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ARGOSY

THE COMPLETE MAN'S MAGAZINE

MARCH 25¢

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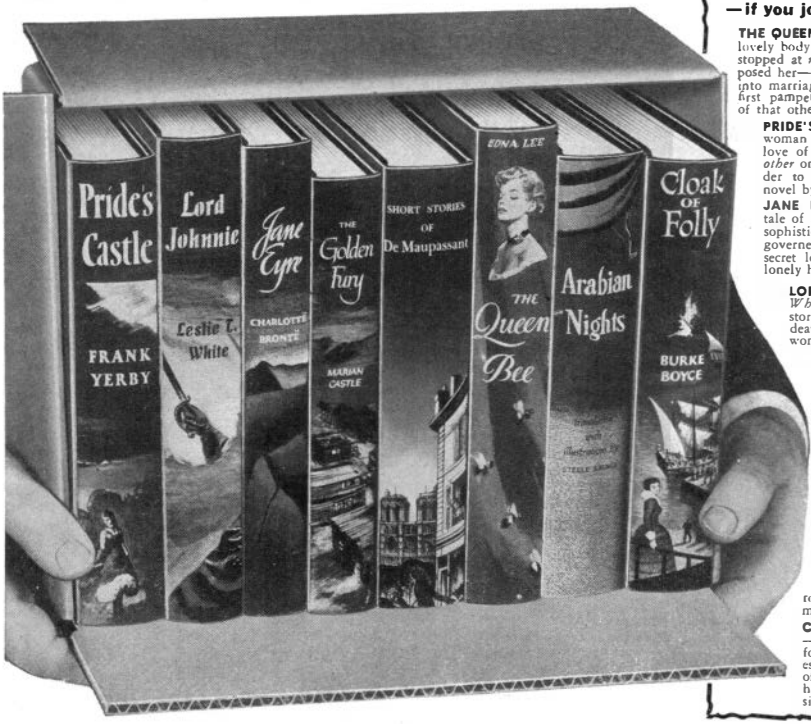

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COOKING WITH DYNAMITE

From Mexico to Pakistan

On the road with the men who make Argosy

YOU'D think a man like Erle Stanley Gardner would be content to sit behind his desk and turn out stories. He's adventured all over the face of the globe and he's had more experiences than most of us could crowd into several lifetimes. But not Erle!

The answer is simply that he has too much vitality to coast along in easy stretches and it's the reason his stories will always be fresh and packed with plenty of punch.

He's just returned from a trip of exploration into the mountains of northwest Mexico. We received a record from him this morning and we know you will enjoy parts of it. Erle tells about the trip there in an army reconnaissance car: "They decided to go straight up the mountain and they picked the steepest mountain and the steepest place they could find and went up one side and down the other. By the time they got near the top, the road had started pounding the automobile to pieces. The brakes went to blazes, and the front wheel drive pulled the front end of the machine forward until it broke the bolts holding the spring shackles. Then the front end crept along the spring shackles until the front drive shaft finally dropped out in the middle of a mountain grade and we found that the whole steering mechanism was out of whack because the front wheels had moved forward so that all the strain, apparently, of keeping the engine in place was on the steering mechanism. The shackle bolts had worked loose so that the front springs had begun to flare up and, at that particular time, trouble developed with the brakes so that we got up at the top of the grade, or pretty close to the top, with no brakes—at night—with the steering mechanism about to fall apart, no four-wheel drive, with a trailer in. the rear so we couldn't get back, and I mean we were on mountain grades that were as steep as any we found in Baja California. But they just kept on going up and up and up. The elevation of the last mountain we crossed over was about 8,000 feet, I believe."

Next month we'll try to find space for more of Erle's colorful report of his trip. The minute Erle got back he began working on Court of Last Resort cases. We're going to have some new and startling information for you readers soon on cases being investigated at the present time. All of your famous criminologists are in different parts of the country and reports of their progress are coming to this office daily by telephone, telegram and air mail.

Two of your ARGOSY Court of Last Resort directors almost lost their lives on high mountain trails during this past month. (*Continued on page* 6)

MARCO POLOS Hy Peskin and Keith Monroe are globe-circling for ARGOSY.

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.22 CAL. REPEATERS

Marvels of modern production methods, these sturdy, safe, dependable Marlin Rifles will give you years of sport and utility at nominal cost.

They're man-size, handsome firearms, with selected American Walnut stocks; pre-tested at the factory for performance and accuracy before shipment. Look at all three at your dealer's now!

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You've just read about Gardner's experience. Here's what happened to Tom Smith. We just this moment hung up the telephone after a conversation with Tom in Spokane, Washington. Tom said he had been to the scene of the crime of the Brite Brothers killings and that in order to get there, he had to drive eight miles over a mountain road in a pouring rainstorm. It was a narrow, treacherous road and Tom says your ARGOSY Court of Last Resort car almost went over the precipice many times.

Watch for Court Car

Incidentally, you readers may be seeing the Court of Last Resort car from time to time. It's a maroon Ford and we're having a sign made for the side labeled "ARGOSY Court of Last Resort Car." Tom's travels take him all over the United States and if he passes your way, step up and say hello. He'll be glad to talk to you.

We had several conferences in New York last week with Ray Schindler. He flew out to meet Erle Stanley Gardner on his return from Mexico and the two of them are about to dig into a fascinating case in the film capital. They'll meet in Hollywood with Zasu Pitts, the movie actress, and launch into an exhaustive investigation into the facts of a case in which she's interested. We'll report to you on this matter as we receive the facts.

An air-mail letter just arrived from an attorney in Colorado whose name is Frank G. Stinemeyer. He is doing a thorough job of instigating a preliminary investigation into a case in Canon City. Much of the case hangs on a confession which may or may not be the genuine article. Your Court of Last Resort handwriting and forged document experts are examining the evidence at the present time to determine its value.

Last week Tom Smith drove over to Boise, Idaho, checking another case and it looks as though we're going to have a very interesting story to tell you from this vicinity soon.

Dr. LeMoyne Snyder is working on a case near Detroit and we've been studying the evidence together. Here is one of the most amazing set of circumstances we've ever seen. Snyder is a man with a big heart and a brilliant mind and he's been after this case with all the energy of a bloodhound. We've been checking with Dr. Snyder by telephone at least once a week and he's now engaged in giving lie detector tests to the principals involved in the case. The prisoner is at the State Prison of Lower Michigan and Dr. Snyder's quest for additional evidence has led him into a spirited chase all over the entire state of Michigan.

We have only time to mention a few of the cases on which your investigators are working. We are devoting our time to about a dozen others and you'll be reading about several of them shortly.

We also have interesting adventure stories on the agenda. Last fall ARGOSY sent Hal J. Basham out in the field with the U.S. Air Force's Air Survival Service. Several months, one frostbitten ear and a million mosquito bites later, he has finished his training with rescue teams in survival techniques for jungle, desert and arctic areas. He says, "What I learned is worth my life to me." His article next month may be worth your life if you ever go off on a camping trip or ever end up stranded in some unpopulated spot.

This week ARGOSY created a modern Marco Polo team: David Peskin, famous color-action photographer and writer Keith Monroe. They'll travel fast by air and circle the globe in search of the one most exciting adventure in each of the following countries: Pakistan, India, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, England, Denmark and Iraq.

No one knows the ultimate outcome when he goes out in search of adventure so we can't predict anything for you, but we've got a strong hunch this team will come up with something really exciting. The key to their trip is that these two perfectly average American men—not professional adventurers, sportsmen or hunters—are going to go out and deliberately seek the challenge of adventure all around the world.

So the kick in their picture-word reports will be that of the average ARGOSY reader. We want you to feel that you're taking the trip yourselves and we'll report it accordingly.

High-Voltage Photo

You should have seen what ace cameraman Bill Vandivert went through to get the first Strobe-light, full-color action shots of the fast-moving, leaping trout on page 41. Bill packed an enormous amount of gear up to an Adirondack Mountain stream. It was necessary for him to have access to a powerful electric charge for his flash bulbs so he waded into the stream with a 2,000-volt cable strapped around his wrist and the thought constantly in his mind that he had a good chance at self-electrocution. But Bill was lucky. He's still very much alive and he got the shot we wanted.

There's a good deal more we could tell you about, but the printer's yelling for copy and we'll save it for next month.

—*Henry Steeger*

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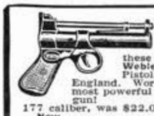

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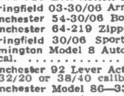

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Complete Rain Protection! Full length with room for leg and arm action. Pull-over style with attached hood and convenient zipper opening. Front pocket. Material is **waterproof Vinylite** plastic. **State size:** Small, medium or large. Not illustrated. **Special Sale Price** **$4.88**

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Was	Item	Now
	20 Power Spotting Scope & Stand..	$ 9.95
$19.95	Rochester 22 cal. Air Rifle.	9.95
24.95	Crosman 22 or 177 Air Rifle	14.95
22.60	Crosman 22-20 Shot Rptr..	14.95
42.95	Stevens 22 Hornet or 30/30	34.95
3.16	Box of 20—8 mm Mauser..	2.49
2.55	Box of 20—220 Swift ctgs.	1.99
4.95	Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifle..	3.99

DUO 25 AUTO $29.95

Czech Duo 25 Automatic Pistol, Compact, only 4½" long, 3" high overall! Weighs 14½ oz. 25 caliber, 6 shot. Shoots inexpensive 25 Auto cartridges. Regularly $39.50. **Brand New. Only at Klein's**..............$29.95

NEW! Schimel Gas Gun

Powered by gas from any common CO2 cylinder, obtainable everywhere. 30 to 35 smashing 22 caliber shots from a single cylinder. Shoots 22 pellets or 22 caliber lead ball shot. CO2 cyl. and ammunition incl. Amazing complete price is...$20.00

KLEIN'S

CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

FREE CATALOG

Klein's Big Bargain Sports Catalog FREE WITH ANY ORDER FROM THIS AD. or send 25c for catalog only. Special Gift Included!

PAY ONLY 20% DOWN

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TRADE GUNS! Highest Trade-In Allowances Guaranteed. You can trade your idle firearms for any New or Used Gun in our stock. Ship your gun for appraisal or write Milt Klein what you have—what you want. Milt will answer you PRONTO! On request, he will send you an actual photograph of any gun you want to see! CASH OR TRADE.

IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT—WRITE US—WE HAVE IT!

KLEIN'S SPORTING GOODS, INC., Dept. 12
227 W. Washington, Chicago 6, Ill.
(Send 25c for Special Catalog Offer or Free with any order from this Ad.)
Please rush me..
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back
Enclosed is $.................... ☐ In full Payment.
☐ 20% C.O.D. deposit. ☐ 20% Time Payment deposit—balance to be paid in four monthly payments.
Firearms Purchasers Sign: "I am not an alien, and I have never been convicted of a crime of violence, nor am I under indictment or a fugitive from justice."
Signed ....
Occupation................................ Age.......
(Write your Address on Separate Sheet)
No Guns Sold to Minors
OUR GUNSHOP DOES FINEST GUN REPAIRS, STOCK WORK, POLY CHOKE, ETC.

BACK TALK

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

WOODCOCK PARADISE

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Byron Dalrymple's article on woodcock—it gives me nostalgia way deep down in my firing pin.

I have shot woodcock now for more than twenty years, both in France and in the States, and Mr. Dalrymple knows what he is talking about. For the benefit of anyone interested, there is a spot in Wilmington, North Carolina, where any woodcock shooter can get his daily limit. Just go up the right bank of that river—I have forgotten its name—a short ways above the Royster Fertilizer Plant, and hunt each short branch that runs into the river.

It is possible to shoot woodcock there without a dog. In France it is not possible. Most of my shooting here has been done in the Maures Mountains, in the south, especially in the Dom Forest between Hyères and Cogolin, where the woodcock are found on the northern—shady—slopes in little draws that are often thick with moss. Our favorite rallying point used to be L'Auberge du Dom, a little country restaurant where we would go on Saturday at about two p. m. to eat the birds we had shot the previous Saturday.

I am not quite in accord with Mr. Dalrymple, however, on his suggestions for cooking woodcock. In his article, he states that his friend took the birds to the hotel to have them prepared—apparently freshly-killed birds. We never eat them fresh, but hang them for several days in a cool place with plenty of air circulating around. I do not subscribe to the "no bacon" idea either. Our method was to wrap the birds in very thin slices of pork fat—not smoked bacon—and grill them in front of a wood fire. We used olive wood because it is hard and gives a hot, lasting heat. A big piece of bread—a French loaf split in half—is placed under the grilling bird and toasts while soaking up the juices. When the pork fat was burned away and the bird well browned, we went at it. The giblets were taken out at table and spread over the toasted and juice-soaked bread. With this we ate a wild dandelion salad.

Here is a menu of our standard woodcock-fest, which I am absolutely certain meets the highest standards of French cooking:

Petite Marmite, sprinkled with grated Gruyère.
Bécasse (woodcock), grilled over a boat of bread.
Dandelion salad (*pissenlit* in French).
Brie cheese.
Ladyfingers dunked in rum custard.
Winter pears and Chasselat grapes.
Coffee and cigars.

Not much should be drunk with this meal. Besides the sack to whet that which needed no whetting, we usually took about a half bottle per man of a good red Burgundy wine, a small glass of Teratz (Perpignan) wine with the custard, and an Old Marc with the coffee. That is plenty.

Just from thinking back on this, I would like to suggest a toast: "Long live Dalrymple. Long live woodcock!"

To which I must add: "Vive ARGOSY!"

HARRY L. PARKER
Seine et Oise, France

"NORSEMEN" DON'T DOGFIGHT

Sirs:

A point of information, please. I've been bothered about the type of plane

"IF YOU'RE FLYING a Norseman and they start to shoot—start to pray!"

that the Israeli pilot is shown flying in your terrific November article, "I Had Five Seconds to Live." Is that, by any chance, a C-64 "Norseman"? If it is, that boy has less than five seconds to live should he encounter a Fiat, Macchi 207 or Spit. I realize the author is probably not Norseman-borne by virtue of the four-bladed prop, among other things, but I'm curious about the patrol ship. I spent a lot of hours in the Norseman (*see photo at bottom of opposite page*), but I would not relish a patrol over a pistol range, small caliber.

PATRICK T. MCCARTHY
Ex-RAF, Ex-AAF
Missoula, Montana

● **We don't blame you for shunning the Norseman for patrol work. The ship the pilot used was a Messerschmitt fighter. The Israeli Air Force did use Norsemen, but they certainly avoided any dogfighting in them.**

ANOTHER AMERICAN BEAUTY
Sirs:

For a change in the weather, how about my idea of the Typical American girl?

She's a home runner and mother

WHO IS the Typical American Girl? Pauline Joan Byers, says her hubby.

of a three-year-old girl. In addition, she's a good artist and puts me to shame as a mechanic.

JOHN L. BYERS
Corpus Christi, Texas

"ROCK" STORY REAL THING
Sirs:

Just finished reading an article on the "Hump" by W. L. Heath in the December ARGOSY. I'd like to compliment the author of "China Has Rocks in Her Clouds" on the most accurate account of the old rock pile I've yet seen. The boy knows what he's talking about. I've experienced many a flight such as that myself.

R. D. FINKLEA
Phoenix, Arizona

ARGONOTES

MEET THE AUTHORS BEHIND ARGOSY'S STORIES

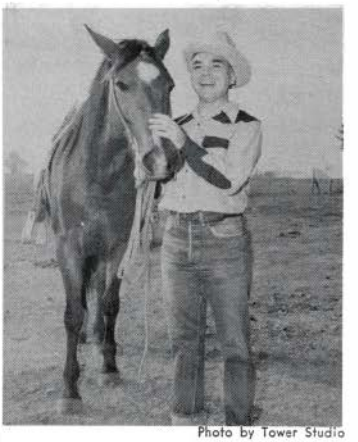


Photo by Tower Studio

RUSSELL W. LAKE almost had to break a leg in order to find time to write "Trouble at Forked Creek" (page 52). While out riding, near his home in California, his horse suddenly reared, lost its balance and fell backwards. Russ managed to get everything out from under—except one foot. It was badly sprained and to pass the time, he banged out this story.

He's been writing off and on ever since leaving the University of Chicago to become a sales-promotion man. He also spent several years as a traveling salesman and then, for a sharp change of pace, worked on a construction job.

"I was promptly relegated to so-called 'high work,'" Russ writes. "That means trembling on lofty catwalks and swinging in a bo'sun's chair at the top of a hundred-foot crane boom. At first I couldn't tighten bolts because I was shaking so hard. However, I finally got so that I could shake and tighten the bolts at the same time."

Russ lived to take a job as sales engineer and then suddenly pulled up stakes for California. He's there now, heading his own advertising and sales promotion agency, and knocking out an occasional ARGOSY story.

HARRY BROWN, whom you see here rubbing elbows with Elizabeth Taylor (*below*) hasn't always had it so good. Of his lean years a while back, Harry writes:

"I worked briefly for 'Time' (as an office boy) and for 'The New Yorker' (as an office boy). I joined the Army with the rank of private in 1941 and was discharged, in 1945, with the rank of private. No other Harvard man can make this claim." But while a GI writer on "Yank" Harry created Pfc. Artie Greengroin, who became one of the war's most popular fictional characters. Also, while in the Army, Brown wrote "A Walk in the Sun," hailed by

the critics as one of the best novels of World War II. Brown was called to Hollywood to write a film script

When we asked Robert Trotter for a cover idea to go with our "Fishing Roundup" in this issue, he had no trouble at all. He remembered a day at the shore last summer, when he dropped in on a fisherman friend who had just become a father. The front door was standing ajar and Trotter walked in on a scene similar to the one on this month's cover. Just then the young mother returned, and her reaction caused Trotter to beat a hasty retreat. As he left, his friend was frantically trying to convince his spouse that fishing was *not* more important to him than his family.

from his novel and stayed to work on such movies as "Arch of Triumph" and "Sands of Iwo Jima."

"When I left 'Yank,'" Harry says, "Artie left too—and he's been sleeping it off ever since." For the benefit of several million Greengroin fans Brown has finally revived him, in civilian garb, for ARGOSY.

You'll find "Artie and the Russian Question," the second of his new series, on page 56.

Photo by Ostrow

ALBERT OSTROW backed into the subject of his hard-hitting exposé, "The Speed-Trap Racket" by way of his favorite pastime, which is playing cards.

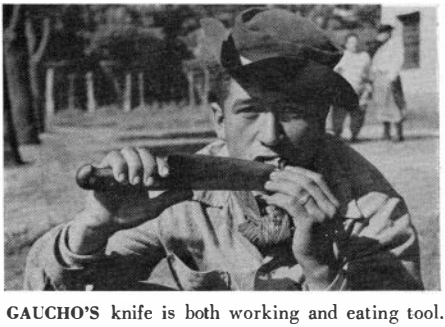
"My wife and I had made some friends while playing bridge in the Adirondacks. Driving back to New York with them we were stopped by a traffic cop—supposedly for passing a red light. One of the fellows with us turned out to be a silver-tongued orator and he managed to talk us out of a ticket. When I told the story back in New York, no one would believe me. Everyone had a horrendous story —some claimed they had been soaked stiff fines just for getting too close to the speed limit."

His curiosity aroused, Ostrow dug into the files of auto clubs all over the country. He nosed around traffic clubs, and carried his firsthand researching to the ultimate point of getting clipped himself.

WHERE DOES AN AUTHOR'S theme come from? Here's how Stanley Niss says he happened to write "Close to the Vest" (page 38).

"I was working late one night on an overdue radio script, fed to the ears with that type of writing. I'd much rather have been playing poker. Then it occurred to me that a terrific amount of drama could be packed into a single hand of poker. I wondered if a reader could be made to play cards along with the hero. Before I knew it, I was writing the story—and having more fun doing it than I would have got from the actual poker game."

HARD-RIDING COWBOYS

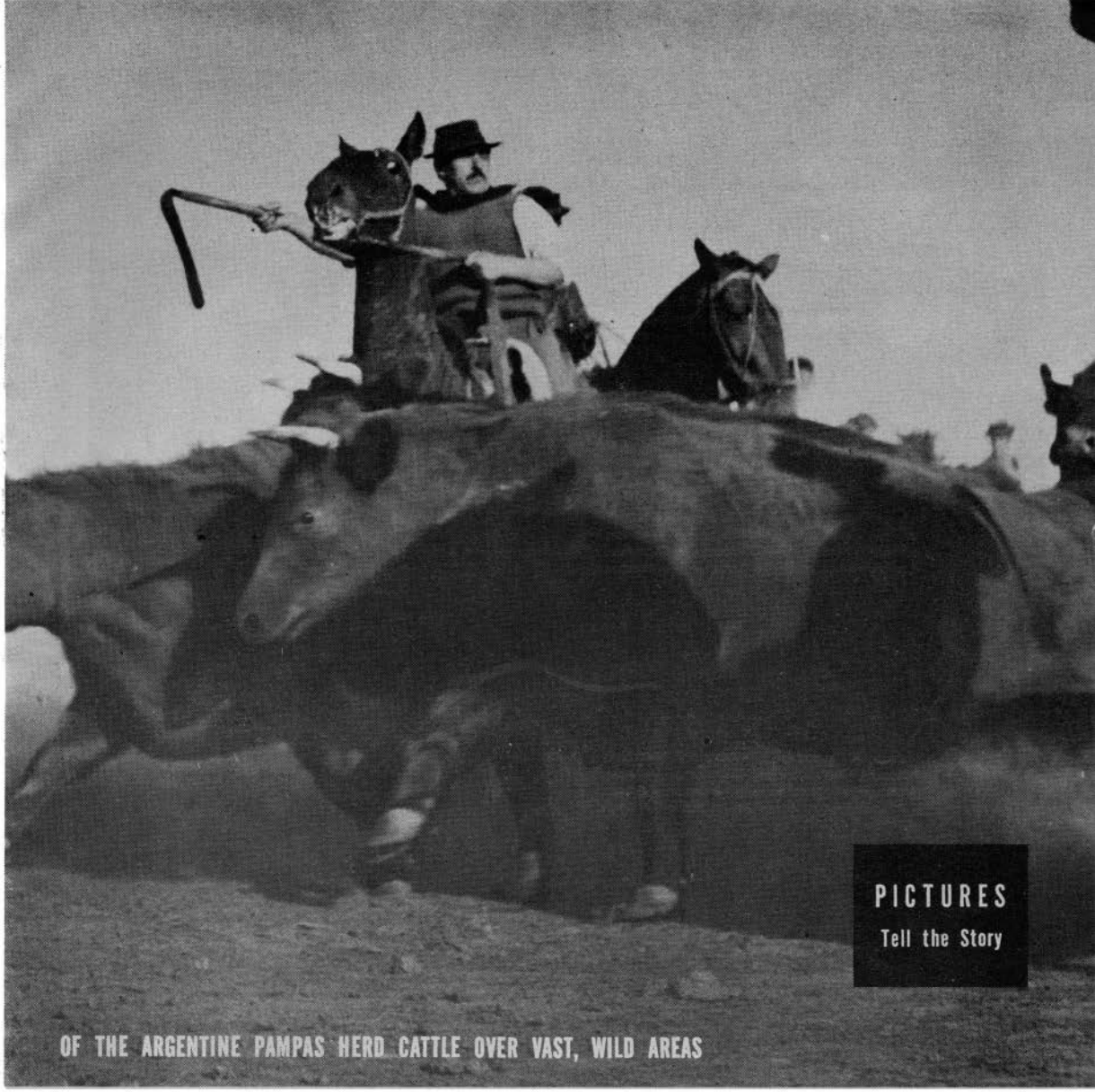


GAUCHO'S knife is both working and eating tool.

THE GAUCHO

Photos by EARL LEAF from Rapho-Guillumette

A national symbol of independence and ruggedness, he roves from job to job with his horse, his gun and his knife



OF THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS HERD CATTLE OVER VAST, WILD AREAS

THE far-ranging, hard-drinking Gaucho of the Argentine pampas is a rugged individualist through and through. In a land long seething with political unrest, he has gone on living a rough, nomadic life of his own, little affected by changing times.

The Gaucho has always been considered more than just a cowhand by the people of Argentina. He is regarded as a legendary figure, romantic and heroic, something of a national symbol of strength, courage and productive power.

The Gauchos rode into the history of their country as smugglers and cattle rustlers in the 18th Century. Herds of cattle and wild horses roamed the pampas, the great Argentine plain which covers some 300,000 square miles. Spain forbade its colonies to trade with other countries, and this gave rise to the smuggling of illegal hides for sale to the British, French, Dutch and Portuguese.

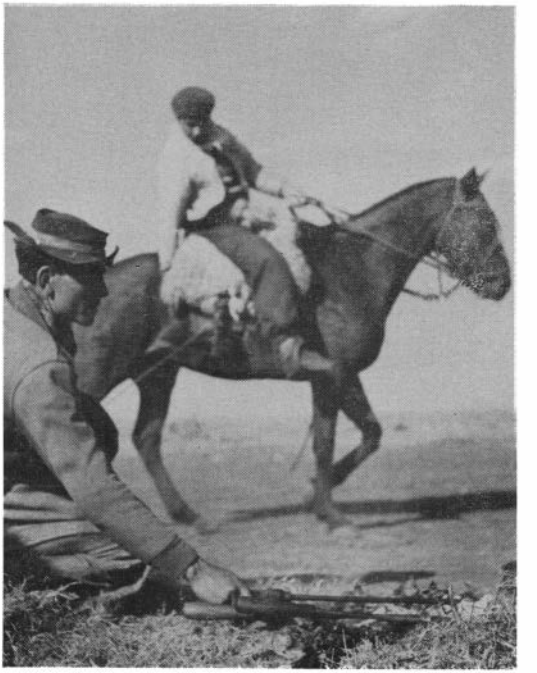
As fighting men, the Gauchos had no equals in South America. They played a decisive part in the Indian wars and in the many conflicts which finally concluded in the national unity of Argentina. Kings of the frontier, they finally lost out to the great feudal land-owners and wound up owning nothing but the tools of their trade—a horse, a dog and a knife.

The Gaucho no longer fights Indians, smuggles hides or unsheathes his silver knife for warfare, but he is far from tame. He seldom works for the same *estancia* for longer than a few months. Restless by temperament and tradition, always on the move, the Gaucho has no fear for his security. He can always get a job. And, when he grows too old to punch leather on the range, the country's custom allows him to retire to light chores on any *estancia* he chooses.

(MORE PICTURES ON FOLLOWING PAGES)

ROUNDUP TIME comes twice a year on the pampas. Calves are lassoed, branded and dehorned in the spring, then turned loose on the range until winter. Fattened on rich pampas grass, Argentine beef goes to world markets.

MID-DAY MEALS are cooked in an open patio on the ranch, or brought by camp wagon when men are working far out.



WOOD IS SCARCE on the great grass sea of the pampas, must be carried along for fires to heat branding irons.

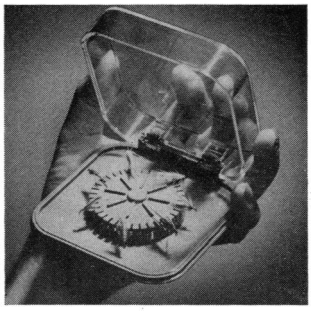
OSTRICHES ARE CAUGHT WITH BALL-AND-ROPE "BOLAS"—FOR SPORT, FEATHERS AND FOOD

Men's Mart

THE NEWEST IN NOVELTIES FOR MEN

In this month's Men's Mart we have collected, along with other items, some new things to help some of the 22 million licensed fishermen in the United States get off to a good start. Good luck to all of you.

John Ryan

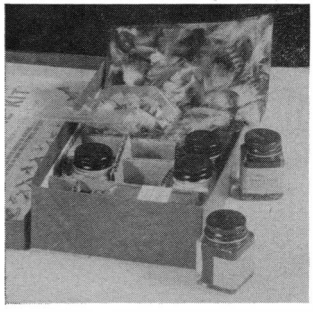


MAGNETIC FLY BOX

A revolving magnet in this box holds 36 flies securely and makes quick selection easy. Transparent, pocket-size plastic case. Cover is hinged, snap-action. $5.50. Perry Products, Postoffice Box 262, Rye, New York.

PERSONALIZED HANDKERCHIEFS

Your name in bold color on 16-inch square white handkerchiefs. You can choose between brown, blue, green or red script. Cellophane-wrapped. $4.95 a dozen. $2.50 a half dozen. Youngsports, Chester Springs, Pa.

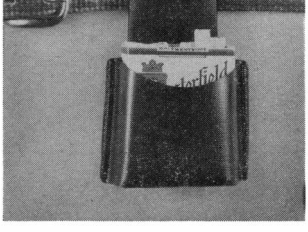


FORM-A-LURE

Make your own streamers, bass bugs, flies without special tools. No threads or tying. Plastic adhesive in different colors holds feathers, hair, etc. on hook. $4.95. Angler's Roost, 405 Lexington Ave., N.N.C.

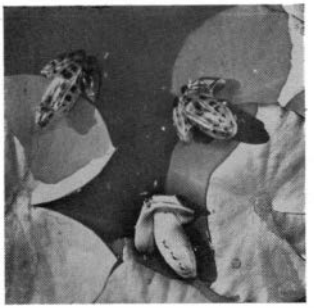
GLOBE CIGARETTE CONTAINER

For den or office, a bronze globe to hold cigarettes. Six inches high. You press down on the gimbal ring to get at the cigarettes. Globe revolves. $5. Hoffritz, 331 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



BELT-PAK

Hang your cigarettes on your belt and have them always at hand, uncrushed. Made of a calf-like plastic. Holds regular or king-size. Black, green, brown, red. 25 cents. A. G. Hirsch, 246 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

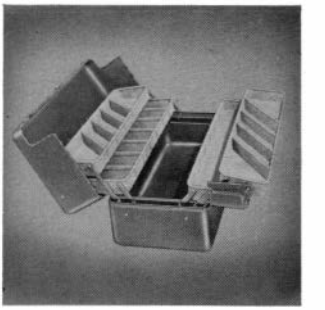


THE CROAKER

In a natural setting it would be hard to tell this new top-water bait from a real frog. It waddles and walks and produces three types of action—jump, violent, skip. 95 cents. F. S. Borroughs, Rte. 10, Ledgewood, N. J.

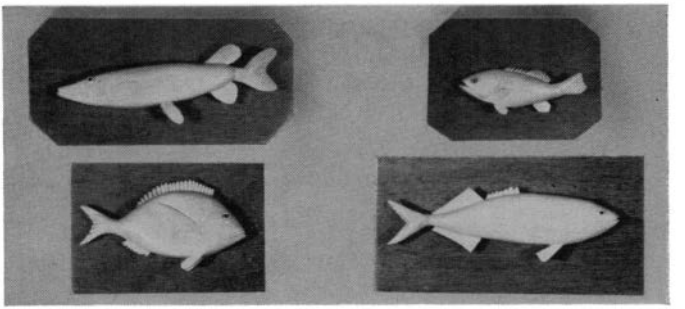
FULCRUM OIL

For gun and reel, a fine oil that couldn't be called inexpensive but one that is absolutely guaranteed as positive protection against rust, salt water. $1 an oz. Fulcrum Oil Co., 1140 Liberty St., Franklin, Pa.



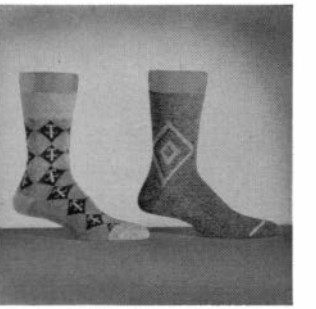
MY BUDDY TACKLE BOX

This box lays your tackle out in front of you when it is opened, is completely rainproof when closed. Comes with rayon flock covers and trays. $9. Stratton and Tersegge, P.O. Box 1859, Louisville, Kentucky.



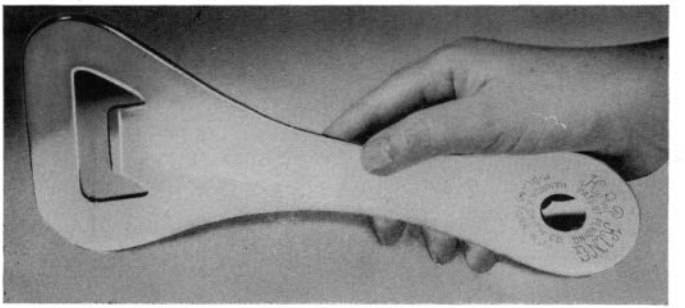
BIGCATCH

For the sportsman's wall, here is a collection of hand-carved fish of many species, all of which are carved in minute detail in pine. Each fish is mounted on cherry, chestnut, mahogany, or walnut veneer plaques. The fish pictured are 4½ inches to 9 inches in length. You may choose one of those pictured, or if you prefer, name your own type. The price is $7.50, postpaid. Jerome Belgel, 123 W. Martin Avenue, Bellmore, Long Island, New York.



TRIBAL PATTERN SOCKS

Socks in real Indian tribal patterns. On the left is a Hopi Indian design and on the right a Navajo. They're part of a new collection of designs in cotton sold throughout the country. 75 cents a pair. By Esquire Socks.



KAP KING

You won't be mislaying this bottle-cap opener. It's a full 10½ inches long, making it too big to lose easily. Further, you have plenty of leverage so you can open bottle caps with very little pressure and without mutilating them. Pressure caps are also easily removed with this opener. Made of the finest chrome-plated steel. $2.50 each, postpaid. You may order directly from Crane's, whose address is 419 East 57th Street, New York, New York.

SPORTS HEATER

The heater to take along on fishing trips. Ideal for trailer and tent. It weighs only 5 pounds. Burns Kerosene. One filling lasts ten hours. Top is removable for cooking. $9.45. Paulk's, 813 N. Kansas, Topeka, Kan.

Photo by Rudy Arnold

REAL-LIFE BUCK ROGERS TESTS SUIT MADE BY AIR FORCE TO REDUCE HAZARDS OF ROCKET TRAVEL

HOW YOU'LL ROCKET THROUGH SPACE

SCIENCE AND MEDICINE ARE GETTING YOU READY FOR MILE-A-SECOND AIR TRAVEL

by G. EDWARD PENDRAY

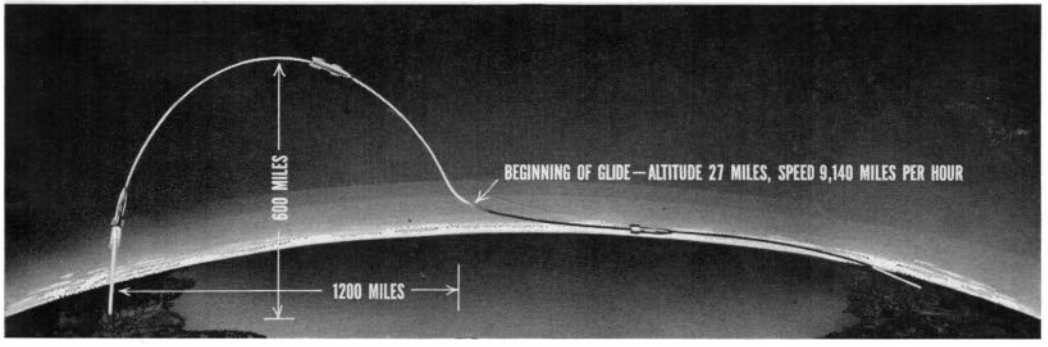
The author, one of the country's foremost proponents of rocket power, has been associated with its development since 1930. He was one of the organizers of the American Rocket Society and later its president. After studying new methods in Europe, he assisted in both the design and construction of the Society's first liquid-fuel rocket.

WHEN modern man dreams of speed, his mind inevitably reaches out to one bright goal—the passenger rocket slashing through space at unbelievable velocity.

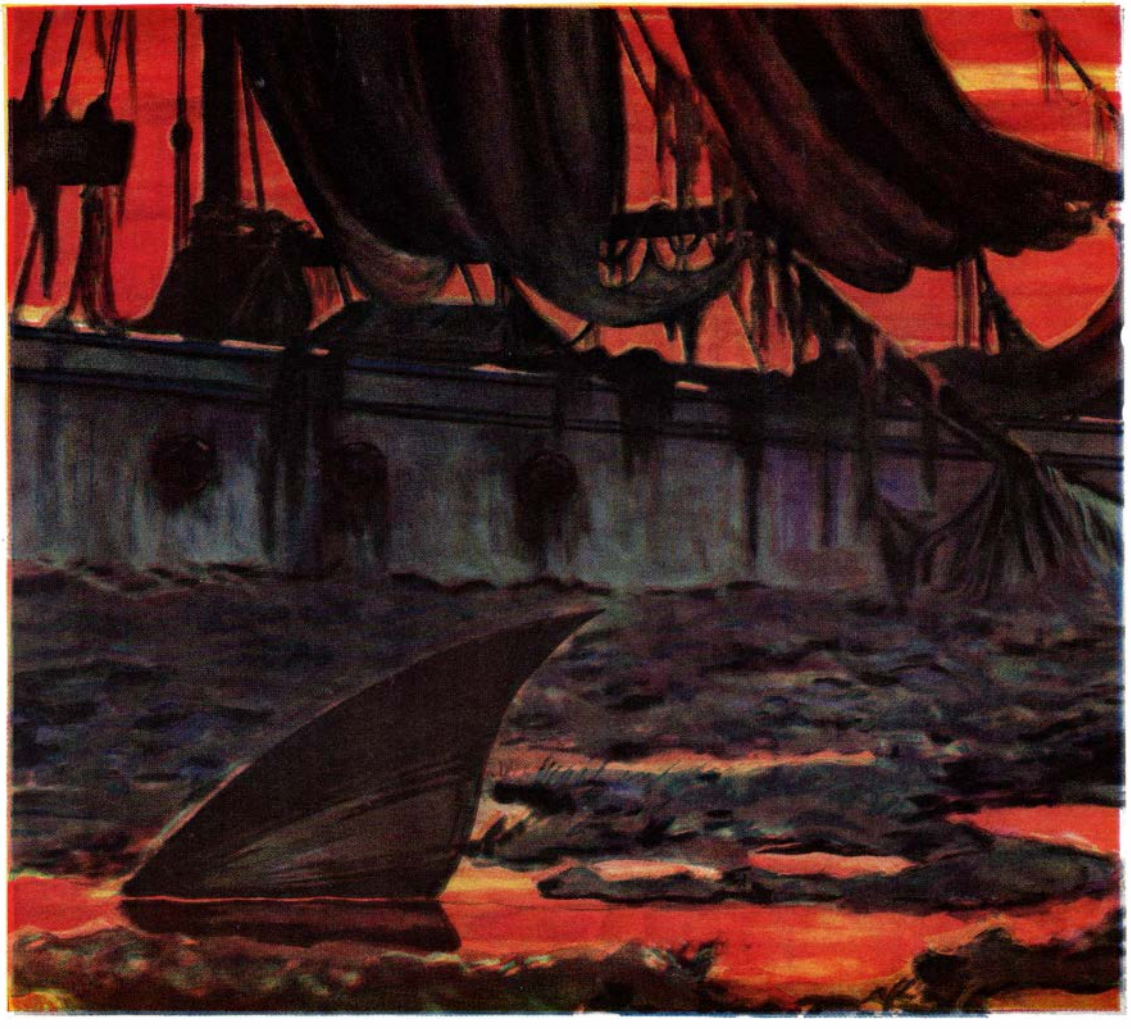
That passenger rocket today is within one hair's-breadth of reality.

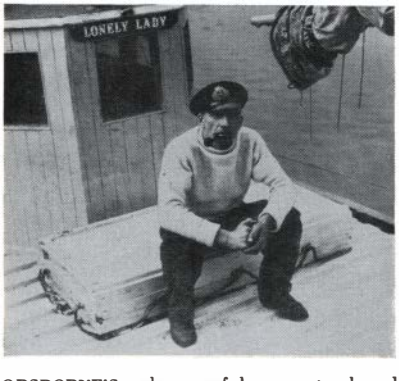
- **The U. S. Air Force, not given to harebrained schemes, has set up a Department of Space Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas, to study the effect of space travel on the human body.**
- **The U. S. Navy is constructing at Johnsville, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, a huge centrifuge to ascertain how much a man can take at gravity forces from one-tenth to 40 times the normal pull.**
- **Dr. Hsue-Shen Tsien, of the Guggenheim Jet Propulsion Center at the California Institute of Technology, has drawn up the first plans for a passenger rocket which will fly from New York to Paris in less than an hour.**

These are only three of the several recent indications that the transcontinental (*Continued on page* 73)



PROFILE OF 3,000-MILE FLIGHT COURSE SHOWS PATH OF ROCKET FROM TAKEOFF (*AT LEFT*) TO DESTINATION (*AT RIGHT*).





ORSBORNE'S only peaceful moments aboard the *Lonely Lady* came before he set sail.

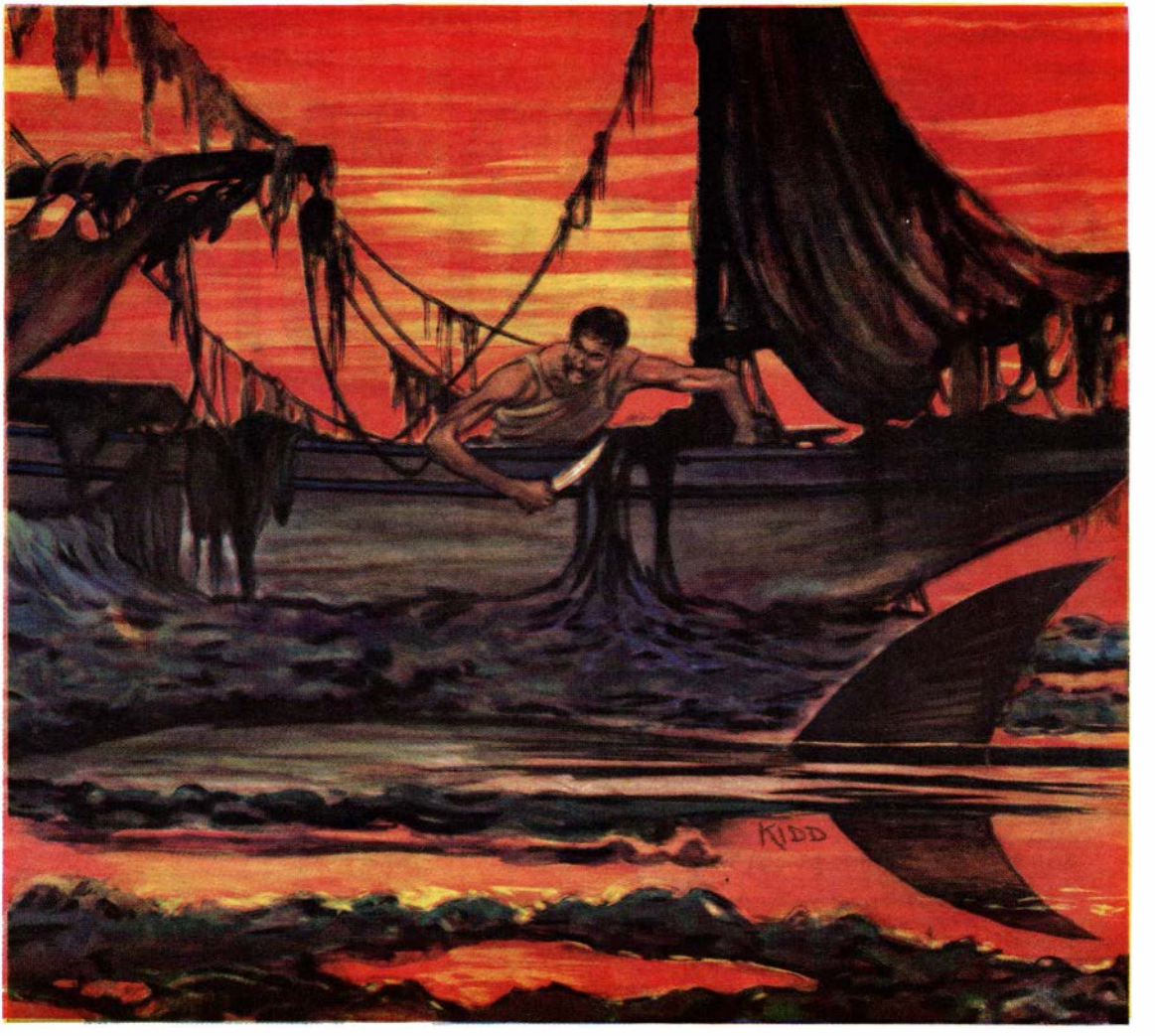
"I SAILED

Alone but for the treacherous stowaway, he

by DOD ORSBORNE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Although Dod Orsborne is now 45 years old, he hasn't begun to think of settling down. There's no telling where he'll be by the time this appears. Orsborne is an adventurer in the style of Sir Francis Drake, and with his red hair, short beard and pointed face he looks rather like a character out of "Terry and the Pirates."

At 21, Orsborne was the youngest captain in the British Merchant Marine; between that time and the most recent war, he was usually in trouble, for which he has an extraordinary capacity. After hostilities began he worked for



THROUGH HELL"

faced the deadly calm of the Sargasso, with its crawling seaweed and circling, waiting sharks

British Intelligence, shot a man-eating tiger, went pearl hunting, and was captured by the Japanese—all this before embarking on his most harrowing adventure, which he recounts below.

WHEN I returned to England after the war, it looked as if my adventuring days were over. I certainly had no idea that I'd soon begin what would turn out to be my most harrowing experience of all. In my 43 years, I'd never been able to stay put, but at that time I thought I'd have to. I was in bad shape. As a member of a Marine Commando group fighting just east of Rangoon, I had been captured by the Japs and, finally, unable to stand it any longer, had escaped, getting machine-gun wounds in both arms. Ironically, I had skipped the Jap prison camp only three days before the end of the war.

It took some time to get back to civilization, and once I did I had to spend three months in a hospital in India just building up enough strength to travel. After I arrived in England, I entered the Naval hospital at Shelborne for treatment on my arms. During the next six months I went through nine operations followed by electrical therapy treatments, but my condition still didn't improve.

Finally the doctors told me (*Continued on page* 68)

"CLOSE IT UP!"

Beneath the terrifying barrage, the weary squad waited for the next attack, holding to their courage and the secret they shared

by RALPH NELSON

SLOGGING wearily at the rear of the third squad, Corporal Luth noticed that Spider Edwards had slowed down and left a gaping hole in the column.

Softly, yet loud enough to bridge the man between, he called "Close it up." He saw Spider Edwards turn and look at him wearily. Luth said again, "Close it up," and saw Edwards' conditioned reflexes pull him forward at last to close the gap.

Five wracking days and nights under intensive fire had slugged the battalion into doped apathy. The men were gaunt and numb and stupid from the constant battering, from the aftermath of the absolute fear that clutches men who hear the whine and ping and slap of stuttering death aimed in their direction for the first time.

WAR WAS LIKE THIS: Life and death in the Infantry—another in "Argosy's" series of outstanding war stories.

Now it was over. Or rather, it was over for now. This morning a pearl quilt of fog had moved in and blanketed all targets. HQ was playing pure hunches now, guessing that the enemy, deprived of close air support to spearhead their attack, had fallen back to regroup and bring up reserves. HQ ordered two fresh battalions deployed to hold the line and sent the new veterans back to bivouac. Back to tents and beds and hot food and sleep.

That was what they needed, sleep. Luth's eye automatically dressed up the graduated file of tired men. Wiry Meitelbaum—broad Edwards—then there was a hole. Though they had closed ranks, Luth was conscious of a gap where someone else belonged. He forced his eyes forward: solid Minnick—then the hefty figure of Johnson. Luth's dull stare fell back into the space that no longer existed between Edwards and Minnick, his eyes aching for what wasn't there. When his feet got too heavy to lift, Luth let his heavy pack press him forward until the momentum he built up chasing his balance kept his feet swinging under him. But his mind wouldn't yield to fatigue, no matter how he tried. It took root instead in that closed-up gap between Edwards and Minnick, and there it stayed and festered like a wound.

"Battalyun!" The column shuffled into the bivouac area where pyramidal tents huddled under scattered cover. The command echoed down the echelons. *"Halt!"* Feet scraped as far as their mates and stopped. The officers' exhausted their store of ritual and then E Company's first sergeant said, "Mail call immediately after this formation. One man from each tent will pick up mail. Hot chow in fifteen minutes." He teetered for a moment, making sure he had forgotten nothing, then he breathed, "Company dismissed." The ranks crumbled and disintegrated.

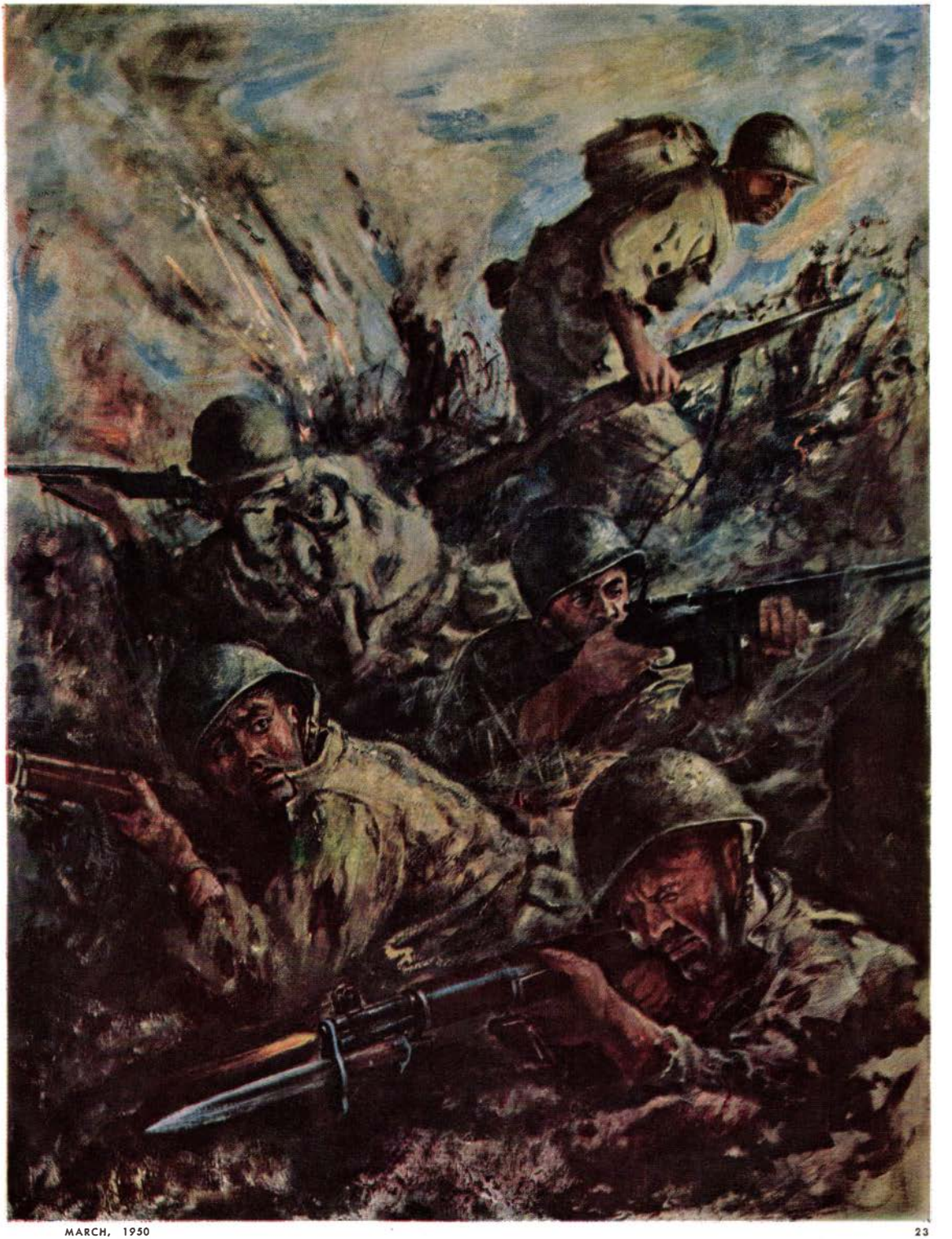
Trudging to the mail tent, Corporal Luth heard the men become alive again as they talked about mail.

"Yahoo! Mail call!" Meitelbaum.

"Corporal, you need any help, feel free t' call on my sooperior services." Edwards.

"Bring me pink ones an' purple ones, full a' lipstick." Johnson, of course. (*Continued on page* 64)

They lay there under the savage shelling, unable to move. And then McKinley thrust himself to his feet.



ED FRANCK'S 24-HOUR-A-DAY JOB ON "WE, THE PEOPLE" INCLUDES DIRECTING SHOW FROM CONTROL BOOTH

WORLD'S BIGGEST SIDESHOW

by MORT WEISINGER

STEP RIGHT UP AND MEET THE MAN WITH THE TICK-TOCK EARS . . . A MURDERER . . . A HERMIT . . . A HERO. HERE'S THE BACK-STAGE STORY OF RADIO'S WEEKLY CIRCUS

Photos by ALFRED PUHN

ONE morning last year, Ed Franck, a determined, personable, young man, stepped off the train in Chester, Pennsylvania, and proceeded briskly to the home of one Sanky Flynn, a Navy veteran.

"If you're selling anything," Flynn greeted him, "I don't want any."

"Shhh," said Franck, extracting a stopwatch from his vestpocket as he spoke. "I want to time your tick."

"Okay," said the ex-sailor. "Listen."

Then, as Franck stood three feet away, he became ear-witness to an amazing sound. Audible, rhythmic *tick-tocks* were emanating from Sanky's ears, due to a peculiar disturbance in the man's circulatory system which made the pulse in his ears beat loudly.

"Remarkable!" commented Franck sixty seconds later. "One hundred and twenty ticks. Two per second. You're twice as good as a clock! You're going on the air!"

That's how Ed Franck corralled human oddity No. 8,796, "The Metronome Man," for the weird radio sideshow he has been helping produce for more than a decade, "We, the People," heard over NBC on Friday evenings.

Not so simple was case No. 5,440, "The Hesitant Hermit." Six years ago

Franck heard of a genuine hermit, Noah Rondeau, who had spent more than two decades alone in the Adirondacks. To contact him, Franck hired a plane, dropped leaflets over his cave urging him to appear on his radio show. The hermit remained incommunicado.

