P.P. INC

ARGOSY

THE COMPLETE MAN'S MAGAZINE

NOV. 25c

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER Has New Reader-participation Idea In His Latest Mystery Novel—READ IT ON PAGE 22

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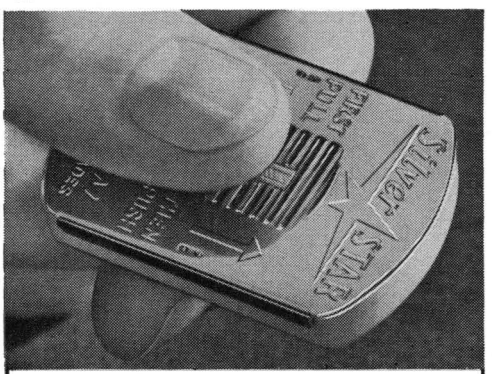

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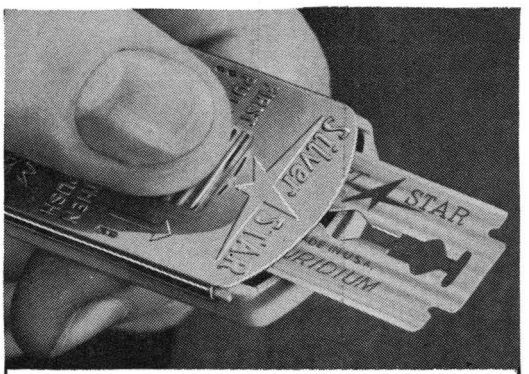

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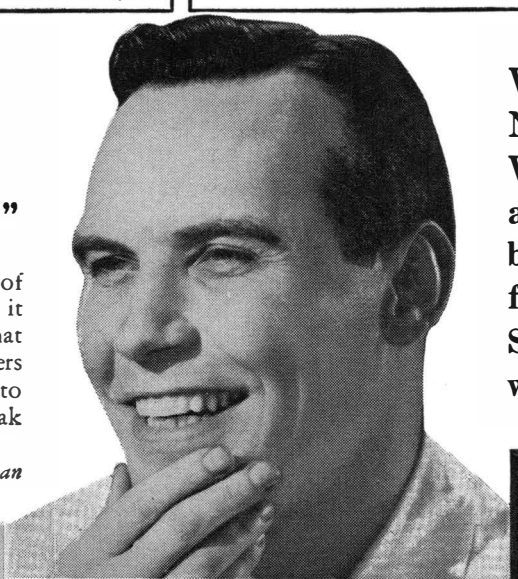

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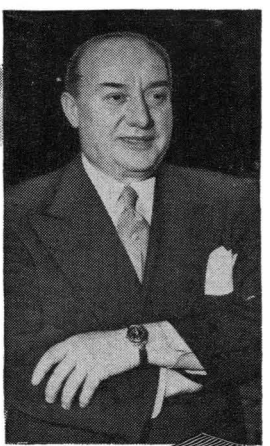

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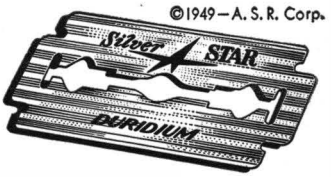

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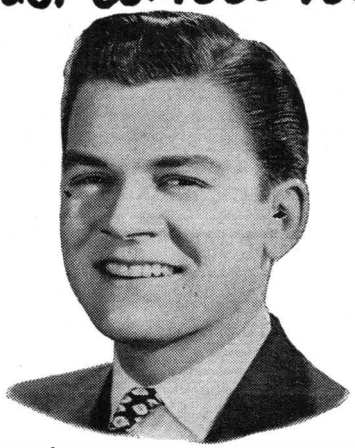

