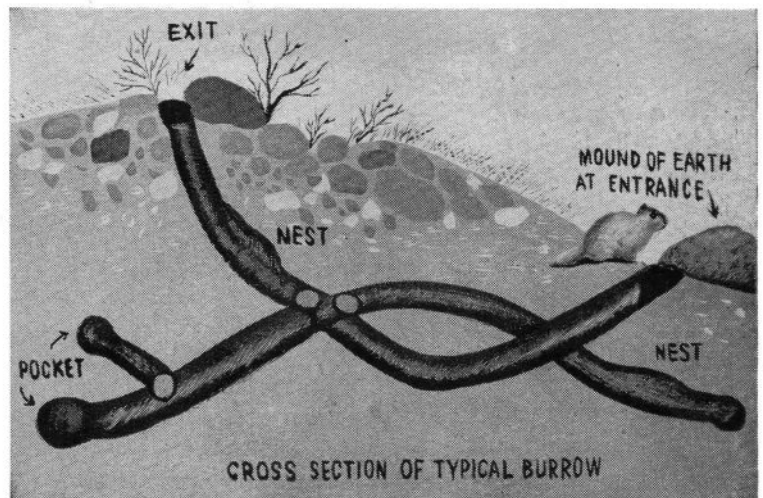
**Argosy's outdoor expert gives some field-tested advice on stalking the alert, elusive ground hog—which is prime practice for big-game hunting.**

**W**ITH hot weather getting in its most telling licks during July, a lot of our best fishing slows down considerably. Many an outdoorsman, well filled with May and June fishing, begins to itch to lay the walnut of a gunstock against his shoulder again. Luckily, there couldn't be a better time than this month for trying your hand at a unique and interesting kind of summer shooting—ground hog hunting. There's real sport to be had with this animal—which, in many sections, is a destructive nuisance—sport of a kind which takes stalking skill and good shooting.

Ground hogs may dig their burrows along brushy fence rows, stone walls, in protective brush clumps, but always in dry locations where the soil is a sandy loam. Often they dig out in the open in clover or hay fields. A ground hog will weigh up to ten or more pounds. When he sits upright at the mouth of his burrow, eating the greens which make up almost his entire diet, he appears to make an easy target. But try getting close enough for a shot! He is so alert that the slightest human movement clear across a field from him will send him plummeting down into his hole with amazing speed.



Edward Lyon and son stalk woodchuck in Putnam County, N. Y., using Winchester "70" heavy-barrel Swift gun with 8x Unertl Varminter telescope sight.



**Burrow's greatest depth is no more than four feet. It has several exit holes that serve as ventilators.**

Thus the two prime requisites for successful ground-hog hunting are a good binocular and a .22 rifle with a telescope sight.

The location of the game, and the stalk, take as much careful planning as if you were after mountain sheep. In fact, it's excellent practice, odd as it may seem, for big-game hunting. Get into the country on a sunny July morning, work a section thoroughly and carefully with your glasses. Perhaps you will locate mounds far away. Look carefully, and you may even catch the old fellow at his feeding. If you see only mounds through the glass, watch until he comes scurrying homeward.

Once you have him spotted, you start the stalk. Make it noiseless, and keep behind every bit of available cover. Check wind direction to be sure you're not given away. Sometimes, by worming along flat on your stomach through a clover field, you can get in a close shot. The real shooting skill comes, however, in making those long telescope shots at so small a target. When you get so you can pinpoint a ground hog at deer range, you can be sure you'll have no worries this fall in the big woods.





Photos by Innes McCall; Karl Maslowski, N. A. S.

**Ground hogs often weigh ten pounds or more and, when properly cooked, make excellent eating.**

All told, ground-hog hunting is fine and suspenseful sport. And it isn't all over once you've nailed your tricky, crafty target. For there's no better eating than a young 'chuck properly prepared.

Simply skin and clean the animal carefully, taking care to remove the small kernels in the small of the back and beneath the forelegs. Parboil the meat in salted water for an hour, then roast until tender. You'll have a dish to make you a ground-hog hunting enthusiast!

Don't hunt the animals down too closely, however, in any particular section. Wildlife experts have found that their burrows save many cottontails from freezing in winter. And check on open seasons in your state.

**For sportsman readers who want to know not only where to go and what to take along, but also where to buy their gear and how to keep it in good condition, the "Good Gadgets" section of the Almanac each month contains a comprehensive survey of the newest and best field equipment.**

#### **UNORTHODOX TROUT FISHING**

**THIS WILL PROBABLY** bring a howl of protest from all the purist experts who have been teaching for years that a dry fly is supposed always to be fished *upstream*, and with the utmost daintiness. But for us ordinary Joes who have only two ideas in mind—to have fun and catch trout as large as possible—I am willing to fly in the face of tradition. When you see trout rising by the dozens, leaping clear of the water, but can't catch one with your dry flies fished in the orthodox fashion, very often you can beat every expert on the stream in the following manner: Simply turn around, make your cast, then raise your rod tip high and skitter your fly back toward you. When trout are leaping high, it is obvious that they're taking insects *flying* close to the water.

Again, when you are fishing at dusk, or after dark, and no trout are rising, if you will tie on a large dry fly such as a big caddis pattern, cast it downstream over or across a pool, then pull it slowly and steadily back toward you, line drag and all, you'll often snag the largest trout in the stream. According to sound, (Continued on page 74)



With first year's net, Sweetser bought \$8,000 bulldozer—now in steady demand, at \$7.50 an hour.



26-year-old wife chinks orders on blackboard, keeps books, schedules crews' work, runs farmhouse-office.

# Cash For CONTRACT HARVESTING

by Paul Stevens

Photos by Carleton W. Patriquin and the author



**Thanks to Phil Sweetser, who built his \$1,200 G.I. savings into a \$40,000 outfit, the ground is broken for you to succeed as a farm-equipment operator.**

**A** TWENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD Army Tank Corps veteran has brought the mobility of the battlefield to the barnyard, and he's making money at it. Philip Sweetser has hit upon a farming idea that any able-bodied man can copy. All you need are a little capital, a little imagination, a head for business, and a liking for hard work.

Sweetser calls himself a "custom-farm contractor." He has brought a new idea in farming to New England. It is somewhat similar to the western wheat-combine principle. The difference is that where the western wheat combines are limited to wheat harvesting, Sweetser contracts for all types of farm jobs where he can use men and machinery. If there is a piece of land a farmer can't work himself, Sweetser moves in with his equipment and helpers and takes over. He clears the land, plows it, cultivates it, plants, harvests and puts the crops in the farmer's barn or hauls them to the market.

Sweetser started his business with one tiny, second-hand tractor a scant two years ago. Today he has \$30,000 worth of equipment, \$10,000 more on order. He has a regular crew of four men—all veterans like himself—working for him the year around. During the summer, his busiest season, he employs college students on a part-time basis.

As he tills the soil, he plows his profits back into his business. His latest and proudest acquisition is an \$8,000 bulldozer that is almost as powerful as the tank he used to operate in World War II. He has farmers of Massachusetts gasping in astonishment as this piece of equipment rumbles over their farms, knocking down trees as though they were matchsticks and clearing their fields of boulders.

Then he and his crew go to work with a fleet of tractors and plows. When the job is done, the farmers have new acres of fertile land, land they had never dreamed they could use.

He can attach seven giant teeth to the front of the bulldozer. Each "tooth" weighs two hundred pounds. As the bulldozer moves over a field with its teeth in place, it clears away debris without taking valuable topsoil with it.

But if you think that is good, you should see his baling machine. Also, you should see the teamwork of Sweetser and his men as they operate it. They baled 1712 bales of hay in one day last summer; the season's total was 35,000 bales. That was important, as the farmers had been in the habit of importing hay from Canada, along about January and February.

So amazingly effective is Sweetser's modern farm machinery that it is a common sight, especially on a Sunday afternoon, for Sweetser and his men to cut down a field of corn, chop it up and blow it into a farmer's silo while an audience of several score of neighboring farmers looks on with wide-eyed admiration.

The young veteran thought of his idea while he served with the Armored Forces overseas. He had brooded over returning to his father's apple farm in Maine. He thought there was no future for him in apples. Meanwhile, he marveled at the effective job machinery was doing in winning the war. If it could do such a job here, why couldn't it in winning the war against poor crops back home?

He returned to Maine at war's end and took a G. I. course at the University of Maine. While (*Concluded on page 80*)

**Sweetser speeds corn harvest with field blower (below) and invention for piping corn into silo.**



How much charity can a guy afford when he's come

# SUCKER FIGHT

by JOEL REEVE

**H**ARRY MACK mounted the ancient steps of the Third Avenue El. The subway would have been much quicker, but he liked to ride the elevated. He caught a rattling train and sat watching the windows of the tenements, the soiled bedclothing draped over the sills, banners of poverty. Up the narrow lanes of the numbered streets he could catch glimpses of the avenues—Lexington, Park. . .

That was New York. That was the town he had partially licked with his fists. He rubbed a forefinger across the scar tissue above his left eye. He had taken a batch of violent blows, but so far he had triumphed. And he would go on triumphing, he vowed fiercely. Nothing would prevent him from reaching his goal.

He got off the train and went downstairs and across Fifty-fourth to the Club Sedan, near Madison. It was the cocktail hour and many people waved and spoke to him. Charles, the manager, gave him the full treatment, ushering him to where Dorothy Gray waited at a table in the rear.

She was a small girl, with round brown eyes and short brown hair. She wore a plaid suit, rather severe in cut, but none the less gay and feminine. She was a newspaper-woman, and a good one.

Harry Mack said, "Sorry I'm late, Dorothy."  
"That's all right. How's the family?" Her

voice was low and slightly hoarse and infinitely attractive.

"Okay. Have a drink?"

"I have one." She indicated the cocktail glass. "But I'll have another with you."

He ordered dry martinis. He didn't care for martinis but he liked ordering them. He liked coming into the Club Sedan and signing chits. He liked the feeling of belonging in a place like this, where few could afford to come.

"They're really going to put you on the pan," the girl said.

Harry Mack shrugged, his round face stony. "I can't afford charity now."

"I understand that, Harry. But you could make this one fight and get every sports writer on your side."

He said, "Big Kelly is one fighter who can beat me. They don't know that. I do. Next summer I can get a bout with him in the ball park to see who's going to fight for the title. I'll get sixty-seventy thousand dollars for that bout. All right, he can whip me for that kind of dough. But not for no dough! Not for any *Call Fund* show."

"You'd get a re-match."

"Your crooked sports editor sold you that." Harry Mack's face could get hard and ugly. "There'll be no re-match between me and Big Kelly. He's a boxer, a smoothie. I'm a slugger. He's had Pat Duluth (*Continued on page 66*)

**"Harry!" A small whirlwind was on him before he could take off his hat.**

Illustrated by M. MAYO



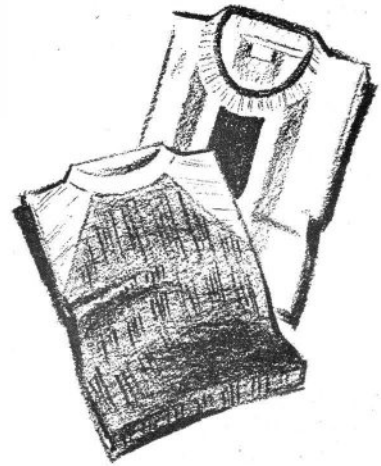


up the hard way in the toughest racket in the world?





Arriving fisherman wears lisle "Skipper" shirt, \$4; Palm Beach cloth slacks, \$8.75; Jarman grain-leather brogues, \$14; "One-Pounder" wool sports jacket, \$39.50. Bag is Maximillian two-suiter of Leather Hyde (blend of plastic and leather), \$40.75.



Van Heusen's waffle-knit cotton T shirt, striped; Wilson's raglan T shirt. Each, \$1.95.

# TRAVEL TALK

by GERALD McCANN

*Tipoffs to the vacationer who wants to travel light, yet have what he needs when he needs it.*

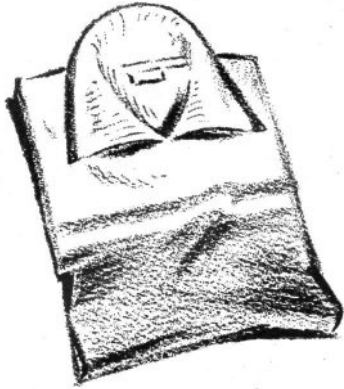
**K**NITTED cotton shirts are exactly what the fast traveler needs. They are comfortable, cool, smart-looking, inexpensive. They won't wrinkle when you pack them, and they are easy to wash.

If your idea of a good vacation is measured by the mileage covered, you don't want to be held up waiting for laundry. So my advice is to pack several knitted shirts which your wife—or you yourself—can rinse out in any basin or bucket. They require no ironing.

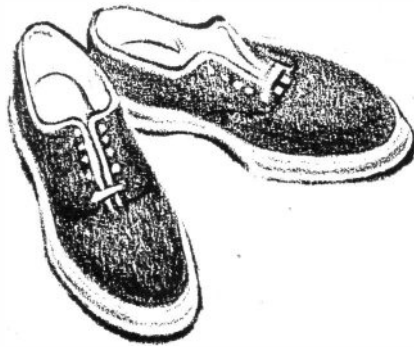
You certainly have a big variety to choose from this year—everything from the most conservative plain colors to the most vigorous patterns, from fine, close-knit cotton jersey to mesh that is about as open as a minnow net.

In the first category I found the Wilson Brothers' long-sleeved "Skipper" shirt that is worn by the man who is packing for his vacation. It is lightweight, but the long staple cotton is so closely knit that the surface looks like suede. The price is \$4. A shirt like this would serve you well on a train, a boat, or in a car. The long sleeves will keep your sweaty arms from sticking to varnished wood or leather upholstery. The collar fits well open or closed. If you decide to lunch in a famous big-city restaurant where ties and jackets are required, you can put them on and be all set. This shirt is navy blue, which seems to me the most practical color for the purpose. But if you prefer another

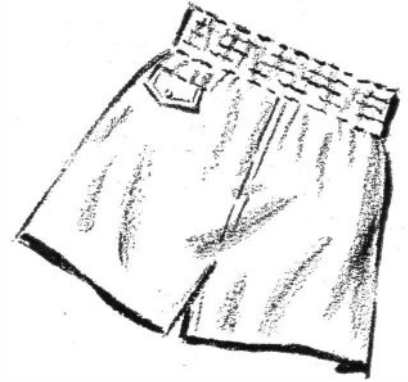




**Gauchero shirt by Van Heusen, made of knitted cotton that looks like wool, costs \$2.95.**



**"Posture-foundation" sneakers have rigid heel wedge. B. F. Goodrich. Price, \$3.25.**



**Robert Bruce's nylon boxer swimming trunks dry quick as a wink. Price is \$5.95.**

## GETTING THE MOST FOR YOUR WARDROBE DOLLAR

color, bright or dark, there are eight from which to choose.

Raglan sleeves are featured this year in many of Wilson Brothers' sports shirts, both woven and knitted. One among the latter—a pullover for active sports—has a body of one color and short sleeves of another. This is made in dozens of color combinations and costs \$1.95. Even that old favorite, the sweat shirt, has been styled up with raglan shoulders and bright plain colors. Price, \$2.50.

Vertical stripes have been introduced by Van Heusen in several of the hundreds of knitted shirts in the "Van Tee" line. The first to catch my eye was the waffle-knit illustrated. This is cream-color with a broad panel of red, yellow, and blue stripes down the front and back; \$1.95. But there are many other versions of vertical stripes, ranging from those so fine that they amount to little more than a grain in the fabric (\$2.50), to half-inch stripes of white and a color that suggest the blazers of the Nineties (\$1.95).

Among the horizontal stripes in the "Van-Tee" line, one stood out because of very narrow stripes of bright, clear color, widely spaced on dark grounds. Doubtless the reason this shirt doesn't look too juvenile is that it suggests a club-striped tie. I also like the gauchero shirt illustrated which is knitted in small ribs—like a wool shirt—and has broad stripes of white across the chest. The collar and short sleeves are edged with the

body color. The price of either is \$2.95.

You'll need some summer slacks, of course. Take a look at the new Palm Beach slacks made by Goodall and endorsed by Ben Hogan, "Jug" McSpaden, and other well-known golf pros. The Palm Beach fabric has been improved this year. It is lighter in weight than it used to be, and has a more porous weave which lets the air in to cool you off. There is a large range of colors from which you can choose. These slacks are washable and their price is \$8.75.

George W. Heller has done a good job with slacks tailored of the new Celanese fabric called "Milgate"—a crisp, crease-resistant acetate rayon which comes in many plain colors. The price is \$16.50. Walking shorts—with pleats, pockets, and self-belt—made of Milgate cost \$11.50.

One of the most interesting sports jackets I've seen this season is made by Currick & Leiken. It is called the "One-Pounder" and that is exactly what it weighs. Cut like a conventional tweed jacket from a light-weight wool woven in a small diagonal herringbone, this coat is ingeniously constructed to eliminate extra weight. The price is \$39.50.

Whether you are traveling north or south, I'd advise a pair of shoes with good sturdy soles to protect your feet from hot pavements, wet roads, or stony mountain paths. The Jarman brogues illustrated will do the trick. Made of tan



INP

**On trip with wife, far from fuming fans, Leo Durocher wears sport fogs, grin.**

grained leather, they are designed for comfort and will take a lot of abuse. They cost about \$14.

As to socks, I've found that medium-weight wool are the most comfortable—even in the tropics—when I have to do a lot of walking. Wolsey socks, which are now sold all over the country, seem just about the right weight. Since the wool is shrink-resistant, these socks do not have to be dried over forms. They are knitted with bright diamonds on six colors of ground. \$3.95.

A pair of sneakers will come in handy on almost any vacation trip—for handball, badminton, tennis. You'll find them very useful around a beach or pool as well, and you can even use them as bedroom slippers.

The objection that some men have to sneakers is that their flatness puts a strain on the foot that is used to shoes with heels. B. F. Goodrich has taken care of that with a new line

of canvas shoes that are labeled P-F, which means "Posture Foundation." In addition to a sponge-rubber inner cushion which protects the sensitive areas of the foot, there is a rigid wedge under the heel to keep the foot in a natural position. The dark blue sneakers illustrated cost \$3.25.

Don't forget to pack your swim trunks. There are some made of nylon, which is gaining great popularity because it dries almost as soon as you are out of the water. Robert Bruce makes these, boxer-style, with four rows of elastic and a concealed draw cord to keep them up where they belong. Even the inner supporter is treated with the Zelan water-repellant process. Navy blue is the most popular color, but they also come in maroon, gray, and tan. \$5.95.

Now for a suitcase to pack all this stuff in. Maximillian has just brought out a twenty-four inch convertible two-suiter which has many interesting

features. To begin with, it is made of "Leather Hyde," a blend of leather and plastic that looks like russet cowhide. This has a smooth, polished surface which is scuff-resistant, waterproof, and won't dry out. It is lightweight but solidly constructed. The strong steel frame overlaps at the point of closure to keep dust and rain from seeping in. The extended edge looks smart and also forms a buffer that protects the edges from damage when porters bang the luggage around. Hardware is solid brass. The price is \$40.75. A twenty-one inch companion piece, with all the same features except the wardrobe arrangement, costs \$34.95. A man who owned both would be well fixed for either a weekend or a long trip. This firm is so confident of the quality of the luggage it produces that each piece is bonded by a national bonding company "against any and all defects in workmanship and materials until December 31, 1954." ● ● ●

## Sucker Fight

(Continued from page 62)

training him since he was sixteen. I drove a truck until I got into this by accident. He's a real fighter. I'm a freak, a brawler. Like my father. Only I stay out of Third Avenue bars. I won't wind up on Skid Row."

She said, "Please, Harry. You've got a fixation about your father."

The drinks came, and he went on in a quieter tone, "Get someone else to fight Kelly for nothing. Or get someone else for me and I'll go on—for you."

He paused, rigidly controlling himself. He had never told Dorothy how he felt about her. He imagined she knew, but she also knew about his mother and about Jerry. When Tom Mack had walked over to Third Avenue and never bothered to return, Harry had taken over at home. He had finished paying for the little brick house squeezed among its brothers on Sixteenth Street near Irving Place. He had kept the family better than poor Tom ever could have managed. And he still had them.

Now, as he saw it, everything depended on this one bout with Big Kelly, outdoors in summertime. He could take the gains from that fight and quit. He knew he was a boxer by accident. He had tried everything else—night-school courses in accountancy, law, mechanics—and he had proved expert at nothing except fighting. Tom Mack's boy, he was, and it had to come the hard way.

He was hard enough. He could refuse to fight for the Call Fund for Crippled Children. He could refuse Dorothy, the girl he loved.

She was saying, "Sometimes I think you go out of your way to make enemies, Harry. Why?"

He took a deep breath. "It's just that I gotta fight. Always, every minute. Jerry's gotta get through high school and college. Then he can take care of Ma. I gotta plan ahead. There's no security in things without money. I've been without money. I know."

She said, "Your house is paid for. You have money in the bank."

"Not enough," he said harshly. "I'm no good at anything except fighting. After Kelly shows me up I've got to get into some business. Trucking, maybe."

She said softly, "Those crippled kids haven't the strength to fight, Harry. You and Kelly would draw a tremendous gate."

He felt harassed. "Look, I've got a kid brother, haven't I? And a mother? If Kelly knocks me off, what'll they have? I don't owe anybody anything."

She gathered her gloves, her bag. She said, "Maybe not, Harry. But that's a debatable question—what we owe and to whom we owe it."

He said, "Hey, you're not having dinner with me?"

She shook her head. "With Big Kelly. I'll have to arrange for another opponent, acceptable to him and Duluth. . . I'll be seeing you, Harry." She switched among the tables, going out.

After a while he got up, signed the tab and walked back to Third Avenue. He could go home to dinner, he thought, and save a few bucks. It was a long time until next summer and he would get very few bouts before he met Kelly, because very few fighters wanted to sample the Donnybrook he put on in the ring. He could be hit, but he could also dish it out.

At the corner there was a newsboy. "Paper?"

"Yeah," said Harry. The kid hobbled to his stand and Harry stared at the brace on the withered leg. He took a copy of the Call and fumbled for money. He couldn't take his eyes from the boy's infirmity. He found a bill, thrust it at the kid and blurted, "Here, sonny. Uh—take a day off, will you? Relax. G'wan, keep it."

The boy said, "Gee, a sawbuck! . . . Hey! You're Harry Mack! I seen your pitcher. . . . Gee, Harry, t'anks."

Harry Mack was already going up

the stairs. Going home to save a couple of dollars—and giving away ten to a dirty kid! It didn't make sense, he told himself. . . .

He entered the neat little house. His mother was in the hall.

She said, "Have a date with Dorothy?"

She was a slender, fair woman, always immaculate. Her face was thin, her manner pacific. There was a peacefulness in her—an armistice, rather, so far as Harry was concerned.

"I saw her."

"She's a nice girl."

"And what she sees in me you can't understand." He could smile when he said it. But he sobered quickly, because when he grinned he looked too much like his father. That was the trouble between him and his mother, he knew. Harry was too much like Tom Mack.

She said, "Jerry got home late from basketball practice and he looks feverish. He's upstairs."

"You worry about him too much. Let the kid alone. He'll be all right."

"Of course, he'll be all right." She withdrew herself completely from him and there was a moment of awkwardness. The telephone rang and he welcomed the interruption.

A sharp, incisive voice said, "Harry? Yuh didn't go for that Call Fund thing, didja?"

It was Pat Duluth. Harry said, "And wouldn't you be on the spot if I did?"

"Yuh wouldn't spoil it for next summer? Not a smart kid like you?"

"No, I wouldn't. But I wish I could. You and that slicker Kelly get credit for charity—and leave me holding the bag. You're heroes and I'm a heel."

"That's 'cause I get up earlier'n you," chuckled Duluth. "Anyway, it's okay. Big'll kill whoever else they get. The gate'll be terrific next summer."

Harry said, "Sure, you little hypocrite. And I'll murder your fancy Dan, too." He hung up on Duluth's raucous



razzberry. He wished he could take care of Big Kelly—who was dining with Dorothy.

He went into the ample old-fashioned kitchen. It was scrubbed and shiny. He could smell lamb stew. His mother was setting one place, for him.

He said, "What's with Jerry?"

"He's not hungry. His fever—it's worse, I think." Her face was pinched.

"Not hungry? Hey, when that kid's not hungry he's not kiddin'. He's sick!"

He strode through the narrow hall and went upstairs three at a clip. Jerry's room was on the right, next to his own larger one. The lamp was

didn't join in. . . . Harry remembered the night he went away, angry over a trifle, and never came back to the gentle woman who had never understood him. Sometime it made Harry angry to remember big, grinning Tom Mack.

"Don't go betting your allowance I'll be champion," he grunted.

Jerry's eyes were unnaturally bright. "You will, Harry. You've worked so hard. You're a great fighter. You're the best, Harry." He dropped back on the pillow as though exhausted.

"Lie still and don't get so excited," said Harry roughly. He got up and went out. He flew down the stairs, then

Harry remembered, with a sudden chill, the brace on the newsboy's leg. He bit his lip. Anyone, he thought. It can happen to anyone, without warning.

He went down the hall and found a floor nurse, who showed him where the telephone was. He dialed a remembered number. He growled into the transmitter, "Sports desk. . . . Hello, Sharkey. This is Harry Mack. . . . Look, I've changed my mind. I'll meet Kelly on your Fund bill. . . . Yes, I'll do it. I'll be down first thing in the morning to sign the papers. . . . What? Yes, dammit, you can quote me—I give you my word. First thing in the morning!"

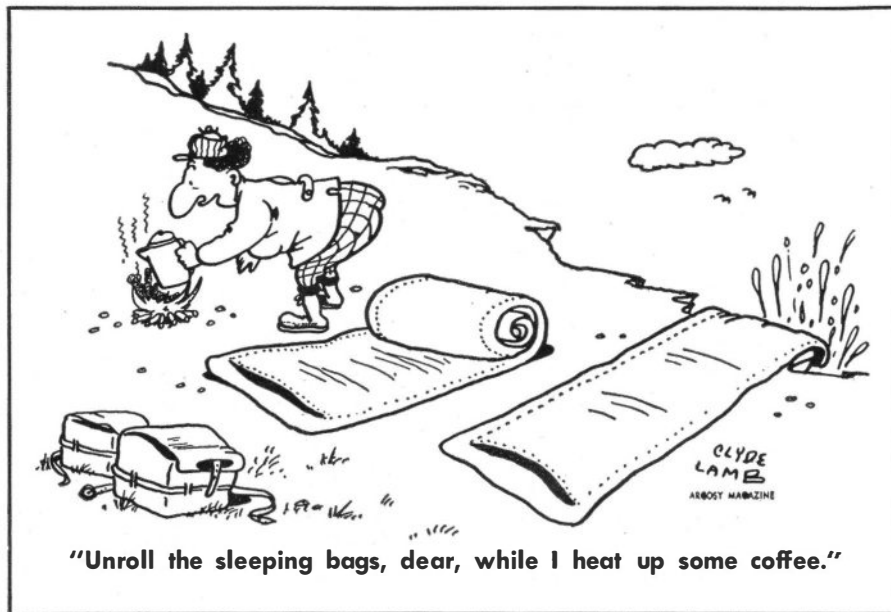
During the long hours while he waited for the doctor, he had time to think. He did not regret his decision. The fight was a good one—kids like Jerry and the newsie, thousands of them, needed all the help they could get.

"Harry," the doctor said. Harry hadn't heard him coming. "You can see Jerry now." He was smiling.

"How is he?" Harry said.

"He'll be all right. He's got a bad leg, but, thank God, it isn't polio. Some bone bruises he picked up on the basketball court. Perhaps a low grade infection in the region of the hipbone, but we can take care of it."

His heart light, Harry went into see Jerry.



turned low. He stepped in and Jerry's head came up from a twisted pillow.

Jerry was blond, like Mrs. Mack. He was slender and handsome and well-made. He grinned at Harry and said, "Sit down, Champ."

"How's basketball?" Harry asked.

"We all got some kind of trouble," said Jerry, frowning. "Decker High'll kill us. . . . What's with you, Champ?"

"Uh—I'm not fighting on the Call Fund bill," said Harry.

"Of course not," said his young brother promptly. "You and Kelly could never be re-matched. You'll kill him, finish him."

Harry said, "Might be he'll kill me. Either way, you're right."

"Oh, you'll slay him," said Jerry. His eyes were too bright, his skin too dry. Diffidently, Harry leaned over and touched the high brow.

Jerry said, "He's meat for you, the big tramp. You'll be champion, Champ." His white, even teeth gleamed in the dim light. It was never certain whether he was teasing, Harry thought. You never could tell about this intelligent, wiry boy: He was all Dennison, he took nothing from Tom Mack.

That was the trouble with Ma, Harry thought. Jerry was all hers. Jerry couldn't even remember Tom Mack.

Harry could remember him. A big, roistering man, lusty, gusty, roaring with laughter, puzzled when his wife

slowed to saunter into the kitchen. "Your food's ready." His mother did not look at him.

He said, "Maybe you'd better call Doc Graham."

She whirled, "You think so?"

He said, "Ought to make sure." He sat down to the large plate of luscious, savory stew. His hand trembled when he picked up his fork. . . .

An hour later the doctor came into the kitchen. Harry put down the paper and said, "He's sick. I could tell."

"I'm taking him to the hospital to check. There's polio around, Harry."

"Polio?" The word stuck in his throat.

"No use taking any chances."

"Yeah, sure." He tried to be off-hand.

The doctor left. Harry Mack stood in the hallway. His mother was upstairs. His brother, who had never been as close to him as an hour ago, when he was insisting that Harry would be world's champion, was ill, and his mother was with the boy. He started up, then stopped.

He was an alien in their midst. He couldn't forget Tom Mack. . . .

Waiting in the darkened, antiseptic-smelling corridor of the hospital, a feeling of helplessness and fear surged over him. It was almost impossible to believe that this had really happened to Jerry, the bright, wiry little tyke who could run the legs off a rabbit.

**H**E TOOK a taxi over to the El station. The kid was there with his papers. Harry got out and paid off the cab. He had just come from the commission office after the weighing in. He felt taut, drawn. But he had to see the newsboy.

He said, "The Call, kid. You all right?"

The boy said, "Harry Mack. I ain't seen yuh much. Yuh been trainin', huh? Yuh'll kill the bum, huh?"

Harry handed him a five-dollar bill. He said apologetically, "Take half a day off this time. I'm a little short."

"This 'un will make me ten," chorled the boy. "I know guys'll lay odds on that shmo, that Kelly, that crumb."

Harry said sternly, "No, you don't. Never bet on fights. You should know that, a smart kid like you."

The kid grinned. "Kill the bum, Harry," he said.

Harry walked to the Club Sedan. He went to a table, Charles came over, beaming. Harry said, "Get me my bill and I'll give you a check. I won't be around any more."

"Harry! Anything wrong?"

"Not with you. I'm just retiring from cafe society second-hand."

Charles looked solemnly at him. "You're a great guy, Harry. I'll hand you a bill some day, maybe. But I know what you're doing tonight, for free. I'm your friend, Harry."

"Thanks, Charles. But give me the bill. You're a swell character yourself, Charles." He swallowed hard.

"Hello, Harry." He looked up. It was Dorothy Gray. She was wearing a beige suit and she looked lovelier than a seventy-thousand-dollar purse. She sat down and said, "Are you all right? You don't look right, Harry."

He couldn't deceive her. "I didn't train so good. Jerry—he don't get well fast enough."

"It wasn't polio," she said. "He ought to be well. . . . Harry, you goon. You rushed into this thing on the spur of the moment. You shouldn't have done it that way."

"A thing done is a thing ended," he said grimly. "Besides . . ." He couldn't finish. He couldn't tell her of the boy at the El station, of the curtain which was between him and his family. The iron came up in him again and he shut his wide mouth.

She sipped a martini. "Harry," she said, "he's good. I watched him when I was doing the publicity. I hadn't realized how good he is."

Harry said, "That bum? That Fancy Dan?" He knew all about how good Big Kelly was. He knew too well.

She said, "You're worried about Jerry. It's a shame you have to fight tonight. Can't you go home and rest?"

"I'm all right, I tell you," he growled. He couldn't meet her eyes. "I never train well. I'm a bum in the gym." It was no use. His lie sounded unconvincing even to himself. He was a bum in the gym ring, all right—but he wasn't in mental shape to fight.

She said quietly, "All right, Harry. Shut me out."

"What can I say? What do you want of me?" He was almost shouting. "I'm doing what I can. I'm making this fight because—because I have to. Not because I want to. Kelly and Duluth don't want me to. They've promised to kill me." He shut up again, breathing hard. Something strange was choking him, some lump in his throat. He said almost in a whisper, "I'm sorry, Dorothy. I seem to be just a dumb dope. Excuse me. . . . I'll go home now." He lurched away from the table.

**H**E WENT down to Sixteenth Street and let himself in. Jerry was propped on the special wheeled couch Harry had bought. His bright face peered over the early edition of the *Call*.

"Champ, they're quoting two to one on Kelly, Are they crazy, Champ?"

The television set was new and shiny. Jerry had begged for it, the only thing he had ever asked his brother for. He had never missed one of Harry's bouts.

Harry said, "It's about right, kid. He can hit and he can box."

"A Fancy Dan," Jerry said. Pans rattled in the kitchen. Harry sat silent, fingering the scar over his eye.

Jerry said, "You're making this fight on account of me. For free, because most crippled kids got polio." His voice was low.

Harry said, "Aw, lay off, kid. It'll be all right."

"I dunno," said Jerry. He looked miserably at his brother. "I dunno. I'm worried about you, Harry."

"You're worried about me?" Harry snorted. "Look, kid, you just take it easy and make your ma happy. I'll take care of me." He stood up, big and awkward in the neat room. "I'm going to rest, take a nap. Tell Ma."

He went up the stairs. No use try-

ing to talk to Ma, he thought. Nor to Jerry. They were strangers. They meant well—Jerry was a swell kid, and he tried—but they were a pair and he was a loner. He was Tom Mack all over, without the craving for whiskey.

Let it go at that, he thought, throwing himself on the bed. If he could just get through the hours until ring time he was content to let it go at that.

Ten thousand bucks would start him. He could buy one truck, drive it himself. It would take a little doing, but he would manage it.

He would never have had the nerve to say anything to Dorothy anyway, not even if he was world's champion. That girl—she was more like Ma, like Jerry.

Women didn't want a man like Tom Mack. Even without the liquor, women didn't want men like that. . . .

Amazingly, he slept like a man thoroughly exhausted.

**I**N THE dressing room, hands bandaged, waiting, Harry looked a little drawn. Deep lines bridged his mouth, but he was calm, without a tremor.

Golph, his handler, and a colored boy who would take care of the water and towels, were with him. Golph could patch cuts like a wizard.

"You'll be busy tonight, Golph," Harry said.

The handler stuck cotton-tufted sticks behind each ear. "You'll moralize the bum."

"Face it," said Harry. "He'll cut me to pieces."

"Okay, he'll cut you. Been cut before, ain't we?"

Harry said, "I hear the odds went threes at ringside."

Golph said, "I ain't no flag-waver. I'm just sayin' you'll moralize the bum."

"That's the old spirit." Harry found he could laugh.

The call came. The colored boy rolled his eyes and grabbed the bucket, stumbled and had to refill it. Harry said, "Sam's scared. Sam bet two bucks on me."

"Twenny," Sam said. "Please doan let 'im cut us too much, Harry."

He was still chuckling when he climbed through the ropes. Big Kelly was strutting his shapely form across the ring and Harry went over to shake hands. Kelly was a big, handsome brute.

"Hello and goodbye, you bum," sneered Kelly.

"Yeah, you dumb crumb," growled Pat Duluth. Pat looked like a retired jockey, which he was—retired by request of track stewards.

Harry said, "Such nice fellows." He went back to his corner. He was never quite still once he had entered the ring. He jiggled a little, looking down at the sports writers, at the *Call* men who had always panned him. He laughed at them, too.

Inside he was hurting. The hard knot, however, was buried deep, beneath the iron.

He looked for Dorothy. Her seat was empty. Maybe, he hoped, she did not want to see him cut up. Maybe she had

stayed away because she liked him a little. That was good enough, if she liked him a little. He would buy that.

Then the referee called them out and Kelly was babbling about butts and elbows and stuff and Harry was looking and grinning.

Golph said, "Aw, shut up, you shmo."

The referee was stern, and Harry went back to his corner and Golph took the robe. Nobody said anything. Nobody ever tried to tell Harry how to fight, mainly because there was only one way he could fight.

There was that electric pause as he tried the ropes. He thought about the kid at the El station and hoped he hadn't bet his five. He thought about Jerry and Dorothy—and Ma.

Then the bell rang, and he came around, a big man, balancing with apparent awkwardness, a strong man, muscled like a workman. He saw Kelly sidling, left extended, ready to play a tattoo upon his corrugated countenance. He was doing this for nothing! He laughed once more and then he was going in.

There was a little jig he did as he started. His feet shuffled resin into canvas, his hands feinted in and out. Then he was winging, charging, shuffling forward, throwing those long-armed punches. He was throwing them—and Kelly wasn't there.

Kelly was sidestepping. His straight left was ripping at the old scar tissue, opening the flesh, drawing blood. The trickle began almost at once and typewriters rattled, predicting an early finish to this battle of heavyweights. Kelly sneered past the mouthpiece which destroyed his manly beauty.

With ten seconds to go Harry swung one inside. It clipped Kelly on the chest, high up. The rangy boxer went backward two steps. Like a lion, Harry pounced, chopping, swinging, going for the body, then the head. Kelly rolled, then grabbed and held on.

The bell rang.

Harry trotted to his corner and flopped on the stool. Golph worked on the eye. Sam watered him down. Harry took deep breaths. He was a little muscle-bound, he thought. The training hadn't been much good to him. Golph hurt him and he winced.