Every year thereafter, for five years, Franck repeated the aerial invitation. Finally, last year, Noah yielded to Franck's persistence. The hermit scribbled his consent on a strip of birch bark, sent it down into the civilized world via his dog, and a few weeks later "We, the People" had him before their mike.

The 14-year-old radio program is a circus of life, wired for sound. Since 1936 it has paraded more than 10,000 characters before the microphone, from screwballs to five-star generals. Since June, 1948, this rich variety of talent has been televised at the same time—"simulcast," they call it.

Impressive Guest List

The guest list reads like an International Who's Who. Lord Halifax, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Henry Morgenthau, Bob Hope, Leo Durocher, Maxwell Anderson, Henry Kaiser, Gene Tunney, Admiral Nimitz, General Wainwright, union leaders, industrialists, movie stars and many other famous folk who have had a story to tell have appeared.

A popular columnist once observed that if radio had been invented at the time Lady Godiva made her gallant bareback ride, a few nights later she would have been speaking candidly into a "We, the People" mike to tell the world why her experience hadn't even made her blush.

This is a safe assumption. Not long ago "We, the People" went to Skid Row and dug up Hack Wilson, the famous baseball big leaguer who had once clouted out 56 home runs in a single season. Drink and ill health had made a human derelict out of the former ball star.

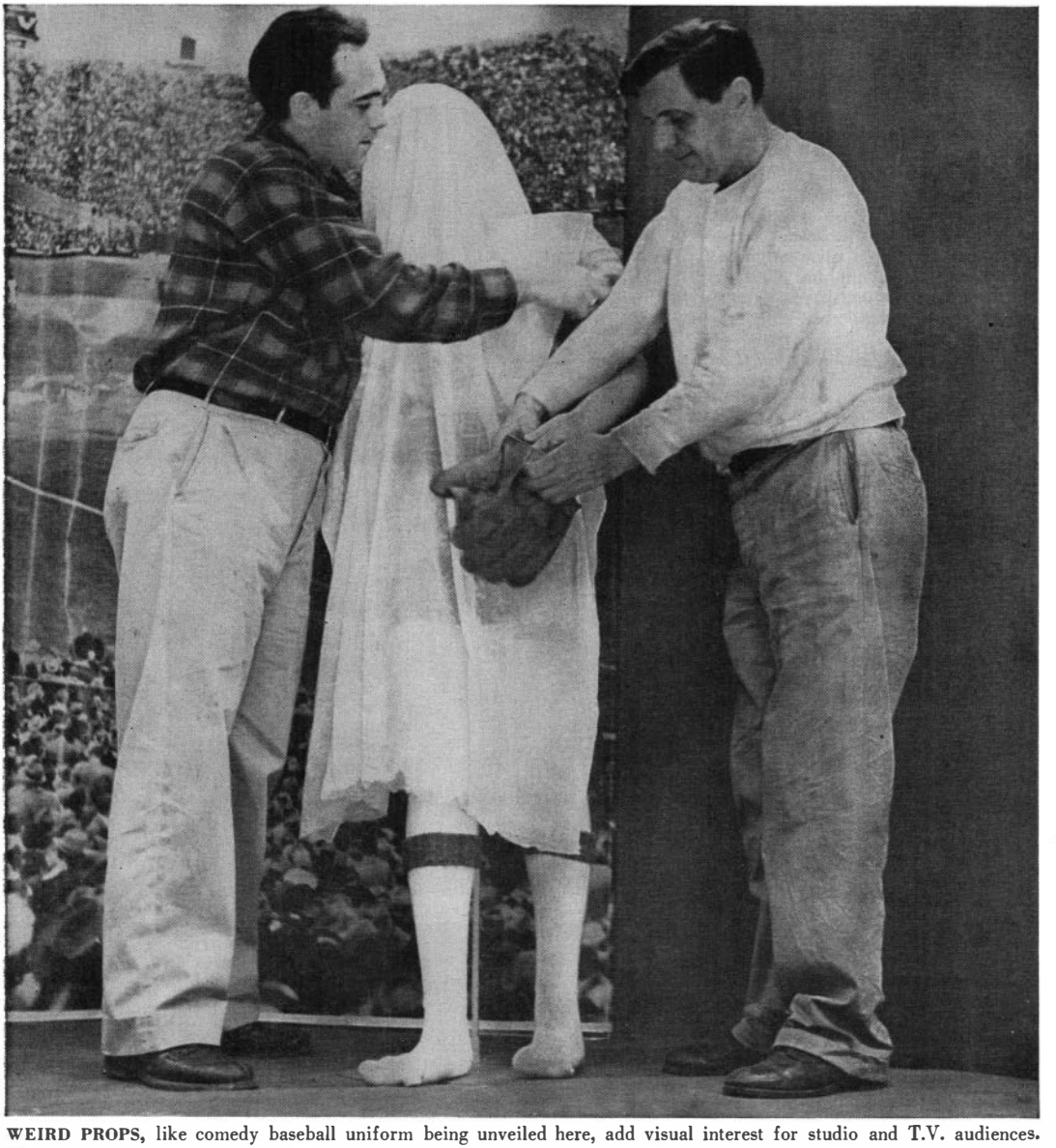
The night Hack Wilson appeared on "We, the People" he told the story of his degradation, urging the youth of America not to make the mistakes he had. In a quavering voice, Hack chronicled his tragic story.

Exactly one week later they found

M.C. DAN SEYMOUR and guest Ameche (*top photo*) do radio-T.V. "simulcast."

HERMIT RONDEAU (*center*) does jig for hostess Madeline Lee at rehearsal.

FRENCH STARLET Denise Darcel goes Western with Commodore Four.



WEIRD PROPS, like comedy baseball uniform being unveiled here, add visual interest for studio and T.V. audiences.

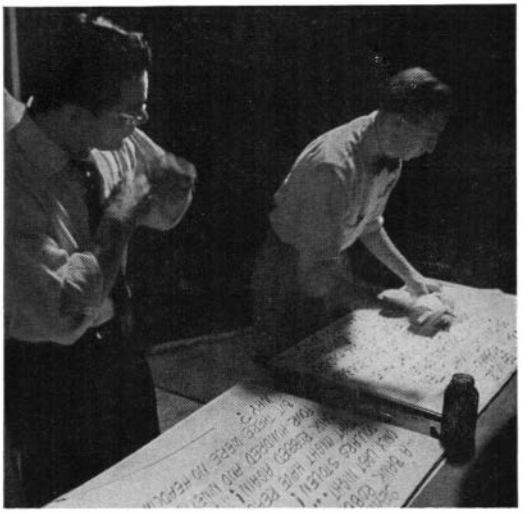
WORLD'S BIGGEST SIDESHOW CONTINUED

Hack Wilson dead, in a cold, furnished room. In his unopened mailbox was the check "We, the People" had sent him as a gift for appearing on the show. It helped pay for his funeral.

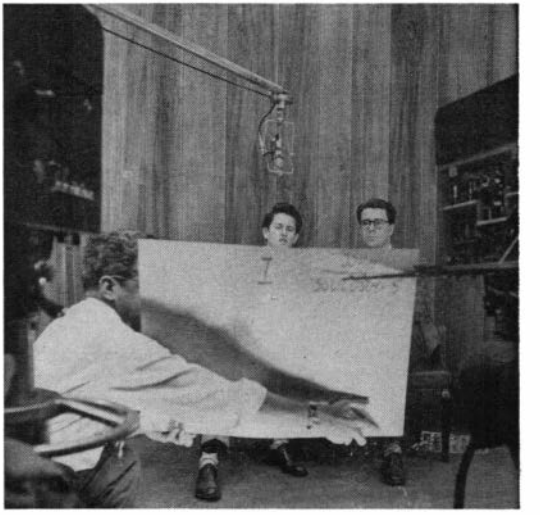
Ed Franck, the man responsible for rounding up the program's weekly crop of whacks and celebrities, first joined the show some eight years ago, as a lowly researcher. When Franck learned that the program's producer, Jim Sheldon, awarded a cash bonus to staffers for every character they dug up for the show's grabbag, he began hunting for human oddities the way Diogenes searched for an honest man. He made a tour of the city's poorhouses, uncovered four men who had each once been worth a million dollars. He convinced the quartet that they should tell the radio world how they had lost their fortunes. This jackpot won him a fifty-dollar bonus.

Franck began to develop a nose for misery. He would station himself outside Manhattan's pawnshops, spot once-famous musicians, now down and out, who were hocking their instruments. He would get them to recall their past glories on the show, often would help them to get a job.

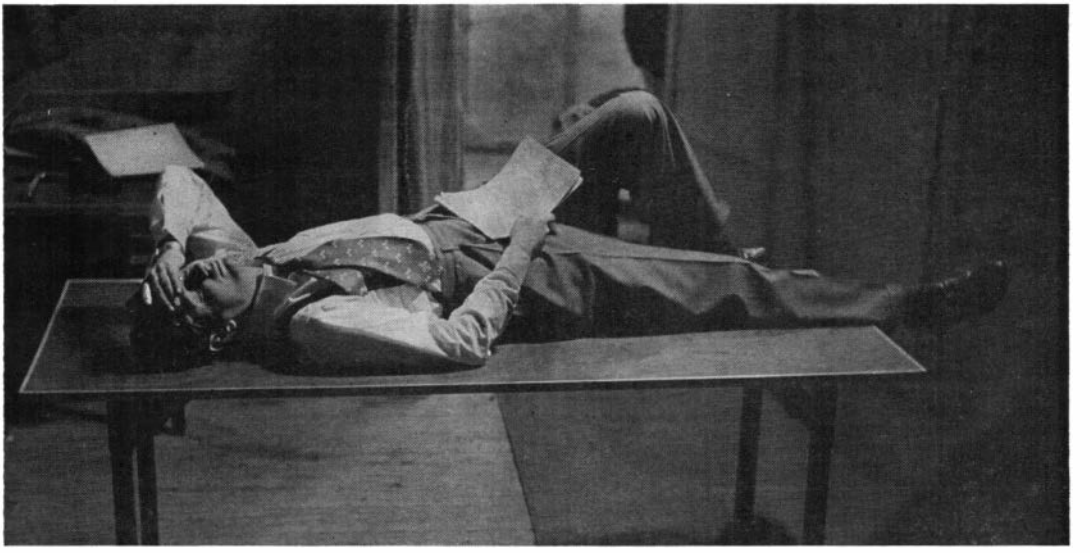
The tearjerking nuggets Franck managed to dig up so often made a great impression on Producer Sheldon. As a result, he put Franck in charge of the show's research department.



STAFF ARTISTS letter all of show's dialogue on large cards which are held up for reading during broadcast.



JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. (*under microphone*) does rundown on Hamlet's soliloquy during "We, the People" rehearsal.



PRODUCER FRANCK catches his moments of rest, like his weekly quota of guests, where and when he can find them.

Some several thousand zany characters later, Franck was made director.

As one of the show's executives, Franck is no longer eligible to receive the cash bonus for discovering a candidate for a "We, the People" broadcast. Nevertheless, Franck still hunts them with his old eager-beaver zeal.

Not long ago, while seated in a subway train and waiting for the train to pull out of the station, Franck noticed a commotion outside. A woman who had been standing on the platform had her foot trapped between platform and train. Her plight seemed desperate until a subway guard organized the train's passengers to stand on one side so that the car would be tilted and the woman's leg freed.

The stunt worked. Franck got off the train, sought out the quick-thinking guard, invited him home for supper, convinced him he was a hero, and got him to appear on the show.

Such impromptu talent-scouting has had a devastating effect on the Franck household. Husband Ed is forever surprising his spouse with bizarre supper guests he thinks potential timber for the program. Once, busy in her kitchen mixing cocktails for her husband and a stranger he had brought home with him, Mrs. Franck was startled to hear a series of blood-curdling screams coming from the parlor. Ed had neglected to tell her that his guest was Lex Barker, the tenth actor to play Tarzan on the screen, who was just then demonstrating the jungle hero's mating call.

"I never know who Ed will bring home next," (*Continued on page* 111)

Stay Away from The Blue Roans

by MONTGOMERY M. ATWATER

Illustrated by ROBERT STANLEY

I should have known that a man who loved the whip as much as Hackett did would be no good around horses—or a woman like Anna

THE blue roans began to dance the minute they spotted Anna scooting up the lane to meet us. Ordinary horses would have been too tired to care what was going on or who was coming. Polishing up an irrigation system with a Martin ditcher is tough on horses. But for those big blue outlaws it had just been play.

I took up the slack in the lines and spoke to the roans, just in case they hadn't recognized her. Not that I could have done much about it if four thousand pounds of live power decided to blow up on me. I always worked the roan team in open bridles, because I wanted them to know where I was and what I was doing all the time.

The blues nickered at Anna and she gave them each a pat on the nose. Then she came on to link arms with me, looking up through the golden tangle of her hair, her eyes shining.

"All right, Mrs. Dahlgren," I said. "Spill it before you pop your cinch."

"Peter, he's coming." She said "Peter" with that touch of the old country by way of Minnesota that always crops out when she's excited. "Just now he has telephoned that he's on the way."

"Who?"

"Our dude. Mr. Hackett. Last week I arranged it," she said proudly.

Last week I had been out moving the cattle onto summer range. So I wasn't around when my wife went into the dude-ranching business.. I still wasn't keen on the idea. You can ranch cattle, or you can ranch dudes. But you can't get away with mixing them.

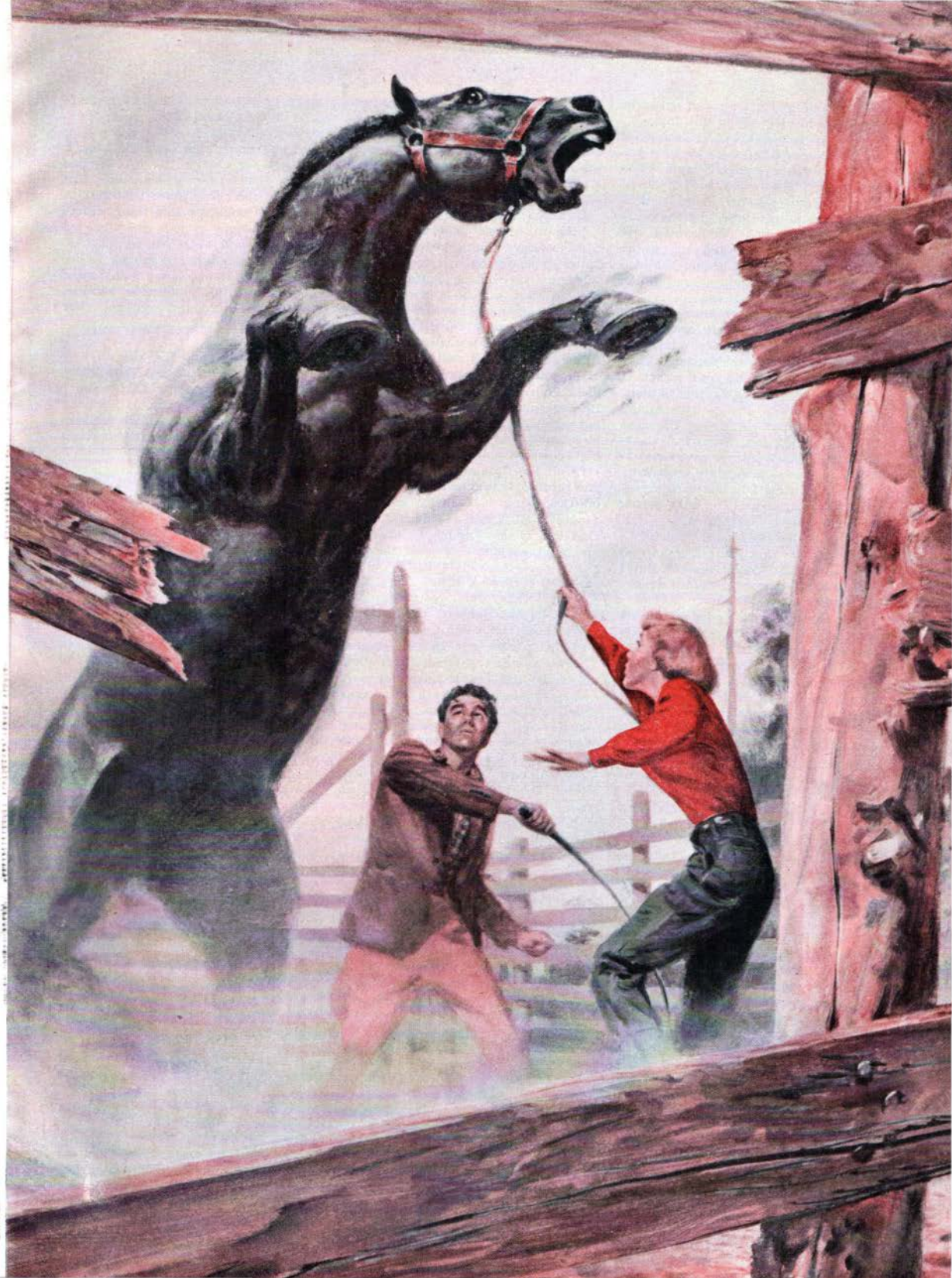
Almost in one breath, Anna told me about it. This Hackett was a horse trainer, not really a dude at all. He wanted to put a bunch of young thoroughbreds on a mountain range and ready them for the fall and winter show season back east. He figured our bunch grass would put hard muscle on his ponies instead of fat, our sagebrush pastures would toughen their feet, and scrambling around our rocky pinnacles would give them heart and wind.

It should have made sense. The prices he was willing to pay for pasture, hay and grain—plus board and room—should have meant a lot to a couple of young punks just starting out on their own and still worrying about the interest and the second-half taxes. But I didn't like it.

Maybe we hadn't been married long enough. Being alone, just Anna and me, suited me fine. Until she came up with this dude notion, I thought she hadn't cared, either, if we didn't see anyone else for years.

The little squarehead can read me like an old-time cattle inspector reads a doctored brand. She knew I was on the fight, and those big, sky-blue eyes commenced to fog over. She'd cranked up a good proposition for the outfit and I

"Jerry," she said in a thin, small voice. The roan reared once and she caught at his bridle.



was turning balky. I decided not to be too thick-headed about this thing.

"I ought to paddle you anyway, just for the hell of it," I said.

The blue eyes sparkled again. "You just try it." She made a sudden run at Tom, jumping for his hame as if it were the limb of a tree, and my heart froze. But he saw her coming. He stopped, one foot in the air, so he wouldn't step on her. Anna shinnied up his withers and perched on top like a squirrel, laughing at me.

I had no intention of going up there after her. Tom and Jerry are spoiled horses, three times more dangerous than the wildest range mustang. They hate and fear mankind for a reason. A weasel-hearted trader did that to them, trying to settle a grudge with Anna's father. They put old Homer Bjornsen in the hospital, too. When I straightened them out a bit, he gave them to Anna and me as a wedding present.

With the roans I had a work agreement. Nothing more. The only person on earth they trust is Anna.

I tossed her the lines. "Okay," I said. "Just for that you can unharness while I get the corral ready." But I was still mulling over the horse wrangler coming to the Dalhgren spread.

The blue roans pretended to run off, snorting and cavorting, always with one eye and one ear back to make sure Anna was all right. I don't know how many times I've seen that performance, and it still gives me the shivers. It makes me choke up a little, too, watching those huge, deadly horses frolicking with my tiny wife.

Before going to check the gates and the unloading chute, I called into the barn, "Put the roans in the corral when they're unharnessed. The new broncs will be spooky. They'll calm down quicker with company."

A big stock rack rumbled into the yard. I caught the truck jockey's eye and pointed to the chute. He nodded and maneuvered his rig into line.

HACKETT got down out of the cab swishing one of those eastern riding bats. He was quite a sight for a Montana cow ranch. Boots that would put your eyes out, chokebore pants, checkered coat and a white scarf around his neck. He was tall and lean in the hips and moved the way a horseman should, smooth and quick and economical.

"Unload those horses carefully, there's a good man," he said to me, and headed for where Anna was just leading out the roans. "Hello there, Mrs. Dahlgren." He gave her a big smile. "Let me do that for you."

What the roans saw was a stranger coming at them with a club in his hand. Tom—the highstrung, timid one—reared high, then broke for the barn. Jerry, who thinks things out, knows to the fraction of an inch if you're within striking range. He let out a squeal of rage.

I yelled, "Stop!" and Hackett froze.

I heard Anna's light voice saying, "Jerry, Jerry." She jerked hard on the halter rope, trying to turn his head. She might as well have tried to yank the drawbar out of a three-bottom plow. But the huge, steel-colored horse relaxed. His ears came forward, a snort fluttered his nostrils. He followed Anna back into his stall.

Hackett stood there, running his hand under the scarf about his neck. He never once looked in my direction, but when Anna came out of the barn he hurried over to her, unleashing that high-powered smile of his.

"Well, now," he said. "Well, I'm glad you gentled that fellow." He patted her on the shoulder, casually enough, I suppose, but I felt a sudden tingling that told me how much I didn't like his hand on her. I started forward.

ANNA blushed a little. "They trust me," she said, pleased. "Oh, Peter . . . Mr. Hackett, my husband."

We shook hands and I could feel the horseman's strength in the fingers. The man didn't say anything about mistaking the owner for the hired help, just laughed far back in his slaty eyes. They swiveled from me to Anna and I knew what he was thinking: *What's a fine thoroughbred like her doing teamed up with the likes of you?*

"Magnificent," said Hackett. He was talking about the roans, his eyes on Anna. "Don't believe I ever saw a matched pair of blues before. But so badly trained. Knock that viciousness out of them and you could name your own price at any show in the country. I'll gladly work them over for you."

I don't know how it is back east, but around here you don't come onto another man's spread and start running it before you've even hung up your saddle. I looked at Anna to see if this was where we went out of the dude business. She hadn't heard. She was too busy watching Hackett's horses.

"The beautiful, scared things," she was saying. "Easy, boys. It's all right." Every head turned her way. Anna can do that with horses. "Aren't they beautiful?" she asked.

To my wife, all horses from colt to crowbait are beautiful. This thoroughbred string of Hackett's showed their blood in their small heads and delicate ears. For the rest, they were what you'd expect of two- and three-year-olds of that breed. They were ewe-necked, slab-sided, with withers as high and sharp as a sawbuck, long in the back and crazy in the eye. If what you're looking for is something that can run, then they were beautiful. A stockman looks for something different. He wants a tall, short-backed horse that will be handy on his feet. Broad in the chest for staying power in these mountains, savvy in his eyes; some slope to his pasterns so you can ride him twelve hours and keep your insides intact.

WINDSPLITTERS," I said to myself. I asked Hackett, "You training these mustangs for flat racing?"

"Uh-uh," he replied. "Jumpers. They're not quite fast enough for big-time racing and there's more profit in jumpers than the county fair circuit. If a man knows the angles."

Which left me no doubts about Hackett. Under all that fancy trimming, he was just a slick bronc fighter, out for a quick dollar—and, remembering the way he had looked at Anna, before he'd learned who I was, for anything else he could pick up along the way.

Dammit, I thought, she should have known better than to bring in someone like this.

Hackett said, "How about turning them into the paddock so they can start getting acclimated?"

He dropped that hand-tooled word on me like it was a bale of hay. "Sure thing," I said. I swung open the gate into the paddock, which happened to be a square mile. The thoroughbreds saw daylight in the side of the corral and made for it. As soon as they were in the open, though, they started to mill again, running this way and that, bumping into each other like they were locoed. Finally they all happened to get pointed in the same direction. They stretched out those skinny necks, laid back their ears and ran. Brother, how they ran!

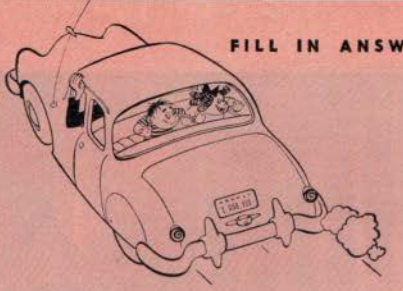
I suddenly thought of something. "Hackett, are those ponies of yours acclimated to barbed wire?"

"Wire!" he exclaimed. "Good God! They'll be cut to pieces." For the first time since he arrived he seemed to be at a loss.

My top cut-horse had no chance of heading those windsplitters before they charged into four strands of tight wire on the other side of the field.

"Anna," I called. "Turn the roans loose."

I wouldn't dare run up on them the way she did, and she had them out the gate in (*Continued on page 96*)



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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). We would like to know your opinion of the new 1950 automobiles. Please fill out this questionnaire even though you do not drive or own an automobile.

1. Which one of the new 1950 cars appeals to you most?
2. What is your favorite color for a car?
3. Which body type do you prefer? (A) Two-door sedan, (B) Four-door sedan, (C) Convertible, (D) Station wagon, (E) Business coupe.
4. (a) Do you intend to buy a new car in 1950? (A) Yes. (B) No. (C) Don't know.

   (b) Do you intend to buy a new car in 1951? (A) Yes. (B) No. (C) Don't know.

   (c) What make would you select?
5. Do you have a driver's license at present? (A) Yes. (B) No.
6. Do you or your family own a car? (A) Yes. (B) No.

The remaining questions are to be filled in only by those answering "yes" to Question 6.

7. Please indicate number of cars owned and the make and year of each.
8. Was the car (or cars) bought new or used? (A) New. (B) Used.
9. How many miles was your car driven in 1949?
10. What grade of gasoline do you use? (A) Regular. (B) Premium.

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Here's how you can assist the editors of ARGOSY in making your magazine more enjoyable with every issue. Just read each question, circle the letters and fill in 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 right-hand corner. However, you needn't subscribe to answer the questionnaire.

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2. ..... Color
3. A B C D E
4. (a) A B C
   (b) A B C
   (c) ..... Make of car
5. A B
6. A B
7. ..... Number of cars owned
   ..... Make
   ..... Year Model
8. A B
9. ..... Miles
10. A B

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JOHN AND COKE BRITE congratulate each other on having kept up morale throughout thirteen years in Folsom Prison.

BRITE BROTHERS: WILL

COURT OF LAST RESORT

THE RECORD

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

BILL KEYS
Investigation started January, 1948
Paroled: November, 1948

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

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

For every innocent man imprisoned, a criminal goes free. It is the purpose of the Court to correct such injustices by turning the searchlight of publicity on those cases in which innocent men have been sentenced to prison terms.

TOM SMITH and I have been doing some more work on this case of the Brite Brothers, and the more we get into it the more peculiar it seems.

You readers will remember that Coke and John Brite, two brothers, were ready to start deer hunting at daybreak. They had "bedded down" on the property of a man by the name of Decker (having his permission to do so). They were lying on the ground by a stream, one of the brothers in a homemade sleeping bag, the other by his side, covered with a canvas.

While they were asleep, a man by the name of Baker, accompanied by a friend named Seaborn, came into the Brites' camp. Baker admits that he didn't know the Brite brothers were sleeping near their car. He had some talk with Seaborn, and, he says, the Brite brothers jumped up and began cursing and fighting. (It is interesting to note, however, that, according to Baker's story, Seaborn kept telling the boys, "If we said anything which offended you, we are sorry.")

The Brite brothers say that they first knew these two men were in their camp when they heard Seaborn say, "Whose car is that?" and Baker answer, "That belongs to those two sons of bitches I was telling you about who live up on the hill."

An altercation followed. There are, of course, different versions of what happened. Baker insists they were the ones who were attacked. He admits, however, that he himself kicked one of the Brite brothers in the stomach. It seems at most to have been a case of the Brites running the two men out of their camp. Baker says blows were struck with a stick. The Brites say Baker picked up the stick to hit with and one of the Brites took it away from him. The point is that it was all a relatively trivial affair. Some blows may have been struck. Baker admits kicking one of the

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER (*left*) and Raymond Schindler (*right*) discuss Brite case with Deputy Warden L. E. Wilson.

THEY BE FREED?

by Erle Stanley Gardner

Brites in the stomach. However, it wasn't anything which wouldn't have "kep' until morning."

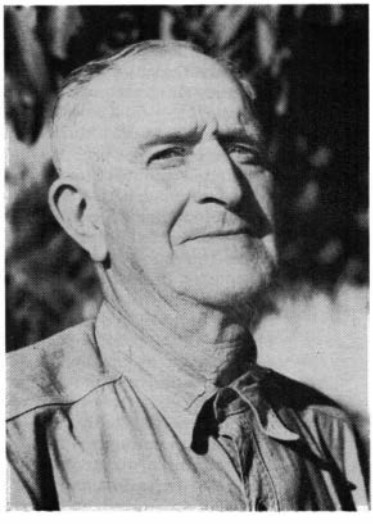
Baker and Seaborn went down to the justice of the peace, swore out warrants for the Brite brothers, and somehow were able to talk the arresting officers into coming up there at night to make the arrest and taking both complaining witnesses along with them. The known facts surrounding this arrest are certainly puzzling, to say the least. Before they went up to make the arrest, they stopped at Baker's house (where Seaborn was also staying). Baker admitted that *he wanted to arm himself.* They all waited while Seaborn changed from a light shirt to a dark shirt.

Then the four men, Baker and Seaborn and the two officers, started up to make the arrest. There has never been any adequate explanation of why the officers didn't simply drive their car right up the road to where the Brites' car was parked, turn the headlights on the bed, waken the men, and state simply that they were under arrest.

According to the district attorney, the witness Baker (the sole survivor of the quartet) told several different stories. His first version of the shooting was that the officers jumped on the bed and began clubbing the Brite brothers.

By the time Baker told his story to the grand jury, he had (according to the district attorney) changed that story so that his testimony showed that at least one of the officers announced they were officers and that the Brites were under arrest immediately *before* they began clubbing the brothers.

The district attorney always insisted that when Baker told his first story, he had said that the clubbing preceded any announcement of the fact that the men were officers. And the district attorney seems to have convinced himself that the Brites, having gone back to (*Continued on page* 80)



B. F. DECKER, eyewitness to shooting, gives his own account in this article.

THE SPEED-TRAP

"ARGOSY is to he congratulated for revealing the facts concerning traffic traps that still exist in all too many American communities. Local enforcement officials who persist in shaking down visitors nullify to a large extent the attempts of state governments and state travel promotion bureaus to build up tourist business. With highway vacation travel estimated at approximately six billion dollars, it is to the obvious self-interest of each state to make sure that no traffic traps exist within its borders.

It has been our experience that nothing will clear up traffic traps quicker than the spotlight of public attention. Publication of this article should go a long way toward stopping this form of racketeering, which has no place in the modern Motor Age."

LOU E. HOLLAND
President, American Automobile Association

by ALBERT A. OSTROW

AN ILLINOIS motorist, enroute to Florida, was picked up in a Southern town on a traffic charge. He was taken to the sheriff's office. The sheriff's daughter was holding down his chair. The judge was sick. No one in authority was available. A deaf city clerk indicated that a fine would be levied out, no one knew how much. Court was to be held next week.

He was finally allowed to leave after showing his motor-club bail bond and signing an appearance bond, which he forfeited rather than lose several days of his vacation. The brush with "justice" cost him $29.31.

The drivers of the U. S. have been taking this kind of rap increasingly from a variety of police officers—from the backwoods constables to the city cop. Records of the American Automobile Association show that there are far more complaints today about unfair and discourteous treatment than at any time preceding the war.

Last year almost a third of the 40 million car owners in this country were convicted of traffic violations. Uncounted numbers more made off-the-record payments to avoid arrest. A majority of those convicted undoubtedly had it coming to them. But far too many were guilty of nothing more than having four wheels under them and ready cash.

Some of the loudest squawks by motorists concern the treatment in many parts of the country of out-of-town motorists. An outlander must frequently either plead guilty or forfeit collateral to avoid spending several days at the point of arrest. He is subject to hair-splitting enforcement and heavy fines. The fellow with the visitor's license plates can't vote against those connected with traffic-law enforcement.

On a trip through Georgia a Chicago motorist was arrested three different times for total fines of $85. In one of these incidents the charge of speeding was placed by members of the state highway patrol who were going in the opposite direction and noticed the Illinois plates. A New Jersey motorist moving along at twenty miles an hour in a line of cars through a Florida town was waved to the side by a member of the constabulary. The charge: speeding through a school zone even though classes were out. The other cars bearing local plates drove on unmolested.

The operator of a motor court in the Southeast has reported that two policemen in a Georgia county on U. S. 17 make it a daily practice to nab out-of-state motorists on any pretext. Drivers are arrested for exceeding the speed limit by as little as two miles, clocked by the policemen's speedometers.

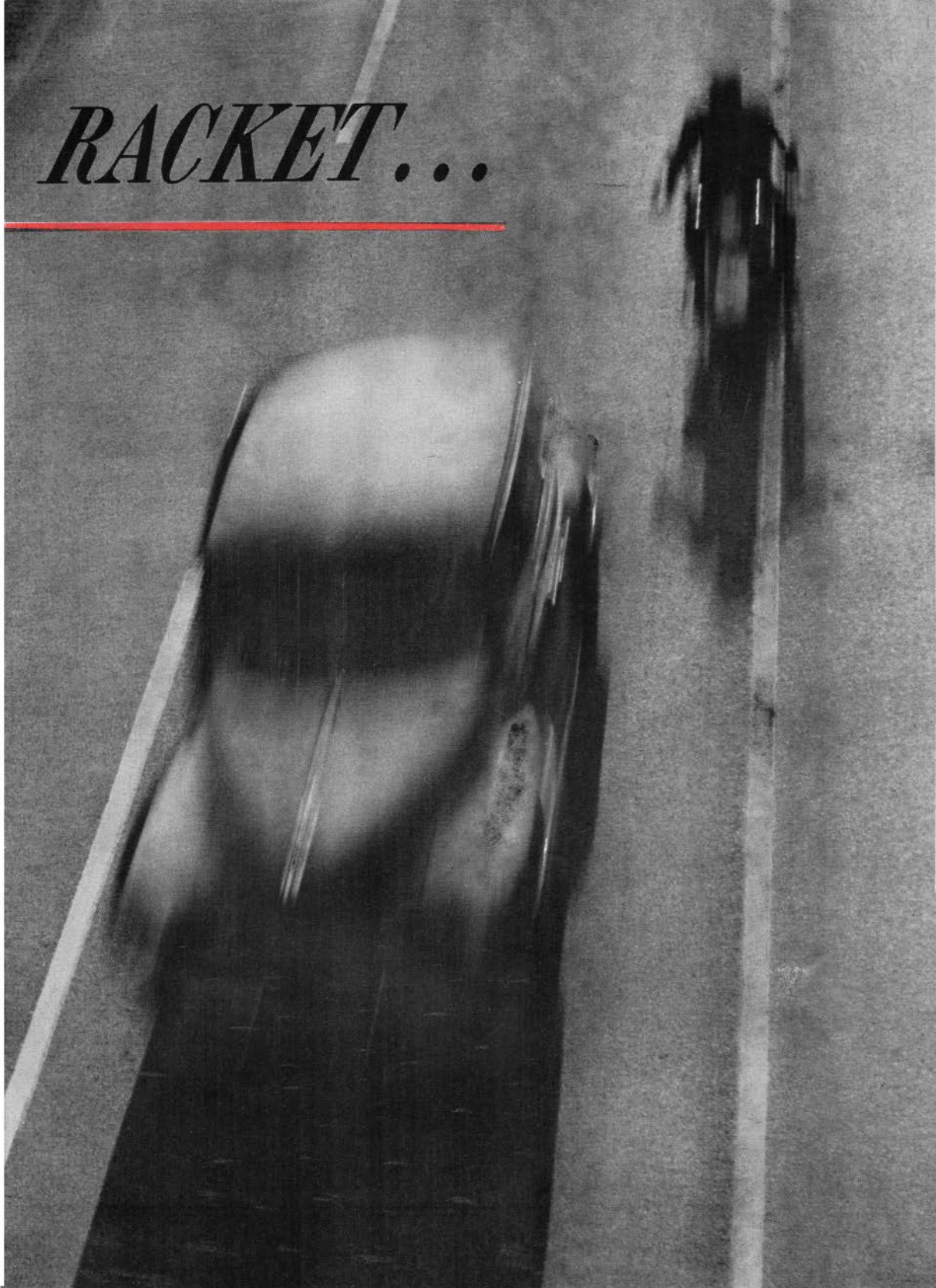
As one dependent upon tourist patronage, the motor-court operator was concerned about the effect of these practices on his business. Vacationing and traveling motorists spend upwards of six billion dollars a year. But that earns them no consideration from rapacious traffic officials.

Many Complaints in South

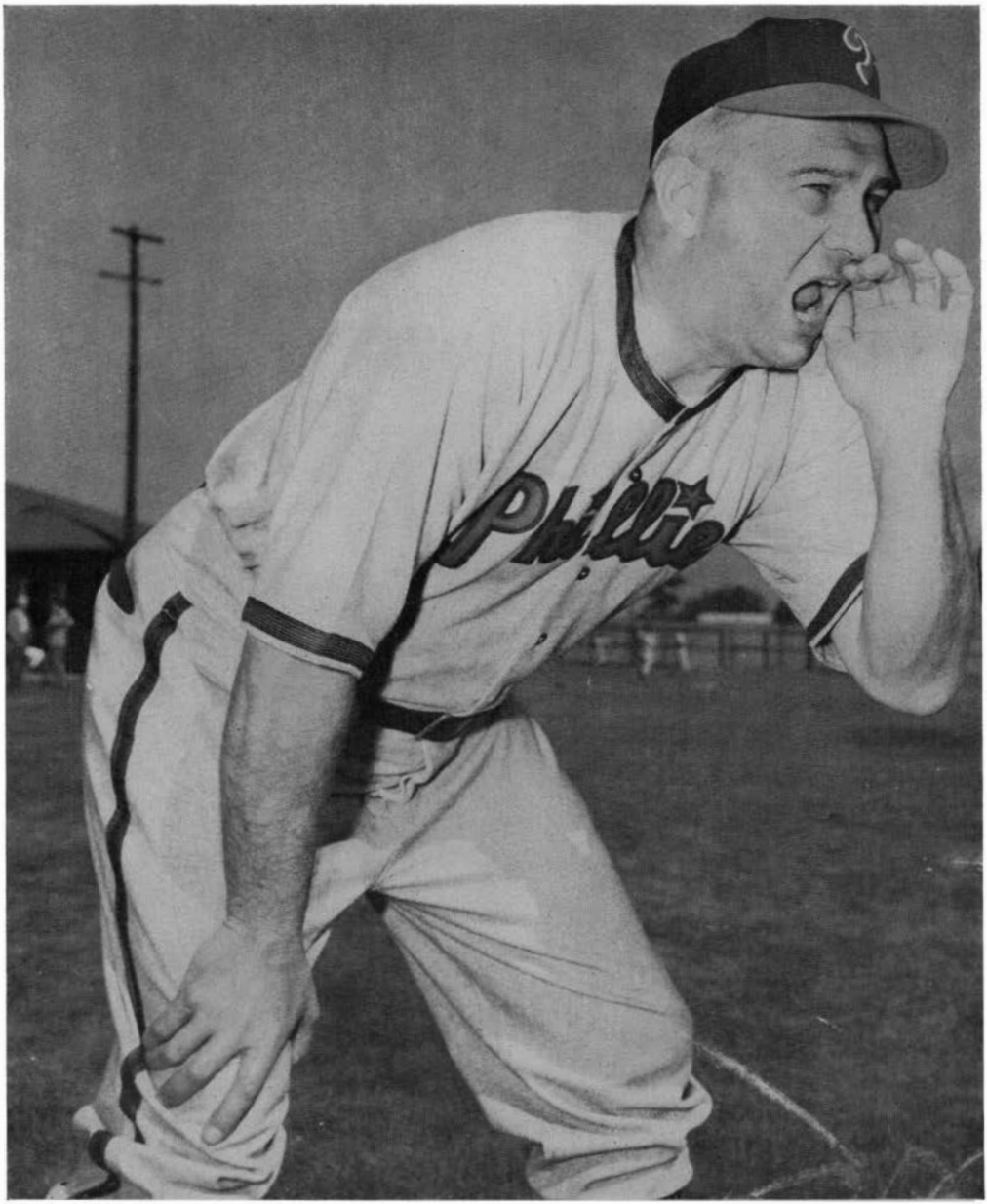
While complaints from vacationers in the South are the most numerous, the situation in other sections of the country gives no cause for complacency. A judge's court in Danbury, Connecticut, is reputed to exist mainly on the heavy fines collected from New York drivers. In one year, 32 of the smaller Connecticut communities accounted for 28 per cent of the total traffic arrests in the state and only three per cent of these involved local people. In one town nearly 500 out-of-towners were bagged but not a single native.

Antiquated ordinances are often used to trap the unwary. You can be arrested in some places for some such foolishness as not coming to a halt at the approach of a man on horseback. And when no obscure law is handy, ingenuity suggests other ways of picking the driver's pocket. There have been reports by tourists that from time to time a certain old school bus is parked alongside one of the main Georgia highways. If you pass this obviously (*Continued on page* 78)

Photo by Dick Wolters


RACKET...

BASEBALL'S HOTTEST



"I WANT HUSTLE," Eddie Sawyer told team when he took over management of Phillies in 1948. He's getting it.

SPARK PLUG by Charles Einstein

Eddie Sawyer's magic touch is giving the underdog Phillies their first shot at the pennant in thirty years

IN A city notoriously devoid of sporting miracles, Mr. Edwin Mulby Sawyer, Phi Beta Kappa scholar and manager of the Philadelphia Phillies baseball club, is regarded with cheerful suspicion. His team—a mixture of hoary ancients, case-hardened sandlotters and seraphic college graduates—may violate local custom this season by bringing home a pennant. When a town has been without a winner nearly twenty years longer than any other two-team city in the majors, a flag is classed as a miracle.

With only one full year behind him as manager of the formerly futile Phils, the 39-year-old freshman already ranks in local affection alongside Benjamin Franklin and the Liberty Bell. What he did was to bring the Phillies home third in the National League in 1949, a height no other Philly manager had scaled since World War I.

Some argument still persists, as a matter of fact, as to what Sawyer might have done last year but for the rather theatrical misfortune of having Eddie Waitkus, one of the best first basemen in the game, shot out from under him by a deranged Chicago stenographer before the season was halfway done.

Since the Phils were more or less universally picked to finish sixth or seventh last season, this tragic episode may have saved more than one rival manager from acute embarrassment. As it was, Sawyer latched onto a team which was to finish last in the league in batting and second from last in fielding and more or less charmed his journeyman employes to third place. He has, what is more, the exciting wherewithal for further improvement this year.

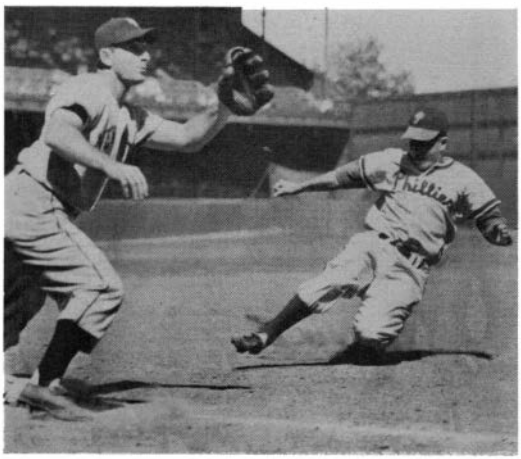
The upward vault of the Phillies, who prior to Sawyer's appearance had spent 29 of their past 30 seasons in the second division and seventeen of them in the basement, may be said to have startled the pants off the public at large. It came as no surprise to knowing baseball men, however. The day Sawyer succeeded Ben Chapman as manager in midstream of 1948, a reporter brought the tidings to Charlie Grimm, then guiding the Chicago Cubs.

Grimm clapped a hand to his forehead. "You've heard of Frank Merriwell?" he asked. "This is his brother."

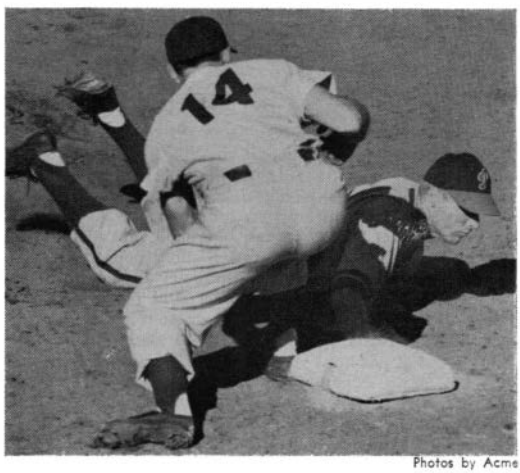
Just to prove his point, or so it seemed, Grimm subsequently collaborated with Cub general manager James Gallagher to sell and trade four apparent misfits to the Phillies.

One of these, outfielder Bill Nicholson, was used rather sparingly by Sawyer in 1949, but still cracked out 11 home runs. Another, pitcher Russ Meyer, who had broken even in 20 decisions for the Cubs in '48, turned about and led the Phils with 17 victories and only eight defeats. A third, pitcher Henry Borowy, won five, lost ten for the Cubs in '48—and won twelve out of 24 for Sawyer in '49. The fourth, Waitkus, was hitting a showy .301, with 42 runs scored in 54 games, when Miss Ruth Steinhagen shot him.

This record of achievement, by itself, might serve to indicate that the city of Philadelphia offers unsuspected therapeutic benefits, but another look at the Phillies' roster shatters the notion. Ken (*Continued on page* 90)



WILLIE JONES (*right*) beats ball to third in Philly-Dodger game. Jones played under Sawyer in the minors.



Photos by Acme

RICHIE ASHBURN (*sliding to base*), another of many stars Sawyer trained in minors, is now Philly outfielder.

♦ ♣ ♥ ♠

CLOSE TO THE VEST

by STANLEY NISS

His salary wouldn't buy their cigars. But it was too late to quit now—even though the cost of seeing that last card could ruin him

Illustrated by ROBERT MARINER

NICHOLS hoped that it appeared an unconscious gesture to the others. He riffled through the chips in front of him while Young raked in the pot he had just won.

"You wait all night for a pair of aces back to back," Young complained as he stacked his winnings. "And what happens? You only get one customer."

"What're you crying about? You took the pot, didn't you? That's better than losing it. Go on. Deal. It's getting late."

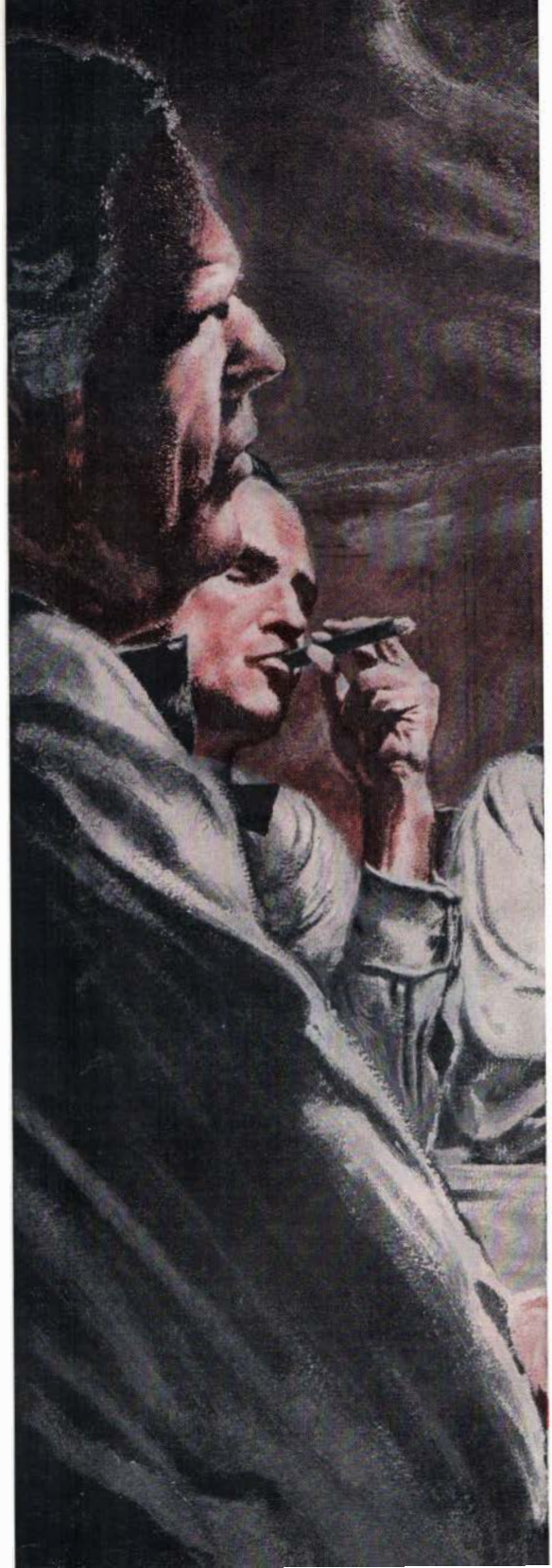
That was Berger speaking, Nichols noted. Berger knew his poker. He had held cards as bad as Nichols' all night. But Berger knew when to come in and when to stay out. He was still on his first stack, so he was losing less than two hundred and fifty.

Nichols had gone to the banker twice. Out nearly seven hundred, he estimated as he fingered through his chips. Seven hundred. He wished there was a rule that the expense account includes what you lose to your customers in stud poker. They sent him to Chicago to sell a bill of goods, didn't they? No, not such a good idea, Nichols thought. The office couldn't expect a salesman to turn in his winnings, if he won.

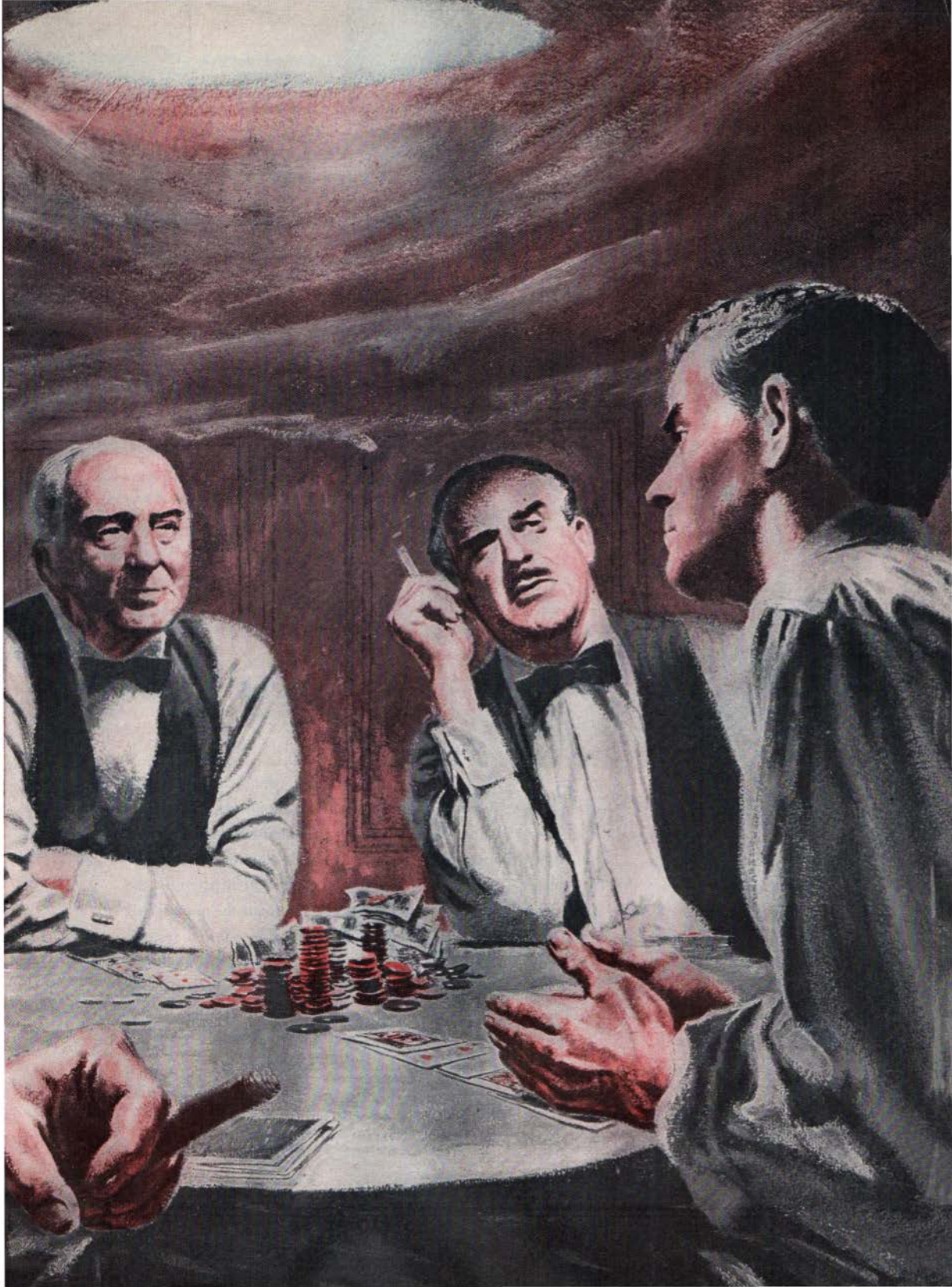
Young put the blue pack in front of Houser for a cut. Nichols watched the old man split them about even. There's a guy for you, Nichols thought. Old man Houser already has half the money in the world and wants to win the other half at stud poker. A hog in business, a hog at poker. He doesn't try to win pots with his cards, he wins them with his money.

And at pot limit you can win them with your money. Pot limit! Nichols felt sorry for himself, a mouse involved at fancy stakes with lions—lions with bank accounts. Well, for what consolation it gave him, he knew he'd been misled.

Old man Houser invited (*Continued on page* 86)



"I'll make it easy on you, Mr. Nichols," the old man said. "I'll hold my bet to a thousand dollars."