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ARGOSY

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Number 5

THE COMPLETE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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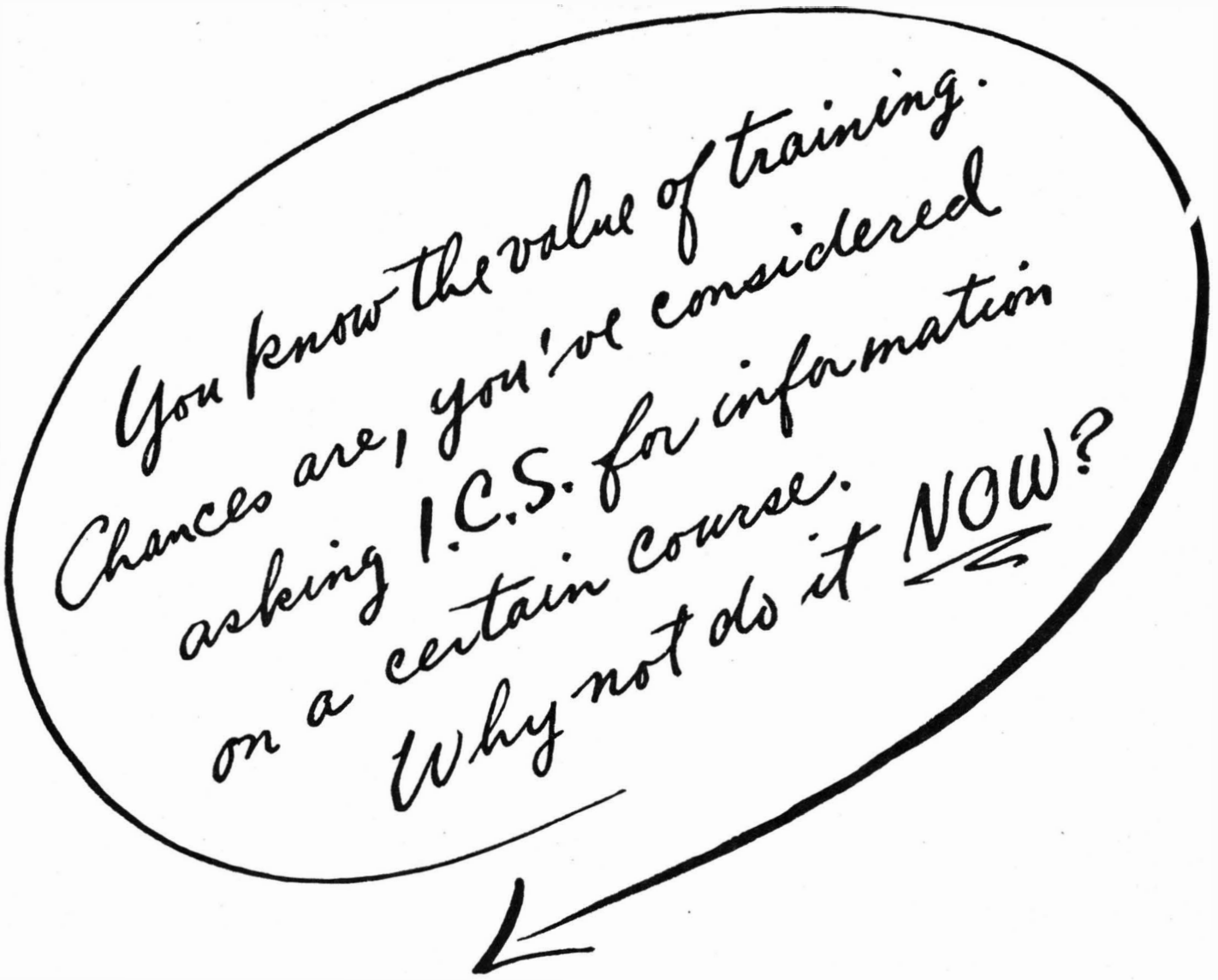

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COOKING WITH DYNAMITE

A Practical Joke in Action

A LETTER just arrived from England from Erle Stanley Gardner. We want you to share it:

When we started to write the adventures of your "Court of Last Resort," Harry Steeger said, "Gardner, the columns of the magazine are wide open for reporting your activities. **The one thing I'm going to insist on is that you take the reader right along with you in everything you do.**"

So, when we started our investigation of this strange case of Louis Gross, who was convicted of murder sixteen years ago, and when it began to appear advisable to consult the famous Dr. Robert P. Brittain, of Glasgow, Scotland, on a phase of that case, we asked Harry Steeger if he wanted us to take the readers along to Europe with us.

Steeger's answer was characteristic. "Where you fellows go, the readers go," he said.

Our consultation with Dr. Brittain was only one of the objectives of this trip. We also wanted to study the methods used by Scotland Yard in connection with certain types of work. In addition to that, we wanted to meet some of the prominent specialists in the field of crime investigation.