**B**UT at the bell the bleeding was stopped. He went out, crouching a little. Kelly walked around shooting those sharp lefts. The eye re-opened. The blood ran again.

Kelly shifted to the other eye. He would try to blind Harry now, make him an easy mark for the right cross. He dared not toss the cross in yet. Harry was too quick and strong. If an opening occurred and Harry could see it, Kelly might get hit. . . .

The third round passed, and the fourth. Harry landed one more punch, late in the fourth, a left to the head which staggered Kelly. Then he trotted to his corner, his face a shambles.

Golph worked like a magician. The referee was over, watching. If the cuts could not be repaired the fight would be stopped. Golph repaired them.



Sam gulped, "Nemmine that twenny, Harry, Jest see whatcha kin do. I doan like this. He's murderin' us!"

Harry said, "He hasn't hit you yet, Sam." Again he was laughing, trotting out there, doing his little jig. Kelly was quite a phantom with his gliding, his neat footwork. Kelly was a boxer, all right. The best since Tunney, they said. Not as intelligent, but just as good with his hands, they said.

He came in, trying to get the right

der the swinging doors when Tom Mack was battling a couple of the customers. He had seen Tom Mack club one man down with a left, then shift and drop the right on the other, knocking him out.

There were no such tricks in Harry's equipment. But an instinct kept him coming in, hands low, watching. He offered his hard head and Kelly punched at it.

Harry planted his big feet. He threw

like that, when Harry wanted to fight.

The referee said, "You'd better get those cuts fixed if you're ever going to fight this monkey again. Although I think he's had it."

Harry found Kelly then. He was lying beyond the referee, on the floor. He was going to get up—but not soon. Pat Duluth was wailing over him, screaming for a doctor. The *Call* sports writer was scowling, but tapping out the story. . . .

Harry said, "Hell, he musta stopped dancing a minute!"

Then Golph had him and they were going through the milling crowd, which wanted only to hug and kiss their hero, the triumphant underdog.



**"I know you're in here some place, Mr. Dackow. I want to speak to you about the rent!"**

eye. Harry shook his head. He let one slide by and sank a left to the body. Kelly tripped away, smiling to show it hadn't hurt him. Harry trotted along, going forward, always forward. Kelly beat his refrain on Harry's bobbing, stubborn head. There were stars flashing in Harry's skull, but always he went on, forging into the battle.

Kelly whipped over a hook. It shook Harry to his heels. Kelly came in, punching with the left, right held high.

One time, long ago, in a Third Avenue bar, young Harry had peered un-

a right hand—threw it high, over Kelly's left. He put a lot into that one. It landed on Kelly's jaw, at the base. The big, handsome boxer shuddered. His mouth fell open and the rubber piece slid out.

Harry was grunting with the punches. A left to the belly. A right to the head. A left to the middle, A right to the jaw. . . .

The referee was saying, "If you slug me I'll disqualify you!"

Harry looked for Kelly. The nimble guy was always jumping out of reach

**H**E UNLOCKED the door and went into the house. "Harry." A small whirlwind was on him before he could take off his hat. He went into the front room with her hanging around his neck like an animated necklace. Jerry grabbed them both.

Dorothy was kissing him. She said fiercely, "You had to do it all by yourself, didn't you, darling? All alone. But you'll never have to go through it alone again. If you're too stubborn to ask, I'll ask you. Do you hear?"

His mother was weeping quietly. Something broke in him and he put them aside, his brother and his girl. He went to his mother's side and knelt down. He said awkwardly, "Don't cry, Ma. I'm not hurt bad. Everything is going to be all right. Who knows, with Kelly out of the picture, a guy like me could get to be champ. Maybe I'll get lucky, Ma. . . ."

She lifted her face. She was smiling through sadness and there was joy and pride in her, too. She said, "Harry, oh, Harry. Dorothy made me look at it on the television."

He pulled Dorothy down beside him. He said, "Look, Ma, I'm telling her. I love her, see? Look, I can say it now. I had to take that chance tonight, Ma, because of her, and you—and Jerry. Kelly gave me a beating, but he broke something in me, too, I guess. Look, Ma, I can't help it if I remember. . . ."

She broke in, her slim hands touching the cut over his eye. She said through her tears, "I know. Harry, you've been so good. And, Harry, in there tonight when you got after that Kelly, when you were slugging him good—you looked like your father!"

There was no bitterness in it. She said it with pride, he sensed. He grabbed her and held her tight and said, "Hey! Who's cryin' over what? Nuts to this. Get on your duds. You, too, Jerry, you goldbricker. Charles is holdin' a table for us at the Sedan."

Jerry yelled, "Whoops! The Club Sedan. Can I call Susie Miller? Can I?"

"You're takin' your mother," said Harry sternly. He was holding tight to Dorothy.

He swallowed hard at a lump in his throat. He had come to a beginning of something he could not clearly describe nor follow as yet, but he knew his lodestone. He held tight to her soft, willing body and the tears dried in him. . . . His mother was proud. ● ● ●



## Step-rocket ups hopes of man-made satellite.

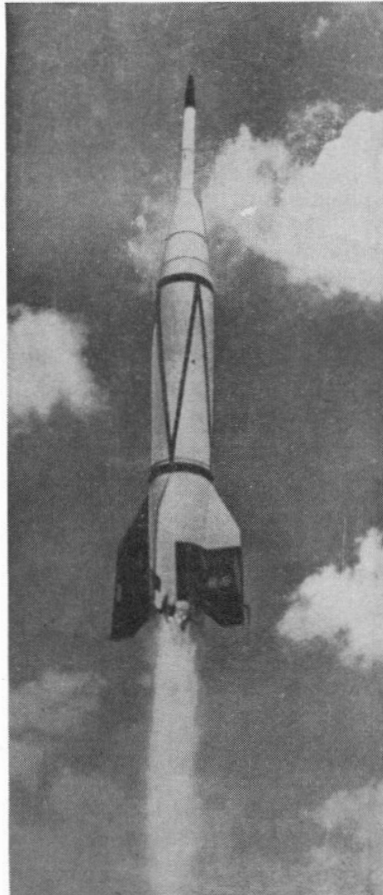
**OUT OF THIS WORLD:** The significance of the V-2-Corporal rocket's flight not long ago lies far beyond its spectacular news interest. True enough, its 5,000-mph speed nearly doubled the velocity of any man-made object, and exceeded by five times the speed of the earth's rotation. And the double rocket went a hundred miles higher than the best prior rocket shot—more than ten times as high as man has ever ascended. Less impressive, but more significant, is the fact that we have finally mastered the technique of the step-rocket.

Here is how it worked: The Corporal was fitted into the nose section of the larger V-2. The double missile was launched to a height of about ninety-five miles. Here, the fifteen-ton Corporal cut in its own rocket motor and detached itself from the exhausted V-2. While the former continued on to the top of the ionosphere, 250 miles up, the empty V-2 "step" fell to earth. (How the smaller rocket was attached to the larger one, how the Corporal's rocket motor was started ninety-five miles in the air, and how it detached itself from the V-2 is secret. Our speculation is the use of a radio-controlled scheme.)

The Corporal was never found. Its fall was tracked by instruments to a point about ninety miles north of the launching site at White Sands, New Mexico. The mystery of the "disappearance" of the 700-pound missile has been explained: It "vaporized"—as do meteorites when they come in contact with the earth—as the result of the heat energy generated by its tremendous impact.

Messages from out of space were transmitted by the Corporal, however, and duly recorded during its flight by means of "radio telemetering" gadgets on the ground. This is only the beginning. Our new Viking rocket is expected to reach 235 miles under its own steam. When they hitch the Corporal to this later on this year, we'll have our first satellite. By that time, too, the atomic power plant for missiles will have been flight-tested. When all this it put with a couple of items which cannot be mentioned yet, the reasons emerge for the optimistic reports on that top-secret ESV (Earth Satellite Vehicle) Project.

**HUNTER-KILLER TEAM:** The Navy believes it has one of the answers, at least, to the snorkel-equipped submarine. Anti-sub warfare has top priority, and a new "high-resolution"



**Wac Corporal rocket, launched from V-2 in air, reaches 250-mile height.**

radar and a new aircraft have been teamed up to attack the problem. Grumman Aircraft has test-flown their new AF-1S and AF-2S Guardian, the largest single-engined plane in service anywhere. One of the models carries the new radar in a bulge beneath the fuselage, and also has secret new equipment installed elsewhere. The other plane stows improved depth charges and a torpedo.

The hunter plane searches the waters for signs of snorkels, then directs the killer plane to the proper target location. This tactic is a development of the Navy's early night-fighter techniques in the Pacific. At that time the "Bat Teams," as they were called, consisted of two fighters and a larger torpedo plane that carried the radar.

**REVERSE WEATHER:** Recall that Cirrus Project for seeding cumulus clouds with dry ice to make rain? Its advocate, Dr. Irving Langmuir, of General Electric, has come up with a new wrinkle that works even more reliably and will be of greater significance to air operations. This is a means for artificially clearing the skies around weathered-in airports. Demonstrations have already proved that clear areas could be opened over La Guardia Airport in New York to enable even this busy field to operate in weather which would normally close down all operations. Working with G.E. on this project is the Office of Naval Research and the Army Signal Corps.

## The Drums Say Die (Continued from page 56)

from the people of Sak, second largest of the seven towns, and N'dege, son of Adege, its chief, pranced before the fires, shaking a long spear.

"Wah! Greatest of all hunters," yelled the Sak men. "He killed a tusked boar that eight men could not carry."

"His was not the first spear in that beast," muttered a man beside Ekeli. "Yet he dances the killing."

N'dege posed, muscular body gleaming in the firelight, a pair of curved and bloody tusks dangling from his neck. The drums muttered low as he crept across the space, spear low, pantomiming the stalking of the boar. He dropped to his knees, peering, sniffing the air. Suddenly he saw the boar, stamping angrily, trotting this way and that. He wheeled and charged, slashing with curved tusks. Then he was the hunter again, leaping high, twisting, dodging, his spear darting like a snake. He rushed in, stabbing, snatched a machete from his belt and hacked at the ground. Then he jumped back to pose grandly, and whirled, stamping triumphantly. The women groaned their admiration and the hunters beat their hands on the ground.

N'dege strode to sit beside his father. And Magola stood up among the women. From the neat coronet of cowrie shells woven into her hair to her small feet she was the ruddy hue of rain-washed earth. Her arms were round, her breasts small above a flat belly, and her legs long and slim. Gracefully, the bustle swaying below her hips, she walked to a rack and took from it the heart of the boar which was the killer's portion. She carried it to N'dege and sat before him while he ate.

**E**KELI took his eyes from her soft, smiling mouth.

"She is promised to him?" he asked the hunter beside him.

"Gola is old. He has no son." The hunter shrugged. "Moreover, the chief of Sak is strong."

"Magola loves this N'dege?"

"She brings him meat."

Ekeli thought of his mother, who had wept when he went away to work for the Haussa trader. Had she died thinking him a thief? Was her spirit waiting to rebuke him in the hut where he must sleep? He eyed the drums which would warn the people up and down the river that a thief was driven from Bayeme and that no Bulu must help him. He looked at Magola, the one person who had said a word for him, sitting before the smugly grinning N'dege. Then he drank deeply from his beer, threw it down and ran to the clear space before the drums. The people stopped eating to stare.

"Oh, chiefs," he shouted. "Oh, people of the seven towns. It is said that I must be driven from my place because I have tasted the white man's prison. Yet the drums that called me thief could not see the things for which



I was chained. I shall dance my trouble for all to see!"

The drums took up an eight-finger rhythm as Ekeli aped the tall, white-robed Haussa with his pack of trade goods who had come to Bayeme two years before. He danced the trade of ebony and ivory for bags of salt, beads and fathoms of trade-cloth. Then he mimicked the hiring of himself to paddle the Haussa's canoe downriver and to carry his loads up the town paths. With fluid postures he sketched his journey downriver to the white men's town, imitating their dignity with long strides, indicating the size and number of their houses. He showed the muttering watchers how the Haussa struck him with a rawhide whip when he asked for his pay. The drums thumped as he re-acted his seizing of the whip, and the people laughed grimly at his picture of the Haussa groveling under his own lash. Carefully he postured the taking of goods from the trader's pack in payment for his labor. Then the coming of the police and the long months in chains. He danced his freeing, his work about the wharves, his journey up the river, his adventures with river tribes, hunting and fishing in manner unknown to the Bulus, and finally, his lonely trek through the mighty forest to his village. And when he had finished he stood before the chiefs, the firelight highlighting his lean, sweating body.

"Oh, chiefs," he panted, "I have danced my trouble. Judge me from my dancing, and if you find me thief I will walk from this place now."

The people were muttering.

"Ko!" N'dege laughed scornfully. "I remember this Ekeli. He dances well, but a dance may lie."

"True," Ekeli said, eying him. "Even a great hunter may dance a lie."

"Hold this!" Gola snapped, as N'dege came to his feet. "Go to your place, Ekeli. The chiefs will consider your dance."

Ekeli felt Magola's eyes on him as he walked back. But the people, uneasy under the eyes of the chiefs, moved away from him. The drums recommenced and old men pranced their angular dances of war and ancient hunts. But Ekeli could see nothing but the slim figure beside N'dege. And he was deathly tired. A man, alone in the Big Bush, sleeps but half sleep. So, amid the laughter, talk and the rattle of drums he found the hut in which he was born. It sagged, for a hut where a person dies must be left to die, too. He dragged the palm-rib bed from the walls where scorpions clicked and rustled, and he slept.

**I**N THE morning he waited outside the chief's hut.

"Certain ones," Gola said, "have called your dance a lie. They would drive you from all Bulu country as a shame to the seven towns. Yet," he went on grimly, "I am still chief of Bayeme. My word is that you may remain in your mother's hut until it dies, repairing nothing. You may work to earn food and weapons to serve you

when you go from this place. You will sit with no man and talk with no woman. You shall hunt, since we have few hunters, giving your meat to the town, and you will be fed in the palaver house with the old ones. Only for the sake of your father, who was a mighty hunter for Bayeme, are you not driven away at once."

"I, too, am a hunter," Ekeli said eagerly. "Perchance if I kill much meat for the town—"

But Gola chopped with his hands to mark the end of the talk.

Ekeli returned to his hut. The bark walls were crumbling, with rot, the roof mats were broken. It could not last through the rains, yet he dared not repair it. He swept it out. He was sitting on the doorsill plaiting palm fronds for a sleeping mat when N'dege, with Magola, stopped before him.

"Woman's work." N'dege grinned. "Were you in a woman's prison, oh, dancer?"

"I make this mat because no woman, save my wife, shall work for me," Ekeli said, his eyes on Magola.

She looked away from him.

"Wife!" snorted N'dege. "How will a homeless one buy a wife?"

"With trade from my hunting."

"Wah! The mat-maker is a hunter. Did you learn to hunt in prison?"

"I learned many things, and not all in prison."

"Oh, big-mouth!" N'dege guffawed. "Come, Magola."

**T**HAT night Ekeli ate the leavings of the old men in the palaver house; already the great piles of meat from the hunt were gone. For the next two days he hunted iron-bearing meteorite pebbles for the town smith and received in payment a spearhead. He fitted a long shaft to it and went into the forest. He returned with a python, delicate meat for many. And, eating his fair share of food, he listened to the old men's gossip as they crouched, their backs to him, excluding him from the palaver-house fire. A bad thing, they said, that Gola had no son. It was well known that N'dege followed Magola only to be chief when her father died. Thus N'dege and his father, chief of Sak, would rule the seven towns together.

"If Magola knew this—" one began.

"What does a woman know," an elder said disgustedly, "of a boaster whose tongue is longer than his spear?"

"Has he paid the marriage price?"

"Ko! It is his father who pays the price while N'dege plays with the women of Sak."

"Our town dies," snuffed an ancient. "In my day there were strong men, mighty hunters, to guard us against such chiefs. Now—"

"What man of Bayeme has the riches of Adege or the cunning of his son?"

"That thing we shall see," Ekeli said to himself.

Next day he went out alone to set traps and deadfalls and brought back meat. He hunted ebony, scraped it and

racked it to dry. He traveled far into the great Dan Swamp to hunt vine rubber. And one evening he saw four hippos come out of the swamp. He marked their sleeping place with care.

**A**T THE dying of the moon the white trader came up river in his long canoe. Ekeli traded his ebony and rubber for a brand-new machete, a pipe, two fathoms of trade cloth to cover him, a hoe, four bags of salt and a bundle of copper rods. The people eyed his pile of goods with envy. Even Gola came to look.

"You have many fine things," he said.

"A good worker brings riches to his town," Ekeli said hopefully.

"Nevertheless, you will go when this hut has died," Gola said coldly.

"I have brought much meat—"

"There will be a mighty hunter in Bayeme when N'dege marries my child." Gola walked away.

That night another mat fell from the roof of Ekeli's hut. Ants had eaten the doorposts. The first tornado at the beginning of the rains would destroy his home and his hopes.

Yet he hunted diligently, traveling far into the forest. And every day he watched the edge of the swamp where the four hippos came to rest in a rocky pool in the shallowing river.

One night he sat in the shadows outside the palaver house watching Magola's pliant, twisting body dancing the moon dances. N'dege, as always, was near her, confident, complacent.

"Meat is scarce," an old man said. "So tomorrow we ready the nets. The seven towns must enclose a mighty portion of the forest if our hunters are to kill."

"It is said that after the hunt there will be feasting and dancing for the marriage of Magola with N'dege."

Ekeli went to his hut to make certain preparations.

At dawn, walking down the river path he came upon Magola.

"Magola, oh, daughter of the chief, I see you," he greeted.

Her skin was smooth and moist, her eyes lustrous as she looked swiftly about her.

"I see you," she said, "though it is forbidden to speak with you. My father says you have many fine things to take when you go from this place. Will you trade with the white people?"

"Perchance I will buy a wife."

Her eyes rounded. "You have looked upon a woman in the white man's town?"

"Since a certain small woman followed me to play and swim, I have looked on no other."

"What talk is this?" she said haughtily.

"Men say you will marry this N'dege after the hunt. Do you love this man?"

"I marry the man my father has chosen," she flashed. "Who are you to speak so, oh, homeless one?"

"Aye, homeless," he said quietly. "Yet if a man loves his people and brings much meat to prove it, perchance they will let him stay. I go

now, to kill a river pig for my people."

"Ko!" she said scornfully. "All men know these beasts may not be killed. How can a spear enter their hard skin? How can a pit trap them, since they live in the swamp? Even N'dege could not kill a river pig."

"For you I would kill many river pigs," he said.

She walked swiftly away.

He shoved a light canoe down the bank and slid after it. Then he stroked upstream, hugging the opposite bank as he neared the swamp. He could see two hippos lying on the rocks and another in the shallow pool; the fourth waded among mangrove roots at the edge of the swamp. Silently he paddled past them, crossed the river far above the pool, and floated down to overhanging trees a hundred yards from the beasts.

With his machete he slashed down a green bamboo and trimmed from it

water, and below the surface he could see the hippo lying on his side. Jubilantly he paddled downstream, moored the dugout and raced into the village.

N'dege and Magola stood with the chief outside his hut.

"Oh, chief," Ekeli panted. "Send people with canoes and knives and baskets. I have killed a river pig."

"What is this talk?"

"Lies!" N'dege snapped. "No man, not even I, could kill such a beast."

"Not you, perchance," Ekeli grinned. "But I killed this river pig." He turned to the gathering villagers. "Come! Meat!"

"Meat!" they yelled delightedly.

Women dragged baskets after their men as they ran for their canoes. Ekeli led them to the pool and they clamored out onto the rocks. He dived to fasten bushropes to the sunken carcass, and Gola watched as it was dragged up onto a shelving ledge. The people

"My house is not yet dead," he returned defiantly.

"You traded meat?" Gola eyed the ebony and ivory.

"Aye, to N'tem and the town of Ekin."

"Thus he brings trouble to the seven towns," N'dege yelled. "He trades carrion from this place."

"The people ate of the meat and so did I," Ekeli protested. "It was good meat and those who refused it were fools. Now hear me! I shall kill another river pig. I will show all men the manner of killing. And the people who hunger for meat shall eat."

"You shall do this thing," Gola said. "But see that you do it before the dying of your house."

Day after day Ekeli watched the pool. But the hippos did not return. And the roof of his hut was crumbling.

At night, people called across the



springy slivers two spans long. He pointed their ends and sharpened their edges. Then he forced them into circles and bound them so with grass. As he worked he watched the beasts lying like rocks while white tickbirds explored their ears and hides. He wrapped the bamboo springs in bundles of rank grass and *m'vondo*, a wild garlic, as he had learned from the down-river people. Carefully he lowered a bundle into the water and watched it drift with the current toward the pool. An eddy carried it past the rocks. Ekeli put another bundle in the water, and another, until one entered the pool. Then he saw a beast lift his great head to sniff the scent of garlic. He butted the floating ball, then opened his cavernous mouth and swallowed it.

Ekeli crouched under cover, sweat rolling down his body. Mosquitos tormented him as he waited, watching the pool. Then there was a sudden, gasping bellow. The hippo reared out of the water. The others floundered about him in panic until he slashed at one with his curved tusks. They fought, belly-deep in the water while the other two backed off into the swamp. The one left butted the stricken brute into deep water. He surfaced, bellowing his agony, then sank until only his nostrils were visible. The victor moved triumphantly after the others.

Cautiously Ekeli paddled to the pool. Little fish darted in the bloody

bawled their wonder as they closed in to butcher.

"Wait!" N'dege yelled suddenly. "Let the chief look at this beast. There is no mark of spear or machete!"

The people moved back uneasily as Gola examined the gray bulk.

"What manner of killing is this?" he demanded.

"No killing," N'dege shouted. "This liar found a beast dead of sickness. The meat is carrion! Let no man touch it!"

The villagers muttered angrily.

"Wait!" Ekeli called. "It was fairly killed. I, myself, will eat of it."

"Carrion!" N'dege screamed.

"What is this thing?" Gola demanded angrily. "You would give the people carrion?"

"Oh, killer of dead beasts," N'dege crowed. "Oh, mighty hunter of carrion!"

"Carrion-eater!" the people yelled, pulling downstream.

"Fools!" Ekeli raged after them. "It is better for me. I have more meat to trade."

For four days he remained at the pool, collecting wood for fires to smoke the meat he hacked from the hippo. He took one canoe-load down river and traded it for ebony and ivory. He returned for more meat, but the wild creatures had taken what was left. So he went back to Bayeme.

"Oh, carrion-eater," the old men squalled, "there is no place for you."

darkened town, "Oh, mighty hunter, where is the river pig? Do you wait for a pig to die?"

And then, one morning, he saw three hippos in the pool. He floated bait after bait to them. But it was afternoon before a bull took one, and dusk before he thrashed, bellowed and died. Ekeli hurried to the village, to Gola's hut, where N'dege lounged behind the chief's stool.

"There is another pig," Ekeli said quietly. "Now who will call me liar?"

"Speak," Gola commanded.

"I have watched this big-mouth," N'dege crowed. "For days I have watched him secretly from the swamp. I saw him float poison into the pool where the pigs lay. One did eat and he is dead. The meat is poisoned. This rascal, because he is to be driven from our towns, would kill all here!"

Ekeli jumped for him, but powerful arms held him back.

"Liar and big-mouth," he panted. "I, before all the people, will eat this meat!"

"He has medicine against the poison," N'dege shouted.

"Wait!" Ekeli spoke to Gola. "Oh, chief, loose my arms. And under your spears I will show how I killed that beast!"

"Liar! Murderer! Kill him!" N'dege raved.

"I am still the chief of this town," Gola said quietly. "Oh, man, show us how you killed."



Ekeli walked between two spearmen to his canoe, tethered at the riverbank. He returned with a bundle of grass and *m'vondo*.

"The poison," N'dege yelled. "That is the poison!"

"Hear me," Ekeli shouted. "Even the mightiest hunter may not kill a river pig with spear or axe or machete. But a wise hunter knows"—he dashed the bundle on the ground so that the lashings broke and the bamboo sprang straight—"that the inside skin is thinner!"

"Eke!" Gola muttered, staring at the bamboo.

The people crowded close, muttering. Some chuckled, repeating Ekeli's words. Then laughter boomed and they ran for their canoes.

"Oh, Ekeli!" they shouted. "When the skin is hard the wise hunter kills from the inside."

"A coward, who sits far away while

aver house, listening to high words and watching the angry shaking of heads as they wrangled. But the people of Bayeme smiled on him and the children laughed as he patted their woolly heads. It was dark when Gola sent for him.

"There are people of this town who would have you stay," he said. "But the people of Sak would drive you from our country. And Sak is the strongest of our towns."

"Adege and his son are jealous that much meat will bring riches to Bayeme," Ekeli said angrily.

"Yet if Sak breaks from the seven towns we shall all eat trouble," Gola said worriedly.

"So"—Ekeli stood up—"I must go from my home because a big-mouth orders it."

"If you stay trouble will come."

"I will go."

Ignoring the friendly calls from the

That night the drums told the seven towns that the nets would enclose that part of the forest where a ravine held a stream that fed the Dan swamp. Next day Ekeli went to look over the ground. There were tracks of wart hog and waterbuck. He saw tree monkeys and heard the harsh snarl of a leopard in the dense undergrowth.

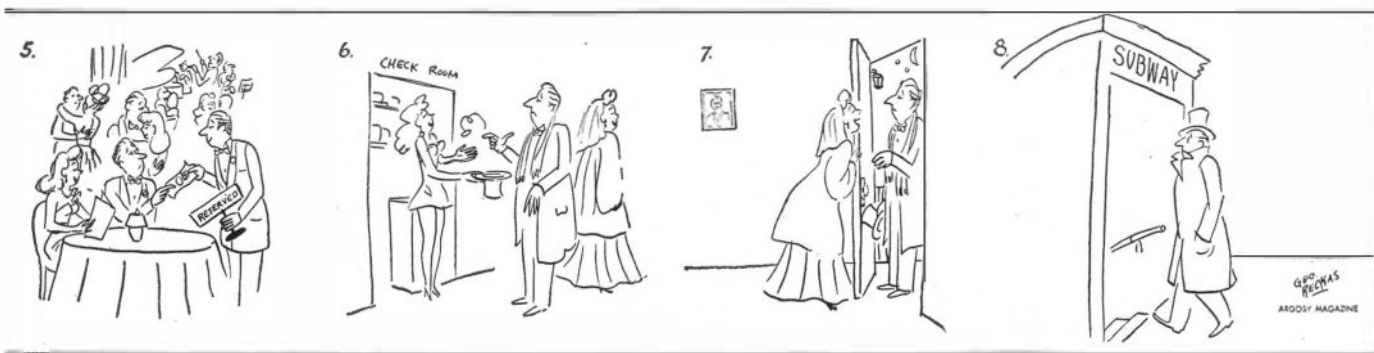
He returned to Bayeme, where Magola sat on her father's doorsill.

"Oh, Magola, hear me," he said quickly. "Soon is the hunt, and after the hunt I must go—"

"You will not stay for the feast?"

"Perchance there will be no feast. Hear me, daughter of the chief. Since I came back to my town and saw the softness of your mouth, since I heard the kindness of your words when you spoke for me to your father that night, since I have looked at the brightness of your eyes, I have loved you—"

"No," she gasped. "I am the daugh-



a trap kills," N'dege sneered. "A prison-learned magic."

Ekeli watched him swagger out of the village.

Torches flared in the river path as the people returned with baskets of meat. Before them, by the light of the fire, Ekeli ate and the villagers crowded eagerly to take their shares. All night the fires smoked and the people danced.

"Who will drive away such a mighty hunter?" came a voice from the darkness.

"Aye. He shall stay, bringing much meat for our town."

Ekeli went to Gola. "You think me liar now, oh, chief?"

"I do not think it," Gola said.

"My house is close to death," Ekeli ventured.

"He shall stay," called some of the villagers.

"I will talk with the chiefs," Gola muttered.

"It is a fine-fine thing you have done," Magola said shyly.

"Would you have me go?"

"Who am I to say 'go' or 'stay'?" she faltered.

"You are the forest and the sky and the soft small things that play in the sun. You—"

"I must not hear," she said faintly and moved away from him.

Next morning chiefs and elders from the seven towns met at Gola's hut. Ekeli waited eagerly in the pal-

lavers, Ekeli went to his hut. There was little roof left now, and the mutter of distant thunder promised the tornado in a few days. People from the other towns were bringing their breast-high nets of stout fiber to Bayeme while the chiefs and hunters crouched in the palaver house discussing which part of the forest they would enclose. When they decided, the nets would be joined to make an enormous fence. The strong-men, led by the hunters, would be inside the net with weapons, while the old men, women and children would stay outside with fires and noise-makers to keep game from breaking out. And every day they would tighten the net until the game stood at bay. This was the most dangerous part of the hunt, for the larger beasts lurked until they were forced to fight, and sometimes a wart hog, leopard or even buffalo faced the hunters when the net closed in. And N'dege, whose prowess at the last hunt had made him the leader of this one, moved importantly about the village, haranguing the elders and drilling the men on their duties.

When he came opposite Ekeli, he halted. "You, oh, hunter of river pigs!" he shouted. "Will you walk inside the net? Or will you sit in safety with the women?"

"I walk where you dare walk," Ekeli said.

"Walk good," N'dege sneered. "For after the hunt you will walk far."

ter of a chief. I marry the man my father has chosen. I—"

"Then you marry a cheat and a liar!"

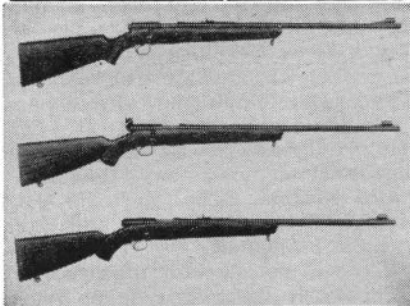
"N'dege's spear could answer that," she said quietly.

"N'dege shall answer, after the hunt," Ekeli said bitterly. "But his spear has other work at this time." He strode to his collapsing hut.

That night the people gathered at Bayeme, hundreds of them, to carry the sections of net to the chosen place. They joined the ends, passing them through the underbrush, until a space of several acres was enclosed. Before dawn the hunters entered, followed by the strong-men. Outside, the women waited with hoes, the old men carried rattles to scare any game that tried to bolt the net, and the children bore lianas and fire in clay pots.

The hunters walked abreast through the undergrowth, calling softly to keep station so that anyone in danger could be quickly aided. Before them silent dogs with curled tails and pointed ears slipped under the thickets. Once a troop of monkeys screeched overhead. There was a shout as the man next to Ekeli slashed at a mamba, leaving it writhing for a strong-man to kill. A porcupine rushed past and was clubbed. There was a bellow as the dogs surrounded a bush buck. N'dege, on Ekeli's left, ran to spear it. Behind them the women drew the net and the old men shook their rattles.

## SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC



New Winchester (described below).

(Continued from page 59) orthodox methods, the drag of your leader or line should put the trout down. But the fish apparently don't read the books. I once took several big browns at dusk and after, by this method, from a stream where even the natives said no browns existed. Obviously, lack of light holds a trout's attention on the wake created by the big "crawling" fly, and not on the drag of line or leader. If you want to prove it, try it.

### NEW HOBBY

**LAST WINTER IN FLORIDA** I ran into Red Leekley, the mildly famous muskie fisherman from Milwaukee who fishes them by the barometer and seldom misses. Red is always trying out new projects and running down the "whys" of natural phenomena.

Here's an interesting hobby he conceived: While hunting and fishing, Red often wondered what it would be like to actually "hear" all the sounds of nature which the human ear cannot hear unaided, and all those sounds of birds and animals which must surely cease at the approach of man. Finally he got hold of an old hearing aid and took it into the woods with him. To a normal ear, it stepped up hearing ability amazingly. Says Red, "I heard things I never knew were going on."

Consider what great possibilities this unusual hobby might have for the hunter attempting to locate game! You can begin it with a second-hand hearing aid picked up cheaply from a firm dealing in them. Try it and see what you make of it.

### GOOD GADGETS DEPARTMENT

**GADGET-OF-THE-MONTH** for July is right in line for you ALMANACKERS who fall in with my suggestion about ground-hog hunting. It's the new Winchester Rifle, Model 43, a sturdy, lightweight job built to meet the need for an accurate, precision-made pest and small-game rifle in the moderate-price range. This new gun is offered in three styles and four calibers: 218 Bee, .22 Hornet, .25-20 Winchester, and .32-20 Winchester, with seven standard cartridges available in those calibers. It's a beautiful little gun, of the solid-frame type, with tapered 24-inch barrel and full pistol grip of American walnut. The standard model (shown at top of photo on this page) is without checkering. In the two special styles, which have checkered stocks, you have a choice of a Lyman 57A micrometer receiver sight (center gun in photo) or (bottom gun in photo), Winchester .22 open sporting rear sight. The Winchester 103 bead front sight is on all models. (Continued on opposite page)

By dark the hunters came out to rest. All boasted jovially while their women brought food.

"I have found buffalo tracks inside," one said soberly.

"Better we let him out," Gola counseled. "A bush buffalo is silent as a leopard and as cunning. Men of our town have been trampled by them. The father of Ekeli—"

"Let Ekeli avenge him," N'dege sneered. "Unless he fears bush creatures."

"I fear no bush creatures," Ekeli said softly. "Not even those who have a tongue longer than a spear."

N'dege glanced at him and his eyes were bright with rage.

**N**EXT day the net was tighter. Game charged the hunters and more than once Ekeli ran to the soft cry of a man in danger. All were jumpy, watching for buffalo tracks, ready to close in should he charge. And by night the net, circled by little fires, surrounded less than an acre.

At dawn only the hunters entered. The walls of the ravine were steep and the bottom was guarded. The hunters moved cautiously, N'dege on the left, under the bank, Ekeli next to him, pressing through dense undergrowth. Once a wart hog charged until halted by spears, and they heard the low, menacing bellow of the buffalo. There was a hot, beast stench. The dogs were taken out to save them from harm.

Ekeli crept through the bush that reached far above his head. He could see little, but to his left he heard N'dege moving. On the bank above, the women shouted. He cut down a terrified duiker and moved on.

"Ekeli! Ekeli!" It was N'dege's voice, quick with alarm.

"Stay there, oh, mighty hunter," Ekeli sneered.

"Ekeli!"

He scowled, hesitated, then, gripping spear and machete, hacked his way through a mass of thorns. There was a clearing under the bank. He peered about him.

"Farewell, oh, big-mouth!" N'dege grinned down from a branch above.

"What—"

There was a snort, and the great, bossed head of the buffalo burst through the thicket at the base of the tree. Ekeli jumped to one side as the brute charged, rolling wildly as the great hoofs stamped beside him. Then he heard a scream. Magola slid down the bank and a spear swayed in the red hide of the buffalo. Ekeli scrambled to his feet as the brute wheeled, and slashed madly at the tendons above its hocks as it lunged for the girl. The buffalo bawled and stumbled, dragging his hamstrung hindquarters. Magola scrambled swiftly up the bank. Ekeli ran in to spear the struggling beast. But a weight fell on him and he dropped, the wind knocked out of him. Hunters broke into the clearing as he staggered to his feet to gape at N'dege, yelling like a demon and plunging his spear into the kicking buffalo.

"Wah!" they yelled. "Oh, mighty hunter! N'dege has killed him."

"He lies!" Ekeli cried.

But the people were skidding down the bank, yelling madly as they struggled to hack at the dead beast. Ekeli searched wildly for Magola, but she had gone back to the town. Sullenly he helped to roll the nets.

That night the people of the seven towns crowded the firelit village of Bayeme. The men of Sak crouched around N'dege, who drank beer, laughing loudly under the proud eyes of his father. Magola was a dim figure in the shadows behind her father. Ekeli sat with the Bayeme men, his eyes on N'dege, his spear close to his hand.

"Wah!" the Sak men shouted. "Oh, N'dege, dance the killing of the great red devil."

Smirking, N'dege strode to the space before the drums and whirled to portray the hunt. He crept stealthily, ran lightly. He showed the buffalo charging and himself defying it until, with a mighty thrust of his spear, he pantomimed the death.

Ekeli looked at Magola. She had seen who killed the brute. She had seen everything, yet she kept silence. He measured the distance to N'dege and drew his spear close. N'dege returned arrogantly to his place and Magola walked slowly toward the rack where the heart of the buffalo smoked. But she passed the rack, snatched up a spear and stood, a slim, golden figure in the firelight, before the drums.

There were exclamations and some shocked laughter as she mimicked the swagger of N'dege. Then she crouched, the spear level, creeping forward.

"She dances the hunt!"

She moved with stealthy grace, her eyes about her, as the drum-beats quickened. Then she stamped, and with swift movements of arms, feet and head, became the buffalo, trotting in cover. She was N'dege again, frightened, retreating, peering fearfully about him. She ran a few paces, then, with swift, piston-like plunges of her slim legs, sketched the unmistakable picture of N'dege climbing the tree. A nervous laugh was hushed as the men of Sak stared at N'dege. There was complete silence as Magola crouched, calling softly "Ekeli! Oh, Ekeli!"

Then she became Ekeli chopping through the undergrowth and peering upward before he dived to one side, away from the charging buffalo.

**N**OW Magola was enacting the throwing of her spear, the wheeling charge of the buffalo and Ekeli's stroke that brought him down. Then she aped N'dege dropping from the tree to knock Ekeli senseless, and capering about the buffalo to claim the kill.

The people were roaring.

"She lies!" N'dege screamed. "Who will hear a woman?" He ran at her, but Ekeli darted forward and knocked his spear down.

"Big-mouth! Swine!" N'dege panted. But Gola smashed the spear out of his hands with his machete.



"What manner of dance is this?" he roared at his daughter. "Did you, oh, Magola, see this killing?"

"Lies! Lies!" N'dege panted. But his eyes dropped before his father's furious glare. With a defiant air he shoved through his shamed townsmen and disappeared into the darkness beyond the fires.

"And that liar and killer of men would marry my daughter!" Gola belted. "Oh, Adege, tell your son he may not enter this town again."