ARGOSY'S FISHING ROUNDUP

REPORTS FROM AMERICA'S 14 TOP EXPERTS

PREPARED BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

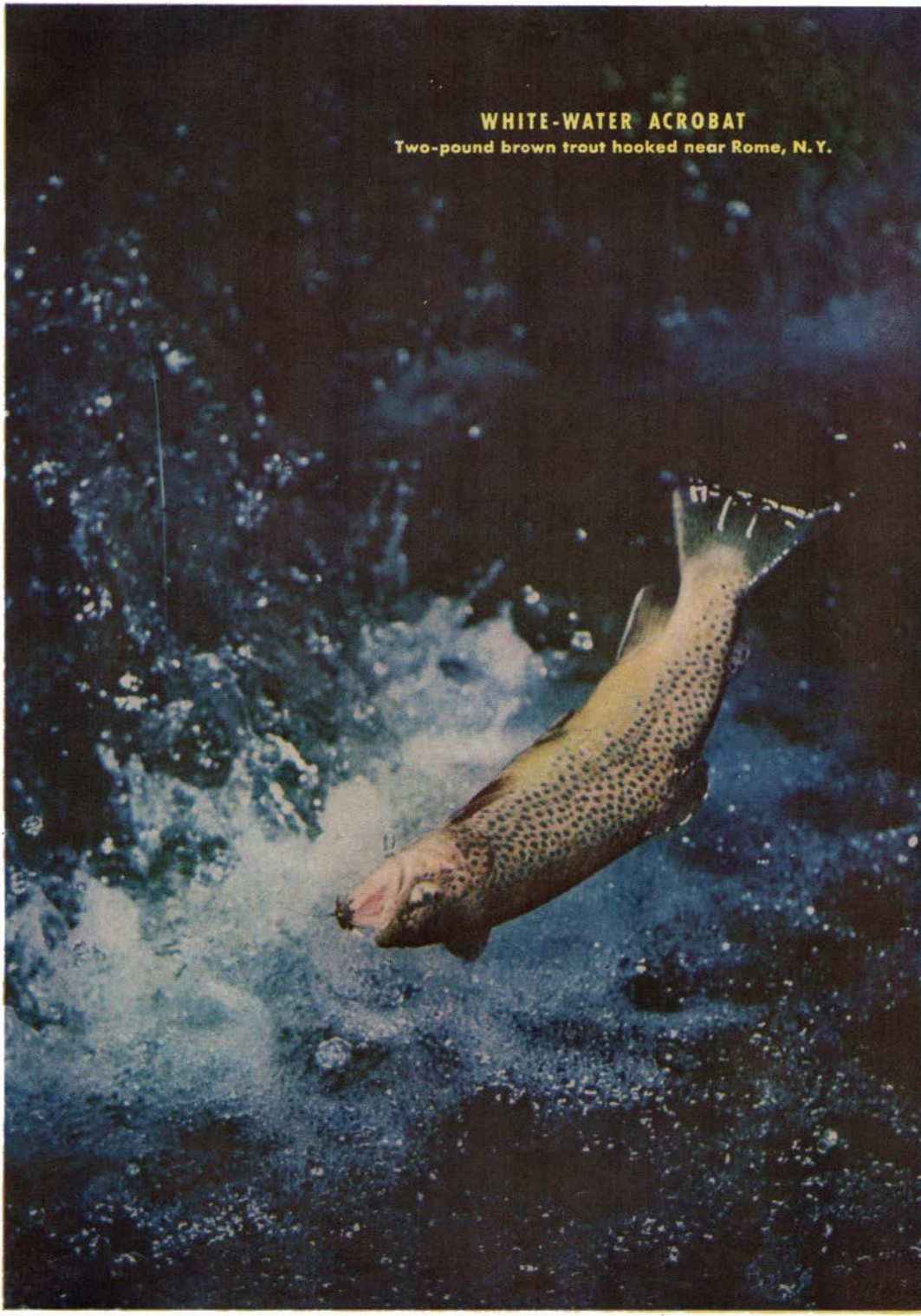
If you're one of the 30 million American fishermen, the next pages are here for just one reason — to make your fishing easier and more fun. We did it by selecting the continent's 14 ace fishing experts — the men who make a business of fishing and report their experiences in America's top newspapers. We asked them to pick for ARGOSY readers the one spot in their territory which provides the best fishing for each kind of game fish. What's more, each expert tells about the one type of fishing he himself really enjoys most and lets you in on his private experience-tested system.

The experts have figured out other ways of helping you, too. Backed by years of field-testing, they recommend what they've found to be the most effective flies and lures, the best in equipment for all kinds of fishing from fly casting and spinning to surf casting.

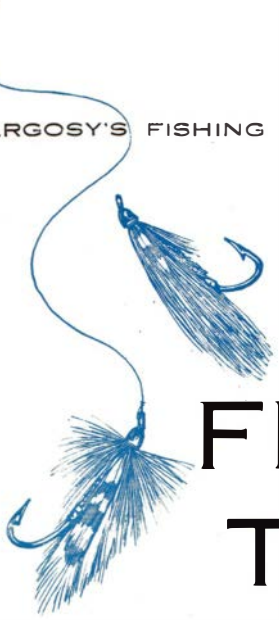
Result: On the following pages we believe you'll find every practical tip, every bit of hard-to-get information, every suggestion you'll need for a year's good fishing.

Good luck!

Kodachrome by WILLIAM VANDIVERT



WHITE-WATER ACROBAT
Two-pound brown trout hooked near Rome, N.Y.



FISH THE SPOTS THE EXPERTS PICK

THE TOP OUTDOOR EDITORS FROM EVERY AREA REVEAL THEIR FAVORITE SPOTS FOR ALL GAME FISH

1

CLIFF DAVIS *Boston Post*

NEW ENGLAND

New England has excellent fishing in fresh and salt water. Best are landlocked salmon, Atlantic salmon, brown, rainbow and brook trout, small-mouth bass, striped bass.

My favorite fishing spots:

Landlocked salmon: Moosehead Lake, Me.
Atlantic salmon: Dennys River, Me.
Brown and rainbow trout: Millers River, Deerfield River, Mass.
Brook (and "squaretails") trout: Lake Munsunga, Me.
Small-mouthed bass: Bantam Lake, Conn.
Striped bass: Nauset Beach, Cape Cod, Mass.
Gold trout: Lake Sunapee, N. H.
Salmon and trout: Clyde River, Vt.
Striped bass: Beavertail Point, R. I.

My personal choice of all is dry-fly fishing for squaretail brookies in the ponds and lakes of northern Maine. A three-ounce rod, a light Cahill fly tied on a No. 10 hook, and trout of a couple of pounds flicking their red-dotted sides at you—man, that's something!

4

KENDRICK KIMBALL *Detroit News*

GREAT LAKES AREA

The Great Lakes area of Michigan and Wisconsin might be termed the headquarters for almost all fresh-water game fish.

My favorite fishing spots:

Muskellunge: Chippewa watershed, Hayward, Wis.
Pike: Inland Lakes, Isle Royale Nat. Park, Lake Superior
Sturgeon: Lake Winnebago, Wis.
Brook trout: Big Two-Hearted River, Luce County, Mich.
Rainbow trout: Manistee River, Mich.
Steelhead (Great Lakes-run rainbows): Sturgeon River, Mich.
Brown trout: Au Sable River, Mich.
Lake trout: Trolling; Apostle Island, Lake Superior, Wis.
Bass: Potagannissing Bay, U. P. Mich.

But my favorite sport is fishing for Great Lakes herring. From the causeway at St. Ignace, Mich., during a mayfly hatch in June or July, any fly that resembles a mayfly will do the trick.

2

RAY CAMP *New York Times*

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES

Within my territory there are many waters both salt and fresh, with game species as varied as the waters.

My favorite fishing spots:
Trout: Beaverkill River, N. Y.
Togue: Kensico Lake, N. Y.
Bass: North Fork Lake, W. Va., Lake Mohawk, N. J.
Pike and pickerel: Allegheny River, Pa.
Muskellunge: Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.
Bluefish: Wachapreague, Va.
Striped bass: Rehoboth Bay, Del.
Weakfish: Kent Island, Md.
White marlin: Belmar, N. J.
Tuna: Ocean City, Md.
Broadbill: Montauk, N. Y.
Channel bass: Chincoteague, Md.

If I could have but one week of fishing in a year, I'd take the Beaverkill near its junction with the Willowemoc, in mid-May, for trout. Use light tackle, the fly which meets your fancy. For best results, fish when the water is 50 to 55 degrees.

3

ALLEN CORSON *Miami Herald*

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

Hundreds of different species of fresh and salt-water fish are available in the southeastern United States. Lakes, swamps, ponds and rivers are literally teeming.

My favorite fishing spots:
Black sea bass: Kitty Hawk, N. C.
Channel bass: Surf fishing at Murrells Inlet beaches, S. C.
Striped bass: Mouth of St. Mary's River, Ga.
Sailfish: Off Stuart, Fla.
White marlin: Off Miami, Fla.
Tarpon: Pass at upper end Bahia Honda Key, Florida Keys
Bonefish: Reefs along Florida Keys
Black bass: Okefeenokee Swamp interior in Suwanee River tributaries
Permit (large member of pompano family): Off Content and Harbor Keys

The best fishing of all, to my mind, is for the permit. My best weighed 39 pounds, was taken on a live furry crab, using fairly light 4/6 salt-water tackle. Boated him near a bridge of the Overseas Highway.

5

PAUL FAIRLEIGH *Memphis Press-Scimitar*

KENTUCKY, TENNESSEE & ARKANSAS

The Mid-South, though many anglers in other parts of the U. S. seldom hear of it, is a veritable fisherman's paradise, with many huge man-made lakes, and the mighty Mississippi River. Bass, both largemouth and smallmouth, are our top fish, with white bass, walleyes, and huge crappies and bluegills giving them a run for their money.

My favorite fishing spots:
Bluegills: Reelfoot Lake, Tenn.
White bass: Pickwick Lake, Tenn.
Walleyes: Kentucky Lake, Tenn. and Ky.
Bass: Buffalo River, Ark.

My favorite fishing is a kind that I defy anyone to beat anywhere in the U. S.—float fishing for bass on the Ozark rivers. With a guide, you put the old double-ender river boat loaded with provisions into the crystal clear, swift Buffalo, ride the current for three to five days down its Ozark gorges, camping on gravel shores at night. Some days the strikes come like clockwork, and mister, those river smallmouths really fight!

6

ARTHUR VAN PELT *New Orleans Times-Picayune*

CENTRAL GULF STATES

The Central Gulf Coast is just coming into its own as a mecca for anglers. It has good salt-water offerings all along the coast. Black bass, yellow bass (barfish), and all the panfishes teem in rivers, bayous, and lakes.

My favorite fishing spots:
For the whole bag of saltwater: Chandeleur Island, 28 miles in a direct line from Biloxi. This island is a veritable barrier to the Gulf's surge against the Louisiana marshes just westward, and millions of salt-water game fish converge along its shore.
Black bass: Lake Penchant, La.
Yellow bass: Bars along the Atchafalaya River, La.
Bream: Lagoons of the Tensaw River, Ala., and the Pascagoula River, Miss.

For the top fishing thrill let me stand on a Chandeleur Island beach when the big bull reds are swarming. You walk into the surf to meet the schools, cast a metal squid or plug, using regulation heavy fresh-water bass tackle. Hook one, and you're in for a battle.

TURN TO NEXT PAGE

7

RIES TUTTLE *Des Moines Register and Tribune*

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

This territory of mine is a big one, and has fishing so varied that it will satisfy any inlander. There are trout, muskellunge, pike, walleyes, white bass, yellow bass, black bass and all the panfish.

My favorite fishing spots:

Trout: Spearfish Creek, Spearfish, S. Dak.
Muskellunge: Basswood Lake, Minn.
Pike: Lake of the Woods, Minn.
Walleyes: Mille Lacs, Minn.
Crappies (to 3 pounds): Crow Wing Lakes, near Park Rapids, Minn.
Yellow perch: Spiritwood Lake, near Jamestown, N. Dak.
White bass: Spirit Lake, Ia.
Yellow bass: Clear Lake, Ia.
Smallmouth black bass: Current River, Mo.
Largemouth black bass: Small farm ponds, Kan., Lake Geneva, near Alexandria, Minn.

In my book the largemouth furnishes the best fishing there is. A topwater lure is his meat. Use a long, light, whippy casting rod, and bright surface plug with crazy motion.

8

ANDY ANDERSON *Houston Press*

SOUTHWEST

This portion of the Southwest offers wonderful fresh-water black-bass and white-bass fishing, some trout, all the panfishes, and salt-water fishing of the fabulous sort which includes tarpon, kingfish, sea trout, channel bass, sailfish, and many others.

My favorite fishing spots:

Black bass: Elephant Butte Lake, N. M.
White bass: Texoma Lake, Okla.
Sailfish and tarpon: Port Aransas, Tex.

From Port Arthur to the Rio Grande there are 900 miles of coastline teeming with fish of endless variety. Much of this amazing fishing has not yet been discovered by the average angler.

My favorite sport is summer kingfishing in the Texas manner. 12 to 40 miles offshore on the coral banks. Use a long-butted casting rod, light salt-water reel, 100 yards of 30-lb. test line. Anchor the boat and cast a plug. You'll find that when the kings are surface feeding they hit with a smack. Best bet is boats leaving Galveston or Freeport.

11

ED NEAL *San Francisco News*

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA & NEVADA

The northern half of California and the Sierra is a grand country of trout, salmon, and striped bass, with some black-bass fishing tossed in for good measure.

My favorite fishing spots:

Steelhead: Klamath River, 30 miles south of Oregon line
Rainbow: Sacramento River between Shasta Lake and Dunsmuir
Golden: Lake Virginia, reached by packhorse from Mammoth Lakes
Cutthroat: Topaz Lake, California-Nevada line
Bass: Round Valley Reservoir out of Red Bluff
Chinook salmon: Pacific off Golden Gate, San Francisco
Striped bass: the straits from Rodeo to Avon, north of San Francisco

My top choice is chinook salmon in the ocean off San Francisco's Golden Gate. On light tackle—27-pound test line, spoons or whole sardines for lure—they'll give you the battle of your life. Trolling is the method. My best fish was just short of 40 lbs.

12

FRED YOUNG *Los Angeles Times*

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA & ARIZONA

My country has wonderful freshwater fishing for rainbow trout and largemouth bass, as well as infinitely varied saltwater game fishing.

My favorite freshwater fishing spots:

Largemouth bass: Lake Mead, Arizona-Nevada line
Rainbows: Colorado River between Lakes Mead and Havasu
Bluegills and crappies: San Diego reservoirs

As to the salt-water species, California can truly say there is no exact location. Anywhere from Santa Barbara to San Diego you can get fine sport.

As to my favorite fishing, the albacore rates top billing. Found usually in the deep-water banks surrounding Santa Catalina and San Clemente Islands, the schools are located by trolling, then lured in by chumming with live bait.

My choice of tackle is: 6-foot, 6-oz. glass rod; 2/0 reel, 250 yards 9-thread line, and a 3-foot wire leader with No. 1/0 hook.

9

ED HUNTER *Denver Post*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATES

For all practical purposes, my country is trout country, and little else, but for trout it is an angler's paradise. There are also mountain whitefish and salmon.

My favorite fishing spots:

Lake trout: Jackson Lake, Wyo., in early spring.
Rainbow: White River, Col.
Browns: Platte River, Wyoming, at mouth of Encampment Creek, near Saratoga
Browns and rainbows: Yellowstone River, Mont., above and below town of Livingston
Mountain whitefish: Yellowstone River, Mont.
Salmon: Salmon River country, Ida.
Kamloops (rainbow): Lake Pend O'Reille, Ida.

The spots I mention are all accessible by automobile.

As to a favorite fish, give me a big rainbow any time. There's an opponent who's a real acrobat on a tight line. And the sportiest way to go after him is with a light fly outfit and a fly such as the Wulff or grasshopper pattern.

10

ENOS BRADNER *Seattle Times*

PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Pacific Northwest holds five superlative game fish: rainbow, steelhead, and cutthroat trout, chinook and coho salmon.

My favorite fishing spots:

Lake rainbows: Diamond Lake, Ore.
River rainbows: Deschutes River, Ore.
Winter steelheads: Quillayute River, Olympic Peninsula
Summer steelheads: Wind River, Wash.
Cutthroat: Pass Lake, Puget Sound
Sea-run cutthroat: Nestucca River, Ore.
Chinook salmon: mouth of Juan de Fuca Strait off Cape Flattery
Coho: South end Whidby Island, Puget Sound

In my opinion there is no type of fishing in the world to equal the taking of a steelhead on a fly. These smashing sea-educated fish are silver hunks of dynamite. They are mean, mad fighters. They'll battle you every step of the way.

For tackle I use a 9-foot rod and bucktail fly patterns, on hooks from 6 to 2.

13

GEORGE CARPENTER *Montreal Gazette*

EASTERN CANADA

In this vast territory, thousands of square miles of which have hardly been touched by any white man, you'll find Atlantic salmon, huge speckled (brook, or squaretail) trout, bass, pike, muskellunge and salt-water fish as well—most of them big.

My favorite fishing spots:

Bluefin tuna: off Wedgeport, N. S.
Atlantic salmon: Miramichi River, N. B., Humber River, Newfoundland
Speckled trout (commonly to 8 pounds!): Labrador and New Quebec, in newly opened territory around Nob Lake
Muskellunge: Lakes near Montreal
Bass: French River, Ont.
Walleyes: Broadback River near James Bay
Ouananiche (a species of salmon): Chamouchouane River, Quebec

This last-named fish is my favorite. Regular trout tackle, with a polar-bear streamer on a No. 6 hook is my medicine for this wild leaper of the hinterlands.

14

PINTAIL LILLINGTON *Vancouver Daily Province*

WESTERN CANADA

British Columbia has spring salmon (chinook) in bays and inlets on the coast, steelhead and cutthroat trout in coastal rivers, rainbow trout in interior lakes and rivers.

My favorite fishing spots:

Chinook salmon: Brown's Bay, east coast of Vancouver Island
Coho salmon: T'Lall River, mouth, east coast of Queen Charlotte Islands
Steelheads: Nahmint River, west coast of Vancouver Island
Rainbow (Kamloops variety): Peterhope Lake near Kamloops
Cutthroat: Capilano River, near the town of Vancouver

I'll take dry-fly fishing for the big and vicious bruisers of the interior lakes, known locally as Kamloops trout.

These big rainbows go all out for silver-bodied flies on a No. 4 hook. My choice is a four-ounce rod, although for big steelheads I like them around seven ounces.

TURN TO NEXT PAGE

DRY FLIES

1. Coffin Fly

2. Silver Doctor

3. Irresistible

4. Gray Hackle

5. Black Spider

1. Parmachene Belle (Wulff)

2. Quill Gordon

3. Light Cahill

4. White Tip Montreal (Wulff)

5. Female Beaverkill

6. Fan Wing Royal Coachman

BUCKTAILS

1. Mickey Finn

2. Dace

3. Red and White

4. Black and White

Nymph 1. Stone Fly

1. Green Ghost

STREAMERS

2. Supervisor (Tandem)

Nymph 2. May Fly

3. Edson Tiger

WET FLIES

1. Wooly Worm

2. Silver Montreal

3. Parmachene Belle

4. Grizzly King

5. Grasshopper (Bass Bug)

GENERAL

1. Tuttle Devil Bug

2. Princess Steelhead Fly

3. Peck's Popper

4. Bucktail Frog

HERE ARE THE FLIES THE EXPERTS USE, PLUS TIPS ON IMPROVING YOUR CASTING

WITH the growing emphasis on the thrills to be had from light-tackle fishing, anglers everywhere are becoming increasingly addicted to the fine sport of fly-casting. Bass, walleyes and even the tough, hard-fighting northern pike have proved highly susceptible to flies. Salt-water fishermen have discovered to their joy that flies on light tackle can double the thrill of taking even such mighty, ocean-going battlers as the striped bass and the tarpon.

But fly fishing began with the trouts. The wariness and wisdom and the insect-feeding habits of trout gave it origin.

The first trout recorded in literature as caught on artificial flies were a species of char, like our brook trout, and they were "creeled" from the upper reaches of the River Jordan, away back during the days of Isaiah the Prophet.

Perhaps because of the tradition behind fly-casting, and the skill developed by some experts, too many fishermen are still reluctant to try a sport that they imagine too difficult to master in limited fishing time. But actually anybody can have top-notch fishing fun with a fly rod, even though he never takes the time to become a real expert.

Tips for Beginners

For the average, occasional fly fisherman or the beginner, there are a few simple tips. To start your cast, get thirty or forty feet of line out in front of you, no matter how. From that point on remember two items. They are the basis of most fly-casting faults and troubles. First, don't try to *throw* the line and fly with your *arm*, either on the back or the forward cast. Make the rod and your wrist do the work.

Second, avoid a too-low backcast. Never should your rod, on the back-sweep, go past a point about 20 degrees beyond the vertical over your shoulder. To make sure of a proper back cast, as you lift the line from the water on your upsweep, imagine that with a flick of the rod you are going to try to toss the line *straight up into the air.*

You'll find you can't do it. But trying to do it will do more to iron out beginning—and chronic—casting difficulties than any other single cure we know of.

Field-tested fly fishing equipment recommended by our board of experts: At the top of the page is a Tac-L-Pak fishing vest. To the left is a Cummings landing net. Centered is a Gilbert fly box and beneath, Cam-O-Flage fly line. The rod is a Pacemaker. Shown with it is a Medalist fly reel. The other reel, to the right, is a Perrine Automatic. Far right is the Ka-Bar fishing knife and beneath it is the De-Liar, a handy device that weighs and measures fish once you land them.

SPINNING LURES

1. Phoebe
2. Devon
3. Dipsy Doodle Midget
4. Homa Revers-o

SPOONS: Spinning and bait casting

1. Pet
2. Dardevle
3. Black Minnow
4. Flash Eye

PLUGS: Spinning and bait casting

1. Frog Bug
2. Speed Shad
3. Russelure
4. Jitterbug

1. Hawaiian Wiggler
2. Bomberette
3. River Runt
4. Midget Spinner

PLUGS: Bait casting

1. Flatfish
2. Ding Bat
3. Crazy Crawler

1. Swimming Mouse
2. Pikie Minnow
3. Plunker

EXPERTS CHOOSE TOP LURES, SPOONS AND PLUGS FOR BAIT CASTING AND SPINNING

Kodachromes on pages 46 and 48 by John Pepper

Bait Casting

The term "bait casting" stems historically from the crude tackle originally designed for the purpose of throwing bait into spots where fish might lurk. By throwing and reeling, much water could be covered, and bait could be placed in those spots prohibited to the still fisherman.

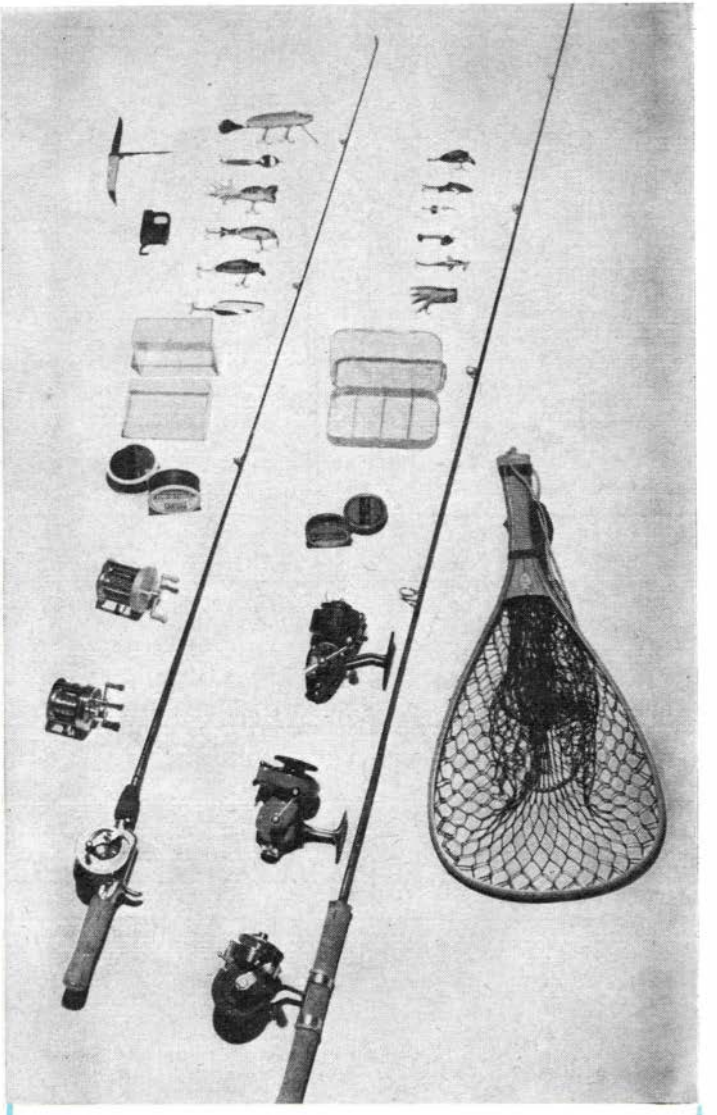
Acually, bait casting as such never did work especially well. It was necessary to use a heavy sinker with the bait, in order to throw it efficiently and this detracted from its lifelike appearance and motion. Bait casting led eventually to the development of artificial lures such as plugs, spoons and spinners, lures heavy enough to carry line from the reel. And these heavy artificial lures, it was discovered, could fool a fish as well as bait.

Today, streamlined to perfection and practically foolproof, bait casting may be said to be "everyman's" method of fishing. Ninety percent of anglers, when they speak of a fishing rod, refer to the slick modern plug rod with quadruple-multiplying reel. Bait, or plug, casting is simplicity itself—the physical act of tossing gaudy lures among the lily pads—or into salty bayous.

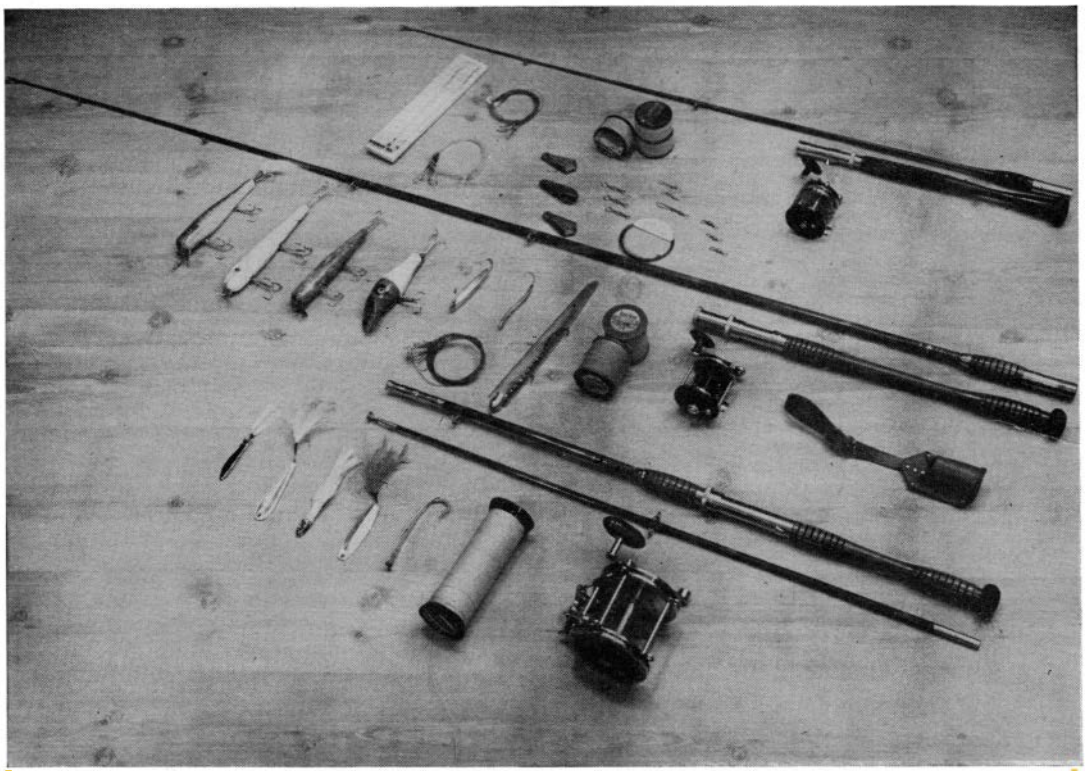
Spinning

Basically, spinning is a hybrid of the bait-casting outfit and the fly outfit. It does perfectly what the bait casting outfit was originally designed to do but did poorly. That is, it makes possible the casting of live bait, such as minnows, without the use of heavy sinkers, which inhibits their natural action and fish appeal. It also casts perfectly all those lures improperly designed for fly-rod use, such as the so-called fly-rod-size plugs, small spinners, etc. All these small lures, while extremely effective in taking fish, never have been suitable for the fly rod because of their excessive fly-rod weight, which almost makes them awkward to cast and to activate. Yet they are far too light to be handled by the plug rod. In this category fall probably the most deadly of all lures.

The basic principle of spinning is a reel with a stationary spool, from which line "unravels." By cutting reel and line friction to a minimum, very light lures may be cast great distances with delicate accuracy. Spinning is often extremely productive, even when other tackle fails.



Recommended for bait casting: Castmaster rod (*at left*). Castrite, Plugcast and Reelcast reels (*reading up*), Cam-O-Flage line. Spoons and plugs above plastic lure box are Dardeviet, River Runt, Spot Tail minnow, Hula Popper, Homa Reverso, Flaptail. Recommended for spinning is Uslan rod (*right*) and (*reading up*) Mastereel, Record, Mitchell. Line is Airex, the net a Cummings. Lures and plugs above box are Phillips popping bug, Dize Devon, Preska perch, Phoebe, Midgit-Digit.



Salt-water men find that a light, whippy rod, like the Gliebe weakfish rod (*top*) adds sport to bottom fishing from boat or pier. The reel recommended is a Temco, shown with the rod, along with a Hamel hookholder, at far left. The line is Ashaway Boatman. For surf casting, you'll find a combination of the Fishkill rod with a Cox squidding reel (*center*) will do the job. Shown with it (*at left*) are an assortment of plugs. The line is Rainbow surf braid. For boat trolling, our experts suggest Dreadnaught rod (*bottom*) and Penn Senator reel.

SALT-WATER ANGLING

Of all salt-water fishing methods, two are without question the most glamorous and dramatic. These are surf-fishing, and deep-sea fishing for sails, marlin, tuna, etc., the big game of blue water. To follow big-game fishing regularly is not cheap, but an angler who wants to have memories to make his pulse run high in old age should blow himself to a round of it at least once. Surf casting, on the other hand, is a perfectly satisfactory substitute. The men with long-butted rods and hip boots unquestionably are able to crowd more fishing into a year than any other group of anglers on the continent.

The real clincher that salt-water anglers can always use in arguments with inlanders is this: In ocean fishing you never know *what* you'll catch. Many a mackerel fisherman has had the thrill of his life when he hit into some hundred-pound sea wolf on a raid. And the spread between average and maximum weights of any salt-water species is awesome. You may be fishing for channel bass which usually go to a top of five pounds in your favorite tide rip—and suddenly tie into one that tips the scale at forty! Surprise, usually of the hair-raising variety, is the rule in salt-water.

But even the smaller specimens of salt-water game species are tough customers. It is doubtful if anywhere else in nature there is such a vicious struggle for survival as in the oceans. A five-pound trout in fresh-water lake or stream has few mortal enemies other than man. A salt-water game fish of like size has uncounted enemies swarming over his near-limitless domain, ready to gulp him down in one bite anytime they get near him.

This struggle for survival has left only the fittest species in abundance, and therefore most salt-water game fish are much stronger and swifter than their inland cousins. In addition, the great expanses of their world encourage and necessitate wide roaming, and the lack of suitable hiding places for safety in open waters develops swiftness and pugnacity.

Two other choice attributes may be chalked up in favor of salt-water fishing. One is that there are no licenses to buy. The other is the availability to *everybody* near salt water of a place to fish, with no seasons to inhibit activities.

NOW LET'S GO FISHING

OUR country offers the angler tens of thousands of lakes, hundreds of thousands of miles of streams, thousands of miles of seacoasts. Fishing is for fun, and for everybody. What special skill it requires can easily be developed. No matter where we may live or what we may do for a living, there is fishing of some kind to be enjoyed within a few miles of our doorsteps, at a time when we can partake of it.

Moreover, fishing can be tailored to fit any pocketbook. A license, necessary in every state, costs very little. Tackle can start anywhere and stop anywhere.

If an angler has but a limited amount of cash to invest, he can purchase a bait-casting outfit and with it catch everything from trout, bass and muskies, to bluegills, catfish, tarpon, striped bass and sea trout. If most of the fishing is to be done in cramped, brushy quarters, with a bit of salt-water fishing occasionally, a short, fairly stiff rod should be chosen. If open casting conditions are available, a longer, more whippy rod should be the choice. For as little as $15 a usable outfit can be purchased.

If a fisherman can afford to spread himself a bit more, and will have opportunity for both salt and fresh-water fishing, then his plug outfit, plus a surf outfit, will be the combination called for. The surf rig allows him to get the most economical kind of ocean fishing, and it can also double as a boat and deep-sea rod. Prices will be comparable to the plug outfit.

If any great amount of salt-water angling is out of the question, then the plug-rod man should choose as his second outfit a fly rod and its accoutrements. With this combination he will be ready for anything, even salt-water fly-fishing, a hair-raising sport. Fly outfits, like the others, can be purchased fairly cheap. A reasonable minimum would be $25.

The spinning outfit, growing fabulously in popularity, is also a very good starting and stopping point for the man of small budget, or for the experienced angler whose fishing is getting too expensive. For the in-between fisherman, a spinning outfit can serve for both simulated plug casting and fly casting, with possibilities for fishing in waters both fresh and salt. Outfits are fairly high, about $40 minimum.

These, then, are the basic fishing outfits. Salt-water tackle for deep-sea sport fishing stands in a class by itself, because it is definitely expensive, popular reports to the contrary. Tackle for ordinary bottom fishing can be of almost any quality. But when you go after the big-game of blue water, you need the *best*.

In our fresh waters and near our seacoasts are some 1500 fish species. Of these there are at least 150 solid game species.

There are no magic formulas for catching fish. But fortunately there are basic rules which come very close to allowing you to catch fish *anywhere*—if you know how and when.

Don't get the habit of haphazard fishing. Fish are very well-regulated creatures. Study the habits of the species you're after, with these three fish problems in mind: food, comfort, safety. Fish will always be found where those three items may be had in greatest abundance in relation to the specific habitat. Learn to know when one cancels out the other. High water, for example, may destroy safe places, and comfortable places, making fish move, regardless of feeding conditions, to other spots. Low, clear water will make safety more important than comfort. Scarce food may force fish to place an empty stomach ahead of both comfort and safety, etc.

Generally speaking, spring and fall will be the best times to fish. During hot weather, when waters are low and their oxygen content therefore lowered, fish are lethargic, feed less avidly. During spring and fall, in general, shallow, near-shore waters will be best. In summer, fish deep, except before sunrise and after sundown, when fish usually come up into the shallows to feed.

Get a fishing thermometer, and use it. Water temperature has a direct bearing on where fish will be at any given time. For example, if surface temperature of the water is at 90 degrees, largemouth bass will lie from 15 to 25 feet down. Night fishing will take them best then. At 75 degrees, they will usually be in very shallow water, and may feed throughout the day. You can up your catch enormously by knowing the temperature chart of each species, and fishing by the thermometer.

Watch the barometer also. As a general rule, a rising barometer will accentuate fish activity, causing them to bite well, while a falling barometer will send them skulking near bottom, with little interest in food.

Fish the weed beds, or near them. The living food of game fishes must have food and safety just as the game fish must. Invariably those essentials are found among the weeds. And where their food is, the game fish will be. In salt-water, know your tides. Fish come inshore as a rule on an incoming tide, feeding upon the natural foods stirred up by the shoreward tide currents. They may feed during the high slack tide, and will invariably move back out to deeper water on the outgoing tide. From an hour before a tide movement until an hour after will be the best salt-water fishing period.

Fish carefully, patiently, and unhurriedly. A small amount of water thoroughly covered is often more productive than a great expanse fished frantically. Learn to think like a fish, not like a fisherman. Become expert in the use of your tackle. No lure is as important as the way it is presented. A lure which "they aren't hitting," if drawn before the noses of fish in a manner which they cannot resist, will often take a record catch as against the proper lure simply flung at 'em.

If you make those rules the foundation of your angler's creed, and if you choose your tackle wisely, no matter where you may fish in the United States—or when—you'll catch fish. ● ● ●

ARGOSY thanks the following individuals and firms for their co-operation in preparing this Fishing Roundup: Tony Accetta and Son, Airex Equipment Corp., Stuart Longendyke at Angler's Roost, Fred Arbogast and Co., Atom Mfg. Co., Bomber Bait Co., Paul Bunyan Bait Co., Butternut Island Tackle Co., Cortland Line Co., The Creek Chub Bait Co., Ed Cummings, Inc., Bill De Witt, Enterprise Manufacturing Co., Lou J. Eppinger, Inc., Charles F. Garcia Co., B. F. Gladding and Co., James Heddon's Sons, Helin Tackle Co., Homa Co., Louis Johnson Co., Langley Corp., C. H. Masland and Sons, Joseph M. Messinger, Montague Rod and Reel Co., E. H. Peckinpaugh Co., Penn Fishing Tackle Mfg. Co., P. and K. Bait Co., Perrine Mfg. Co., George Phillips Co., Phillipson Rod and Tackle Co., Rain-Beau Line Co., Russel Lure Mfg. Co., Shakespeare Co., Erne St. Claire, Inc., Streamcraft Studios, Inc., Thommen Sports Equipment Co., True Temper Products, Tuttle Devil Bug Co., Uslan, Inc.

Trouble at Forked Creek

HE'D FOUGHT WEATHER AND SOLITUDE FOR THE MEN WHO CAME TO HIS TRADING POST. NOW, IN A MOMENT OF DISASTER, HE FACED A NEW ENEMY

by RUSSELL LAKE

Illustrated by PETER STEVENS

THE light of the dying fire flickered on McTavish's haggard face and sent leaping shadows over the clearing. John McTavish was not an old man, but tonight's loss put a sag in his broad shoulders and gave him the dull and hopeless look of age.

He had been unable to do anything about the blaze. He had barely had time to seize some clothes, rouse Cutie, and escape into the night before the store building had become totally enveloped in flames, a great roaring pile of tinder-dry logs.

The fire had destroyed virtually everything. All that remained of the main part of McTavish Post were the huge chimney and fireplace, and one heat-warped door frame. The main building had been the life of the Post. It had contained all the supplies—food, blankets, all the season's trade goods. The small shed which he had been able to save had served only to house the slight overflow, some ammunition, a few rifles.

The free-trader had done his work well. McTavish noted again the imprints of snowshoes which led off into the forest. The man had come up slowly, slinking behind the building, but he had been running when he left. McTavish knew him as surely as if he had seen him fleeing into the shelter of spruce after setting torch to kerosene-splashed logs. It was Gudney, the free-trader whom McTavish had warned to get out of the country for providing the Indians illegally with whiskey. McTavish had been none too gentle in his warning. Gudney had gone, snarling a promise of vengeance.

Gudney hurled a stick of firewood at the factor's head. McTavish ducked violently.

McTavish longed to take out after him, to get his big hands on Gudney's throat, but it was impossible now. There was no time.

In just a week, the first of the trappers would arrive at the little trading post, their sleds creaking with the weight of furs. Peltries were wealth in the northland, and with them the forest people bought the supplies which meant the difference between a season of well-being or suffering in their far-flung cabins.

TWICE yearly they came. With their furs they brought half a year's loneliness, and a wistful attempt to crowd six months' talk, six months' gaiety and comradeship, into the few days of celebration after the more prosaic business of trading was over. McTavish was no idle bystander. Eleven years of service at the Company's lonely outpost on Forked Creek had not dampened the joy of living, and he welcomed the trappers with an enthusiasm far beyond mere hope of profit. With wholehearted fervor he always entered into the games, especially those competitions in which strength counted most. When the lean trappers had strained to the utmost in the weight-lifting, McTavish would carelessly toss on another sack or two of flour or beans, then slowly raise the whole pile, the cords in his neck standing out and his face growing purple. Maybe he even would walk a few steps, just to show that he could.

But this year it would be different —very different.

He turned smoldering eyes to the blanket-wrapped old Indian who crouched upon a log in the inscrutable silence of his race. Acutah, which McTavish long ago had shortened to "Cutie," was a fixture at McTavish Post. McTavish had never seen that ugly face register pleasure or pain or surprise, or indeed any emotion. Even now, in the flickering light of the fire, his eyes remained opaque and his features stolid.

McTavish moved swiftly to the shed. Methodically he threw together a small pack, selected a rifle and dumped cartridges into his pockets. When he came out, Cutie was still sitting hunched on the log, his wrinkled face as unemotional as ever.

"I'm going to the River," McTavish said. "You stay here, and when they come, tell 'em I'll soon be back with supplies."

Without another glance at the smoking logs he fastened his webs and turned eastward. He had no dogs. He never had needed them. He moved swiftly through the darkness in a long, swinging stride. The manner of his going and Cutie's phlegmatic acceptance of it belied the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile journey to North Crossing Post on the Mackenzie.

Only once had he been there. Eleven years ago he had got off the big Company boat on his first trip into the north. It was at North Crossing that he had left the River and started up the tortuous Yellowknife with three canoe-loads of supplies. He was full of ambition then, the youngest man ever to be put in full charge of a Company Post. Even the long trip back into the wilderness to Forked Creek and the first sight of the lonely log shack that was to be his station, had not dulled his enthusiasm. He would not be here long. This was just a stepping stone to larger, more important positions.

At first he had chafed at the delayed realization of his dreams. It had hurt his pride. But that was before he had grown to know his people—the silent men of Acutah's race and the more volatile French. As the years passed, the great quiet of the forest bore upon him less and less heavily. The gurgling of Forked Creek became musical.

It was a pleasant way of life, and McTavish would not have exchanged places with the factor of the biggest Company station. King of his small domain, he ruled with gentleness and friendship, and in return the simple forest people accepted him fully into their lives. What more, he thought, could a man ask?

BY NOON of the next day the muscles of his legs and back were calling for rest, but he pushed on Two hundred and fifty miles and back, in eight days, allowed for no leisurely travel.

The heavy, coniferous forest rose and fell with the land. It crawled up steep ridges and fell into shallow valleys in which the snow had sifted as high as the lower branches. Like a knobby carpet in the distance, the wilderness flowed away interminably.

Snatching only an occasional hour or two of sleep, McTavish arrived at the River in a little less than four days. His face was gaunt and haggard when he finally stood at the crest of a ridge and looked down upon sprawling North Crossing Post. It was bigger than he remembered it, more cluttered-looking. This was a Company distribution point. Here the river boats unloaded tons of cargo before going on down the Mackenzie River to Fort Churchill.

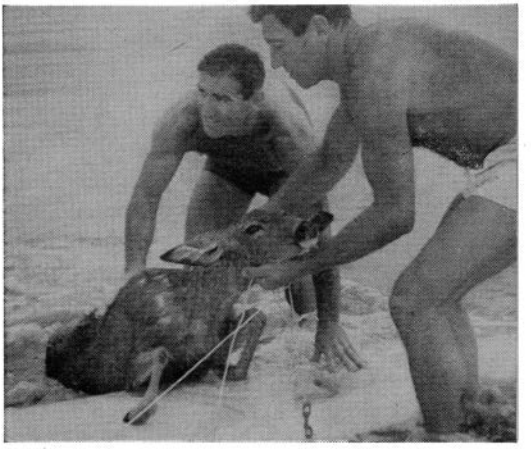
His mouth cracked into a tired grin of satisfaction as he forced his numb legs forward down the ridge. He had made it, with a little time to spare. He headed slowly toward the main building noting with casual interest the smaller log structures which were strewn about in helter-skelter fashion. One of them belonged to the factor. The factor of North Crossing was important enough to have a house of his own, separate from the supply store But then, he was married. McTavish shrugged. If he had a wife she would have to sleep in the back room, the same as he did.

He entered the big building and dragged across the rough floor to the counter at the back. He loosened his shoulder thongs and dropped his pack upon the counter.

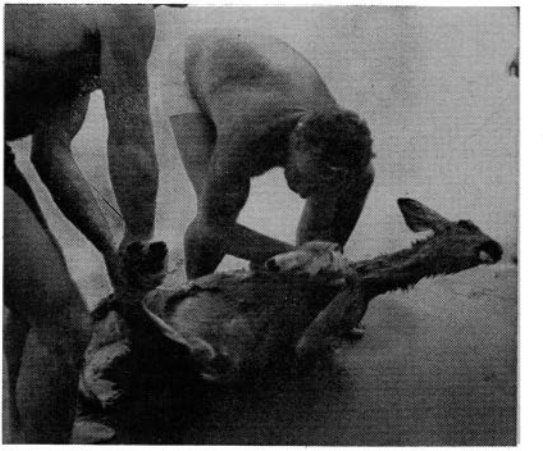
"I'm McTavish," he told the young clerk. "Factor (*Continued on page 92*)

10 YARDS TO GO: Nat Shargo's brother wades out into the surf to help Nat in pulling the deer up onto the beach.

SHALLOW WATER: Half-dead deer, numb with cold, exhausted and scared witless, sprawls limply across surfboard.



BEACH'S EDGE: At the last moment the backwash spins the deer off the slippery board, but it's close to safety now.



ON THE SAND: Working gently, the Shargos take the hind and forelegs to drag the deer onto the dry beach sand.

DEER RESCUE

THE first person to see it was a young woman fishing along the shore. She thought it was a seal. After a second look she remembered a story she'd read that said sea-serpents do exist. She screamed. Others looked where she pointed. They saw a deer floundering in the Pacific Ocean, right off California's popular Malibu Beach.

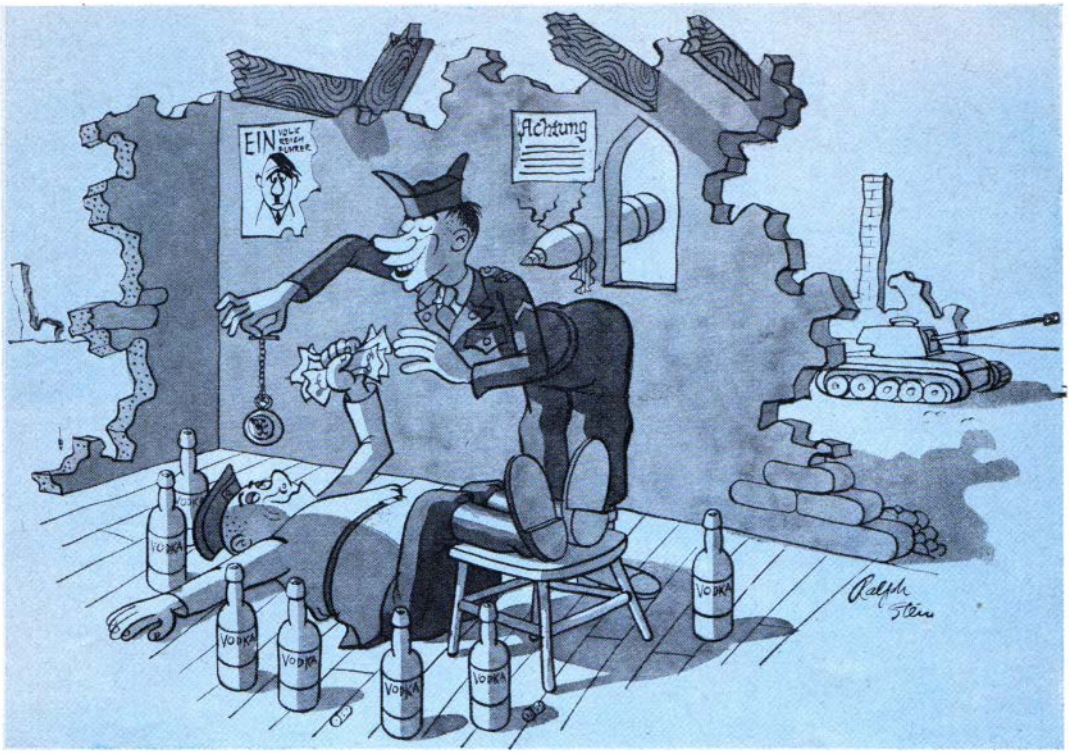
Nobody had seen it happen. The animal must have raced out of the hills, across the highway and into the surf.

By the time Lifeguard Nat Shargo arrived on the scene, the deer was a quarter of a mile off-shore, and in trouble. Shargo grabbed a surfboard and sped out. When he reached the deer, it was about ready to give up. He managed to drape it across the surfboard and head in.

What happened from that point on was recorded by an on-the-spot cameraman, and is presented on this page.

OVER AND OUT: Waterlogged but safe, the deer sleeps off its experience to gain strength to make for the hills.

ARGOSY CONTINUES ITS SERIES ON THE POSTWAR ADVENTURES OF A WELL KNOWN G. I.



"In faek," said Artie, "he paid considerable over the market price. His sales resistance was very low."

ARTIE AND THE RUSSIAN QUESTION

The Great Greengroin tackles a knotty international problem and solves it by means of a simple exchange of Mickey Mouse watches, C-rations and vodka

by HARRY BROWN

WHAT are we going to do about the Russians?" Artie asked pensively as we sat in a little restaurant dawdling over our coffee. It was Artie's day off, and we couldn't make up our minds what to do. So we lingered in the restaurant, toying with our coffee spoons. Artie seemed in a vaguely reminiscent mood.

"What about the Russians?" I asked languidly.

"I don't think they like us," Artie said.

"First I'd heard of it," I said.

Artie sipped his coffee, made a face, and called the waitress over to the table. "This is cold," he said, handing her the cup.

The waitress looked surprised. "Some people," she said, "can think up the silliest complaints."

"Lissen," Artie said, "don't moralize. Jess put a head on it."

The waitress rolled her eyes, took the cup and went away.

"Naw," Artie went on, "they don't like us at all. Though I awways got along fine with 'em."

"I didn't know you knew any Russians," I said, just to keep the talk going.

"Millions," Artie said.

"Where?" I asked.

"In Goimany," Artie said, a little exasperated by my ignorance. "In 1945. The jernt was crawling with Russians. All shapes and sizes. We was combing Russians out of our hair all the time."

"And you liked them?" I asked.

"I didn't say that," Artie said. "I said I got along fine with 'em. We used to have long discussions."

"What about?"

Artie shrugged. "Beats me," he said. "I couldn't unnerstand the language. And it wouldn't of made any difference if I did."

"Why not?" I wanted to know.

"They was drunk most of the time," Artie said simply. His eyes took on a faraway look. "We used to have business transactions.

"What kind?"

"Ah," Artie said, "I used to sell 'em things."

"What kind of things?" I asked.

"Watches."

"What kind of watches?"

"Mickey Mouse watches," Artie said. He sighed. "What a racket. Them Russians was nuts about Mickey Mouse watches. Little round-headed guys, with big grins on their kissers. They'd of give you the Kremlin for a Mickey Mouse watch."

"You should have taken it," I said. "Things might be a lot quieter now."

"I done awright as it was," Artie said. "I was a rich man when I retired from the Army."

"What happened to the money?" I asked.

"It got spent," Artie said. "What do you think happens to money?"

"All right," I said. "I shouldn't have brought it up."

"I remember once they was this little Russian," Artie went on. "I run into him one day and I give him a C-ration. He never had nothing like it before. He even liked it. So I give him another one. He liked that, too. I ended up by giving him six. He was happy as a clam."

"Where'd you get the six rations?" I asked.

"Ah, I had a custom-built pack," Artie said. "I had everything in that pack except a television and a washing-machine."

The waitress brought Artie a fresh cup of coffee and went away shaking her head. Artie moodily poured in three heaping spoonfuls of sugar, stirred the gluey mass and took a sip.

"Anyways," he went on, "this little Russian was talking away with his mouth full of C-ration, and I wasn't paying much attention. Then finely he wipes the crumbs off his nose, pats his stomach, pats my knee, and holds up a finger, which means for me to wait a minute. Then he trots off around a corner somewheres."

"You mean he could still walk?" I wanted to know.

"Them Russians is sturdy," Artie said. "Six C-rations don't mean nothing to them. Well, pretty soon he comes back, and he's got a bottle of vodka unner his arm. You ever drunk vodka?"

"Them Russians was nuts about Mickey Mouse watches."

"On occasion," I said. "A little goes a long way."

"Yerse," Artie said, "I know. Thass what the Russian was figuring."

"You mean he had a plan?"

"Thass what I mean, awright." Artie said. "All of them Russians had the same idea. He was gonna fill me up to the collarbone with vodka and then, when I loss all innerest in the proceedings, he was gonna pinch the rest of me C-rations. But he reckoned without ole Artie."

"I'm all ears," I said.

"Lissen," Artie said, "I got a stummik like a deep-freeze. Me ole lady was the woist cook I ever seen. So for ten years I lived on cookies and beer. A guy that's done that can eat iron filings and drink ink."

"I believe it," I said.

"So we started out on the vodka," Artie continued. "One bottle went the way of all flesh. The Russian looks a little worried, but he ain't gonna give up. He goes and gets another bottle. Well, to make a long story short, three bottles later the Russian looks like Napoleon jess burned Moscow—"

"And Artie?" I asked.

"Ole Artie was jess getting warmed up," ole Artie said. "When I seen he was getting jess a little complacent, I went to woik."

"Work?"

"Yerse," Artie said. "I sold him a Mickey Mouse watch. In fack, he paid considerable over the market price. His sales resistance was very low at the moment."

"Did you do that often?" I asked.

"Once or twice a week," Artie said. He considered the subject for a moment. "You think there's a moral in that story?" he wanted to know.

"Probably," I said. "There's a moral in nearly everything these days.

"Yeah," Artie said, "like in drinking this coffee."

"What's the moral there?" I asked.

"Stick to beer," Artie said. He got to his feet. "Pay the check and less go," he said. "I'll show you what I mean down the street." ● ● ●

"Don't moralize," he said. "Jess put a head on it."