I had anticipated that we would perhaps write some specialized articles on these points, but Steeger pointed out that the readers of ARGOSY like to travel, and, since they had accompanied us on our investigation of the Gross case and the case of the Brite brothers in California, that they would doubtless be interested in seeing something of Europe. With a look of complete innocence, he assured us that he felt certain there would be enough excitement and travel news to hold the reader fascinated.

Little did we realize the extent to which Steeger, with diabolical ingenuity, had arranged things so that there *would* be excitement!

"Take our readers traveling," Steeger said. "Describe London, Glasgow, Paris, the travel accomodations, the men you meet, the work done by Scotland Yard —in short, give us the works."

And then Steeger, coming down to the boat to see us off, surreptitiously secured the name of our cabin mate from the labels on his baggage. So it happened that on a Friday night, when the boat was well out at sea, the wireless carried a message to this chap. The message bore the signature, "Doctor Steegmuller, New York Hospital for the Insane." The message itself read:

YOUR CABIN MATES ARE DANGEROUS MENTAL CASES JUST ESCAPED FROM OUR HOSPITAL STOP TAKE ALL PRECAUTIONS.

However, we had no way of knowing what was in (*Continued on page* 6)

Drawings by RALPH STEIN

. . . he wanted us to take the readers of ARGOSY along to Europe with us.

The Strange Marriage Bargain That Placed Love Last!

URSULA was a spirited young beauty who vowed she would never marry. Peacefully secure on her small estate, she knew life could not hurt her much, and no *man* could hurt her at all! But because love had never thrilled her, Ursula found herself helpless to cope with William Prescott. Hated and feared by everyone, Prescott was a man of violent ambitions which drove him with passionate urgency. Perhaps a stronger woman might have resisted him, but suddenly, incredibly, Ursula accepted his fantastic offer of marriage . . . though she was *told* she would be no more than the bearer of his future children and his "wife of convenience"! "Let Love Come Last" is Taylor Caldwell's greatest novel—even more powerful than "This Side of Innocence"! The publisher's edition is priced at $3.00.

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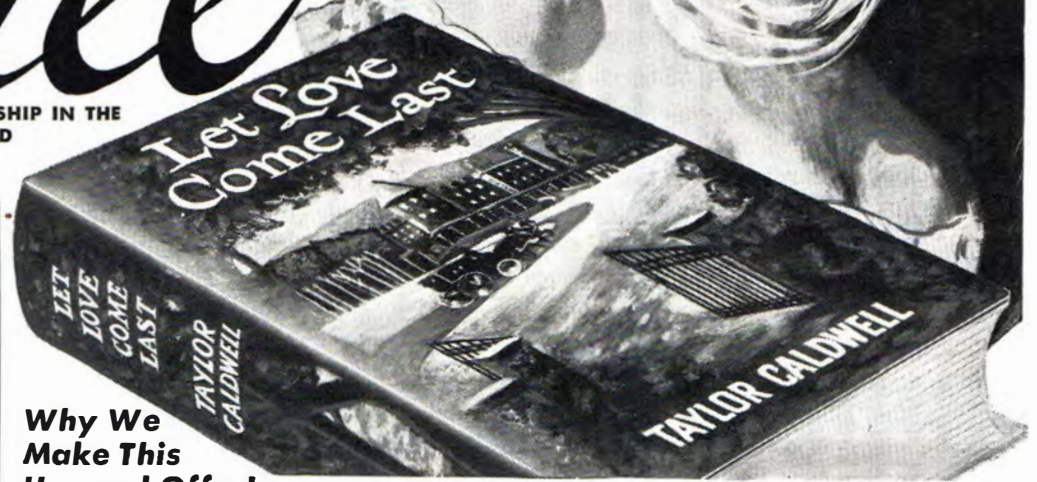

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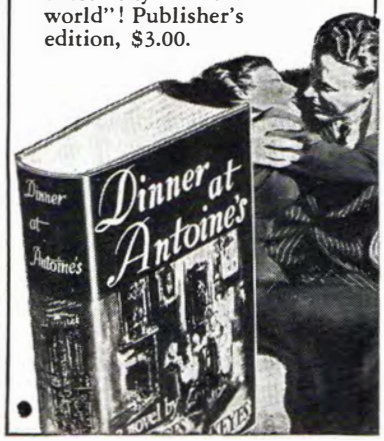

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Cooking with Dynamite

(Continued from page 4)

store for us as Steeger, his innocent countenance radiating good will, shook hands with us at the dock and wished us *bon voyage.*

Had we known the chain of events that were destined to be set in motion by that telegram we would have cheerfully and unhesitatingly throttled the boy.