"I go," Adege said. His people straggled after him out of the town.

"Now, oh, hunter," Gola said, "dance the manner of the killing."

Ekeli went through the movements of the hunt and when he sat down amid the cheering of his people he

saw Magola step from behind her father. She walked to the rack and brought, cupped in her hands, the cooked heart of the buffalo.

"Why did you come inside the net, oh, Magola," he said, white teeth tearing at the meat. "Was it to save me?"

"Nay," she smiled. "In truth, when I heard N'dege call I ran to help him. But when I saw that he sought to kill you, I—"

"If you had not thrown the spear the brute would have killed me."

"I could not let him kill you," she faltered.

"And now you bring me meat," he said happily.

"It is the hunter's portion." She smiled, and her eyes told him it was much more than that. ● ● ●

## I Catch 20-Lb. Stripers—on Flies

(Continued from page 48)

something doing. They started to come from every direction and hit the water. Then we saw the splash of fish breaking water. The motor in the boat had been kept warm all day for just such a happening, with the rods all assembled, so it took only a few minutes to reach a school of stripers which covered the surface of the water for about an acre.

I had the position of honor up in the bow of the boat where I had plenty of room to cast. I had never tried fly fishing for big fish out of a boat. At about the third cast I had a strike. I had not made allowance for the boat's momentum, and the fish jerked the rod down straight and broke the six-pound-test nylon leader as if it had been a thread. With fingers trembling, I took off the six-pound tippet and replaced it with an eight-pounder, then tied on another pelcher.

After only a few casts I hooked a heavy fish. The initial run was over a hundred yards. The boat followed the fish, while I put all the pressure I could on the rod. Up and down and around we rode for nearly half an hour, until I thought I had him tired out sufficiently to bring him into the boat. But the striper decided to make another run. Unfortunately, he was close to the boat, and he ran under it. *Crack!* My pet Leonard broke just below the female ferrule on the second joint. Luckily it broke so close to the ferrule that the wrappings held the tip of the rod so it did not go down the line, because the next thing I knew I had no fly. The striper had broken the leader. I reeled in, and that ended striper fishing for me that day.

The fish that we had seen up the Coos River and by the dock were minnows, according to Jimmie, one of the dock boatmen. He claimed they would cover a surface of over two acres, and that they were as long as the handle of a net. He had seen them as he was coming up the bay shortly before the tide had reached full that afternoon. So, the next morning, armed with more pelchers, a six-and-a-quarter-ounce

rod, 200 yards of eighteen-pound test backing, and ten-pound test tippets, we headed toward the bridges.

We cruised around by Henderson Flat most of the late morning and early afternoon without seeing a fish. The lazy gulls sat on the shore and gave us no intimation that they were at all interested.

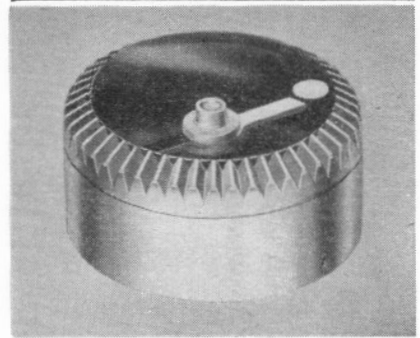
About three o'clock in the afternoon, when the tide was getting near full, the gulls took off and started to circle over the water up by the railroad bridge. We followed, and sure enough, there were fish boiling all over the area. The wind was kicking up and it was difficult to cast a fly save with the wind. Finally, however, I got a fly out near one of the big boils where I had seen the striper break, and as I started to retrieve—*wham!* I have had strikes from steelhead, salmon, muskellunge, black bass, and practically all fresh-water fish, but I never got such a jolt as from that striper.

I was holding the tip of the rod high, and when the strike came and the handle of the Hardy reel started to spin, it struck the sleeve of my jacket, and before I could point the rod at the fish to relieve the strain there was a pop and a crack, and my six-and-a-quarter-ounce Leonard broke in the handle, right in front of my thumb. Unfortunately there was no thread to hold this time and the three joints went down the line.

I reeled in slowly, trying to keep the rod up as close to me as I could, praying that the hook had torn out and that the leader had not broken. No such luck! Three joints of the rod went off into the bay. The strike, plus the reel handle hitting my jacket sleeve, broke both rod and leader.

I had a light salmon trolling rod in the boat, so, not to be entirely skunked for the rest of the day, I tied one of the pelchers on a thirty-pound test leader tied to a twenty-seven-pound test nylon line on a Star drag reel, and trolled. I took four fish as fast as I could whip them with that kind of

## SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC



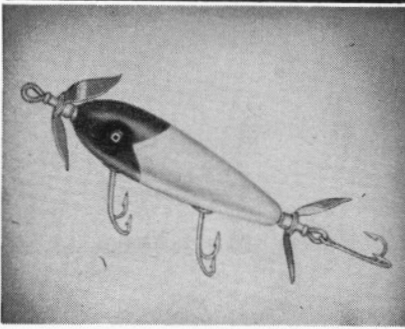
Gunner's Guide will lead you home.

(Continued from opposite page) Swivel bows are standard equipment, without slings. This is a perfect 'chuck gun, bolt-action, four-shot capacity, one in the chamber, three in the magazine for the .22 caliber. Overall length is 42½ inches. The gun has the usual excellent Winchester equipment, such as speed lock, positive twin extractors, side lever safety, etc. The .218 Bee hollow-point bullet of 46 grains gives you a muzzle velocity of 2860 feet per second, the .22 Hornet, either soft or hollow-point, gives you 2650. Look these guns over in the stores. The Winchester people feel that it's their most important new sporting arm in two decades.

WHILE WE'RE ON GUNS, the famous Poly-Choke Company of 189 Tunxis Street, Hartford, Connecticut, has a new gadget called the Gunner's Guide. It's better than any compass you ever owned for keeping you from getting lost in the woods. I have no doubt that there'll be a sensational sale of this new product, and my suggestion is that you get yours ordered now to be ahead of the game when fall hunting seasons arrive. The Gunner's Guide has a magnetic needle, but it is definitely not a compass; it is not supposed to point north. It is made to be set into the top of the stock of your gun. The gun metal keeps a constant pull on the magnetic needle, but in no way upsets its accuracy. In fact, the idea is that your gun serves as a platform for the gadget and as a pointer to show you which way to go. You simply make a setting of this precision instrument when you begin hunting. From there on it shows you your course into the woods, and, more important, the way out. You'll have to see the Gunner's Guide in operation in order to believe what it can do. It is also excellent for locating downed or crippled game. Simply, watch where a bird comes down, set the needle. If you have to go around a pond or swamp to get to the spot, you can use your gun as a pointer and the Guide will take you where you started out to go. The price is \$3 at dealers or direct from Poly-Choke. Instructions for installation and use furnished free. This is a "must" for any hunter.

MOST OF YOU OLD HANDS at bass-plug fishing will remember a lure of some years back, built by South Bend Bait Company, 100 High Street, South Bend, Indiana, called the Surf-Oreno. It was the first artificial lure I ever owned as a kid, a floater with spinners fore and aft that really did business. A determined (Continued on next page)

## SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC



**Nip-I-Diddee guarantees bass action.**

(Continued from preceding page) old mossyback took mine with him more years ago than I like to remember. I've never owned one since. Last winter in Florida I was talking to Gray Gordon, hot bass fisherman of Alstons' Sporting Goods Store in Sarasota. He was telling me about a bass plug which, he claimed, was the best lure he had ever used. "They practically come out on the bank after it," he said. "For a fact, when you make your cast, then pull in with long, slow sweeps of your rod, reeling at the end of each sweep, you can often see several bass cut wakes in competition after this plug. It's called a Nip-I-Diddee and made by South Bend."

When he showed me the plug, I was immediately back in my boyhood again. For the bait the bass can't resist, the Nip-I-Diddee, is the lure which South Bend brought out to replace their discontinued Surf-Oreno. For all practical purposes, it is merely a highly improved replica of the old model. And it's a honey. It has the best spinners I have ever seen on any lure, bar none, and is fitted with double hooks which run with the bend flat down, to make it practically weedless. Cast this baby up into the weeds and fish it as Gordon does, and you'll see bass action with a guarantee! I stocked my tackle box with standard color combinations the minute I saw the lure, and I urge you to do the same. The plug weighs  $\frac{5}{8}$  oz., comes in six finishes, costs \$1.25.

HERE'S ONE OF THOSE little gadgets, inexpensive and seldom thought about, which can make the difference between successful and unsuccessful fishing. I refer to the Bead Chain swivels, made by the Bead Chain Manufacturing Company, 112 Mountain Grove Street, Bridgeport, Connecticut. Unlike the ordinary swivel, these are made of beads strung between the tie ring for your line and the snap for your lure. They positively guarantee that your line won't twist or kink, unravel or become weakened from lure action. Each bead spins ahead of the bait. Made of non-corrosive Monel Metal with stainless steel snaps. Drop in at your dealer's and add a few of these to your general tackle supply, and while you're there, ask to see the Bead Chain leaders and spinners, too.

BETTER HAVE A LOOK, too, at the new lure called Froglegs, made by the Jenson Distributing Company, Waco, Texas. You can see it, or order it, at your dealer. It's a frog imitation—and what an (Continued on opposite page)

rigging. They weighed from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. Ray and my son rigged up similar outfits, using an ounce or two of quick-change sinkers, and cast. We usually had two fish on, and sometimes three at the same time. (We turned all but three of the fish loose, as they were not deeply hooked, and with only a single hook were easily released out of the net.)

The next day I rigged up a two-piece, five-and-a-quarter-ounce Powell rod with my dearly beloved pelcher fly on ten-pound test tippets to show the "doubting Thomas" newspaper men and a moving-picture photographer that stripers could be taken on a fly and fly rod. That afternoon, around near the Sportsmen's Dock, where we had seen the pan-sized fish—that is, stripers from five to ten pounds—I took several fish from four to ten pounds for the newspaper men. Naturally there was publicity in the papers in the vicinity of Coos Bay.

FOR two or three days, while I was mending my rod and getting my nerve back to try the big ones again, we fished Chinook and Silverside salmon down at the jaws of the bay with fair success. We took two thirty-six-pound Chinooks and quite a number of ten-pound Silversides. But I couldn't get the thought of those big stripers out of my mind, so back I went for more punishment.

By this time, considering myself an expert, I didn't go until I thought the tide would be right. When we pulled down below the railroad bridge, there was another boat there, and a fly fisherman fighting a striper. We were mystified that anyone could catch a striper in the place where the fly fisherman was, as there was no sign of stripers working, the gulls were showing no interest, and the boat was standing practically still, only drifting a little with the wind. He was so close to the shore that an expert caster with a surf rod could stand on the runway of the big airfield and cast into his boat. We shut off the motor and watched him while he brought the fish up to the boat, netted it. It was larger than any striper I had taken, so we decided to do some kibitzing to see what system the stranger was using so successfully.

After he had landed the fish, he proceeded to cast what looked like a good-sized white plug out on the surface of the water and let it set until the boat had drifted a short distance away from it. Then he proceeded to pop it the same as you would use a popper plug for black bass. Boom! The striper came right to the surface and took it with a splash.

I had the pleasure of meeting the successful fisherman that night at the auto court where we were both staying. He turned out to be Mr. Joe Brooks of Baltimore, Maryland, the author of several books on fishing, and he knows more about striper fishing in a minute than most of us out here on the West Coast will ever know. He had seen the articles in the local papers

and had come down from steelhead fishing to investigate. I saw his big fish weighed, and it tipped the scales at twenty-nine pounds, six ounces. He gave me the plug he had used to catch the fish, plus a spare, as he evidently knew, after seeing my technique and tackle, that I would need more than one lure if I was going to have any great success in catching stripers with fly rods.

The next day, pursuant to hurried telegrams that I had sent after I had broken my last suitable fly rod, my brother and my next-door neighbor, Uncle Boff, arrived to do some striper fishing. I knew they had a couple of rods that I was just aching to break.

Bright and early the next morning we headed down the bay where we had seen the big babies playing, and sure enough, there they were. As my vacation time was about up and my brother and Boff could stay only two days, we decided we would keep some fish to take home. I took my brother's heavy fly rod, he a light salmon trolling rod, Boff a similar trolling rod, and Ray ran the boat. We took fourteen fish in about two and a half hours on flies, using the fly rod and the salmon rods with trolled flies, or flies weighted and cast. The fish weighed from ten to twenty-two pounds. I took several eighteen- and twenty-pounders on the fly rod.

As we were getting ready to stop fishing, I decided to see just how much pull a striped bass could put on a line if you snubbed him and gave him no line. I had a new twenty-seven-pound-test braided nylon line on which I put a thirty-pound-test nylon leader and a pelcher fly, and trolled it behind the boat. I screwed down the Star drag reel as hard as I could, then put the thumb guard down so I knew there would be no give if I got a strike.

I had about seventy-five feet of line out when the strike came. The boat was traveling not more than two miles an hour against the tide. I never saw the fish and I never turned him! Big or average, your guess is as good as mine! Even a twenty-pounder is plenty heavy. I could feel the line start to stretch—then it snapped like the crack of a whip. It broke about halfway to the water. I reeled in what was left, put away the equipment, and headed back for the office.

NEXT summer when the stripers are in you will find me back in Coos Bay with a seven-and-a-half-ounce rod, 250 yards of backing, pelcher flies, and the expectation of taking one of the real old-timers. Twenty-five-pound stripers are very common, forty-five-pounders are not unusual, and there have been sixty-five-pounders taken.

The limit is fifteen fish a day. I'll settle for one on a fly rod. I rate the Coos Bay striper the hardest-striking, toughest customer I've ever caught. His strike is more solid than a steelhead or a salmon, his run is longer, and pound for pound he will give you more trouble. Also, I prefer him to both on the table. ● ● ●



# Infield Wonder Boy

(Continued from page 35)

We all looked at Marty Walsh. He played right field for the Sox, and he was a hell of a golfer. It would be nice to know how much of what this kid was saying was nonsense.

Marty was a quiet guy. He said, "You know, tomorrow's Sunday. Doc usually gives us half a day off. Maybe you and I could go up to this course and get in a round or two. We could hire clubs."

Barron smiled. "That'd sure be nice. Maybe we could make it interesting. A little bet."

Marty leaned back into a shadow. "That might be arranged."

It was just then that Molly Wilson walked past the porch. Molly was as pretty as any girl had a right to be, with a figure that always left you gasping a little. She waved, and we all said hello.

This Jimmy Barron said, "And who is that?"

"Doc Wilson's daughter," I said.

Barron got up and moved for the porch steps. He said, "That's for Mrs. Barron's little boy, James. See you later." And when Molly turned a corner of the hotel, he was at her heels.

Hap Harris leaned back and puffed on his cigar. He said in sorrowful tones, "Well, it would have been nice. The kid can play ball."

And we all felt the same. There were only two things in all the world that Doc Wilson cared about. One was managing the Sox, and the other was his daughter Molly. And the two things he cared about least in the world were loud-mouthed braggarts and ball players who chased his daughter.

It was a sorry evening. I'd been building up dreams of a pennant, because this kid could have made us a great club. I threw them out the window, now, because I knew what would happen when Doc really got the lowdown on this Barron kid. He'd send him right back to the bushes.

**WE HAD** a morning workout on Sunday. Jimmy Barron was all smiles. He said, "That's a wonderful girl, that Molly."

"Doc thinks so, too. You better stay away from her, kid."

He grinned, "Hell, he'll get used to me in time."

We were waiting for our turn in the batting cage. I said, "You were up with Toronto last year, weren't you?"

"That's right. Voted the best second baseman in the International. Led the league with .412 and played every game."

It was a lot of hitting. A hell of a lot.

He said, "I figure I should be good for maybe .400 up here, the first year. Then, when I get to know the pitchers and the parks—"

".500?" I said.

He looked at me. "Why not? What's to stop me?"

I could think of a lot of answers to

that one, but it was my turn to hit.

I learned a lot about him in the next hour. He'd gone through college in two years instead of the usual four. His father was president of a bank in Syracuse, his home town, and the family had three big cars. He was quite a guy.

And he wasn't particular who heard him. I saw Doc Wilson cocking an ear, every now and then, and the expression on Doc's face changed. The Doc was a very sour guy and I'd never seen him smile or heard him put more than four words together at one time. He couldn't abide big-mouths, had a mania about phonies. Wouldn't have one on his club.

**AFTER** lunch on Sunday the kid came up to Marty Walsh and said, "How about that golf?"

We'd loaded Marty with all the spare dough we had. He said, "Sure. As soon as you're ready."

The kid grinned. "A little bet?"

"How little?"

Barron shrugged. "Whatever you say. Make it worth while? Say about five hundred?"

That was about all we'd been able to scrape up. Marty nodded. "Five hundred."

They went off with Joe Levine and Hap Harris. I'd like to have gone, but I had things to do and hung around the hotel. That was how I got to talk to Molly.

She was a very smart girl. She said, "That Jimmy Barron, Al. What do you think of him?"

"He's a fine ball player, as far as I can see."

There was a sort of dreamy look in her eyes. "I think he's an awfully nice boy. Such an unusual background, too."

I said, "Look, Molly. You've been around a bit. Your father, I'm afraid, is not going to approve of Barron. He's starting to sour on him right now. Barron talks too much."

Molly said, "But how he dances!" Her eyes came out of the clouds. "Have you seen him around?"

"He's playing golf with Marty Walsh. For a small bet."

She shook her head. "Poor Marty. Jimmy's a fine golfer, you know."

"So he says."

"He used to play all the time with his brothers. Comes from a large family, you know."

I could have figured that. Barron never did anything in a small way. "How large?"

"Enormous," Molly said. "Fifteen children."

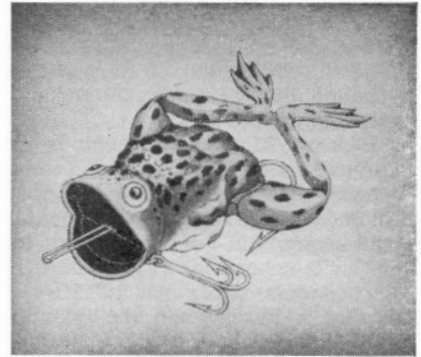
That was Barron, all right.

I said, "Molly, you ought to tell him to simmer down. He does an awful lot of talking."

"Oh, there's no harm in him, Al. He'll be all right." And Molly went off as if she were walking on clouds.

Just before dinner Barron, Marty,

## SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC



**Twitch line, and Froglegs lure kicks.**

(Continued from opposite page) imitation! The body is plastic but legs are of soft, flexible material, and when you twitch your line, they kick like the legs of a real live frog. They are furnished with either weedless or treble hooks, and in surface or underwater models. Froglegs cost \$1.50 each.

**THIS IS A GADGET**, but it isn't for sale. You make it yourself. It's the neatest trick of the tie-your-own-fies fraternity that has come to my notice in a long time. It was taught to me by Forrest Drew of Battle Creek, Michigan, who learned it from a local old-timer who'd been catching fish when no one else could. This strange "fly" is an absolute killer on panfish, especially blue-gills, and on bass. And the swell part is that you don't even have to be a fly-tyer to make it. Simply cut small strips of colored cloth, preferably silk, about a quarter- to a half-inch wide and one to one and a half inches long. Thread one on a small hook, beginning about a third of the way down the strip and working back on the short end, running the hook through several times exactly as if you were stitching with a needle. This keeps the cloth from coming off and still leaves a "tail" to wriggle through the water. Red and orange seem to be the best colors, but you should experiment with various other shades in your particular lakes.

Fish the fly like a wet fly, letting it sink a bit and then twitching it in slowly to give it lifelike action. For large bass you can use larger strips and hooks. For some strange reason this queer contraption does the trick when all other lures fail. It has the advantage of making it easy to set the hook, or for a fish to hook himself. Why don't some of you ALMANACKERS give it a whirl? I'll be interested in hearing the results of your experiments.

**LET ME WIND UP** this month's ALMANAC suggestions by reminding you that if you're in need of a new pair of hip boots, you can't possibly go wrong on Converse Rod-&-Reel featherweights. I've used mine for years in salt water and fresh, and they're still as good as ever. Fitted to your ankle, they have a sole that grips, and are so comfortable and light you'll hate to take them off when you quit fishing. Great for duck hunting, too, especially if you have much walking to do. And they're just as tough as they are light. Your dealer will have them, or you can order them from the Converse Rubber Company, Walden, Massachusetts.

Levine and Hap Harris came back from the golf course. Barron drifted away, and I went up to the others, grinning. "How did it go?"

"I shot a seventy-three," Marty said. He was that good.

That was fine. It would take a little of the starch out of Barron. I put my hand out. "I had a hundred invested in that deal."

"Barron," Marty said, "came in with a seventy-one."

It was a shock. I looked at them for a moment. Hap Harris had a face half a mile long, and Joe Levine just kept shaking his head.

"Then he's really got it? He's not blowing a horn when he starts to talk?"

"As far as I'm concerned," Marty said, "he's got it."

**I**T WENT along for a week like that. Barron kept talking big numbers. After a few days he mentioned the sixty-nine he'd shot against Marty, and we looked at him but didn't say anything. It didn't really matter.

But on the field it was a little different. He was playing nice ball and hitting at a fantastic rate, but he was also telling Doc, every now and then, just how to run the club. He figured Marty should move over to center from right field—switch with Joe Loring. And he gave Slim Sanders, who'd been a twenty-game winner for us for the last three years running, some detailed advice about Slim's delivery.

It was getting to Doc. He cornered me one day and said, "Al, what about him?"

"He's a ball player," I said. "He can hit like hell and he moves nice and he's smart."

"Has he got it?" Doc wanted to know. He tapped his chest. "In here. All that wind. I don't trust him."

What Doc wanted more than anything else in a ball player was guts. He claimed you couldn't get along without them. That if you didn't have them the lack would show up some day and from then on you'd be useless, because everyone would know it and play against the weakness.

"Has he got it?" Doc asked again.

"You'll have to wait and see," I said.

Right at the beginning of April, when we were starting the exhibitions, Johnny London broke a finger and couldn't work. The Doc gave him permission to go north to his sister's wedding. I asked him, a couple of hours before he got on the train, "Where you going?"

"Syracuse," he said.

Hap Harris was there, and Gabby Fox. We looked at each other, and then we gave Johnny instructions. He was to investigate Jimmy Barron. Hire a detective agency and find out all about him. Everything. His family, his Army career, the college department. And the ski-jump. We gave him money and put him on the plane.

Because we wanted the kid to stay with us. We were a good ball club, but he'd make us a great one, if he stayed. And I figured that once he was con-

fronted with facts—when we showed him he was lying and lying and lying—he'd cut out all this chatter and become a human being. That would take him off Doc's list, and he could concentrate on playing ball, and that would give us a pennant.

Hap Harris looked a little doubtful. "Remember that golf game," he said. The kid was a hard one to figure.

On the field, Doc looked at him now with a jaundiced eye. He'd make the tough plays and get three for four in a game, but that mouth would still be wide open and Doc would suffer. He said, "I wanna see it. Just once. Barron in a spot. If there's cyoodle, I gotta know."

The opportunity didn't arrive. No close plays at second. Nothing unusual at the plate or on the bases. Until the day we were playing the Blues an exhibition.

In the seventh they had a man on first, and the next batter hit down to me. It was a tough stop, and I threw to Barron for the force and the double play. The throw was a little high, and Bud Witlow, the Blues' shortstop, came into the sack like a herd of buffalo.

And Barron got out of the way of those spikes, that heavy, sliding Witlow. He took a long step to get out of the way, and his throw to first was late and the man was safe.

It looked bad. You don't get out of the way of guys trying to break up a d. p. You take your chance of getting hurt, but your only concern is getting that throwaway.

And when we got the side out and came into the bench, Doc said, "What the hell were you doing out there?"

"Why," Barron said, smiling, "I saw it was going to be close. I was off balance and Witlow would have cut the legs off me."

"You make the throw," Doc snarled. "Then you think about the legs."

Barron grinned at him as if Doc were a simple-minded child. "In an exhibition game?"

"Every game's the big one!" Doc snarled. "Every one!"

That was the way he played it and the way you had to play it for him.

"No guts!" he said. "No damn guts. I know it."

And Barron was out of the line-up, just like that, and Eakins was back.

**T**HEN Johnny London came back from Syracuse. He had ten pages of typewritten material on Barron. He'd hired an agency, and they'd done a lot of looking around. We learned a lot.

His father wasn't president of a big bank—he was vice-president. Not fifteen children—only twelve. Two cars instead of three. Barron had gone through college in three years, not two. Had he been a major in the infantry at twenty-one? He had not. He'd been a captain. He'd never done two hundred and ninety feet at Iron Mountain, but he had done two hundred and seventy.

Hap Harris said, "What did he hit last year with Toronto?"

Johnny looked at the papers. "He played every game but three and he hit .391."

That did it. Stopped me cold. .391 wasn't good enough for Barron. .412, he'd told me. And why should he be a lousy captain when he could be a major? He had to add to everything, color everything.

Hap Harris said, "Okay, the guy is a screwball. He's just Superman, but he wants it should be in technicolor. But it doesn't make any difference, now that Doc thinks he has geezer in him. He's through."

Levine nodded. "And we wind up in third or fourth place again."

It was pitiful, but there wasn't much we could do about it. I got a little desperate and got hold of Molly. We were on our way North and would open at home in another four days. Molly's eyes were full of dream dust.

I said, "Look, Molly. Talk to this hero. Tell him to come down to earth. He's wonderful. Why can't he leave it at that?"

She said, "Don't you understand, Al? It's just his childhood that has done this to him."

"How come?"

"A very stern father," she said. "A banker, a man of cold figures and facts. No color in Jimmy's existence at all. Everything was set down in black and white with no shadings. His father was not interested. And Jimmy was one of the youngest of the children. In order to maintain any stature in the house, he had to boast a bit. His brothers were all good athletes and students, but Jimmy had to be better, just to establish an identity. Between his father, cold and uncaring, and his brothers, Jimmy had to create a world of his own. Don't you understand?"

**I** SAID, "No. But tell him to cut it out, for Pete's sake." Then I had a question. "How come you like all this? You're a smart girl, Molly. Why do you go for all this hoopla?"

She gave me that dreamy smile. "You know my father, Al. A very talkative man. Always spouting off. Very imaginative."

I began to see the light.

"Until I was ten years old," Molly said, "I didn't know there were more than two words in the language. 'Yes' and 'No.' It gets a little dull. Then I find a man like Jimmy. He's got everything. He can produce, and if he overtalks his production, why, that's all right with me. What harm does it do? Why can't a drab old day of three for four at the plate become a lovely day of four for four, if Jimmy enjoys telling it that way? Maybe he didn't climb the Matterhorn with a broken arm, when he was over there. But I'll bet he had a sprained wrist."

All right. It made some sense, the way she told it. Doc went through life making a grunt do for conversation. Jimmy was a talking fool, and Molly liked to hear people talk.

But it didn't solve our problem. I said, "See if you can't get him to tone



it down. Doc will be selling him in a week, the way things look."

"I'll try," she said. "But not too hard."

**WE OPENED** against the Blues, and the morning of the game Eakins was in bed with a temperature of a hundred and four. In the dressing room, Doc said, "All right, Barron. You'll play." And the words were sour in his mouth, I knew. It was just that he couldn't do anything else.

Barron put on his best grin. He said, "We're in. Now if Slim will just do as I told him about that wind-up . . ."

I hustled him out of there. One miracle had happened and you couldn't expect two in a day.

It was a big crowd and a good ball

ered shoulder. They went down in a cloud of dust, and Barron was a little slow getting up. The man on first was out, the double play had been completed.

I went over to him. "You all right? It was a lousy throw, but the best I could do."

He seemed a little pale. He winked at me and said, "Forget it, Al. Hell, in Toronto the shortstop couldn't hit a barn with a handful of sand. I used to do that all day long."

The next man up flied out, and we went into the bench. Doc looked at Barron out of his beady eyes. I could see he was puzzled, and so was I. Witlow had really barged in there.

We got the first run of the game in the last part of the eighth. Levine got himself a walk, Loring bunted him

catcher, fumbled a bit and was late with the throw to Barron. Barron took one look at the oncoming Witlow, hunched over and set himself, and grabbed for the ball as the spikes flashed for his head. I don't know how he managed to pull away and slam that handful of ball into Witlow for the tag. But when the dust cleared away, the ump was flashing the "out" sign, and the blood from Witlow's nose was staining the base path.

Barron grinned at me, and it was good to see. From here on, I knew, he'd have no trouble with people coming down to second. He was no easy mark, no guy to scare out of the way with a show of spikes. He'd stick, all right.

And for the third out of the inning, Barron went way over behind second to grab a screaming ground ball I couldn't touch. He collared it, jammed to a stop, threw a beautiful strike over to Harris to retire the side.

The crowd poured on the field and we started for the clubhouse. I ran over in Barron's direction to say something nice, and the guy just folded up on the grass when I was ten feet away. We carried him into the dressing room.

Doc was like a mad hen fretting over a chick. The doctor wasn't fast enough, wasn't doing enough, didn't know his business. It took fifteen minutes to tot up the damage. Barron had two cracked ribs, that he'd collected when Witlow had barged into him. He'd be able to play again in three weeks.

Doc called me into his office. He said, "Kid's all right. He's got it. We'll take the flag."

I grinned. "He talks too much, Doc." Doc glared at me. "Put cotton in your damn ears. That's a ball player."

"Make a fine son-in-law, too," I said. His eyes flashed. "Damned right. Smart girl, Molly. Kids'll be gabby, though. Have to move out, I guess."

That was all, until I got out of the park. Molly was there, waiting. She was anxious until I told her, "He has a couple of cracked ribs. He'll be all right in three weeks."

She smiled. "Three weeks. Isn't that wonderful? Just make a nice honeymoon."

I'd heard a little about that, too. I said, "Jimmy's been telling me. Says you're going to have ten kids."

She shook her head. "He might be wrong about that. I wouldn't care for so many. I'd say about eight."

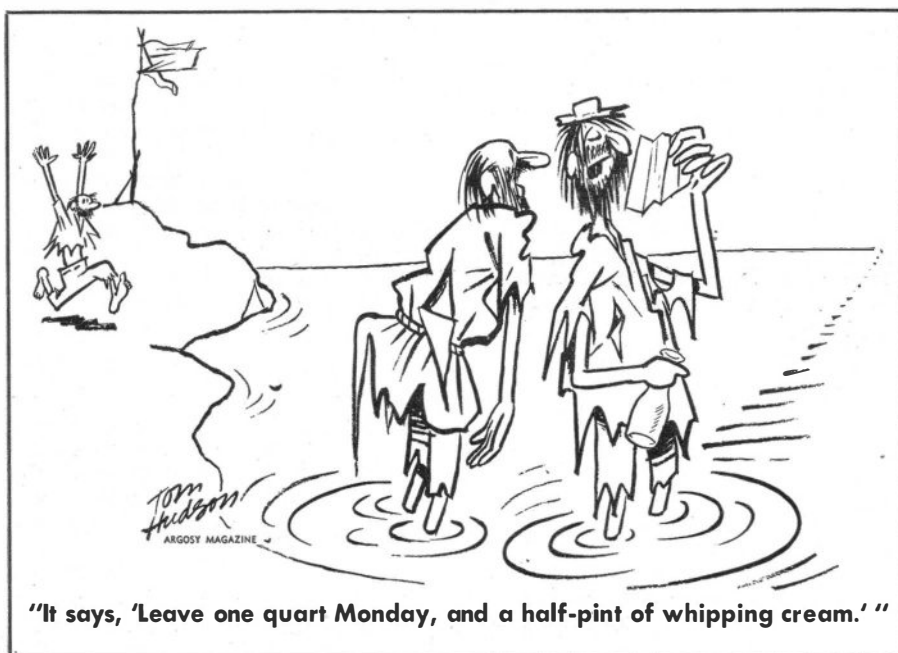
**WHAT** could you do with people like that?

Jimmy came out. He was pale, and very erect from the tape on his ribs.

Molly ran to him and said, "Darling! Does it hurt very much?"

The kid grinned and shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "Just four badly busted ribs. Hell, I'll be able to play in a couple of days."

Molly turned to me and winked. I walked off. They'd get along all right. And we had the pennant in our pocket. I didn't even expect the kid to hit .400. About .395 would be good enough.



game, and it went down to the sixth without a score, and then Slim walked Witlow to start the inning. I could see Witlow, over on first, and there was a mean smile on his face. He played the game the rough way, and he hadn't forgotten what had happened in the South. I sent up a little prayer.

Slim threw a nice hook in there to the next hitter, and the guy slammed it down to me. I had to go to get it, and when I threw to second I was off balance. The peg was high, and it had been slow in coming. I held my breath. The setup was the same as it had been in the South.

But it didn't work the same. Barron went into the air after that ball, and when he came down, Witlow was only ten feet out from the bag, and not sliding. He was coming in on his feet, nine hundred miles an hour, and he was going to knock Barron out into left field.

Barron got the throwaway to Harris at first. It left him in an awkward, exposed position, and Witlow really hit him, right in the side with his low-

down to second, and then Barron went up there. He poled the first pitch into left field for a long single, but he wasn't satisfied with that. Levine scored, and Barron went sliding into second. He was safe on as close a play as you'd like to see.

Doc said, "Get him in, Al," and I went up there.

I fouled two, then got hold of one and laced it down the right-field foul line. Keplin came in on it fast and made the throw to the plate. I made my turn and took a look on the way down to second. Barron went into the plate on his belly, reaching for it and making it. The fans almost tore the stands down.

In the ninth Slim got ahead of the first man on two straight strikes then teased him with a bad one that went for a short pop up back of first. Witlow came up then, full of confidence and pepper, crowding the plate, looking them over carefully with that fine eye of his. He worked Slim for a walk, and I knew he'd try the steal. I saw him break on the second pitch. Cortelli, our

# Cash for Contract Harvesting

(Continued from page 61)

there, he carefully planned his strategy. He had saved \$1200. With this he bought a second-hand tractor and stored it.

He devoted more time to his plan than to his studies. He looked through farm journals. He visited farmers. As he had suspected, their common complaint was that they could neither afford nor find hired help. Most of them hadn't enough mechanized equipment and didn't know how to take care of what they had. Often, they would leave their machines outdoors to rust.

Sweetser had learned a lot about machines in the war. He learned a lot about practical psychology. And he had learned about strategy.

He would have to use all three if he was going to get anywhere with one small tractor.

The first thing he did was to put his tractor into good working order. Then he painted it an odd, greenish-silver color. It was a hideous color. But it attracted attention.

**F**ROM his study of farm journals and talks with county agents, he learned that Middlesex County in Massachusetts was the fourteenth largest in the United States in agricultural income. Moreover, it was on the doorstep of Greater Boston, where its rich yield of hay, corn, dairy products, poultry and truck vegetables had an immediate market. If he could improve the crops of farmers in this county, there would be an expanding market for their produce—which meant profits for both the farmers and for Sweetser.

So Sweetser moved his tractor, his wife and baby from Maine to West Acton, Massachusetts, a small community in Middlesex County, to an unworked farm, where living was cheap. That was in the summer of 1947.

Sweetser advertised that he and his tractor were available. He advertised in weekly newspapers in the county, and he made himself known at all meetings of farmers. Also, he would ride from farm to farm atop his tractor soliciting business. His first job was in a hay field. He spent the summer haying, plowing and harrowing. He made enough money to buy plows of his own and other equipment. Business was so good he began hiring helpers to man his motorized equipment.

During the winter of 1947-48 he cleared snow out of farmers' driveways and did other odd jobs. As more and more farmers caught on to the value of his services, he hired more help. He bought, with profits, and loans from a Boston bank, two stake trucks, a hay baler, two ensilage harvesters, a manure loader, more snow plows, weed killing sprayers, power chain saws, two more tractors and finally a bulldozer.

By late last summer he had farmers waiting their turn for the chance to pay him to raise crops where crops never grew before. When interviewed

by ARGOSY, he had a backlog of \$4,000 worth of work, proof that his original thinking was sound.

The hardpan economics of Sweetser's operation, viewed from the farmer's angle, is that Sweetser and his task force are cheaper and do a better job than the farmer can do himself, even with extra hired hands.

For instance, when it is haying time on one farmer's land, it is haying time through the county. The unassisted farmer is faced with a choice of two courses to follow, both of them expensive. He can either hire short-term labor, which is both scarce and expensive, because all farmers need manpower at that time, or he can keep a crew of hired hands on his full payroll, knowing that only during planting and harvesting peaks will he be able to keep his men busy and earning their keep.

Thus, it takes a farmer and three full-time farmhands (each at a dollar an hour) about a week to do what Sweetser's machine and crew can do in one morning on a corn-harvesting job. Assuming that the farmer's hired hands work an eight-hour day and a six-day week, the job would cost \$144, not counting his own time. Yet, that job, if done by Sweetser, would cost him only \$100.

For specific harvesting tasks, fees run from \$100 to \$1000, depending upon the crop, acreage and distance from field to barn or barn to market. Sweetser also rents out the individual pieces of equipment, with operators, at hourly fees. For light plowing and harrowing, he charges \$3.50 an hour for small tractors, \$4.50 for larger machines. Where a larger tractor is rigged with a snow plow, the hourly fee is \$5.00. The big diesel cat dozer rates \$7.50 an hour.

**S**WEETSER has attracted the attention of the county agent and of agriculturists at the State House in Boston and at the University of Massachusetts. They speak of him in terms of the contribution he has made to agriculture. He has restored the enthusiasm of many a farmer who either couldn't get farm workers or who found them too expensive. With his great bulldozer and fleet of tractors he has cleared hundreds of acres of land that hitherto had not been tilled.

All of Sweetser's machinery—from the tiny roto tiller he uses for bean cultivating to his bulldozer—is painted the same sickly greenish-silver color he painted his first tractor. It is a sort of trademark. Sweetser admits there is no other color quite like his. It resulted from his own experimenting, and he has the formula locked in a safe. He laughingly says he saw the color in a technicolor nightmare and woke up screaming, "Eureka!"