MAN-STALK

by JOHN D. MacDONALD

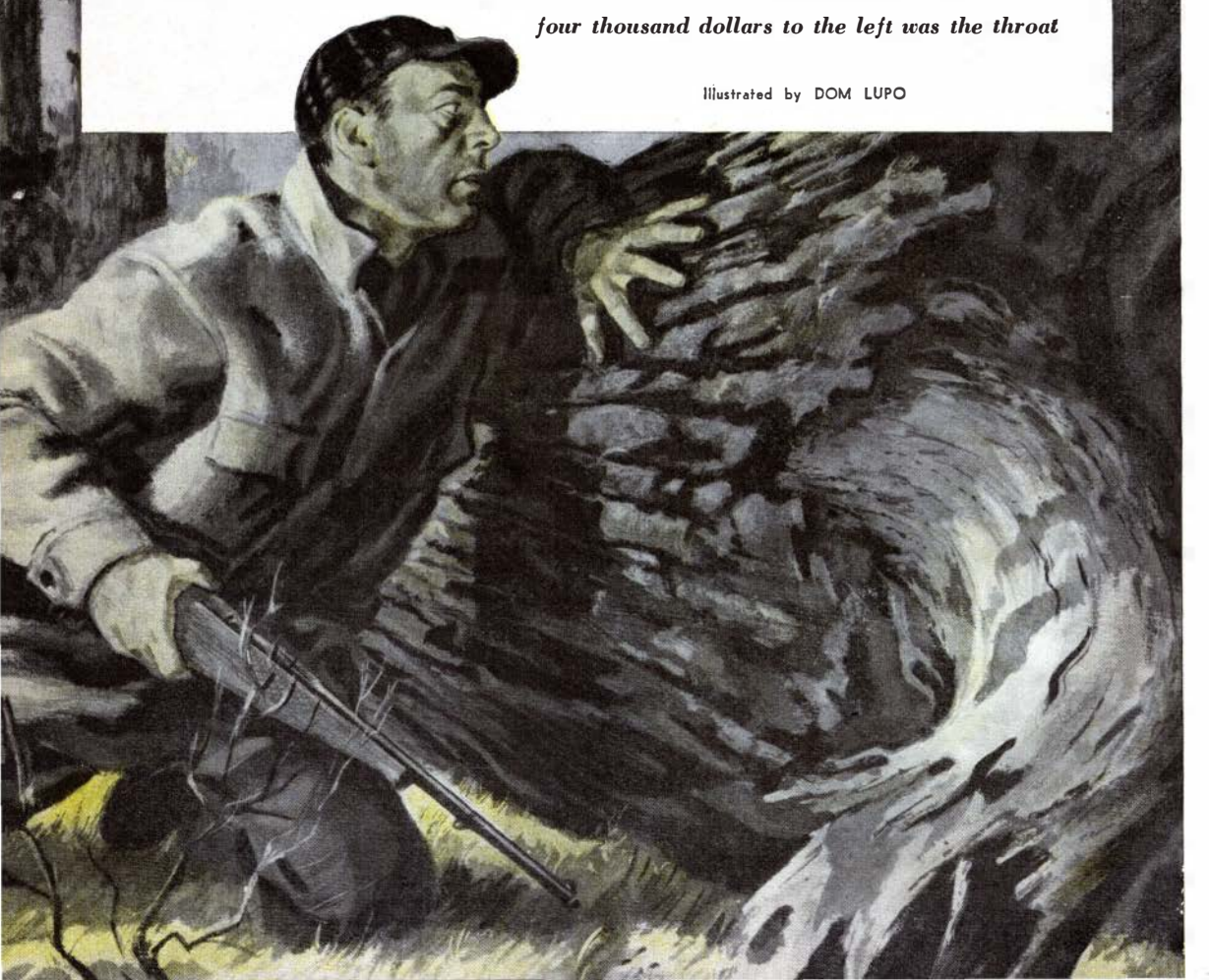
THE wind, coming down from the high places, had the smell of ice in it, but the sun was hot enough in the dooryard to make me unbutton my flannel shirt right down to the belt before I had half finished the repair work on the canoe. Belle had the kitchen door open and I hummed along with her as she sang in that true, husky voice.

I thought of the big wall chart I'd pinned up by the chunk stove. The letters were coming in and my schedule was filling up. It looked like another good year. When the snow finally goes for good it gives a man a wonderful feeling. I had to get all the equipment in shape to take the customers out after bear, trout, deer and moose—all in season, all scheduled.

A man can feel so good he gets a little superstitious about it. I stopped working and straightened up and for a moment the ice in the breeze struck through me, down to the small tightly-coiled knot of memory. I smiled it away. After a time you learn how to look a man in the eye again, how to walk down the village street the way an honest man walks. In time, you become an honest man, because that is what you wanted to be all the time. And

He could take him alive with a bullet in the shoulder—but four inches and four thousand dollars to the left was the throat

Illustrated by DOM LUPO



you are accepted as such. It was that simple.

I heard the car slow down to turn into my place and, because the memory was so close to me then, I turned too quickly. Old habits come back.

After a few years in that sort of country you know everyone. I knew the big station wagon belonged to Carson Medwell. I had never spoken to Medwell, though I had seen him accompanied by the small-boned dark man who sat behind the wheel. Medwell owns ten thousand acres of heavily wooded perpendicular country.

I turned back to my work. The man blatted the horn. In the woods when you drive into a man's yard you get out of the car. I didn't look up. I kept working. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Belle come to the doorway.

The little dark man came across the dooryard toward me, his mouth tight, throwing his feet out to each side in a cityman's strut. I watched him come.

"You deef?" he asked.

"What can I do for you?"

"Medwell wants to see you. I'm to take you back with me."

I glanced at Belle. Her face had taken on that unintelligent look she saves for annoying strangers.

"You could have a long wait," I said. "I've got a lot of work here."

He looked at me and he smiled. It was an oddly knowing smile. It said that we should understand each other. It made the breath I took feel shallow, as though I wasn't getting enough air.

"Wouldn't it be simpler to come along and find out what he wants?"

The threat in the words was semi-innocent. But it was there. I bent over and laid the brush across the top of the can. "It might, at that."

"You were going to get that finished before lunch, Ben," Belle said mildly.

I turned and let her see some of the fury I wanted to show the little man. Her eyes widened a bit, then she turned without a word and went back into the kitchen.

I BUTTONED my shirt as I walked toward the station wagon. I found that I had my jaw set so tightly that my teeth were beginning to ache.

A half mile down the road I asked, "What does he want?"

"He'll tell you."

He drove uncomfortably fast. We turned off and bounced over the corduroy road, then turned again into the winding brush road through the Medwell property. I had heard about his lodge, but I had never seen it. It was made of redwood, cedar and lake stone, sprawling along the south shore of a lake that was a half-mile in length.

Medwell was bigger than I had realized. He was standing by a huge stone fireplace, a drink in his hand, as we came in. A thick, heavy, white-skinned, positive man in his fifties. He wore gray flannels and his stomach pushed out against the front of the fancy dude-ranch shirt. A young blonde girl sat by the fire hugging her knees. Medwell looked at her and she got up without a word and went out. The little man who had brought me stayed.

"Sit down, Lawson," Medwell said. "Scotch, rye or whatever?"

I told myself this was just an order for a hunting party and that my imagination had been playing tricks. I sat down. "Nothing, thanks." The leather chair was deep and comfortable.

"I won't waste your time, Lawson. I've been looking for a man with your qualifications and your—ah—interesting background."

I couldn't keep my hand from tightening on the chair arm. He saw it before I could relax it. He smiled. "Lawson, did you really think you could keep it hidden forever?"

"Keep what hidden?"

"You would play a poor brand of poker. Guides have to have licenses. If they knew, they wouldn't license you again, would they?"

There was no use running the bluff any further. "It was long ago and I served my time. What can you gain by ruining me and my business?"

HE FINISHED his drink and set the glass on the mantel. He had a satisfied look. "Ruining you is the furthest thing from my mind, Ben Lawson. I have an assignment for you. It's completely legal, of course. But, to be blunt, I'm afraid you wouldn't have taken it unless I—found a basis for applying pressure. Do you know how I made my money?"

I've seen a bear in a trap after he knows he can't pull free. There's a slow-moving numbness about him.

"Mining, wasn't it? In Canada."

He used the soft tone of a man speaking of work he loves. "The mining business is a poker game. There is ruthlessness in it. Four years ago I went into partnership on one venture with a man named Jay Fournier. He was handling the prospecting end, using aircraft. I found that it was in his mind to dissolve the partnership before staking claim to a good strike. I took steps. No need for details. I ended up with the strike and Jay ended up, as I planned, with twenty years in King's Prison. I'm afraid his knowledge of innocence in the matter on which he was convicted made him bitter."

"You mean then that he was framed?"

"It was a very rich strike, Lawson. Fifteen days ago he escaped, killing a guard in the process. They believe he has drifted down this way across the border. He was once a guest here. It is no secret that I'm here. And he has nothing to lose."

"How do I come in?" I asked.

"You are a woodsman, and, rumor has it, a good one . So was Jay, four years ago. I have a pleasant apartment in New York. I could go there. But I have never run from anything in my life and fifty is a poor age to start. I am the bait. If I was any good in the woods I would become the hunter. But I never play another man's game with his cards."

"I won't go into the woods to kill a man," I said.

"Did I say that, Lawson? I'm sorry if I gave you that impression. I am hiring you to protect me. I shall pay you for it."

I thought it over. He gave me time to think. What could be wrong with such an assignment?

BEFORE I could answer, he took a wallet from his hip, took out five crackling, crisp hundred-dollar bills. He put them on the arm of the chair, close to my hand, spread so that I could see there were five of them.

"If you can capture Jay Fournier, Lawson, I shall consider it a job well done. He can be returned to prison. For that I will add another five hundred. However, if you should find it necessary to kill him, I know that there would be considerable mental anguish involved. So I am prepared to add forty-five hundred to that five hundred to bring it to five thousand."

They were both watching me. The small man looked quietly amused. Medwell had the look of a man who has just pushed a bet to the center of the table.

"You said you didn't want him killed, didn't you?"

"I don't know why you keep questioning my motives, Lawson. Killing a man is unpleasant work. The reward should be higher. You can take the job and try to capture him. A thousand dollars is good money up here."

I hadn't touched the five hundred. "How do I know I would get the forty-five hundred?" That didn't sound right. I added quickly, "That is, if I have to kill him."

"All I can give you is my word. And many men have taken my word when larger amounts are involved. They haven't regretted it. It's a matter of pride with me."

Anger came from an unknown place. I stood up (*Continued on page 75*)

Ask Your ARGOSY Experts

HORSEBACK fishing for rainbows makes rugged sport in the north Rockies.

Every month ARGOSY'S board of experts, each a specialist in his field, will answer queries about sports and hobbies. The board includes Hy Peskin, photography; Ralph Stein, cars, planes, ships; Pete Kuhlhoff, gun collecting; Byron W. Dalrymple, hunting and fishing; Doc Jenkins, trapping and trail tips; Arthur Miller, handicraft for the outdoorsman; Raymond S. Spears, camping; Darrell Huff, homecraft; Ray Josephs, travel; R. H. McGahen, leathercraft; Robert J. Whittier, small boats; Ejler Jakobsson, model railroads. Address Hobby Corner, ARGOSY, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

The Biggest Rainbows

A bunch of us are planning a fishing trip and would like to know where the best spot for steelheads and giant rainbows would be. Are such fish found in Idaho and/or Wyoming? Or in any other close neighboring states to Utah? Will you tell me exactly how do we get there, and what lure and tackle would be suitable for both types of fish?

I. S. SHUPE

Ogden, Utah

● The true steelhead is the migratory rainbow of the West Coast which goes out into the ocean, like a salmon, and returns to its parent freshwater stream to spawn. These fish range from three pounds on up, the average for a reasonably big fish being in the neighborhood of seven pounds in such spots as the Rogue or Umpqua in Oregon.

In your own bailiwick, you'll have to go to the West Slope states to get true steelheads. From Northern California, on through Oregon and Washington and into British Columbia, you'll find runs of these fish in certain rivers almost every month of the year. (Turn to pages 44 and 45 of ARGOSY's Fishing Roundup.)

Another bet is Lake Pend Oreille, Idaho, where the giant Kamloops trout has been a sensational stocked fish. They have grown to fabulous size, somewhere in the neighborhood of 40 pounds.

As to tackle, steelheading can be sensational fly-rod sport. Rod should be at least nine feet, six to seven ounces, firm action. Reel, large-capacity, line three-taper variety of the torpedohead type, probable size about GAF, with 75 to 100 yards backing line in addition, and a leader of around 31-pound test. Flies, wet and streamer, but don't buy them until you're on the grounds and find out which are local favorites. Of course, bait such as worms and salmon eggs do the trick, too. Winter fish run larger, and best bet will be a plug rod of about six feet, fairly firm action, large capacity reel, 15-pound test line, a couple of feet or so of level nylon leader, hooks No. 2 to 4. Either use salmon eggs, or try spoons, spinners, etc. Cast them as you would bait, across current and down, retrieving slowly. For Pend Oreille fish, troll with fairly heavy plug-casting tackle, fishing deep with spoons, spinners or live smelts.

Wyoming and other Western states have good trout, but for the real thing, go to Pend Oreille or streams near the coast on the West Slope.

Byron W. Dalrymple

Mallard Decoys

I've been in touch with the owner of a set of 18 mallard decoys and a few teal. He made them himself in a rather interesting way. His claim for these decoys is that they are completely lifelike. He skins and tans the hides, fashions the body from cork, then stretches the skin over, sewing it on the bottom. He then nails or glues a cedar or pine board on the bottom for a place to fasten weights or lines for a decoy anchor. It also helps balance the decoy. After the block is finished with feathers, he soaks it up to the waterline with paraffin. They are built to stand the gaff.

RAY SCHROEPFER

Antigo, Wisconsin

● Note to editor: Some time ago Mr. Schroepfer wrote me asking if I could tell him how to make duck decoys of blocks covered by actual duck skins, so they would be entirely lifelike. I had never heard of the idea, and wrote saying so. It seems a friend of his has some of those odd decoys and has divulged how they were made. This should interest all duck hunters.

Byron Dalrymple

Cap-and-Ball Rifles

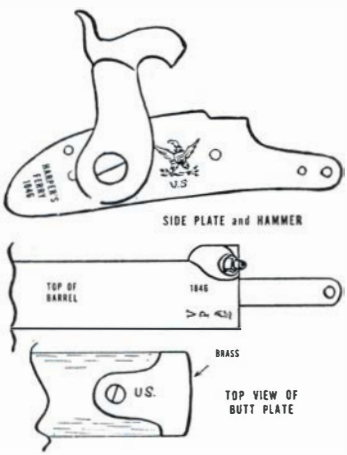
Will you please tell me the story of the following described cap-and-ball military rifle? I have been told that they are a dime a dozen.

J. E. KENNEDY

Los Angeles, California

● I certainly would not say that the Harper's Ferry rifles are a dime a dozen. They are fine guns and very desirable collectors' items. They do not command as high a price as Flintlock Military pieces, but generally bring about $25 or more. Your rifle is evidently the Model 1841 (.54 caliber), sometimes called Model 1842, as made in 1846. There were a lot of experimental rifles made between 1841-1860. For 14 years, the Model 1841 was the finest spherical bullet military rifle in the world, and was a great favorite for big game and Indian shooting in the Far West. It is known by various names—Harper's Ferry, Mississippi, Model 1842 and Yager. The charge was a half-ounce spherical bullet, patched, and 75 grains of rifle powder. Muzzle velocity was about 1850 feet per second. This is one of my favorites, and it burns me up to hear it talked down. Never sell the Yager short!

Pete Kuhlhoff



GUN STAMPS are those of a so-called "Yager," a Harper's Ferry Model 1841.

NOVELETTE OF THE MONTH

KIDNAPING OF THE PROSCETHIA

by JOHN F. WALLACE

Illustrated by JOHN McDERMOTT

THE STRANGE PIRATES COULD TAKE OVER THE LINER. BUT HOW LONG COULD THEY CONFINE ITS CREW AND FRIGHTENED PASSENGERS AT SEA?

WE WERE at our anchorage south of Shanghai the afternoon that Hannay, our captain, came back aboard and told us that General Feng had sold us out, and I won't forget that day because it was the end of easy living and easy money for all of us. And the beginning of something else.

I was lounging by the *Paolo's* rail when Feng's launch came alongside. McSwane and some of the others were standing around, idly talking. But one look at Hannay's face as he came up the ladder, stiff and affecting immaculateness in the heavily-bullioned uniform, changed all that. Captain Hannay was bringing us bad news.

"McSwane," he rasped at the third mate, "get the hook up and put me on a southeasterly course. You, Buckner"—to me—"get below and make me revolutions. Take your assistant with you. The rest of you go into the saloon. I want to talk to you."

That was Hannay, playing the part of the elegant and domineering sea captain, barking orders to his minions. He was just turning away when I said, "I'd like to listen in, too, Hannay."

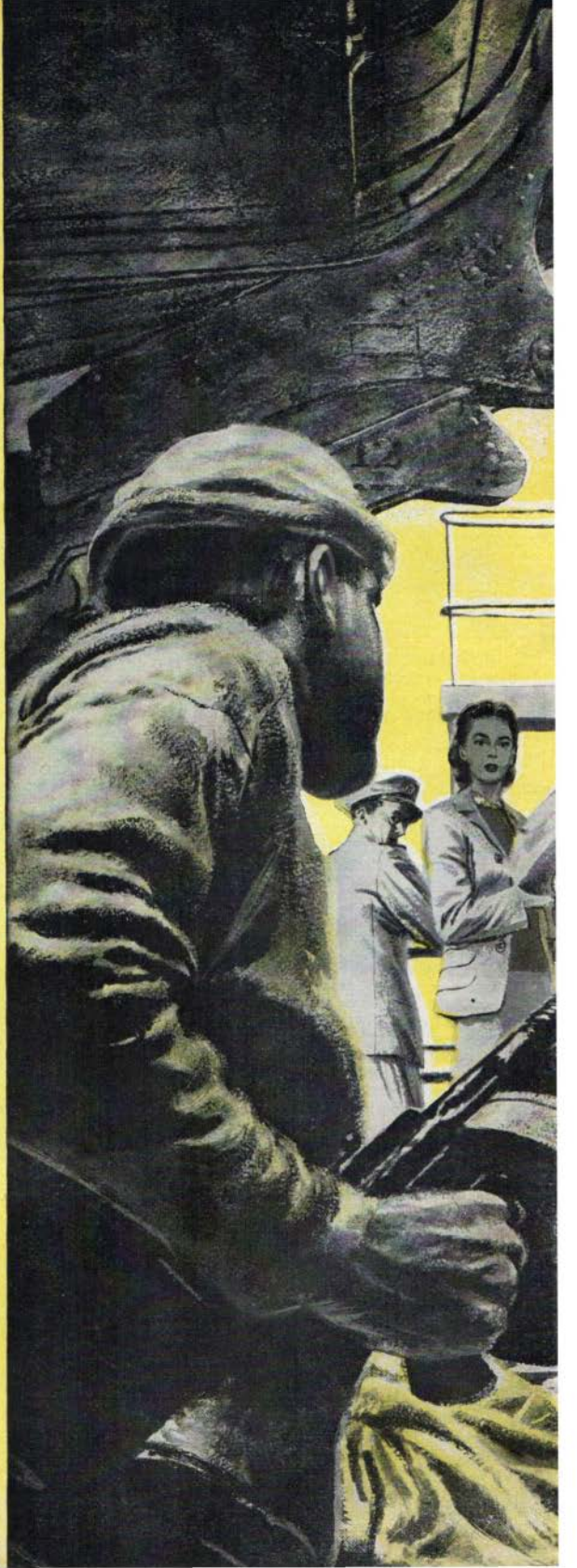
"Captain Hannay," he corrected me. He came around on his heel, trying to hold the look of command, but I could see the color coming up in his pale face. His eyes stared at me flatly out of their deep, black sockets.

"Below, Buckner," he said.

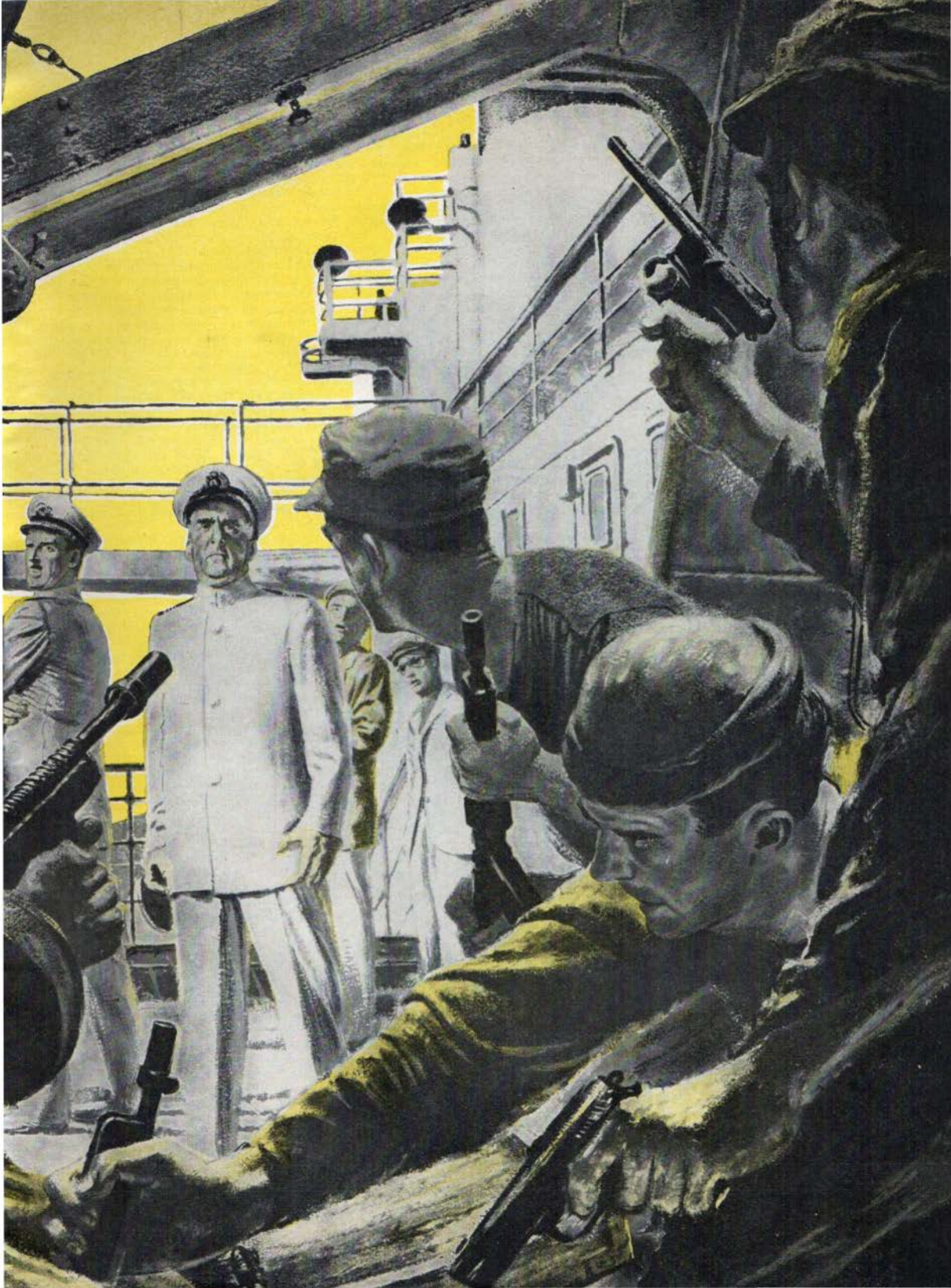
"Not this time," I said. "Nick'll make your revolutions. This time I want to know in advance what we're in for."

They'd all been shuffling toward the saloon. Now they stopped, watching with an air of expectancy. Defiance aboard the *Paolo* was dealt with in various ways, all unpleasant, if you didn't know what you were doing. The thing to remember was that Hannay liked it; he enjoyed smashing it. He liked to show his power.

Olsen, Hannay's bos'n and chief muscleman, started shoving toward me. I didn't (*Continued on page* 98)



The rest of our crew dived on the gear, each coming up armed and moving fast.



"Close It Up!"

(Continued from page 22)

"Never mind the bills—just the billet doux." Minnick.

"Billy what?" Meitelbaum again.

But Luth listened in vain for another voice—a sober, friendly voice. He trudged on. A leather strap slipped up another notch around his brain.

The squad had two tents, and the rear half of the squad filed into one of them. Johnson swung onto his cot, used his pack for a backrest and let his muscles collapse. The others hunched out of the burning straps and felt suddenly, drunkenly buoyant. There was one concerted, automatic gesture: everyone produced crumpled packs, and lungs sucked at welcome cigarettes. Then they all stretched long and heavy on their cots. All but Meitelbaum, who rubbed his back against the tentpole and closed his eyes in exquisite relief.

"The sack," Minnick whispered gratefully, and it conveyed all that he or the others wanted to say.

Edwards dreamed through the blue curling smoke. Johnson stirred himself long enough to hunch out of his pack and push it to the floor. "I wish Luth would hurry up with that mail," he grunted.

"T'day we oughta have plenny, after a week," Meitelbaum said, hopefully.

SILENCE again. Then Johnson grunted, "Pretty fast for a while, huh?"

"An' other times you'd think nothin' was gonna happen ever again," Spider reflected in wonderment.

"Guess we've had what they call a 'baptism of fire,'" Minnick said flatly, without bravado.

Meitelbaum's voice shrilled up in a querulous pitch, demanding, "who wants t' be baptized?" He lurched to a cot in the corner and sat down.

"Hey!" Johnson warned, hunching up on an elbow. Meitelbaum looked at Johnson, looked down at the corner, then the bed. He got up and moved away gingerly. "Gee," he offered apologetically, "I forgot."

Johnson raised a tent flap and shouted across the area and the mists. "Hey, Corporal! Get the lead out!"

"Watch out," Spider warned, not stirring. "The old man don't like for corporals to be talked to like that."

"I can afford it," Johnson said, settling back luxuriously. "The corporal's gotta be nice to me, on accounta I owe him ten bucks."

"Yeah," Spider agreed, blowing a gray hole through the blue haze. "Nice with extra guard, or something."

Johnson shook his head confidently. "Not me. He's taking extra special care of me till payday."

Minnick let his head fall toward the center of the tent and suggested laconically, "MacKinley owed him five."

"That's right," Spider said, "Luth took extra special care of him."

Meitelbaum giggled. "Yeah," he said, and sat down on his own bed.

For a moment they watched the layers of smoke drift. Then Spider sniped his cigarette. "But he deserved all he got," he said.

"Sure he did," Johnson said. "He did a hell of a thing."

"Yeah," Meitelbaum said. "But old Luth still ain't too happy."

There was nothing more to say. They tried to put it out of their thoughts. Or they thought about Luth. They heard a footfall outside and raised up hopefully. But it was only Luckadoo.

"What do you want?" Johnson growled.

"I hear you fellows got a empty bed," Luckadoo said. "The other tent's full."

Spider raised his foot and pointed with it at the bed in the corner. Nobody said welcome or go to hell. "What about all his stuff?" Luckadoo asked. Nobody answered him. "Who'll give me a hand?" They just lay there and stared at him until Luth came in, loaded with envelopes and papers and a couple of packages. "Look!" Meitelbaum shouted. "It's real!"

"Come and get it," Luth said.

"I hear y' callin'," Spider yelled, and they all swarmed around the corporal, eagerly reading the names over his shoulder as Luth called them out. Luckadoo sat down on the corner bed.

"Edwards—"

"That's me," Spider grinned, and took a package that could only have been cigarettes. Johnson drew one, too. Luth came to a bulky package.

"MacKinley—"

THERE was silence. Luth looked around at them, uncomfortably. They looked back at him, uncomfortably. Luth handed the bulky package to Meitelbaum. "Here, Shorty," he muttered, "put it on his bed."

"On his bed?"

"On his bed," he said, and quickly read the next name. There were some home town newspapers before he got to the letters. "Minnick—"

"Bingo!" He took four.

"Luth—" The corporal pocketed two letters. "Edwards—"

"Give here."

"Meitelbaum—"

"Only one?"

"MacKin—" Luth stopped. The others were all looking at him. His eyes dropped. He put the letters in his pocket with his own. "Johnson—" He handed Johnson a half dozen pastel envelopes.

"Oh, ladies! You shouldn't!"

"No more for me?" Meitelbaum asked, hungrily.

"That's the haul."

They retired to their cots, each man busy with his own mail. Luckadoo went over to Johnson's bed and sat down and opened the paper to the comics. Luth glanced around, saw them all absorbed. Unobtrusively he withdrew the alien envelopes from his field jacket and dropped them on the bed in the corner of the tent, as though he could be rid of them that way. They spilled over the bulky package. Then he went to his own bed and lay down and closed his eyes. His own letters stayed in his pocket. He listened to the voices and the comments without hearing what they were saying. Then he shook himself and forced his attention to focus on the conversation.

HOW come I don't get more letters?" Meitelbaum demanded.

"Maybe you oughta write more," Minnick suggested.

"I can't think of nothin' to write about," Luckadoo said.

Spider looked at him distastefully. "Don't tell me you know somebody to write to," he said.

There was sniping like that—and excerpts of letters read aloud, and vending of family affairs. Through it all Luth lay on his cot, listening and not hearing. His closed eyes were burning with raw fatigue. His muscles still ached. He wanted to jump up and scream what he had seen and what he had done and what he felt. But he stifled that, because they had seen it, too. They knew what he had done and they could guess, maybe, how he felt. He rolled over and stared at the canvas that was dun-yellow where the light hit it and dark green in the shade.

They had seen it, too, and they knew what he had done and maybe knew how he felt and that was that. Nothing would be said. This is what makes a man grow old, he decided. An infant starts life with a tender skin and then things happen to it. The weather toughens it, muscles harden it, clothes chafe it. It grows bunions and develops scars from hurts, but only the scars stay; the hurt disappears. With a man's soul, it's different—the scars stay and the hurt stays, too. That's what makes a man grow old inside. There are some things he can't forget, and all the hurt and sickness stays inside, ready to be recalled by a shadow, a word, a cloud that has a shape that stirs up the stew of memory. Then all the stuff that had lain there in the bottom of the pot comes to the surface and boils. And a man gets old inside, remembering.

Minnick was reading a letter aloud. It was from his girl, and Luth tried hard to listen to it and think about it and laugh at the rough jokes and the basic things that men relieve themselves with in exile from life. Luth tried to remember a girl—any girl.

He tried to remember desire and soft shoulders and warm breath and eager acquiescence. But all those were physical things and they refused to be remembered easily. He had to force them.

But this memory inside him wasn't physical. It didn't burn him or freeze him. It only haunted him.

"Hey," said Luckadoo, "who's got some food?"

"What's the matter?" Johnson demanded. "Don't nobody send food no more?"

MEITELBAUM looked at the bed in the corner of the tent. "*He got a package,*" he said.

Johnson sat up. "Yeah," he said. quietly. Then they all sat up and looked at the package on the bed in the corner. Luth sat up, too. He didn't want to be different.

"You can't open *his* package," Luckadoo objected.

"What would he use it for now?" Johnson asked righteously, and looked around at them for agreement.

Luckadoo shook his head. "Yeah, but—"

"I'm hungry," Minnick said.

"So'm I," Meitelbaum echoed.

They were all standing now, their eyes buttoned on the package on the bed in the corner of the tent. But no one wanted to make the first move. Luth wasn't going to say anything unless someone asked him. Johnson did. "What do you say, Corporal?"

He didn't know what to say. He looked up. They were all looking at him. How? he asked himself. Accusing? No. Bitterly? No. They were just asking him what he said. "Well," he said, "I don't know—"

"He'd never miss it," Meitelbaum argued.

"He'd offer it to us if he was here," Spider said.

"Sure he would," Johnson agreed.

Luth licked his lips. He still didn't know. This was outside the manuals. The Army never wrote an AR to cover this one. He stalled for time. "His mother always sent Brownies."

"Good, too," Minnick said.

They waited.

"Maybe it's not food," Luckadoo put in.

They scorned the killjoy. They advanced on the corner and stood around the empty bed, eyeing the package speculatively. Then they looked at Luth. Luth went to the bed and picked up the package. He shook it and looked back at them.

"Sounds like food," Spider said.

"It's not right," Luckadoo objected.

"Who says so?" Johnson demanded.

"I say so," Luckadoo retorted.

"What about it, Corporal?"

Luth looked at them and saw they were all looking at him, so he looked at the package.

"He wouldn't have minded," Spider said. "I know he wouldn't."

Luth cleared his throat. He wanted to do this slowly, carefully, weighing everything. "It's not as if we were tampering with the mails," he said.

"I still don't think—" Luckadoo began.

"It was delivered," Luth finished, sharply.

"We always shared and shared alike, didn't we?" Johnson demanded.

"Yeah," Minnick nodded eagerly.

"That's right," Luth said, because he didn't know what else to say and they were waiting for him to say something.

"They're his," Luckadoo objected. "We shouldn't."

"Who's *we*?" Johnson demanded.

"Us," Spider said to Luckadoo. "Not you."

They waited for Luth. He looked around and suggested, "Let's take a vote."

"Yeah," Minnick agreed, feeling better. "Let's vote."

"That's the democratic way," Meitelbaum added eagerly.

"All those in favor of opening MacKinley's package." Luth said stiffly, "Raise your hand."

He counted Johnson, Meitelbaum, Minnick and Spider. "All opposed?"

"Me."

Luth looked at Luckadoo, and then he looked away because there was that look in Luckadoo's eyes that accused. "All right, we open it," he said quickly, and wished that now somebody else would take the package and take over.

"What about the letters?" Spider asked.

"I'll take care of those." Luth glanced at them and said, "There's three here in the same handwriting."

"Probably his wife," Johnson said.

"Oh." Luth didn't know what to do with the silence that followed. He held up the package and said, "Now."

"If you ask me," Luckadoo said, "I'd leave that package alone."

"Nobody asked you," Spider snapped. They felt better with some opposition. It gave them something to put their shoulders to, to force down, and none of them wanted one of those awkward silences that would make them feel maybe they weren't right after all.

"I want no part of it," Luckadoo said.

"Don't worry," Johnson said.

"It's MacKinley's, ain't it?" Luckadoo demanded.

"You wanna take it to him?" Spider threatened.

"I wouldn't eat it."

"Look out I don't shove it down your throat," Spider said.

"Just try it and see." Luckadoo bristled. "You'll see."

"Why, you—" Spider growled as he lunged forward.

"Cut it!" Luth snapped, and he pushed himself between the two of them. "Get back, Edwards."

"I'm not lettin' him get away with nothin'," Spider blazed.

"I ain't seen you do nothin' yet," Luckadoo sneered.

"C'mere and I'll show you—"

"At ease, Edwards!" Luth said angrily. "Luckadoo, you want any?"

"Hell, no!"

"Okay. Scram."

"Yeah," Minnick said. "Don't spoil the party."

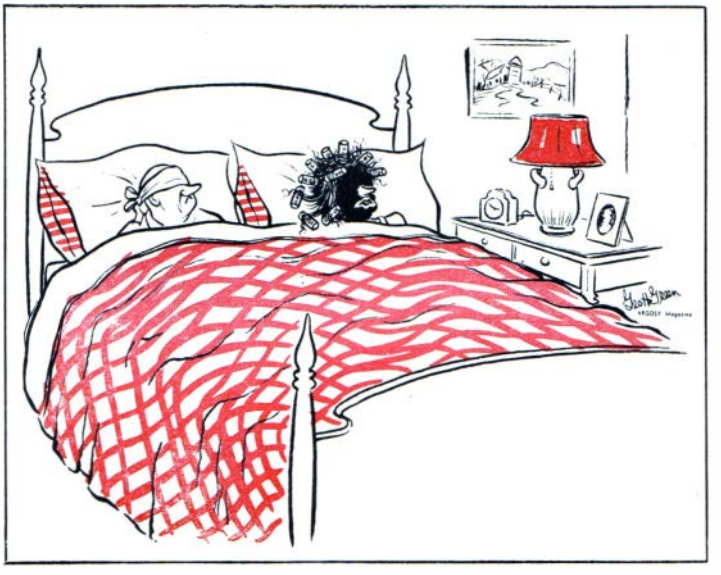
"Party!" Luckadoo snorted, his lips curling in disgust. "Not for me. You guys can have it, but not for me. Bunch of ghouls, that's what you are." He stalked out of the tent.

They all watched him go. Long after he was gone they kept watching, because watching delayed the opening of the package. "The nerve of that character," Spider said.

"Oh," Meitelbaum shrugged, "He's all right."

"You stickin' up for him?" Spider glowered.

"No. I just said he was all right."



"Settle down, you guys," Johnson said. "How about it, Corp?"

"How about what?" Luth asked.

"Open it, open it."

"Oh. Yeah. Anybody got a knife?" Minnick had one. Luth snapped the taut string with the blade. They all stood around him. He fumbled the heavy brown paper and removed some old papers that were wrapped around the tin box inside. He pried off the lid. "Yeah," he said. "Brownies."

"Hey," said Johnson, "There's a picture there."

"And a letter, too," Meitelbaum said.

Luth took out the picture. It was a snapshot blown up to a four by six. They all hung on his shoulders, looking at it. His fingers were trembling, but he couldn't calm them.

"Gee," Meitelbaum said, "that's a nice-looking family."

"That his sister?" Spider asked.

"Naw," Johnson said, "his wife." There's her picture on the wall." They all looked over by the bed in the corner. Masking tape held a photograph to the canvas. Luth stared back at the smiling eyes until suddenly he had to look away. He was glad to let go of the photo in his hands when Spider said, "Let's see it."

"What about the letter?" Minnick asked.

"I don't know," Luth said. He became conscious of the tin in his hands. "Have one?"

"Thanks," Minnick said, taking one gingerly, as though he didn't want to touch the tin.

"Johnson—"

"Thanks."

Meitelbaum took one, too. Luth didn't want to have them watching him, so he took one and chewed it slowly.

"You reckon they know?" Spider asked.

Luth pushed the cud to one side of his mouth and said, "The War Department sends telegrams." He didn't know what to do with the tin now.

"Maybe we oughta write," Minnick suggested. "You know—from his buddies."

"Be kinda nice to drop 'em a line," Johnson agreed.

"What could we say?" Spider asked.

They all looked at Luth. Luth looked into the tin and took another brownie. It grew big in his mouth as he chewed, and he was glad when Johnson finally answered that one.

TELL 'em he went easy-like," Johnson fumbled. "You know—quick."

"Yeah, but—" Meitelbaum started, blowing crumbs across the tent.

"They don't have to know, do they?" Johnson snapped savagely.

"Who'll write it?" Spider asked.

Luth continued to chew, laboriously. He couldn't force the saliva to his mouth. The Brownie grew into a large dry mass that wouldn't go down. Knowing they were all looking at him didn't help. Finally Johnson said it. "You're the ranking man here."

"Yeah," Meitelbaum agreed. "You got time and grade, Corporal."

Luth forced himself to swallow. "But I can't write *them*." He was telling them and himself. He figured that would stop them, because they knew what he knew.

Johnson came up to him and relieved him of the tin that was beginning to cut into his fingers. "I'd like—that is, if anything happened t' me," Johnson said, "I'd like for you to write a letter."

"My ma'd sure like that, too," Minnick said, quietly.

"So would mine," Spider said.

Luth looked at them. They were waiting for his answer. He didn't know any words to say, so he took the envelope from the tin and opened it. He began to read the letter aloud.

"Dearest Charles," he read, in a voice that was too loud and high. He didn't know if what he was doing was right, but it was the only thing he could think of to do. *"Good birthday presents are always hard to find, you know, and you can imagine how hard it is for us to think of something we can send you that you will really enjoy, and be able to use, now that you're overseas. All the nice things we could make or buy would probably be a nuisance to you, you move around so much."*

LUTH looked around the tent. Meitelbaum was chewing slowly, staring at the floor. Edwards was lying down now, on the bed in the corner of the tent, studying the picture. Johnson lit another cigarette and blew a smoke plume to the ceiling. Only Minnick looked back at him, studying him, reading his mind, maybe. Luth looked back at the writing and breathed deeply and forced his hands to stop trembling and his voice to settle.

"What we did, we got all the family together, and Peggy too, and we got Mr. Scovil next door who has that terribly complicated camera to take our picture. We all decided that you could carry this with you, and look at it every so often, where you mightn't be able to carry something bulkier. This way, we'll all be with you, sort of."

Luth had to stop. Now—he knew—he was being punished. He shut his eyes and rocked with fatigue, but there was no escape. He forced himself to read on:

"As you can see, we managed to get young Johnny looking presentable for once, although your father is looking mad, the way he always does when he has his picture taken. The only time he ever smiled for a picture was when you were born, I think."

Luth hawked the phlegm in his throat and tried to finish evenly. *"We all love you, Charlie, and miss you. Come back to us soon."*

He didn't dare look up now. He kept looking at the fine handwriting until it blurred and raced in crazy patterns across the page. *Christ!* he wanted to shout. *Somebody say something!*

But nobody said anything for a long while. Finally Meitelbaum splintered the glassy silence.

"Gee," he said, wistfully. "That's a nice letter." He crossed over to the corner. "Hey, Spider, let's see that picture again." Meitelbaum stopped and turned to the others in astonishment and whispered, "Hey—he's crying."

Luth stumbled to his cot and sat down. He fumbled for his pen and took a sheet of paper from his kit. This was his penance. He glanced up and saw Minnick was still looking at him.

WHAT you gonna do?" Minnick asked.

"You're not gonna write an' tell them—" Meitelbaum protested.

"Shut up!" Johnson snapped. "Let him write."

Luth stared at the white void of paper. He got out an envelope and carefully copied the address from the package, stalling for time before he would have to begin the letter. He wrote his own address in the corner, slowly, taking pains with all the numbers and the A.P.O. Then he picked up the sheet of paper again and wrote the date. He scratched, *"My dear Mrs. MacKinley."* He wished they would look away.

They did, finally, when Luckadoo came in carrying his A and B bags. Luckadoo shuffled to the corner and slung the bags on the floor by the bed. Spider rolled over and sat up and stared at him. They all watched Luckadoo. Luth started writing.

Luckadoo started to strip the picture of the young girl from the tent canvas. "Leave that alone!" Spider snapped.

"What'll I do with it?" Luckadoo asked.

"Leave it alone," Spider warned.

"Okay, okay," Luckadoo shrugged. "The Supply Sergeant wants his bedding. Give me a hand, will you?"

Spider stared at him, then got up and went to his own bed and lay down again. Luckadoo shrugged and dug into his bags and started to pull out his clothes and hang them up. They watched him. Resentfully. They watched the corner change ownership, but there was nothing they could do about it. They all watched but Luth, who wrote with desperate concentration.

Once he got started Luth found he'd been writing this letter for four days. He put it all on paper very quickly. When he was through, he picked up the paper and blew on it. Nobody noticed him, so he stood up. Minnick glanced at him, questioningly. Luth held out the paper and made his lips move. "I want you all to sign this," he said.

"Sure, Corporal," Johnson said.

"Let's see," said Meitelbaum. He took the paper from Luth and began to read. Luth listened to his words, but watched Minnick, who was looking at Meitelbaum. Even Luckadoo listened.

"My dear Mrs. MacKinley," Meitelbaum read, slowly. *"No doubt the War Department has informed you of your son's death, but we, who had the privilege to be his buddies, would like to add a word. The enemy attempted an assault on our lines. The attack*

was heavy, and we were forced back to our secondary defenses. It was touch and go, but when the time came, your son was the first on his feet, the first to move, without waiting for orders. It was his quick action that unified the rest of us. A shell got him, but I was with him when he died."

Meitelbaum stopped reading to look at Luth. Luth felt the weight of all their stares, but now he looked straight back at Meitelbaum, challenging him to continue. Meitelbaum hesitated a moment, then went on: *"He said, 'I just ran. I didn't think.' That may be so, Mrs. MacKinley. But we saw him die, and he died bravely. One dies without thinking, but not without character. Sincerely, Corporal Harry Luth."*

"Sign it," Luth ordered, and held his pen out. Meitelbaum took it and signed the letter without a word.

Luckadoo looked around at them all, disbelief screwing his face. "You going to send that?"

"What's it to you?" Luth snapped.

"Why don't you write the truth?"

Minnick looked at Luckadoo levelly and said, "That is the truth." Then he took the pen from Meitelbaum and signed his name.

"Yeah," Luckadoo sneered. "Sure he ran. Which way?"

Johnson swung his feet to the floor and stood up. "I don't see no medals on you," he said to Luckadoo.

"At least I wasn't a coward," Luckadoo snapped.

Spider jumped to his feet. "Shut up!" he rasped, coming closer to Luckadoo. "That's the truth, what's in that letter."

Johnson ambled over slowly and stood looking down at Luckadoo. "It's written down like it happened, ain't it?" he asked, quietly.

"Well," Luckadoo shrugged, "sorta—"

"It's there in black and white," Spider said, menacingly.

"Okay, okay," Luckadoo said.

After Spider and Johnson had signed the letter, Luth folded it carefully and slipped it into the envelope. He returned their stares as he licked and sealed the flap. Outside a whistle blew.

"Chow," Luth said. "I'm going to mail this." He went out of the tent into the fog that swallowed him up, knowing he would mail this letter that told the truth and didn't tell the truth, then he would go to eat food that he couldn't digest and come back to lie in the sack and wait and wait for sleep that would be without rest.

INSIDE the tent Meitelbaum said, "That sure was a pretty letter, huh?"

Minnick wet his lips and shook his head. "MacKinley sure was a mess when that shell got him," he said.

Spider looked at the empty bed then around the tent. "If he'd stayed with us, he'd be alive now. He'd be here."

"Any one of us mighta run like that," Johnson said.

"I was too scared to run," Minnick said.

"Me, too," said Meitelbaum.

"My legs was shakin' so," Spider recalled, "I sat down."

"Just the same," Luckadoo protested, "Luth's got a helluva nerve."

Johnson looked across at him and said, "How come?"

"Well—he shot him, didn't he?"

Johnson looked at the others, then he looked back at Luckadoo. "Shot who?" he asked.

"MacKinley, you dope."

Spider looked at the others, then he turned to Luckadoo. "What you talkin' about?"

"You saw it happen," Luckadoo said, "and so did I. I was pinned down right with you guys. MacKinley ran and the shell got him. He didn't have a prayer, not a prayer, an' his screamin' was drivin' me crazy, too. He was a mess, and the noise he was makin', the whole German army was gonna find us and flush us down the drain. So Luth put him out. You saw it."

Johnson spat a tobacco flake from his mouth and rose, casually. "I didn't see nothing."

"Me neither," Spider echoed. "Did you, Minnick?"

"Me?" Minnick shook his head from side to side, slowly. "No. He died right after the shell got him. And he got it movin' up, not runnin' back."

"That's right," Meitelbaum nodded. "I remember."

"You remember, Luckadoo?" Johnson suggested.

Luckadoo looked around. They were in a semi-circle around him and the semi-circle was getting smaller. Johnson spit out his glowing cigarette and stepped on it. Spider Edwards' arms hung loosely at his sides. Minnick was next to Spider, with just his thumbs caught in his pockets, and his fingers curled up. Meitelbaum was looking at Luckadoo with a smile that wasn't friendly.

"Remember?" Johnson repeated.

"Sure you do," Spider said.

"That's just like it happened," Minnick said easily. "Poor MacKinley."

Johnson nodded slowly. "It coulda happened to any one of us. It could, couldn't it?"

THEN they waited for Luckadoo. He didn't let them wait too long. "Yeah," he nodded. "Yeah, I remember. The shell got him."

"Poor MacKinley," Spider said.

"Yeah." Luckadoo shook his head sympathetically. "Poor MacKinley," he said, and he added eagerly: "It coulda happened to any one of us."

Johnson let the butt drop from his lips, and as he ground it out on the floor with his heel, he smiled. "That's good," he said. "I don't like to see no latrine rumors get started."

"No," Luckadoo agreed, quickly, "You're right."

Spider shoved the tin under Luckadoo's nose. "Have a brownie?" he asked, only the way he said it, it wasn't a question.

"Thanks." Luckadoo took one and nibbled on it and chewed hard and swallowed harder. They all watched him until he had finished it. Johnson's smile became a little more relaxed.

"Chow," he said. "Come on, you chow-hounds."

"Let's go!" Minnick shouted, and they all scrambled for the tent flap.

"I'll give you a hand with that bedding after chow," Spider offered, as he followed Luckadoo out.

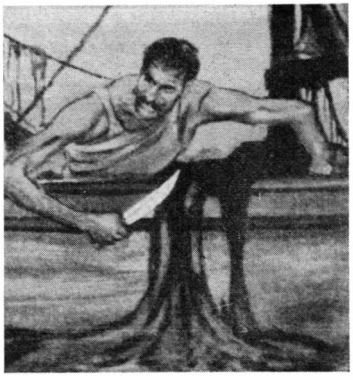
Meitelbaum rushed back to the tin and grabbed another brownie. Stuffing it into his mouth, he followed the others, and he was singing:

"When the war is over we will all enlist again—

"When the war is over—"

And he was gone.

Then there was nothing left in the tent that hadn't been there before, except some scattered letters and a photograph, a tin of home-cooked brownies, and, as wars go, a small secret. ● ● ●



"I Sailed Through Hell"

(Continued from page 21)

I might never again be able to use my arms. My left arm was still completely useless, and although I could move my right arm it had no strength in it, and I couldn't maneuver the fingers. The night I heard that, I sat on my bed brooding and smoking cigarettes and, finally, I decided to travel again, arms or no arms. I had always wanted to go to the United States, and ever since I could remember I had dreamed of sailing across the Atlantic on my own boat—alone. Besides, I wanted to explore the Sargasso Sea, that untraveled and unknown doldrums in the Atlantic that was said to be full of strange creatures and lost ships. Now was the time to do it, despite the doctors, despite everything.

Even though it was late I climbed out of bed and went to the recreation room and wrote a letter to a friend of mine in the Admiralty who was in charge of the sale of surplus naval vessels. Because I couldn't use the fingers of my right hand I held the pen between my thumb and the side of my index finger. I told my friend what I wanted: a small craft but a sturdy one, that could be outfitted with sails. I posted the letter and went to bed happily and slept soundly.

I Buy a Boat

In a few days I heard from my friend. He sent me a list of boats that were close to what I had specified and I selected one. It was a thirty-four foot yawl, weighing seven tons with a draft of four feet and freeboard (height from the water line to the deck) of two and a half feet. The Navy had used her as a tender to ferry personnel from the big ships in the Firth of Forth. She seemed to me to be the kind of craft that would suit my purposes, so I bought her. She had no name and was lying at Dysart on the Firth of Forth.

When I was released from the hospital, retired from active duty in the Royal Navy, I went to Dysart and looked up the place where the boat was lying. It was a soot-blackened quay with fifteen dilapidated craft bunched together in the mud-silted basin. I walked around until I found the watchman, an old Scotsman named Peter Allen who told me he had been 32 years at sea before he retired. I explained I wanted to have a look at the boat that was numbered N 30.

"I've bought her," I explained.

Allen smiled. "That boat was the only one of the lot that arrived here under her own power," he said. "And the only one I haven't had to pump daily to keep afloat. She's the only one I'd put to sea."

My boat was covered with ugly black paint but was strong and sturdy and the timber was the best hard oak. Although she had no masts she was built for sail.

The next day I hired two fishermen to clean her up, moved her away from the quay and beached her on firm sand in the outer harbor. When the tide went out I inspected her bottom. There was no sign of worms. My two helpers and I worked steadily on the boat for the next two weeks. That was when I started to use my arms again. When I left the hospital I could lift my right hand up to my face and use it to smoke and eat with but it had no strength. I couldn't lift my left hand by itself.

My Arms Gain Strength

The day we started scraping and chipping the old paint off the boat I used my right hand and arm a little. Then I bought the trunk of a pine tree with the bark still on it to make a mast. When we were planing the tree I pushed a plane with my right hand and let the limp left hand rest on the moving plane. After a few days of this the exercise strengthened my left arm and by the time the mast was finished I could lift it as high as my waist. While I was doing this work on the wood in the daytime I spent the nights in the cabin sewing sails. The labor exhausted my arms but it improved them greatly and I exercised them daily for the next few weeks.

When the boat was ready, I sailed her to London, where Lucille, the girl for whom I had named the boat *Lonely Lady*, joined me and helped stock her. Then Lucille went down to Dover with me and kissed me goodbye when I sailed from the Prince of Wales Pier there at three o'clock on the afternoon of June 25, 1947.

It took almost a month of rough going along the coast of France and across the treacherous Bay of Biscay to reach Spain. On the morning of July 24, I entered the harbor of La Coruña. The Spanish port official who came aboard advised me against lying beside the fishing boats in the north-side basin where I had tied up. He said that if I stayed there everything aboard would be stolen. He pointed at a British sloop at another quay and suggested that I stay next to her for protection. I finally tied up ahead of her. Named the *Jaslock*, she was a British naval sloop that had been sold to a Chinese firm.

I was delayed for several days in La Coruña. When I finally left, I was almost a month behind my schedule. That was bad. September is the hurricane season in the western Atlantic. I decided that I couldn't take the time —nor did I have the supplies—to visit the Sargasso Sea. Instead, I would head directly for the United States.

However, when I found myself at sea with a good northeast wind pushing the *Lonely Lady* along steadily and the dim strip of the Spanish mainland disappearing under the overcast sky ten miles behind me, I began to feel better. As I watched the *Lonely Lady* rushing forward, listing to the leeward with the sea just clearing the gunwale, I began to sing.

Stowaway Aboard!

I thought I heard somebody shout. I stopped singing and listened. There was nothing in sight. I decided that I had heard an echo of my own voice. But that afternoon I thought I heard another shout. I still could see nothing around me. Then I heard a faint moaning. I lashed the wheel and went into the cabin and searched it. While I was rummaging under the port bunker, I heard a whining noise. I looked around the cabin but it was still apparently empty. Then I noticed that the door of the starboard locker was moving slightly. I went to it and opened it, expecting a dog or a cat to jump out at me. But inside the locker I found a man. The locker was only eighteen inches by four feet by nine inches, so you can imagine how small and thin he was.

I had a hard time trying to pull him out of the locker. I threw him into the bunk and yelled at him, "How did you get in there?"

He was frightened and kept muttering, "No, *señor!*" Then I realized that he spoke no English.

I was in a charming predicament now. I was forty or fifty miles off the Spanish coast, heading for America across the Atlantic with barely enough food to last one man for thirty days. And now I had a stowaway to feed, too.

I wondered if it would be best to turn back. It would take me several days to regain the distance I had made that day in the favorable northeast wind. To hell with turning back, I thought. I let the stowaway stay in the bunk that night while I sat beside the wheel and listened to his groans. I tried to be charitable and told myself that the fellow was going through a terrible physical experience. But my first impression of him was that he was one of the lowest scum from La Coruña, which is saying quite a lot.