But we were babes in the wood.

Upon embarking, Dr. Snyder and I had decided that this trip was to be one of complete relaxation. I had taken precautions to be listed only as E. S. Gardner on the passenger list, and while Dr. Snyder had made no attempt to disguise his name, none of the passengers recognized the quiet, unassuming man with the keen blue eyes as one of the world's foremost homicide investigators. In fact, as we afterwards found out, fellow passengers had catalogued us as a couple of brokers taking a much needed rest.

And so we sprawled out in our deck chairs, loafing and relaxing, trying not to be unsociable, but not encouraging any shipboard contacts.

Then all hell broke loose.

All Was Calm Until . . .

The *Media* is one of the new type of passenger liners carrying around two hundred and fifty passengers. It is what is known as a one-class ship, which means that all passengers are "First Class," and the ship is a tight, well-built, finely designed vessel, capable of giving passengers a maximum of comfort, combined with that atmosphere of informality which is encountered only on a relatively small vessel.

It had been terribly hot in New York, and since we followed the Gulf Stream for a couple of days, the hot weather had pursued us. **The purser was relaxing after an arduous day, the ship's doctor was stretched out in his bunk, reading—of all things!—a detective story.**

The ship was calmly hissing its way through the placid blue waters, while stars overhead winked quietly down upon the churned-up wake at the stern of the vessel.

Then the wireless crackled out Dr. Steegmuller's message.

Trouble Caught Up With Us

As it happened, this message caught the ship's officers—Captain J. Quale, V. McLeod Philips, the purser, and Dr. C. P. O'Brien, the ship's surgeon—in what I still insist must have been an unusually credulous mood. But, as the captain later pointed out to me, on a matter of that kind, with the safety of two hundred and fifty passengers at stake, no captain dares take even the slightest chance.

The wireless operator rushed the message to the bridge and asked for instructions. The captain impounded the message, rang an emergency alarm for the purser and the ship's doctor, which brought those individuals rushing pellmell to the bridge.

Who the devil were the other two occupants of Cabin A 44?

Our cabin steward was summoned on the run. Members of the crew were discreetly questioned. The resulting information seemed to indicate that those passengers might be exactly as "Dr. Steegmuller" had described them.

. . . a picture of the Irish coast.

Casual questions asked by fellow passengers had been evaded or parried. What had at first seemed a desire to rest in isolated tranquillity, suddenly appeared, in the light of Dr. Steegmuller's message, the morose brooding of distorted minds, too busy planning murder to dare be sociable.

The ship carried six strait-jackets. Not that anyone ever expected to use them, but they were there in the ship's stores. The captain ordered them broken out—all six of them.

We're Put Under Guard

A guard was detailed to shadow us every minute of the day. When we retired at night, another guard with a whistle was stationed outside the cabin door. At the first suspicious sound the whistle was to blow, a picked squad of reinforcements was to be in instant readiness—and then, of course, there were the six strait-jackets.

All of these precautions had to be taken without giving us the slightest inkling of what was happening, or in any way arousing the apprehension of fellow passengers. It took a lot of planning. The captain paced the bridge all night, issuing orders, getting reports, checking to make certain everything was in readiness.

In the meantime, the wireless was crackling frantic messages to New York. But the mysterious "Dr. Steegmuller" had timed the message to perfection. It was a hot Friday night in New York. Offices had closed, and it was difficult to start any check-up of the message without chancing a "leak" which would have made a startling story for the press—**a Cunard Liner with two homicidal maniacs on her passenger list, the ship crowded to capacity.**

It wasn't until around noon the next day that advices began to trickle in which indicated that no Doctor Steeg-

muller was registered as a psychiatrist, that there was no such institution as the New York Hospital for the Insane, and that the serial number of the message itself indicated the strong possibility of a hoax.

For the first time in twenty-four hours, the captain quit pacing the bridge and suggested to the purser that he'd better have a look at us.

So we were invited for cocktails to the purser's cabin. The captain shook hands with a crushing grip, then promptly proceeded to put a table between himself and us. Our every remark was listened to with a coldly analytical appraisal.

It is a difficult thing to convince a fellow man that you are sane.