Whenever Sweetser's equipment roars through a town, almost everyone in Middlesex County knows who it belongs to. The story goes that one

man, who had taken a nip too many, saw a greenish-silver Thing whiz past him Hallowe'en night and thought it was a tank bearing Salem witches.

Sweetser lives in a modest farmhouse on 120 acres of woodland. He is so busy he hasn't found time to work his own farm. He doesn't try, although sometimes you will see him practicing knocking down trees or tearing into a stone wall with his bulldozer.

He has converted the rear part of his barn into a "hangar" for his equipment, and the front part into a repair shop. During the winter months, when they aren't away clearing land, logging, cleaning out manure pits or plowing driveways, Sweetser and his men overhaul the machines.

**T**HEY go further than that, inventing machines that will do farm jobs quicker and better than old-fashioned methods. A case in point is Sweetser's high-speed silage blower. Customarily, farmers haul their corn stalks from the fields to the silo, where chopping machines chew up the stalks and blow them up a long pipe into the top of the silo for next winter's cattle feed. It's a noisy, slow process . . . until Sweetser and his mechanized boys take over. First, the corn is chopped in the field, and blown into trucks which speed the loads into the barnyard. There the silage is dumped on a Sweetser-designed worm gear which automatically feeds a Sweetser-designed blower, a fifty-horsepower tractor engine which jet-powers the silage up a special aluminum pipe into the silo top. Nowhere along the line do the corn stalks have to be manhandled.

Sweetser's wife keeps the books and serves as a home-base regulator of the outfit's field operations. With the help of a giant blackboard, on which she chalks incoming orders, position of crews, equipment used, and estimated time of each job, she "clears" crews from one farm to another, scheduling the day's work so men and equipment can be used most efficiently and with a minimum of "dead time" on the road between jobs.

With this dead time in mind, Sweetser himself feels that his current thirty-mile radius of activities is about the maximum for any custom farm contractor. If he extended his territory, he would be spending more time getting to the job than on the job itself. This factor and his own success in farm contracting have convinced Sweetser that he should soon open up branch bureaus in other areas, with each branch office covering its own thirty-mile radius.

While this expansion is his goal, Sweetser, meanwhile, is in no hurry, feeling that the need for such farm contracting service is still so immense that there's plenty of room for competitors who can start up and make their own fortunes—without in any way crowding the field. ● ● ●



# The Smell of Fear

(Continued from page 28)

the war. Women were my specialty. Whether it was a female in her skin or in a four-ninety-five girdle, Joe O'Brien was their boy. A flesh-peddler, I got to thinking about myself; and I wanted to do something about it.

"There's more to life than this," I said to Mary, one evening just before we were married. I lived in my studio then, and we were broiling a steak over the fire.

"Account executives," I said. "Ulcers. Agency idea boys. Benzedrine. Let's make a deadline. So much in the bank, and I quit. We can go to Vermont, buy ourselves a piece of this country, and

"And I'm going to get a dog to take with us, when we're ready," I told her. "The damnedest biggest dog I can get hold of. An Irish wolfhound. I always wanted an Irish wolfhound. And we'll call him O'Brien, for the ancestors."

I worked hard those three years. It moved me into a good bracket, but I could feel the weight slipping down from my neck and chest to my thickening waist. Every morning started to feel like a hangover whether I drank or not.

So I told Mary. This was it, I told her. "We've got enough money to buy a place," I said. "And some left over

it away because it isn't what you dreamed of." She shook her head. "Don't make me leave it, Joe. Don't make me dive into uncertainty. It frightens me."

"We've already taken the dive," I told her. "Remember that dog I told you I was going to get?"

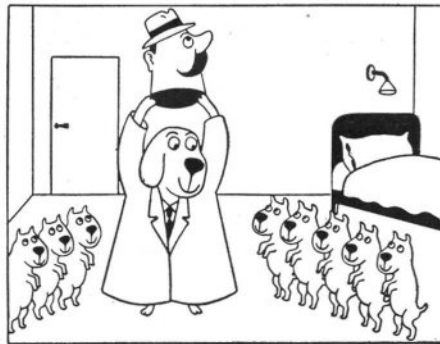
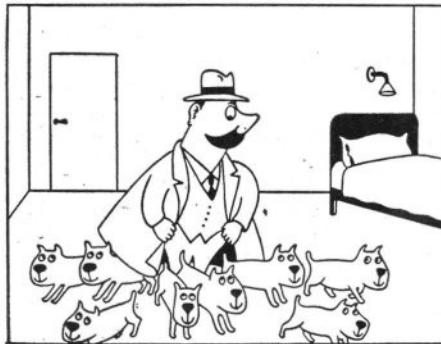
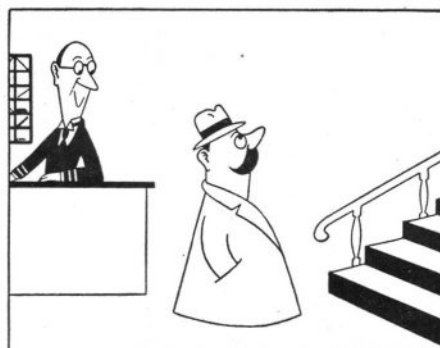
"Dog?" Mary said. "What dog?" "The dog that starts us off to the country," I said. "The Irish wolfhound. We're going upstate tonight to get him. Two years old and he's all mine for a few stud services. I made the arrangements with the kennel owner this afternoon."

This was hitting her. She said, holding her voice quiet and her head up, "So you think that once you have your dog the rest will be easy. The thin end of the wedge. You think I'll stand by and let you throw away all our security. You think . . ." And it went on from there.

I'd pushed hard trying to reach this point, I told her, and now she was backing out. Now I was finding myself with a ball and chain.

That started it. We both have more than a drop of Irish blood. We both said harsh things. Things we'd both remember, wanting to forget, forever. In the end she was in my arms and I was kissing away the tears, trying to comfort her, but feeling clumsy and inept about it as though she were a stranger. But we each made an effort and for a little while things were the way they'd always been.

So all the way up to the farm that night, going after the dog, we sat very close, and Mary rested one hand on my arm. There'd been no long-range decision, but I was feeling good just having her in the car with me, doing something together.



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springboard from that. I want air, and lots of room for breathing it. I want to plant my feet on the ground and my head in the sky and let my ideas bust out. Write a book. Or ten books. Something that'll last."

It was dream stuff, and I felt kind of silly telling her. But Mary's eyes showed excitement. And approval.

"Sounds like heaven, Joe," she said.

She smiled then, and I loved her. I loved her, and it wasn't hard to do. Listen. A girl with cream-rich skin, her hair like fresh-cut copper. Whose cheekbones were delicate and high, whose nose had the straightness of proud blood lines. Hazel eyes, touched with strange, wild flecks of topaz. A sweet mouth, and amazingly long-fingered hands. And when you opened a door for her you always waited a breath or two while she was walking away. Just to see the free, long-gaited walk of hers. Mary.

I remember how good I felt that night. Because I wanted a thing, she wanted it for me. I opened up.

to keep us for a while. It's time to bow out, baby. Time to start the new life. This is when we burn our bridge."

I remember now the way she looked at me. As though I'd jerked a rug from under her feet. "Joe, no!" she said.

"No?" I said. "What does that mean, no? Isn't this what we've been working toward?" I reached for her and tilted her head up, surprising in the shame and defiance in her face.

"I'm afraid, Joe," She half whispered it. "You're near the top now, in your work. Why can't that be enough?"

"To me," I said, "what I'm near the top of is a dunghill. I want to walk back down, before I start liking it too much. Before I get buried in it."

She stayed stiff, unyielding. "What's gone wrong?" I asked her.

Mary made an inclusive gesture around the apartment. "We have this," she said. "It's our home, and I made it." She faced around at me, and those topaz flecks in her eyes were fiery. "You have your business. You made it, and it's good. But you want to throw

**B**UT all that went like smoke when she saw the wolfhound, when our headlights first picked out the ferine glow of his eyes, the gleam of bared white fangs. In the silence after I'd cut the motor the dog growled. It was deep and deliberate, and menacing as a war drum. There was some ground mist, and he heaved to his feet and stood like the ghost of a myth, the dog of the ancient Kings of Ireland, a re-created thing out of the past. And standing there, he touched off ice and fire in me. I wanted him.

Mary's breath fluttered in her throat. Then she caught it. "Turn around," she said. "Turn around, Joe, and leave him! He's wild!"

"Scared?" "Of course I'm scared. Aren't you?"

"Yes," I said. "But when you are afraid you have to beat down your fear first. And then you can meet the thing that frightens you."

There was the flare of Mary's temper again, jerking me back, as she said, "If you think I'm going to have an animal like that in the apartment . . ."

Suddenly I recognized that there

was no arguing against her. She had to be shown. I had to show her that her fear was groundless. If I didn't, this thing that had come so suddenly between us would grow until it corroded everything we tried to do. I loved her more than anything in the world, and I couldn't let this happen. Our marriage was in the balance, and because the dog could tip the scales, I had to go out and meet him. Meet him without fear, and make him mine, so that Mary would see.

It came clear as that to me, sitting there beside me, feeling her resentment. Then the farmer came out.

**N**OW I was crossing that barn-yard, with the glare of the headlights at my back, shocked by this animal, because I'd expected a rollicking farm-raised pup and instead I was confronted by an animal savage and frightened, a primeval reversion.

He was big as a calf. And fine in the head and strong in the legs—frown what I'd been able to see of him. The farmer had held a piece of two-by-four in one hand and unsnapped the chain with the other, and the cowering dog had leaped away, ranging frantically around the wall of buildings for escape, finally facing me from a dim corner. He was there now, crouched and snarling, and I had to get him out.

He was my dog now.

I walked slow and steady. My heart pounded a little, and I had to keep telling myself not to be scared. Not even to begin to be scared. You know what I mean? You can hide it, bluff it out, act as though it isn't happening inside of you. But you can't fool a dog. He smells it. He senses it. He knows it. You've got to have it under control before it happens. Or else he'll smell it and be terrified of you, or hate you. Or both. All meaning trouble.

He was crouching closer to the ground, and a beam from the lights made his eyes glow suddenly, showed the blood-red of his open mouth. He was dripping the saliva of excitement and I slowed down and started to talk. Low talk, without words. Or just swear words or love words.

His growl sounded like a snare drum and I heard his back paws scrabbling for a hold on the earth.

I stopped, still talking. I took my hands out of my pockets, slow and easy. I let them hang, then showed him the backs of them. He lay down completely then, but kept snarling. I squatted. I was maybe ten feet from him. I kept talking, making it a little stronger now, making him know that he was to come to me. He stopped snarling and thought it over.

Then he came. Crawling. Not the way I wanted it, but better than nothing. I waited, and he crawled toward me, stopping occasionally to whine.

Then the farmer yelled, "Look out!"

And the wolfhound came at me like a javelin, with a full-chested roar that drowned out everything except thinking I'd failed because the fool had

shouted at the critical moment. My reflexes took care of the rest. I rolled backward, an arm to my throat and my heels coming up just as his head plunged through a shaft of light at me. My feet took him on the chest and his impetus did the rest. He was over me in a gun-metal flash, with a steel-trap clash of teeth. When I got up he was running around and around, again seeking his escape.

I walked back to the car, and said, "You damned fool."

The farmer was embarrassed and frightened. "Honest, mister, I thought he was gonna getcha! Why don't ya do like I say? Walk right up to him with that there chain an' let him have a coupla good belts. Then ya won't have no more trouble."

I was mad enough to brain him. He'd got the dog as a puppy, making the same deal with the kennel as I had. Now all he wanted to do was get rid of the monster he'd created.

He hefted his two-by-four and said, "I'll get him for ya, mister. Just sit tight."

"Look," I said, "why don't you go back into the house? I'll get him, all right. But it'll be my way."

He argued a little and then went away, saying it was my funeral.

"My God!" Mary said. She doesn't say things like that carelessly. I offered her a cigarette and her hands jiggled worse than mine.

"You're not giving up?" she said.

"No."

**T**HERE was distance between us, and Mary stared steadily out of her window. "I never knew I could hate a dog," she said.

"You hate him because you fear him," I said. I focused on her then. Started telling her about fear. About how, when you feared, you transmitted it to the animal. They said dogs could smell fear on you, I told her, but I thought it was deeper than that. When you were afraid, I thought, you operated out of the lower levels of your mind, the primitive levels, and the dog recognized it. So you had to stay above it. You worked on an animal with your intelligence.

"And what happens if you break down?" Mary wanted to know. "Supposing you do get scared?"

"Then," I said, "it's fatal. It's fatal to be scared of anything."

It made me feel better about her to be talking to her. I wanted her to understand, to know what I felt, to be with me on this. I kept on talking.

But it didn't last. Mary made an impatient gesture and cut in. "Stop trying to sell me the idea, Joe. I tell you I hate him!"

I ground out my cigarette. "You won't," I said. "I'm willing to bet." I opened the door, and there was a rattling growl from the darkness.

"Joe!" Mary flung herself across the seat. Her hands came up under my lapels. "He's a bad dog, darling. Forget him!"

I swung a leg out and her grip tightened. She pulled herself up and

pressed her mouth against mine in a quick, hard kiss. I could feel her teeth under it. It was a promising kiss, a reminding kiss, a kiss that said taut and intimate things. And for the sake of all those things I pulled away and backed out of the car.

The wolfhound had started his frantic circling again and I planted myself in the beam of the headlights until he settled down to facing me from his corner. Then it started all over again.

It wasn't any easier, either, but at last I got him crawling toward me. I was squatted down, as I'd been before, talking. I kept talking and he kept belly-crawling toward me, with those uncertain stops while he whined high or growled low, trying to make up his mind. But he wasn't snarling, and that was something.

I still didn't like the crawling, and the time to do something about it was now. I pushed back with my hands and slowly half rose.

He stopped dead. He brought up his head, showing his lips lifted silently over gleaming teeth. I stayed still and didn't stop talking, and after he'd thought about it he stood up, too.

I tell you, I respected that dog's mind. And I wanted like hell to be his friend.

He was coming now, erect, but stiff-legged, with his head low. I wanted that out of him before I touched him and I started talking lower and a little more confidentially in that senseless string of love words and swear words, and all the time I was getting up until I was standing straight and easy in front of him. And then all my hard work took effect at once. His head came up and his tail went down and he took one long pace and there he was, within touching distance. I turned my hand, showing him the back, and his long muzzle came out slow, while his eyes searched mine. Then there was the coldness of his nose, his tail faintly waving.

When I slipped my fingers under his collar, he came willingly enough.

**G**ETTING him into the station wagon was something else.

You've seen them easing a touchy thoroughbred into a horse van? But I couldn't blinker this fellow. I just had to get in ahead, using the back door and trying not to think how Mary was taking this. I just had to go first and make it awful damn attractive for him in there. He kept trying to go along with me on it, putting his head and shoulders in, but then he'd feel the space closing in around him and jerk out again. And I'd go with him, flying. He was that strong.

Mary sat rigid while all this was going on. Once she laughed, almost hysterically, and I could feel myself weakening. But I wanted that dog.

Finally he was convinced, and came into the station wagon willingly. I had a heavy leather leash I'd brought along and I used that to tie him to a staple in the back. Then we drove away, and I didn't bother to stop for goodbyes at the farmhouse, either.



The motion of the car made him nervous at first and he thrashed around some back there. I made sure he wasn't strangling or getting his legs tangled and after a while he quieted down.

"So this is the new O'Brien?" Mary said, after a long silence.

I said, "Yep. And just you wait until I've worked on him. Good food and de-worming and some training. You'll be proud of him."

Mary didn't say anything to that.

"Hey!" I said. "Unwind, honey. This is the dream dog, remember?"

There was only a little gasp from her, and then her voice, very small, saying, "Joe, he's breathing right down my neck. He's wet, Joe!"

I TOOK my foot off the gas. Out of the corner of my eye I could see O'Brien's head towering over Mary's, his nose making exploratory circles. I braked gently.

Mary's voice was anguished. "I'm afraid of him, Joe!"

I said, "Hang on to yourself. Keep it back!"

But I was too late. O'Brien must have sensed her panic. He snarled explosively. I slipped the car into second and jammed the gas to the floor to throw him off balance. Then I threw an arm in front of Mary and stood on the brakes.

O'Brien was just unangling himself when I slipped between the seats. He started looking for the way out, and I saw the chewed end of the leash dangling from his collar. I started the sweet talk all over again and in a low tone told Mary to get out of the car.

It took time to get O'Brien cooled down, but not as long as I thought it would. There was no doubt that he was eager to please. It was there, but buried deep.

I climbed out of the back door and he followed me. I had the leash knotted in my hand. Mary was leaning against the front door, smoking.

I led O'Brien straight up to her. She stiffened as he sniffed. His tail waved a little.

"Something to remember," I said. "Now you know what happens when your fear gets out of control. You panicked and transmitted it to him. And he panicked. So now how's about trying to make friends with him?"

Mary said in a low voice, "Keep him away from me, please. I'm afraid of him and I hate him. I'll never make friends with him."

She got in the front and I put O'Brien in through the back. Once the car was in motion he settled down. He slept the rest of the way while I drove down the Henry Hudson Highway and crosstown to our East Twenties apartment. Then the blow fell.

Mary said, "I meant it about not having him in the apartment."

"Of course," I said. "I'll take him over to the studio for a while."

There was a little silence, and then she said, "I think you'd better stay with him."

"What?" I could feel myself getting mad. Really mad.

"It won't go," Mary said. "You almost had me convinced it would be easy. But if this is a sample—well, I'm glad it came first." The car door clunked, and she was out on the sidewalk.

"Look . . ." I said.

"Look!" Mary cut in. "I've looked plenty, and I wonder if I like what I see. Take that man-eater over to your studio. And don't come back until you know which of us you're choosing!"

She slammed the door, then, and for an instant my urge to run after her and hold her in my arms was almost overwhelming. But right away I realized that giving up the dog wouldn't solve anything at that point. The thing to do, I figured, was to give Mary a chance to cool off, and then I could show her a gentle, well-mannered O'Brien.

There was trouble getting O'Brien into my studio, a long sort of sky-lighted loft. I had to pretty well drag him up the stairs and into the big main room. He stood there and trembled at the strangeness of it after I'd snapped on the lights.

I turned around to close and lock the door, and I'd just lifted the night chain to slip it into the groove when O'Brien let go with that full-chested roar again. He hit me, shoulder and hip, and I heard the steel-trap sound of his teeth beside my ear.

I weigh well over a hundred and

eighty but he slammed me up against that door as if I'd been a rag doll. I had my arm up to my throat before I hit the door, and I bounced, turning, to meet him. But he was gone, skittering down to the end of the room. He started running back and forth under a pair of big windows there, raising himself on his hind legs, looking for a way out.

I said, "What the hell's the matter with you?" and dropped the night chain back into its slot. O'Brien made a noise that was pure terror and tried to climb the wall to the window.

The chain! Of course. O'Brien would hate chains. Well, give me time to get that out of his system. O'Brien tried hard to understand me when I talked to him, then I tore up some linen and bound the chain so it wouldn't rattle.

That was a long night. O'Brien didn't like the old studio couch when I pulled it away from the wall; then a tripod fell on him. He flew into a panic the first couple of times the icebox motor started up. And in the middle of it all I discovered that he wasn't housebroken. We had a long talk about that, on a sterner note, and I had to get dressed to take him out.

The next morning was rugged. I had a small storeroom for lights and I cleared that and kept him in it when people came into the studio. Naturally, O'Brien managed to lift the latch just as I was lighting a job with a ten-dollar-an-hour model in front of the

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camera. She was buff-bare, and she still didn't have a stitch on when she shot down the hall, screaming. Life was kind of complicated for the next half hour.

And there was Mary. I kept trying to get her on the phone, but there was no answer and there kept on being no answer until I thought of her sister in Connecticut. I guessed right, there.

"This is a hell of a thing to do," I said when Mary answered.

"I thought it was a good time for a visit," she said. "And I can think better away from the apartment."

"Well, I hope you're thinking better of me this morning."

Mary laughed, and it made me feel better. But she wasn't giving an inch. "Maybe we'd both better do some thinking," she said.

**I** DUCKED out later to get clothes from the apartment. On the way back I bought some meat for O'Brien.

I should have been ready for anything with him, but I wasn't. He got one sniff of the package and was after it with the abandon of a tiger.

His teeth raked my hand as I jerked it away, and I made the mistake of trying to hold it up. He towered high and gray in front of me, grabbing with his forepaws like a cat. Then his jaws closed over my wrist. He gave it a shake that should have broken it, and the parcel of meat went skittering across the floor, toward the storeroom.

I got there first and kicked it into a corner. Then I grabbed his collar and forced him away from it, into the storeroom. He howled his disappointment when I slammed the door on him, but I didn't leave him alone long. When I came back I had the meat cut in chunks, pouched in my pocket in the butcher paper.

"Now," I told him, "this is where you learn manners."

I took one of the chunks out of my pocket, fisting my hand around it. He bunted my fist with his nose, his front teeth nibbling and pinching as he tried to get the meat. When I didn't let go, he rumbled a low growl.

All the time, I was talking to him, trying to reach the good hard core of his sanity. I had confidence in that, and I wanted him to know it.

I forced him back into an empty space and got him sitting, got him calmed, got him thinking. I made him know what he was doing. There was still a lot of talk, but when I said "Sit!" it was separate from anything else. And when he sat, he found out, he ate.

Before the afternoon was over, he knew exactly what I meant and he wanted to do it. For food out of my hand he sat. And was civilized about it. With that day I was satisfied.

But there were other days. Grooming was bad. He cried and growled and snapped, and I discovered that he was covered with welts and bruises under his coat. He was wormy, and I had to take him to the vet. But every step with him now was in the right direction, I told myself. I was a hell of a good dog man, and I told myself that, too.

It was about all the satisfaction I was getting those days. The word was around that I was selling out, and there were interested buyers. I stalled the best way I could because I couldn't go ahead without Mary. I telephoned to her in Connecticut nearly every day, and we were polite. The ultimatum stayed unmentioned for over a month. Until at last I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Come home," I told her.

Mary fenced. "With that animal around? You know what I think of him."

"O'Brien's swell now," I said. "You wouldn't know him. All gentled down." I took a breath and suddenly wanted her back more than I wanted anything.

"Listen," I said. "Listen, darling." It poured out of me, now that I was admitting it to myself. "Come home. Come back here. And let's pretend something. Let's pretend it's starting all over again. The way it used to be when you visited me in the studio. Remember? Remember, darling, when I was living here and I used to broil steaks for you? How we used to sit on the floor in front of the fire and play gin rummy?"

"I remember, Joe."

"I'll just be a guy again, and you'll be my best girl. I'll lock O'Brien in the storeroom and you won't have to worry about him until you're ready to see him. If you don't like me the way you find me, all right. No dog. No moving to the country. You'll win, and no grudges held."

"Oh, darling! You really want me back again?"

"I never wanted you away," I said. "Are you coming?"

There wasn't any hesitation.

"All right," I told her. "There's a train that'll get you into town around six-thirty. Take a cab to the studio. I'll be mixing a cocktail for us."

**F**OR the rest of that afternoon I was busy rounding up groceries, a new bottle of gin for the Martinis, and a bottle of champagne. Hell, I was having the loveliest girl in the world for dinner.

Mary was due about seven, and just before six-thirty I ran down to the florist's. He'd been saving a dozen old-fashioned, long-stemmed roses for me, and some sort of white flower for Mary's shoulder. He kept me talking, and it was almost seven when I rushed back. I was carrying the roses in one of those long, thin boxes.

I wasn't even thinking about O'Brien when I went in. I was thinking of the red roses in the right place so she'd see them as soon as she came in. I was thinking of the white flower against her skin. I ran in and waved the box cheerfully at O'Brien.

I'd taken about two steps when he hit me. All the air in his lungs must have exploded out in that awful bellowing roar as he arced through the air at me. I swung the flower box up to my throat and then my face was full of his claws and I was twisting and going down and pain was lancing through my leg.

O'Brien landed skidding, then faced around with his hackles up and every tooth showing. He chopped savagely at the flower box, and the thorns cut his mouth so when he backed away from the thing that roused his hate, blood mingled with the saliva that ran from his jaws. It sure was a hell of a time for him to be reminded of the farmer's two-by-four.

I started telling him that everything was okay, talking low and gentle and sweet while I rolled over and tried to get my legs under me. But O'Brien was in a panic of rage and fright, and worse, the way I'd fallen, he was in a corner and the only way out for him was past me. He danced back on those long legs of his, his hackles up and his head down, and I knew he wasn't seeing me at all. He was just seeing somebody who had swung a thing at him. A thing that looked like a two-by-four and that, in O'Brien's memory, could crush the body and soul of a dog. So he stood there, snarling his defiance and hate, and all the time I was trying to get through to him, to remind him of me.

**I** HAD to get his attention.

"O'Brien, baby, it's me. It's Joe. It's Joe and I'm not going to hurt you, boy. I'm your friend, O'Brien. Remember?"

Did the blank yellow savagery of his fade for an instant? I decided to risk it, and started to pull myself up on my knees. I favored the one that hurt.

It needed more than favoring. As soon as I put some weight on it I saw stars from the pain and slid down on my hip. At the same time O'Brien darted forward to try to get past and a wave of pure terror passed over me.

I was helpless! Sweat burst out of my palms and across my eyes. This was fear, deathly animal fear. And O'Brien caught it.

He stopped dancing with uncertainty, he stopped trying to make up his mind whether to dash out of the corner over me or to take a pass at me. You could feel the kill virus hit his brain, and you could see the spark of primeval purpose glint in his yellow eyes. His hackles were wire now, and his head lower than ever.

In utter silence he began to stalk me.

I didn't hear Mary coming down the hall. The door just swung open and she came running in, calling, "Joe, Joe, I'm here!"

She was past O'Brien and between us when she stopped. He had leaped off to one side, chopping a snarl at her, and I had one glimpse of her whitening face before I turned back to him.

"Get out," I said. "My damned leg's gone and he wants to kill me. Phone Dr. Mulvaney, the vet. Tell him to bring a net or a gun. And hurry!"

The door had swung closed. Mary took only one step toward it when O'Brien fainted at her.

She stopped. When her voice came it was a husky whisper. "Joe, he's going to kill us. We'll never get out of here alive!"

I said in a monotone, "Don't move. Get hold of your fear. And hang on to it. Let me talk. Let me get his atten-



tion." I could hear my own voice going on and on, half to O'Brien, half to Mary.

She was about five feet away from him and I could see his feet, dancing a little with uncertainty now, and his massive, long-muzzled head, still low. That was all of him I could see past Mary's beautiful legs, and all I could think of was what he would do to those beautiful legs and to her beautiful body if I lost this edge of control.

She was standing stock-still, except

he took a step forward. You could see his feet, feeling, searching the floor for the hold that would send him hurtling at us. Mary's legs shifted and she started to turn. O'Brien tensed.

"Don't move," I said it low and hard, plunging the words into her with all the strength of my mind.

Mary swung back. O'Brien eased out of his crouch, his gain checked.

"You see," I said, still talking low. "You stopped him. You stopped him

crazy. You're going to take him out of that because you're not scared. Fear is fatal, remember? You're not frightened, Mary."

Mary whispered, "O'Brien," and then her voice came clear, "O'Brien."

His yellow eyes switched to her.

"Poor O'Brien. Poor frightened boy." She talked low, soothingly, and without breaking the monotone. "Stay with me, Joe. Bear down. I can't do it alone."

I said, "Neither could I. This is a joint effort."

O'Brien glanced at me when I spoke, and then back to Mary as she picked up her talking. Still in that monotone, she said, "Joe, I'm looking right into him. I can see him there underneath it. I can almost reach it. O'Brien, O'Brien. Come on out of it, boy. Come to us, O'Brien."

O'Brien's feet shifted. He rumbled a low sound.

"Hold him," I said. "I'm going to try to get up."

He rumbled again as I pivoted on my hips and got my hands under me. The pain was bad. I fought the black ribbons that shot up behind my eyes. I gagged.

"You're on your own," I said, and Mary took it. She made an easy, casual movement that picked up his attention and then she held him with just the edge of command in her voice while I lunged to my feet. She moved again, her arm going around my waist, and then we were both standing there, looking down on O'Brien. He whined high and he grumbled low, and his feet danced with that old expression of uncertainty and apology. The yellow blankness went out of his eyes, and he looked up at us alertly.

"You'll have to take him out of the corner," I said. "I can't walk."

Mary's arm tightened spasmodically.

"NOW'S the time," I told her. "Finish it. Completely."

Mary held out her hand. "O'Brien," she said in a firm voice. "Come here."

And that was it. He took two long paces, and his muzzle was cold in our hands and his eyes searched into ours. He was sorry. And he wanted us to know it. Mary took his collar and I pivoted on my good leg as she led him past me to the open room.

Mary came back to me. "You need a doctor," she said.

The black ribbons were flapping big as flags now. I felt sick, but it was unimportant.

"Mary?" I said.

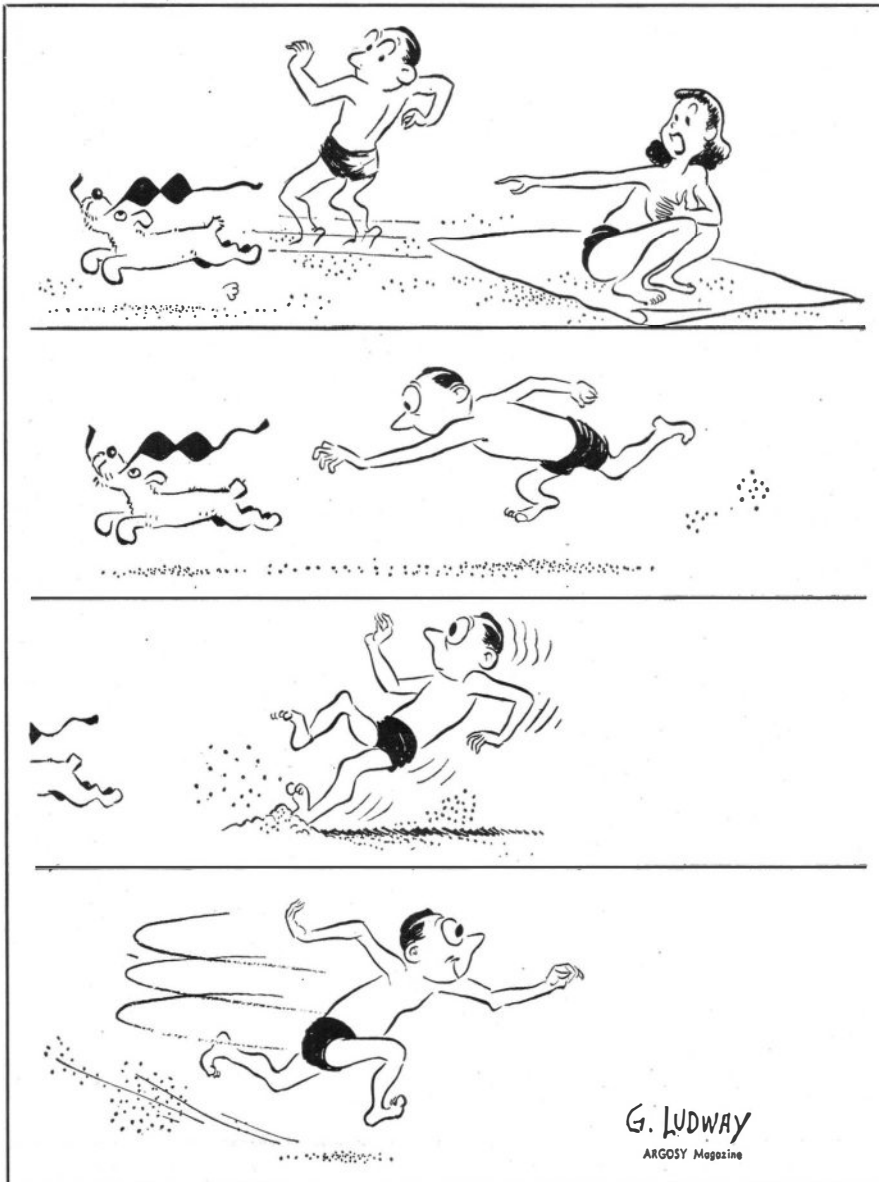
She took my hands. It steadied me.

I said, "Darling, it was fear. Can you see that? Not the dog. Not anything outside of us. Just our own fear. And we got on top of it."

Mary's grip tightened. She said, "I see, Joe." And when I looked at her: "Darling, I see! But we had to be together. We'll always be together. In everything, Joe. Always, darling."

"All right," I said. "All right." I was hanging on to her. Tight. I let her hold me up for a minute, and then I looked over to O'Brien.

"You s.o.b.," I told him. "She knows now why I had to have you." ● ● ●



for her hands. They were coming up in a gesture of entreaty toward O'Brien. Like a child trying to ward off dream-horror.

Now the only barrier between us and him was the flower box that had started it all. And O'Brien meant to get rid of it. He hunkered back a little, his gaze flickering to the hated thing. For a moment he whimpered his fear and then, like a striking snake's, his head darted forward. He seized the box and snapped it against the wall in a burst of rose petals and tissue. His way was clear.

Silent again, and kill concentrated,

all by yourself. Just by showing him that you won't run. Now you've got to carry it farther."

"Then tell me, darling." Her voice was still a harsh little whisper. "Tell me what to do."

O'Brien's eyes flickered again. This time to her.

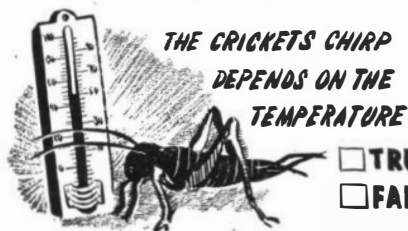
"You've got to get his attention," I said. "You've got to get his attention and hold it. Talk to him. Say anything. The words don't matter. Only put your mind on him. Climb out of being frightened. Know that he's only a dumb, scared brute. He's so scared he's

# ODD but AUTHENTIC by JAMES C. ADAMS



**AUTO RACING IS THE MOST DANGEROUS JOB IN THE WORLD**

TRUE  FALSE



**THE CRICKETS CHIRP DEPENDS ON THE TEMPERATURE**

TRUE  FALSE



**WORMS HAVE EARS**

TRUE  FALSE

**C**rickets are the woodsman's thermometer. To get the temperature accurately you need a watch with a second hand. Count the number of chirps that the crickets make in fifteen seconds, then add forty, and there you have your temperature.

Let's say that the crickets chirp twenty-one times in fifteen seconds—twenty-one plus forty makes sixty-one. If you check this with a thermometer you will find that the crickets and the little glass tube agree within one or two degrees.

You have probably noticed that crickets usually chirp in unison and the warmer it is the faster they chirp. In cold weather the cricket thermometer won't work, for crickets stop chirping when the thermometer gets down around fifty degrees.

RICHARD V. MORGAN  
Waynesburg, Pa.

**DISCIPLINE** has always been the real test of any body of troops. In battle, it is the stubborn backbone which keeps men from cracking under strain. Yet, probably the greatest demonstration of discipline occurred far from the sound of cannon when a ship carrying a detachment of the famous Canadian Black Watch ran aground on a reef off the Cape of Good Hope in 1851. In full uniform and under arms, the men reported on deck for orders. But there were too few life boats to hold everyone, so they helped all civilian passengers off first. Then went the crew. Finally, when everyone was safe except themselves, the Black Watch formed into parade-ground ranks, their faultlessly attired officers in front of them. A mighty wave carried the badly holed ship off the reef. But not a man moved: They stood at rigid attention as their ship settled beneath their feet.

W. R. ROPER  
Montreal, Canada

**FISHERMEN** in the vicinity of Rogers, Arkansas, get worms for bait with an ax instead of a shovel.

By driving a pointed two-by-four approximately two feet in the ground and then beating out a rhythmic sound on the side of the board, a vibration is sent through the hard-packed earth. In about five minutes the fish worms start crawling out of the cracks and holes in the ground.

The largest worms will be approximately fifteen feet from the post, while smaller ones come up in the immediate vicinity of the sending device. The worms will start down when beating is discontinued.

Because of the unusual strata of the ground, the rhythmic pounding is apparently mistaken for thunder and the worms come up to the top, expecting rain.

LOUIS G. BURGER  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

**WHAT'S THE MOST dangerous occupation in the world?** That question was put before an insurance expert by this column. Below is his answer. Heading the list are the five most death-defying jobs. Below these are twelve other occupations which are considered unusually hazardous.

1. Daredevils (people who get shot out of cannons, hell drivers, human flies, etc.)
2. Oil-field shooters (the fellows who touch off the charges inside the wells).
3. Caisson workers (sand hogs).
4. Underground metal miners.
5. Race drivers (death rate is especially high on dirt tracks).

From here on in you can take your choice—they're equally dangerous:

- Aviators
- Bicycle riders—motorpace racing
- Building wreckers
- Crew on sailing vessels
- Divers
- Electric linemen—pole climbers
- Explosive workers
- Lead burners in lead-lined vats
- Motorcycle racers
- Parachute jumpers
- Sandblasters
- Steeplejacks

**Little-known facts about this amazing world.**

## High Water Mark

(Continued from page 44)

yellow, the deer, the bear, the cottonmouths, the swamp rabbits reluctantly deserted their haunts and, along with the black people, headed for higher ground.

The creeping water softened the earth, ate into the fills, the culverts snarled and roared as they spewed the yellow stuff, the section crews patrolled the track with one eye on the line-and-surface, the other on the evil reptiles staring coldly from the rank swamp-grass. River drift was barely skinning by under the bottom chord of the Big Sandy draw. All this was Big Jim's headache. He was tired, he was wet, he was hungry, and he was worried.

And, right in the middle of that jitter-producing set of complications, somebody in the Big Office of the S. G. & A. sent Johnnie Hale to Big Jim's gang.