Later in the morning I succeeded in getting him to swallow a little hot coffee and I talked to him in my limited Spanish. Gradually I pieced together the story of how he had got on the boat. My *amigos* on the *Jaslock* had put him in the locker for two hundred and fifty pesetas. They'd told him that after we got to sea I would put him aboard an English ship bound for Argentina.

The boat was still speeding along on her course with the helm lashed. I made hot cocoa and tried to persuade the stowaway to come up on deck for

a breath of fresh air. He was sicker than ever. I did not know his name so I decided to name him McNasty.

The second dawn after I left Spain the wind had increased and, looking aloft in the morning, I found that the starboard main topmast stay had parted four feet from the masthead. Although my arms had improved greatly, I knew it would be difficult to fix. Nevertheless, it had to be done if I was to continue to carry a full weight of sail. I stripped to the waist and took off my shoes. I hung a new stay over my shoulder and put a shackle in my mouth, stuck a marlinspike in my belt and climbed the mast, hand over hand. As I clung to it, waiting for the opportunity to free one hand, I realized that I was trembling. Finally I managed to get the shackles in place and then, between rolls, I was able to get a full turn on it. I waited until after another roll and made another turn. It was screwed securely home. I paused to congratulate myself. The next thing I knew I was falling from the mast. I landed on my chest on the windward gunwale. A wash of sea came over the side and struck me on the face. I rolled over on my back and passed out. I don't know how long I was unconscious, but when I awoke the blood on my naked feet was caked and dried.

I Am Disabled

My mouth was also full of dried blood. It was painful to breathe, and I could not raise my head. I tried to shout, with no success. Then I realized that it was no good shouting. McNasty would not have been any help to me. I must have passed out again then, because the next time I looked at the sky it was clear and the wind had died down.

When dawn came I tried to stand up but the pain forced me back into a sitting position. I put my head on the hatchway and saw blood from my mouth dripping on the white paint. There was no sign of McNasty. He might just as well have not been aboard.

At dusk that day I gathered up enough strength to crawl into the cabin. There I tore a bed sheet into strips, bandaged my leg and wound them criss-cross around my chest and shoulders. As I did so I could feel with my fingers parts of the bones moving loosely on the right side near the breastbone. I knew that a number of ribs were broken.

The next morning there were dark clouds in the sky and breezes from the north. I reached the tackle and managed to raise the mainsail by rolling along the deck, first pulling on the peak and leaning on it while I pulled a bit on the throat. Then a little more of the peak and again on the throat until the sail was up. I put an empty orange crate behind the wheel with two cabin cushions and a folded blanket on top of it. Lying on the crate, I could see the compass and all around the boat. I would sleep on the crate for a half hour or an hour at a time, waking with pain in my ribs. All day long I kept the boat headed west at about three and a half knots an hour. That night I drank two bottles of lime juice and ate some bread and cheese and biscuits. I saw that McNasty had been into the food and had done away with a half tin of biscuits.

On August eleventh, my sixth day at sea, the sun came out between the clouds and there was a fair wind from the northwest. Toward evening the wind died down and the boat drifted silently. I fell asleep when it got dark and did not wake until two-thirty the following morning. The wind was freshening from the south and I changed to the port tack for the first time. I did some calculating and estimated my position as about five hundred and fifty miles west and southerly from Cape Finisterre, the northwestern extremity of Spain.

A northeast breeze sprang up in the morning and pushed me steadily west for the next three days. McNasty had

done nothing except sleep and eat since he had been aboard. He did not even wash his own dishes.

Just before darkness on August 18th, I looked over the running gear and found to my dismay that the mainsail topping lift was stranded a couple of feet from the block that is shackled five and a half feet from the top of the main topmast. In my physical condition it seemed impossible to climb the mast again. I wondered whether to leave it alone or lower the mainsail and wait until finer weather before repairing it. While I was wondering about it darkness came. There was not much I could do then anyway and at dawn the stranded rope was still holding. I spent that day with my heart in my mouth, watching for the line to snap. The foresail began to tear away at the throat and the mainsail started to come away from the rope at the foot. Still it held.

The next morning I realized that I could not go on trusting to luck and decided to repair the damage. It was hard work but I did it. I had to go up the mast and splice, and down again to reeve, and up again to reeve the standing end. I went up the mainmast with the new halyard and a short piece of rope that I used to tie my body to the mast, after I had got a leg over each side of the spreader. I unshackled the block, then hung with my body upside-down and my legs locked on the spreader and spliced the halyard and lifted myself upright and reshackled the block. Then I made the two trips up and down the reeve.

I replaced the foresail with a new one and patched the jib, rescrewed the mainsail back onto the blot rope. The job was unfinished when darkness came and I carried it on by the light of a hurricane lamp.

On the morning of August 24th, a howling wind came up out of the northwest. The boat heeled over until the lee gunwale was awash. The jib flew away into the air like a handkerchief. The foresail was torn to ribbons. The cockpit, where I was sitting, trembled and felt as if it would blow away. It was too late to reef the mainsail. If I had gone out on the deck the wind would have blown me into the water.

The wind made a sudden shift to the south and then came back again from the northwest. The mainsail was flattened against the mainmast. I heard a ripping and crashing noise. The mainsail tore down its middle and the boom swung from port to starboard and ended up trailing overboard with lines, blocks, and half the canvas clinging to it. The mizzenmast bent like a hoop and crashed to the deck.

Riding Out a Hurricane

In less than fifteen minutes the *Lonely Lady* had been completely dismantled and swept clean. Now she drifted broadside like a crab in the middle of the roaring hurricane.

I never saw such waves before and I know I'll never see such waves again. They rushed toward me, hissing, like great mountains. I ran into the cabin away from one particularly tremendous, solid blue precipice of water. There was a roaring in my ears and something hit me on the side of the head. Then blackness. When I opened my eyes I found myself in the cabin, in water waist deep.

After the main force of the hurricane lessened, I lashed a rope around my waist and while the boat rose and fell in the storm I worked until I had the remaining section of the aftermast stepped again in the tabernacle with eight square yards of canvas attached to it. I finished it at dark. It was not a pretty sail but at least it helped the *Lonely Lady* ride the seas with a portbow angle. I watched the little boat as she lifted her head proudly to meet

each wave and could not help patting her as though she were human.

I pumped all that night although my arms were tired. There was a foot of oily water in the cabin and all my unpreserved stores floated in it. The flour, peas, beans, oats, biscuits, and most of the tea were a hopeless mess. I was able to salvage two small tins of stewed steak, one tin of lamb tongue, one tin of cocoa, two tins of dried milk, and ten tins of soup.

And more than a thousand miles lay ahead of me.

Food Runs Low

That morning—it was August 25th—I covered myself with two wet blankets and fell asleep, exhausted. The next day I sewed on a new mainsail until my right hand was bleeding from trying to push the needle through the wet canvas. McNasty and I ate a tin of stew and the last seven potatoes and shared a bottle of fresh water. I showed McNasty the remaining few tins of food in the locker and explained to him that we could eat only one tin a day from now on and that if we ate more we would starve to death.

I felt sure I could reach the American mainland or Cuba or the Bahamas if I could get a ship to give me food.

The boat was moving southwest. With the wind as it was, blowing dead at me from the west, that was the best I could make her do with the one little sail I had. The new mainsail, which I completed and raised at seven o'clock that night, merely helped me to keep her headed southwest. I could not expect to make her go straight west against the wind until I had a full set of rigging on her.

I put up a new jib, which increased the boat's speed to four knots, and rebuilt the mizzenmast. It was four feet shorter than it should be but still was capable of carrying a fairly hefty sail. I sewed all night to make the mizzen.

In the early morning of the 29th, the wind shifted from the west to the west northwest and began to blow at gale force. The sea became rough and heavy. I had all I could do to hold the boat on the southwesterly course.

The gale did not blow itself out for 24 hours, finally dying down at daybreak on the 30th. The jib was gone again and every sail was ripped and torn. I made a third jib from the canvas mattress covers from the two bunks, undoing the seams with a safety-razor blade.

The next day was the warmest yet and there was not a breath of breeze. I sat on the deck sewing on the sails. The seaweed became plentiful and I could tell from the brown appearance of it and from the unnatural calmness of the weather that I was nearing, if not already in, the Sargasso Sea.

Sailors are always talking about the Sargasso Sea, but very few have ever been there. The sailing ships stay away from it because it is too calm and the steamships cannot get into it because the seaweed is too thick for their propellors. The Sargasso Sea is egg-shaped and about as large as the continent of Europe. It lies in the Atlantic Ocean between the Azores and the Antilles in the central whirl of the Gulf Stream. It differs from the ocean around it because of the seaweed, from which it gets its name, and because of its strange circular currents and its lack of normal winds. The seaweed gives it the appearance of a tremendous swamp and the calm atmosphere makes it one of the most silent places on this earth. I had always wanted to visit the Sargasso Sea because of the strange stories I had heard about the ancient hulks of ships, dating back for centuries, that were said to be floating on its waters, and about the rare fish and sea animals that lived on its seaweed.

As I said before, I originally planned on exploring the Sargasso Sea when I left England on the *Lonely Lady* but had given up the idea when I set out to cross the Atlantic from Spain. But as it turned out I was forced against my will to follow the original plan. The hurricane drove me several hundred miles south off my course and into the northern extremities of the Sargasso Sea.

As I approached the ocean seemed motionless but a check with the compass showed that I was traveling in circles. In ten minutes the boat would move from north toward the port side and around to north again. It was so calm that I put a bed on the afterdeck and slept there. This was the first time I had slept on a bed or a bunk since leaving Spain.

The weather on the next day and every other day was hot and humid and there was always a light mist with the sun shining dimly above it. There were sharks around me always, several of them types I had never seen before. One stayed next to the boat with his head against the side just under the surface of the water. He stared up at me with his dead gray eyes. Then he would dive under the boat and come up on the other side and lie there and stare at me again. He seemed to be measuring me.

Shark Bait

I went to the cabin, got a pistol and loaded it. While he stared at me I leaned over the side until my hand with the pistol in it was only two feet above his head. I pulled the trigger and fired twice. The shark's tail lifted with a swish out of the water. I thought he was coming up onto the deck after me. Then a dozen or more other sharks came from nowhere and began to tear him to pieces. I watched them diving at him, weaving and swaying and rolling in one big involved mass, until finally they all went down into the depths of the ocean.

In the evening the sun would set as though it was in a fog and after dark the mist would be somewhat heavier. There was absolutely no sound nor wind nor storm to disturb my slumber. Luckily I had plenty of sewing to do to keep my mind occupied. I also dried out a pack of cards on the afterdeck and played a few games of solitaire.

The seaweed was incredible. It grew as high as a foot above the water in some places and in other places it was higher than the gunwales of the boat. It had a heavy, sickening smell and was horrible to look at and more horrible to touch. It felt slimy and almost like wet human flesh. The seaweed was also alive with brown beetles, about two inches long, that crawled up the sides of the boat and onto the deck. There were also snails, six or eight inches long, and lice.

A Glowing Sea Monster

I will never forget the night of September 3rd. I looked out from the bridge in the darkness and saw what seemed to be a great white serpent rolling sideways across the deck toward me. It was a thick strand of seaweed, crawling with phosphorous-lighted insects. The whole deck began to glow with them. I walked about chopping at them desperately with a flat piece of wood. Then I poured paraffin on the deck. It did no good. The seaweed clung to the side of the boat and brushed up on the deck and the insects swarmed aboard, using it as a gangplank. Before the night was over and I reached a patch of clear water I thought I would lose my mind.

My hunger became unbearable. On September 4th, I was preparing to mix hot water with dried milk and cocoa for our slim daily meal. The cocoa drink and one can of soup, to be divided between myself and McNasty, would make up our complete bill of fare. I felt an impulse toward extravagance that day, however, and I decided to open two cans of soup instead of one.

I went to the locker and opened it. The first can I reached for was empty. I presumed that it had been put back there by mistake. I reached for another. It was empty, too. Every one of the cans had been opened, drained dry and replaced in the locker upside down. Thirteen cans of milk and soup were gone. All that remained were two one-pound cans of spinach.

At first I felt sick from dismay and sorrow. Then I began to feel an irrational but overpowering desire to kill McNasty. But before I could do anything the whole boat was suddenly filled with a smell so bad and so strong that it turned my stomach. I looked about to see what was the cause of the smell. In a clear patch of water, not more than ten yards off the stern, I saw a deserted lifeboat sunk almost to the gunwales. There was sluggish water inside the boat and although I could not be certain I thought I saw something floating in the water that looked like a dead human body.

I watched the lifeboat come abreast of me and float past before it dawned on me that it was moving in the opposite direction from the one that I was moving toward, despite the fact that there were only about ten or fifteen yards between us. Before it

went out of sight I took a bearing on it with the compass and saw that it was headed southeast. That gave me hope. I figured that I was on the northern edge of the Sargasso Sea and, if I were moving to the northwest, I stood a chance of getting back into the normal winds of the ocean. At that moment I would have welcomed another hurricane.

The stench of the lifeboat stayed with me a long time but that afternoon we moved into a clear path of water. At five o'clock the next morning I drifted into another clearing. I noticed a large expanse of open water to my right beyond an extensive mass of seaweed. I had a strong feeling that it was the edge of the normal ocean. Far ahead of me there was a narrow

That was the last meal served on the *Lonely Lady*.

When I awakened the next day I thought about my situation and prospects for a long time. I was far from the shipping lanes. The transatlantic traffic was due north of me. If I went westward toward America I might travel for another month without seeing a ship. Without food I could not last that long. The only thing for me to do was to sail north for two weeks and beg food from a passing ship. Then I could turn westward toward America.

On the next day, September 7th, the wind changed to the west southwest and I set a course to the northwest. I sailed like that for five days, dozing occasionally at the wheel with my head resting on my folded arms. The

"What's this leg for?"

opening that led into it from the patch of water that I was on. I quickly found the rubber dinghy paddle and attached it on a boat hook. I put a round file into one of the holes in the side of the gunwale that is intended for the rods of safety lines. Using the file as an oarlock, I rowed with the boat hook. I was able to move the boat slightly. It was tiring and I had to stop and rest several times. After several hours of rowing I reached the channel. For about 150 yards I rowed frantically on one side and tried to push back the seaweed on the other side. At last I pushed the boat out of the channel and drifted into the open sea. It had taken six hours of rowing, but I felt a great joy and a wonderful satisfaction. I was sure that I was now at last clear of the Sargasso Sea.

To celebrate, I heated both cans of spinach and mixed four pints of cocoa and dried milk with boiling water. I gave a pint of the drink to each of us and we ate all the spinach.

water supply held up but I had to boil the water before drinking it because the water tank was rusted. On September 9th, the wind shifted to south southwest, which cheered me a little. On the afternoon of September 11th the wind increased to gale force. I decided to stick it out with the sails up. I was being pushed north faster and faster. There was danger of damage to the sails but the idea of getting north into the shipping lanes appealed to my hungry stomach. I decided that the speed was worth the risk.

But that night about ten o'clock I was hit by another hurricane.

It was worse than the first one. When I coasted down the side of the waves it seemed as though I was rushing into a bottomless precipice. I lashed the wheel hard aport. It was difficult for me to see in the utter darkness but I heard the canvas ripping. I was too weak from hunger to do much about it. When dawn broke I found the jib and the foresail in ribbons. The wind blew hard all that day and that next night and at dawn I was adrift on a roaring sea without a sheet of sail. The sidelights had been washed overboard and part of the cockpit was gone. The wind was blowing from the west with a heavy rain and driving me eastward.

At dusk that day while the *Lonely Lady* was riding on the crest of a high wave I saw a faint light in the northwest. It went out of sight when I went down between the rollers but when we rode to the top of the next one I saw it again. I continued to catch glimpses of it and then I made it out as the light of a ship that was coming straight at me.

I quickly chopped up a piece of rope and put the pieces in a bucket and covered them with oil and lit the bucket. It blazed brightly. I then lashed two shirts with rope to the end of a boat hook and dipped them in creosote and made a flaming torch and waved it. The ship signaled to me with its blinker, "What ship?" I had no signal lamp to answer with and I tried to make an S.O.S. by swinging three dots and three dashes with the boat hook torch. The ship slowed and stopped, well to the windward.

Someone shouted at me, "What do you want?"

I yelled weakly above the whine of the wind, "Food! I've had no food for eight days!"

Help . . . But Not Quite

The ship laid to and I drifted to the leeward. I thought that whoever it was had heard me and was launching a lifeboat to come to my assistance. I could not see the ship well in the darkness but it seemed to be a cargo type, about sixteen thousand tons. There was a long wait and then the ship was maneuvered closer to me. Then I heard a voice that sounded different from the first one.

The voice shouted: "I'll drop a float with food on it. But it will be up to you to get hold of it."

"Fine," I shouted. "I'm ready."

I expected him to fire a line to me with a rocket so that I would be able to pull in the float. But no. He lowered the float from his stern and steamed by my bow and dropped it on the water about 100 yards from my port bow, a little to the windward.

"There you are," he called. "You'll have to do your best to get that float."

He turned around to the southeast and steamed away into the night. There was a calcium water light on the float and I watched it helplessly as it bobbed away from me. I thought of swimming for it but to swim in my weakened condition in that heavy sea would have been suicide.

I thought about the captain of the steamship and wondered what in the name of God he had been thinking of when he dropped that float. If he had to drop the float on the sea with no line on it, why did he drop it to the windward of my boat? Any fool knows that a heavier object drifts faster in the wind than a lighter one, and instead of the float drifting to me in

the wind, I drifted away from it.

I brooded about the food on the raft and the stupidity of the captain all that night and all the next day. I had reached the stage where it was difficult for me to stand upright. I made myself work on the sails because I knew that in a few more days I would not have the strength to do anything. To make a set of sails, I sewed together two ground sheets, four bed sheets, two tablecloths, two tea towels, the covering of a waterproof cushion, and two pairs of drill trousers. Sewing was an ordeal because everything was so wet.

Toward dusk I raised the last mainsail that I would be able to make. The wind changed to the east, which was encouraging. I pulled up the last foresail at ten o'clock the following morning, and at three o'clock that afternoon I had all the sails up.

That was the eleventh day since McNasty and I had eaten the last cans of spinach. I was bothered incessantly by thoughts of food and I had cramps and pains in the stomach when I remained in one position for any length of time.

My mind began to wander and I forgot to do the routine things, such as winding the clock, and I stared at myself for long periods of time in the cabin mirror. My hair and my beard were turning white. My cheekbones were sticking out and my body was wasting to nothing. I found a half package of mildewed tea in one of the bunks. I brewed it and gave half to McNasty. We drank it and tried to eat the tea leaves but it was difficult to get them down.

The wind freshened just before daybreak on September 18th. It started to blow briskly from the northwest. Then there was a heavy rainstorm. I was able to collect about three gallons of water before it stopped. The sky cleared and the wind backed to the southwest. And within an hour I was trying to save my canvas from another gale of hurricane force.

My Hopes Disappear

I did not have the strength to struggle against the fierce wind. I did my best to secure the jib and foresail but they were beaten to pieces against the bowsprit and the deck windlass. The mizzen split in half and the top half of it blew into the sea. I tried to lower the mainsail but something jammed in the running gear. The gaff refused to come more than halfway down. I had to edge along the deck on my stomach, to keep from being washed overboard. I lashed the wheel hard aport, then sat down in the cockpit and put my face in my hands and wept. The storm had destroyed my last hope of reaching the American mainland.

The gale lasted only a few hours. When it was dying down I found myself drifting broadside with the mainsail half hoisted and jammed but, miraculously, still intact. The rain was falling heavily and the decks leaked like a basket.

I found it increasingly difficult to sleep as the days went by. I would find myself sinking into periods of semi-consciousness in which I had a lapse of memory. Early in the morning of September 25th, I saw a faint light in the west. I stood up and looked at it and said aloud, "This is the last ship that will pass me by." I went to the cabin and took out my pistol and put two bullets in it and went back to the deck and watched the oncoming ship. I made up my mind to shoot myself if it did not stop.

Then I saw that the ship was altering its course and coming toward me. I suspected at first that I was dreaming. But I realized it was a real ship. I ran below to the cabin and dragged McNasty to the deck and pushed my jacket into his hands and yelled, "Wave! Wave!"

I pulled off my own sweater and stood on the foredeck and waved it.

The vessel was an American Liberty ship, the *José Bonifacio*. The first officer, Ted Davies, of Providence, Rhode Island, wrote in his personal logbook an eyewitness report on what happened during the next hour. Ted was in better command of his senses than I was that morning. Let him continue the story in his own words:

Goodbye to the *Lonely Lady*

"At 0610 I came out of the chartroom where I had been working out our position. Upon reaching the flying deck I noticed a small boat on the starboard bow. I called the captain to the bridge. He ordered a change in course to investigate. The engine room was called and told that we might have to stand by. I saw that the boat was a schooner or ketch and the only sail up was the mainsail. Two men were hanging to the starboard shrouds and not attempting to sail her. With the engines going full astern, we passed them slowly and the captain asked if they were in trouble. One man, who wore a British officer's cap,

shouted that they had had no food for 21 days.

"The captain shouted back that he would stop. We turned around, putting the engines ahead to bring our ship alongside the boat. While we were doing this, the steward was called to the bridge and told to prepare some food for the two men. A heavy swell was running from ESE and we tried to bring them alongside on the port, lee side. After they slipped by our bow, several lines were thrown and fell short. The one with the officer's hat was doing everything he could to get the lines on board with a boat hook. The other man, who was bareheaded, merely made begging gestures to us. The captain put our ship's engines astern again and I managed to throw out a heaving line that the officer on the small boat reached with his boat hook.

"We lowered to them a burlap bag full of food and I asked the skipper his destination. He said, 'The States.' We were about to cast off the line when the skipper asked me how far he was from land. I told him the position in longitude and latitude and he asked me again the mileage to land. I said he was at least 1200 miles from the United States.

"He said, 'We can never make it.'

"The bosun was preparing to cast off the line. I shouted to him to hold on and asked the skipper if he wished to abandon his ship.

"He said, 'Yes, I can do no other. I have no more canvas and I am half full of water.'

"We hauled the boat in again and the bosun put a short pilot's ladder over the side. The bareheaded man made a frantic grab for the ladder. I yelled for someone to grab the damn fool before he killed himself. Several hands reached downward and an upward roll of the sea picked him up bodily and threw him on our deck.

"The captain threw a few things into a suitcase and came up the ladder. I reached for his hand and the captain also took hold of him. I noticed that he did not look back at his boat after he left it and I can understand his reluctance to do so.

After we let go the line, it broke my heart to see the little vessel drifting astern all by itself. Having always wanted to make a journey across the Atlantic in a small boat myself, I hated to see someone else's dream go smash."

As First Officer Davies wrote in his log, I didn't look back at the *Lonely Lady*. But I went on thinking of her, drifting desolately behind us, as the *José Bonifacio* proceeded to Bremen, Germany.

My first meals aboard made me ill, but as I grew used to eating again, my hair changed gradually from white back to its original brownish red. I was still in pitiful physical condition. My weight had dropped during the voyage from 160 to 95 pounds.

Before we sailed from Bremen, McNasty was taken ashore under guard. American authorities there established that he had served as a German stool during the war. He was one of the Spaniards who went into prison camps in France, disguised as a prisoner, and talked groups of prisoners into escaping to Spain. At the border he would tip off the Vichy French or German authorities and the prisoners would be rounded up and shot. I was not particularly surprised at this revelation, in view of the opinion I had formed of McNasty.

The *José Bonifacio* was headed for the west coast of South America, via the Panama Canal. I decided to leave the ship at the canal and work my way to the United States from there. And so I did. But it was not the way I had intended to make the voyage when I put the *Lonely Lady* to sea from Dysart. My point of view may be hard to understand for people who don't have adventure in their blood, but there was still one thought uppermost in my mind. Someday, I wanted to cross the Atlantic again—this time without McNasty—alone in a boat like the *Lonely Lady*. ● ● ●

How You'll Rocket Through Space

(Continued from page 19)

or transoceanic rocket liner has outgrown the comic strip. Another is the authorization of $75,000,000 by the government for development of a 6,000-mile testing course for guided missiles off the coast of Florida. So far as public announcements go, no guided missile has yet exceeded the 225-mile flight distance of the German V-2 rockets. Yet a 6,000-mile testing course can have only one meaning: Military authorities have reason to expect that jet-driven missiles will soon be in operation over ranges equal to a quarter of the equatorial distance around the earth.

Passenger Rockets—the Next Step

Technically speaking, it is only a step from guided missiles carrying warheads to rocket liners carrying passengers. Informed rocket engineers are talking with increasing confidence about long-range, rocket-driven passenger craft for possible commercial use. In fact, the requirements of a transcontinental rocket liner are not at all beyond the grasp of present-day technology.

At a recent meeting of the American Rocket Society, Dr. Tsien, one of the foremost rocket experts in the world today, disclosed some computations he has made on a rocket liner capable of carrying 20 passengers a flight distance of 3,000 miles in about 45 minutes.

Basing his calculations on the latest developments in the jet and guided missile field, Dr. Tsien believes the job could be done with a winged rocket just under eighty feet long, maximum diameter about nine feet.

It would weigh 96,500 pounds (48½ tons) at the takeoff. Nearly three-quarters of this weight (72,400 pounds) would be fuels—either liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen, or liquid hydrogen and liquid fluorine. The fuels would all be burned up in the first 50 to 60 seconds of flight, leaving the empty shell of the rocket—and the passengers—to complete the journey on momentum built up during this initial push of giant power.

A rocket ship of this kind will follow a flight course that looks very curious in comparison to that of ordinary aircraft. Airplanes take off in a long upward climb, reach cruising altitude, level off, fly to a point near their destination, then gradually descend. But a long-range rocket liner will take off nearly straight up. For the first 1,200 linear miles of its flight distance it will follow an elliptical course somewhat like the trajectory of a mortar shell. This part of the course will take the rocket well out of the atmosphere, leaving it more than 600 miles above the surface of the earth. Passing the peak of the trajectory, the rocket will return rapidly toward earth. It will re-enter the atmosphere at enormous velocity—over 9,000 miles an hour.

At this speed even the thin upper atmosphere will behave almost as if it were solid. Engaging it with stubby, sharp-edged wings, the rocket liner will skim along the upper layers of the atmosphere like a rifle bullet shot along the surface of still water.

It may be difficult for the reader to imagine a stub-winged, bullet-shaped object gliding down through the air at a rather gentle angle of descent. But there are two tricks up the rocket engineer's sleeve.

How the Rocket Will Land

First, the amount of lift furnished by the wings of an aircraft depends not only upon their size and shape but also upon the speed of the craft. To glide through the rarefied upper atmosphere, even a 300-mile-an-hour aircraft would need huge wings to support its weight at a glide angle. But our rocket, clipping along at speeds approaching 9,000 miles an hour, gets along very well with its wing stumps. As its speed is lessened by drag it drops into denser air to compensate, gradually settling to the earth.

Second, the gliding rocket will be a comparatively empty vehicle, since three quarters of its original weight will be in fuel. In proportion to its actual size, the rocket which nears the top of its 600-mile-high ellipse with all its fuel gone, will be a light tube.

By the time the craft reaches its destination, it will have been slowed down to 150 miles an hour by the resistance of the air. At the end of the flight it will be coming down rapidly, but will maintain an even keel and will land under control, without power, like a glider.

The hump-backed rocket-liner flight pattern will be as familiar and seem as reasonable to a traveler of, say,

1975, as the conventional airplane flight course is to an airlines customer today. But the first ride of any passenger on a 3,000-mile rocket ship is going to present him with some startling experiences.

Except for the first minute of its flight, the ship will not be under power. Its course and flight distance will be determined primarily by its speed and by the pilot's management of the 1,800-mile glide.

During the flight the passengers will undergo acceleration that will make them feel three to six times as heavy as normal. They will then experience a period of "free fall" that will give them the impression of weighing nothing at all. Finally, they will have thirty minutes or so of swift, silent movement through the upper air, almost all of it many times faster than the speed of sound. What these vicissitudes will do to the passengers' physical, mental, and emotional equilibrium is something yet to be learned.

The period of high pressure will occur at the outset of the journey, while the rocket motors are roaring at full blast and the liner is building up the furious momentum that will enable it to complete the flight. In this period the rapidly accelerating upward thrust will provide a sensation like that from a fast elevator beginning its rise—but about 1,000 times as intense.

The ship will gain speed under power at a rate of an additional 100 feet per second each second. At that figure, each passenger will feel as if he weighs about three times as much as his bathroom scales says he does. This will be uncomfortable, but not insupportable. But as the ship reaches higher altitudes, and can safely build speed faster, the apparent weight of each passenger will climb to as high as six times normal. A man of 180 pounds earth weight will feel the pressure of half a ton. He will undoubtedly have to recline in a padded seat or couch, and maybe will have to wear a special pressure suit to help maintain normal circulation.

Fortunately, this period of intense weight will be mercifully short. Then will come an absolutely new human experience—an interval of "free fall." This portion of the flight will last about 11 minutes, during which the rocket will travel about 2,500 miles in its elliptical trajectory, covering an earth-distance of 1,200 miles toward its destination. At the beginning and end of the free-fall period, the craft will be shooting at 9,140 miles an hour. At the top of the loop its speed will have slowed down momentarily to a mere 6,000 miles an hour.

The passengers will not be conscious of these variations, either in speed or direction. They won't be able to tell whether the rocket is going down or up—in fact, for them there won't be any "down" or "up." These are words generally used to denote the directions toward or away from the earth's center of gravity, and our passengers for this 11-minute period will have been transported into a never-never land where there will seem to be no gravity.

They will still be well within the zone of the earth's gravitational attraction, of course. But in the free-fall interval nothing will be supporting the rocket except its momentum. Since all objects within the rocket, including the passengers, will share the same momentum, the effect of "free-fall" will exist even while the rocket is still climbing. As soon as all upward acceleration ceases it will be as if the laws of gravitation had suddenly been repealed.

Any loose objects in the passenger cabin will float weightlessly around. So will the passengers if they are not strapped to their seats. If passengers or pilot need to move about during this part of the flight, they will require handrails, toe-straps, magnetized shoes or some other aid to keep from bumping their heads on the ceiling at every attempted step.

It will be impossible to eat food from a plate, or to drink water or coffee from a cup or glass. Food would simply float off the plate. The liquids would rise out of the cup or glass in a round, squashy globule, and surface tension would cause them to spread out wetly, like an enveloping amœba over the surface of anything, or anyone, they happened to touch.

Space Flight and the Human Body

These new and as yet largely unknown free-fall phenomena are so near realization as actual experiences that they have already become the object of considerable research. To study the effects of space flight on the human frame, the U. S. Air Force's School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas, established the Department of Space Medicine.

Not long ago three space-medicine experts connected with this organization reported the results of some of their preliminary investigations. Dr. Hubertus Strughold, physiologist, and Dr. Heinz Haber, astronomer and physicist, assisted by Dr. K. Buettner, bioclimatologist and meteorologist, told the Aero Medical Association that human beings are going to have some interesting difficulties to overcome during free fall.

Simply standing up or moving about without guidance from the familiar sensations produced by gravity will be arduous. It is next to impossible for the average earth-bred human being to appreciate what gravitational attraction does for him in his daily life. The strength of the muscles, the size and performance of the bones and joints, and—most important of all—the adjustments of the senso-motor nervous system, are all adapted to the normal pull of gravity at the earth's surface.

Our movements are precisely controlled by the pressure sense of the skin, the power sense of the muscles, and by an intra-muscular nervous arrangement that provides what the experts call "posture sense." When the body is deprived of weight, as during free fall, the pressure and power senses can no longer guide the muscles. Only the posture sense will remain. The experts believe this will be enough, but it may have to be especially developed in rocket pilots

WHAT WILL A 20-PASSENGER ROCKET LINER BE LIKE?

Here are the experts' calculations for a ship that will travel 3,000 miles in 45 minutes:

Length	**78.9 feet**
Maximum diameter	**8.86 feet**
Gross weight at takeoff	**96,500 lbs.**
Fuel load	**72,400 lbs.**
Weight after fuel is burned	**24,100 lbs.**
Exhaust velocity	**12,000 ft. per second**
Fuel burning time	**50 to 60 seconds**
Propellants	**Liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen, or liquid hydrogen and liquid fluorine**
Maximum velocity	**9,140 miles per hour**
Course	**Elliptic path plus glide**
Altitude at top of elliptic path	**600 miles**
Range at conclusion of elliptic path	**1,200 miles**
Range contributed by glide	**1,800 miles**
Altitude at beginning of glide	**27 miles**
Landing speed	**150 miles per hour**

through training, to enable them to carry on their work unerringly during flight. Untrained passengers, deprived of their normal means of muscular control, will probably feel mighty funny, and had better remain strapped in their seats.

We are not often aware of the sensations of heartbeat, breathing, digestion, and the like, because they are masked by the larger muscular sensations produced by the pull of gravity. But when gravity is no longer felt, we may become distressingly aware of even the smallest internal muscular movement. Butterflies in the stomach probably will be no mere figure of speech to a rocket passenger during free fall. He may feel as though his innards were a writhing mass of previously unknown movements and sensations. The beating of his heart will literally shake him. If he does not hold on to something, the inward and outward drafts of air as he draws breath will pull him to and fro.

There will no doubt be some psychological hazards, too, along with all these queer physical feelings and experiences. The gravity-less state will closely resemble the experience of falling off a cliff, and may be accompanied by acute panic. If this difficulty develops, passengers and pilot may have to undergo some sort of psychological preparation before the flight—or maybe the medicos will have to develop a pill to eliminate space terror.

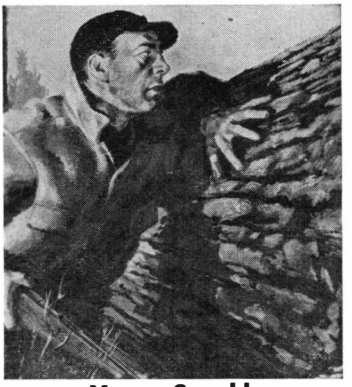
Drs. Strughold and Haber believe absence of gravity will affect circulation and metabolism, but they do not anticipate any particular trouble in this connection. However, if the onset of weightlessness is sudden, it may reduce the hydrostatic pressure of the brain by as much as half—and that could lead to blacking out. It may be necessary to develop special equipment, such as pressure suits, to control this situation.

Need for this special knowledge before rocket flights begin makes it important to develop equipment to simulate, in the laboratory, some of the conditions of free fall and space flight. One of the problems being studied by such equipment is the effect of acceleration on the human system. Several large centrifuges are now in use for studies of this kind. The Naval Air Development Center is constructing the largest one at Johnsville.

This centrifuge, which is part of the Aviation Medical Acceleration Laboratory directed by Captain John R. Poppen, will be capable of subjecting human beings to accelerations up to 40 g.—1,288 feet per second each second—if anyone is found capable of standing so much. It consists of a 50-foot arm swinging around a central axis, and carrying at its outer end a pill-shaped gondola, five feet in diameter and twelve feet long, in which the subject will ride during experiments. He will be strapped in a chair which will be mounted on gimbals in such a way that it can be rotated rapidly in any direction or any combination of directions. By balancing one kind of rotational force against another, Captain Poppen hopes to create mechanically the condition of weightlessness that would be experienced in free fall.

Five years ago, a 3,000-mile flight in forty-five minutes seemed pretty far in the future. Now rocket engineers begin to speak of them as almost here, at least so far as solution of the technical problems goes. Whether they will prove economically feasible is another question. Here, too, there are some interesting arguments in their favor. The efficiency of a rocket, in terms of miles per gallon of fuel, increases rapidly with speed. At about 2,500 miles an hour, the fuel consumption per mile for a rocket ship should be better than for a propeller-driven airplane at 300 miles an hour.

Flights from San Francisco to New York, or across the Atlantic in forty-five minutes have taken the one big stride toward reality ● ● ●



Man Stalk

(Continued from page 60)

quickly. "What kind of fool game is this? If you want him killed, say so!"

Carson Medwell shrugged and picked up his glass. "You have an active imagination, Lawson. I want him returned to King's Prison."

I stood by the chair. I watched my own hand go out, touch the bills, pick them up. I could hand them to Medwell. Or crumple them and drop them. Yet, to refuse, would mean that a word from Medwell in the right place would put an end to the years of work. What harm could there be in trying to capture an escaped convict? He deserved capturing. Taking money would not imply a willingness to kill the man.

I folded the bills the long way and put them in my shirt pocket.

"He has had time to get here, barely," Medwell said. "I want you in the woods as soon as possible."

"Tomorrow morning," I said. I looked him in the eye. It required an effort to bring my gaze up to his face.

"Take him back, Harry," Medwell said. "I am armed, Lawson, and so is Harry. I shall stay inside the lodge here until this thing is over."

My attempt at humor was shallow. "Suppose he gets me?"

"That will be unfortunate, Lawson."

I SAT on the edge of the bed in the dark. I had been there a long time.

Belle touched my back. I hadn't heard her awaken. "What is it, Ben? What's the matter?"

"Can't sleep," I said.

"I could heat some milk," she said uncertainly.

"Don't bother. Go to sleep."

I reached out in the darkness, found the shirt pocket, took the bills out. They felt cold. I dressed quickly.

Turning on the light over the old desk, I sat down and put the money in front of me. The pen scratched as I wrote:

"Dear Mr. Medwell,

I have thought it over and I can't do what you ask. I think you must go ahead if you want to and tell them about me. I think you want that man killed and you know if you told me to do it I would not be able to because . . ."

The point caught in a rough spot on the paper and sprayed a thin line of tiny blots. I heard Belle getting out of bed. I crumpled the note and tucked the money back in the shirt pocket.

She stood, barefooted, in the bedroom doorway, her toes pulled up off the cold boards. "Don't you want to tell me?" she said.

I made myself smile. I dipped my fingers into the pocket and got one bill loose from the others. I held it out to her. "Here. This was a secret. I've been saving it to get you something. You better spend it."

She looked solemnly at the bill, doubt in her eyes, and reached out her hand and took it. "Goodness!" she said. I saw the doubt slowly go away. She came over and kissed me. "It's a lot of money, Ben."

"It was a tip from—from Ludwigs."

"Last year? After he got the bear?"

"After he got the bear." I stood up and stretched. "Now I can sleep. I've got to go out early. Medwell hired me."

"For how long?"

"Until he gets tired of walking across his own land."

I didn't sleep. I lay and felt the warmth that came from her. At three I caught the clock before the alarm sounded. She was breathing deeply. I took the three-ought-three with the four-power scope. In the shoulder bag I put dried beef, army rations, compass, matches and my Belgian .38 automatic with three extra clips. I took three extra clips for the rifle, too. Moccasins, belt knife, heavy brown jacket, trousers and dark cap.

I shivered in the pre-dawn chill. By six o'clock the thin edge of a watery sun began to show. By then I was on Medwell's property with nothing between me and the Canadian border but

line after line of mountains, woods that had been too rugged to be timbered off. If Medwell was right, Fournier was either north of me, working his way south, or he had already crossed onto Medwell's property. I began to range from west to east across the northern portion of the tract, keeping to the terrain that would show up sign the quickest. Mist clung to the low places, with the sun beginning to eat at it. I picked up mud and killed the gleam of the barrel of the three-ought-three.

I felt twice as tall as a man and four times as strong. I had been a fool to worry. This was just another job. I moved with the greatest care, finding animal track, keeping to cover when I could, moving fast in open spots.

It must have been about nine when I pulled back and held my breath as a sow bear, her sides slatted by the long winter, ambled across a clearing with her two cubs. One whiff of me and she'd wheel and charge. They went off into the brush and I waited twenty minutes before continuing.

AT NOON I crawled into a thicket and ate, burying the traces as I had after the cold breakfast. At three o'clock in the afternoon I found man track. It was in damp leaf mold. He took big strides, toes turned in a bit, wore store shoes. I ranged back a few yards over the trail he'd made, examined the leaf bruises on the pale green stuff that was beginning to poke up from the forest floor. It could have been a day old, I guessed. I followed the trail until I found a place where he had to work his way through close brush. On a broken twig I found two gray cotton threads. I went over the brush carefully, but it wasn't until I imitated how a man would have to go through there that I found what I wanted. The normal thing would be to lift a rifle high in your right hand and edge through sideways. I found a dark stain on the edge of a green bud over my head. When I pulled it down and touched my tongue to it I tasted gun oil. Fournier had a rifle.

This was tracking in a new, more exciting way.

I decided to follow his trail with as much speed as I could manage without getting winded. What to do when I came up on him wasn't clear. I was probably two miles from the north end of the small lake.

Fournier laid his trail across the easiest, fastest part of the terrain, the way a trained woodsman will. I was glad that he was making no effort to cover track. I had a hunch that he would have made it almost impossible to unravel. With the start he had, it was likely that he had been holed up in sight of the lodge waiting for a shot at Medwell.

Absorption in the problem at hand made me careless. Also, it was good to stop thinking of why I was doing this, to think only of trotting along the clear track he had left.

The stream came in from the right, bubbling white over the stones, cold and black in the eddies. It was the inlet to the small lake. I saw where his toe had dug into the far bank. The western side of the lake was a sheer rock wall, rising from the north and south ends to a peak a good eighty feet high a bit south of the midpoint, fading off to the west in a steep wooded slope. I stood in the open listening to the sound of the stream. Fournier would know that the highest crest of the wall would give him a vantage point.

A man can be empty-headed. I stood there like a fool, picking out stepping stones, thinking of circling and coming up close enough to rush him. . . .

I stepped from stone to stone. There was a pulse of air by my cheek, a slapping sound against one of the stones, a screech of ricochet off into the air. As I dived headlong for the brush the sound of the distant shot punctuated the scream of the ricochet. A second slug chunked into the ground close by and I scrambled around a corner of rock, thudding my rifle against it in my haste. From the interval between the thud of the slug and the sound of the shot I guessed that he was shooting at better than three hundred yards. Fournier was a shot. No mistake about that. There had been sympathy in my mind for him. Medwell had put both of us in an awkward situation. I wasn't sorry for him any longer. I felt it all, from the incredulous feeling at the nearness of death to the hard anger that followed.

The man needed killing.

The thud against the rock had cracked the object lense of the scope. I dismounted it, checked the position of the windage on the supplementary V sight, stowed the scope in the shoulderbag after taking out the automatic and the clips for both weapons. I put the clips in my pockets, the automatic under my belt, then shoved the shoulderbag back under the rock. The last light of day was going fast. I wiggled off to where it was safe to stand. Then, bending low, I ran hard through the brush, ignoring the noise, heading due west. When my wind was nearly gone I dropped and lay still. With silence and care I angled left, drifting through the deepening shadows. When at last I felt the slope, I dropped to hands and knees and went more slowly. As the pitch grew steeper I flattened out, progressed by reaching the rifle far ahead with my right hand, worming my way up to it. The highest part of the wall overlooking the lake was ahead of me.

I picked one of the trees outlined against the sky and waited until it was black night. It took long minutes to work my way up the trunk into the crotch I had spotted. From here the first dawn light would silhouette anyone on the crest forty yards in front of me.

DURING the long, cold, miserable night I brought myself back up to the point of anger every time I felt it slipping away. Twice, wedged into the crotch, I managed to sleep for a little while, waking to rub feeling back into my legs. I knew I would be close enough to pick the shot. Smash the right shoulder. It would be enough. But four inches and four thousand dollars to the left was the base of the throat.

When the dawn began to grow, when the trees became ghostly visible, I edged around and brought the rifle up into position. Lighter and lighter. I searched the shadows under the pines for him, alert for any movement.

AT LAST it was daylight, the stand of pines as empty as it had been a hundred years before that morning.

The crackle of brush, behind me, was alarmingly close. I twisted around with a great violent effort and saw a big man, crouched, moving slowly up the trail I had made the night before. Fear was quick, hot and fluid in my throat. He had outsmarted me by cutting my back trail at the first dawn's light. As I tried to swing the rifle around to get in the first shot, the butt thumped the tree. With one oiled and perfect motion he brought the rifle up to his shoulder and fired.

I called myself a dead man as I fell. The smashing blow against the rifle numbed my arm, broke my hold and my balance. I floated down, naked and slow and alone in the air, down like a balloon to the ground so far below, yet always with the consciousness of which side was exposed to him, which side he would hit. I landed hard on my right shoulder and hip on the soft ground, clawing my way to the shelter of the trunk at the moment I landed, snatching the automatic from my belt. Something plucked at my thigh and there was a wetness there, a slow stinging. I threw one shot from the automatic at where he had been. The rifle was a yard and a half to my right, the foregrip splintered where his slug had hit it.

"Fournier!" I shouted. "Fournier!"

Alarmed birds scolded from the brush. There was no answer. The black flies found me again, fire needles on my wrists and throat. I knew I had to kill him or be killed, and all of the implications of the dirty mess struck me. I had been playing, never committing myself completely, thus making two mistakes. Either mistake could have killed me. The next one would. I had to decide what he would do.

In his position I would circle. Which way? Off to the right so as not to put the tree bole between me and the rifle. I listened to the bird sounds. Off to my right a bird made a sudden squawk of alarm. That was enough. To reach slowly for the rifle would be a guarantee to death. I prodded the nick in my thigh. It was bleeding slightly. A bit of flesh had been chewed away.

On the slow count of five I lunged for the rifle, gathered it up, rolled with it in my arms to the shelter of a rotting log, hearing the hard whack of the shot.

Keeping my head down I lifted the automatic and squeezed off three fast shots in his general direction. At the third shot I dropped the automatic,

swung the rifle around and, with my finger on the trigger, I lifted my head cautiously and quickly above the log. I had to see him before he saw me. The slope was empty. I wanted to pull my head back down. He had to be out there. There were two places where he could have taken cover. The first was a tangled deadfall. I aimed at the densest part of it and shot twice, carefully. Silence. I swung the muzzle toward the second possible hiding place.

As I did so he burst out of the deadfall, heading upslope at a blundering run, his left hand, fingers spread, pressed hard against his belly. I kept the sights on him but I couldn't pull the trigger. I am quick to shoot a gunshot animal, but Fournier was a man. He almost reached the pines and fell heavily, full length.

I stood up, shaking uncontrollably. I wanted to explain to Fournier. I wanted to tell him I didn't want to kill him. He didn't move. I walked by him to the brink of the rock wall. The morning sun was on the lodge roof. I could see Harry standing there, looking over toward me. They had heard a great deal of shooting.

"Hallo!" I called. "Hallo! It's all over. *Over!*"

Medwell came out and stood beside Harry. Harry pointed toward me. They went down to the dock and climbed into the small boat, Harry in the bow, Medwell handling the outboard motor. The staccato sound came closer. They came in in a wide curve to a spot far below me.

Medwell cut the motor and I heard the echoes off the far hills.

"You got him?" Medwell asked in a conversational tone.

"I killed him, damn you!"

"There's no need to be emotional. You did very well. Push him over and Harry'll put a line on him and we'll tow him in."

My voice shook and my eyes were stinging. "Come on up here and throw him over yourself."

I heard the sound behind me. I spun around. Fournier, his face an agonized mask, was clawing his way toward the brink of the cliff. He pulled himself along by plunging his hard fingers deep into the bed of loam and pine needles that covered the rocks. I did not have time to see more. All I could feel was awe at the will that would not let him die. My weakened leg buckled under me and I fell to my hands and knees. The ground gave way under my right knee and I slid slowly over the brink.

"Watch it!" Medwell yelled.

There was no solid thing to grasp. I slipped backward. At the last moment I kicked myself away from the edge and fell. I hugged my knees and braced my shoulders. The fall was interminable and sickening. The water was as hard as a fist. I went down and down into green-black depths, my lungs tightening. Going back up was like climbing a soft green ladder. I broke through into the air, gasping.

I was thirty feet from the boat. The icy water was deadening my arms and legs. Medwell did ar odd thing. He held a ridiculous looking target pistol in his right hand. With his free hand he yanked his shirt out of his pants, lifted it and stared down at a small black spot on the swelling expanse of white flesh at his waist. I saw that it was a hole. I had not heard the rifle.

Medwell slowly lifted the target pistol. I looked up. All I could see was the rifle barrel, Fournier's blood-black hand on the foregrip.

Fournier fired again. The shot took Medwell high on the forehead, slamming his head back at a crazy angle. He slid sideways in the seat, lowered the pistol to the lake surface and let go of it. He let his thick white hand rest in the water. Harry sat huddled in the bow, making himself small. There was no need. Fournier's rifle came down, turning once, end for end, in the sunlight. It hit muzzle first and disappeared with little splash.

I swam to the boat, pushed Medwell over onto his face in the bottom and climbed up into the stern.

As I steered in toward the dock Harry reached over and pulled the wallet out of Medwell's hip pocket. I caught him by the scruff of the neck as he started toward the house.

He turned, vicious as a weasel. "Don't think you're getting any more money out of this, Lawson. He promised. I didn't. Get your hand off me."

I could crack his spine in my hands. I wanted to. He saw it on my face. He made wet sounds with his mouth and put his spread hands against my chest.

I HIT him and caught him before he went into the water. I couldn't find the blonde girl. He was beginning to stir by the time I had the bodies loaded. I hit him again and threw him in the station wagon with the bodies.

All the fine long years of work.

I drove to the village, to the trooper station on the far side and parked. I went in and told them everything and gave them the four hundred. I knew I had waited too long to turn back.

They kept me four days and let me go—without my license.

The sun is bright and hot. I've unbuttoned my shirt to the waist. Belle has talked me into finishing the work on the canoe. She won't listen to me when I tell her it's pointless. She has some crazy idea that all my regular customers would petition the Conservation Department about my license.

I tell her that we're outcasts. We should move on. She has a blind, immovable faith in our friends and neighbors. I looked up a moment ago. There's a half dozen of them coming up the road. They won't come in. They just want to look at the ex-convict. Have a good look, friends. I won't even look up.

But why should Belle sing at a time like this—unless they were coming as friends? She must be right. I'm one of them again. for good. ● ● ●

"Did you get your raise, dear?"

The Speed-Trap Racket

(Continued from page 34)

abandoned relic without "stopping for a school bus"—and you carry out-of-town license plates—you're a dead duck.

Of course you can show that you know your rights. Like the Florida-bound tourist who was arrested for speeding and fined $15 on the spot. The driver, in a hurry to get on, swallowed his peeve and paid the money. No yokel, he asked for a receipt.

The patrolman's face hardened. "Here's your money back, mister. We're going into town to see the judge. And I wouldn't ask him for no receipt if I was you. The last fellow who tried that got fined an extra hundred for contempt of court."

Back in town the judge listened to the patrolman's complaint and announced, "That'll be a five-dollar fine and costs. Comes to twenty-five dollars altogether, payable in cash. And don't think I ain't lettin' you off easy on the fine."

And don't think he wasn't. The fine could have been anything that came into the head of that pillar of justice. But since the fine belonged to the state he wasn't as interested in it as in the costs which make up the local gravy. These may include fees which go to the judge, prosecutor, sheriff, court clerk, the arresting officer—and possibly one or two others.

Five motorists were stopped in North Carolina and charged with going three miles over the speed limit. One of the motorists reported, "We were hauled before the Justice of the Peace, who was absent and could not be reached for three days. The usual racket, of course. Post a bond of thirty dollars and naturally forfeit the money for non-appearance on the required date. This will fatten the pockets of a few officials, but certainly not help merchants in town or along the highway. Tourists avoid towns which harbor such racketeers.

Complaints Pour In

The files of motor clubs bulge with complaints from autoists about official rookings. The cast of characters changes but the stories are pretty much the same. The theme that runs through them consistently is: If they want your money you haven't got a chance.

Appealing to sweet reason does you little good, drivers have discovered. Accused of going 80 miles an hour, one motorist offered to let the arresting officer take the wheel himself and try to get the car up to sixty. The suggestion was ignored and instead the driver was taken to the courthouse. A cash bond of $100 was demanded and when he couldn't pay that much he was locked up in a cell with a local drunk. The cell was dirty, infested and unheated. Eventually he was allowed to pay a bond of $75 and was obliged to do without meals on the way home so he could get gas and oil for the car.

High-handed and downright dishonest treatment of motorists is most prevalent in the areas where fees and fines pay part or all of the salary of the justice of the peace—and for obvious reasons. A poll by a committee studying traffic-law enforcement revealed that anyone can become a J. P.—the qualifications are that low. It was revealed that many J. P.'s are not only hazy on traffic laws in their own state but have little idea what their actual powers are. Not too many are aware—or care—that they have the right to suspend sentence. Most J. P.'s are ignorant about the maximum fine permitted in their state. Guesses have ranged up to $1,000.

Typical Case of "Justice"

Your average J. P.'s conception of even-handed justice is pretty well typified by a case in Illinois not so long ago. A motorist appeared before a J. P. on a charge of speeding. The J. P. told him, "You'll have to plead guilty. To plead not guilty requires an oath and I can't administer oaths today because it's Sunday."

"What do you mean Sunday?" demanded the driver. "It's Memorial Day."

"Makes no difference," snapped the J. P. "Why don't you just plead guilty and make it easier for both of us?"

J. P. hearings are frequently held on public roads, in general stores, filling stations, barns or even ice-cream parlors. Edson W. Sunderland of the University of Michigan Law School has reported instances where traffic offenders were fined by a J. P. who heard the complaint while standing behind his plow.

One Ohio J. P. accepted payment in kind for fines. He took spare tires, auto accessories, jewelry, groceries or anything else of value. His courtroom, before motorist indignation caught up with him, looked like a cross between a general store and a pawnshop.

Hand in glove with the J. P., more often than not, is the local constable or highway patrolman whose job and its emoluments may depend upon the number of arrests he makes. In many places he drives an unmarked car and wears no sign of authority other than a badge, if that.

Thousands of autoists have had the experience of being ambushed from behind billboards or other cover by unidentified cars driven by cops in plain clothes. A far Western J. P. whose general-store courtroom was kept well supplied by a pair of jean-clothed cops defended their use on the grounds that "you get more careful drivers if they have to wonder whether the fellow ahead of 'em on a country road is the law."

However, statistics indicate that in rural areas traffic accidents have gone up about 50 per cent over the last 15 years. The urban rate has fallen off. That doesn't indicate that a sneak cop in plain clothes contributes much to effective traffic control.