Maybe We Are Crazy!

What the heck—perhaps Doctor Steegmuller was right after all!

It was about this time that a certain innocuous debate between Dr. Le Moyne Snyder and me assumed hideous proportions. Dr. Snyder had pointed out that, according to statistics carefully figured by Arctic explorers, the melting of the Greenland ice cap would cause the waters of all oceans on the earth to be raised fourteen feet. He had facetiously suggested to me that under such circumstances all ships would have to quit sailing, because with the water level increased by fourteen feet, water would come pouring into the portholes and the ship would founder.

I am never inclined to take the other man's viewpoint of anything. So I insisted that the net result would be that the ship itself would be raised fourteen feet in the air. Therefore the propellers would be thrashing at the water, churning it into foam, and the ship would get no place.

I like to argue. I produced many plausible reasons to support my point. The debate was carried on with deadpan seriousness. Passengers who had

A guard was stationed outside our door.

listened in had taken sides. It was a joke—at the time.

Now that debate suddenly assumed great significance.

The inescapable conclusion of all this is that any (*Concluded on page* 107)

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TED LESTER
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Argonotes

MEET THE AUTHORS BEHIND ARGOSY'S STORIES

THOMAS W. HELM, III, at the age of 11, decided he was destined to be a writer and knocked off his first novel, "Jungle Nights—and Days." It has, unfortunately, never been published.

A year later, Helm's ambitions took another tack. He decided his nautical last name was an indication his future life should be tied with the sea.

Now both these ambitions have been in part fulfilled. Tom has worked as deckhand on a racing sloop, run a charter fishing boat off the Florida coast, been a newspaper reporter, and piloted Catalina flying boats in the Navy Air Force. This last career ended abruptly when he was hit by Japanese machine-gun bullets at Pearl Harbor.

He has one unfulfilled ambition. Years ago he knocked around the West Indies in an old schooner. Now he'd like to go back, with his wife, a good camera and a seaworthy ship. He's especially insistent on the last. On the earlier trip, the schooner leaked.

ART OLSEN'S first magazine article, "The Secret Army of the Caribbean," tells, for the first time, the inside story of a strange new crusade. It was a tough story to get.

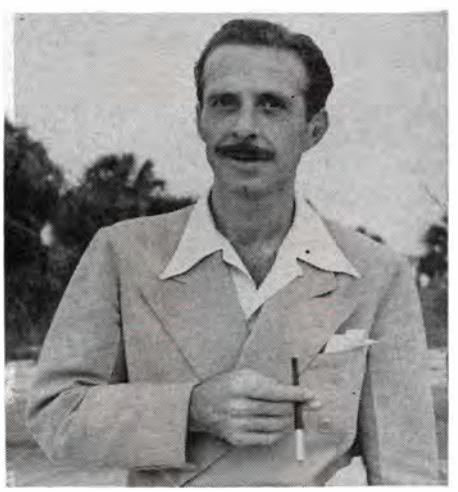
Twice Art tried to get into headquarters and twice was stopped by guards. Discouraged, he took a room at a nearby *pension* so he could watch the building easily. He had just begun to unpack when the phone rang.

A gentleman, who would not identify himself, with an accent more New Zealand than Caribbean, wanted to know what Olsen wanted. Art explained. The New Zealander insisted the Legion wanted no publicity.

Olsen argued that every U.S. reader should know about the Legion's battle for democracy in our hemisphere—a story which had never been told.

Finally, the mysterious New Zealander hung up, but he promised to call again. He did, ten minutes later, with word that Legion chief, Ramirez, would see Olsen the following day.

When Art appeared the next day . . . well, pick up the story on page 24.



DAY KEENE'S background is romantic and varied but not quite what one might expect it to be from reading his story, "Fight or Run" (page 58).

It is only during the past decade that he has become an outdoors man. Keene grew up in show business, played in stock and repertory theatres across the country and claims to have

When Peter Stevens brought in his cover painting of gridiron gloom at its darkest, we asked him to add one bright note—a red feather in the unhappy fan's hat. This is to remind readers that October is the month of the Community Chest's Red Feather Campaign. Four out of ten families in Community Chest areas benefit directly from services united under the Red Feather symbol. One of these is the revived USO, which serves 2,000,000 GI's and 200,000 hospitalized vets. When you give to your local Red Feather drive, you back the strongest team of welfare agencies in the field.

acted in every whistle stop west of the Mississippi before he was twenty.