I had it straight from the commissary man, when he brought my week's supply of grub. Johnnie Hale had an engineering degree from State College, he rated second-string all-American as a blocking back, whatever that might be. The higher brass on the S. G. & A. picked him out to train for possible not-so-high-brass, called him a "special apprentice," gave him an annual pass, and sent him out to learn what made a railroad a railroad. The program said that right now was the time for him to learn the how and why of a bridge gang. So that evening the east local had deposited him and his shiny leather kit bag at the shanty cars, deep in the Big Sandy Swamp.

**FELT** a little sorry for him as he stood there, pop-eyed in the breeze from Big Jim's booming voice. He was a nice-looking kid—good shoulders, sort of stocky, a little pale by contrast with the red-faced crew of bridge muckers we had. Big Jim was in fine form. Dishes rattled as the bunch of bananas he used for a hand smacked down on the table.

"By damn, a rah-rah boy!" he roared menacingly. "It ain't enough to have the damndest food in thirty years on my hands. Now I've got you to wet-nurse. Hah!"

The special apprentice flushed under the blast. I waited until Big Jim ran out of breath, then moved in.

"Sit down, son," I said. A bridge gang cook's got a lot of say-so around the shanty cars—particularly when you're an old head such as I am. "I'll dish up some grub. Guess you're hungry."

Johnnie Hale grinned with relief at the diversion. "Sure am," he said. "No diner on the local, and that apple didn't last long."

Big Jim let out another bellow that would have called hogs away from slop.

"Diner?" he howled. "On the River Division? This one-horse excuse for a gut-line—listen, bud, this ain't the main drag. We railroad a little different down this way. I've got one thing to



say to you. Stay out of the way. If you want to hang around and watch, that's your business. But we've got work to do."

He got up and stalked to the door, then turned and looked Johnnie Hale up and down.

"How to run a railroad in six easy lessons," he said, shaking his big head in hopeless resignation. "My God!"

The car rocked as he slammed the door. Johnnie Hale looked around, uncertain-like.

"Gosh, is he tough!" he said, and there was a half chuckle in his voice that we liked. "I'll bet he'll have me with a twelve-by-twelve under each arm walking stringers."

I sliced off a piece of out-of-season venison, piled up a plate of soda biscuits, skidded the food down to him. "Eat hearty, son," I said. "Don't let Big Jim get too deep under your hide. He's not so bad—"

Big Jim's voice filled the car like thunder. "Hit the sack, you guys. You too, Joe College, or whatever your name is. Got some drift to shove tomorrow—if those guys I left on the bridge tonight have any bridge left by morning. Pipe down."

Johnnie Hale wolfed his supper, I showed him where to bunk, and the crew straggled off to bed, too tired for the usual set-back game.

After I cleaned up, I went back to the bunk car. Johnnie was sitting cross-legged on his bunk, staring out the little window at the swamp. He looked up as I flashed my light on him.

"It's beautiful," he said. "Look how the moon makes the water shine. I never thought it'd be like this."

I grunted. "Better turn under, son," I said. "Big Jim wants to eat breakfast at four-thirty."

"Thanks," the boy said. "I—you didn't tell me your name, did you?"

"Me? I'm Joe," I told him. "Been cooking on this gang for too many years to mention. Good night."

"Night, Joe," he said. "That was a swell supper. Thanks."

I went back to my bunk, piled in and lay thinking about the special apprentice. He didn't have to be out there with us. He could have it easy in the big office. But here he was, college education and all, sleeping in a shanty-car bunk, in his underwear, on a lumpy mattress, in the middle of a stinking swamp, just like any bridge mucker.

I had an idea I was going to like Johnnie Hale.

**T**HE crew shoved off on the big motor car at daylight, Johnnie with them, looking sort of funny in his brand-new overalls. I dished up the leftovers for the grinning crowd of black people the flood had flushed out of their native swamp, cleaned up the cars, and started cooking dinner. The bridge men wouldn't be coming in, so I'd have to take the food out to them at the bridge when Big Jim sent one of the crew in for me with the motor car.

The steel bridge carrying the River Division over the Big Sandy was the last of the ancient turn spans on the

S. G. & A. They were works of art, those structures. Two hundred and forty feet end to end, so delicately balanced on the rollers on the masonry pivot pier in the middle of the channel, that it took but a wheezy gas engine to turn them.

I remembered when the Big Sandy Bridge was built, back in '03. Back then, it was quite a bridge. But forty-five years can do a lot to a bridge. Now it was a tired old has-been, quaking and groaning under the weight of the 4700s as they eased gingerly across at a shivery six-mile gait. A menace to navigation, the river-boat men called it, as they threaded their gigantic tows past the ancient structure. A candidate for extraordinary obsolescence, the valuation officer said, reaching for retirement forms. But to Big Jim it was like a first-born son. He knew intimately every rivet, every girder, every chord in the old bridge. Even the snorting, wheezing gas engine which supplied the power to turn the span was an old friend.

**I** GUESS the rest of us felt that way, too. Anyway, that's what I was thinking about as we brought the car to a stop at the set-off ramp on the west abutment. The boys hadn't knocked off for chow yet, and I looked around for Johnnie Hale. I saw Big Jim first, heard him growling there beside the car, chewing at his mustache as he looked up toward the span. Johnnie was coming down one of the diagonals, slowly, moving his hands and feet with desperate concentration. Just below him, Mahaffey, one of the old-timers, kept an eye out and an arm ready.

"Joe, that guy's a washout," Big Jim growled, eyeing me meaningly. "Dizzy-headed. Couldn't walk that span without Mahaffey. Turned plumb white—had to hold his arm. Wait till Bill Sims comes down this way. I'll get rid of that kid."

I didn't doubt it. Bill Sims was the division engineer, and a short-tempered one at that. I hoped I could get to talk to Johnnie when he came through for dinner. I was a good bridge hand before I shoved a leg under a falling eye beam, and I could tell him a couple of things he might not know. But Johnnie didn't come through the chow line. He was sitting down at the far end of the bridge, staring through his knees at the river.

We were almost finished eating when I heard Big Jim's bellow. He was pointing at the draw span, his face turning a familiar purple. I looked, and got chilly all over.

High above the track level, higher above the black-streaked yellow water, somebody was standing upright on the top chord of the span. Standing with his arms outstretched like a tight-rope-walker. It was the special apprentice, Johnnie Hale. And he was in one hell of a fix.

I knew what had happened. Some of the crew had been razzing Johnnie. I guess back at State College, it was called hazing. They had taunted him

into a fury, then dared him to climb one of the latticed diagonals and walk the top chord of the span. It could be done—they made me do it once—but at that height, and for a kid who was naturally dizzy-headed . . .

"Hey, you!" Big Jim's voice boomed out over the river like a bull-horn's bellow. "Get the hell off there! Are you nuts?"

It startled Johnnie Hale. And I knew what he was going to do.

"Don't look down, kid," I yelled. "Don't look—"

It was too late. Johnnie Hale's eyes turned unwillingly downward. And the sight of the twisting, swirling yellow flood curling viciously around the fender piling got him.

For a second he went rigid. Then his knees started to sag, and my throat went dry. Thirty feet to the bridge floor, ten more to the booming river . . .

With the swift agility so puzzling in big men, Big Jim was running toward the draw. His bulk scattered the silent huddle of bridge men like turkeys. He went up the sloping diagonal of the portal beam with an ape-like grace. Then he was on the chord, ten steps—ten long steps—from Johnnie Hale.

I hobbled after him to the span. When I reached it, the foreman was moving, cat-footed, toward the boy. He was talking in a slow, soothing monotone.

"Easy, kid, easy. . . . Stand still . . . stand still. . . . Don't move . . ."

His big body perfectly balanced on the narrow chord, his huge shoes making little scraping sounds on the metal, he moved slowly toward Johnnie.

"Easy," he murmured, "easy." One huge paw reached slowly, steel-trap fingers fastened themselves in the front of Johnnie's overalls. The boy's legs gave way, and a prayerful little growl went up from the watching men around me. But the cords in Big Jim's wrist bulged, and Johnnie Hale straightened up.

"Stand still . . . stand up . . . Eea—sy . . . eea—sy, boy . . ."

It had been close. There could have been two bodies toppling into that yellow current.

**W**ITH infinite caution, inches at a time, Big Jim backed toward the diagonal. Johnnie matched his creeping steps with his own, his face fish-belly white, his eyes terror-fixed.

"Easy . . . eea—sy, kneel down . . . Reach under the edge . . ."

"Reach down . . . catch that cross-piece. Hold on . . . hold on . . . Got it!"

His face working, Johnnie eased himself over the edge of the chord. His feet found the ladder-like crosspiece of the diagonal. Slowly, clinging close to the metal, he made his way down. When his feet touched the planking of the bridge deck, he sprawled flat on the rough boards. He was sick. Plenty sick.

Big Jim fairly slid down the diagonal behind Johnnie, breathing fury. He glared wordlessly at the unhappy crew.

"Hell, Jim," Chuck Wyman said,

shuffling his feet. "We didn't think he'd be fool enough to do it. We were just havin' fun!"

Big Jim spat contemptuously, reached down and yanked Johnnie to his feet. Holding him by the slack of his overalls, he slapped him squarely across the mouth. Not hard, just sort of disgusted-like.

"So that's the stuff that comes out of college?" he sneered.

I read somewhere about a general doing a job like that on a battle-shocked G. I. I don't know if it worked for the general, but it worked for Big Jim. Johnnie's face went livid, he jerked loose, and the right hook he hung on the foreman's granite jaw would have floored any ordinary man. It even staggered Big Jim. But he laughed, wrapped his huge arms around Johnnie Hale, and squeezed. The breath went out of Johnnie in one grunt. Big Jim shoved him away.

"Where were all those guts a couple of minutes ago, bud?" he demanded. "Get going. You ain't got it—not for this gang." He jerked his head at me. "Take him back with you, Joe. Maybe he can wash dishes for you."

For a moment Johnnie Hale glared at Big Jim, and I smelled murder. Then the boy turned away, walked toward the motor car, two ties at a time.

He didn't speak until we got back to the shanty cars. Then he said, without looking at me, "Never could stand high places, Joe. They get me. Some people are that way."

I could see that he wanted me to say something, but I didn't know what to say. So I went back and poked up the fire, broiled him the venison steak I had been saving for myself, took it to him.

"Here, sonny, eat this," I told him. "You lost most of your breakfast back there on the bridge."

He didn't look at me. I guess he didn't want me to see his face right then. It's sort of rough for a kid to know he's not like other people. I went back to the cook car, feeling sort of like bawling myself.

**I** DIDN'T bother him the rest of the afternoon. I hoped he'd snap out of it, but finally he came back where I was. He had his good suit on. He stuck out his hand.

"I'm catching the local back to Elma," he said. "Thanks for everything, Joe. Hope I'll see you again sometime."

I didn't shake hands with him. There was something else I had to do. I'd want somebody to do it for a kid of mine.

"Big Jim had you pegged, didn't he?" I said, chilly as a loan shark after payday. "No guts. The charge is two bits a meal, mister. Leave it on the table."

It connected. Johnnie Hale's face turned red clear up to his crew cut. He whirled around and stormed back to the bunk car, slammed the door. I grinned happily to myself.

Just then the portable 'phone set we

had tapped into the dispatcher's line jangled. It was Coley Black, the chief at Elma.

"'Phone's down at the draw," he snapped. "Barge loose from Port Landing, coming down-river. I'm holding everything both ways. Get that draw open, else there won't be any draw."

I dropped the telephone, hobbled to the door. There was only one way to get to the draw. The motor car.

Johnnie Hale, back in his overalls, was staring at me like I was nuts. He wasn't far wrong.

"Come on, come on," I snapped. "Give me a shove. You can at least do that."

Together we got the car on the rail, and sputtered off toward the draw. We covered that mile in nothing flat, but it seemed like a mighty long time before the gaunt shape of the old bridge loomed up out of the gathering dusk. The river was booming. Trees, logs, parts of houses, bridges, all the debris

locks at each end of the span clanked open. The gas engine sputtered, and the span began to move. The ancient rollers squealed and groaned under the weight of the steel as the Big Sandy draw moved sluggishly to parallel the channel, clear the way for the maverick barge.

Fifteen seconds more, and the barge would have scraped by. Fifteen seconds more, and nothing would have happened. But it was too late.

There was a squealing grind of metal upon metal. With gentle grace, the barge nosed into the upstream end of the span.

**F**OR a moment the old bridge resisted the terrific pressure. The barge stopped dead in mid-channel. But its weight and the powerful current could not long be denied. With an ominous clang from its signal bell, the Big Sandy draw span up-ended, crunched free from the bearings which had cradled it



of a flooding river, were jamming themselves into the pile fender, scraping under the bottom chord itself, while the bridge men pushed and shoved and cursed the stuff through the narrow space between the span and the water. The whole structure was quivering, humming under the incalculable pressure of the river.

Big Jim came charging toward us. "What the hell you doin' here?" he howled. "You know blamed well we can't leave this damned fish-trap tonight. Look at that drift—"

"Hold it a minute, will you?" I howled back. "Dispatcher says there's a barge loose up-river. Turn the span and—"

Johnnie Hale yelled, pointed up the stream. "Look at that—lights. In the channel!"

I saw them. Riding lights. The lights of a huge barge. The huge shape was swinging around the bend of the river with ponderous, sinister grace. It was heading straight for the span.

Big Jim whirled, went pounding toward the pivot pier. Johnnie Hale would have followed, but I grabbed him.

"Stay here, son. You'd only be in the way there."

Big Jim reached the pivot pier; the

for almost half a century. I closed my eyes. I didn't want to see the span go down. I didn't want to see my friends go down with it.

When I opened them again, I didn't believe what I saw.

The span was sticking up at a crazy angle, balanced on the very edge of the masonry pier. One end was pointing at the horizon, the other was buried deep in the rushing river. The whole structure was rocking gently as the current tore at the steel.

The barge had freed itself and was floating serenely down river. And Big Jim and his men were piled up in a heap against the little metal shack that housed the turning engine.

"Joe—they're caught!" Johnnie Hale's fingers bit into my shoulder. "They can't get back!"

"The fender—the fender!" I was yelling, hoarsely. "The piles . . . Get out on the fender . . ."

I choked up. That yellow water was foaming furiously over the caps of the piling. And the weight of the over-balanced span was crushing the ancient masonry into powder. A huge portion of the pier broke off under the span, fell into the river with a sullen "clunk." The bell on the bridge gave a defiant clang. The span seemed to tilt a little



more. There was nothing to hold it now. Nothing but its weight, the crumbling pier—and maybe an old man's awkward, unspoken prayer.

"Five minutes, maybe." Johnnie Hale's voice was very quiet. "Can they swim?"

I shook my head in hopeless resignation. "In that? No."

He didn't hear me. He was talking to himself. "A rope. A hell of a long rope. If we could get it over, they could hang on and make it back. A hundred feet of rope . . ."

"Rope?" I snorted. "There's two hundred feet of light line and a hundred fifty feet of inch-and-a-half hemp in that box. How're you going to get a rope across that?" I gestured at the boiling yellow flood.

Johnnie wriggled out of his jacket. "Joe, let's pass a miracle. Got climbing-irons in that box, too?"

It was getting dark, but I could see enough to know that his teeth were clenched tight, and his face was gray. But his voice was steady.

"Listen, Joe. The telegraph and telephone wires—they dip right over the span. A guy could take a rope over on those wires. A guy about my size. How about those irons?"

We had the irons—there was a little of everything in that box. I helped Johnnie strap the spurs to his legs, looped the light line in his belt. He crept gingerly out on the extended trestle timbers to which the tall river-crossing pole was braced, looked back at me.

"I've seen this done in the movies, Joe." So help me, he was grinning. "When I get to the cross-arms, rip a plank off that tool box and send it up to me on the line. And don't look so scared. I'm scared enough for both of us."

He hugged the pole, jabbed the spurs in, began to climb. His spurs ripped free half a dozen times, but he made it. I knocked a plank off the tool box and he hauled it up, laid it across the second tier of wires, seated himself on it. He waved to me, grasped the top strands, pulled himself out over the river, moving in little jerks. Then he stopped, and his voice floated down to me.

"Joe, why the—hell—didn't you tell me—these damned wires—they're hot!"

**I** WANTED to kick myself. I could see sparks dancing as the electric current went to work on him. It wasn't enough to kill him, I knew, but it was plenty jarring. But he went right on, skidding himself on his plank. And he was afraid of high places . . .

I fed out the light line as he went along. Fifteen feet, twenty feet. There was a brittle *twong* as one of the aged wires parted. Another, then another . . .

Johnnie Hale stopped, and my heart stopped, too. He couldn't take it. And he was the only chance the crew had.

"I looked down, Joe," he called, his voice quivering with exultant relief. "I looked down. Didn't mean—a—thing. Hot-ziggety-dog!"

He tugged savagely at the wires,

slid along them toward the span. His body jerked and twisted under the lash of the fortunately light current he was taking. Somebody on the draw threw a flashlight beam on him. His face was twisting under the shocks that were ripping through him, but he was grinning. The grin of a man who has met and conquered fear. Not such fear as men ordinarily know, but the greater fear of being afraid.

By all the rules, the wires should have parted and Johnnie Hale should have plunged into the river. But he made it. His weight sagged the few remaining wires until his body was but a few feet above the slanting top chord of the doomed span. The flashlight beam holding him like a theater spotlight, he carefully worked himself and his precious rope free of the wires, hung for a moment by his hands. And dropped.

I winced as he twisted his body in the air, the light line trailing behind him. The smack of flesh against steel made me a little sick. And the moon broke through in time to throw into bold relief a scene I still dream about. Johnnie Hale, lying limp across the narrow chord. Bridge men swarming like monkeys up the diagonals, handing him from one to the other until he lay huddled on the sloping floor of the structure.

**A** NOTHER chunk of masonry dropped from the pier, the span grated ominously. Big Jim's voice came booming across the water.

"Heavy line, Joe. Sing out."

I spliced the heavy line to my end of the light rope, lost my voice in a yell. The trapped men snaked the hemp through my hands so fast that skin went along. When they had their end on the span, I made fast to a trestle timber.

"Okay, you guys," I yelled. "All ashore that's comin' ashore."

There was a moment of debate on the span, but Big Jim ended it with a stream of profanity. Then they came, hand over hand, on the sagging, swaying rope, their bodies buffeted by the twisting water, lashed and beaten by the tangled drift. One by one they made it to the abutment, flung themselves down on the set-off, panting and soaked, while the eerie sound of the crumbling pier, the grind of the tottering span came louder.

Then only Big Jim and Johnnie Hale were left. The cable was zooming like a taut fiddle string under the pressure of the water where it sagged beneath the surface. Big Jim's voice boomed over the gap.

"When I give the word—pull. And, dammit, I mean pull!"

A final screech of metal upon stone, and the skeleton outline of the draw span started its last slow glide. Like some veteran battleship, taking her long dive to the bottom, the old bridge began to heel over. My teeth chattering, I heard Big Jim's voice.

"Take it away . . . take it away."

And the water-soaked bridgemen snatched the rope, walked it swiftly

down the bridge approach. The line went slack, then tightened.

With a mighty clanging of her bell, the Big Sandy draw broke free of the pier, turned on her side, and vanished beneath the surface of the Big Sandy. I heard one last tolling of the bell, then the flood was rolling smoothly over its ancient enemy. The River Division was cut in two.

**W**E PULLED Big Jim and Johnnie out of the river like two sides of beef. Big Jim had looped the big rope around his body under his arms, and his great chest was rubbed raw where the rope and the river had fought for the two of them. It took two of us to force his great arms from around Johnnie Hale's limp body, and I shuddered. By sheer strength he had held Johnnie Hale while we dragged them both across the channel.

Blood was oozing from Johnnie's mouth. Gingerly, I touched his chest, and I could sense the ribs that were cracked. There was a spluttering curse, and Big Jim staggered to his feet, belching muddy water.

"Lay off, Joe," he ordered. "Kid's all busted inside. Get him on the car."

Johnnie's eyes opened. He stirred, tried to sit up. I pushed him back.

"Did—did they—" he whispered.

I nodded. "They made it, Johnnie," I said. "They made it."

Big Jim pushed me out of the way, knelt at Johnnie's side.

"Listen, kid, can you hear me?" he boomed. "Say so, dammit."

Johnnie nodded, compressing his lips so the blood wouldn't come out.

"Okay. You got anything in them books of yours that'll show how to get that blasted bridge out of that river?" Big Jim demanded. "What the hell do you think we've got you out here for?"

Johnnie Hale's eyes were very wide. "Yeah," he gasped. "You—wait 'til I get up. I—can lick you—" He closed his eyes.

Big Jim nodded. "Yeah, sonny. I'll bet you can, at that. Okay, guys, get moving. He'll be okay."

We loaded Johnnie on the car. When we were ready to go, I looked for Big Jim. The foreman was standing at the edge of the abutment, looking out over the river, at the wreck of the pivot pier.

I touched his arm. "Okay, boss. We're ready."

"All right, Joe. You know, it's funny. I thought that old relic would go in the river some day. And I thought I couldn't take it, when it did. But now"—he turned back toward the motor car, where Johnnie Hale was lying—"now I don't mind. It might be worth it."

He rubbed his jaw, heaved himself on his seat, let the throttle open. "That little rooster," he chuckled. "Joe, he damned near broke my jaw! My jaw! Hell, wait 'til he gets out of the hospital. I'll make the damnedest bridgeman out of him the S. G. & A. ever saw. You wait!"

And the glance he bent upon the quiet form of Johnnie Hale was almost what a father would bestow upon his first-born.

● ● ●

# Tank Town Matador

(Continued from page 40)

He wanted to reverse his orders, but pride would not let him. The other *toreros* had heard his orders and he had seen Pepe Redondo's look of deepest respect.

The bull was pic-ed three times, not deeply. And each time he displayed the utmost courage, boring in against the padded horse, ignoring the pain of the pic.

THE signal was given, the trumpets sounded and the *picadores* left the ring. Paco looked at the bull. He felt himself in touch with the mentality of the beast. He could almost hear the bull thinking, "Something has hurt me. I wanted to chase away these silly creatures, but now they have hurt me and I shall kill them."

The bull was but slightly weakened by the pics. Too slightly. Paco suddenly realized how he could make himself safe once more without earning the whistles and hisses of the crowd. He would demand to place his own *banderillas*; the crowd would like that. Then he would make certain of placing one deeply in the wound of the pic, thus giving the bull a hard and steady pain that would make him difficult to handle, but much weaker.

The crowd roared its approval as Paco took two of the slender, thirty-inch *banderillas*, decorated with bright paper, small barbed hooks on the ends. The purpose of the *banderillas*, as of the pics, is not idle cruelty. The bull may become disconcerted by charging constantly, meeting nothing with his horns but the wraithlike cape. The *banderillas*, hooked lightly through the hide, dangling against the flanks, are a constant reminder to the bull of the hurt that has been done him. A constant incentive to charge.

Meat cattle are bred for the sordid death of the slaughterhouse. This proud animal had been bred for the hot, bright, sunlit death of the bull ring, pitting his strength and cunning against the artistry and cold courage of a man one-sixth his size. He would die at last, with dignity, and quickly. In a bull fight is all the soaring pathos of a master tragedy, and the triumph of the courage of a man.

Paco went out to the center of the bull ring and stood fifty feet from the bull. He stamped his foot against the sand and called the bull. The bull began to come slowly toward him. As it gathered itself for a charge, Paco began to move quickly toward it. He was alone in the ring with the bull, with no cape, with no protection but the two slender *banderillas*. Man and beast moved toward each other. Paco angled his approach to cross the line of charge of the bull. As they met, he leaned in over the horns, placing the two *banderillas*, their points together, making a quarter-circle away from the horns.

The crowd screamed its approval. The bull turned, but was lured away

by a cape in the hands of a *banderillero* while Paco, shaking his head in bewilderment, went to the *barrera* to get the second pair. He had meant to place the right-hand *banderilla* improperly and deeply, but in the perfect moment as he met the charge, he had placed them properly, lightly.

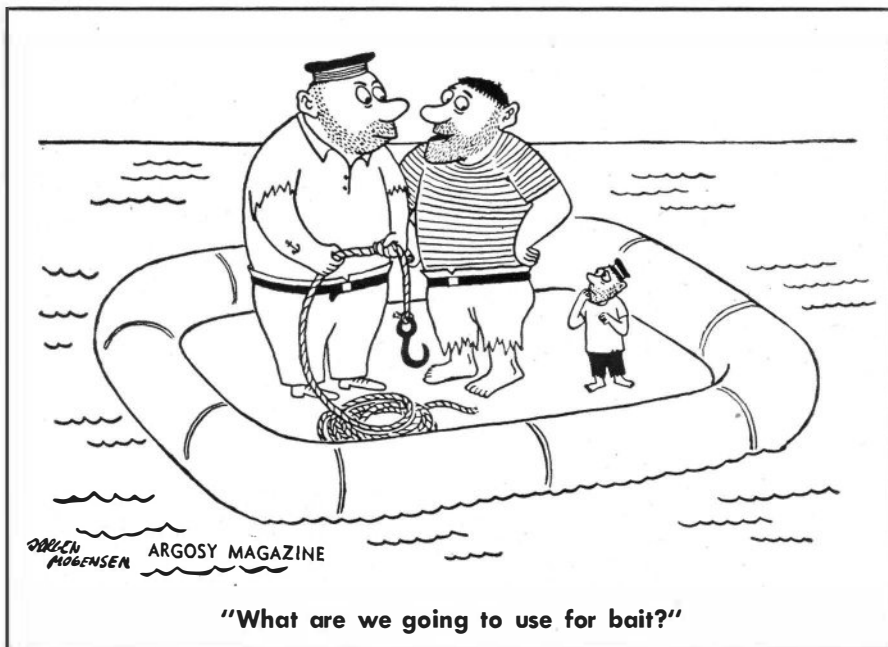
No matter, there were two more. One of them deeply. Once again he performed the "*al cuarteo*" maneuver, and in the very instant of placing them, of twisting just outside the horn, he could not somehow drive the right-hand one down with all his strength as he had intended to do.

enticed to the exact center of the arena.

As he walked out he decided that he would perform the safest passes he could devise. He would perform these passes until he could take the chance of a kill, and then he would make the easier kill, sinking the *estoque* to only half of its full length.

The bull saw him and stood tense, head held too high. Paco Solis took a deep, shuddering breath, stamped his foot, flapped the cape and called "*Hut! Toro! Aqui!*"

The bull charged, strong and true and straight, and he smelled the heat



There was a note of hysteria in the roar of the crowd. They had not expected this polished perfection, this calculated grace and courage in the small local ring.

It was only after Paco Solis had placed the third pair that he realized he had lost his last chance of weakening the animal to the point of relative safety. His throat knotted and his mouth dried as he suddenly knew he would have to face the bull with nothing but the small felt cape doubled over the wooden stick, the sword in his right hand. With nothing but the little red cape he would have to subdue the bull to the point where he could safely go in over the horns, sink the sword to the hilt in the tiny place between the two shoulders, no larger than a silver peso.

As the *muleta* and sword were given him, he felt in an odd trance of both exaltation and fear. Was this the cool touch of the fingers of death? What had possessed him to take the gaudy chance of an unweakened bull of such enormous size and agility. He saluted the girl to whom he had dedicated the bull and signaled that the bull be

of it, felt the tremor of the ground as he passed it by with a high pass, a *por alto*, designed to weaken the animal's neck muscles as it thrust up at the cape.

THE bull made a long charge, stopped. He called it again. Another high pass. The crowd was silent, sensing the strength of this beast, sensing the dilemma of Paco Solis, not approving of the passes he made with the *muleta*, yet too respectful of the strength and quickness of the bull to condemn Paco Solis for his caution.

The bull thundered toward him the third time. Paco's sweaty hand slipped a trifle on the cape, swaying the end nearest his body. The bull, swerving in the charge, moved in closer to Paco than he had intended. The shoulder of the beast struck Paco's side, knocking him two steps off balance. The thunderous "*Ole!*" of the crowd came from seven thousand throats at exactly the same moment.

The impact of that trumpet note of approval was like a blow against the soul of Paco Solis.

The next charge of the beast was



shorter. Paco used the *por alto*, but brought the beast in closer to his body. Again seven thousand throats roared "Ole!" at the moment of the pass.

Paco felt the taut, hard confidence within him. This was one of ten thousand beasts. This was a true and noble bull of great courage and he deserved the best that any man could bring to the fight.

**H**E HEARD the indrawn breath of the crowd as he went in toward the bull in the tremendously dangerous *pass natural*. The bull stood with head lowered, eyes glowing, breathing hard. Paco Solis stood erect, his right side toward the bull, the sword in his right hand pointed down toward the sand, the cape held low in his left hand. His body was a bigger target and was closer to the bull than the cape.

He flicked the cape and said, "Toro!" The bull charged the cape, rounding quickly to charge again and again, excited by the new nearness of the man. Paco made each pass with iron courage, staying in so close to the horn that it ripped the embroidery across the belly of the uniform, and he was stained with the blood from the bull's pic wounds.

He sensed when the animal had made its last charge in the series. When it wheeled to face him and stopped, he turned his back on it, walked slowly away, trailing the *muleta*. Seven thousand people were close to hysteria.

He turned, went slowly back, moving so close to the bull that the enticing cape nearly flapped its nose. He held the sword in his right hand along with the *muleta* and started the series of natural passes to the right. The bull and he were in such accord that Paco had the half-hypnotic feeling that they were partners in a strange dance. Each time as the bull passed him, he thrust against its flank with his left hand, turning it more rapidly to attack him again, slowly increasing the tempo of the passes, the cadence of the resounding "Ole!" that split the hot still air.

He talked softly and constantly to the bull and he knew that in these moments he was at last becoming a *torero*. He no longer thought of correct foot positions, of the opinion of the crowd. He was blinded to everything but this magnificent animal, and he felt pain in his heart as he wondered if ever again he would fight such a creature.

He brought the animal in close, closer, and more threads were frayed from his tarnished embroidery, more blood rubbed from the bull's side.

And then at last the bull stood in the perfect position for the kill. Paco sighted along the blade, shook his head against the tears that stung his eyes.

He went in with three quick steps, leaning in over the deadly horns, the *muleta* held low in front of him in his left hand, swinging it slowly out to the left as the bull charged, so as to clear his legs with the low-held horn. The blade sank cleanly.

The bull charged, and as its legs

crumpled, the momentum carried it onto its side, still trying, in the moment of death, in the moment of truth, to expend more of its store of miraculous courage.

Slowly Paco Solis became conscious of the crowd once again. He looked slowly around and saw the sea of white as the handkerchiefs were wildly waved for him to receive the highest honor that can be given a *torero*. The Juez de Plaza made the signal of approval and the *puntillero* cut from the dead animal one ear and the tail and awarded them to Paco Solis.

Then the crowd roared, "Toro! Toro!" A sign of recognition of a brave beast. The mules were brought in and the dead bull was dragged on a slow circuit of the bull ring before being taken out to be cut up and given to the poor.

Paco Solis was embraced by the other *toreros*, and then, to the huge standing roar of the crowd, he made two slow circuits of the bull ring, carrying the ear and tail held high, his eyes swimming and misted with tears, while the gifts rained down on him—the clothing and the poor jewels of these people and anything at hand of value which, in the excess of their love for this brave man, they could throw down to him. Those who walked behind him threw the garments back up into the crowd.

The third circuit he made by himself,

running in the traditional manner.

When at last he returned, he went over to where the girl sat, and his hat was handed down to him. He saw that in it were the flowers she had worn in her hair and he felt no disappointment, because somehow it was perfectly fitting and right that the hat should contain only that. It was only when, smiling, he had lifted the flowers to his lips, he saw the folded bill underneath.

Back in his correct position behind the *barrera*, as Pepe Redondo was awaiting the arrival of his bull into the ring, Joaquim came up to Paco Solis.

Joaquim's voice was husky. He said, "I saw Belmonte four times. He did not do better."

Paco Solis said, smiling, "It is a small place for this to have happened, no?"

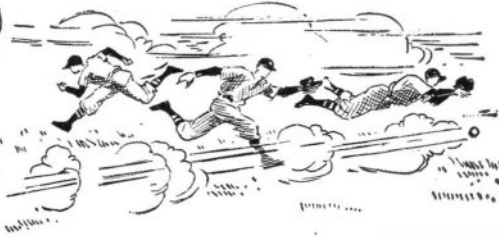
"But word of this will go all over Mexico, Paco. A thing like this is never hidden. You will soon be booked in Mexico City. In the crowd I have seen several of the ones who have followed their darling, Pepe, down here. And saw you. They are influential."

Paco slowly straightened his shoulders. He looked out over the crude wooden bull ring. He said, almost too softly for Joaquim to hear, "I have another bull this afternoon. I will fight him as well as I can. That is all that is important." ● ● ●

# Country Doctor



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# The Case of the Flying Saucers

(Continued from page 24)

the disc or, when the main jet is used, kicks the disc forward. The stream of fast neutrons is regulated by the position of the throttle to govern the speed of the saucer. The design of the engine is the significant item; anyone with scientific training could figure out how it works—so I am not revealing any dark atomic secrets here.

Two years have passed since the first reports of flying saucers over America. Since that time it is known that the Air Force has conducted extensive research into the matter. Late in April, in the first of its official reports on the subject, the Air Force stated that sixty percent of the reported appearances

of flying saucers could be dismissed under the four general explanations of "weather balloons," "planets," "clouds," and "imagination." They added, significantly, that forty percent of the flying saucers could not be explained on any grounds.

The Air Force has stated that the flying saucers are not due to American experimentation in a new type of flying missile. I say that what many people saw was exactly what I have described in such detail. They were actual flying saucers, guided missiles of a new and revolutionary design.

Your guess is as good as mine as to who was flying them, but this. I can

tell you: Our Armed Services have had—perhaps miraculously—two years of grace since the first flying saucer was sighted. You may rest assured that their research has not been confined to tracking down reported observations. If a foreign country has perfected such a fantastically efficient weapon of attack, our own scientific researchers and weapon designers have not been idle. Every weapon produced by man has always developed a counter-weapon capable of checkmating it. In a recent official comment, our Air Force noted, significantly, "Flying saucers are no joke, but they are no cause for public alarm." ● ● ●

## The Captain's Prisoner

(Continued from page 20)

the dirtier. Sloan was a religious fanatic and feared for his ruthless exercise of a master's authority, and few men cared to ship with him. I thought of my hundred dollars and wondered if it was worth it.

Denardo shrugged at the expression on my face. "Ephraim's getting along in years now and he's settling down a bit—even has himself a wife in Hong Kong. Maybe you'll find he ain't so fussy about the way he keeps himself or the ship but he's a good mariner and there's a sense of humor under that frozen face of his."

That Sloan had a sense of humor was a complete surprise to me, and I said as much.

"Ever hear of the cobra business he pulled on a haul from Bombay to Shanghai?"

I shook my head.

"Brought a big box aboard ship, he did, and secured it on the fo'c'sle, warning all hands about the good-sized cobra that was in it. Well, the first night out the box was found with its cover off and no sign of the snake. For two days the crew goes hunting from stem to stern but they couldn't find the cobra. It was nine days to Shanghai and everywhere the hands would walk they'd be looking behind them and shying away from dark corners—and at nights they'd be afraid to sleep more than two winks, making out the littlest sound to be this poisonous snake crawling across the deck on its belly."

Denardo chuckled. "Of course, the box had been empty from the start, but not a mother's son of them knew it."

He handed me the envelope. "The *Nemesis* is beyond the breakwater, like I said. You can't miss it."

### II

**D**ENARDO was right. You couldn't miss it. I hired a sampan at the landing, and as we went bobbing past the breakwater into the choppy waters of the outer bay, I saw a freighter squatting low in the water, her sides a

solid scab of rust and not a sign of paint from stack to waterline. She was an ugly ship, an eyesore even among battered junks and sampans cluttering the harbor. Her bridgehouse was too far aft, and too large for the size of her, and her stack tilted forward, giving her the grotesque appearance of a vessel that traveled backwards. On the fantail, a small structure, little larger than a watchman's shanty, looked as if it had been thrown up on second thought to balance her lines.

An aroma of green tea mingled with rancid galley odors as we pulled alongside a Jacob's ladder. I tossed a coin to the sampan coolie, climbed the ladder and swung aboard.

She was secured for sea, her booms cradled and deck gear well lashed. Outside the galley a half-naked coolie squatted by a slop bucket, warding off green flies with one hand while he pawed the garbage with the other. Further aft, beside a cargo winch, three white men were kneeling and rolling dice across a faded yellow blanket. A fourth, in oil-stained coveralls, stood to one side watching, sucking contentedly on a stubby corn-cob. He was short and stocky, with a ruddy bald head and wide pleasant face. I recognized him immediately as MacDonald, a quiet Scotsman who had been chief engineer of a West Coast steamer I'd shipped on.

Glancing up, he hurried across the deck with outstretched hand. "Holland, lad, you're shipping with us?"

I nodded and shook his hand. "This tub is a depressing sight, Mac. It will be nice to have a friend aboard."

MacDonald frowned. "Have you seen Sloan yet, or was it Denardo?"

"Just Denardo."

"Then don't count too much on getting hired, lad. I know your feet are firm to the deck but Sloan likes his mates to look his idea of mariner, meaning something like his own dirty self. Don't do much talking while you're in there. Listen and say 'Yes, sir,' and you'll maybe get the job." He

motioned toward the bridgehouse. "He'll be in his cabin, starboard side, and you'll knock when you enter—and be sure to remove your hat. Come below later, lad, and we'll have a talk."

I left MacDonald there, and a moment later stood in front of a flat-top desk, the surface of which was so scarred and splintered that it looked more a chopping block than a desk. On it was a large leather-bound Bible. The cabin stank of stale clothing.

I held the envelope out and Sloan ignored it, glaring up at me with strange yellow eyes that flickered darkly, like oil lamps with defective wicks. He was a powerful man, with thick, sloping shoulders that bulged under a ragged blue jacket. His weathered face was pockmarked. Dried tobacco juice rimmed his colorless lips.