The favorite device of venal traffic enforcement officials is the despised speed trap. One New York motorist travelling upstate was hauled before local J. P.'s four times and on each occasion charged with driving 65 miles an hour, though each time his speedometer registered far less. A check with friends and acquaintances who travelled that area revealed that a number of them had also been apprehended for hitting exactly 65 miles an hour—never less and never more.

Florida has dozens of communities where the city limits stretch far beyond the built-up area. And in the vacation season constables do a land-office business on tourists for using highway speeds in what appears to be open country. Unmarked speed zones are the bane of the traveler. In New York the nuisance has been abated by an A. A. A.-sponsored law which requires the posting of clearly legible signs to inform motorists of the end of a restricted speed zone.

Legal Holdups in Cities

Legal holdups are not confined to country highways and towns. Big cities have plenty to answer for in putting the squeeze on the hapless car owner. In New York City there are a minimum of 28 traffic infractions and three different sets of regulations governing the use of headlights on parkways—all of which constitute a real boon to the cop with a load of traffic tickets to get rid of. Precincts have been charged with rating cops on a ticket-disposal basis, the low men facing foot patrol on some God-forsaken beat.

Some months ago the New York papers told the story of how a suburban sergeant and a couple of patrolmen preyed on city-bound drivers. They sold "protection cards" to drivers stopped in their territory which were insurance that violations would not be reported. It is common knowledge among drivers who use their cars daily in going to work in the city that regular payments of tribute in cash or merchandise protect you against unjust arrest along certain routes.

The Auto Club of Michigan has complained that the Detroit Police Department runs a ticket contest among its cops with special awards for those writing the greatest number of tickets. The Police Commissioner defends the wholesale and often indiscriminate passing out of tickets on safety grounds. The harried motorist, chivvied and fined for the most trifling violations, gets the feeling that the law is his relentless enemy.

Bad Effect on Motorists

That is perhaps the greatest evil in the steadily deteriorating relationship between traffic-enforcement officials and the motoring public. The average driver after an experience of this kind comes away with a contempt for enforcement officials of any kind and courts in general.

Here and there the outlook is brightening for the driver. The fee system has been knocked out in some states. Maryland, Tennessee, Indiana and Missouri, among others, have replaced J. P. trials with up-to-date traffic courts conducted by specially trained, salaried judges

who recognize that the motorist merits at least the rights of a crook or murderer. Some universities are running J. P. schools. Traffic Court judges' and prosecutors' conferences, backed by the Northwestern University Traffic Institute and the American Bar Association, are being held at law schools, to give judicial officers a clearer idea of their responsibilities and duties.

New Jersey System

A little over a year ago New Jersey put into effect a uniform system of traffic-violation complaints. The system will allow judges to pay more attention to serious offenses such as extreme reckless driving, drunken motoring, hit-and-run and homicide by automobile. When the motorist is fined he receives a booklet entitled, "We Don't Want Your Money." Somewhat along the same lines is the Michigan plan for standard fines on traffic violations graded "less serious," "more serious" and "most serious."

No sane and conscientious driver will argue against crackdowns on reckless and hoggish offenders. He knows the really bad driver is a menace to life and limb and should be removed from the highway. But he figures the general run of motorists deserve a fair break by law-enforcement authorities. He wants an end to speed traps, roadside fining and other shakedown tactics.

But until the millenium comes the best legal brains advise you to keep your temper when hauled up for a violation away from home. If you think you're being jobbed, try to get the arresting officer's badge number or identification. Get an official receipt for all sums paid. Get the names and addresses of witnesses if there are any. If you have a legitimate complaint try to secure local counsel or the help of a representative of the local A. A. A.

You can't be blamed, though, if you've been conditioned to react like the sucker who was returning home from a week-end at around two A. M.

Progressive Collections

Out of nowhere a trooper roared up alongside. The driver pulled over and produced a ten-dollar bill. He was waved on. About ten miles farther on he was overtaken by another cop. He had eight dollars remaining and it turned out to be enough to take care of things.

He hadn't gone many miles more when he was accosted by still a third trooper. Exasperated to the point of recklessness the driver announced he was broke and demanded to know what the heck was going on.

"It's this way," explained the trooper amiably. "It gets kind of lonesome out here this time of night so when you see a nice-looking car coming along you catch up with it. Maybe the driver feels guilty about how fast he's been going so he stops and offers you a—uh—gratuity. Nobody said anything about a ticket, mind you. And when you get a liberal guy like that it's only fair to phone the next trooper's station and let him know about it." ● ● ●

FISHING AND HUNTING WITH DOC JENKINS

TRY THESE FOR BAIT

LAMPREY EELS

SMALL lamprey eels, three to five inches long, are unequaled bass and walleye bait. You'll find them in the mud and weeds on the stream bottom. As they feed only at night the best way to catch them is in a trap made from a burlap sack. Punch a lot of holes in a tin can and fill it with fish heads, refuse or bloody meat. Let the can set in the sun a while and the odor will attract more eels than fresh bait, when the trap is set. Fasten the can with wire in the bottom of the sack. Prop the mouth of the sack open with sticks or wire. I sew or lace the mouth of the sack fast to a wire clothes hanger. Tie one end of a stout line to the sack and the other end to a tightly corked bottle for a float so the sack can be easily located and pulled to the surface. Put a large stone in with the can to sink the trap. Sink the sack in six to fifteen feet of water. The eels will enter the sack at night, attracted by the scent of the bait. As it is dark inside, they won't leave at daylight. Pull the sack-traps early in the morning. The captured eels can be kept alive in a tub of water in a cool, dark place, such as a basement. Carry them fishing in a pail of water wrapped in a damp burlap sack. Evaporation of the water in the burlap will keep the eels cool and alive.

POTATO BUGS

There are few better bluegill and sunfish baits than potato bugs. Any farmer will let you pick up a million in his potato patch. Keep the bugs in a covered glass jar.

CRICKETS

Crickets can be caught by the hundreds in tall weeds and grass and under shocks of grain in the fields. To preserve them for use later keep them in a jar of rubbing alcohol. Add twenty drops of oil of anise to each half-pint of alcohol. The anise will kill the scent of the alcohol and is an all-round good fish lure.

PERCH BELLIES

Here is a little-known pike and pickerel bait that really gets 'em. Cut a three- or four-inch strip from the belly of a yellow perch, starting at the throat below the gills. Leave on two lower fins. Use a small "willow-leaf" spinner ahead of the trailing perch belly as an attracter.

LEECHES

Leeches, or blood suckers, are a real fish-getter for bass, walleyes and channel catfish. Big brown trout like them, too. They are found in the weeds of streams with muddy bottoms and can be caught by seining. Keep them in a jug of water. Handle them with tweezers.

MEALWORMS

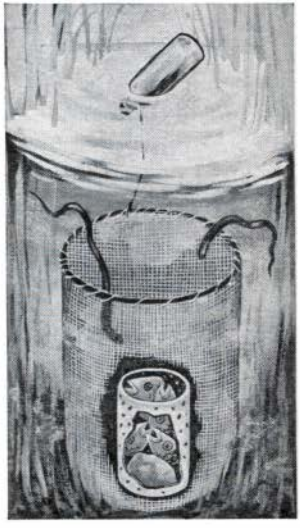
Mealworms can be picked up by the thousands around any feed store or grain elevator. They are tops as an all-year-'round panfish bait and can be had when other baits are not available. Keep them in a can of bran.

CATFISH BAIT

Beef heart is tough and will stay on a hook. Cut it into baits of the size desired. Pack it in a glass jar and cover with fish oil. Add a tablespoonful of tincture of asafetida to each quart jar of bait to make one of the best catfish lures.

SALT-WATER SHRIMP

Fresh-frozen salt-water shrimp is a favorite with many fresh-water fishermen. To keep fresh, dip them in dry salt and pack in an airtight glass jar. When needed, peel off the shells.



EELS enter sack at night, attracted by scent of fish-head bait in can.

The Brite Brothers: Will They Be Freed

(Continued from page 33)

sleep after the earlier encounter, had every reason to believe that Baker and Seaborn had returned with reinforcements for the purpose of inflicting injury on the two sleeping men.

An analysis of Baker's testimony as given before the grand jury simply doesn't make sense.

In brief, Baker's story is that the Brite brothers were completely covered by the blankets, and the officers pulled the blankets down from the faces of the men. Officer Lange (all of this according to the testimony Baker gave before the grand jury) told John to be quiet, that he was under arrest. Then John got up on his hands and knees and the officer clubbed him with a blackjack, striking him over the head. Coke Brite was still lying in bed.

Baker's Testimony

The testimony continued:

Q. Do I understand you to say now that Officer Lange stepped over the body of Coke—over the body of Coke onto the bed?

A. Stepped or jumped over him. Coke hadn't raised up yet.

Q. He jumped over onto the bed?

A. Jumped over the bed right by the side of John Brite and started to put the handcuffs on him.

And again the witness said, "John was raised up right against the car, and he jumped over Coke. Coke wasn't raised up yet, kind of over his body, right by the side of John. He had one handcuff in his hand, trying to put it on to him, and as he done that John was scratching like he was trying to get something out of the bed, and that is when he hit him with the billy. That is the first time he hit him."

Q. And he struck him over the head?

A. He struck him over the head.

Q. How many blows did he strike him?

A. Well, I couldn't say.

Q. Was it more than one?

A. Yes, he motioned more than one. I couldn't say if he was hitting him all the time.

Q. What was the effect, if any, of those blows that Officer Lange inflicted upon him?

A. Well, it just kind of addled him; he didn't move around so much when he done that. Then Coke raised and Clark stepped right in and was trying to take care of him.

Q. Then what did Officer Clark do?

A. Well, that is what I am trying to tell you. Clark, he stepped over and struck or swung at Coke and just at that time Coke just went right on top of Lange and threw him. And the car was sitting right at the edge of there and when he threw him, he was right in front of the car. Well, they made a tussle there, and then they rolled behind the car where Mr. Seaborn was, right in front of it like; it wasn't over eight feet, and Lange was hollering for help. Mr. Seaborn grabbed Coke and jerked him back—threw him back, and when he threw him back, Coke grabbed this .30-.30 out from under the bed and he turned back. I said, "Look out, he has got a gun! Watch him, he has got a gun! He has got a gun!" And just about that time, the gun fired, and I broke and run. And Coke was hollering, "Get them, John! Get them, John! Kill them! There goes one up the creek. Get that one, John!"

Now on the face of it, this story is one which would challenge belief.

Here were two men lying sound asleep, completely covered by blankets. Two officers armed with guns, blackjack and handcuffs, got on top of the bed while the blankets were still over the men's heads. The officers jerked back the blankets while standing on the bed. There were four men in the arresting party.

Have any of you readers ever tried to get up out of a sleeping bag at night?

Quite obviously, this story doesn't make sense. Apparently Officer Lange tried to put the handcuffs on John. When John got to his hands and knees, the officer started clubbing him over the head with a billy or blackjack until he had John "addled."

Coke wasn't up at that time. He was still lying in the bed and, whatever else he was doing, it is obvious he wasn't resisting any officer, because you don't resist an officer by lying in bed.

Then, according to the testimony which Baker gave before the grand jury, Clark started clubbing Coke.

Now why was Officer Clark clubbing Coke who "hadn't raised up yet?"

The more we look into this case the more we get a picture of two officers who either, because of too much celebration (this was after midnight on a week-end), went about making an arrest in a thoroughly brutal and unskilled way, or we have a story by Baker which simply doesn't add up to make sense. If that is the case, the theory which the district attorney advanced that the first shooting was by neither the Brites nor by the officers should be carefully investigated.

Brites Addled by Clubbing

In the ensuing fight, the two officers and Seaborn were killed. Baker and the Brite brothers were the sole survivors. The Brite brothers were clubbed until they have no clear recollection of what happened. The evidence shows that not only was John addled, but he evidently had a concussion which left him completely dazed for a good many hours. Coke remembered nothing until he found himself in the middle of Horse Creek, where the cold water evidently restored some measure of consciousness.

The district attorney expressed doubts that either of the Brite brothers had killed the officers. A free-for-all fight was going on, and no one knows how many guns were at the scene of the shooting, who was shooting or who was trying to hit whom.

But let's get back to Baker's story.

Baker's story doesn't make sense because two officers, swinging blackjacks, standing on a bed from which two men are trying to emerge, simply have too much advantage to lose out in such a struggle. The officers knew that when they started.

Either the officers were too drunk to be efficient or there was some other factor in the case which hasn't been mentioned in Baker's testimony.

Was there such a factor?

There is every evidence that there was.

Decker, who lived a hundred and four yards from the shooting, was awakened, and when he was awakened, he *heard a dog growling and carrying on the way a dog does when he is fighting with a wounded deer.*

When Decker rushed over to see what the trouble was about, he found the Brite brothers standing in a dazed condition. John was quite obviously so "addled" that he had no clear conception of what he was doing, and thought that Decker, a man with whom he had always been friendly, was part of Baker's gang who had come in to kill him. He found Coke dripping wet from his immersion in Horse Creek, and it was Coke's restraining influence, Decker's cold courage, and reputation for being a square-shooter, which finally got through to John's consciousness, so that during recurring lucid intervals John could realize that Decker was not an enemy intent upon killing him in his sleep.

What About the Dog?

But Decker found something else. When he went into camp the Brites' dog growled at him. Now there is a factor in the situation which Baker hasn't mentioned, and because Baker didn't mention it in his testimony, we can scrutinize Baker's testimony with a great deal of suspicion.

Undoubtedly the dog was there, the dog undoubtedly took part in the fight, and Baker *doesn't mention the dog!*

Let's go back for a moment to the general topography of the country. The Brite brothers lived with their parents on a hill a mile or two above the Horse Creek flat where the road ended. Therefore, quite frequently the Brite brothers would sleep at Horse Creek, on the property of Decker, a square-shooting, two-fisted mountaineer who has impressed Raymond Schindler, Tom Smith and me as being just about tops in anyone's classification.

Decker amazed me during our last interview by confiding that he was seventy-eight years old. One would take him to be about sixty-five. He doesn't wear glasses, has a keen, penetrating eye, moves with the easy grace of a mountaineer, is quite evidently a hunter of considerable skill, and a dead shot.

Even this year he got his deer, got him on the run, and got him the way he gets all of his deer—by breaking the neck, so no good meat is spoiled. That's Decker.

On this night of the shooting, the Brite brothers moved into their camp

at Horse Creek so they could be ready to start after deer at daybreak when the season opened. They didn't go up to the house. The dog wasn't with them when they drove in. Yet the dog in some way knew they were there and came down the mile or two miles of mountain trail to curl up on the seat of the automobile and spend the night with his masters.

A dog is one hundred per cent loyal to his master. No matter what happens, his master has to be in the right. His master represents an object of worship so far as a dog is concerned, and it is that unswerving faith, that loyalty, which makes the companionship of a dog and a man such an inspiring thing.

It is quite probable that the dog heard the sounds of the original fracas, heard the voices of his masters, heard the sound of struggling and decided that he was needed, so he came running down the trail to guard the camp.

By the time he arrived the trouble was all over. Baker and Seaborn had left to get a warrant issued and the Brite brothers were back in bed sound asleep, so the dog curled up on the seat of the car.

A dog has a pretty good idea of property lines. Anyone who has ever owned a dog knows that the dog knows when he is on home property and when he isn't. It is quite probable that if Baker, Seaborn and the two officers had made a surreptitious approach to the Brite homestead, the dog would have been barking; but down there in camp the dog lay quiet because he knew that his masters were simply camping. They were all tenants on someone else's property, and all the Brite brothers were entitled to was the small square of canvas which covered their sleeping figures.

It wasn't until the officers jumped on the Brite brothers and started clubbing that the dog entered the picture, and then it is almost certain that the dog grabbed Officer Lange by the coat and started jerking him back, and it was because of the dog that when Officer Clark started clubbing the recumbent form of Coke Brite, Coke was able to get to his feet and Officer Lange started yelling for help.

And because the witness Baker says absolutely nothing about the dog we are faced with a significant fact. If Baker was telling the true story of what happened why didn't he mention the dog?

It was moonlight that night, but the Brite brothers were camped in a grove of alders where it was dark. It was necessary for the officers to have flashlights.

Baker told the grand jury that Officer Lange had a flashlight, but that *he* had no light at all; that Seaborn had a lantern, evidently a gasoline lantern which the officers instructed him to put out because they had flashlights.

Therefore, it would seem obvious that the officers were the ones who were carrying the flashlights. In view of the fact that they jumped over the sleeping body of Coke and started struggling with John to put handcuffs on him, it would seem quite evident that Officer Lange had his blackjack with the thong looped around his wrist ready to use in case of necessity, had his handcuffs in his hand, and that Officer Clark was standing over Coke's figure, holding the flashlight on John's face.

One thing is certain: According to Baker's testimony Officer Lange had handcuffs in one hand, and he also had his blackjack ready to start clubbing. So Lange wasn't holding a flashlight—not unless he had three hands.

Now what happened? Coke started to raise up. Officer Clark "was trying to take care of him. . . . Clark he stepped over and struck or swung at Coke and just at that time Coke just went right on top of Lange and threw him."

The only reasonable solution is that the dog became the determining factor which enabled Coke to get up out of bed and throw Lange over behind the car where Seaborn "grabbed Coke and threw him back."

All right, where was the flashlight?

Quite obviously both flashlights were out of commission. If Officer Lange had been holding the handcuffs in one

hand and a blackjack in the other, and if Coke had thrown Officer Clark over behind the car and then Seaborn had thrown Coke back, it is only reasonable to suppose that the one flashlight which was apparently in use had been dashed to the ground.

Who started the shooting?

Baker says Coke started the shooting, but Baker says absolutely nothing in his story about the dog.

The absence of any mention of the dog in Baker's testimony indicates that Baker's very detailed account of what was happening and his graphic and specific description of the events that took place at a time when he admits he was running as fast as his legs could carry him, should be scrutinized with great care.

"Hello, dear. Find Junior and see what kind of a badge he's wearing."

A man running away in broad daylight isn't able to see and describe the events which are taking place behind his back as he runs. A man running away at night, through the darkness of a grove of alder trees, is hardly in a position to describe in minute detail what took place in a struggle that he was leaving just as fast as he could cover the ground.

So for the moment let's put ourselves in the position of the officers. For some reason or other, these officers went about making this arrest in a most peculiar manner. Not only did they take the complaining witnesses along with them, but they let one of the witnesses change to a dark shirt.

Why?

Was it because someone expected there would be shooting?

The man who changed to the dark shirt certainly might have had that in mind. It's something to consider.

If such was the case, did the officers anticipate a struggle? The men were in bed. The officers had all the advantage. The dog must have been the one unknown factor which changed the circumstances. The officers suddenly found themselves at a disadvantage.

All right. What would they do?

The officers had guns.

Is it reasonable to suppose that someone tried to shoot the dog? It was dark. There was a struggle going on, figures were swaying and churning in the darkness, and the dog was in the midst of the struggle. With eyes that could see in the darkness, with a nose which was able instantly to recognize a friend or a foe, it is quite apparent that the dog was the most potent factor in that struggle.

There is some evidence that he wasn't biting the men, but was grabbing their clothes, pulling the men back off balance.

The dog couldn't tell the difference between an officer and any other foe. The dog was there and the dog was fighting.

These are the physical facts.

Then, of course, comes the $64 question. Did Seaborn have a gun? Decker says he did.

Decker is certainly a man who can tell the difference between a gun and a flashlight. You talk with him and he'll discuss different types of grips on revolvers, tell about shooting with different guns. He's a dead shot, a practical expert on firearms, a man who has been living in the mountains and who knows how to support himself with a gun.

The Supreme Court dismissed Decker's testimony by stating that what he saw was undoubtedly a flashlight.

Decker says he saw the flashlight. It was on the ground. He says he picked it up and put it on the running board of the automobile. He also says he saw a gun near Seaborn's hand, on Seaborn's blouse. He's willing to swear to it.

The district attorney asked a very significant question.

In the dark, wasn't it quite possible that someone, shooting at the back of John Brite's head, during a period of frantic struggle, missed John Brite and shot Lange full in the face?

I'll make another suggestion. Isn't it a lot more plausible that someone shot at the dog?

The theory of the prosecution is that the Brite brothers got the gun, that four bullets from a .30-.30 rifle went into Officer Lange's head, and apparently the theory is that all of those bullets came out the back of the head leaving a hole no bigger than a silver dollar. (And then the man lived for two hours!)

District Attorney's Position

The district attorney never had a chance to study the evidence. He claims he sent word to the sheriff that he wanted all the evidence left intact so he could study it. By the time he arrived on the scene, shortly after daylight, he stated that the evidence had been scrambled around until no one could answer the pertinent questions which subsequently arose. The district attorney even claimed that the coroner refused to unwrap the bodies so that the district attorney could study the wounds.

The district attorney refused to prosecute. He said the Brite brothers had done just what he or anyone else would have done if awakened from a sound sleep in the dead of night by men raining blows on their heads. He was inclined to think one of the Brites shot Seaborn, but he apparently never was convinced it was bullets from the Brites' gun which killed the officers.

But somehow I think the men who have studied this case have paid too much attention to the story Baker told when he attempted to reconstruct what happened, and far too little to what *must* have happened once we recall the presence of the dog.

Now let's see what happened later.

As the Supreme Court of California reviewed Baker's testimony it contains one significant statement. Baker had said that Lange in "hollering for help" had yelled, "Take the brute off!"

The body of Clark (still referring to the opinion of the Supreme Court) was found with his coat thrown up from the back and pulled over his head, so that the bullet which entered his body from the rear, through his shirt and underclothing, *made no hole in his coat!"*

Think over these physical facts in the case.

Were the first shots fired at the dog? By whom?

Following the refusal of the district attorney to prosecute, the supervisors appointed two special prosecutors and the Brite brothers were convicted of first-degree murder. They were sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and they have been in Folsom Prison 13 years.

I want to have Dr. LeMoyne Snyder review the testimony concerning the gunshot wounds. I think perhaps we can get other medicolegal experts who have specialized on gunshot wounds to give us help on this. But right now, as matters stand, your investigators are pretty thoroughly convinced that there are some very large loopholes in the testimony which helped to convict the Brite brothers of first-degree murder.

It quite frequently happens that an excited, frightened man will fail to remember what actually happened, and then, in trying to reconstruct afterwards what must have happened, will build up a purely synthetic version of what he thinks was the truth.

Up to a point, Baker probably remembered events very clearly, but the picture of Baker running frantically for his life, yet at the same time being able to tell what went on in the dark grove behind him, is, in our opinion, thoroughly cockeyed.

And Baker tells of being shot at as he crossed Horse Creek on a footlog, and seeing the bark flying from the log. Decker says he and several other mountaineers examined that footlog and there wasn't any bullet mark on it.

We want to be scrupulously fair about this.

Two officers were killed. Regardless of who killed them, they were killed while they were attempting to discharge their duties as officers.

There is some evidence that at least one of them had been drinking. There is plenty of evidence that the officers were given a story of the desperation and toughness of the Brite brothers which made them determine to start clubbing them into submission if they had any trouble getting the handcuffs put on almost immediately.

From the Brite's Standpoint

But it must be remembered that a man can't be convicted of murder without evidence, and it is for the purpose of examining the *evidence* in this case that we are making our investigation.

Let's look at it from the standpoint of the Brite brothers. They were lying sound asleep when they suddenly found the blankets jerked off their beds and found themselves being clubbed, and it is virtually certain that at about that time they heard the voice of the man Baker, who had invaded their camp earlier in the evening either wittingly or unwittingly.

The officers may have said, "You are under arrest," before they started clubbing, or they may have said it afterwards, but if they said it before, there is pretty good reason to believe that the Brite brothers didn't hear those words. If they had they'd have pushed their heads out from under the covers. The witness Baker insists that the Brite brothers were saying, "No damned officers are going to arrest us," or words to that effect, but until the witness Baker can tell a story which accounts for the presence of the dog, and as long as he insists on telling a story that accounts in detail for what was going on behind his back while he was running for his life through the night, we are going to try to consider what must have happened at the scene in the light of the circumstances.

The testimony of the witness Decker doesn't agree with that of Baker by a long shot. Baker, of course, was the only surviving eye witness of the four who went in to the camp, but Decker was on the scene of the shooting within a matter of minutes and the conditions which he observed hardly tally with the conditions described by Baker.

We have the word of the district attorney that Baker told several versions of what happened, which is completely consistent with the attempt of a thoroughly frightened man to try and reconstruct what he thinks must have happened.

Decker doesn't get frightened, and

he doesn't get hysterical. Decker is a true Westerner. If you were going to get in a tight spot you couldn't ask for a better break than to have Decker in your corner. He's a man who is accustomed to shifting for himself.

We want to be fair to the two officers. Those men are dead. They aren't here to defend themselves. But, on the other hand, we think it's about time someone did something for the memory of James Davis, the district attorney of Siskiyou County, who is reported to have gone to his grave saddened by the criticism of certain political enemies, because he had tried to be absolutely fair.

In the mass hysteria surrounding the killings, the majority of the citizens saw only a district attorney who failed to do his duty.

A short time previous, two popular officers in this part of the country had been murdered while they were trying to do their duty. One of the killers was subsequently lynched by a mob, which shows how high feeling was running in Siskiyou County.

We have read the statements of James Davis, and we have an unbounded admiration for this prosecutor who refused to be stampeded by mass hysteria. It would have been easy for him to have taken an opposite position and ridden the crest of public approval to political advancement.

In place of that, he analyzed the evidence in the case, took an unpopular stand, and according to the best testimony we have been able to get, heard numerous threats to lynch him. There are those who say that he died of a broken heart.

Evidence Obliterated

Thirteen years have passed since the shooting. It's a shame that most of the physical evidence has been obliterated. It is, however, a significant thing that much of this evidence was obliterated before even the district attorney had an opportunity to view it.

However, we are hoping that enough of it remains so that some of the experts who have offered to donate their services to ARGOSY'S "Court of Last Resort" can make a reappraisal of what actually did happen, and perhaps rule out some of the things which obviously couldn't have happened.

This much we do know. The citizens of Siskiyou County, California, should be proud of having had a district attorney such as James Davis. Whether he was right or wrong, he did what he conscientiously felt was the right thing. It was an unpopular thing to do.

Far too frequently a prosecutor is only too willing to pose as a fearless, vigorous prosecutor, demanding the death penalty, looking only for evidence which will support the popular side of the case.

Homer Cummings, former Attorney General of the United States, when he was a prosecuting attorney established a record of which the whole legal profession may well be proud. Notwithstanding a "confession" from a defendant, notwithstanding evidence that would have undoubtedly resulted in a verdict of death, Homer Cummings refused to prosecute, and his refusal was subsequently borne out by the facts of the case.

James Davis, thirteen years ago, refused to prosecute the Brite brothers for a triple slaying, simply because he didn't believe they were guilty.

And just a few weeks ago, Gerald K. O'Brien, prosecutor of Wayne County, Michigan, stood up in Judge Thomas F. Maher's court, and asked that Louis Gross be freed after seventeen years of imprisonment, on the grounds that to his mind there was no evidence to indicate Gross had committed the murder in the first place.

It is to be hoped that the rank and file of citizens will long remember these things. A prosecutor who is willing to take advantage of public clamor may rise to heights of political preferment, but when the people want to pick a man whom they can respect, whom they can admire in public office, they'll do well to remember the prosecutors who have had enough moral integrity and enough intestinal fortitude to be willing to sacrifice popularity to the cause of justice.

Those are the sort of men we need in national office.

I venture to say these prosecutors who have been firm enough and fair enough to look past the opportunities for political advancement, will eventually find their integrity has won for them a permanent place in the respect of the nation.

That will happen if you readers feel keenly enough about it to remember—and we think you will. Now that ARGOSY readers are taking such an active part in this "Court of Last Resort" we can accomplish a great deal.

We hope you'll remember California's State Assemblymen Vernon Kilpatrick and Montwil A. Burke, who uncovered evidence in the Keys case, who have done so much to put soap and water in California jails. And we hope you'll remember Prosecutors Homer Cummings, Gerald K. O'Brien, and the memory of District Attorney James Davis.

And I feel we should remember Detroit's Judge, Hon. Thomas F. Maher, who granted Prosecutor O'Brien's motions in the Gross case. Then there's Smith Troy, Attorney General of Washington, fearless, energetic and "on the square," and his able deputy, Ed Lehan, who did such splendid work in the Boggie case.

As we move along we will gradually build up an honor roll of public men who are trying to be "on the square."

Let's remember them.

Eyewitness Tells Story

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Gardner has persuaded eyewitness B. F. Decker to write the following account for ARGOSY.

You asked me to write a statement of my recollections of what happened at the scene of the shooting. I will do so to the best of my ability.

I had been to the bathroom about one a. m. and had just gone back to bed when I was startled by two reports from a small-caliber gun. Immediately after the reports a dog started growling and fighting, making noises as though he had a deer down shaking it. At least that was the impression I had. That day was the opening day for deer hunting in that district. So when I heard the shots, and the dog making such a fuss, my first thought was that someone had started hunting a little early.

I jumped out of bed and went to an open, unscreened window in the kitchen to see what was going on. Deer used to feed in the clearing below my house. The moon was up and it was quite light.

Hears Three Shots

When I got to the window a larger caliber rifle opened up—first three shots, then a short pause and another shot from a rifle of the same caliber.

As I stood looking I saw a man come running up the path to the cabin. I sensed something was wrong and hurried to the front door and opened it just as the running man stepped on the porch. It was my neighbor, Charles Baker. He was as white as a sheet and trembling. His clothing was dry; so he had crossed on the foot-log that spans Horse Creek a short distance below my cabin. He rushed past me into the house. I grabbed him to stop him. "What is the matter?" I asked.

He told me they had shot Lange and he thought Seaborn too. I asked him how he knew. He told me he heard Seaborn holler as he was coming up the path. I told him I would go down there to see what I could do. He begged me not to go as he thought they would kill me if I went there. Baker did not tell me who they were, only mentioned Lange and Seaborn. But I knew that the Brite Boys were camped there for the night, so I said, "I am going down there. If it is the Brite boys they will hurt no one." Then he begged me not to leave him alone. I told him to go and get Bob Lanning. Lanning lived in an extra cabin I had. Baker went and I got my flashlight and started down to the camp.

The camp was in a growth of alders, just above where my road crossed the creek. The alder growth started just below the foot log. I did not need the light until I got to the alders. I turned on the light and as I approached the camp, not knowing who was there nor what I would find, I called, "Hello, camp. This is Decker. I am coming in."

A dog started growling. I recognized Coke's voice telling him to lay down.

Then I heard John say to Coke, "They are coming to kill us."

But Coke said, "No, that is Decker. He won't hurt us."

I came on in and found their dog lying by the car. John was standing there holding a rifle. Blood was running from the top of his head, down his face and neck, down under his shirt collar. He had been badly beaten.

Coke was standing there dripping

wet, with his arm held away from his body in such a way that it made me think he had been hurt. So I asked him if he was hurt or shot. He said he was not hurt but had been given a wallop and knocked into the creek.

I asked, "Who did the shooting?"

John said, "I did. I got the gun. I done all the shooting."

Then John, with a strange look in his eyes, asked me what I was doing there. I grabbed the rifle from him and noticed that the stock of the gun was missing. About the same time I stepped on something and picked it up. It was the missing stock. I tossed it aside.

Coke asked John, "What is the matter with you? This is Decker. He won't hurt you."

Then John said, "Who are these men? Baker and his gang came to kill us. That is Seaborn. Who are the others?"

I told him they were officers, and that I would have to report this to the sheriff.

John stood silent for a moment. Then he shook his head as if to clear his mind, stepped up to me and said, "Do whatever has to be done."

He again seemed unrational. So I asked Coke if he could take him home. He said he could. So I handed Coke the stockless rifle and told him to take John home and wait there until he heard from me. I expected to go up there with the officers when they came. They left, taking their dog.

Baker Was Panicky

I went home and had Lanning get his car. Baker again got panicky and begged us not to leave him. He was so frightened that he did not seem to know what he was saying. I told him to go home. He refused to go by the camp. So I directed him to take the trail over the hill, home.

When we left, he also went. We no more than got to the scene of the killing when Baker came rushing in there, saying, "The boys are up there." He wouldn't leave our side but stayed under foot hindering us in anything we tried to do. So I made him go home.

We found Seaborn and Lange still alive. They were groaning and hollering. I went to Lange first. I stooped down to talk to him and tried to arouse him. As he groaned and hollered I could smell liquor on his breath. While talking to him I had the flashlight in my hand and noticed that he had been shot just below his eye alongside his nose. I felt of the wound with my finger. To me it felt like a hole from a small caliber bullet.

Deciding that we could do nothing for Lange, we went to Seaborn. I tried to arouse him so I could talk to him. I had no luck. He just kept on groaning and moaning. While talking to him I noticed his gun was lying on the edge of his blouse.

The third man, Clark, was dead.

Lange was lying partly in the road. The road was too narrow at that place to allow us to detour with the car. So we had to move Lange.

Lange's gun was lying about eighteen inches from his side, on the bank of an irrigation ditch. It had been stepped on and was partly pressed into the damp ground. We moved Lange out of the road but we did not move the gun. While moving around there I picked up a flashlight that was lying near Lange and Seaborn as I was afraid we would tramp on it. I placed it on the running board of the Brites' car.

We got into the car and started down the road. There is a bridge across the road near Baker's place. When we got there, Baker was standing on the bridge. He had a rifle with him. He demanded that we take him with us. We refused and told him to stay at home with his wife.

We drove on down to Rainey's place. Rainey was the justice of the peace in our township. Mrs. Rainey telephoned to the sheriff's office and reported the shooting, and asked for a doctor and ambulance for the wounded officers. It was about one half hour before Mrs. Rainey got the message through to the sheriff.

When the message had been delivered to the sheriff, Rainey and a man, LaPlante, doing carpenter work there, went back with us.

When we got back to the scene, Seaborn was dead. Lange was still alive, but died before the sheriff and doctor arrived.

By that time we felt in need of refreshments, and two at a time went up to my cabin for coffee.

When we moved Lange before going to Rainey's we had also picked up the two pieces of a broken, blood-soaked, braided billy. I laid them on the end of a log. The blood-soaked head of the billy was lying a little way from Lange. The handle of the billy was about three

or four feet from the head of the billy.

While waiting for the sheriff and party, La Plante picked up the handle and carried it around, playing with the broken leather strands hanging from it. Lanning identified it as Lange's billy. It had previously been lost and Lanning had found it and returned it to Lange. Both Lanning and La Plante have died since then.

We also noticed that the gun stock, which I had previously tossed aside, was lying on Clark's body.

To the best of my memory the sheriff and his party arrived sometime between three and four a. m. I showed him around with my flashlight. I pointed out a .30-.30 express cartridge lying on the ground. The cartridge was full. It had not been fired, but it seemed to me that in the excitement it had been ejected from the magazine of a rifle loaded with express cartridges. He asked me to pick it up and I did and gave it to him.

In his way of examining the dead, the sheriff first went to Clark's body; took a gun from his shoulder holster, broke it, found it fully loaded except for an empty shell under the hammer.

When he came to Lange's body and saw Lange's gun lying on the ditch bank, he asked me to hand it to him. I do not remember seeing him open that gun.

Then we went to Seaborn's body. A gun was lying on Seaborn's blouse, close to his body. The sheriff, seeming to have trouble bending over, asked me to hand him the gun. I picked it up and gave it to him. He tried to put it in his hip pocket, but said he had no room and handed it to someone standing behind him.

When the doctor was through examining the bodies, the coroner asked for help in removing the bodies. No one came forward to help, so Rainey, another man and I helped put the bodies in the ambulance. The doctor and coroner left with the bodies.

While the investigation was going on I noticed Rhodes, in my opinion the only sober deputy there, searching a rock pile and its surroundings. This rock pile was across the road from the bodies. He was making a thorough search, using a flashlight. It finally aroused my curiosity enough to ask him what he was looking for. He told me he was looking for a gun. He continued searching most of the time they were there. I do not know if he had any luck finding the gun.

Shortly after the arrival of the sheriff and party I noticed Baker had reappeared. He was carrying a rifle, and moving freely among the crowd. He left when the ambulance left.

Shortly after Baker left, when the posse were getting ready to go up the hill, Rhodes said he wished he had Baker's rifle to carry. I offered to go and get it for him. When I got there Baker refused to part with it. I told him I came for the rifle, that a deputy needed it. So he gave it to me and told me it was fully loaded.

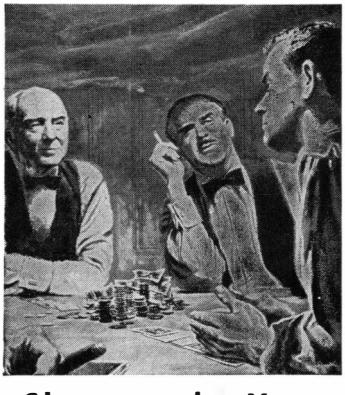
By the time I came back with the rifle it was breaking daylight. The sheriff was ready to take his posse up the trail to arrest the boys. I had previously told the sheriff I sent them up there to wait. He said he would deputize me to go up there with them to lead the way. I agreed to go.

Then he turned to his posse and said: "I have some instructions to give you. Shoot on sight, and shoot to kill."

I said, "They are neighbors of mine, and if those are your orders I am not going. If you have trouble getting them, let me know and I will go up alone and get them."

He looked at me for a moment and then said, "All right, come on, boys."

They left and I went to my cabin. Rainey, La Plante and Lanning also left for their homes. ● ● ●



Close to the Vest

(Continued from page 38)

him to fill a vacant seat in his weekly "nice quiet poker game among friends." When a customer like old man Houser invites you, you go.

When they sat down around the well-appointed table at Houser's club, the usual limit prevailed. Fifty dollars table stakes. Nichols was immediately under a handicap. Fifty dollars table stakes might have been small change to the others, the regulars, but to Nichols it was big money. He found himself too vain to back out or suggest a lower limit. And, it was true, he might win. A little luck might make his trip to Chicago very successful.

Nichols knew, of course, that he'd have to play a cagey game—a very cagey game. He knew that he'd constantly have to remind himself that those blue chips weren't just blue chips. They each represented fifty dollars in cold, hard cash. The red ones were twenty, the white five. With that in mind, with his better than average play and with a determination to stay out of all pots unless he had a more than even chance of winning, Nichols hoped to hold his own, at least.

But Nichols was having much trouble holding his own. He played carefully, but he was playing with frightened money. More than once he folded his hand rather than risk calling a big bet when a call would have won him the pot.

That was the way it was going when the time arrived to deal the last hand of the evening. It was then that Nichols learned the bad news. To make things interesting, the last hand every week was played pot limit, or double-up. That was really a rich man's game! A player was allowed to make a bet amounting to the size of the pot. For instance, if there was a hundred dollars in the pot, he could bet a hundred. The next player in turn could call the bet and raise three hundred. The next six hundred, and so on, and so on.

Rough, Nichols thought. But he couldn't back out now. These were his business associates. He could pretend to play and fold the hand. Unless, of course, he was dealt a sensation.

"How about dealing a winner this way?" Whipple asked as Young dealt the hole cards, first to Nichols, then to Whipple, Berger, old man Houser and himself in that order around the table.

Nichols was tempted to look at his hole card, but he didn't. Instead, he occupied the few moments trying to think of the balance he entered in his checkbook when he wrote the last check before leaving New York the day before. Was it four hundred and twenty-three dollars or three hundred and twenty-four? What difference did it make? It wasn't enough.

Young dealt out the up-cards. A queen to Nichols. As he went around he called a nine for Whipple, a four for Berger, a deuce for old man Houser, a ten for himself.

"Queen bets," Young said in Nichols' direction as he set down the pack.

Nichols cupped his hands around his hole card and turned up a corner. He saw another queen. A pair of queens wired. A good hand. Obviously the best hand around the table.

Nichols took a chip off the top of his stack and tossed it on the table.

"Five dollars," he said.

Whipple grudgingly called the five-dollar bet. He's got nothing, Nichols speculated. He's a chaser. In on every pot. Berger, without a word, turned over his four and was out of the pot.

Before old man Houser opened his mouth, Nichols knew there'd be action. He could tell it from the restrained smile on the old man's face.

"I call the five-dollar bet," Houser said, "and raise it fifteen."

Nichols was in the driver's seat and he knew it. The old man had a pair of deuces at best. Probably an ace in the hole. That's the way he had bet all night. Nichols figured to re-raise when it was his turn again after Young. He expected Young to fold with his ten, but Young had no such idea.

"I raise another fifteen," Young announced unexpectedly.

A pair of tens back to back, Nichols speculated as Young put in his bet.

"This is going to be an expensive pot for someone," Berger observed. "I'm glad I'm out of it."

Now, Nichols decided this was not the moment to reveal his strength. Queens beat tens; queens beat deuces. He could wait.

"How much does it cost me?" Nichols asked. He knew, but he asked anyway.

"Thirty dollars to call."

Nichols counted thirty dollars in chips off his dwindling stack. This will be a good pot to take, he thought. It wouldn't get him entirely off the hook, but it would mean a lot.

"I'll just call," Nichols said as he scooted his chips toward the center.

Without a word, Whipple belligerently tossed his thirty dollars into the pot. He's got nothing, Nichols thought. Only hope.

AGAIN it was up to old man Houser. A man with lots of money didn't get it by being reckless, Nichols figured. Houser will fold. But he didn't.

"Call," old man Houser said and threw fifteen dollars worth of chips into the pot. "Go on, Young. Deal."

As Young picked up the deck, Nichols figured his strategy. It's a good pot, he thought. He'd take what was there. Four players are too many. Someone's liable to hit. He'd bet out strong.

Young turned the first card over, threw it to Nichols. "Ace," he called and Nichols felt a confident glow.

A king went to Whipple. Careful, Nichols thought, he might have a king underneath. No kings have shown. A six went to old man Houser. No help there. Young dealt himself an ace. That didn't worry Nichols. Queens still top a pair of tens with an ace.

"Ace, queen bets," Young announced for the benefit of Nichols as he laid down the stack of undealt cards and covered them with a chip from the pot.

Nichols had a new worry. Whipple. Whipple pulled a king. Whipple must have had something underneath to stay for thirty dollars before with only a nine showing. A pair of kings? Maybe. The safe thing would be to check, Nichols thought. With a hundred and forty dollars already in the pot, to bet out into the possibility of a pair of kings would be a little foolhardy for a man who couldn't pay off what he was already out. Why walk into a raise? On the other hand, Nichols recalled the kind of player Whipple had shown himself to be. A chaser. In every pot with nothing. Twelve to one Whipple didn't have kings.

"The ace bets," Houser said.

Nichols fingered through his chips. Not a hundred dollars. He reached his decision. I'll bet out strong. Let them think I've got aces; my queens will still take the pot.

"Ace, queen bets a hundred," Nichols said as he placed the remainder of his chips in the pot and drew back three white ones worth five dollars each. "I'm light fifteen dollars."

Whipple took his time. His hesitancy bothered Nichols. If he's got nothing why doesn't he turn over? Is it a pair of kings? If it is, Nichols speculated, maybe he's afraid I've got aces. What else could it be that he figures? I bet out into two raises, didn't I?

"Come on, Whipple. You're holding up the game," Berger told him. "If you got nothing get out."

"I'm playing this hand," Whipple replied. "I see it."

Whipple took five twenty-dollar chips and tossed them into the pot with a derisive look at Berger.

"I—" Young started.

"It's up to me, Young," Houser said. "Don't be so anxious. You'll get all the opportunity there is to lose your money."

The old man looked at each of his opponents individually, then said, "I call a hundred dollars."

Young had re-raised on the first card. But now he had some respect for what appeared to be a pair of aces in Nichols' hand. It seemed for a moment to Nichols that Young would turn over. But he didn't. He called. These guys are so rich, Nichols thought, a hundred dollars doesn't mean a thing. Just throw it in.

"Well, this is getting to be a pot," Berger observed. "But I'm still glad I'm not in it."

It was getting to be a pot, Nichols thought as he quickly added the total. What a pot! Two more cards to come and five hundred and forty dollars in the center of the table. The next bet conceivably could be five hundred. Nichols knew there was only an outside chance he didn't have the best hand. He figured to take the pot. The next two cards would be expensive. Not for himself, Nichols prayed.

"Go ahead, run them," someone said.

"Here we go," Young said as he turned the top card off the stock for Nichols. "A five, no help."

NICHOLS' faith in his hand dropped a notch as Young turned up the next card for Whipple.

"Eight," Young announced and Nichols caught in a glance that Whipple had no pair showing, only the unhappy possibility of kings.

"Ace," Young called for old man Houser, and Nichols' throat constricted until he had to swallow to relieve the pressure. He tried not to show it, but Nichols felt he was beaten. He had figured old man Houser for an ace in the hole. Either that or a pair of deuces. It must have been an ace, now a pair of aces. That old man's smirk showed it. Nichols was so taut over so many things—the size of the pot, his inability to meet his losses—that he didn't notice Young deal himself an innocuous seven until a moment later.

"Ace, queen still bets," Young said. "You're high, Nichols."

Nichols wished he were in Berger's shoes, safely out of the pot, a casual observer. A pair of queens wired and now trouble. Whipple with the possibility of kings, old man Houser probably with aces. Old man Houser got what he was waiting for, Nichols felt sure of that. The case ace. Nichols knew there was only one thing to do.

"Check," he said.

"Check," Whipple repeated. His tone rang with disgust. No kings there, Nichols assured himself.

Once more it was up to old man Houser. This is where he'd get the bad news, Nichols sensed. And he was right. Old man Houser went for his chips. A pair of aces for sure.

"I don't check," Houser said flatly. "Two hundred dollars is my bet."

Two hundred dollars? Nichols felt limp and dead as old man Houser counted the chips for the pot. If he were bluffing, he would have bet five hundred. He wants some stayers.

"I'm through," Young sighed as he turned his cards over.

Nichols was about to make the same announcement when he heard the shrill voice to his left.

"Aw, hell! I'm waiting from the beginning and they fall to everybody but me," Whipple frantically screeched as he started to turn his cards over.

"Wait a minute! Go out in turn," Berger told Whipple.

Old man Houser looked up and said quietly, "He's right, Whipple. This is a big pot and you've got to have consideration for the other players."

"I'm sorry," Whipple said.

WHILE this little exchange was going on, Nichols was thinking. Whipple's chance remark had apparently gone over the heads of the others and been forgotten in the excitement. Whipple said he waited from the beginning and they fell to everyone but him. Nichols knew he could have been talking about only one thing. The aces. The first ace fell to himself, Nichols remembered. The second to Young. The third to old man Houser. Whipple had the caser in the hole!

Suddenly Nichols realized his queens were the best hand. A moment before he was ready to turn over his cards. Now, with this new information he knew he had Houser beat. The old man must be trying to push a pair of deuces.

"It's up to you, Nichols. Two hundred dollars is the bet," Houser said.

"Yes. Just a second."

Nichols felt himself flush. He knew he had the best hand. Was it fair to raise? Was it fair even to call? Don't be a chump, he told himself. Poker is a game of strategy and observation. Taking advantage of the information exposed in Whipple's outburst is just good poker. Was it his fault that the remark went over the others' heads?

"I call the two hundred and raise the bet five hundred," Nichols announced as coolly as he could. "I'm shy this much."

This was the big moment of the game. It was already the largest pot of the evening, more than fourteen hundred. The three non-participants watched dumbly as Nichols stacked the total of seven hundred and fifteen dollars in chips he was shy.

Suddenly Nichols was terror-stricken. Supposing he had miscalculated the meaning of Whipple's remark. Supposing old man Houser does have an ace in the hole!

The corners of old man Houser's mouth turned up slightly into a small frozen smile. First he looked at Nichols' cards. A queen, an ace, a five. He looked hardest at the back of the hole card, Nichols' other queen, the hidden one. Then his eyes moved up to meet Nichols' eyes. He said, "You New York poker players are a tough lot. I can't do any more than call you."

Nichols wished he hadn't even done that. Nichols would have settled for what was in the pot. He would have been happy not to know what the last card would bring. Nichols watched nervously as the old man counted out five hundred dollars in chips and pushed them slowly to the center of the table with the back of his fingers. This brought the amount in the pot to more than nineteen hundred dollars. And under the rules of pot-limit a bet of that size was now permitted.

As Young picked up the deck to deal the last card, Nichols wished for the clincher. He wanted a third queen. Three queens would beat any combination old man Houser could make with his fifth card.

"Jack," Young announced for Nichols. "No help."

No help, indeed. But Nichols was no longer interested in his own hand. That was resolved. Finished at a pair of queens. As Young turned to deal up the old man his last card, Nichols took one last hurried glance at the remaining hand in the game against him. Houser showed an ace, a six, a deuce and, of course, the unseen hole card. That fateful hole card. Finally, Young turned up the last card of the hand, old man Houser's fifth card. The card on which rode nineteen hundred and forty in the pot and whatever bets were yet to come.

TWO," the dealer announced. "A pair of deuces."

Nichols felt the bottom drop out. A pair of deuces on the board, another deuce underneath. Three deuces, that's the way it figured. That's the way Nichols had figured it from the beginning. It was foolish to go any farther. It's bad enough now. What was the bank balance? Was it three twenty-four or four twenty-three? Seven hundred and fifty in chips he owed to the banker, seven fifteen he was light in this pot. Fifteen hundred dollars. He'd write a check. This was Chicago, and a check wouldn't clear in New York for a couple of days at least.

"Two deuces are high; they do the betting," Young announced.

That smile was still frozen on the old man's face. He wouldn't have to win with his money now, Nichols thought. The old man could win with his cards. How did he ever get involved in this, Nichols wondered? Almost two thousand dollars in the pot. Three months' salary!

"I'll make it easy on you, Mr. Nichols," the old man said. "I'll hold my bet to a thousand dollars."

The old man didn't have a thousand dollars in chips in front of him. He did it the simple way. He reached into his breast pocket, brought out a billfold, counted off ten fresh hundred-dollar bills and laid them gently into the pot. The smile never left his face.

"The pair of deuces bet one thousand dollars," Young droned.

Nichols couldn't believe his situation. The smart thing to do would be to fold the hand. Fifteen hundred dollars out. Write a check for the fifteen hundred dollars and say goodnight. Write out a bad check. Johnson. Johnson would help. Get Johnson on the phone as soon as he got back to the hotel. Call Johnson in New York and explain the situation. Johnson would be glad to lend him fifteen hundred dollars. Johnson was a good enough friend to run over to Nichols' bank the first thing in the morning and deposit the money.

"Are you going to call the bet, Mr. Nichols?" the old man asked.

"Can I have a minute?"

"Take all the time you want."

Nichols didn't know what he was thinking about. It would be ridiculous to call the bet. The old man was a cinch to have more than a lousy pair of deuces against Nichols' queens.

Nichols could feel the cold beads of perspiration on his forehead. Get out, he told himself. You're beaten. Don't even think about calling. It's ridiculous. Johnson'll deposit the money for you and you've learned your lesson. Never play poker with millionaires.

Nobody said a word. The old man still smiled. Young, Whipple and Berger sat as still as the chips on the table.

Nichols wondered if the old man was bluffing. He's a notorious bluffer, he thought. In poker, in business, at home. He got where he is by bluffing. There's a lot of money in the pot. It's worth a call. But why throw away another thousand? Enough is enough. Would Johnson be as willing to lend twenty five as fifteen hundred? And how much more trouble would Nichols be in if he didn't lend anything? It's the end of the job whether it's a bad check for fifteen or for twenty-five hundred.

Nichols ran his hand through his damp hair. He sighed. "I call."

There was a buzz around the table. Berger thought it was foolhardy to call, no percentage. Whipple said it was the only thing to do. How could Nichols sleep tonight otherwise?

"I've got a pair of queens," Nichols said unenthusiastically, showing them.

"Is that so?" Houser turned up his hole card. "I'm afraid that wins."

NICHOLS sank deep into his chair. His strength seemed to be gone.

"I thought you were trying to run through that ace-queen," Houser said. "I wouldn't let you get away with that. Not with a king in the hole and an ace on top. Nice hand. Very nice hand."

"Yes. It was nice," Nichols smiled back as he recovered himself sufficiently to start raking in the chips and another thousand in Houser's cash.

"See you all next week, hey?" Whipple said, stretching lazily.

But not me, thought Nichols. He shook his head gently, in silent wonder at his escape. No, sir, he thought, I won't wander into this lion's den—not ever again. ● ● ●

LOGICAL DEDUCTIONS

LES COLIN

1 MEDICAL EXPENSES:
(Major operation)

2 CONTRIBUTIONS: *Charity ($250)*

3 SALES TAX: *Two percent of . . .*

4 BUSINESS DEDUCTIONS:
What about work clothes?

5 BAD DEBT: *and how!*

6 SIGN NAME HERE:

Baseball's Hottest Spark Plug

(Continued from page 37)

Heintzelman, for instance, was working for the Phils in 1948 and had what was, for him, an average year. He won six, lost 11. One full year of Sawyer in 1949 and he won 17 out of 27!

Jim Konstanty blossomed from nowhere to win nine out of 14. Del Ennis hammered home 106 runs, and Andy Seminick turned into a monster who hit 25 homers.

What's Eddie Sawyer's secret? The all-too-rare talent—developed through seven years of playing and nine years managing in the minor leagues—of nursing every player to peak performance.

In these times of managers who mastermind every play, Sawyer's outlook is refreshing. One day when he was first managing the Phils, a soul-searching baseball writer asked him a question fraught with significance.

"Eddie," the writer asked, "what baseball system do you favor?"

"The one my players can play," Sawyer told him.

Somebody else once asked what steps he took to study rival players.

Sawyer smiled. "I study my own players."

A well-built, benign man who boasts, among other things, a master's degree in science and a photographic memory, Sawyer was less than two years away from his Ph.D. at Cornell when he turned to baseball. Many observers count him among the most persuasive men of his time. Lefty Gomez, the former New York Yankee southpaw eccentric, recalls when he and Sawyer were rival managers in the Eastern League, Gomez at Binghamton and Eddie at Utica.

"This one day," Gomez recollected, "he beat me a double-header, then had me over to his house for dinner. The last thing I can remember, I was doing the dishes."

The homey touch in Sawyer often extends to the ball field, where he has served in the unofficial capacity of father to scores of scared young players.

"The most important part of a ballplayer's life," Sawyer said once, "comes in the minor leagues. If he starts right, he usually finishes right. The sorry truth is that most managers are not paid according to their ability, but according to what league they're in."