When these theatres began closing up, Day turned to radio. He wrote and acted in soap operas for over four years, during which time he developed such an abiding hate for radio he refused to allow one in his house. He no longer feels quite as strongly and admits to occasionally flicking a dial.

From radio, Keene turned to writing fiction and his stories have been appearing in many national magazines.

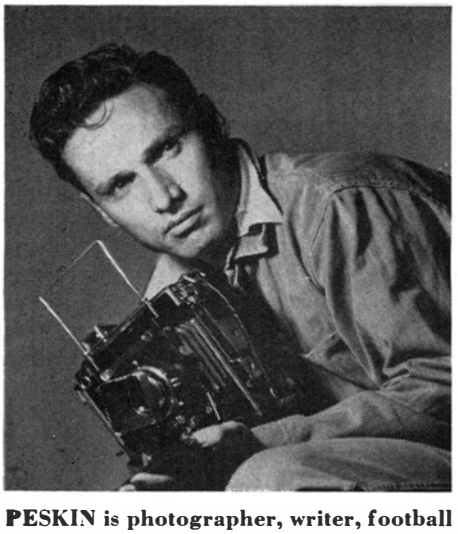
He now lives in Florida. When we wrote and asked him about his current interests and hobbies he answered quickly and to the point.

"I am partial to petite women, good whiskey, fast horses and fast friends. I married the first, indulge (in moderation) in the second, have lost my shirt on the third and am favored with a few of the latter."

DAD MADE A LIAR OUT OF ME (page 39) is the first humor piece Bob Diendorfer has ever written. Bob ordinarily knocks himself out over blood and thunder pieces or hard-hitting sport stories like Baseball Spies (Argosy—Sept. 1949).

Bob grew up in Aurora, Illinois. His family still lives there and his father is still a practicing dentist. Bob's brother Jack escaped the profession, too. Took the name of Denton and is now a comedian at the Penthouse Club in Los Angeles.

HY PESKIN and Doak Walker became close friends while Hy was working on "Frank Merriwell '49." After Peskin had finished the piece, Walker sent a small, battered football helmet to Evan Brian, Hy's six-year-old son. It was the first one ever to sit on the now famous Walker head. (The Peskins have another boy, aged 3, who seems headed for the line.) Inspired, possibly by the helmet, Evan Brian plays first-class ball. He is confused on one point, however. He thinks you have to make a touchdown every time you get the ball. When he gains only sixty yards, he's unhappy. It's okay, though. Patron Walker is of the same mind.



PESKIN is photographer, writer, football fan—which adds up to story on page 28.

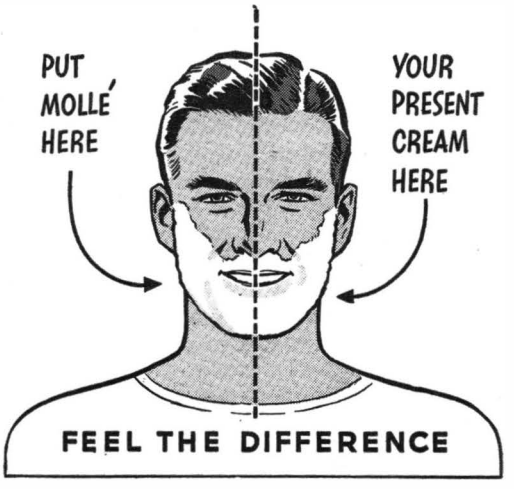
WE DOUBLE DARE YOU

TO MAKE THE "MOLLÉ TEST"

BUY THE 25¢ TUBE AND PROVE WHICH GIVES YOU THE FINEST SHAVE!

You risk 25¢ — we risk 50¢!

1. When convenient, skip a shave.
2. Next day, when your whiskers are at their longest and toughest, put your present cream on half your face.
3. Put Mollé, the heavier brushless cream, on the other half. *Spread it thin!*
4. Go over your face JUST ONCE with your razor . . . and feel the difference.



Double your money back . . .

. . . if Mollé does not give you the best shave you ever had in your life. Get a tube today.

If this test does not convince you, just mail us back the Mollé tube. Address, Box 49, New York 8, N.Y. This offer expires December 31, 1949. Only one refund per customer.