Sloan's face was dirty and ugly, but there was something more there. There was evil, a perverted evil, and for the first time I felt afraid of a man.

"From Denardo?" His voice was low.

I nodded, still holding the letter out.

"You can take that letter," he said slowly and distinctly, "and wipe your nose with it. I asked for a man, not a milk-fed cabin boy."

For a moment I gaped at him. Then my face burned and my fear of him drained away. "Suits me," I said, feeling only contempt for his ignorance. "This pesthole of yours stinks like a river scow, anyway."

For the moment I thought he hadn't heard me, as his eyes were fixed intently on the desk, his face without expression. But when he spoke, his voice held a thin edge.

"You're a man with opinions, I see."

"I'll be going now—" I began.

Suddenly his hand flashed under his jacket and before I could move, a sliver of steel spun from his hand and imbedded itself in the scarred desk top.

I had taken two steps backward before I saw that Sloan's eyes were still on the desk. I looked down.

On top of the desk, a cockroach was staring at the quivering brightness that



had suddenly halted its path of travel across the rough wood. After weaving uncertainly a moment it turned and lumbered off at right angles to the knife. Sloan's hands were flat on the desk, relaxed. His narrowed eyes following the movements of the roach.

To me, roaches were something you exterminated, not played with. I started to turn away in disgust.

"Wait a minute, mister!"

Sloan spoke without looking up. The roach was nearing the middle of the desk. "You're hired, mister." His hands moved, the blade spun and splinters of wood flew as the blade again thudded into the desk, a fraction of an inch from the head of the startled roach.

I stared, fascinated by the incredible speed and deftness with which Sloan handled the knife.

The roach was retracing its steps across the length of the desk. "What's your name, mister?"

"Holland," I said. Again the knife was a blur of light, smashing into the

"You've heard of me before, Holland?"

I said I had.

"Then maybe you know that I own this vessel. Now that ain't so important. But I'm master of it, too, an' that is. You'll remember that. I'm *master*. I hope you get that straight."

I said, "Yes, sir."

"You'll find Fisher on the bridge. He's the mate you'll be workin' with. He'll show you a cabin."

I put my hat on and turned to go.

"Holland!"

I turned back. Sloan was scowling.

"Take that goddamn hat off!"

I took it off and said nothing.

"Those who work under me, Holland, will pay proper respect!"

He relaxed then, and drummed on the desk with the fingers of one hairy hand. "That's somethin' Wilson's learnin'—proper respect for the master."

The name meant nothing to me.

"That's the man whose job you're takin'," he went on to explain. "He

nished with maple bunk, bureau and porcelain sink with green-molded piping. Cigarette butts and scraps of paper littered the bare floor.

"This was Wilson's room," Fisher said. His voice was hushed and a vague, haunted expression crossed his face as he looked around.

"What did Wilson do to get fired?"

"The cook might have some bug juice. You'll need it before you'll sleep here." Fisher stepped out of the cabin then, and closed the door behind him.

I opened the ports for ventilation, then went below to the engine room and found MacDonald seated on a wooden stool watching the main engine turn over.

**W**HO the devil was Wilson?" I asked. "And why did he get fired?"

MacDonald removed the pipe from his mouth and tapped the bowl clean. "I see you've got the job, lad."

I told him what had taken place in Sloan's cabin, and he winced.

"You should've held your tongue, lad. Sloan's a man that holds a hate and goes about getting even without reckoning the cost. There's been many a man buried at sea off Sloan's ships and it ain't easy to prove other than accident once a body's chuted over the side. Never rile him up. He'll split your belly open, enjoy his dinner while you're bleeding to death and then open that Bible of his and twist the Lord's words around until he convinces himself he did right."

"But what about Wilson? Sloan hinted he did more than fire him—said something about teaching him respect. And Fisher wasn't too talkative when I mentioned it."

MacDonald filled his pipe before answering. "I'll tell you about that, lad, so's you won't be putting your foot in it. Wilson was a giant of a man, younger and stronger than Sloan. He carried a laugh on his handsome face and he didn't mind getting Sloan riled up with it. You know about Sloan being married? Well, one time the ship put into Hong Kong and Wilson was invited to the house. Why I don't know, except if it was to devil his wife by showing the difference between his own ugly self and Wilson. Sloan gets his pleasures in funny ways, as you'll see. Well, his wife was young, and part Korean, and I suppose Wilson seemed like a young god to her after being with Sloan. It was about two weeks ago that Sloan sneaked home and caught them together."

MacDonald touched a match to his pipe and puffed on it a moment.

"So what happened?" I asked.

"Nothing. Sloan did nothing, lad. Wilson came back and got his belongings and that's all. Now that you know about it, forget it."

I mentioned the stern and Sloan's orders regarding it.

MacDonald shrugged. "Follow orders and keep clear of it. He pays it nightly visits with his Bible, and it's his privilege."

"How long has that been going on?"

"Couple weeks, maybe."

## TALL TALE OF THE MONTH



### POPCORN STORM IN TEXAS

**I**T WAS one of those really hot days that we have down here in Texas. I was out here on my farm working in the cornfield, with my old mule Mabel hitched to the plow.

Well, it kept getting hotter and hotter, and it finally got so hot that the corn started popping. When Mabel saw all that white popcorn, she thought it was snowing and lay down and froze to death.—*Staff Sergeant Don R. Hayes, Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Texas.*

P. S.: I need that five bucks for a down payment on a new mule.

ARGOSY pays \$5 for each Tall Tale accepted. Send us yours.

wood, directly in front of the roach.

"You'll get the pay of a third mate," Sloan said softly. "There's one other aboard 'n he gets the same. It's bonus money if we're runnin' a profit an' half pay if we're gettin' by. Most of the time it's been the bonus, but I'll be the judge."

The roach had made its move. This time it scurried around the knife-blade and disappeared on the underside of the desk.

Sloan, grasping the knife, half arose from his chair. For a moment I thought he might go crawling after the roach, but he settled back. The knife disappeared beneath his jacket.

"The letter," he said.

I handed it over and he quickly read it. "How much did you pay Denardo?" "A hundred cash and another hundred in ninety days."

Sloan pulled the Bible to him and made a notation on the inside cover. It wasn't difficult to see that Denardo's "arrangement" was also profitable to the ship master.

was relieved of his job in Hong Kong. It'll make the fourteenth day by midnight tonight," he added thoughtfully.

I wondered why the time was fixed so exactly, but said nothing.

"Which brings us to another matter: You've noticed the fantail housing?"

"Looks like hell," I answered without thinking.

Although I failed to see the humor, Sloan chuckled dryly. "A good name for it. But here's somethin' for you to remember: *You are not to touch that door.* Is that understood? If I catch anyone foolin' with that padlock . . ." He paused and eyed me coldly. "Jus' don't touch it, that's all. Get set in a cabin. We'll sail in an hour but as we're secured, you're free 'til eight when you'll relieve Fisher."

### III

**F**ISHER, a small nervous man with thinning gray hair and a clammy handshake and thick-lensed glasses, showed me a port-wing stateroom fur-

The telegraph jangled to "Stand by," and MacDonald got to his feet.

"Mac," I said, "would Wilson be—" I hesitated. An idea which suddenly seemed to jell, from Sloan fixing the exact time since Wilson was fired, grew ridiculous when framed in words. That Wilson was being held a prisoner in the stern was a fantastic thought—and a revolting one, considering who his keeper would be.

"Forget what you're thinking, lad, before you go aft and bring trouble to yourself. There's others aboard that believes Wilson is being held and tormented aft, but if you've heard of the way Sloan spends his sea time, with jokes that's funny to no one except himself, you'll know he's very happy having everyone wondering just what he's doing back there. Leave him be that way."

"Did you see Wilson leave the ship after he came back?"

"No, lad, but you can take my word he did. Now forget it. Where are you bunked?"

"Wilson's cabin."

"Then you're across from me." MacDonald experimentally reversed the engine. "We'll talk later, lad, and I'd advise you to get some sleep if you're relieving Fisher at eight."

**S**EVEN bells were being struck by the watch when I dressed and stepped out on deck. It was twilight, and a murky sky was swollen with dark, sullen clouds. You could smell the storm that was gathering. It clogged your nose and throat, and a sulphury dryness made you open your mouth for air which was never quite enough.

In the galley a fat Chinaman in a filthy apron poured me coffee. I drank it and went up on the bridge. Fisher was in the wing, squinting aft, twisting his glasses nervously in his hands. There was a faint smell of whiskey about him.

"He's going back there again," he muttered. "He's going back with that Bible of his."

I glanced down and saw the bulky figure of Sloan pass along the shadowy deck toward the stern.

"Does he stay back there long?" I asked.

"Long enough for a sermon on the evils of the flesh."

"You mean a sermon to Wilson?"

Fisher turned and blinked his watery eyes. "You heard about Wilson?"

"A little."

"And you don't believe he's aft?"

"Have you actually seen or heard him there?"

"Nobody's seen or heard him," he answered, "but I know he's there."

"So Sloan's got you that way, too," I said. "You should know by now that the old goat likes to keep everybody guessing."

Fisher was silent a moment, then he shook his head. "I know his tricks and this is different. Wilson came back at night to get his gear and nobody saw him leave. He came aboard dead drunk and giggling about how much better

a man he was than Sloan. And Sloan invited him to his cabin. Nobody saw him leave and there was a padlock on the fantail the next morning."

"I think you're playing into Sloan's hands," I said. "MacDonald said there was no one back there and he generally knows what he's talking about."

"MacDonald . . ." Fisher shrugged his narrow shoulders. "He says that but he's like the rest of us—no stomach for bucking Sloan. MacDonald's only interest is in reaching Shanghai, where he's quitting the ship."

"MacDonald leaving?"

"There's a freighter in Shanghai he's outfitted and he's going in business for himself. All he thinks about is reaching there without stepping on Sloan's toes. Did MacDonald tell you Sloan ordered the black gang to stay clear of the shaft alley when the engines were silent? Why is that, Holland? Is it because you could hear a man scream from there when the screw is idle?"

I thought of the way Sloan had played with the roach and shivered in spite of myself. "All part of Sloan's game. How about food or water?"

"Just the Bible goes back there."

"A man doesn't live without food or water," I pointed out.

"Wilson was strong, very strong."

"That's pure nonsense! No one lives without food or water. A week, maybe, but not two. Besides," I added, "if you were sure of it and half a man—" I broke off and started to apologize.

Fisher smiled faintly. "You can finish your say: If I was half a man I'd go back there and set him free. Well, Holland, it's been a long time since I considered myself a man, but it's more than being afraid now. I don't want to see what Wilson looks like. I don't want to see him after two weeks. Sloan knew that what Wilson did would be talked over among the hands, and they'd be laughing at him. And Sloan isn't a man you laugh at. He's had Wilson to himself for two weeks and he'll arrange it so there'll be nothing to laugh at."

A chill crept over me and suddenly I realized I was sweating. "That's why Sloan is doing this!" I snapped. "To give the men aboard something to think about besides the scandal. What happened was that Wilson slipped off the ship unseen and Sloan decided to seal off the fantail and let everyone's imagination start to work."

Fisher walked unsteadily to the binnacle. "Maybe you're right," he muttered faintly. "Maybe—" He stopped and stared past my shoulder. I turned.

Sloan was standing in the wing, gazing into the night. "Mister Fisher," he said, turning, "have lines rigged along the well-decks. There's a twister somewhere ahead. Holland, you've a few minutes. Come to my cabin."

#### IV

**O**NCE in the cabin, Sloan motioned for me to close the door. Then he stood over by his desk.

"By now you've heard the filthy gossip aboard?"

I shrugged. "I never pay any attention to loose talk."

"But you've heard, and Fisher's been talking about Wilson maybe bein' aft." Idly he picked a splinter loose from the desk. "In fact, the whole ship is thinkin' the same, ain't they?"

"Something like that," I said.

He glanced up slyly. "But you don't think it's possible?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"For one thing, a man does not live for two weeks without food and water."

Sloan nodded slowly, as if in agreement. "Of course, Holland, I'd have reason enough to do the things they're thinkin'. The Book says an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and to a man that reads an' understands, it means your pleasures when they've been ill-gotten must be paid for. So maybe I've got Wilson back there, an' maybe he's payin' his due. It'd be my right."

I said nothing, and he eased his big frame into the chair behind his desk. "An', Holland, you say a man can't live without food and water for very long, but you should know better. The water he'll need, true, but the food can be done without for a long time. A very long time. Of course—assumin' Wilson was astern—I wouldn't be likely bringin' him the water he'd need, would I? . . . 'Less it was to drink it in front of 'im."

**I** STILL remained silent, and Sloan paused and carefully made a steeple of his fingers over which he gazed blankly. "Let's see," he mused, "where would we get water aft? . . . Well, let's assume you were aft, Holland, an' you wanted very much to live. Where would you get the water?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "I think I'll be getting along. Fisher is wait—"

"You wouldn't know? Why, Holland, in this climate you could lick the sweat from the skin of the ship. You wouldn't get much water, but it'd always be there and you'd stay alive—if you liked your livin' enough." Sloan leaned forward on the desk, his yellow eyes burning brightly. "Your lips would swell, Holland, an' maybe tear from the rust on the steel, but you'd stay alive. An' I guess your teeth might roughen up a bit tryin' to get more water than a few drops at a time, when there jus' isn't any. But you'd stay alive, Holland. You'd be livin' and wishin' you had the nerve to stop drinkin' so you could die."

As far as I was concerned Wilson was a thousand miles away, but my stomach was turning at the thought that a human being could ever be chained in the darkness of a ship's stern and existing solely on beads of moisture. My feelings must have been reflected on my face, for Sloan was openly smiling.

"What would you do, Holland, if you thought there was a man aft and starvin' to death?"

"Free him!" I snapped.

Very slowly Sloan got to his feet, the color draining from his face. "You would, would you!" He leaned heavily



across the desk. "You snivelin' young pup, lay a hand on that lock an' I'll have you in irons an' keepin' company with the rats for the rest of this trip!" His lips trembled. "Once, Holland, you said that housing looked like hell. Well, maybe it is, an' maybe Wilson is in it. But before you go sneakin' back there, make your peace with God! Now get out of here!"

**I** ENTERED MacDonald's stateroom without knocking. He was sitting on his bunk, holding a shoe in one hand. He stared blankly at my face.

"Mac, Fisher claims Wilson never left this ship in Hong Kong. You said he did. But what makes you so sure, if you didn't see him?"

"Now, lad—"

"Don't 'Now, lad,' me!" I shouted, standing over him. "Has that idiot got Wilson aft, or hasn't he?"

MacDonald bent over, fitting the shoe to his foot. He fumbled with the laces.

"Sloan as much as told me—" I began, then hesitated. Sloan never admitted Wilson was aft, or even on the ship.

MacDonald rose to his feet. "I can see that Sloan's been at you, lad, but before you get all het up and do something to give him an excuse to go after you, think back if he has a reason to single you out for deviling. You told him his ship was dirty, did you not? And if he can get you to go aft it'll be enough excuse, to his way of thinking, to call it mutiny; and if you don't go aft, but spend your time worrying what's back there, he'll be perfectly happy, also."

There was truth in MacDonald's words and I began to feel a little foolish. Sloan at that very minute might be congratulating himself on the performance he had staged for my benefit.

"How about that shaft alley?" I said. "You never mentioned you were ordered to keep clear of it in port."

MacDonald placed his hand on my shoulder. "Lad, Sloan says to stay out of the alley and I'm doing it. I've been with him two years now, and I don't want the kind of trouble he can hand out. Not now, I don't. I've got a small vessel waiting me in Shanghai that I've optioned and fitted with the savings of thirty years, thirty years of putting away against the day I'd own a piece of the shipping business."

"Fisher told me about that," I said. "You're taking a chance in these days."

He shook his head. "It's just the time such a thing is possible for the little man to do—when hulls are laid up and gotten for a promise to pay. It's been against this day when I'd have my own ship that I've sailed with Sloan these two years. He's got a nose for the trade ports and I've been making friends there with those who will push a cargo or two my way. . . . Now, lad, the minute you stepped aboard in Chefoo, I said, 'There's a lad who'll master my ship and help make it pay.' So if you'll say the word we'll shake on it."

I didn't have to think twice about

the offer. I shook his hand gratefully.

"And you'll thank me by leaving Sloan be and minding your own business. You'll be hardly a fit master of my ship with your head bashed in, so stay away from the stern."

I said good night, went up to the bridge and relieved Fisher. Clouds of fine spray were sweeping along the main decks and the *Nemesis* began rolling in deepening troughs, the long ragged swells breaking across her bow. It was near midnight that the storm broke in earnest, with a screaming wind that buried the forecabin under yellow waters.

Sloan appeared as I rang down for half speed.

"I've stayed in business by runnin' on schedule!" he growled. "Ring 'er 'Ahead.' And after this—" He froze suddenly, into a listening attitude.

I heard it, too, above the storm—the gathering sound of rumbling waters off the starboard quarter. I shouted a warning to the lookouts as Sloan screamed an order down to the helmsman. The *Nemesis* began turning into the wind—but not soon enough.

It roared in from out of the night,

one of those freak combers that plague the China coast, an unholy alliance between sea and wind that swamps ships and coastal villages alike. A sickening trough preceded it, and Sloan cursed bitterly as the vessel twisted about, broad to the wind. A split-second later a curling wall of water crashed solidly across the lower bridge and the freighter shuddered under the impact, her main decks buried under foaming waters. The comber sped on, but the *Nemesis* lay still for a long moment, as if she hadn't the strength to come back. Then her head rose groggily, like a punch-drunk fighter, the seas cascading from her decks.

I made my way into the wing and looked aft. The Number One lifeboat, missing from its chocks, was lying against the fantail housing, crushed and useless. Most of the port railing was gone, as was the gangway. Steam vapor was rising from the galley, where the fires had been extinguished.

"Get below an' check for damage!" Sloan snarled.

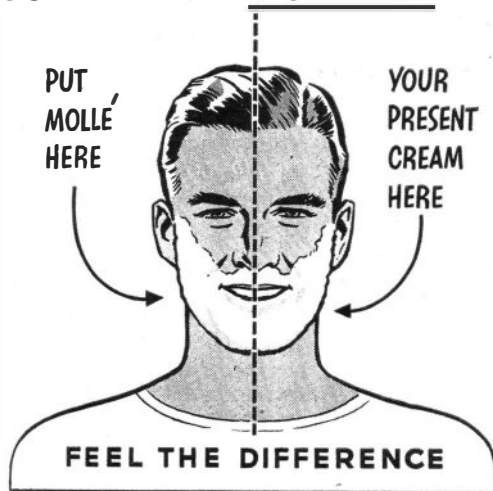
I went below and found plenty. From the boiler room running forward into Number Two hold, twenty feet of rust-

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eaten plates had buckled, sea water spraying from the ruptures like so many faucets. MacDonald and two burly oilers were already at work attempting to shore the damage.

"You get away with it just so long," growled MacDonald, "then comes the accounting. And this—" He waved his hand in disgust at the foot of oily water sloshing about his feet. "For two years I've been after her to get new pumps or parts for the old. When she's shored we'll throw enough out, but if she opens any more into Number Two, Sloan had better get his Bible. We'll be needing it."

I went topside to report the damage. Handy-billies were already broken out, and Fisher was busy rigging a make-shift collision mat.

"If she opens any further," I told Sloan, "I don't think she'll take it."

"She'd better take it," Sloan said significantly. "You can tell the hands they'd better get more out of 'er than what's comin' in 'cause I'm brainin' the first man that touches the boat falls."

V

AT THE first sign of a muddy dawn, the *Nemesis*, still battered by surging seas, was just holding her own. The hand pumps were still in operation and repairs were continuing in the boiler room. After a quick breakfast I walked to the fantail, where Fisher and several of the hands had jettisoned the Number One lifeboat.

"The seas done what everyone's afraid to do," said Fisher softly, tilting his head toward the housing.

I glanced over. The force of the lifeboat being flung against the housing had smashed the padlock completely off. I looked toward the bridgehouse. Sloan was nowhere in sight.

I felt for the flashlight in my jacket. In two minutes I would settle once and for all the mystery of the fantail.

Quickly I moved over, stepped through the bulkhead door and closed it. The beam of the flashlight cut through the darkness and showed the interior to contain nothing more than wisps of dirty straw and a faint gamey smell, as if livestock had once been fettered there. A ladder at the far end slanted into the stern.

I climbed quietly down, and in a few seconds stood on the floorplates of a compartment perhaps twenty feet square, the after end rising into the horseshoe curve of the stern. Several straightback chairs and a metal kitchen table were arranged along the port side, and at the far end was an overturned wooden desk. All were thickly coated with dust. A rusted iron bar leaned against the starboard side. But there was nothing else.

Except for the muffled roar of the sea wash and the pounding thud of the propeller, there was nothing. The compartment was empty. Sloan was having his little joke.

Suddenly a draught of air swept down into the compartment. A metal door clanged shut and a heavy step sounded from above.

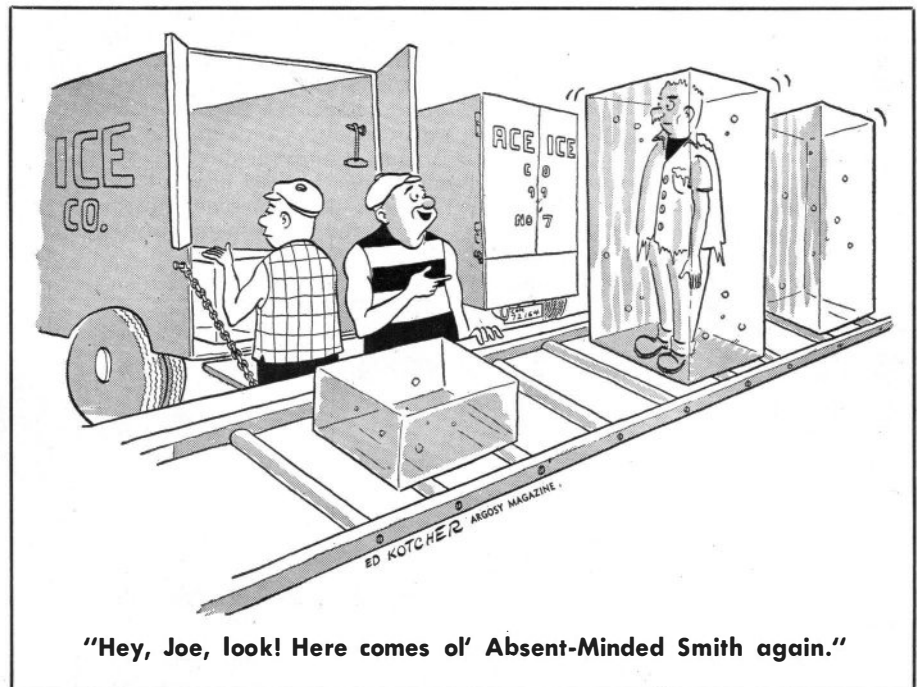
I switched out the flashlight and crept back to the desk, crouching behind it. It offered only partial concealment but it was the best I could do. The last thing I wanted was to let Sloan have the satisfaction of knowing I had fallen for his game.

As stealthily as a cat, his heavy figure glided down the ladder. He carried a lantern, and I was thankful for the smoke-stained glass that filled the interior with wavering shadows instead of bright light. From the ladder he moved along the starboard side, where he placed the lantern on a floor plate. He stood there a moment, silent.

When Sloan spoke, his tone was mocking. I thought he had seen me and knew I was behind the desk.

"Well, I'll be darned! You'll feel like talkin' next. Tell you what, Wilson: I'll lift this plate when we get back to Hong Kong. 'Course, that'll be nine or ten days more and I doubt you'll last, but if you do I'll lift it and we'll have a visitor along. Someone who'll be glad to see you. We'll give her first look, makin' it a private party. Just you, me and her. And if you're still alive you can leave with her, takin' my blessings. If you're dead—well, I guess we'll have to make a stowaway out of you, for the records."

I rose unsteadily to my feet and stepped around the desk. Sloan whirled at the sound. For a moment he stared at me, dumbfounded, his ugly face colorless in the feeble lantern light.



"It's a little early today for the sermon, but I thought I'd visit to see how you're takin' the rough passage."

Unable to grasp his meaning, believing his words were meant for me, I almost vomited when he spoke again and the meaning of the bar of iron that appeared so carelessly placed against the ship's skin became clear. Far from having been carelessly placed, the bar had been wedged over a steel plate, a steel plate fitting tightly over a space that could be no more than eight inches deep.

"Playin' cutie, aren't you, Wilson? Think by keepin' mum I'll be believin' you're dead and lift the plate to see. Oh, you're still alive, 'cause dead men smell, Wilson. And you don't smell yet. You're still alive with your mouth against that rusted skin. I didn't think you'd do it. The fifteenth day it be."

I closed my eyes, fighting down the sickness. Fisher had been right, MacDonald wrong. Under the plate Sloan stood on, Wilson was wedged into a coffin of iron, dampness and filth. A sound escaped my lips. I heard a ghastly chuckle come from Sloan.

Then his lips curled into a sneer and he slid one hand beneath his jacket.

"So you've disobeyed my orders, Holland. Did you come to free that lump of dried flesh under my feet or were you just a mite curious as to what he looked like?"

"You're a madman!" I whispered, scarcely recognizing the thick harshness that was my own voice.

"Maybe," he said. "But I'm still master here. And now I'll have to be teachin' you what that word means."

I moved toward him. "Get off that plate!"

His hand came out of his pocket. He held the knife low, the thin blade tilted upward. He leered as I stopped.

"That plate'll come off when I'm good an' ready. I put 'im in there an' I'll be takin' 'im out." He smiled crookedly. "Quite a job it was, squeezin' 'im in, but I guess he'll be a better fit comin' out."

Suddenly I realized Sloan's voice was the only sound in the compartment. There was no sound from the shaft alley, and the steady pulsing from the engines had ceased. Very



faintly, from above, came the sound of running feet. Sloan frowned.

"I'm needed above," he said slowly, "but we'll settle somethin' first. You've disobeyed my orders and it calls for punishin'. On top of that I think you'll be in my way and I'd rather you be out."

There was madness in his catlike eyes as he lunged with the knife. I twisted aside and jumped back. Not soon enough. The knife ripped across my side. My legs wouldn't behave as I stumbled, overturning the lantern.

I picked up the lantern and swung with one motion as Sloan moved in again. The lantern crashed full in his face, the glass splintering and the light going out. In the darkness he screamed in agony.

I made for the ladder, forcing one foot ahead of the other. My legs were wet with blood. Halfway up the ladder I felt Sloan's hands on me, his weight clinging to one leg. Harsh animal sounds came from his lips. I freed one foot and with all my strength smashed downward. Bone and flesh crumbled under my heavy heel. He screamed again, and the weight left my leg.

MacDonald burst through the doorway as I stumbled up from the hole.

"She's split wide open forward!" he shouted. "Where's Sloan?"

I tried to answer but my tongue refused to move. My legs became two rubber stilts. I fell to my knees. Through the open door I saw the rolling seas spilling over the well-deck, the remaining lifeboat jammed in the gunwales and jerkily descending in the falls.

My ears buzzed with strange noises and a fuzzy veil wavered across my eyes as I watched Sloan, his face a raw mass of blood and swollen flesh, being helped from the hole by MacDonald. At the top step he pushed MacDonald violently aside and stared drunkenly at the plight of his ship. MacDonald was gesturing wildly, yelling words which my brain refused to piece together. Sloan, ignoring him, shook his fist at the seas.

"I'll not be cheated!" he screamed. "I'll not be cheated at the end! I'll have a look at that scum if I take 'er down!"

He was gone then, back down the ladder, and MacDonald was pulling me to my feet. I struggled in his arms and tried to tell about Wilson imprisoned below. He gripped me the harder.

"Damn you and Wilson both!" he rasped, pulling me out on the deck.

"Take a breath, lad!" he shouted, and dove over the side, through a break in the railing, his arm gripped tightly around me. The biting cold of the water seared my side and through the pain I felt rough hands lifting me over a lifeboat gunwale. Then there was nothing else.

When I opened my eyes MacDonald was strapping a compress to my side. Over his shoulder I saw Fisher at the tiller, shouting orders to equalize the weight of men who jammed the boat.

"You've lost plenty of blood," grunted MacDonald, "but I've seen worse slashes so no doubt you'll live. Here, lad"—he put his arms gently

around me and propped me up—"take a last look at the *Nemesis*."

The wind had abated, and the sea, as if aware of its victory, was smoothing into long gentle swells. Her stern vertically out of the water, her fouled bottom silhouetted against the ragged gray dawn, the *Nemesis* settled slowly. And as the last of her disappeared, under a sea that choked and spit oil slick, I heard a distant sound like a muffled scream torn from tortured lungs.

I shivered in MacDonald's arms.

He patted my shoulder. "Don't be disturbed, lad. In this lane we'll be picked up before night."

"It's not that, Mac. Who did the screaming—Wilson or Sloan?"

"Sloan," he answered briefly.

"How can you be sure?"

"Because Wilson was not aboard."

"You're wrong, Mac. I saw where Sloan had him buried. You heard him say he was going back for a look."

MacDonald shook his head. "No, lad, Wilson was not aboard, and I'm part to blame for Sloan going back there and down with his ship—though I don't think he'd have left her, anyway. You see, Wilson came back, all right, and it was in the dead of night that Sloan dragged him aft, dead drunk and with his head near split open. I went back there while Sloan was sleeping and found Wilson half suffocated under that plate. I got him over the side and safely into a sampan. I tried to tell

Sloan when he went back there but he'd have none of it."

"For the love of God!" I said weakly. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Listen, lad. When I told you to leave the stern alone, it was for my sake as well as yours. If you had made an issue of it and Sloan was to discover the fantail empty it would've been worth my life. He'd guess quick enough Wilson had been freed in Hong Kong, and would know right off I'd be the only one nerry enough to free him. Not that I wasn't scared of Sloan. I've been sick with the fear he'd go looking down there before we reached Shanghai. But he never did—and I was fairly sure he wouldn't. Wilson was the one man he was afraid of, and I suppose the fear was on his mind that if he once lifted that plate Wilson would come leaping out at him, half dead or not. And, as for telling you, lad"—MacDonald's tone became apologetic—"I knew you wouldn't be giving it away, but I was afraid Sloan might see the truth in your eyes or be wondering why you weren't on edge like the rest of the hands, and I was afraid he might get the idea of taking a peek. And, like I told you before, on Sloan's ships men have had accidents, and with my own ship waiting me in Shanghai I figured I had a lot to live for yet.

"But let's forget about Sloan and talk about the vessel you're to command. It'll pass the time pleasantly until we're picked up." ● ● ●

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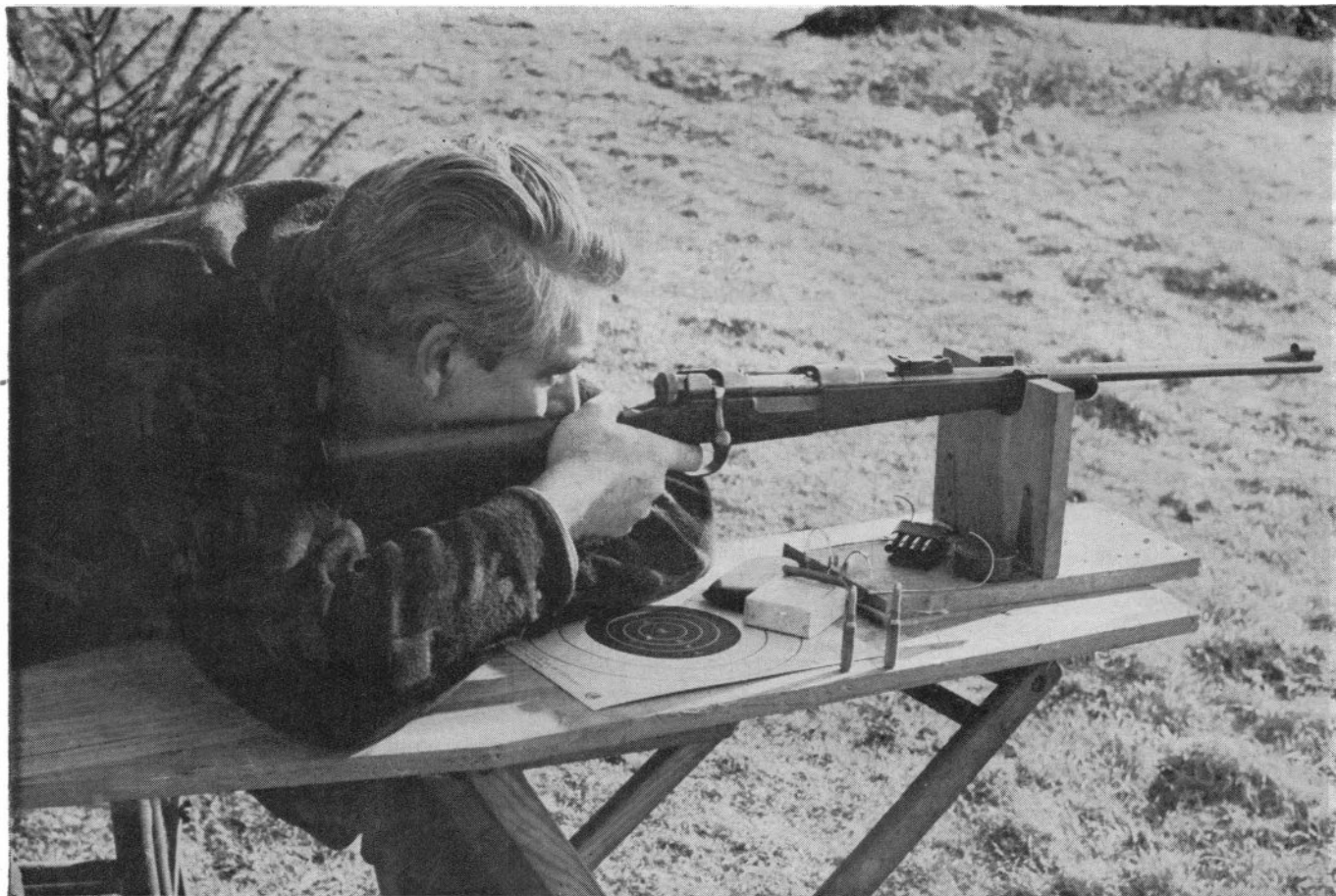
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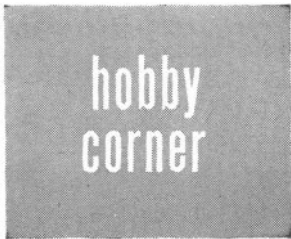
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**AN ADVENTURE IN GOOD SMOKING**



Author tries out cut-down Jap rifle, rechambered for 6.5 mm. Mannlicher cartridges. It's now a fine sport gun.



# Convert that Army Rifle for HUNTING

by PETE KUHLOFF

**Take that old G. I. rifle and, with a little spare-time work, make yourself a first-rate sporting job worth \$150.**

**C**ONTRARY to general opinion among occasional or non-shooters, certain military shoulder arms can be remodeled into excellent high-power hunting rifles that will successfully take any big game found on the American continent.

As a matter of fact, some of the finest modern custom-made sporting rifles in existence today began as military pieces.

During and after the recent war, thousands of liberated rifles were lugged home by returning G.I.'s. The majority were the German Mauser Model 98 service rifle, in 7.9-mm. caliber (ammunition produced by American manufacturers as the 8-mm. Mauser cartridge), the Japanese Arisaka, Model 38, in 6.5-mm. caliber, and the Model 99, in 7.7-mm. caliber. Cartridges of these last two calibers are not manufactured in the United States.

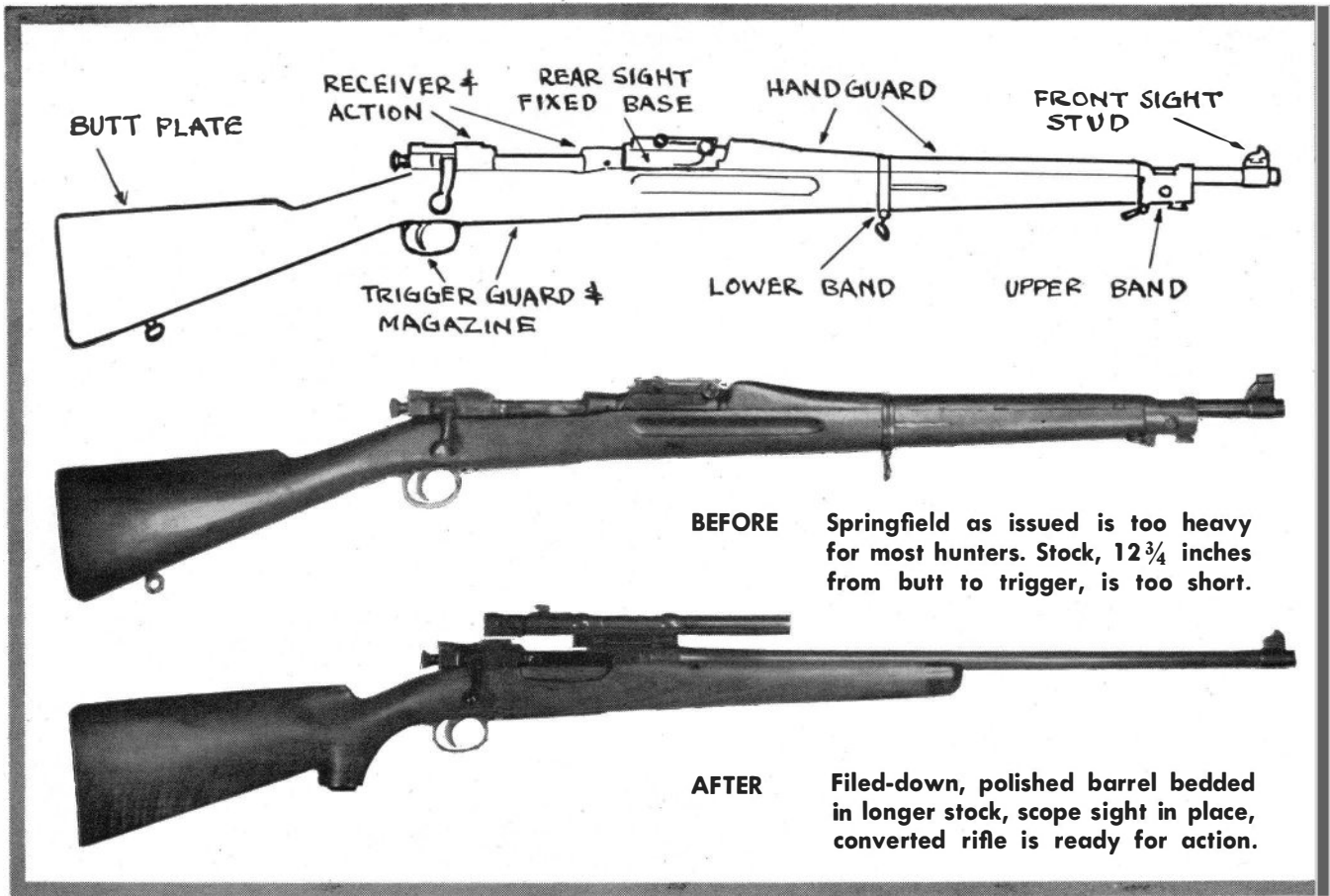
Also, the Director of Civilian Marksmanship (Department of the Army) has been selling the Springfield Model 1903 Rifle and the Enfield Model 1917 Rifle to members of the National Rifle Association for fifteen dollars and five dollars respectively, plus packing charges. These rifles are classified as unserviceable, so must be checked for head space before firing.