It is not at all surprising to find Sawyer surrounded with youngsters who played under him in the minors. There are outfielders Richie Ashburn and Eddie Saricki, infielders Gran Hamner and Puddinhead Jones, pitchers Konstanty and John Thompson and catcher Stan Lopata, to name only the ones who come immediately to mind. To a man, they worship their skipper, an attitude reflected in the older players as well. They call Sawyer "The Professor," a harkback to his science-teaching days.

"I want one thing from you," Sawyer told the assembled Phillies upon his arrival from Toronto in 1948. "I want hustle."

Pressed for the secret of his managerial success, Sawyer is liable to be non-committal. "Our players didn't turn into superstars overnight," he said recently. "A look at the averages ought to convince you of that."

The averages are not startling. Shortstop Hamner played all 154 games for the Phils last season while hitting .263. Jones and Seminick each hit .245. Nicholson languished at .234. Ennis was the only full-time performer over .300, and he was just over, at .301. And relatively speaking, you have to scan a considerable way down the list of National League pitchers before you come to Meyer, the first Philly.

Club Not "Over Its Head"

Sawyer is just as quick, however, to insist that his club was not "over its head" in finishing third in 1949, the way the Braves and Indians appeared to be in winning the 1948 pennants with many of their players enjoying, unexpectedly, their greatest seasons.

"On the face of it," manager Sawyer says, "the Phillies are just a bunch of minor leaguers. But they proved they could play major-league ball, and they can do it again. I don't see why we shouldn't do as well this year, especially since it doesn't look like the top of the league (Brooklyn and the Cardinals) will get too far out of hand."

Asked specifically why such a player as Heintzelman, a 34-year-old veteran pitcher who never before had flashed such form, should suddenly burn up the league, Sawyer chuckles.

"He was with a winning ball club," he explains.

He does not explain that without Heintzelman the Phils might not have been a winning ball club. That is tantamount, in some respects, to the problem of the chicken or the egg coming first, and does not point up the virtues of Sawyer himself. The fact is that Eddie is an expert at handling players; a man who inspires confidence.

It is considered a strong tribute to Sawyer's unusual brand of leadership that, whereas he himself is known and loved as the scholarly professor, his ball teams always have been the scrappiest and rip-roaringest clubs in their leagues.

"Eddie will never let one of his ballplayers down," one close observer said recently. "If he thinks a young player has the stuff, he'll nurse him along over the rough spots with complete confidence. It's just natural for a guy to give out a little more for a manager like that."

It has been more or less a formula with Sawyer-piloted teams that they start slow and finish fast. Here again is evidence of Eddie's gift of spotting talent and carrying it along until it produces.

Cut from the same bolt of cloth, in many respects, are Philly coaches Benny Bengough and Cy Perkins, whose handling of pitchers accounts in some measure for the club's new-

TALL TALE OF THE MONTH

CATFISH CASUALTIES

A NEIGHBOR of mine has a pond right in the middle of his pasture.

For a few years he stocked it with catfish. Then, whenever a dry spell hit, he'd worry himself sick as the level of the pond dropped lower and lower.

One year, however, a drought hit us that was a lulu. The pond kept shrinking until one day all the water had completely dried up. My neighbor rushed down to see how his catfish were making out, and there they were, lying in the grass, doing nicely, thank you.

That night a terrific thunderstorm blew up. It rained so hard and so long it seemed it would never stop. As soon as the downpour was over, my neighbor rushed down to the pond to look at his fish. I didn't believe him until he made me come and see for myself. His fish had become so used to doing without water that every one of them had drowned!—*Carl O. Songer, Portland, Oregon.*

ARGOSY pays $5 for each Tall Tale accepted. Send us yours.

found success. Older players who come to the Phillies and might be apt to see what they can get away with soon discover that Sawyer and his coaches are neither blind nor oblivious. They crack down when they have to.

But Sawyer never bawls out a player publicly. If a young pitcher is in trouble, Eddie may trot out to the mound to have a quiet talk with him, if a hitter fails to come through, he'll get a pat on the back and words of reassurance. Whenever things go right, Manager Sawyer is the first to applaud, and to heap credit on his players.

One youngster pulled a blatant boner early in the first game of a doubleheader last year. Sawyer said nothing, but called him aside in the dressing-room between games.

The manager never got a chance to open his mouth.

"I know what I did wrong," the young player said to him. "It's not going to happen again."

History records that he put the blast on the Phillies only once, and that on August 15 of last year when the club had just blown a doubleheader to the New York Giants. a fairly specialized occurrence these days.

The Phils, at the time, were lolling in fifth place in the National League, with no apparent inclination to better themselves. Much was written and said about the tongue-lashing that Sawyer chose to deliver in the Commodore Hotel in New York, but Eddie himself tells it best.

"I merely got the players together," he recalls, "and reminded them that they were not on a picnic, but members of a profession."

Whatever else he might have told them, the Phillies reacted as if stung by a scorpion. First they tore into the front-flying Dodgers and smashed them to bits. Then the Braves. Then the Giants. The first thing anyone knew, the Phils had won six straight. They lost the seventh through the infrequent medium of the forfeit, 9 to 0, because a victory-crazed crowd in Philadelphia rioted over an anti-Philly call by umpire George Barr in a game with New York. But the impetus of Sawyer's hotel address carried them to nine victories in 11 starts and the hold on third place that they never relinquished thereafter.

Was Prize Athlete

This sort of thing surprised almost everyone except Sawyer, who is no stranger to success. Born in Westerly, Rhode Island, on Sept. 10, 1910, he became a prize athlete who starred at little Ithaca College in New York both in football and basketball. While getting his master's degree at Cornell, Sawyer served as assistant director of athletics and science teacher at Ithaca, and remained in those capacities until 1943. In 1943 and 1944, he took several moments off to coach football at Binghamton North High School.

For baseball purposes, Paul Krichell, the eminent Yankee scout, discovered Sawyer while he was playing on an independent summer resort team, composed almost entirely of collegians, in Malone, New York. Krichell convinced outfielder Sawyer that the Yankee organization had a place for him, and he was right.

From then on, it was school in the winter and baseball in the summer. Eddie started with Norfolk of the Piedmont League in 1934, and hit .361 for the team that won Norfolk's first pennant in 20 years. Splitting the next season between Binghamton, then of the New York-Penn League, and Norfolk, he hit .325 for one and .314 for the other; then hit .313 for Binghamton in 1936.

The highest Sawyer ever got as a player was the start of the 1937 season, when he was with Oakland of the Pacific Coast League, but an injured left shoulder and a recurrent football leg injury clipped his playing career, although he continued in action as a player-manager into the early forties.

Still in the Yankee chain, where he helped develop the likes of Vic Raschi and Bill Johnson, Sawyer in 1939 became player-manager of the Amsterdam, New York, team in the Canadian-American League. His team won the flag, and, he led the league in total bases, hitting doubles and runs batted in (his batting average was a lusty .369). The next year, Amsterdam missed the pennant under Sawyer but won the playoffs. Thereafter, Sawyer finished in the first division at Norfolk in 1941 and at Binghamton in 1942 and 1943.

Sawyer Goes to Phillies

That was quite sufficient for the late Herb Pennock, who brought Sawyer into the Philly organization and put him in charge of the Utica club. In four years, starting with 1944, Sawyer finished third, first, sixth and first, winning the playoffs in 1947, so that in nine full years of managing in the minors, he won three pennants and two playoffs and finished out of the money only once.

Eddie had the Toronto Maple Leafs of the International League, a Philly chattel, motoring peacefully along in third place when the end came for volatile Ben Chapman in 1948. This was the year the Phillies finished sixth in the league, and all was not well. Coach Dusty Cooke became temporary manager of the club for a ten-day interval after Chapman departed while youthful Bob Carpenter, the Philly owner, made up his mind.

He had an imposing list to choose from—including Eddie Stanky, Rogers Hornsby, Terry Moore and Nemo Liebold—but Sawyer got the job. Sawyer was not surprised.

"Pennock indicated they were keeping me in mind," he said.

The Phillies' gain was the minors' loss. Few minor leaguers have ever had such an understanding pilot as Eddie Sawyer, who'd played and managed in the bushes for fourteen years.

Of the present-day Phillies, including the star pitching newcomer, Robin Roberts, who won 15 games last year, and outfielder Stan Hollmig, 17 a..

college men with ambitions. It is in their hands that the future of the Phillies lies, and although Sawyer thinks that chances for a pennant this year are "remote," he is by no means doleful.

The extreme youth of the Phillies—names like Jones, Goliat, Hamner—is a considerable mark in their favor, and Sawyer, a master at working with youngsters, is the manager for the job. The Phils may have finished last in the league in hitting last season, but they were shut out fewer times than all but one of the seven other clubs, and that, within the limitation of averages, is a fair indication of how Professor Sawyer works.

Much will depend this season, of course, on the doings of pitchers Heintzelman, Meyer, and Roberts. In addition, a question still to be answered is the condition of Waitkus, who has not played since the episode of the bullet that nearly killed him. But Sawyer will take a look at Waitkus in spring training, and can fall back on Dick Sisler, who filled in outstandingly for Waitkus at first last season.

In addition, a number of new Phillies may bear close inspection. These include first baseman Billy Glenn, a power-driven six-footer, catcher Louis Heyman; pitchers Jocko Thompson, Charles (Buzz) Bowers, Bob Miller, Ed Wright, Bill Kozarek, Paul Stuffel.

Outfielder Eddie Sanicki, kid fly-chaser who broke into the National League late last September by hitting a home run his first time at bat, and outfielder Johnny Blatnik, a large, tobacco-chewing citizen of Lansing, Ohio, have their eyes on permanent duty under Sawyer, too, and both are steel-strong at the plate.

Sawyer, who lives a happy life with his wife and two daughters at their home in Mt. Morris, a small upstate New York community, has not taught science for well over five years. Queried recently as to whether he was satisfied with his salary, he grinned.

"It beats being a science teacher," he said.

To seven rival National League managers, though, Eddie Sawyer is still too damned scientific. ● ● ●

Trouble at Forked Creek

(Continued from page 54)

at Forked Creek. Tell Buckley I'm here."

"Buckley? Oh, Mr. Buckley isn't in charge any more, sir," the young man said, his immense respect for all factors showing in his voice. "He was relieved in favor of Mr. Sanderson about six months ago."

"Tell Sanderson I'd like to see him."

"I'm sorry, sir. Mr. Sanderson is away. Some trouble up at St. Francois. But I—"

"When's he due back?"

"Tomorrow, I believe, but I can't be sure, sir."

McTavish stared at the floor, his heavy brows coming together sharply.

"Too late," he said gravely. "I'll appreciate your help. My station burned to the ground, all my goods destroyed. I need more, quick. Also I want four dog teams and drivers to take the stuff back. Get me the regular form and I'll write out what I need."

He turned to the counter and pulled off his heavy mittens and removed his parka. Then he noticed the other had not moved. "Well?" he said.

The young man shifted in embarrassment. "I can't do it. Mr. Sanderson personally handles all orders for the outposts."

"What's your name?"

"Buxton, sir."

"Well, Buxton, I can't wait for Sanderson. This is an emergency. My people will start coming in to Forked Creek Thursday. I want to get loaded and leave tonight."

"I'm sorry, sir. It's against the rules."

"Rules!" McTavish snorted. "Rules are made to be broken! Get me somebody who's got the nerve to break one. I'll take the responsibility."

"I'll get Mrs. Sanderson." Buxton scurried out.

He returned shortly with two women. One was tall and angular with a face like a man's.

"What's the trouble here?" she demanded.

"I am McTavish," he explained patiently, "of Forked Creek Post. I lost all my supplies in a fire and must start back tonight with more. This young man says he can't give them to me."

"Mr. Buxton is perfectly right. He does not have the authority to give you supplies."

"Do you?"

"Mr. Sanderson handles that."

"This is an emergency, Mrs. Sanderson," McTavish said, controlling his rising anger. "My people—"

"You'll just have to wait for the factor," she said and stalked out.

McTavish glared after her. His eyes fell on the other woman as she turned to follow and he was conscious of warm brown eyes, a splash of red lips, and a mass of dark hair. Then she, too, was gone.

"Too bad, McTavish." Buxton smirked. "Like I told you—"

McTavish drew on his parka. "Do you have authority," he asked, "to sell me a cigar?"

THE cold wind whipping down from the north struck him forcibly and he drew his scarf closer about his face. He turned moodily toward the frozen river. Two or three people hurried past him bound for the store.

A full day wasted, maybe more! All his hurry to get here, pushing himself to the limit of endurance, gone for nothing. He looked out over the white expanse of the Mackenzie to the forest beyond. Here it was, after the breakup in the spring, that the river steamers chugged up to North Crossing and disgorged their trade goods. Then the *voyageurs* took over and skimmed their loads to back-country outposts like McTavish station.

He passed a small building, apparently a shop. A wrecked dogsled lay outside the door. Another hung from a wooden peg against the side of the building. An upturned canoe reclined against the wall.

It was crowded inside. An old man, bald except for a fringe of gray, sat on a stool lacing babiche thongs into a sled. Other sleds in various stages of completion cluttered the place.

"I'm McTavish, from Forked Creek. I want four drivers with teams."

The old man turned bright blue eyes up at him, peering over spectacles which hung on the end of his nose.

"See Sanderson," he said.

"You, too?"

"Me, too, what?"

"Never mind. Who is this Sanderson? God?"

The old man grinned toothlessly. "Mighty near," he chuckled. "'Bout all we can do without askin' him first," he said, "is spit." He spat expertly into a coffee can six feet away.

"I bet you have to report every day how many times you miss that can." McTavish grinned.

"Never miss, son. Ain't missed more'n two inches in seven years. Not since I get used to m' teeth out."

The door opened and a girl came in, bringing a rush of frigid air. McTavish recognized the brown eyes, smooth dark skin, generous full-lipped mouth. She glanced at him briefly and turned to the old man.

"Have you finished my boots?"

"Trouble with folks around here," the old man grumbled, "is they never give a man time. Hurry, hurry, hurry." He got up laboriously and limped to a shelf. "Sure, they're ready. Been ready. How long d'ye think it takes to sew up a little rip?"

The girl laughed. "I know you're awfully busy, Mr. Crackley." She thanked him and turned to the door.

"Miss Sanderson!" Crackley said. "This here's a feller name o' McTavish. He's wantin' some dog teams."

"Yes, I know." She smiled slightly. "And some trade goods, too. He said so, very loudly, a few minutes ago."

"I'll holler louder if it will do any good," McTavish said. "Everybody around here seems to be hamstrung with rules."

"This Post is merely run in a businesslike manner, Mr. McTavish."

"No doubt. But if you came up to Forked Creek needing something, you'd get all we could spare, business or no. We're up there to serve, not to obey rules. I have a feeling that's what the Company expects of us."

She gave him a level look before going out. McTavish stared after her.

"Reckon you need a haircut, son," Crackley interrupted. "Set down." He kicked boxes and crates out of the way and stood behind a home-made chair in the corner.

"You a barber, too?" McTavish grinned.

"I'm just about everythin' Set down here." He brandished a pair of large shears, chuckling. "Nora Sanderson. Mighty pretty, eh? Teacher in the Indian school. Fine girl. Too damned fine to be his sister."

Crackley's shears made snipping noises close to McTavish's ears and the pile of hair grew on the floor. At last he stepped back.

"Now ye look human," he snorted. "Not like a doggoned malemute!"

"Might as well finish the job while you got that blunt-edged tomahawk in your fist," McTavish observed, running a hand over his beard.

Crackley peered at him. "You sure you want that bush took off? Gonna be mighty chilly."

MC TAVISH was hardly recognizable when the old man finished. His jaw was smooth and strangely white.

"Damned if you ain't just a kid!" Crackley growled. "I figured you was a growed man."

McTavish slept in the shop. He ate in a cluttered back room with Crackley who irritably refused pay. The next morning he spent an hour checking his list against the large stock of merchandise. He met Nora coming around a tall pile of blankets.

"Oh!" She stopped short. "You've shaved off your beard! You look much —younger."

She started around him and then hesitated. "I'm sure Mr. Sanderson will be here today."

"I'm afraid the damage is done."

"You'll only be a few days late—"

"A few days, a few years, what's the difference?" he said bitterly. "Even a few minutes is too late. Those people depend on me like they depend on the spring sun to melt the ice in the river. This year I won't be there, the supplies won't be there, even the building won't be there."

"Won't they wait for you?"

"That's a question I've been trying to answer. I thought I knew my trappers, but now I don't know. What would you do if someone you always depended on suddenly disappointed you? Wouldn't you feel resentment, insecurity. Maybe fear?"

"I'd wait for you," she said.

"Maybe they will. They're simple people. They don't think much. They feel. There's a free-trader working that country. He hasn't enough supplies to go around, of course, but he doesn't need much, the way he operates. I'd hate to see him get his claws in my trappers."

"You love those people, don't you?" she said softly.

He shrugged. "They're my life."

Sanderson did not come that day. Nor the next. McTavish prowled about the Post chafing at the delay.

In desperation he finally sought out Mrs. Sanderson and explained again the necessity of getting supplies to Forked Creek. When he left her his face was red and the muscles of his jaws stood out. Nora flashed him a look of helplessness when he strode out.

LATE that night he brooded alone in the shop. Crackley was out. The thought of what would happen when the forest people arrived at Forked Creek tormented McTavish. They would be fearful, he knew, bewildered. Would panic send them running to the free-trader, risking the hardship and suffering of the approaching winter? Savagely he paced the little room. Tomorrow he would get his supplies one way or another—by force, if need be. Already he had waited too long.

Crackley rushed in. "Why ain't you down there?" he demanded. "Sanderson's back!"

McTavish grabbed his parka and headed for the store, Crackley limping along behind. Sanderson was going over some papers behind the counter with Buxton, Mrs. Sanderson, and Nora. He was tall and cadaverous. Heavy lips hung loosely under a thin, aquiline nose.

"Sanderson," McTavish said.

Sanderson placed cold blue eyes upon him. "You McTavish?"

McTavish handed over his identification and explained what had happened at Forked Creek. "I need supplies at once."

Sanderson pulled at his lower lip. "Did you report to the police?"

"No."

"Why didn't you? You know that's one of the rules, McTavish. I'll send a runner at once to the Mounted station."

"Go ahead," McTavish said grimly. "It will be a wasted trip for a Mountie. That's one pleasure I'm reserving for myself when I get back."

"We must follow regulations. Now about the trade goods. I can't give you much hope. We're very short ourselves. Let me see your list."

As Sanderson went down the list with a heavy forefinger, McTavish looked about at the piles of merchandise. "Not too short, Sanderson."

Sanderson picked up a stubby pencil and lined out half a dozen items. He handed the paper to Buxton.

"I guess we can let him have some of this stuff," he said. "Divide his quantities by four and fill the order." He turned to leave.

McTavish's eyes narrowed. "You can't do that. I need every bit of the

material on that list. I explained that everything in the store was lost."

"I can't help that. All you little fellows come running to me to pull your chestnuts out of the fire. That's all you're going to get!"

"Are you trying to say you can't spare this little bit of stuff?"

"Exactly. I can't spare it. The regulations say I must carry a certain inventory and I'm getting down too close to it."

"But, Jay, don't you think you ought to make an exception?" Nora broke in.

"You keep out of it," Sanderson snapped.

McTavish laughed harshly. "You're quite a man, Sanderson. I bet you know that book by heart. Regulations! Regulations don't keep a man from starving. Regulations won't keep his kids warm. Maybe some day you'll learn the Company doesn't work that way. Down at headquarters they wouldn't let a hundred people go hungry and cold—people that trusted them—while they sat surrounded with the things those people lack."

"I have to protect myself," Sanderson told him. "They'll have to tighten their belts, that's all."

McTavish pulled off his parka and carefully laid it across the counter. "I shaved that list to the bone," he said. "I need every ounce of it and that's what I'm going to get. If you don't give it to me, I guess it's up to me to take it."

Sanderson's head snapped up. "I can arrest you for that," he warned. "I have the authority, you know."

"I doubt that," McTaivsh said evenly. "It isn't authority that counts, Sanderson. It's ability. You haven't got enough men to do it!"

He placed his big hands flat on the counter and waited.

Sanderson's eyes finally shifted. "Well," he said irritably, "I didn't say I was going to arrest you."

"Not only am I going to get what I need, Sanderson, but all this is going to appear prominently in my next report to headquarters. I make reports, too, you know. According to regulations. They aren't going to like this. I may be out of business when I get back to my station and have to spend five years building it up again. Just because of one of your rules that certainly isn't in the regulation book. They aren't going to like that, either." His eyes traveled around the big room. "You had such a nice job, too," he mused.

A flicker of fear crossed Sanderson's face. Then he managed a sickly grin.

"All this argument is senseless," he said. "You'll always find me ready to co-operate in any emergency. I guess Crackley was right. I didn't fully understand." He looked accusingly at the clerk. "You didn't explain, Buxton. You should have filled his order at once when he came in. You see how it is, McTavish. You can't depend on clerks to use their heads. That's why I have to make rules."

"But Mrs. Sanderson—" Buxton began indignantly.

"Shut up and give him what he wants."

He swung through the rear doorway, followed by the two women. Nora smiled over her shoulder, and McTavish was startled at the warmth of her glance.

"I'll need four sleds and drivers, Buxton," McTavish said.

"Yes, sir." Buxton went into the back room, returning at once. "They'll be ready, sir, the first thing in the morning."

"Not tomorrow morning. Tonight!"

"I paint what interests me."

Buxton disappeared again and when he came back he was even more respectful. "Yes, sir. I'll try to round them up."

McTavish and Crackley began piling merchandise in the middle of the floor. Inside of an hour four sleds were lined up outside, fully loaded.

As they were tying down the last load, Crackley said, "Sure wish I was goin' with ye."

"Come ahead."

"You mean it? Sure wish I could," he said wistfully. "I'm gittin' full up to here of this guy Sanderson." He peered at McTavish. "No, I better not. I ain't built for travelin' fast no more. And besides, I got a lot of work that ain't finished. But I'd sure like to."

McTavish straightened. "I'll be back in the spring," he said. "If you want to come to Forked Creek, be ready."

Crackley gave him a wide toothless grin. "By gum!" he cried. "I'll do 'er! By gum! Damned if I won't!"

McTavish gave the word and John Armand cracked his long whip over the backs of his dogs. They slipped out of the settlement with the other teams strung out behind and in a few minutes were racing through the forest. McTavish ran beside the lead sled, impatient of every obstacle that slowed their pace.

At dawn the drivers would have rested but McTavish urged them on, demanding greater speed. Early in the afternoon they halted and the panting huskies dropped in their tracks. After two hours, McTavish roused the grumbling drivers.

AGAIN at midnight they stopped. Some of the huskies had begun to limp and required work on their feet. A short sleep, and the race was on.

The spruce forest grew thickly about them with only occasional clearings. For a time they sped over the smooth surface of a frozen stream but that finally meandered northward and they took to the forest again.

Long whips spoke loudly and often over lagging dogs. McTavish ignored the rumbling complaints of the drivers. At every brief stop they set to work on their dogs, binding deerskin pads over bleeding paws.

At last Armand held up his arm and the sleds creaked to a stop. The dogs stretched out in the snow.

"We can't keep this up," Armand said, sinking upon the sled. "We'll all keel over. Just look at them dogs!"

"We're not just out for a ride, Armand," McTavish said grimly. "The loads on these sleds mean everything to those people up at Forked Creek." He let his eyes run over the four men—Armand, Shorty, Tyler, and the Indian, Big Jack. They watched him sullenly. "All right," he said. "I'll give you a bonus—double pay—if you get there before dark tomorrow night!"

The drivers looked at one another. "It's a deal," Armand said. "Let's go!"

The next day they entered a large clearing which swept down an incline until it clipped between low ridges.

"Now we're in country I know,"

McTavish said with satisfaction. He swung his arm to the right. "This way. Rougher, but shorter."

An hour later, he suddenly thrust up his hand. "Hold it, Armand." He pulled back his parka hood and bent his head to listen. "Wait."

He crossed the clearing and plunged into the forest. Shortly he came upon a huddled, swaying figure in the middle of a narrow trail. She was wailing an eerie dirge.

"Neenah!" he said sharply.

A sprawling form lay in the snow before her. He turned it over and saw the vacuously grinning face of old Agachee. He was dead.

"What happened, Neenah?"

THE OLD woman's face was expressionless. From the folds of her blankets she drew a bottle and held it up.

His mouth hardened. He picked up the body and carried it to the clearing, Neenah plodding after him. They wrapped Agachee in blankets and bound him to one of the loads. The woman rode on the sled behind, chanting shrilly and endlessly.

They moved on. "The free-trader's wasted no time," McTavish said after a while. "This is murder, just as sure as though Gudney had put a bullet into Agachee's head. Wandered around drunk until he froze to death. Wonder how many more?"

Early in the afternoon Armand halted the team and both men went ahead to examine the imprints in the snow. McTavish studied the deep runner-marks and wide prints of snowshoes which crossed their trail, angling off to the north.

"Gudney," he said. "Heavy load."

Armand knelt for a close look. "Not more than an hour old."

McTavish surveyed the country ahead. "This load must get to Forked Creek," he said. "If Gudney sees us he'll sure try to pick us off. Maybe he's seen us already, although he is probably expecting us on the main trail."

He swung back to the sled and secured his rifle. "I'll take care of Gudney," he said. "You wait half an hour, then go straight ahead. The river is five miles. Follow it north and you'll come to the station. Keep your gun handy and watch sharp."

He turned into Gudney's trail and followed swiftly. The way led around a hill and into open forest. The fact that Gudney still was in the area meant either that he had found enough victims to make it profitable or that he was bent on preventing McTavish's supplies from reaching the Post.

Gudney couldn't be far ahead. Yet the tracks stretched tantalizingly ahead for the next hour, twisting among deep gullies. McTavish saw where the free-trader had left his team and plowed to the top of a ridge and back again. Immediately the trail veered to the south. McTavish broke into a run.

From the ridge Gudney might have seen Armand's sleds approaching and was now striking off to intercept them. In this direction, too, was the shack of Jules Gaston. Old man Gaston was simple-minded and childish. Years ago, after his wife died, he had built a cabin within a few miles of the station because he hated to feel alone.

A dull rage burned in McTavish. The free-trader had set up conditions for exacting profit from suffering and misery among McTavish's people, and now he was taking full advantage. It was murder in the guise of business.

He came suddenly upon Gaston's cabin. No smoke rose from the big chimney. A dog-team and sled rested before the open doorway. The dogs were resting quietly, and a rifle lay on top of the load. McTavish cautiously approached the building.

At the corner of the shack he froze as the dogs sprang up and broke into a vicious clamor. Almost instantly Gudney bounded through the doorway and hurled a stick of firewood at the factor's head. McTavish ducked violently as the wood struck the barrel of his rifle. The gun jerked in his hand and discharged into the air. There was no time to reload as Gudney raced for the sled. McTavish leaped after him.

Gudney's outstretched fingers closed on his rifle but dropped it as the two men rolled in the snow. Gudney was broad and heavy, his big body trained down to solid muscle.

They broke apart and Gudney rushed, a knife gleaming in his hand. McTavish swung away but the blade slashed through his parka and bit deeply into his forearm. McTavish fell backward over the sled. Gudney dove for him, the knife flashing once more. McTavish managed to roll away and get to his feet.

Now he closed in swiftly, gaining a hold on Gudney's wrist. His weight carried them back against the sled load and Gudney writhed beneath him. McTavish twisted the man's forearm with both hands and heaved himself backward, jerking Gudney with him. The knife dropped as Gudney grunted in pain. McTavish landed on top and his fingers closed on the other's neck.

Pressing his head against Gudney's jaw to escape the hamlike fists which were slugging desperately, McTavish concentrated on putting all his remaining strength in his fingers, gripping, gripping . . .

Gradually Gudney's blows became weaker. His heaving body grew still. McTavish loosened his scissors-hold on the other's legs and got to his feet. He staggered over to his rifle. Gudney lay gasping, his mouth open, his face purple under the heavy beard.

"Get up!" McTavish panted. "We're going to the Post."

THEY came into the clearing at Forked Creek just before dusk. A babble of voices greeted them. Women were moving about a huge fire, roasting the carcass of a deer.

McTavish stared in disbelief at the nearly-completed log structure which stood where the main building had been before.

Cutie came over to him. "We build 'im up," said Cutie.

McTavish shook his head. "That's fine," he managed weakly.

What could a man say?

He climbed out of the sled and straightened, a great load off his shoulders. "Take care of this fellow, Cutie. We're sending him back to the police with Armand."

The Indian shoved the unresisting Gudney toward the fire. McTavish approached the building where the trappers stood self-consciously. Undemonstrative in affection, their smiles said more than mere words.

"Thank you," said McTavish simply.

"Heem plent' fine beeldin', eh?" one trapper offered.

That was all. With a great show of activity the men went back to their work. McTavish turned to the fire and his eyes fell on Neenah, who was edging slowly toward the free-trader. McTavish hurried forward and reached for the knife in her hand.

"No, Neenah," he said. "We are sending him to the river for punishment. They can do it better than you or I."

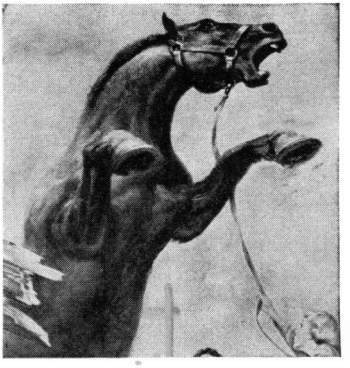
She turned her face up to him and the depth of feeling in her eyes startled him. But she gave him the knife.

Later, when Cutie was bandaging his arm, McTavish said, "When we get this store built again, and the trading is over—and after I've slept for a week—you and I are going to put up another building. A house. Just a small house. I'm going back to North Crossing in the spring and I may bring back some company for us."

"Humph!" said Cutie.

"A man can't expect his wife to sleep in the back room of a store, you know. Can he?"

"Humph!" said Cutie, and jerked the bandage tight. ● ● ●



Stay Away From the Blue Roans

(Continued from page 30)

seconds. "Hurry," she told them as if they'd understand.

Maybe they did. They took after the thoroughbreds, making the ground shake.

Tom let out a neigh like the blast of a bugle. It was the only thing under heaven that could have turned the windsplitters. They swapped ends and came trotting back, crowding around the big roans like kids around a couple of football heroes. Finally, Jerry started off in a businesslike way for the waterhole and the others trailed after him.

Hackett pulled out a silk handkerchief and mopped his face. "Nice going, Mrs. Dalhgren," he said. "You just kept a lot of filet mignon from turning into hamburger."

Anna looked at me kind of surprised, but you could see she was very pleased.

THE next morning I almost felt sorry for this man who regarded a horse as a dollar sign with legs. Hackett wanted to get his stock in and go to work. I gave him a saddlehorse and asked him if he wanted any help.

Hackett simply kicked his pony into a high lope and headed out to the thoroughbreds, who were huddling about the dozing roans. Now no horse with a thousand acres of elbow room is going to stand for being chowsed up off his bedground like that. With the roans to show them how, the windsplitters gave lots of no co-operation.

I'd have let him fight it out. But he was sawing at the mouth of my cowpony and the pony was getting mad. He'd have rounded up the bunch by himself if Hackett had only sat still and let him. I was about to go and get my own mount when Anna came out into the yard. She took one look at what was going on and whistled through her fingers. The roans turned toward her, then came trotting for the corral with the windsplitters frisking along beside them.

"What's got into you?" demanded my wife, her eyes sparking like the sun on clear ice.

"Your buddy didn't want any help," I said.

She frowned. "Go on and fix that drift fence you've been talking about for two weeks."

I went, but I figured I was even now for that "good man" business. In an hour I was back, having forgotten my fence pliers and staples in the excitement. There was a lot of dust floating over the roping corral but I didn't tarry. I caught a glimpse of Anna over by the house and I waved with the pliers.

Of course I was curious. I quit work early, telling myself it was just to get a look at what kind of horse trainer Hackett might be. From where I pulled up on the edge of the benchland I could look down on the whole show. It took a good man to handle anything as nervous as those thoroughbreds.

Hackett was good. When a man goes into the corral with a bunch of raw broncs you can tell if he knows his business by the way he picks up a rope, even by the way he stands.

Hackett was working his colts one at a time on the long rein we call a lunge. Except for being halterbroke, they were completely green and he was whip-breaking them.

That isn't as bad as it sounds. I've whip-broke a lot of colts and never raised a welt on one yet. Actually, the first thing you do is teach the horse that the whip isn't meant to hurt him. It's just a twelve-foot extension of your arm so you can touch the bronc without getting in range of his feet. That's the way I was raised. It takes time and patience to whip-break a horse like that, but when you're done you have an animal that will come to you from as far as he can hear your voice, and not because he's afraid of you, either.

Hackett's method was different. I watched him put his last horse on the lunge and take him into the round corral. He gave the animal a yank toward him with the rein. Naturally, the bronc tried to get away. Then the whip began to flail. Jerk, slash—jerk, slash. In sixty seconds the colt was shivering, covered with foam and welts. In the time it took me to ride down a steep bank, ford a stream and cross a yard, the colt knew that when he tried to pull away from a man, it meant a redhot wire across his body.

IT'S a recognized method of training, and the horse belonged to Hackett. But I looked at him over the top of the corral and said, "Hackett, if I ever see a whip in your hand again on this ranch I'll take and feed it to you, one inch at a time."

For a second his eyes flamed and I thought he was going to take me on. Then he smiled. "Okay, cowboy. I won't need it again anyway. I never need to use the whip but once. See?" He gave a tug on the lunge and the little thoroughbred came to him, quaking and sweating. But it came. It was enough to turn your stomach.

He was a sharpshooter, all right. I figured he was out to put a fake polish on these horses, and by the time he was done with them, they'd jump over a cliff if he pointed them that way. Riding them himself in a show, he could easily peddle them to people who didn't know too much about the tricks of horse handling. And the buyer got a heartbroken horse or one that would act up with anyone but Hackett.

Maybe it was just part of the horse business. The thing that bothered me was how the dude had managed to wear the lash off his whip without Anna landing on him. A note at the house saying she'd gone to town for supplies explained that. But I didn't see how she could miss knowing what was going on. I guessed she knew and pulled out rather than watch it.

Of course my wife could no more stay away from those windsplitters than a cub bear can stay out of a bee tree. She progressed from watching at a distance to the top of the corral fence to the saddling pen in three days. Having worked green stock with me many a time she knew how to make herself useful. I wondered how long it would take that dude to realize she knew more about horses by instinct than he or I would ever learn.

The first time he let her up on one of his broncs he saw that she was one of those rare people, a natural horseman. It wasn't so much the way *she* looked. There's a lot of good riders. It was the way the horse looked. All of them, the first few times they're ridden, are scared and bewildered. The weight of the rider throws them off balance so that they act clumsy and stupid. But not when they heard Anna's voice and felt her hands.

After that one ride, Hackett promoted Anna to chief trainer and took the job of hostler himself. For her they did willingly what they'd only do for him out of fear.

In no time at all the windsplitters were bridlewise and used to the saddle. Anna and Hackett built them an obstacle course up along the creek bottom with jumps over poles, hurdles, rockpiles and water. Once they caught onto the idea that fences were made to be jumped over, the thoroughbreds actually seemed to get a bang out of it. At least, they seemed to when Anna was riding.

Hackett's string caused a lot of excitement in our neck of the woods. On a Sunday the neighbors would flock in like it was a rodeo. Hackett liked that, because it got his horses used to crowds.

Even Dwight Simmons showed up. Simmons is the millionaire who bought a big rundown spread in the valley and proceeded to turn it into one of the finest, paying ranches in Montana. A big, quiet guy, he went in for purebred Herefords, gaited saddle horses and polo ponies.

"None of my business, Pete," he said one day, "but did you know Hackett before he came here?"

"Never saw him until the day he trailed in with those windsplitters," I replied.

Simmons considered. "I've heard him called Cash-in-advance Hackett where he's known."

"Kind of hard to beat a pasture bill in Montana," I replied. "As long as the stock's on your land."

Simmons winked. "Nice bunch of jumpers your wife's training. Let me know if they come up for sale."

THAT the dude probably figured on beating us out of the pasture bill came as no surprise to me. But something else did. I realized I had stopped just not liking Hackett and had begun hating him.

Out riding the range, getting the cattle settled, packing salt, fixing fence, grubbing loco weed, you have plenty of time to think. It sure as hell was awkward, having a stranger on the place. We weren't used to it. Take the evenings, when Anna would haul out the books and start figuring the difference half a cent a pound makes on a carload of grass fat steers. She'd have the fireplace and a couple of rooms added to our house, the seed and fencing for that irrigated pasture I was always dreaming about. Then I'd find she had her decimal point too far to the right. If we wound up skylarking around like kids instead of acting like an old married couple, whose business was it?

Hackett put a stop to all that, just by being there. He even managed to make all our plans and work look kind of silly. The things he talked about —steeplechasing, hunt breakfasts, Madison Square Garden and the Internationals—gave me the feeling that I was the stranger around the ranch.

Daytimes I hardly ever saw him without Anna. I still couldn't figure Anna letting Hackett beat up his horses that first day. Why, one summer a guy I hired to help with the hay took a swipe at a lazy old plug and Anna was on him like a bobcat.

BUT what got me worse was Tom and Jerry. Every morning when Anna whistled they'd come thundering across the pasture like a couple of runaway locomotives. When it looked like they were going to wreck the whole yard, they'd plant all four feet just outside the gate. The windsplitters never got wise. They'd dash on past into the corral. Then the roans would hang their great heads over the fence and whicker at Anna. It was a game they played with her, that they weren't going to be corralled. They'd snort and roll their eyes and lay their ears back while she'd push and haul and threaten. It was quite an act, especially if you knew what would happen to anyone else who roughhoused them like that.

But she never had time to play with them any more. Just a word and a pat and she was gone in among the colts with Hackett. The blues would call and call and finally give it up and plod back to the field with their heads drooping. I knew how they felt.

I was watching Anna and Hackett, making excuses for myself to come back to the ranch at odd times just to find out what was going on. I began to see things, the way you do when you get into that shape. It seemed to me that Hackett always had his hands on Anna. He couldn't stand beside her without one paw on her shoulder. She couldn't mount one of those slab-sided thoroughbreds by herself, a gal that could scramble bareback onto seventeen hands of blue roan. Oh, no, he had to lift her into the saddle.

Sure, I know what I should have done about Hackett. I should have run him off the ranch with the dally end of a lariat rope. But I didn't really want to give Anna any chance to take his part. I was like a guy with his foot through the stirrup. No matter what he does, he'll get dragged.

I hated myself, sneaking back to the ranch in the middle of the afternoon, pulling up behind a line of willows where I could see but not be seen. The obstacle course was off to one side and the corrals ahead of me. There didn't seem to be any activity either place.

Then I heard something that drove everything else out of my mind. I heard a horse scream.

That sound comes only from a horse in deadly rage or mortal fear; it makes

you feel you've had a blacksmith's rasp pulled through your teeth.

I figured, of course, that the dude had got mad at one of his jumpers and was beating him to death with a club. But one look told me it was worse than that. Hackett had tackled the blue roans.

They'd wandered into the corral, looking for Anna, I expect. He swung the gate on them and then went in with his whip. Why? I don't know. It must have been the showoff in him. Maybe he had to prove that with a whip he could make any horse crawl.

The first time the lash cracked across his haunches, Tom went crazy. He screamed and made a run at the side of the corral. He went through those two-inch planks as if they were paper, turned a complete somersault and lay in the smashed timbers, his legs twitching.

That was the end of Hackett's show, right there. He realized it while he was drawing back his arm for the second cut. Because Jerry was coming for him, his neck stretched out and his ears flat. He came in a half-crouch, stiff-legged, taking his time.

Hackett tried to drive him off with the whip but Jerry kept coming in a straight line. I knew how it would end — those big yellow teeth in the dude's shoulder, tossing him like a rag doll, then the iron-shod hoofs tramping him into the dust.

I had my pony in a dead run before Hackett dropped his whip and wrapped his arms around his head. But I didn't get there in time. All of a sudden Anna was in the corral. I didn't see her come; she just appeared.

"Go back," I screamed. "You can't stop him now."

She paid no attention to me. Anna's voice sounded thin and small in the silence. She said just one word, "Jerry."

The huge roan twitched. He hadn't seen her coming, either. But he kept on with that terrible prowl. I had my rope down and the loop swinging. I was going to try to rope him over the corral. I couldn't hold him long, but maybe long enough.

I TRIED to yell again, but nothing came out. I saw Anna walk in front of him, under his nose, so he had to stop or go over her. She put her hands on her hips and talked to him like a person. She talked the glare out of his eyes and finally, after he reared once, and she caught at his bridle, she just plain shooed one ton of living destruction out through the hole Tom had made in the corral.

"Thanks, beautiful," Hackett said, drawing his first full breath.

Anna swung on him. "Don't beautiful me, you—" The string of salty, bronc-stomper words that followed had never been learned in Minnesota. "I've trailed you for a month, listening to you brag, letting you put your hands on me, just to keep you from beating those colts. You'd treat my roans the same way, would you? I'll show you some whipbreaking!"

She picked up the whip Hackett had dropped and took a full windup. But she couldn't go through with it. She began to cry. She turned and ran to where Tom had fallen.

I had the corral gate open by then and was inside. I went over to Hackett, making an effort to keep both hands down at my sides.

"You can pack your things and be out of here in about ten minutes," I said. "I think I might be able to talk myself into holding off that long."

"Look here—"

"Ten minutes. After that, I'm liable to break you in small pieces and nail you to the gate, Hackett."

He licked his lips, once, twice. "I'll—I'll send a truck for my horses."

"Make sure you send some cash with it," I said.

When I got over to Anna she was sobbing her heart out over Tom, trying to lift his head. I saw that he was breathing regular, blinking his eyes. "He's just knocked out. He'll be all right in a minute, Anna."

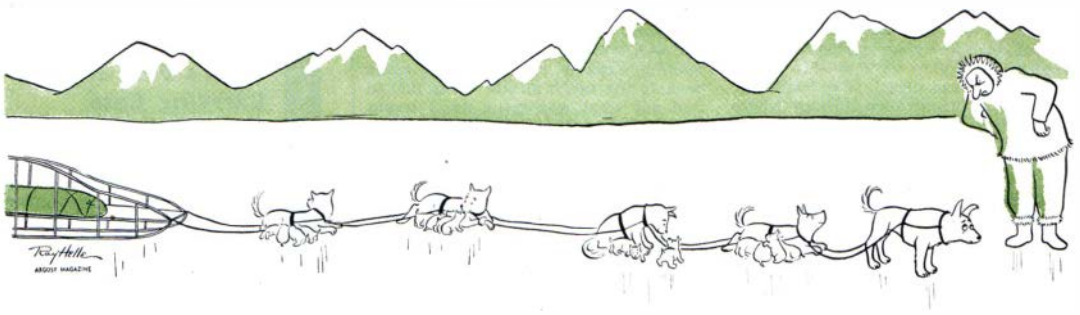
"Get out of here!" she flamed at me. "Sneaking around to see if you could catch me holding hands with that—"

"Okay, okay," I said. "So I'm a suspicious no-good. But what about you—letting Hackett beat up his colts that first day?"

Her surprise showed through the tears. "You saw it and didn't do anything—"

"I didn't. I just saw a lot of dust around the corral but I wasn't back long enough to see what he was doing. I had my run-in with him that afternoon while you were in town. I thought you. . . ." I shook my head. "I sure as hell messed us up, didn't I."

We got Tom to his feet, a little wobbly but okay. To show he needed some attention too, he gave Anna a polite root with his nose. So gentle that it only knocked her right square into my arms. ● ● ●



Kidnaping of the Proscethia

(Continued from page 63)

bother looking at him. I kept my eyes on Hannay and I knew something was worrying him.

"I can't be the chief engineer and not share the responsibility," I said.

"Sure, an' I'd like a little advance notice myself before we break any more maritime law," McSwane said. He was the third mate, and one of the few real seamen on the *Paolo*.

Hannay said, "Olsen!" and the bos'n stopped where he was. Hannay jerked his thumb toward the saloon. "All right, Buckner," he said; "you listen in. But McSwane has the watch. He'll find out what this is about later."

We crowded into the small untidy saloon and Hannay stood behind the captain's chair. We were all anxious to hear what he had to say.

"I'll give it to you straight," Hannay said, "the way I got it. General Feng, our trusted agent, has decided to become a private citizen. He is holding about ninety per cent of the profits made by this ship over the past fourteen months. This enables him to retire a wealthy man. He wishes to thank you all for your invaluable aid."

There was a moment of dead silence. Then Fennick, the first mate, burst out, "You mean he's *robbing* us?"

Hannay's smile was brief. "Exactly."

"And you let him get away with it?" De Moot, the second mate, had turned livid. "You—you prancy jackass, you dressed-up idiot! You let a Chink get away with that!" De Moot, bear-big, lunged at Hannay.

Hannay waited until De Moot was almost on him and then pulled a typical Hannay trick. His hand darted inside his coat and came out Luger-mailed. The same motion, carried through, slapped the barrel across the big Dutchman's temple. He sagged across the mess table. Hannay jiggled the action of the gun to see if it was damaged, then re-holstered it.

"Now be quiet!" Hannay's savage voice had the usual effect. We fell silent, and de Moot, moaning and fin-

gering his slashed scalp, hauled himself into a chair.

I looked at Hannay, standing arrogant and commanding behind his chair, and for the ten thousandth time I asked myself what he had. Guts, will, fanatic belief in himself—none of these things really explained him.

He was tall—well over six feet—and very thin. I'd guess he weighed about a hundred and sixty, most of it bone and hide. He was anything but a strong man, yet he could be lightning fast when he needed to be. He was as vain and touchy as an adolescent. He loved uniforms and he could wear them with elegance. And he loved power.

That was probably the answer. Hannay loved power more than he loved or wanted any other thing. His face made you think of a skull, thinly sheeted with parchment. His eyes looked out of unfathomable dark holes. His mouth was that of an anemic and neurotic girl. Yet I had seen that same face color to a healthy red, those eyes sparkle, that mouth smile almost humanly when Hannay held power in his hands.

But now he was standing, pallid and expressionless, with only a twist of the mouth to show his enjoyment of our obedient silence. It was the kind of situation that Hannay liked; he knew the score, we didn't. And we were ready to hang on his words.

"Feng," Hannay continued, "has, as you know, been our contact man and agent ever since we started operations on this coast. I never trusted him and I never thought it was necessary. He was getting a big cut and, besides, I had plenty on him.

"So I find out that what I have on him is now meaningless," Hannay said. "The Communist drive from the North has changed all that. And the prudent Feng, like many others, is taking advantage of the situation and clearing out with what he can take with him. In his case, it's plenty."

FENNICK, the first mate, had been sitting with his head in his hands. Now he raised his sour, harsh face, "How?" he demanded. "How? Feng had a legitimate business. Our credits were deposited in it . . ."

Hannay made a cutting motion with the edge of his hand. "Let me finish. It's simple. Feng has been converting his business assets into cash—good American dollars. Some diamonds. Some gold. But mostly into cash." For a moment Hannay's eyes blazed rage. "Everything we've earned exists somewhere. In a lump. Feng has it. It's something you can see. Something you can lay your hands on. And it's over a million!" Hannay slapped the table. "Over a million," he repeated. "Feng told me. And most of it is ours!"

"So we're cleaned out," Fennick said bitterly. "So you let him get away with it. So where do we go from here?"

"We get it back," Hannay said. "With interest!"

De Moot spread his trembling hands on the table. "You are mad, Hannay," he said in his thick voice. "This is a big country. It is thick with intrigue. A man like Feng can arrange anything. He can channel his money anywhere. I know. I have lived on this side of the world all my life."

Hannay said, "Shut up and listen to me. Feng booked a passage on the *Proscethia*. That's a big cruise liner. He booked his passage some time ago. He travels as a diplomat, officially, although he doesn't have any real appointment. He says that the Nationalist Government is going to fall, that the Communists will continue south. He wants out, and this is his way of doing it. If he can get to America, North or South, his connections will take care of him and his money. Feng will be sitting pretty."

WHERE does the *Proscethia* sail from?" I asked.

"Hong Kong," Hannay said. "In five days." His hands wrapped over the back of the chair and he shook it gently in a controlled spasm of rage. "And that," he grated, "is where our money will be. Safe and secure aboard a big passenger ship."

Fennick leaned back and laughed humorlessly. "So now we make all speed south, lay for the *Proscethia*, board her, and get back our dough," he said sarcastically.

Hannay said, "Exactly."

There was a collective gasp. The idea of a twenty-five-hundred-ton tramp like the *Paolo* setting up as a high seas commerce raider was ridiculous.

"Listen," Hannay snapped. "Listen to me." He glanced around the table and you could see that he was beginning to enjoy this, that he wanted to pit himself against our resistance, and win us over as he always did.

"We've been robbed," he said. "We've been duped. Do we sit on our cans and take it, or do we do something about getting it back?"

"But how?" de Moot said. "The *Proscethia* is a big ship. Twelve or fourteen thousand tons and a few hundred passengers. What could we do against her with the little kind of armament we have?"

"We're busted and that's that," Fennick said. He looked up at Hannay. "I suppose we start this rat race all over again?"

Olsen growled, "There's got to be *some* way . . ." and his huge fists pounded softly on the mess table. Olsen trying to use his brains was a laugh. He, too, looked up at Hannay. "We ain't beat yet, are we, Cap'n?"

Hannay said, "If you'll all shut up and listen to me. We do it like this: We intercept the *Proscethia* in the safest place. We let her see us, under way. Then we blow up the *Paolo* and take to the boats. Naturally the *Proscethia* will pick us up." His gaze moved around the saloon, touching each of us. "From there on in it's simple. We familiarize ourselves with her layout, get to know our way around well. Then we take her. And the money that Feng will have aboard."

McSwane had come down from the

bridge, and had paused in the doorway long enough to hear this last.

"Sure, an' it's real pirates ye'll be makin' of us, is it?" he said, coming into the saloon. "Well, I'll have none of it, Hannay. I don't mind a little fightin' in a good cause, an' I've not been too particular about some of the deals we've pulled off the coast here. But I draw the line at piracy."

"You can count me out, too," I said. "I don't think too much of being hanged from the yardarm, or whatever they do to you these days."

Hannay was still, measuring our resistance. Again his eyes travelled around the table. And each face, except mine and McSwane's, showed hope. They were with him.

HANNAY said flatly, "I think that you'll come with us. Because Feng also told me that he had denounced us ashore as pirates and Communist sympathizers. The Nationalist Navy will fire on the *Paolo* if she's seen again in Chinese waters. Any one of us who goes ashore will be recognized eventually, if not right away. And will be executed. Feng is thorough."

"Supposing," I said, "some of us are willing to take that chance? Suppose some of us would like to be put ashore anyway?"

By then the *Paolo* was making knots. I could feel her lifting to the swell. Hannay grinned. "If you want a boat," he said thinly, "help yourself. Only we can't heave to for that."

McSwane's eyes met mine over the length of the saloon. We were stymied, and Hannay knew it. He said, "All right, Buckner. And you, McSwane. I don't want any half-hearts in on this. The *Proscethia* will be putting in at Singapore. Anybody that wants to get off there can do so. We'll need that long to get to know her layout. We have enough cash aboard to buy passage for the rest of us to her next port. And that's when we'll take her."

Singleton, the Englishman, spoke up suddenly. "Singapore! Good God, man, I can't be seen in Singapore! I . . ."

"Shut up!" Hannay said savagely. Then he added, "There'll be all kinds of details to be handled, before we get aboard the *Proscethia*, and after. Things like getting our own papers in order, like fixing up identities for a few people like Singleton." He smiled palely. "Just leave those to me. In the meantime make up your minds about whether you want in. Anybody that doesn't is on his own after Singapore."

Hannay was feeling good now. You could tell by the look of him, by the way he was biting off his words.

"One more thing," he said, looking at me and McSwane. "Don't get any pretty ideas about warning the *Proscethia's* captain. Those who aren't with me will be watched. Carefully."

Hannay turned around and walked out with his usual dramatic abruptness. Everybody started talking at once. I didn't bother. I wanted to get below. I wanted to tell Wasconicz about this. And I wanted to relax into the rhythm of the big Diesel and think.

Wasconicz, the first engineer, took the news in his usual grave fashion.

"What d'you think about it, Joe?" he asked me.

"Not good," I said. "There aren't any outs if it goes against us. And besides, passengers are sure to be hurt. Passengers and crew."

Nick nodded. "That Hannay," he said. "He's getting too big for his boots. Too ambitious for guys like us."

"We should have got out when he started the double-crossing and the smuggling," I said. "We might have known it wouldn't end there."

Nick shrugged. "You always go for one more ride," he said.

"Not this time." I took a turn down by the control platform and back, and the more I thought about Hannay and what he was planning, the madder I got.

In the beginning it was good. We'd started out fourteen months before, running guns for the Nationalists, running troops, running anything. And Hannay had kept a sharp eye on the crew, discharging anybody he thought didn't fit his plans and filling in with the kind of guys who gravitate to the world's troubled spots. Men with criminal records, war deserters, war racketeers who moved from one hot spot to another. Or guys who were fed up with dirtiness and corruption, but who had learned to live with it.

WASCONICZ was like that. All Nick wanted was to be as far from Europe as possible. What Nick cared about he didn't talk about.

McSwane was something else. McSwane loved a fight against odds, and Hannay had caught him when he'd moved from one underdog side to the other. They were both after him, and Hannay knew how to use a little thing like that to control McSwane.

Hannay knew how to control Singleton, too. Singleton was an English gentleman, but he'd dropped birth and breeding by the wayside for a chance to ride to power on the Jap warhorse. Now he was an outlaw where the map showed Imperial red, and a man who lived with personal devils. He was probably even more dangerous than Hannay, but Hannay controlled him because he had him just where he wanted him.

He had Fennick where he wanted him, too. Fennick, who had once mastered his own mean spirit long enough to rise to first mate in legitimate shipping. Fennick, who had succeeded to a command when his captain died on the high seas and who had broken under the strain before he could bring his ship to port. Fennick, to whom life was a dirty trick, was any man's tool.

And de Moot. And Olsen. And the crew under them. And me.

Name: Joe Buckner. Age: young enough to think that I could run away from Joe Buckner if I went fast enough and far enough. Trouble: a woman.

The wrong woman, that was my trouble. The woman every man meets once: the one who'll let him down.