THE HEAVIER BRUSHLESS CREAM

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GIVE a "bit of Sunshine" this Christmas. More than Two Million Packages safely delivered . . . (Celebrating Our FIFTEENTH Anniversary). Store fruit never tasted like this . . . Satisfaction guaranteed! Express Prepaid . . . Send Check or Money Order . . . No foreign shipments. Send for FREE, beautifully illustrated full-color 28 page Brochure showing other COBBS Fruit Gift Packages.

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Approx. 45 lbs. A handwoven, gaily colored Imported Wicker Reusable Hamper of Assorted Oranges and Grapefruit decorated with Kumquats, Persian Limes and Tangerines.

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Same as Gift No. 11 EXCEPT HALF THE SIZE AND WEIGHT.

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GIFT NO. 1 • $4.94
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Send me FREE, full-color brochure, picturing 28 pages of other wonderful fruit gifts. ☐
Enclosed is check or money order for $_____ for gift packages to be shipped to names on ATTACHED list. ←

MY NAME_____
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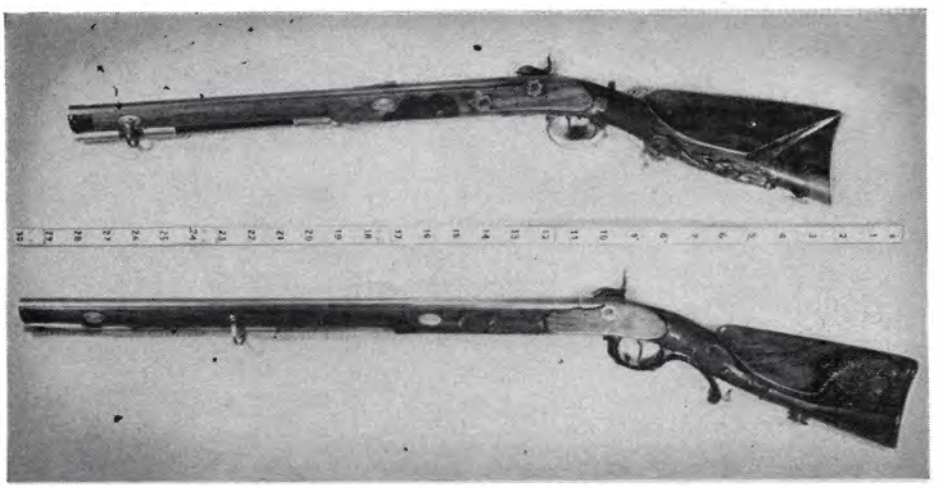
ask your ARGOSY expert...



MINIATURE GUNS (rifle and ball) look like a small boy's toys, but aren't. Can anyone tell Bill Baker about gunsmith L. Starke, of Prussia, who made them?

Gun Collectors: What About Miniatures?

Dear Expert:

I own two foreign guns I have been unable to identify.

They were made by L. Starke of Muskiu, Prussia. One is a rifle and the other ball. They are beautifully carved with inlaid brass.

I am enclosing a picture showing the dimensions. They are too small for practical use and were evidently made for a small boy or for samples of Starke's workmanship.

I will appreciate any information you can give me.

Bill Baker

Fortuna, California

Dear Mr. Baker:

According to your photographs the guns are certainly mighty fine examples of the gun maker's art. And very desirable, as at the present time there is quite some interest in miniature firearms and some collectors are becoming specialists in this field.

Unfortunately, I am sorry to say I have no record of the activities of L. Starke. Also, I would not care to estimate the value of these pieces without actually examining them.

Perhaps some of our readers may have some information about the maker and his work.

PETE KUHLHOFF

Tanning Snake Skin

Dear Expert:

Could you suggest a method for tanning snake skin for the purpose of making belts, etc.?

Thank you.

Henri Despres

Nashua, N. H.

Dear Mr. Despres:

There are many rather complicated ways of tanning snake skin. Here's how professional snake hunters do it.

First, skin the snake by ripping the pelt from neck to tip of tail. When the skin is off scrape it clean with a dull table knife or the edge of a tablespoon, so you won't cut the skin.

Dampen the skin and rub a 50-50 mixture of powdered alum and common salt into the skin (flesh side). Roll the skin up around something like a long corncob and leave it for two days. Unroll the skin and soak in warm water for an hour, then wash it in clean, warm water and plenty of soap suds. Use thumb tacks to stretch the skin on a smooth board, flesh side out. Let dry for three days in an airy but shady place. If the flesh side is rough use a piece of pumice stone or very fine sandpaper to smooth it. Remove the skin from the board and rub in a little castor oil to soften it. Roll the skin up until needed.