**ALL MILITARY RIFLES** are designed mainly to withstand rough use, and little or no attention is given to grace of line. But with a little time and effort, they can be remodeled into fine, practical, modern sporting rifles which will compare favorably with sporters selling for a hundred dollars, a hundred fifty, or even more.

So, if you have a military rifle, or know where to get one, and if you'd like to have a rifle you can be proud of—and are willing to do some spare-time work—here's how!

The Enfield, Springfield and Mauser are considered the





best rifles for rebuilding. I had never considered the Jap rifle as a possibility until recently when I examined and tried out one that Bill Schiessl, a New York gunsmith, had remodeled.

Since the procedure is just about the same for rebuilding all military rifles, let's take a Springfield and see what we can do with a few simple tools.

**THE ACTION** of the Springfield rifle is a close copy of that of the German Mauser, with the exception of the two-piece firing pin and the combined release and magazine cutoff. The latter is designed to cut off the magazine, and permit the rifle to be used as a single loader while the loaded magazine is held in reserve. This is not necessary in a sporting rifle, so the stock is left high under the cut-off lever for better lines, as shown in the "After" photograph on this page.

First, we need a stock blank. There are a number of semi-inletted stock blanks on the market that sell for five dollars and up, depending on the maker and the grade of wood. I used a Stoeger blank of French walnut on the Springfield. These stocks come closely inletted, and the only tools necessary to bed the receiver and action of the rifle into the wood were a small flat chisel and a pocket knife.

After ordering the semi-inletted stock, dismount the rifle. Take the bolt out and stuff a little oiled cotton into the chamber and muzzle of the barrel to keep out dirt. Remove the upper band screw and drive the band forward. Press in the rear end of the lower band spring and drive the band forward. Draw the handguard forward until it's free from the fixed base of the rear sight and remove it. Remove the trigger-guard screws and the guard, then lift the receiver and barrel out of the stock.

Now remove the front-sight stud by taking out the small screw at the front end and driving out the stud, from left to right. Then take the upper and lower bands from the barrel.

Remove the rear fixed-sight base by driving out the pin from left to right, at its lower front end. (To find this pin you may have to polish the area with fine abrasive cloth.) Now drive the base forward. If you want to cover up the one or two cuts in the barrel just in front of the receiver ring, saw off the sleeve one-and-a-half inches in the rear and drive it back on the barrel, bottom side up. Drill and tap the underside for a small screw, going just deep enough to hold the sleeve in place—five thirty-seconds of an inch at most.

A Mauser rifle fixed rear-sight-base sleeve is soldered on, so after removing the screw at the top rear, it should be heated just enough to soften the solder, and driven off.

**THE BIGGEST JOB** on an Enfield is the removal of the rear sight guards or ears. The entire sight arrangement may be removed and the top of the receiver bridge rounded off to take a new receiver sight, as in the photograph of the finished rifle, or the ears may be cut down to more pleasing lines and the sight left in place.

The outside finish of the metal parts of most military rifles is very rough, so the next job is to clean up and polish the metal. We used a twelve-inch mill file to draw-file the barrel. If you have a medium-cut flexible vixen file, use it to take out the heavy turning marks. Finish with the mill file.

Polish out the small flats left by the file with strips of abrasive cloth, such as aloxite or metallite, used like a shoeshine rag. Use number 100 at the start, and finish with finer, down to Number 320. Also go over the action and

trigger guard with the cloth, using a file only where necessary. When polishing the bolt, be sure not to touch the back face of the locking lugs, as taking metal off here would increase the head space.

By now your stock has no doubt arrived. After attaching the butt plate and pistol grip cap it's time to seat the metal into the wood. In a small jar, mix up some Prussian blue or lamp black with kerosene, not too thin, to be used for spotting.

Place the barrel and receiver in the stock as far as it will go, and check to see if the rear-guard screw will make contact with its seat at the tang of the receiver. It probably will, but the front screw, more than likely, is not long enough. Take a four-inch piece of quarter-inch brass rod and file one end to a slight taper. Turn the tapered end into the front-guard screw seat if necessary, and also make one for the rear-guard screw hole. Using this rod and the rear screw or the second rod as guides, seat the trigger guard and magazine into the wood until its bottom side is just below the wood surface.

In order to do this you may have to paint the wood-contact surfaces of the guard with the spotting compound and try to push the guard into place. The compound will leave dark smudges where the wood should be removed. Continue until the guard is completely seated, then put the barrel and receiver in place.

Check to be quite sure that the receiver and barrel follow the center line of the stock, and with a scribe or sharp pencil draw lines following each side of the barrel. The barrel channels of most unfinished stocks are very much under size. Remove the wood almost up to the draw lines. I used a fourteen-inch tapered wood file for the rough work and finished the job with a piece of sandpaper wrapped around the file.

**N**OW paint the underside of the receiver and barrel with spotting compound and put them in the stock. Draw up the rear-guard screw very slightly and by hand squeeze the barrel in as far as it will go. Then remove the receiver and barrel and cut out the wood where the smudges appear. Keep this up and as soon as the metal is seated in far enough for the front-guard screw to catch, use it instead of the brass rod.

Continue spotting and removing wood until the receiver and barrel are snugly seated. The upper edge of the barrel channel should come up halfway on the barrel. This is a tedious job, but take it easy and keep at it, for the accuracy of the rifle depends on good work here.

The most important point for an absolutely perfect fit is at the recoil shoulder. This is the rear surface of the lug which takes the front-guard screw on the underside of the receiver ring, where the barrel is seated into the receiver.

If, after the barrel and receiver are

completely inletted for depth, you find that the spotting compound does not discolor the entire surface of the recoil shoulder-contact area, that area must be built up. Wash off the spotting discoloration marks with gasoline and when the wood is thoroughly dry, put on a thin layer of plastic wood. Give it time to dry and harden. Then, by scraping with a knife-blade or chisel, reseat the recoil shoulder to make a perfect fit.

**A**T THE point in the stock where the extreme rear end of the tang of the receiver is located, remove enough wood so that the metal does not make contact. Otherwise, the recoil of the rifle will cause the wood here to chip out.

Now the real fun begins—finishing the outside of the stock. A wood file may be used for the rough work. Be sure that all straight lines of the stock are really straight and do your best to keep all the curved lines as part of a circle.

First, sand the wood—with the grain—starting with coarse and working down until you end up with the finest sandpaper you can buy. Be sure that no file marks show, and that the stock is as smooth as glass. Wet the outside surface—keeping the water out of the inletted portion—and dry quickly over a gas flame, being careful not to scorch the wood. The surface of the stock will now be covered with whiskers. Take these off with new, fine sandpaper. Repeat the process until no more whiskers show up. Three or four times should do it. There is a very sound reason for this de-whiskering. It will keep the wood from roughing up if it gets wet.

The next step is to polish the wood with well-worn sandpaper until it literally shines.

If your stock is of hard walnut, mix up a small jar of raw linseed oil and turpentine, fifty-fifty, and swab it on the stock until no more will soak in. Watch the end grain at the pistol grip. If the wood is soft walnut and coarse-grained, use straight, raw linseed oil. It will take a week or ten days for this to dry thoroughly if you really give it a good soaking. Don't rush this, or you'll have a gummed-up stock on your hands.

In the meantime, finish polishing all metal parts, including the butt plate and pistol-grip cap, which will be exposed when in place, using crocus cloth. Be sure and get a mirror-like finish, as scratches and blemishes will show up like sore thumbs when the gun is blue.

Now mount a good receiver sight, following the manufacturer's instructions. The pictured remodeled Springfield has a Weaver two-and-a-half power scope sight mounted ahead of the bolt in a Griffin and Howe double-lever mount. There are many scope mounts on the market, but I chose the G. and H. because from past experience I knew it to be good. Also I like the lever idea better than screws for detaching the scope.

Incidentally, this mount is the one adopted and used exclusively by the Army on the Garand sniper rifle during the war.

Later I intend to install an auxiliary folding-leaf receiver sight to use in conjunction with the regular Springfield front sight, which we left on the rifle. I've never had a scope sight put out of commission by rain or snow, or anything else—but there can always be a first time.

It's advisable to have a gunsmith do the bluing job, because for bluing one or two rifles, the equipment will cost more than a professional will charge for the work. If you want to do the job, however, get a bottle of Stoeger Gunsmith's Blue and follow the manufacturer's instructions.

Is the stock dry? If it is, use very fine sandpaper to take off the surface right down to the wood. *But take off no wood!*

Now get the smallest can of the best spar varnish your paint dealer can supply, and using a mixture of one-third linseed oil and two-thirds varnish, wipe on a thin layer with a piece of lintless cloth. Let it dry, then sand down to the wood again. Repeat this operation until a magnifying glass shows that the pores of the wood are completely filled. Then rub down with a soft cloth and rottenstone for a good finish.

You can also finish the stock by warming the wood, sopping it with as much hot Minwax as it will take. After you have let it dry for a week or so rub it down with rottenstone. Every now and then rub a little more Minwax into the wood with the bare hand.

Assemble your rifle, making sure the guard screws are very tight. If you have carefully followed the step-by-step instructions you now have a sporting rifle that is not only good-looking, but one that is going to give you a lifetime of accurate service in the hunting field.

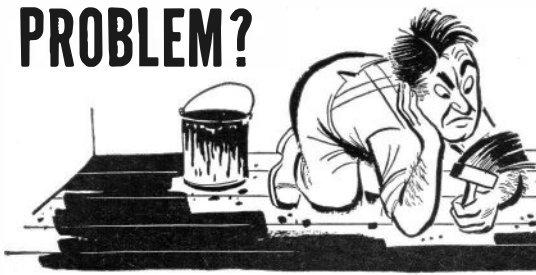
The next step is to bore-sight the little beauty. Place it in a position so that it cannot be easily moved. From the breech, look through the barrel at some small object and adjust the rear sight so that the bore points a little higher than the sights. This should get you on the target when the shooting starts.

**G**O TO the nearest range or safe shooting grounds, set up a target, and by actual firing make your final sight adjustments.

Assuming that your rifle is of .30-'06 caliber and you are using a hunting cartridge with a 180-grain bullet, sight in at twenty-five yards so that the bullet will strike the target exactly at the point of aim. You will find that with this sight-setting your bullets will hit approximately as follows: One-inch high at fifty yards, three inches high at 100 and 150 yards, right on the nose at 225 yards and about ten inches low at 300 yards. This means that you will have a point-blank hunting range of about 250 yards. ● ● ●



# PROBLEM?



From modernizing your desk to shooting ancient guns, hobbyists' problems are settled by experts.

## ask your ARGOSY expert!

### REFINISHING WOOD

Dear Expert:

Could you tell me how to bleach wood, also how the blond mahogany, the limed-oak, and the wheat finish are obtained? I have a walnut desk which I would like to modernize. I have removed the old varnish and have sanded it.

A. ROSSBACH

Nogales, Arizona

Dear Mr. Rossbach:

There are several good modern treatments you might use in finishing your walnut desk. For a natural finish, you could treat it the way I have the walnut plywood paneling in my home. Just sand it and give it two or three coats of satin-finish water-white lacquer, sanding lightly between coats, and finishing up with wax.

Now about a bleached finish. Bleaching is always a little risky unless you have a sample piece of wood to test first. Maybe you could try it on the underside of the desk beforehand. Personally, I've had best results from commercial wood bleaches. You might see what your local paint dealers have to offer. You can make a bleach yourself by dissolving oxalic acid crystals in water, putting in as much as will dissolve. Or you can mix one pound of sal soda with a quart of water. Just paint either of these bleaches on with a brush. You may need to use two or three coats. Wash with water, sand to take down the raised grain, and put on a clear finish—shellac and varnish, or water-white lacquer.

If you mix a little coloring with the varnish—chrome yellow, possibly, or burnt umber—you'll get the wheat finish you mention. Test it on something unimportant first to be sure you like the shade.

For the limed-oak finish, apply white pigment to fill the open pores, then a clear finish. For the white use white wood filler sold for this purpose, or white lead. Paint it on thick, then rub it off with a rag, rubbing only across the grain. Let it dry partially before you rub it off. When it is entirely dry, apply a thin coat of white shellac, then follow with any clear finish. I used this system on an old oak swivel chair, following the shellac with water-white lacquer. Worked beautifully.

DARRELL HUFF

### BELGIAN SHOTGUN

Dear Expert:

I read your article on antique guns in the November ARGOSY. I collect guns as a hobby and among them I have an old double-barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun. I would like to know where I can buy percussion caps, black powder, and shot for this gun. I would also like to know just how to load it and the right amount of powder and shot to use.

The gun has 30" barrels and a beautifully carved stock. On the barrels it has the number 1203, and a crown over a JJ; also a crown over the letter X, the numbers 174, and a circle with ELG over a star. What make of gun is this?

FRED BROWN

Miami 35, Florida.

Dear Mr. Brown:

Proof marks indicate that your shotgun is of Belgian make. The gauge, according to the 174 (tenth millimeters), would be fourteen or twelve. The ELG and star is the mark of acceptance.

Percussion gun supplies may be purchased from Farris and Son, Gay and Front Streets, Portsmouth, Ohio.

A good load for a fifteen-gauge gun is three drams of FFG black powder and one ounce of shot. If you have no powder measure, a .45-70 cartridge case with about an eighth of an inch filed from the mouth is a good charge of powder and shot. Heavy charges give uneven patterns in M. L. shotguns. Be sure your gun is in good shooting condition before trying it out.

PETE KUHLHOFF

### COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY

Dear Expert:

Like a lot of amateur photographers, I am starting to get interested in color. I have a medium priced, 2¼x2¼-inch reflex which takes 120 film. Now, as you advise, photography can be an expensive business, so I have kept my other gear to a minimum. I don't even want to buy a light-meter if I can help it.

In this regard, many manufacturers supply printed exposure guides for color pictures but, down here in Florida, their advice turns out bad. The pictures are usually over-exposed. One camera store salesman told me to shoot color at f.5.6 at a fiftieth of a second exposure. Results: No good.

Can you give me a hint that will work in the brilliant sun down here?

FELIX BASCALE

Miami, Florida

Dear Mr. Bascale:

Sure, I had the same problem down there last year. My old rule of thumb was the same as that given by the salesman you mentioned. But I found that color shots turn out beautifully, if you're shooting on very bright days, with lots of light-bounce off the water, if you expose at F.11 at a fiftieth.

Here's another trick. Don't shoot before two hours after sun-up or two hours before sundown unless you have a top-flight light-meter and know how to use it. Light values change rapidly during those critical hours. One more tip: Give your pix some life by including some wide color ranges—white sand, blue skies, flesh tones and foliage. If there is plenty of color in your picture, little faults of poor composition, some figure or wave

motion, and even slight over- or under-exposure will be overlooked.

PETE KUHLHOFF

### EELS AS BASS BAIT

Dear Expert:

I have heard that eels make good bass bait. But I'd like to know what kind of eels, where to find them, how to catch them? Your interest is appreciated.

DON NUTT

Memphis, Tennessee

Dear Mr. Nutt:

The gist of your letter is a bit difficult for me to follow. I can't quite recall where and when the subject of eels as bass bait was brought up. I imagine what you refer to is not an eel at all, but the small brook lamprey, colloquially called a lamprey eel. These do make excellent bass bait when you can get specimens about four to six inches long. They may sometimes be taken in small creeks throughout the Mississippi River region by baiting minnow traps with fish or other such bait. However, creeks with a good population of lampreys are somewhat difficult to locate and often gathering such bait is a waste of good fishing time.

If you will give me the source of this idea to which you refer, I will be glad to go into it a little more deeply.

BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

### MINIATURE WAGONS

Dear Expert:

I want to start a hobby of making miniature wagons, stage coaches, etc. Can you tell me where I can obtain actual drawings and measurements that can be scaled down? . . . I know you can buy model kits, but I want to do it all by hand and scale it down myself.

CHARLES UNTULIS

East Chicago, Indiana

Dear Mr. Untulis:

We believe you will be interested in a book, "American Horse-Drawn Vehicles," by J. D. Rittenhouse, obtainable at Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York. This contains information on historical stage coaches, wagons, etc. Dimensions given apply to width and height of vehicles as well as diameter of wheels. However, dimensions as to size of springs, lights and other minor details are not always given. The book retails for \$7.50. We suggest that you obtain it on approval, which will enable you to check as to whether or not it is adequate for your purpose.

ARTHUR C. MILLER

Varied and informative articles on popular hobbies will appear in this section each month. In addition, ARGOSY'S board of hobby experts, each a specialist in his field, will answer readers' queries. The board includes Pete Kuhlhoff, gun collecting and photography; Byron W. Dalrymple, hunting and fishing; Doc Jenkins, trapping and trail trips; Arthur Miller, handicraft for the outdoorsman; Raymond S. Spears, pearling and camping; Darrell Huff, homecraft; Ray Josephs, travel; R. H. McGahan, leathercraft. Others may be added from time to time. Address Hobby Corner, ARGOSY MAGAZINE, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, New York.

# My Last Home Run

(Continued from page 19)

magic to explain my good fortune.

The next day I was convinced I'd jinxed myself. Stan Spence made an impossible catch of a sure triple to the left in the first. My little brother, Dom, performed one of his miracles in the third, sweeping low to the grasstops to grab a sure single to short center.

The weight of the universe rested on my shoulders in the fifth. I took a ball, a strike, another strike. I fouled one. "This is it!" I said, between gritted teeth, as I swung at Heber Newsome's fifth pitch, a curve. I didn't have to follow the ball in its flight. Its ping against the bat told me it was a homer. My name was in the record books. I was prouder than ever, but I was still in my padded cell, all by myself with my momentous streak.

Nothing could stop me from hitting. Yet, mentally, I was at rock bottom. How long would it last?

When the fifty-seventh game ended as Lou Boudreau grabbed a hot smash and threw me out at first, I sighed and almost cried. I'd done it—and it was over. I felt so good that I launched a fifteen-game hitting streak the very next day.

These are the bright spots, yet each has its obverse side in sweat and worry. These are the moments which fans remember. But to me each game is no different from another. I am tested each time I go to bat, with each throw, with each fly ball I catch. Other players can misjudge a screaming drive, but not Joe DiMaggio. Others can whiff with the bases full, but not Joltin' Joe. You see, Joltin' Joe and the Yankee Clipper, and all the titles my good friends of the press and radio bestow upon me, are not really me. They're the other guy who walks beside me from morning to midnight. He's the fellow I met that first day when I reported to the Yankees. He's still sitting beside me now, peering over my shoulder as I write.

**T**HE first kid that asked me for an autograph in '36 is a man now. Today, thousands of new kids follow me, and I belong to them. They sometimes wait for hours outside the Stadium, hoping to yell a greeting to me. They ask no questions, pry into no secrets. Their smiles are recompense enough for the daily grind. But they're really smiling at mythical Joltin' Joe and not at me.

Writers and fans ask, "Joe, how do you do it?" When I sum up my experiences I realize that playing stellar ball is a God-given gift. I have the batter's physique—eyes, arms, and especially the wrists.

I credit some of my form to the days I spent in the Seals' training school when I broke in. Frank O'Doul, once a National League batting champion, taught me how to keep my eye on the ball from the moment it leaves the pitcher's hand until it reaches the plate. My grip and my stance devel-

oped naturally as the most comfortable way of meeting the ball with a free, full, normal motion. My swing is shorter than that of the usual power hitter. I get distance by my last-moment wrist-snap and follow-through. I try for the complete relaxation that gives me complete body control. Add them up and you have a .300 average.

**O**NCE during a batting slump, my wife, Dorothy, sitting in the same box seat each day, noticed that the number "5" on my back was in a different position each time I swung. "You're not hitting the way you usually do," she said.

She was right. I'd been popping up because I was pressing tensely for hits, unconsciously shifting my feet. The next day I tried relaxation and got four hits. I batted about .385 during the following month.

Last season I again got pop-up-itis. A newspaper pal remarked, "Haven't you changed your stance? I notice you're pointing your left toe toward third base." He was right. In the next game I consciously shifted my toe toward the pitcher, shortening my stance for the first time since I started to play ball. I gained thirty points in the averages by the season's end.

Tris Speaker, the game's greatest flyhawk, gave me the only solid fielding advice I recall. Early in my major-league career Tris said, "Don't play out quite so far. More hits drop back of the infield than rattle off the fences." Perhaps that's the reason I have been able to make those grass-cutting catches at my shoe-tops.

A centerfielder doesn't have to worry about crashing into a fence, especially at the vast Stadium. In fact, the only time I ever kept my eye on a fence and the ball at the same time occurred on the day in '39 when I made the 457-foot snatch off Hank Greenberg's bat.

Hank's booming drive sailed directly on a line with the flagpole and the center-field bleachers. I had to take my eye off the ball three different times. I raced up the slope, back to the plate, occasionally glancing over my shoulder. In my mind was a picture of X-marks-the-spot—three feet beyond the fence. I leaned against the wall, leaped high. The ball lodged in my glove.

The catch didn't mean anything to the game or the pennant race, but the newspapers called it one of the greatest catches of all time. I wouldn't know about that, for I didn't see it, but it was the best outfield play I've ever made.

I was a scatter-armed thrower in my early days. I broke in at third base, lobbing the ball underhand because I thought I had too much power. One day Ike Caveney, the Seals' manager, griped, "What's the matter with you, DiMag? Saving your arm for harpooning whales?" On the

next ground ball that came my way I fired at first with all my force. It landed in the grandstand. Later on Mr. Caveney shifted me to right field and my third-base troubles were over.

My first Yankee throw to the plate was a fluke. Detroit was playing us at the Stadium. They were ahead, 6-5, in the ninth, with one out and men on first and third. Charlie Gehringer rifled a long fly toward me. As I caught it Pete Fox sprinted homeward. I cut loose. An outfield throw should arrive in the catcher's mitt on one bounce. Mine hit Bill Dickey's mitt on a line for a double play. The contest was over. I was a hero. But only I knew the truth—that I was lucky not to have been the goat of the game.

I am not the springing, base-stealing type, but I know I can get there, and make certain that I do. Even if an infielder has the ball when I'm twenty feet off base, I keep running at full steam, hooking a slide, making it tough for him to tag me.

**I**N THAT '39 Series finale with the Reds, I had broken up a 4-4 tie in the tenth by singling Crosetti home from third. The ball got away from Ivan Goodman, whereupon Keller broke from second for the plate. I was facing the outfield as I rounded first. We were already leading by one run. Keller's tally would apparently cinch the game. There was an outside chance something else would happen, enabling me to score a third priceless run. By the time I'd rounded second Goodman's throw was winging homeward.

Then came Ernie Lombardi's famous "snooze." Big Schnozzola lunged for the ball as Keller zipped past. He sat down, apparently too stunned to pick up the pellet. I took the big chance. Ernie was so surprised that he made no attempt to grab the ball. I scored in a breeze. It wasn't speed but getting the jump that earned that run.

I've heard the remark: "All pitchers look alike to DiMaggio." That's not exactly true. I don't go into a psychological dither because Feller throws with his right arm and Bearden with his left. No matter who throws it, it's still a baseball. It's coming at me, it will pass me in four-fifths of a second, and if it crosses a plate seventeen inches wide it's mine to mash. Maybe I can do it. Maybe I can't. My timing will tell the tale.

A control pitcher like old Mel Harder, of the Indians, can throw me off balance by picking his spots, putting one across my letters, then just over my knees, first inside, then outside. Smart knuckleball pitchers, such as that Washington trio of '46, Dutch Leonard, Johnny Niggeling and Roger Wolff, make slow stuff break so dizzily that my eyes often can't follow it. But the ball must cross the plate. Sooner or later, any pitcher will get behind the batter and must come across with a perfect strike. . . .



Well . . . here it is 1949. I'm sitting in this hospital solarium, thinking of the other day in Dallas when I thought my number was up at last.

I had arrived at Johns Hopkins Hospital last November, moving back into the DiMaggio suite, apparently reserved for me once each year. And here I am again. The same Dr. George E. Bennett is treating me now.

I've been reading the papers. They're full of misgivings about my future. Ten years ago Joe McCarthy was worrying about me, two years ago Bucky Harris. Today it's Casey Stengel and the whole baseball world.

They have nothing to worry about—and neither have the fans. Dr. Bennett assures me I'll be okay in a few weeks. Besides, I'm a member of the Yankee squad.

In a few weeks the boys will be gathering in the Stadium dressing room: Henrich and Keller, Crosetti and Dickey; coaches now; and the

newer ones, Yogi Berra, Joe Page, Snuffy Stirnweiss, Phil Rizzuto, and all the rest. They'll start putting on their uniforms, chatting and laughing. The gates will open. The fans will rush into the stands. The Stadium grass will be green.

That's Bob Feller warming up and soon I'll be loping out to center field, patting my glove, girding myself for the game. I'll be up fourth in the batting order. Feller will raise his foot in my face, unleash his long right arm and whoosh!—there it goes!

I know I won't play forever. But I'll always be a regular . . . no pinch-hitting for me, no days squirming on the bench waiting for someone to fall down so I can play nine innings in a day. And definitely no retirement! Joltin' Joe won't let me quit! I'm going to give everything I've got until I can't lift one foot after the other.

And I'm always going to be a Yankee!

## Best in Dogdom?

(Continued from page 43)



**SHOW:** Generations of breeding make Weimaraners top competitors.

the dog retrace his steps three times before we were convinced. . . ."

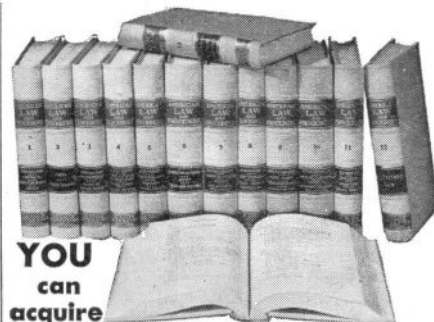
This was probably the first time public notice of the gray dog's amazing ability reached the press, the first time most people heard of the name Weimaraner.

The second time was when the same dog found an old woman who had been lost in a New England forest.

Dog circles began to sit up and take notice when a six-month-old Weimaraner took top honors in obedience, and a well-known judge made the statement, "The only fair way to show these dogs is to handicap them five points and give the other dogs a chance."

The intelligence and physical stamina of a dog are gauged by high jumps, scaled progressively higher as the dog clears each jump; scent tests, with an object dragged across a portion of ground, then securely hidden; feats of training and will. When a dog passes these exacting examinations, which are approved and given by the American Kennel Club, he has the initials CD, for "Companion Dog," affixed to his kennel name. Today a young Weimaraner pup still holds the world's record of obedience.

Not long ago a young couple in New York City bought a Weimaraner and took it for a stroll in Central Park. Unaware that dogs are not allowed in



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### **Scranton Hobby Center**

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the zoo section of the park, they blithely walked their Weimaraner through the crowds watching the monkeys, the seals and the elephants. Afterward the dog's owner said, "It took only a few minutes for the people to leave for animal cages and start crowding around us. At first it was fun, made us proud answering the questions about the Weimaraner. But then we began to get alarmed. A mob of people was pushing in from all sides, screeching questions, and if the park police hadn't broken it up, somebody would have been hurt. The cops gave us the devil, told us we weren't supposed to have a dog there,

A new Southern convert recently wrote in to the editor of the Weimaraner Magazine, a publication put out by the Weimaraner Club: "I admit I was pretty hard to convince. But I have owned quite a few dogs in my time and I wanted to see if this Weimaraner could do all that was claimed. I doubted it. All right, so the dog did hunt at six months, and housebroke in two weeks—so have pointers and setters I've owned. I wanted to find out if this dog really was intelligent, had a sense of responsibility. No dog without a sense of worth and responsibility is any damn good.

faster and better than any cat hound I have ever seen. Most of your good cat dogs are all right on the trail, but when it comes to the kill they kinda shy off and you have to have a fighter in there to urge 'em on. This Weimaraner is a trailer, a fighter and a cat-killin' fool." This was from an old hunter who had worked with dogs all his life.

"I listened to stories about these Weimaraners with tongue in cheek," one man wrote in to the Weimaraner Club, "but like all hunters searching for the ideal dog, I bought one with my fingers crossed. I got a puppy, didn't intend to take her out until she was a year old, but I weakened and took her out with my setter on opening day. When the setter pointed, the Weimaraner backed. We went after singles and the Weimaraner found and pointed her first bird. At that time the dog had never seen or smelled a bird, and I gave no command other than a soft word to alert her when the setter was on point in dense cover. Today, without any professional training, the Weimaraner is exceptionally steady to wing and shot and hunts dead with great relish."

Still another hunter eulogized: "Being a fox hunter, I didn't think the Weimaraner could do much with old Reynard. Mainly because I understood that the gray dog hunted silent, and only barked at the kill. But my family got me into it and we bought a Weimaraner. First time I took him out he chased a fox. The next time out he caught the fox himself, and barked until I found him. He broke the red devil's neck. To this day, I haven't been able to figure out how he caught him. One thing I will say against the dog, though. He's taken all the fun out of hunting fox. No gamble any more."

**A**NOTHER hunter, who had killed some three hundred pheasants, quail, Hungarian partridge and duck over his Weimaraner, made a little bet with a friend. He laid odds that his dog could point and hold a pheasant at one hundred yards. They went afield. In ten minutes the Weimaraner latched onto a tight point. "Pace it off," said the Weimaraner owner. Eagerly his friend paced it off, feeling the bet already won and crinkling in his pocket. At seventy paces, up roared a big lusty cock pheasant.

Just what is this dog? Where did it come from, and what makes it any different from the many other breeds?

The Weimaraner originated in Weimar, Germany, which is situated 130 miles southwest of Berlin. The earliest date recorded in the history of the breed's development is the year 1810. It is known to be a descendant of the Red Schweisshunde, famous in German records and traditions for its nose. We have no authenticated account of the crossing by which the Weimaraner was produced but it is known that the breed was perfected through a strictly enforced program by breeders within the membership of the German Weimaraner Club. For many years no dogs were allowed to leave the country. They were raised by sportsmen for



"Now, which of you thinks he's a hat?"

then took us aside and began asking about the dog." A mild example of the curiosity aroused by the Weimaraner's unusual appearance.

Even in Berlin, in the country where the Weimaraner was born, the dog is an oddity. At one time the zoo in that city had a Weimaraner on exhibit.

One American owner of a Weimaraner had her dog on a television show and was shocked to be called a liar and cheat by viewers who phoned in after the show. One, a former German professor at Heidelberg, said he had lived in Germany most of his life and had never even heard of such a dog.

But rare as the dog is in appearance and actual numbers, his ability and adaptability would set him apart even without his unusual physical attributes.

"So I rowed my young son and the six-month-old Weimaraner out into the middle of a deep lake. I asked him to jump overboard and pretend that he was drowning. He did. That gray dog, no more than a puppy at the time, leaped in after him, grabbed him by the hand and towed him back to the boat."

One hunter claimed his dog had jumped forty feet from a high bridge to retrieve a duck. His claim was substantiated by an impartial bystander.

One owner said he had been training his Weimaraner on cougar. When the dog was still a puppy he had run with a pack of old, experienced hounds.

"Not only did he outrun the hounds," the man reported, "but he treed first and was in on the big cat at the kill



their own pleasure, as companion hunting dogs. Weimaraners were never sold or given to anyone except members of the Weimaraner Club.

These dogs have been used in Germany for hunting stag and wild boar, as well as upland game. Their owners required a dog with courage, a keen nose and sharp eye who would point and retrieve, be reliable on warm and cold scent, obedient to recall under all conditions, and ready to take to water when necessary.

The Austrian Weimaraner Club, which is still active, has regulations regarding club membership and Weimaraner breeding closely resembling those of the German club. The Weimaraner Club of America is in communication with and cooperates with both these clubs.

In October, 1929, Howard Knight joined the Weimaraner Club of Germany and imported a dog named Cosack von Kiebitzstein and a bitch named Lotte von Bangstede. He hunted these dogs for nine years on birds. Unfortunately, they both proved to be sterile. In the fall of 1938, and subsequently, he obtained the following: Mars aus der Wolfsriede, Dorle von Schwarzen Kamp, Aura von Gaiberg and Tasso aus der Grute. Tasso also proved to be sterile, but Mars, Dorle and Aura became the foundation breeding stock in America.

Mr. Knight was never interested in breeding for sale but did give a few dogs to his hunting friends.

**A** CLUB was formed in 1941. A constitution and by-laws were prepared during the following year. The first official meeting of the club was in Boston on February 21, 1943, and officers were elected. There were twenty original members, five of whom were honorary members.

Following American Kennel Club recognition of the breed, the first entry in a bench show was at Westminster in 1943, but Aura von Gaiberg had made her debut in obedience in 1941, and her son, Taurus, set a new record by getting his CD at the age of six months and eight days and lacked only tracking for his UD (utility dog) when he died at the age of ten months.

For the next few years the club grew steadily but slowly. In 1946 the growth began to accelerate and by the fall of 1947 the number of applications for membership and inquiries about puppies became overwhelming. Early in 1948 it became necessary to open an office and employ a full-time secretary.

The purpose of the Weimaraner Club is to bring together the owners and breeders of pure-bred Weimaraners in an effort to preserve and develop the natural abilities of the breed. As this breed was originated to serve as hunting dogs, and as its excellence in this respect was the reason for its introduction to this country, it is natural that the great majority of members should be hunters. The club looks to these members for cooperation in preserving and developing the outstanding qualities possessed by these hunting dogs,

by intelligent handling and careful selection. It looks to the small group of members who prefer to exhibit their dogs in bench shows to improve the type and conformation of the breed. And those who own a Weimaraner only for companionship or for obedience work are expected to bring about improvement in disposition and general intelligence.

**T**HE American club, following the German example, tries to maintain control by investigating all prospective buyers of Weimaraners. Before an American can buy a Weimaraner, he must be sponsored by a member of the club, must furnish character references and swear that he will use the dog for hunting. These precautions are taken not as an evidence of snobbery, nor to keep the dogs in the hands of a select few, but to protect the breed and keep it pure.

A person doesn't have to be wealthy to own a Weimaraner or to get into the club. He can be poor as a church mouse, but he must have character, and he must use his dog as it should be used—in the field as a hunter.

At present there are about eight hundred Weimaraners in America and about half that number in Germany.

The following system is used in Germany to issue good sound hunting specimens:

- ◆ They are given an examination in the field in the spring to show their ability as hunting dogs and also to show what their heritage is. If they prove satisfactory as hunters and are good sound specimens, the German breeding inspector gives permission to the owners to use their dogs for further breeding.

- ◆ The young dogs remain as hunting dogs until another examination in the fall, when they must earn a first or second prize before they can be rated. If they are satisfactory they are admitted as breeders.

- ◆ The pairing of dogs and bitches is decided by the inspector of breeding.

- ◆ Judges can only be those who have had a dog as a leader, and the dog must be a member of the German Register of Race Breeding. The German Register of Race Breeding is well kept and adhered to. Any dog that does not qualify as a good hunter cannot be used for breeding purposes. He is kept by his owner as a companion and hunting dog and not used for breeding.

Members of the American Weimaraner Club are hoping that this club will progress to the stage where it can adopt similar regulations.

But Americans are a funny race. They hate to be told what to do with their possessions. Weimaraners are winning hearts here because of ability and affection.

Probably one reason the gray dog from Weimar is such a success here was recently summed up by a sportsman member: "Weimaraners are the only dogs I've ever been in the field with that hunt with you instead of for you."



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# WEATHER FORECASTING

By John Blake

**W**HEN we want to know what the weather is going to be, we usually grab for the nearest newspaper and scan the daily report. Unfortunately, you can't always believe everything you read in the paper. More days and dispositions have been ruined by bad weather than by any other single factor in our normal living conditions.

The weather doesn't change abruptly, or without warning. The signs of an impending weather change are fairly simple, and you don't have to be an expert to read them. There's no need to follow charts or other gadgetry to set yourself up for weather forecasting.

Here are some of the tips that Nature provides. Study them. Remember them next time you head out on a fishing trip or a picnic.



## It's a sign of FAIR weather if:

The sunset is a brilliant red.  
There is a heavy dew.  
The leaves turn down.  
Smoke rises in a fairly straight line.  
There is an early morning ground fog.  
Forest creatures, such as rabbits, birds, etc., retain protective coloring.  
Insect-catching birds (like swallows) fly high.  
Seabirds fly far out to sea, early.  
Spiders spin in the grass.  
Clouds are delicate, soft-edged, quietly tinted.  
The moon is visible in the daytime.  
The sky is quietly, delicately tinted.