Men take it like men. I took it like a kid, and maybe that was because I wasn't much more than a kid. Only that's making an excuse for yourself, and I didn't have any. I let it turn me into a bum, living on excitement and danger and ripe to fall in with an ambitious guy like Hannay. .

One way or another, he had us all where he wanted us, ready for a double cross. Feng had hired the *Paolo* to run a cargo of guns and light carriers up the coast. It was for a small garrison, surrounded by Reds, with its back to the sea. Hannay made delivery to the Reds instead, and made double on the trip. The garrison was wiped out. Feng found out about it, of course, but his squeeze kept him quiet. And even then both Feng and Hannay could threaten any malcontent aboard the *Paolo* with denunciation ashore.

After that we smuggled a few agents for the Reds, who paid handsomely, and in advance. Hannay sold the agents to Feng, who had them distributed up and down the coast for a public garotte-fest.

There were a lot of other jobs like that. I was getting my danger and excitement in large doses, and Hannay was getting us ready for bigger things.

His grip on us was good when we pirated our first ship. She was a junk, running opium. We had Bofors and Oerlikons mounted, and enough Tommy guns and sidearms for ten times our number. The junk's crew took one look at that when we came alongside, fired the single shot of their old brass cannon, and took to their boat. The ball missed us, but it was Lishar's excuse for blasting a few of the scampering Chinese. And Hannay let him get away with it.

I was still thinking about those tumbling, screaming Chinese a couple of weeks later when Feng absconded. And now that Hannay had shown his hand I could see more people tumbling, screaming, dying aboard a passenegr ship. Because Hannay's lust for power would be satisfied with nothing but bigger and bigger doses.

Paolo's Diesel was rolling sweetly and Nick was leaning against a frame, smoking a cigarette.

I stopped in front of him and he looked up. "Well, Joe," he said, pitching his voice to cut through the noise, "so it's Singapore?"

I nodded. "And you?"

Nick nodded back.

"There's more," I said. "We can't let Hannay pull this. We'll have to warn the captain of the *Proscethia*."

Nick nodded, as if he'd been waiting for that. "What else?" he said.

"Who else is the question," I told him. "And McSwane's the only one I can think of."

"That's all," Nick said, "Only McSwane. And we'll have to be damned smart. Hannay will keep guns in our backs all the time."

II

MCSWANE was troubled, but he cheered up when he learned what Nick and I had in mind. So that was that, and for the rest of the time the three of us were kept busy. My job

was rigging the charge that would blow us so that *Proscethia's* officers would think we'd hit an old mine. The rest of them were busy with Hannay, who loved to work out his strategy in the style of a General Staff, and we three avoided them as much as possible.

We lay with steerage way on all during the morning of the fifth day. It was the estimated position for the *Proscethia*, but the tension aboard the *Paolo* was a torturing thing until our lookouts spotted the liner's upper works at noon. Hannay rang down at once for half ahead. The idea was to let the liner overhaul us.

I ran a line of electric cable up to the bridge and put in the switch. "Close that," I told Hannay, "and she'll blow."

"Are you sure it'll work?" Hannay was very excited.

"Sure, it'll work."

"Well, don't be so damned casual about it!" Hannay paced out into the wing, put his glasses on the liner. His hands were trembling.

"All right," he said. "All right. This is it. Fennick! Blow the first whistle. Buckner, call down below and clear out your hands."

I blew down the tube. "Sixty seconds," I told Nick. "Get out of there and find yourselves a soft spot."

ON DECK the hands were scurrying for shelter, and on the bridge there was a dead silence. McSwane was standing with his back to the chart table and de Moot joined him.

Hannay snaked out his Luger suddenly. "Buckner! You're going to blow her. And if she doesn't go . . ."

"She'll go," I said. I'd been expecting some dramatics like this.

Olsen toiled up from the deck to report all hands sheltered against the blast. Hannay nodded tightly at him. He was counting from the chronometer. I glanced astern at the *Proscethia*. She was overhauling us, fast, to our starboard hand, Her single blast rolled down on us.

"Answer her!" Hannay snapped, and McSwane pulled the lanyard.

"Hard left," Hannay ordered. The helmsman glanced at him in surprise, then swung the wheel. The *Paolo* heeled gently.

Hannay was still counting from the chronometer. "Hard right," he said, and then, "Everybody down! Blow her, Buckner!"

I squatted down and closed the switch and a giant hammer hit the *Paolo* and drove her under and down so that the deck dropped away and the bulkheads sprang at us and we were all rolling in the bridge house like a handful of shot. There was little noise up there, just dizzying pressure and then the sound of debris and water coming down. When I got to my feet she was already bows under, the smooth seas creaming gently among the winches and deck gear. I went down the ladder fast, heading for the engine room, but Nick and the oiler met me halfway down.

"You okay?" I said as we headed up.

Nick nodded. "I shut her down," he said. "No water in the engine room."

Back on deck they were getting the boats out fast. The men not at the falls were bringing up the suitcases and sea chests, the ones loaded with small arms and showing a fringe of shirtsleeves and underwear to make them look as though they'd been hurriedly packed. Hannay ran down from the bridge, cool now, holding his log and a briefcase full of papers. McSwane and de Moot and Fennick followed him, carrying instruments.

The boats got away without a hitch because all this had been carefully rehearsed and Hannay made sure of the final touch by going down the handline last. Then it was pull, pull hard. with the poor old murdered *Paolo* struggling like a dying thing in the soft and smothering sea, going down by the head with sudden belches of sound from her skylights. When her stern was perpendicular we instinctively stopped rowing. She hung for what seemed like a long time, with white mist building up around her wheel. Then the after hatch blew out and the *Paolo* dived.

The captain of the *Proscethia* was lively, or maybe he was making the best of a good show for his passengers. He'd hove to, made us a lee that was hardly necessary in that weather, and got his accommodation ladder outboard. Sailors were waiting for us, and lines were run down for our gear.

A couple of mates were waiting for us at the gangway, and back of them a curious bunch of passengers.

"Tough luck, Captain," one of them said. "I'm Carson, second officer. I expect you'd like to see our captain."

"Yes," Hannay said. "Immediately."

"Floating mine, d'you think?" the other officer said.

HANNAY lowered his voice. I caught the word "torpedo," saw the incredulous expressions of the two men, and saw what Hannay had been trying to put across with those seemingly foolish last-minute maneuvers. Then Hannay was saying, "I think you'd better take me and my officers to the bridge at once, Mr. Carson. This is serious."

Carson murmured, "Yes, of course," and motioned Hannay ahead. Fennick, de Moot, Singleton and Snell, our radio operator, followed without being told. Singleton was carrying a big case that might have held papers or instruments but which I knew contained a Tommy gun.

I looked around, trying to see McSwane or Nick in the crowd, feeling sure that Hannay was going to pull another double-cross on us. The last of our gear was being hauled aboard. Two of *Proscethia's* seamen labored over with a footlocker.

"Blimey, mate," one of them said; "what you got in there? Bring away her hook for a souvenir?"

Nobody said anything. Our crew was gathered around the pile of gear, pulling down the boxes, making each

accessible. They seemed to be waiting for some signal.

I spotted McSwane and Nick.

"We should have seen it," I said. "Of course. With Feng aboard, Hannay can't wait until Singapore. Feng will be screaming for help as soon as he realizes who we are."

McSwane was watching our men around their gear. "The murtherin' bastard," he breathed. "He's got us where he wants us again, for sure!"

It came just then, before we could say another word, or make a move. Shouting, a muffled burst of shots, the thud of running feet. A frozen moment, with the *Proscethia's* men turning toward us, unbelieving at first, their faces startled and incredulous. And then they were on us.

THEY were too late. At the sound of the shots Olsen ripped open a footlocker. The rest of our crew dived on the gear, each coming up armed and moving fast, yelling for everybody to stand still. There was a sudden wild tangle as the Limey sailors rushed in. One came down on me and I punched him to one side, coming up from his rush with my back to the bulkhead and my own automatic in my hand. Nick went down and then McSwane was over him, roaring that he would shoot the first man that touched him. Farther along the alleyway there was a series of bursts from a Tommy gun, the sound of a woman screaming, and then it was very quiet. The *Proscethia's* seamen, their faces expressionless from shock, fell back with their hands up. Three of them, bullet-ripped and dead, lay on the deck.

Olsen walked back toward us, cradling his gun. He looked at Nick, who was struggling to his feet.

"You are to go to the bridge. McSwane also," Olsen said.

We worked our way forward, and when we got to the open deck it was clear that Hannay had our men well rehearsed. They were moving like men who knew their way around, and herding passengers and crew before them with practiced ease.

"Someone knew her well enough to make sketches of her," McSwane said. "Singleton, maybe."

"And everybody had a chance to study them except us." I moved up to a knot of passengers and motioned them out of the way with my automatic. "We've got nobody to blame but ourselves," I said. "We knew Hannay better than to take his word about anything."

On the bridge Hannay was in full control. The *Proscethia's* captain and several officers were grouped in the wheelhouse and Singleton was holding them there. One of our own men was already at the wheel. As we went in two more of our men came through an alleyway carrying the body of one of the *Proscethia's* radio operators, the Junior by his stripe. He'd been shot in the back of the neck.

"He tried to get to his transmitter," Hannay said.

"You son of a bitch," I said.

Hannay was looking very good. His color was up, and he was moving with quick decisive steps around the wheelhouse. He smiled at us with a kind of warped benevolence.

"Anything you want to do about this, Buckner?" he said. "You, Wasconicz? You, McSwane?" Hannay laughed. "You thought I couldn't tell what you were going to do?" He planted himself in front of us, very genial, very much on top of the whole situation, and pointed a skinny finger. "You were going to warn the captain, here," jerking his head at the group of *Proscethia's* officers. "You were going to be a long jump ahead of me."

McSwane's rage suddenly boiled out. "You dirty double-crossing killer!" he roared. His hand twitched toward his shoulder holster. "I've a good mind to let you have it now, Hannay!"

Fennick came from the chartroom, holding a Tommy gun. He levelled it at us wordlessly.

Hannay said, "I need you, McSwane. I need the engineers. But you'd better understand this, the three of you: I can get along without any of you if I have to. Now what's it going to be?"

Nick grinned cynically. "I'm in."

McSwane had his temper under control. He glanced at me. "I guess we're all in, Hannay," I said.

"I never guessed it any other way," Hannay said. "And don't forget that you'll swing as high as anybody if we're caught. So do your jobs."

By Hannay's rules we had no alternative, and he dismissed us from his mind with his usual abruptness.

"Fennick," Hannay said, "relieve Singleton over these officers."

"Find Feng," he told Singleton. "Find him quick. And make him talk." He turned to McSwane. "You report to de Moot. He knows the course I want. And keep me out of the way of other ships!"

We didn't take the engine room right away, but the captain of the *Proscethia* was an intelligent man. He could see what kind of man Hannay was, and he knew what would happen to his engine-room crew if they didn't surrender. He picked up the phone and called to them to leave the engines, and the tears gleamed in his eyes. There was nothing else he could do.

The watch was filing out by the time we found the engine-room door. Nick and I went below fast for a check, and I wasn't happy about any of it. I had about as much right to call myself a chief engineer as Hannay had to call himself a captain. As we went through, with the thunder of her enormous Irish diesels roaring down on us, I was dredging up everything I knew about big jobs. Right then it didn't seem much.

SO THAT was the way we took her, and Hannay had left nothing to chance. It was the same as every other operation we'd made. We were all in line, all working with him. And this time the price of failure was hanging, by Admiralty Law.

He had the *Proscethia* where he

wanted her, too. Evidently their radio men hadn't got off any kind of signal about the *Paolo*, and Hannay simply stopped all transmission from the ship. There'd be a day or two of wondering about that ashore, and Hannay made use of that time to get her on an easterly course.

"Make me revolutions," he told me. "Stop her safety valves, tear her guts out. But keep her moving!" He didn't even know she wasn't a steamship, and I didn't bother to enlighten him.

But I did keep her rolling. Nick and I worked her watch and watch, without any help. Her own engineers were confined up for'rd, with the captain and the rest of the officers, and I wanted none of the men who'd worked as oilers in the *Paolo* below except on on occasional day-work basis. This satisfied Hannay, who needed every hand for an extensive armed-guard system he'd worked out.

And Hannay had Mr. Feng. Singleton had done a good job of making that clever Chinese business man talk, and the money was in chests in the captain's quarters. Mr. Feng would never double-cross anybody again.

III

HANNAY'S original plan had been to make an easterly run with the *Proscethia*, circle north, and then take her in to a spot on the China coast. There she was to be beached, and we were to go inland. There was a guerilla leader in there, with good prospects, and Hannay intended to muscle in.

Hannay's plan had a certain mad feasibility. But he let himself ride a little too high.

He enjoyed the sensation of allowing the *Proscethia's* officers to take a daily walk in the bridge. He would then try to start conversations with them, as though they were military prisoners.

Of course it didn't work. The prisoners were frigidly silent, and Hannay learned a different kind of respect for them when he let his vigilance relax just a little too far. One of the mates and a wireless operator made a sudden break for the shack.

I was just climbing the bridge ladder when it happened. The two men were pacing up and down in one of the wings, and some of the others were pacing up and down, too, either in pairs or singly. Suddenly the radio officer veered off to one side, and as our Tommy gunner swung to cover him the mate tackled the gunner.

They were up in an instant, but the mate was holding the gun. Hannay started yelling for the other guard to shoot but he hesitated because the mate was using our man as a shield. He was a powerful guy, that mate. He held our man with one arm and swung the Tommy gun with the other and all the time he was running backward, following the radio operator to the shack.

Hannay was nearly hysterical. He kept screaming "Shoot, damn you, shoot!" at the other guard, but the man hesitated to cut down his own shipmate and it was Hannay who emptied his Luger into the mate's human shield. Some of the slugs must have cut through but that mate never faltered. He kept running backward, still holding the squirming body in front of him, and trying to return Hannay's fire with the Tommy gun.

The other officers were not slow to take advantage of the opening. They were coming off the wing in a body when I ran through to intercept them. By then our gunmen were swarming into the wheelhouse and I knew that they'd be slaughtered by our men.

"Not today, boys," I said, and I had my own two .45 autos to back it up. Carson, the mate who'd met us at the gangway, cursed me.

"I'll live long enough to see you hang," he said.

I couldn't help grinning at him. Any one of these guys had more guts than our whole gang put together. "I'll wish you a long life, then," I told him. "In the meantime move back and keep still, all of you."

The engineers were glowering at me with the special hatred of their kind for one who had stolen their pride and joy from them.

"Mon, ye're pushin' her too hard," the chief growled. "What do the pyrometers say?"

"They say I'm pushing her too hard, Chief," I told him, and I couldn't keep the regret out of my voice.

That was all I had time for. Fresh hell broke out behind me. Evidently the *Proscethia's* mate was shooting it out with our men. Between bursts I could hear the whine of a generator starting up. Then the shooting stopped and there was the sound of an axe tearing into the radio-room door and Hannay yelling, in a frenzy now: "Harder, you fool, harder! Don't let them get a message out!"

Then the door crashed open. There was another burst of shots after that and then nothing. In a moment two of our men relieved me over the officers in the wing and I went in and saw that the brave mate and the brave radio operator were both dead.

Hannay said to me, "That was fast thinking, Joe. And nice work." I was glad he'd seen the way I'd held the officers, but right then I couldn't speak. Something more than guilt was choking me as I watched them dragging the two men out, saw Snell, our own radio man, put on the earphones.

"Did he get a message out?" Hannay said.

Snell shrugged and held up his hand for quiet.

AFTER a few minutes he pulled off the headset. "He got something out all right," he told Hannay. "And they've got some sort of a fix on us. Only they think we're farther north than we are. Two fast liners proceeding to that position."

"Any naval stuff?"

"The Navy keeps its own secrets. Snell said. "There won't be anything unless they ask us to surrender."

"Surrender!" Hannay spat the word.

He strode out to the bridge. "Make your course due south," he told the man at the wheel. "McSwane, Fennick, de Moot! Get on those charts and fix us a course for Cape Horn."

He turned to me. "How much fuel has she, Joe?"

"Maybe six weeks," I said. "She's got deep tanks."

Hannay nodded with satisfaction. "Ever been to South America?"

"Some," I said.

"There's room there for a man, too," Hannay said.

Snell called through, "Two more ships looking for us, Captain. They think they've got us fixed east of here."

Hannay laughed, and there was an exultant note in his voice. "This'll be a hell of a chase," he said, "and they're not going to catch me. You hear that, Fennick? You, de Moot? I won't be taken! I'll use every passenger aboard as a hostage. I'll ram anything that tries to stop me!"

With the vengeance of the world seeking us out we were solidly behind him in that. It seemed to me then that I was finally trapped by my own folly, by my own slowness, by my own credulity, and that now my fate was welded to Hannay's. With every man straining to make our flight a success I could see no possibility of revolt. I must play out my hand the way it was dealt, I thought.

The miracle of it was that we were able to go so far south before we sighted a ship. We had millions of square miles of ocean, but it didn't seem enough to hide the *Proscethia* in.

IV

AT FIRST Hannay had kept the passengers in their quarters, allowing only the steward enough freedom to feed them. But now, with the prospect of a long run ahead of him, he wanted to bask in the full sense of command. The passengers were given their freedom and told to carry on as usual.

Hannay arranged his initial appearance in the first-class dining saloon with painstaking care. He wore his smartest uniform. Fennick and I were to go with him, uniformed in gear stolen from the ship's officers; and his guards were Olsen and Lishar, whose dinner clothes had been taken from passengers of the right size.

The orchestra was playing a waltz as we went down the grand stairway. Our guards swung open the doors for us, the music sounded loudly for a moment, and then faltered to a stop. The murmur of conversation at the tables died away.

In a dead silence we walked across the room toward the usurped Captain's table. Just before we reached it Hannay turned to one side and spoke to the orchestra leader.

"Carry on," Hannay said to him.

The orchestra leader was a little German with a round brown face. He drew himself up like a cocksparrow.

"I do not play music for t'ieves and murderers," he said.

"You will play for me," Hannay snapped.

For answer the little man took his baton in both hands and broke it across his knee. He hurled the pieces at Hannay's feet.

"Hear, hear!" a voice drawled out of the crowded tables.

Hannay was blushing like a schoolgirl. He made a furious gesture. "Take him away," he snarled to Olsen. "Throw him back in the fo'c'sle. And keep him there." He jerked back to the orchestra. "The rest of you," he said, "play!" His hand rested inside his jacket lapel and I knew that at that moment, with his vanity challenged, he was as dangerous as a tiger. The orchestra members knew it, too. A violinist made a signal with his bow, and they started the waltz again.

Hannay took his seat just as Singleton came in, immaculate in his own dinner jacket. "What's up?" he said. "You look upset, Hannay."

Hannay said, "I'm in command here. What I say goes. I won't be defied by any. . ."

"The little musician spit in your eye?" Singleton laughed.

"It is not funny," Hannay said.

Singleton put his hands flat on the table and looked straight at Hannay. "The trouble with you, old boy," he said, "is that you don't know there are certain things you can't get by force."

Hannay glared at him, but Singleton was busying himself with the menu. When he had finished reading it he leaned back and glanced around with the amused interest of a man in a favorite restaurant. "Don't sulk, Hannay," he said. "It's a short life."

WE NEED some women at this table," Fennick said. "Who ever heard of a captain's table without women?"

"You'll get your share," Singleton said. "Wait and see. There are always women who go for the ruthless types."

"Why wait?"

"For one thing," Singleton said, "I fancy that our presence is offensive. There seems to be a mass exodus."

It was true. Some whispered word must have been passed around, because the passengers were all getting up from their tables and leaving.

Hannay turned to Olsen, who had come back from the fo'c'sle. "Stop them, Olsen," he said. "Send them back to their tables. Nobody leaves before the captain!"

Hannay jerkily lighted a cigarette and tossed off the cocktail in front of him. Two spots of color showed violently on his cheekbones and his breathing was harsh. Singleton laughed.

"I've heard the occupation of France was like this," he said.

The passengers were all quietly walking back to their tables. Hannay pointed to a girl who had been sitting alone. "Singleton," he said, "go over and tell that young lady that the captain requests the pleasure of her company."

Singleton laughed again, and shook his head. "I draw the line at procuring for you, Hannay," he said. There was a chill undertone in his voice.

Hannay's nostrils flared, but he let it go. He beckoned a waiter and repeated the order. "Go with the waiter, Olsen," he said.

I'd seen Hannay eyeing this girl, and I'd looked at her myself because even among those hundred or more of well-dressed and handsome people she was a standout.

She was tall, but not one of those bony clothes-horse types they use in advertising pictures. She was rounded and female and graceful and it all showed in a delicate sort of way through the dress she was wearing. Her shoulders were bared and creamy and her head was held proudly on the fine column of her throat. She wore her black hair cut so that it looked like plumes gathered loosely about her head and after you'd looked at her face a few times you decided she was beautiful. But not in a way you knew anything about.

I'D NOTICED all this in the few minutes I'd been in the saloon and now it seemed that Hannay had, too. I had never spoken to this girl, and yet I felt a momentary stab of jealousy.

Hannay watched, holding his face expressionless as Olsen and the waiter went over to her table. You could see the girl's eyes spark as she looked up at them and shook her head sharply.

Olsen grabbed the girl's wrist and whipped her to her feet.

The saloon had been quiet before, except for the grinding of the orchestra. Now the instruments died away one by one until in that waiting hush you could hear nothing except the far thrumming of engines and the little tearing sound of the girl's slippers as Olsen dragged her across the floor.

Then a chair thudded over backwards and a tall young passenger who might have been Singleton's younger brother strode across the saloon. He jerked Olsen's arm down and said in a low furious voice, "Let her go!"

Olsen stood for a moment like a bee-stung ox. Then he swung his great fist into the young man's face. The passenger went down, his starched shirt front buckling as he fell, but he bounced to his feet, and went into Olsen with concentrated savagery.

Lishar, cradling his Tommy gun low, had swung away from our table, crouching, swinging the muzzle in a threatening semi-circle, holding back the passengers.

Olsen and the passenger were still slugging it out and Olsen's weight and strength were not enough to carry the fight. Hannay stood up suddenly and his Luger jumped into his hand.

I said, "Hannay, for God's sake. . . ." and he wheeled around, the muzzle of the gun big in front of my eyes.

"I will not be crossed," he said, his voice rising with the hysteria of his thwarted egomania, and then he had jabbed me away and was shouting: "Down, Olsen! Get down!"

Olsen shot him one look and hit the deck. The young passenger turned slowly toward us and I saw Hannay's gun hand jump, felt the impact of the report, saw the young man, still moving slowly, sit down on the deck and look at us until all the expression washed out of his face as he rolled soddenly on his side.

A sound that was something between a groan and a sigh swept through that saloon. Then Hannay's voice, high and brittle-edged, cut through.

"You will all now understand," he said, "that I am the master of this vessel. Any further attempt against my authority will be dealt with in a similar manner."

He turned to Lishar. "Have that taken away," he said, sitting down and jerking his head at the dead passenger. "Olsen! Bring the lady to this table."

The girl came then without putting up any more foolish struggle. She watched the men carry off the body, as if she couldn't believe the man was dead. Singleton stood up and after a moment so did Fennick. Hannay awkwardly half-rose, then as awkwardly took his seat again. I sat it out.

The head waiter, who had evidently decided on a safety first policy, came over and whispered to Hannay, "A Miss Hartley, sir."

Hannay said: "Sit down, Miss Hartley, and tell us what you'll drink."

The girl was very pale and her violet eyes were wide and unfocused with horror. But she was fighting for control. She said, "I'll have nothing, thank you." Her voice was the cool sound of a distant bell.

"How about eating?"

"Nor to eat, thank you."

Hannay's jaw line bulged, and he looked angrily at Singleton. Singleton was being amused.

Fennick said, "I see two or three babes that look as though they'd like to come over."

"Well get them, then." Hannay turned back to the girl. "You think you are very superior," he said harshly. "Well I can break you."

Fennick had returned to our table and there was a fatuous expression of self-satisfaction on his usually harsh face. He had three women with him. They were cheap types, with expensive clothes. One of them looked at me, dead-pan, and then giggled.

Things started picking up at our table. Fennick and Singleton were laughing and talking with the new arrivals, and after a while Hannay painfully joined in. He even took a few drinks, a thing he seldom did, and his facade started to slip. In his own way, he was beginning to enjoy himself, to pick up what he fancied were the fruits of his conquest.

I WAITED until the party really got going. Then I stood up.

Hannay glanced up. "Leaving us, Joe?" He had a woman on each side of him, and one of them was the coldly silent Miss Hartley.

I said, "Not exactly. I thought I'd like to be alone with one of our guests." I jerked my head at Miss Hartley. She had been slowly growing more and more white as the tempo of

our table picked up. Now she turned an odd sick color.

Hannay said, "Suit yourself. I haven't time for the snooty types."

I grinned. A half an hour before Hannay would have been at my throat because I wanted a woman he'd chosen. But Hannay hated uphill work with women.

I walked around the table and tapped her on the shoulder. "Come on," I said. She rose with the obedience of a sleep-walker, and I took her across the saloon. I chose a corner table that was unoccupied. A waiter hurried up to bring fresh linen.

"What's your first name?" I said.

Miss Hartley said, "Leslie."

"All right, Leslie," I told her. "You make like you're having some sort of conversation with me and have a couple of drinks and eat your dinner and you'll be all right."

"I told you before," she said, "I don't want anything to eat. I don't want to eat with any of you."

"You eat," I said. "You have to keep your strength up, Leslie."

She looked stubborn. The waiter came back and I chased him away by ordering drinks.

"Look," I told her. "Hannay, our captain, took a fancy to your looks. He's being diverted at the moment, but he'll start thinking about you again. He'll start thinking you need busting down. He may think about it as a personal thing, or again, he may be satisfied that any one of us is handling you. Take your choice."

She was not so pale now, and she flashed that brief and magnificent smile. "You mean I'm to trust you?" she mocked.

"No. Just do as I say. Do as I say and you'll be all right."

HER eyes, I noted, were gray when they met mine. The violet shade I'd first seen in them was almost gone. Gray now, and clear and level. She said, "All right, Joe? Isn't that what they call you? Joe?"

The orchestra ground on, tunelessly, without spirit. The noise from Hannay's table was increasing. The waiter brought our drinks. Leslie Hartley sipped hers, put it down, fumbled for a cigarette. I gave her one of mine and lighted it. Once again I met her eyes.

"Yeah." I said, "Joe. Buckner's the other end."

"Not a good Joe, though."

"I didn't know you were an American."

"That's what comes of an expensive education, Joe."

She talked easily, playing the game that would keep Hannay off her neck, and all the time she talked and ate I could feel an old loneliness wrapping me up, holding me separate from her and her kind.

Once I could have talked to a girl like her on her own level. Once I could have met her like you meet anybody and talked to her and taken her to places for drinking and dancing and maybe fallen in love with her. And it would have been all right.

But not now. Not any more. I only talked to her now, I only shared a table with her now because I had two guns under my jacket.

She said, "You're not listening. Can we stop the pretense for a while?"

I felt suddenly irritated with her because she had the stuff to accept this situation and at the same time not let it touch her.

"I'll take you to your cabin," I said.

Funny, how that violet shade built up in her eyes when she was scared.

I bent toward her. "Just that," I said, "and nothing more. End of act. I have to go below."

Our eyes locked, and my irritability went. She was really being very good. But, I thought, it's better the other way. If I try to be nice to her she'll be really scared.

I went around to her side of the table. "Come on," I told her, making it harsh and threatening. "You want to be left alone here?"

She hesitated a moment longer, then stood up and walked lithe and graceful ahead of me to the big double doors. We walked silently up the broad stairway, through the alleyways. Leslie Hartley stopped at an outside stateroom.

"Here," she said.

She was pale still, and her eyes were glittering. I knew what she was expecting, and it made the loneliness worse than ever. She was another world. A world that could be robbed, stormed, raped. But never taken.

I said, "You'll be all right at breakfast and luncheon. But dinner'll be the time when Hannay will want to strut his stuff. You'll be better off if you're seen with me."

"I would like to eat alone."

"Remember what I told you about Hannay," I told her. I laughed. "Hell, I'm not even boasting when I say I'm nicer to be with than he is."

I stopped laughing. I didn't try to touch her. I said, "You will be my girl. It'll be better for you. Goodnight —and lock your door."

She'd been ready to put up a fight. I knew that, and I took what bitter amusement I could from seeing the desperation melt out of her.

She backed into the stateroom slowly. "Goodnight," she said huskily. "Goodnight, good Joe."

I said, "Don't be too sure of that," and walked away. I felt stiff and resentful. I wanted her and I despised myself for acknowledging that she was too good for me.

At the end of the alleyway our guard on duty winked at me and said, "Pretty nice stuff you got there."

I punched him in the face.

"Something for nothing," I told him. "Keep away from it, understand?"

He said, "Okay, Chief," and I gave him the broad of my back going down the alleyway, knowing he wouldn't have the guts to cut me down.

V

In the days that followed, days that lengthened into weeks, I made Miss Leslie Hartley eat with me. I began

to realize that I was looking forward every day to being with her, and that being with her made me feel good, and when I knew that about myself I started being very hard and nasty with her. Ever since we'd boarded the *Proscethia* I'd had the burden of the results of my own foolish credulity, a burden that was guilt, really, because I might have done something to stop it long before we blew the *Paolo*. And now there was Leslie Hartley, making none of this easier to bear; and herself so close yet unattainable.

All forms of self-pity, I thought. I should have crippled the *Paolo*. Then there'd have been none of this.

I felt my eyes open wide, my own fist thump the table. "Cripple her," I said aloud. "Cripple her!"

Leslie Hartley looked up from her plate. "Not me, I hope," she said.

I said, "Not you, baby. Never you, Leslie," and all the tenderness and yearning I had for her must have shown in that instant because she put down her fork very carefully and said, "Don't. Don't talk to me in that tone. Be tough. I like it better that way."

MY MIND was leaping ahead, seeing at last the way to wrench the ship from Hannay, seeing at last the way to clear my conscience, seeing at last the way into Leslie Hartley's world.

It was very simple: All I had to do was stop the engines, cut all power and tell Hannay I was helpless. A good deck officer should know something about engines, but neither Hannay nor any of the others was a good deck officer. Their ignorance was the reason why Nick and McSwane and I had been framed into this in the first place.

And then what? I didn't know. By then I was rushing Leslie Hartley out of the saloon, back to her stateroom, and the thing was buzzing, still unformed, in my mind.

At her door I'd decided one thing. I said, "I think I can get the ship away from Hannay. Only I need passenger co-operation. Can you get them to listen, when the time comes?"

"I'm not exactly popular with my fellow passengers," she said. "Your attentions have taken care of that."

"We've been over all that," I said.

"I know." Leslie wouldn't look at me. "So you're going to revolt," she said. "After all this time."

"I've always intended to. But a thing like this has to have a plan, has to be timed right . . ."

"Anybody could say that, Joe. Anybody who was scared, or tired, or—or trying to wash the blood off his hands."

So this was the way she was going to be. I grabbed her shoulders and shook her, and I told her that here I was, late or not, wanting to do the right thing and I needed a little help and she'd better give it to me if she knew what was good for her.

Oh, I was rough with her in that five minutes, rough and harsh and demanding and it was all a disguise for something else that was anything but rough or harsh or demanding and maybe she saw it a little because in the end, when I'd stopped all the talk and was holding her there with her shoulders, fine-boned and delicate, still in my hands, she agreed once again to be a good girl and an obedient one.

"Now," I told her, "listen to this. I will stop the engines. I will have to stop all the power to make Hannay believe I've had a complete breakdown. That will upset him.

"All right. Now I think I know what will happen. Our men won't like it. They will want to be together, they will want to be close to Hannay. And I think I know what Hannay will do. If I convince him it's the end, that we're really crippled, he'll want to put on a Last Act. That will be in the saloon, with Fennick and Singleton and de Moot and Olsen and Lishar and the Quisling women. Hannay will want to prepare for Valhalla in style. So when that happens, when the guards start to drift for'rd, I will try to break through, try to get guns and arm the ship's officers. I have two men who will help me.

"But you have to help me, too, Leslie. When the engines stop you've got to get all the passengers to go aft, to get out of the way, above all to stay out of the saloon. Tell them to get seasick, fake anything. But make them stay out of the way."

Leslie Hartley sighed. "All right, Joe. I'll try to do it." But I had no good feeling from her. She was choosing, again, the lesser of two evils. She made that plain to me.

NOW there was nothing to do but wait, with Nick and McSwane alerted and ready to go. Wait while the ship plunged farther and farther south, into fog, great mysterious banks of it; among icebergs, casting their chill before them; waiting, watching Hannay's mounting indecision, his inability to give the order that would bring the *Proscethia* around and back into waters where all the ships of the world were now looking for us.

Fennick and de Moot were keeping their watches with sick, anxious faces; losing themselves in liquor when they were off the bridge. Hannay was hectic in his insistence on the maintenance of decorum about the ship. But I think even then he'd decided to drive her to her doom, that he would go to his own Valhalla holding this travesty of power in his hands to the last.

So my time came. It came when I realized that even the imperturbable Singleton was cracking, and that his particular job, keeping our guard system in good order, was falling to pieces. Even the toughest of our men were getting nervous.

There was near-panic when I stopped the engines. I cut everything and blew all of the air tanks. At first Hannay was frantic. "What's wrong? What the hell's wrong?" he kept yelling. He'd come plunging below and now his flashlight was stabbing hysterically about the dark engine room.

I said, "She's a mess. Water in the fuel. That ice you had to go helling through has cracked a lot of plates.

And her air's all gone. I don't think I could start her if I did have fuel."

"Then we're finished?" Hannay said it almost eagerly, and I knew then that I was right, that this was the way he wanted it to be.

"I'm afraid we are," I admitted.

But Hannay wasn't listening. Already he was going up the ladder, already he was preparing himself for his Last Act. And if I knew Hannay, he'd play it to the hilt.

Things topside were better than I'd expected. Our guards aft had clustered for'rd, and now were gathered in little knots of talking, worried men. They looked at me sullenly as I passed through them, but said nothing.

And Leslie Hartley had done her part. As I walked for'rd I saw not a single passenger except two or three of the women who'd accepted Hannay's invitations, and who were now hysterically looking for reassurance.

I found Hannay and said, "I think I'd better close the watertight doors. I think I've enough pressure to do it."

He said, "Do as you please." Hannay had other things on his mind.

McSwane and Nick bellowed up and down the alleyways for all hands to stand clear, all hands to get for'rd. I shut the doors from the bridge, helping myself to a couple of Tommy guns at the same time, and then went over the boat deck and below again. McSwane and Nick met me there, also carrying guns and spare pans.

I bled the system and now all of the lower decks were isolated, blocked off. We had collected all the hand emergency spanners days before and now all fore-and-aft movement was limited to the three upper decks.

We went aft, to one of the smoking rooms, and all of the passengers were there. They were quiet, uneasy, but at least not actively against us.

"You'd better go through with this," Leslie Hartley said to me. "You'd better not break your word to me, Joe." I grinned. It was her turn to be tough. And she was good at it. I could never face her and admit failure.

The purser's office was aft, in a big square that opened into port and starboard alleyways and was reached by each of the three upper decks by a broad stairway. I selected six men from among the passengers, told them that anyone trying to reach the passengers would have to pass through this area, and armed them. They were all ex-service men, very suspicious, but some of their suspicion faded when I actually put the Tommy guns in their hands. That was a touchy moment. They'd agreed to help us, but I know now that when I handed over those guns, I expected them to blast us.

THEN it was time to go back for'rd. Time to brace Hannay. Time, maybe to die. I looked at Leslie Hartley and in the faint watery light her face was twisting.

"I hope you make it," she said. "I hope you make it, that's all." And she turned away.

I didn't ask for anything from her. Nick and McSwane and I walked back for'rd. Lishar was the first guard we saw. I took pleasure in furrowing his scalp with the muzzle of my automatic, and that was one more Tommy gun.

The next two guards were in sight of each other, one at the head of the grand stairway and the other along the straight wide approach to it. We rushed the alley guard, but he yelled and the man at the head of the stairs swung around, hesitated, and fired.

I got him with my first return burst, and then we were running, leaping down the broad carpeted stairs and into the saloon. There was only candlelight and lamplight there.

I JUMPED on the nearest table. The orchestra had stopped playing. "Hannay!" I yelled. "We've got you covered! Don't move! Passengers and musicians get out!"

Flame stabbed out of the dimness of the big saloon and I heard the *whack whack whack* of bullets going into the wooden panelling over my head. I was knocked from the table as everyone made a mad dash to escape.

For a moment I was trampled, then I managed to scramble clear. From an empty corner I tried to see, and there were too many people milling around for us to fire yet. But Hannay and the others were firing at us. Over the blasting of their guns the screams of women and men, were a continuous sound. But the saloon was emptying.

Their way out would be through the galley. Already McSwane had pushed through the last of the escaping women and musicians, his Tommy gun held high. Nick and I squirmed off to one side, then got up on a row of banquettes and started running along the padded seats. I saw Singleton standing at the galley entrance and he started firing deliberately at us with his pistol so that each bullet sounded like a whipcrack as it passed.

I flung myself down. "Come over with us, Singleton! The passengers are armed. We're sure to take you."

"No thanks, Joe," he called back. He lowered his fire and his next shot burned across my shoulder blades. "But I'll wish you luck!"

I rolled over to the deck and threw a burst at where he'd been standing. But Singleton was gone.

The saloon now had an intense quiet. There was only the groaning of the *Proscethia* as she shouldered the heavy seaway, and the sound of McSwane quietly muttering curses. Behind me Nick jumped up.

"Well," I said. "We've got them pinned in one place now. If we can just hold them for a while."

"Don't be so sure, laddie," McSwane said. "They'll be back."

He was right. There was a rush of feet overhead, more in the galley. "They're going to pin *us* down," Nick said. "Here. Come on, Joe!"

I realized that Singleton's final shot had hurt me, and it was an effort for me to pull myself together. McSwane was anxious. "Move, man!" he roared. "We're no good trapped here!"

We ran back the way we'd come and we were just in time. Hannay's men were literally pouring down from above and every one of them was armed. They spotted us as we ran aft and opened fire.

We climbed then, heading for the clear reaches of the upper decks, running, scrambling, until our breaths were whistling in our throats.

They were pounding down the alleyway in a body now, but not showing very good sense. Nick and I dropped several of them as soon as we started shooting and the rest of them melted into the cabins.

But it was only temporary. I heard Hannay yelling, and Singleton snapping crisp orders and soon they started easing out of the cabins, protecting themselves with a blast of fire while they ran forward a few doors, then dodged into another cabin for shelter. They had ammunition to burn; our supply was limited.

I told this to Nick, told him to tell McSwane and then get aft. I waited until I heard their feet pounding away and then I put up all the fire I could, drove them to shelter again, and ran.

Leslie Hartley had taken all the passengers away from the purser's square when I got there. They were well hidden, she told me, in the after cabins, and there was no one in the square except Leslie and two of the passengers I'd armed. The others were covering the topside approaches.

I shoved Leslie into the shelter of a bulkhead when Hannay's gang came down on us for another try. But they couldn't get through. They might have if they'd put everything they had into it. But we could put up good coverage, put it up at every point, and they didn't have the stuff to keep on coming. Hannay tried. But in the end they left us. Only all we had was the after section of the *Proscethia*. I couldn't even get to the engine room.

Now we had to set our watches and I began to realize what a very little victory this was. We had hardly enough ammunition to stand off one more rush; we had no heat, water, food.

Leslie Hartley reminded me of all this. Reminded me very tartly. She was busy trying to look after a number of passengers who were now finally giving in to the weeks of strain. "At least they could eat before," she said. "At least they could keep warm. Now look. They'll die, Joe."

VI

AS THE days passed I began to realize that Hannay would be content to let us all starve aft. Whatever final show he was putting on in the face of the inevitable could be done with the audience he had at hand. He might try once more to annihilate us, and at the rate we were weakening from cold and hunger it would not be hard.

The *Proscethia* now was a reeling hulk. She was slowly filling, beating herself to death on pan ice, rolling helplessly before great seas and howling winds. She was in all the immensity of icy sea and horizonless gray a dot, a speck; a floating tomb containing perhaps three hundred and fifty people; a tomb lurching through snow and ice, circling the edge of eternity.

"They've got to have food! Joe, do you hear me?" It was Leslie Hartley, and I was keeping my watch on the boat deck, huddled in a blanket.

"We've been over this before," I told her. "The stores are amidships."

"Well, I'm going down to get something. If we can get past the outposts or whatever Hannay has in the alleyways I'm sure we can find something without being caught."

"Alone?" I said.

"If I have to. If there's nobody with enough courage to come with me."

I stood up, stiff with cold. "Go get me a relief," I told her. "I'll fetch some food. I hope."

But Leslie Hartley wouldn't let me go alone. "You don't understand," she said. "I threw in with you. Now I've got to share the risks."

I looked at her in that sombre end-of-the-world light. She was as beautiful as ever, only now her skin was becoming transparent with fatigue and her eyes were big with fear of what she was going to do. But still she insisted.

"All right," I told her, at length. "All right, Leslie. We will go together."

We started down the alleyway and I especially ordered Nick and McSwane to make no effort to come after us, to hold the after end of the ship even if we never came back.

There was no one in sight in the alleyway and we went along quietly, our footsteps lost in the greater noise of the *Proscethia's* straining.

We got well into enemy territory before I saw anybody and then it was Olsen, coming sleepily out of a cabin. I started running for him then and the fool didn't have the sense to shout. Instead he reached for his gun, fumbled it in the heavy overcoat he was wearing. And then I was on him. My fist hit him on the side of his thick neck and we went down together and this time I took no chances. No chances at all. I literally caved in his skull with the barrel end of my automatic.

Women are funny. I thought I'd have trouble with Leslie about that. And besides, it was untidy. But she just looked down at him with that glitter in her eyes and breathed, "I'm glad. I'm glad you did it, Joe."

There was a dry stores locker farther on and we went to it after I'd dragged

See Page 31

Olsen into a cabin. We met no one else on the way, and the smell even of that packaged stuff, made me sick and faint for a moment. It was the first time I realized how hungry I was.

Leslie Hartley was shielding her flashlight, going from carton to carton. "Chocolate will be best," she said. "Get a case of chocolate and a case of condensed milk."

I PULLED down the heavy packages cautiously and Leslie reached up to help me. She was wearing a fur coat and it had fallen open and the front of her dress whispered across my jacket. I swung the carton down, turning around for another, and she was still standing there. In the almost-darkness her face was a luminous blur, her eyes black and closing.

We both swayed with the seaway and then she was in my arms, hard, as though she'd been thrown there, the muscles of her back taut and arched against my hands, her shoulders sharp and burrowing against me like a child's; and she clung to me like that without any movement except the violent trembling of her legs.

Her kiss was everything the sight of her and the sound of her and the feel of her and the smell of her had promised. Her lips writhed, hard and seeking, and then she melted all at once and the weight of her was in my arms and the weight of her surrender was on my soul.

We got back. We got back somehow, with the thing that was now between us a burning reality. Near the end of our trip the *Proscethia* crashed once again into some ice, shuddered, and then reeled off it.

Leslie spoke for the first time. We were almost at the purser's square again. "Joe," she said, "Joe, darling. Do we have to die? I don't want to now." Weeping, she put down her carton and threw her arms around me.

My face felt stiff. I forced her away gently. "Come on, darling," I said. "Come on, baby. Let's take the passengers their chocolate bars." And she wiped her face and picked up her parcel and was a good obedient girl again.

The food, cold and sickening sweet as it was, cheered everybody up and as I moved among the passengers I could feel that now they really trusted me and really believed that I wanted to help them. Knowing this didn't help me much, and it wasn't until that night, when the ship started slamming and growling into the ice again, that at long last I saw the way out.

But there was a risk, and I had to put it to the passengers. "I'm going to put her down by the head," I told them. "I'm sorry I didn't think of it before and maybe it won't work now. It may get out of my control. But if I can make her look as though she's sinking Hannay will be sure to think the ice has cracked her shell. If we're lucky they'll take to the boats."

"Can you get her up again, Joe?" Leslie asked.

I nodded, and then said, "I won't need to. If we get rid of Hannay I can resign as of that moment. We'll turn her own officers and crew loose on her." I raised my voice. "Now what's it to be? Anybody against it?"

They were huddled about in that smoking room, wearing fur coats, wearing blankets, wearing anything. I knew that soon any help would be too late.

But they were with me. They wanted to shake my hand and they wanted me to know it was all right, even if I did a wrong thing and sank the ship. At last I tore myself away from that, and away from Leslie because from here on it was strictly my own show.

There was only one way to the engine room open to me, and I went down the escape hatch and into the shaft alley and down there it was blacker than any night as I went for'rd along it. I had a spanner for the watertight door with me.

By the time I got it open far enough to squeeze through I'd raised a kind of sweat, and my head was spinning with weakness. The ship was making different noises to herself down there, and in the vast shadowy cave of the engine room she was groaning and straining and her bilge was thundering over her tank tops. I went on down until I came to the bilge manifolds.

I'd picked up the wrench I needed, and the valves came out fast. I boxed up the manifolds, careful not to drop anything, not to make a noise that would give me away to the men above me. Then I went over to the outboard side of one of the motors, opening valves as I went. When I opened the last one I could hear the sea rush in.

BACK aft again, I told Nick, told him what valves to close when we wanted to shut off the rush of water. "That'll be your contribution," I said. "Go down when you feel her beginning to settle. Shut them when I holler down the skylights."

I went up to the boat deck then, exhausted and cold-sweating from my exertions, and for this I wanted to be alone. I waited, leaning against the after side of a ventilator, and pretty soon I could feel her getting heavy.

Hannay's people were certainly on the bit. A few minutes later I heard confused yelling, then I risked a look and saw de Moot run out to the wing of the bridge, take a look, and run back in again.

"She's going down!" I heard him yell, and then Hannay appeared, and Singleton. "That's the ice," Hannay said, and in the cold air his voice carried back clearly. "It's torn her plates. Order all hands to abandon. Don't leave a single boat for them. Let them all go down with her."

Hannay was still the captain. He walked slowly back and forth in the wing while the men poured out on the boat deck and he finished a cigarette with the air of a man with all the time in the world while they uncovered all the boats and swung them off the chocks. Then he came down the bridge ladder, his cap at a jaunty angle, a white muffler gleaming at his throat. The rest of them were unkempt, bearded, dirty. They were animals making a last, lost bid for their lives. But never Hannay. And the last I saw of him was the golden gleam of his cap as they gave way on the falls and the boats disappeared.

I ran along the deck then, and pounded on the skylights and yelled to Nick to shut down the valves. Her head still had plenty of buoyancy. My part was done. I had paid and paid, for every mistake I'd ever made.

Somebody came up behind me and took my hand.

"Joe. Joe, darling."

I said, "It's all right now, baby. Everything's all right now," and she was warm now, and good and sweet in my arms; and I knew I'd never earned her, never could really deserve her. But that I had her.

After a while she said: "We'd better go down and let the captain out, Joe."

"My God, yes!"

Leslie was looking at the two lifeboats, small now, disappearing and appearing again in the marching mist. "Are they finished, Joe?"

I said, "Yes. They may live for a while. There'll be food in the boats. But they can't last long."

She shuddered, and then we turned our backs on the slowly receding lifeboats, shutting them out of our lives forever. • • •

World'sBiggestSideshow

(Continued from page 27)

says Mrs. Franck. "He's had me serve dinner to ex-convicts, female window washers, process servers, and even a pair of Siamese twins.

To provide bizarre effects for its listeners, "We, the People" has piped on-the-spot broadcasts from leper colonies, from picket lines, from the decks of battleships. They once invaded a prison, got a condemned killer awaiting execution to tell teen-agers why crime does not pay. Another time they arranged for a famous pianist, gone mad, to broadcast a recital from the insane asylum in which he had been incarcerated, to demonstrate the therapeutic value of music.

When "We, the People" heard of two feuding families in the Kentucky hills who had been killing one another off for years, they sent Franck down as a peace ambassador. He succeeded in getting the two families to bury the hatchet on the radio show.

From time to time "We, the People" takes a stand on important matters, and the ensuing repercussions over the networks frequently bring results. They aired the story of Eugene Kogan, who was an eyewitness to the brutalities of Elsa Koch. As a result of Kogan's broadcast, he was summoned to Washington to testify before a Congressional Committee and soon after that, action was taken to reverse the decision of the European court freeing Elsa Koch.

Characters out of Ripley? "We, the People" has had them by the hundred. There was "Evil-Eye" Finkle, who told how he could make a sports contestant win or lose merely by subjecting him to his unique stare. There was the tattoo expert who told how he made his living eradicating last year's sweethearts from the chests of sailors. There was the housewife whose recipe for bread made from goat's milk sounded so tasty Macy's had her bake thousands of loaves for its bakery. And there was a scientist who had devoted years of research toward proving that after dunking a live worm in a Martini it made perfect bait on a fish hook.

Nothing is sacred to the "We, the People" producers if they think it will make for a schmaltzy story. They are admitted merchants of corn, tears, death and heartbreak—but it all adds up to one of radio's highest Hooper ratings.

They will go into a hospital to get the sound effects of a man breathing in an iron lung as he reports the story of his battle with polio. When Ernie Pyle was killed in action, they got Mrs. Pyle to tell how his death affected her. A man in New York recently threw his children off a bridge, then committed suicide by jumping, too. "We, the People" got his widow to tell her reaction to the tragedy.

The program's greatest shocker? It occurred the time a woman saw her husband and son drowning at the same time, and realized she would have time to save only one of them. She decided to rescue the boy. "We, the People" had her tell the radio audience why she had chosen the boy instead of her mate. Her tragic answer evoked thousands of letters, some agreeing with the solution to her dilemna, others not.

How does "We, the People" dig up its weekly quota of zany characters? Seven reporter-writers on the staff read hundreds of periodicals from all over the country, avidly study the news items clacking over the press association tickers. This relentless dragnet for human interest unearths about a score of unusual people every week. Franck and his producers sift each batch for the most interesting half dozen. Then it becomes Franck's job to lure the six chosen subjects before an NBC microphone to give forth messages that are newsworthy, funny, tragic or entertaining.

A selected personality is assigned to a writer who contacts the subject, gets him to New York, interviews him, writes the spot for the show and shepherds the guest through the hazards of Manhattan life until after the broadcast.

But enthusiastic aspirants for spots on the program don't wait to be "discovered"—they write thousands of letters explaining why they should be allowed to tell their stories on the air.

If some of these correspondents are to be believed, talking dogs, cats and horses are a dime a dozen. One regular correspondent is a man from Albuquerque, New Mexico, who claims that each Monday night ghosts of cliff-dwelling Indians, who have been dead 500 years, appear to give him tips on the horses.

Detective Story Flavor

Now and then the program staffers get in a bit of detective-story flavor in their backstage dramas. On their television inaugural, for instance, they had imported Eben Ahbez, the bearded California tent-dweller, to tell about the writing of his song, "Nature Boy." It happened that a crew of process servers were after the song-writing vegetarian to present him with a summons in a matter concerning the ownership of his best-seller tune. Gossip had it that Nature Boy spent his nights in Central Park. When the bearded tunester, who was actually sleeping on a roof in Brooklyn, couldn't be found in the park, the servers planned to grab him at the "We, the People" broadcast.

Program members persuaded them that it wouldn't be cricket to give Eben the business in front of the blue-ribbon audience gathered for the premiere and finally got them to call off the dogs until after the show went off the air. But Ahbez, who appeared second, doublecrossed everyone by disappearing as soon as his part of the show was completed. He returned to California unserved.

Anything can happen on a "We, the People" show. When C. E. Hooper appeared to explain the Hooper rating he had devised, he phoned a listener—and found him tuned in on a rival program. When General Doolittle was invited to tell the world how he and his fliers had pinpoint-bombed Japan, he arrived ten minutes late—because he couldn't find the studio, located in central Manhattan. ● ● ●

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

DOWN WITH MURDER!
Gripe Editor:

My gripe, gentlemen, is Radio Murder Chillers. I realize that script writers have to eat, but I do wish every one of 'em could be forced to spend a week-end with my wife. Then they would see how this shy sensitive creature called Woman sits night after night, ear glued to the radio, agonizing over the shrieks, moans, and other forms of hysteria with which said script writers ply their trade.

As a GI, I spent three nights a week at night school and I find it a bit monotonous, on coming home, to have to ring the bell, identify myself, wait while she removes chairs, boxes, tables and other impedimenta with which she barricades herself during my absence, then "slip in quick" for fear I'm being followed.

After we retire for the night, she lies awake, staring-eyed, reviewing the plots in her mind, and after a couple of hours she insists I get up and search the house to make sure the Murdering Ghoul of Oak Manor isn't lurking in our living room.

Night school is supposed to help us guys get ahead, but I'm fast losing mine, thanks to these cheerful fellows, and I can picture our rosy future, as we descend into the sunset of life, holding hands in some cosy snake pit in company of other raving victims of Murder Scripts Inc.

GEORGE SIMPSON
Chatsworth, California

AMATEUR DOCTORS
Gripe Editor:

My gripe is the self-styled medical expert who has all the dope on any particular disease. No matter what disease you get, there will be among your friends one who is glad to tell you and your relatives just how badly off he thinks you are.

I was hospitalized while in the Army and wrote to one of my buddies about it. He wrote back telling me how sorry he was and also how an aunt of his had died of the same disease. He never wrote again. Evidently he didn't think I'd live until his letter arrived.

Another misinformed friend sadly summarized my case as hopeless despite the optimistic verdict of a specialist.

Why do these people delight in handing out their morbid misinformation, not only to the victim, but also to friends and relatives who are worried enough as it is with the truth? CHARLES R. GREEN
Grand Rapids, Michigan

UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS
Gripe Editor:

Why is it that . . . . . .

I have never been on a "through" elevator in my life?

I never have won so much as a nickel when I was broke, but did fairly well when I had a few dollars?

I have never been in a hurry that something or someone didn't delay me, but when I have had plenty of time nothing occurred to impede me?

I have never received a cup of coffee in a restaurant at the time I desired it?

I invariably change my mind from the winning horse to the one who comes in last?

I work hard all day, but the minute I get up from my seat the boss appears?

Well, it's a great life anyhow. Name me someone who hasn't wondered about one of the above?

JANET MORRIS
San Francisco, California

". . . agonizing over the shrieks and moans with which they ply their trade."

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