## It's a warning of FOUL weather if:

The sunset is gray and dull, yellow or green.  
The sunrise is a brilliant red.  
The leaves are curling upward.  
Smoke lies flat or heads down.  
Slack ropes tighten.  
Forest creatures change protective coloring. (Some rabbits turn white before a snowfall.)  
Insect-catching birds fly low.  
Seabirds remain inland, or rush inland, screaming.  
The horizon seems brilliantly clear.  
Clouds are low, fast-moving, gaudily colored.  
There's a halo or ring around the moon.  
The sky is vivid and bizarre in coloring.

# Nemesis of the Dope Gangs

(Continued from page 37)

relatively low prices (the current price for good-grade "reefers" in New York City is three for fifty cents), marijuana serves as a starting point on the road to addiction for an increasingly large number of musicians and their associates. The case of the teen-age girl in the Chicago penthouse, mentioned in the first paragraph, is typical of the trend reported by concerned social workers and parent-teacher groups. The girl was a devotee of bebop, and her host, a marijuana addict. He encouraged her to puff her first reefer. She did indeed get a new lift sensation from the jarring beat of bebop, and soon became addicted to smoking the weed. Like others before her, she gradually lowered her moral standards and soon was sacrificing herself at reefer parties where she knew she could satisfy her craving for the drug.

It was at this stage that Chicago police, in co-operation with agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, moved in to arrest a gang of five drug peddlers, thus breaking a supply chain linking Mexico with the Windy City.

Unfortunately, however, the hydra-headed nature of the illicit narcotics trade waters down the impact of any clean-up campaign. Smash one gang, and another moves in to replace it. Furthermore, Federal narcotics agents

and customs officials, alert on our frontiers, actually have no power beyond those frontiers to knock out the supply end of the drug racket.

Still further complicating the enormity of the task facing Federal agents is the clandestine nature of drug addiction. Always, the victim strives to administer the drug in private, and keeps mum because he realizes that talking may prove a threat to his supply line.

That secrecy, however, works two ways. Just as narcotics racketeers and their victims depend upon secrecy, so also do Federal narcotics agents. Why? Because of the dry but important Rules of Evidence which quite rightly limit and condition the type of testimony acceptable in American criminal courts. Hearsay and gossip, especially that of proved addicts, will not stand up in a court of law. So agents get conviction by the only reliable method left open to them—being present when the drug traffic takes place.

The efficacy of this method is attested by the splendid record established over the years by agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, a branch of the Treasury Department. Dr. Harry J. Anslinger, hard-working chief of the Bureau, sums it up in these words:

"Our force constitutes only two percent of all the investigators of the Federal Government. Yet, about ten percent of the Federal prison population are narcotics violators, convicted by agents of the Bureau. When you consider this ratio, you can see that we keep pretty busy."

Under Commissioner Anslinger's direction, the Bureau has attained its present efficiency not only by routine methods, but also by extensive use of undercover work. The latter is a highly dangerous form of inside detection, whereby the agent worms his way into the gang, gaining its members' confidence as he gathers evidence. If his true identity becomes known, he faces instant death, for dead men cannot testify in court. Agents, therefore, are necessarily secretive men, frequently strangers in the localities where they operate.

Similarly, theirs is an unrecognized job, for newspaper publicity would ruin their effectiveness when they travel to other sections of the country to crack other cases.

This combination of factors—secrecy on both sides in the war between agents and mobsters, the anonymity of undercover work, the lack of publicity when a job is done—explains why the work of the Federal Bureau of Nar-



cotics and the stupendous risks its agents face, are practically unknown to the American public.

The case against the infamous Robert Dudley Linville (alias The Professor), most important underworld dope dealer in the country at the time of his arrest, is an excellent illustration of how a crack narcotics agent plays a blue-chip game of undercover work in order to obtain convicting evidence.

Linville had an almost incredible thirty-year career in crime. He first came to the attention of narcotics agents when he appeared on the dope scene in 1935. At that time he was arrested in California and sentenced to six months.

He next appeared in Hawaii, operating a saloon and a house of prostitution. Using his dashing personality to interest impressionable young women in the dope habit, he then forced them to serve in his brothel. Hong Kong next received his attention. There he worked with drug smugglers, profiting handsomely from traffic in human depravity.

When war compelled him to desert the Far East, he turned up in Phoenix, Arizona, posing as a wealthy rancher.

During all these years, Linville was beyond the jurisdiction but not the surveillance of the Bureau of Narcotics. When he transferred his operations once more to the United States, John H. van Treel, of the Seattle office of the Bureau of Narcotics, was assigned to gather evidence against him—and it was a lone-wolf job, for Linville was one of the cagiest operators ever known in the racket.

Van Treel's first step was to change his name. When he faded from the Seattle scene, one "John V. Talbot" appeared in Vancouver, Canada. The idea was to meet a certain Herman Elliot, also in the dope racket, who was Linville's close friend.

Vancouver crooks took quickly to the affable Talbot. He displayed a carefully prepared record of terms served in what he called "the better-class" American and Canadian penitentiaries, and could reminisce by the hour about his supposed association with big-time racketeers. He met Elliot and, through him, obtained an introduction to Linville.

**T**HE first deal with The Professor emphasized the extreme caginess that made him one of the most difficult men ever dealt with by narcotics agents. He agreed to sell Talbot twenty cans of opium, at \$250 a can, guaranteeing safe delivery in the United States.

Following instructions, Talbot traveled to El Centro, California, where he met Linville's Mexican agent, Felizardo Ruiz. The Mexican handed over the opium and received payment from Talbot, who returned at once to Canada. That evening, other agents took Ruiz into custody.

During all this time, Linville was leading an outward life of civic righteousness. Staying at the most exclusive

hotel in Phoenix, he associated with wealthy businessmen and spent money freely. He affected hand-tailored Western shirts, tailored riding breeches, hundred-dollar custom-made boots and fifty-dollar cowboy hats. He purchased his own saddle horses, became a good rider, and was prominent in the annual Phoenix Rodeo Parade. Civic leaders accepted him into their homes, and greatly enjoyed his weekly parties, huge steak fries in the desert.

Behind this front of honesty, though, his shadier deeds continued. These included purchase of a rooming house for \$40,000 and the setting up of a madam and four girls there in sumptuous surroundings. In the Chinese section of Phoenix, dark tales were told of Linville's ruthless dealings in dope, of his brutal rule over local prostitutes, and of his cold, calculating cruelty in eliminating those who stood in his way.

Talbot, learning of these facts, developed a grim determination to catch the man. He settled in Phoenix, rented a small cottage, and began cultivating The Professor.

**S**INCE Talbot had been vouched for by Elliot, Linville visited him frequently, though not quite taking him at face value. He continually probed into Talbot's past, sometimes interjecting trick queries. Talbot always spotted the trap, and evaded it. Finally, Linville decided that his newfound friend was everything he represented himself to be—a big-time operator in illegal drugs. But he still had one more test, and it came one hot afternoon when he sat in Talbot's cottage.

"Tal," he said casually, "I have a batch of stuff coming in tonight that you might want. It's good stuff, too—hundred percent pure cocaine. Let you have it at a bargain."

This, Talbot knew, was a pitfall, for cocaine has too small a market to interest any important operator. Top dope peddlers rarely bother with it in any amount. He knew that if he rose to the bait it would be tantamount to admitting that he was not the experienced racketeer he claimed to be.

So, with a smile, he answered, "Professor, I'm disappointed in you. I thought you were strictly a big-timer. Why are you messing around with that little stuff? Aren't you handling the black goods (opium) any more?"

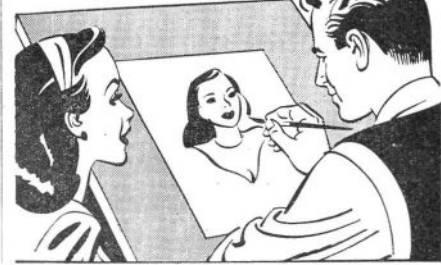
Linville laughed and stood up. Clapping his hand on Talbot's shoulder he said, "Fella, you're all right. Any time you want the black stuff, let me know."

Talbot wasted no time in letting him know. He placed an order next morning for twelve cans of opium, paid Linville with marked bills and then sent a telegram to the local Bureau.

The arrest took place that afternoon, as Linville stepped out of a sleek, black sedan in front of the swanky El Serapo Restaurant. So confident was he that things were going well that he left his .38 revolver in the glove compartment of his car. Five

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agents closed in on him and, unarmed, he gave up without a struggle. The pinch coincided with similar arrests of gang lieutenants along Linville's entire supply line.

At police headquarters, he scornfully sidestepped his questioners for hours. Then Talbot—Agent van Treel—stalked into the room.

"Hello," he greeted The Professor. "Remember me?"

"You dirty stool pigeon!" Linville snarled. "You'll bleed for this!"

But when he learned that "Talbot" was an ace undercover man for the Bureau of Narcotics, his cocky attitude wilted. Pleading guilty, he was

the school, a candidate must pass a special examination imposing rigid mental and physical standards. He must have two years' experience in investigative work or pharmacy, though he may substitute college courses for experience. He must be able to stand irregular hours, exposure to all kinds of weather, considerable travel, and he must have courage.

After undergoing a thorough investigation of his character, the new man begins a stiff course of training. He studies the laws which the Bureau enforces, becomes familiar with techniques of apprehending criminals, and attends lectures on crime detection

for opium, morphine and heroin, and one of the largest, most vicious narcotics rings in the nation.

"Pip the Blind" was its leader, a short, swarthy Sicilian with a marked fondness for expensive clothes and loud ties. A "pip," or spot on the pupil of his right eye, gave him his nickname. His real name was Joseph Gagliano.

Together with his sidekick, "Bullets" Albaro, Pip had established a virtual monopoly on the illicit sale of dope, with a yearly take of well over \$2,000,000.

For almost a decade narcotics agents had been watching Pip, but had never quite managed to obtain convicting evidence. They knew him for what he was, and many times they forced his arrest. But each time he managed to beat the rap.

"I'm a smart cookie," he once bragged to his pals. "I'm too damn smart to be caught!"

**P**IP did possess a certain shrewd animal cunning. He knew the agents' theory: "Be there when the stuff is sold." So he formulated his own rule: "Never be there when it's handed out." Also, he made it a strict rule never to talk business except in the privacy of his own home, or in the back room of a saloon on 107th Street, near Second Avenue, which was headquarters for his gang.

Faced with this dodge, Federal Agent "Joe Jackson," brought in from the West Coast to tackle the case, invented a counter-dodge which has since been worked in similar cases.

One midnight, Jackson drove his car to a rendezvous with New York agents of the Bureau. He turned it over to them with detailed instructions, and the next night the car was returned—with certain alterations. The trunk compartment was now a cozy hide-away for another agent. There was a convenient peephole giving a good view of anyone inside the car, in front of it, or on either side. There were sensitive earphones, so that notes could be made of even the slightest whisper.

Two days later, Jackson drove up to the bar on 107th Street. His right leg was in a cast, heavily bandaged and dramatically visible. A padded invalid's crutch was upright beside him in the car.

Lowering a window and sounding his horn, Joe leaned out and called, "Puggy!"

A moment later Puggy came out to answer the summons. His real name was Angelo Loicano, and he was one of Pip the Blind's most trusted henchmen. Noting Joe's bandaged leg, he grinned. "What happened? You hit by a truck or something?"

"Fell down the steps couple of days ago," Joe answered. "They took pictures today and told me I got a chipped bone. Look—is Pip around? I want to see him."

Puggy said the boss was at a friend's home a few blocks down the street, and offered to show Jackson the way. At Puggy's direction, the agent drove



"No more circus for me. I busted my glasses, lost George in the crowd—then practically had to drag him home."

fined \$10,000 and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary—a conviction which, for a time, cleaned up the illegal narcotics traffic on the West Coast.

But only a few months ago Los Angeles police, working with Federal agents, arrested four leaders of what agents identified as another multimillion-dollar combine, smuggling dope into the United States. The men were arrested at a fashionable, elaborate Hollywood hotel, with \$25,000 worth of opium in their possession. They were making elaborate plans for shipping dope into California in crates labeled "tractor parts." Once again the racket had proved malignant in its growth.

Not always, of course, is the capture of dope traffickers effected without incident. Federal agents at times encounter gun play, and a belly-to-belly duel in some dark alley decides the issue once and for all.

When that time comes, many an agent has been thankful for the rigorous training he underwent at the Treasury Training School. To enter

and other phases of enforcement work. Finally, he trains as a crack marksman, with all kinds of small arms.

On graduation, the new agent is assigned to one of the Bureau's regional offices, located at strategic points throughout the country. There, working with experienced men, he learns to identify the weird hierarchy of the dope ring: the "peddler" who sells illicit drugs; the "runner" who delivers them; the "mule" who smuggles them across the borders, the "missionary" whose deadly job is to gain new victims for the ring, deliberately luring them with free drugs until they become confirmed addicts.

During this indoctrination, the junior agent has one axiom drilled into him: The surest way to convict is to be there when cash changes hands and delivery is made. Second-hand evidence is no good.

An interesting example of how this rule was applied, while the culprit worked on the same theory in reverse, is found in the case of "Pip the Blind," leader of New York's notorious "107th Street Gang," chief source in the East



to a five-story tenement building at 222 East 107th Street, and parked directly in front of Pip's blue-gray Cadillac.

Joe shut off his motor and Puggy entered the house. Within a matter of minutes Pip came out and slid into the front seat beside Jackson. The T-man explained that he had a buyer for five ounces of heroin at \$350 an ounce. However, he declared, it was not profitable to buy from Pip at \$325 an ounce and sell it for \$350. Would Pip, therefore, give him a lower price?

After some argument, it was agreed that for this one time Pip would sell Jackson a five-ounce package of heroin at \$315 an ounce. Puggy was called out and instructed to deliver the stuff at a location to be arranged with Jackson. They decided to meet at one o'clock that night, on the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street.

Shortly after midnight, Jackson appeared at the designated corner. Puggy was waiting. He stepped into the car and said, "Let's drive around a bit. We gotta be careful. You got the time?"

"It's 12:24 a. m." Jackson answered—and the agent concealed in the trunk compartment made careful note.

"We got a date in twenty minutes," Puggy said. "Head downtown for a while."

During the drive, Jackson handed over \$1575, in denominations of fives, tens and twenties. The serial number of each bill had been noted beforehand. Puggy counted the money, then said, "Pull up at the corner of Eighty-second and Columbus."

As the car slid up to the curb, Puggy stepped out and strolled over

to the opposite corner, to act as lookout. Jackson remained in his car, waiting.

Exactly three minutes later, the gang's "runner" approached.

"You Jackson?" he asked Joe.

"I'm Jackson," the agent responded. "You have something for me?"

The runner nodded, handed over a package wrapped in plain brown paper. Joe gave him a five-dollar tip and watched as he walked across the street to join Puggy. All this was witnessed by the agent hidden in the rear.

Exulting, Joe drove to Bureau headquarters downtown. In the presence of his trunk-compartment colleague he unwrapped the package and found two large glassine envelopes, each containing a brown substance—heroin.

That did it! At last, after ten years, they had the goods on Pip the Blind!

At the ensuing trial, Pip sat in the courtroom with his lawyer and grinned. Smug, confident, he knew he'd beaten the rap before and would do it again.

But his smugness vanished quickly when he learned how Jackson and his hidden colleague had gathered the evidence. In a two-week trial, Pip and his mob all were found guilty. Sentence: five to ten years in Sing Sing.

Two days later, while awaiting transportation from the Bronx County Jail to Ossining, Pip committed suicide. His body was found hanging from a sheet, fastened to the bars of his cell.

And another case was marked "closed" by the Federal Bureau that prides itself on being nearly as tough and a whole lot smarter than the worst the underworld can produce. ● ● ●



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## We Caught an Anaconda—Alive

(Continued from page 26)

long wait. I grew tired of watching the ripples that lapped near the feet of the deer, so at first did not notice something that had broken the surface. Then I saw the nose of an anaconda moving like the periscope of a submarine. This snake has adapted itself to life in the water by developing a nose high up on its head so that it may breathe while keeping its head submerged.

Now and then a ripple gave a glimpse of the eyes. They were placed well out so that they could look not only up and forward, but down, a feat of which land snakes are not capable. They were placed so far apart that it was plain that the head which carried them must be very large.

And the great head was coming straight toward the deer. Behind the head the water was disturbed far back, showing that under the surface there must be a huge propeller at work—a propeller perhaps twenty or thirty feet long.

Rod slipped through the bushes to the tree and laid hold of the line. The

moving head arrived at the beach. It slid out of the water with the chin resting on the sand. The deer saw it and began to struggle violently, its hoofs tearing up the sand and flinging pebbles into the snake's jaws.

Rod began to pull on the line, and the Indian posted on deck at the other end of the line paid out accordingly. The deer was drawn slowly toward the tree. The snake followed. Every time the anaconda seemed about to strike, Rod drew the deer out of its reach. Rod himself was concealed behind the tree. The rest of us were hidden in the bushes.

When the deer reached the tree the anaconda was six feet behind and coming fast.

Rod shouted to us, and leaped out with the head noose. We closed in on both sides with the tail ropes.

When the snake saw Rod it raised its head menacingly. The slightest mistake now would be serious. The snake was about to strike. Before it could do so it must be noosed by the head and the tail. Rod slapped the

noose over the bulging head and drew it tight on the slender neck.

The other end of the noose rope ran through the cage and out between the back slats. With the tail held firm so that it would not lash about, it should be possible to draw the snake inch by inch into the cage.

But it was not to be so easy. Rod had done his job well, but we bungled ours. We managed to get only one of the nooses in place and, as the snake plunged forward, whipping its tail, this rope was jerked out of the Indians' hands.

I got in the way of the thrashing tail, and was knocked flat. Xingu boldly leaped in with the other noose.

The tail suddenly encircled him. He fought wildly, desperately, to free himself. The great constrictor could crush the life out of him in a few minutes.

Not held by the tail as it should have been, the snake was advancing upon Rod. Backing up, he tripped and fell. He said later that, in the second or two he lay there, all the stories he had heard of anacondas devouring cattle, of a horse found in an anaconda's stomach, of men who had lost their lives to this fearless serpent, flashed through his mind.

But while his brain was taking the long way around, his body was working fast. He jerked himself out of

the way of the striking head and leaped to his feet.

The snake was turning its jaws toward Xingu, whose body was held fast in the dark green folds. The anaconda has no poison fangs, but plenty of vicious teeth, and once it has closed upon its prey it remorselessly "jaw-walks" its victim down its expansible throat.

But before it could close, Rod leaped for the snake's head and buried his thumbs in its eyes. He held on grimly as the anaconda's body writhed and whipped. The coil relaxed and Xingu was thrown out into the brush.

In vain the snake tried to capture more of its tormentors with its teeth or its tail. By now we had again secured a tail rope, and Rod and two Indians hauled in on the head rope. The gyrating monster was gradually drawn into the cage. Finally the snake was in up to the full length of the cage, but there were still ten feet of snake outside!

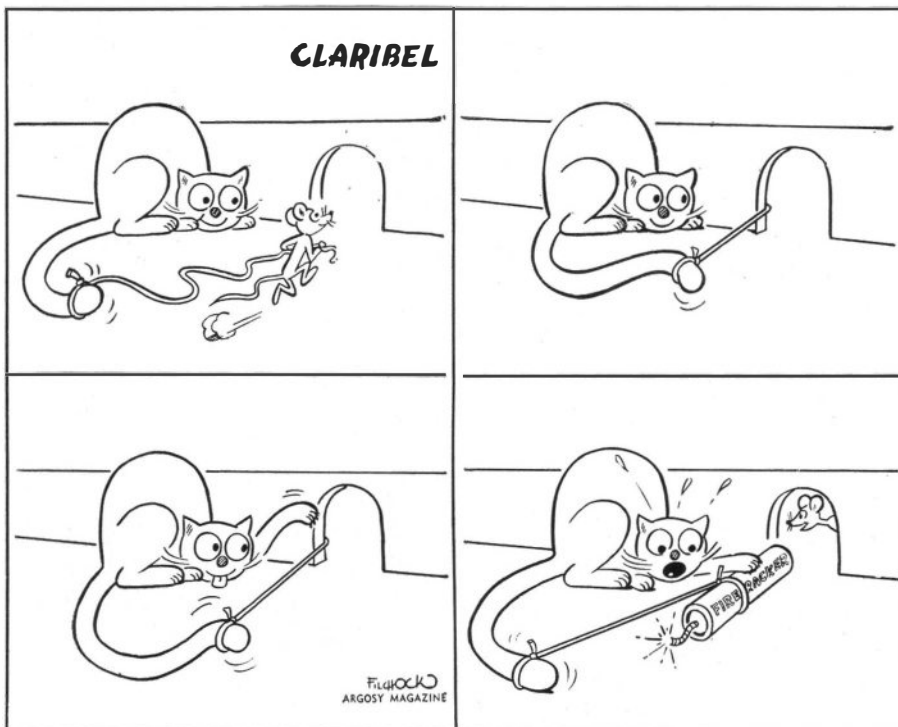
The tail rope was now passed in through the cage, and by means of it the tail was drawn in. The door was closed. The capture was complete.

But before we could pause to take breath, a new problem asserted itself. The thrashing of that great muscle some twenty-five feet long bid fair to break the cage to bits.

The best way to quiet a snake is to feed it. Rod called for the deer. He had hoped to save it as a specimen, but it was plain now that he must sacrifice it or lose his snake. A hundred-pound doe would just make a good mouthful for an anaconda.

The sacrificial victim's head was forced in through the door and was instantly seized by the great jaws. A half hour later the anaconda was asleep with a huge bulge in its midriff.

"No need to worry for a month," Rod said. "It will take him that long to digest his dinner." ● ● ●



## Gazda—Screwball Genius of Armaments

(Continued from page 32)

Portugal, on the way home, Tony was highly flattered by a Nazi plot to kidnap him and fly him to Germany.

That summer of 1941, Gazda thought he was sitting pretty. His charming wife, the former Baroness Leopoldine von Suchan, had joined him in Rhode Island, where they made many good friends. He was working on several new inventions, including a vastly improved gun. But two ominous things happened. Mountbatten told him that his old opponent, Captain Leach, had been given command of the *Prince of Wales* and, after taking Winston Churchill to the Atlantic Charter meeting, had been ordered to accompany the *Repulse* to Singapore. Lord Louis was vastly disturbed because Captain Leach refused to have either ship adequately armed with Oerlikons, preferring to rely on the old-fashioned pom-poms. Immediately after this talk, Mountbatten flew to Cairo to meet

Leach enroute to Malaya, and plead with him to change his mind.

Captain Leach, who was supposed to be a great expert on ordnance, was adamant; and nothing will ever convince Gazda that the Japanese bombers could have sunk those ships, had they been defended by his guns.

Gazda's personal fortunes took a dive when Commander C. S. S. Mitchell, R. N., whom he had brought to the United States to help on the gun, secretly denounced him to the Navy Department as a dangerous pro-Nazi. Oddly, the major reason for Commander Mitchell's unjustified attack was Tony Gazda's tie pin, a tiny silver replica of the first airplane he designed, the Aviatik, Austria's first combat aircraft. Exact in details, the ornament was a faithful copy, even to the German crosses which identified Germany's World War I planes. Believing that the pin is a good luck charm,

Tony always wears it, and this secret superstition was misinterpreted by Commander Mitchell, who confused German crosses with Nazi swastikas.

The first result of this denouncement came when George Houston, president of the Oerlikon-Gazda Company, formally asked for Gazda's resignation as vice-president, at "the request of the United States Navy."

Then came Pearl Harbor. When the whole fateful story finally came out, Tony learned that there was just one Oerlikon there. Some excited sailors manned it, and shot down three planes—two Japanese, one American.

The night after Pearl Harbor, Gazda was arrested at the Waldorf, and carted off to Ellis Island, accompanied by his wife, who insisted on going despite protests of the Federal agents, who had no orders to take her.

There was an oddly ironic juxtaposition of headlines in the New York



papers of December 10, 1941. One read: 108 GERMANS HELD. ANTOINE GAZDA, HOLDER OF 75 MILLIONS OF WAR ORDERS, BIGGEST FISH CAUGHT.

The other was: PRINCE OF WALES AND REPULSE SUNK. VICE ADMIRAL HASTINGS AND CAPTAIN LEACH GO DOWN WITH THEIR SHIPS.

The incarceration of Gazda was the sort of screwy arrangement that could only happen here. He was confined in a barracks with twenty other internees, who were permitted only thirty minutes exercise under guard each day. The place was so full of counts, barons and international bankers that it looked as if Elsa Maxwell were giving a house party.

However, Gazda made frequent trips to Washington with armed guards, who cooled their heels in anterooms while their prisoner conferred on top-secret matters with Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy and assorted generals and admirals. Gazda imparted a hilarious note of comic opera to this existence when he used the military's own rules to get whiskey into the barricaded zone. After a series of hush-hush ordnance conferences in Washington, Tony would return to Ellis Island with a suitcase loaded with good cheer. But the guards couldn't search the suitcase because, at Gazda's suggestion to the generals, it was marked "TOP SECRET."

After three months, this situation became too absurd even for bureaucrats with war hysteria. The Gazdas were transferred from the custody of the Department of Justice to the care of the Army, and permitted to return to Providence. But Tony was still pretty dangerous in their books. The Army provided a guard of ten enlisted men and two officers to keep the Gazdas under constant surveillance.

The guarding of the Gazdas came high for the American taxpayers. Besides the pay of the troops, and outfitting same with snappy civilian suits, there was a hotel bill of several thousand dollars a month to maintain the whole outfit at the Providence Biltmore Hotel, where the Gazdas lived.

The Army kept this guard around the mischievous Gazda for almost a

year. During that time, Tony perfected the new Oerlikon-Gazda gun, which fires at the incredible rate of 1200 shells a minute. When it was completed, Governor James Howard McGrath of Rhode Island, accompanied by a whole platoon of generals, came to Gazda's private proving grounds at Wakefield, Rhode Island, to fire the first shot. Shortly thereafter Gazda received a letter from the War Department advising him that all restrictions on his movements had been removed.

**T**HE thing that Tony Gazda wants most today is to become an American. Senator Theodore Francis Green of Rhode Island has sponsored a bill in the U. S. Senate to hasten the process. In spirit, Gazda has been an American all along, even though he did not know it. His inventiveness, his really jagged individualism, even his nervous bumptiousness, are typical. After living here only a short time, he recognized America as his spiritual fatherland.

Though he has no vote, Gazda has plunged into American politics with a whale of a wallop. As organizer and chairman of the Foreign Language Division of the Democratic National Committee, he directed a campaign which his great friend Senator McGrath figures brought in 500,000 votes for President Truman.

Recently, Gazda bought a large and ancient house in Wakefield, and remodeled it to be his permanent home. He has kept the atmosphere of New England, except for the "Howdy Bar," where he lets his newly acquired taste for the Wild West run riot. In the stables is a souvenir of a Gazda trip to Arizona, a cow pony named Cactus whose favorite drink is Scotch and soda. Mrs. Gazda takes a dim view of indulging this taste, but Tony and Cactus like to tie one on together.

Gazda likes to believe that he has settled down permanently. As he looks out of the windows of his home, over the hilly fields bounded by stone walls, to a blue strip of Narragansett Bay in the distance, he feels not only like an American, but like that most indigenous kind of American, a New England Yankee.

## Cooking with Dynamite

(Continued from page 3)

because he happened to have a curiosity about the French Foreign Legion. It is a ringing indictment of the so-called "recruiting" system now commonly practiced by this most widely publicized of all fighting units. It is startlingly reminiscent of those distant days when American seamen were ruthlessly shanghaied from our ships at sea. This article reveals a present-day condition about which all Americans should be informed.

So now we're off on another unbelievable adventure. At 11:30 this morning a voice on our telephone said, "How would you like to ride the first train into Berlin after the blockade is lifted?" By this time you readers know

that your editor would fly any place at the drop of a hat to get you a good story. Naturally, we said yes. It is now exactly five hours after that phone call and we are rushing off to catch the airplane for Frankfurt, Germany. Arcosy is singularly honored to be allowed to go along on this exciting trip, and next month we'll tell you all about what happened.

We'll be back at our desk again inside of a week and we have some wonderful stories and plans for the following month. There's much more to tell you, but we must rush for that plane and we'll take you behind the scenes again in the next issue.

—Harry Steeger

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# Bait Guide for Fresh-Water Fish

**SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS:** Soft-shelled crayfish, hellgrammites, crickets, small green frogs, grasshoppers, three-inch shiner or perch minnows, large tadpoles, grubs, June bugs, dragonflies, bumblebees, leeches, night crawlers, locusts, grape bugs, large snails (slugs).

**LARGE-MOUTHED BLACK BASS:** Frogs, four- or five-inch chub, shiner or perch minnows, cabbage and tobacco worms, large tadpoles, soft-shelled crayfish, (break claws off hard-shelled crayfish), hellgrammites, three- to five-inch lamprey eels, small live grass snakes, peeled fresh shrimp, bumblebees, newts, live mice, night crawlers, grubs, leeches, three- or four-inch bullhead with dorsal fin and horns snipped off. Bleeding, crippled bullhead sure-fire bait for bass.

**TROUT:** Red (scoured) worms, shiner minnows, tadpoles, snails, grasshoppers, crickets, caterpillars, hellgrammites, grubs, millers, moths, dragonflies, small crayfish, caddis worms, beetles, June bugs, meal worms, leeches, small newts. Hook minnow through lips and tail so it is curved on hook, causing it to twirl in the water.

**WHITE AND YELLOW BASS:** Fresh peeled shrimp, night crawlers, small crayfish, small minnows, tadpoles.

**WALLEYES:** Crayfish, hellgrammites, three- or four-inch shiner, perch or sucker minnows, four-inch lamprey eels, night crawlers, frogs.

**PICKEREL:** Crayfish, three-inch frogs, shiner or perch minnows, hellgrammites, three-inch strip of perch belly with fins left on, two or three night crawlers.

**PIKE:** Five-inch minnows, perch or sunfish bellies with fins left on, large frogs, four- or five-inch lamprey eels.

**MUSKELLUNGE:** Five- to ten-inch black suckers and perch, large frogs, small live snakes, five- to seven-inch lamprey eels.

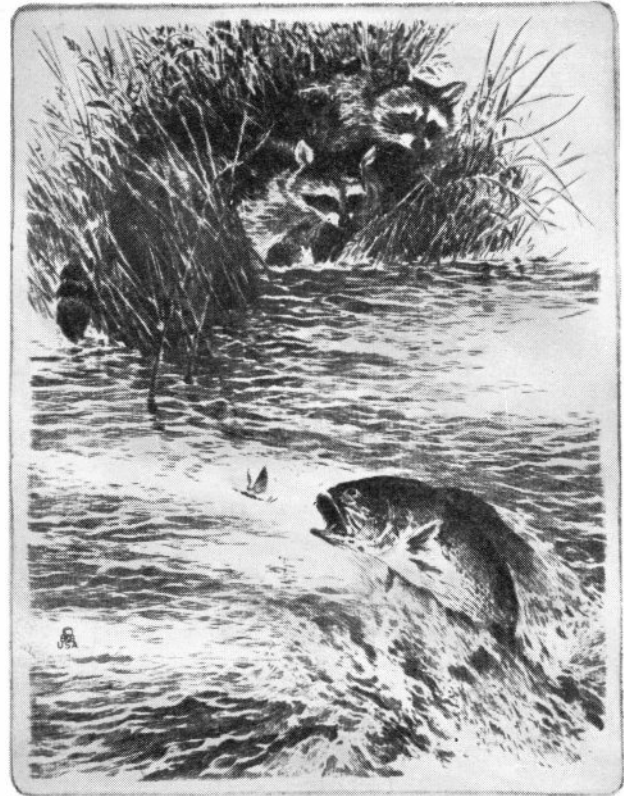
**BLUEGILLS AND SUNFISH:** Scoured worms, meal worms, millers, roaches, peeled crayfish tails, walnut-tree caterpillars, white grubs, snails, grubs found in swellings on stems of goldenrod or horse weeds, sweet-corn worms, lightning bugs, glowworms, potato bugs, small grasshoppers, crickets, small pieces of shrimp, hickory-nut worms, grubs found in lily-pad stems.

**ROCK BASS:** Small goldfish, shiner or perch minnows, grasshoppers, small crayfish, grubs, peeled crayfish tails, meal worms, tadpoles.

**CRAPPIES:** Small shiner or perch minnows, tadpoles, snails, grasshoppers, crickets, roaches, meal worms.

**YELLOW PERCH:** Two-inch shiner minnows, soft clam meat, grasshoppers, grubs, small crayfish, peeled crayfish tails, perch belly, crickets, meal worms.

**CHANNEL CATFISH:** Beef or pork melt (spleen),



Etching by famous outdoor artist, R. H. PALENSKE

leeches, crayfish with claws removed, chicken gizzard, peeled shrimp, large polliwogs, night crawlers, sun-dried grasshoppers, small live lamprey eels, big snails (slugs), chicken entrails soaked in chicken blood, smoked herring, strong cheese rinds sewed into bait balls, strips of beef liver soaked in cod-liver oil, banana, small frogs and toads, figs.

**BIG CATFISH:** Live carp, perch, goggle-eyes, mullet, whole clams. Trim horns and dorsal fin from small live catfish or large bullhead and hook through the tail. Three-inch pieces of eel meat, unskinned. Large live crayfish, claws removed, large live frogs, fish heads, cut carp, chicken entrails soaked in blood, live lamprey eels, chicken necks, chicken fat.

**CARP:** Balls of doughy wallpaper cleaner, raisins, figs and currants, banana, canned hominy, peas and corn, soft clam meat, marshmallow candy, white of boiled egg, partly boiled potato, ripe mulberries or raspberries, strawberries, orange, wads of cotton dipped in melted cheese, wads of moss from stones in stream.

**BUFFALO:** Worms, snails. Doughballs made from equal parts of buckwheat flour and cottonseed meal. Add some soft limburger cheese and milk to make a thick, heavy batter. Dip bait-sized wads of cotton or sponge in batter. Let dry and harden in the sun or near heat.

**SHEEPSHEAD:** Small crayfish, peeled crayfish tails, snails, white frog meat, clam meat, small minnows, doughballs, shrimp meat.

**EELS:** Worms, bloody meat, smelly fish, dead minnows, beef heart, liver, pieces of eel meat.

**TURTLES:** Cuts of beef heart soaked in equal parts of tincture of asafoetida and oil of anise. Also bloody meat, fish gills, chicken entrails.

FISHIN' AN' HUNTIN' WITH DOC JENKINS





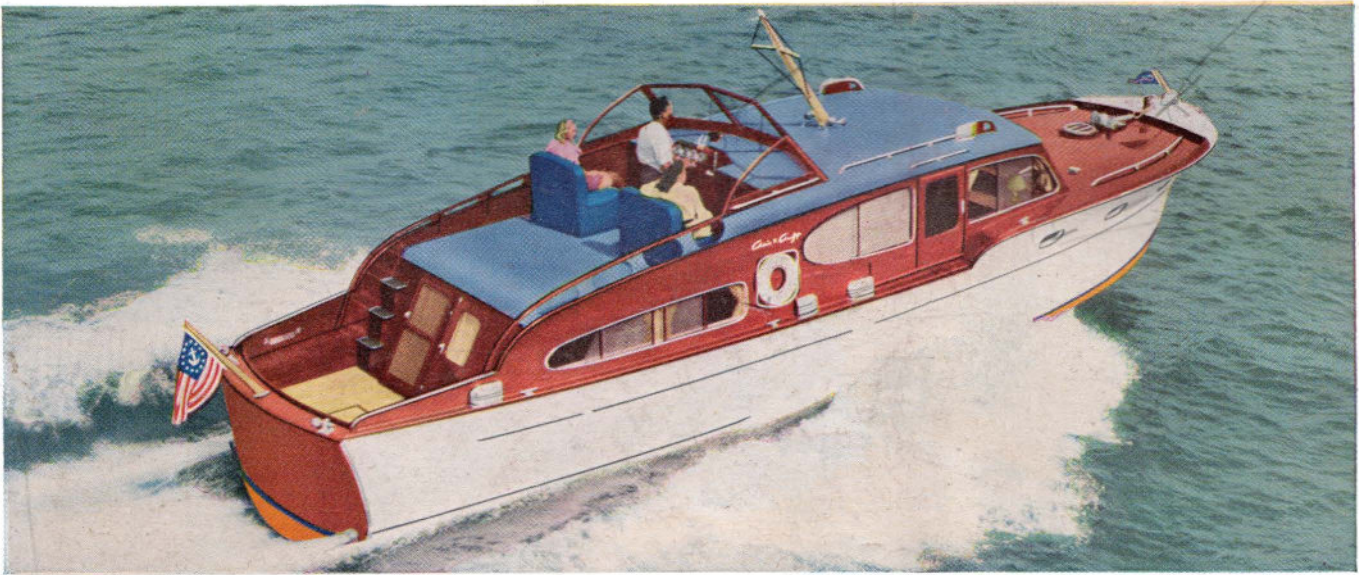
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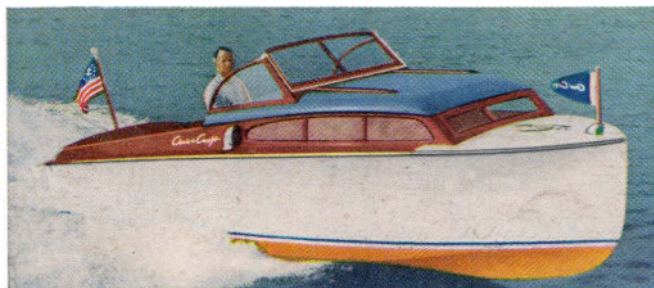
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