This method gives a better tan, is less dangerous than sulphuric acid.

DOC JENKINS

Lightning Rods

Dear Expert:

We have some very bad lightning storms down here in Florida.

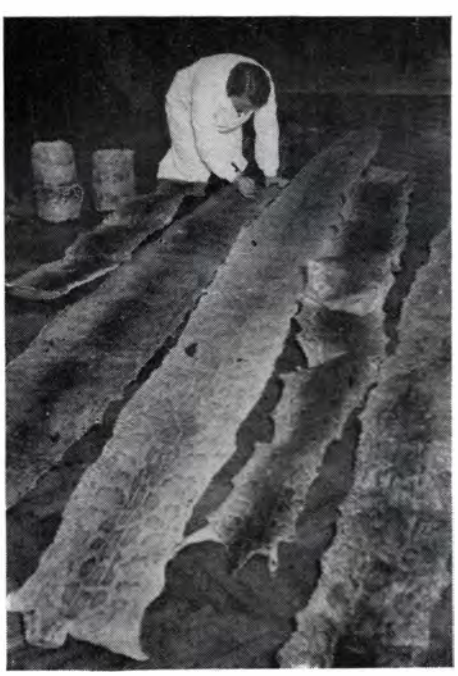
Is a lightning rod on a house sufficient protection? Can the house still be hit? How can I build a rod or where can I buy one?

Leonard A. Welsh

Lake Wales, Florida

Dear Mr. Welsh:

A lightning rod isn't designed to protect your house against being struck, but what the rod does is to give the lightning the easiest possible thing



Black Star

PROFESSIONAL leather worker tans snake skins by Doc Jenkins' method.

Each month ARGOSY'S board of hobby experts, each a specialist in his field, will answer queries about popular hobbies. The board includes Pete Kuhlhoff, gun collecting and photography; Byron W. Dalrymple, hunting and fishing; Doc Jenkins, trapping and trail tips; Arthur Miller, handicraft for the outdoorsman; Raymond S. Spears, pearling and camping; Darrell Huff, homecraft; Ray Josephs, travel; R. H. McGahen, leathercraft; Robert J. Whittier, small boats. Others may be added from time to time. Address Hobby Corner, ARGOSY Magazine, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, New York.

Charles Phelps Cushing

TRICK is to give lightning some easy object to hit—without any damage.

to hit. The rod is connected to the ground, and the charge is thus harmlessly carried off.

You can dispense with a rod if you have a metal roof; simply ground it by connecting regular copper wire to it and to a rod driven into the ground. If there is a radio aerial, it should have a lightning arrester (you can buy them for about a dollar) in it.

I'd suggest you find out about getting the rod from any building materials dealer, lumber yard, hardware store, or mail-order house.

DARRELL HUFF

To Keep Ducks Fresh

Sirs:

We are planning to go duck-hunting some time this month. Can you tell me how to keep our game fresh? We'll be out camping for two or three days.

Albert Hague

Brimley, Michigan

Dear Mr. Hague:

When you start on a duck hunt of several days' duration take along a supply of five-pound paper sacks. After the shoot is over for the day draw the ducks and hang them up by their heads until they have drained and all body heat has left them. Fill the cavities with grass or leaves and put each duck in a sack, tying the tops tightly to exclude all air. Keep the duck-sacks in a cool place until ready to return home. Ducks taken care of in this way will stay sweet and fresh for at least 48 hours, even in warm weather.

Never put ducks or any freshly killed game on ice unless you can keep them there until you are ready to use them. Game, especially ducks, starts to spoil quickly if taken off the ice and allowed to thaw out.

DOC JENKINS

YOU WON'T GET ANYWHERE UNLESS YOU START

WHEN IT'S AN Exide ...YOU START

No one loves a late-comer. Nor do waiting friends care to divide attention between an interesting game and a tale of car-starting trouble. It's no excuse to them . . . shouldn't be for you, because it need not occur.

To arrive on time, be sure your car will start. When you buy a battery for your car, buy *starting assurance*. *REMEMBER*, a single starting failure can be far more costly than the little extra you pay for a trustworthy Exide Battery.

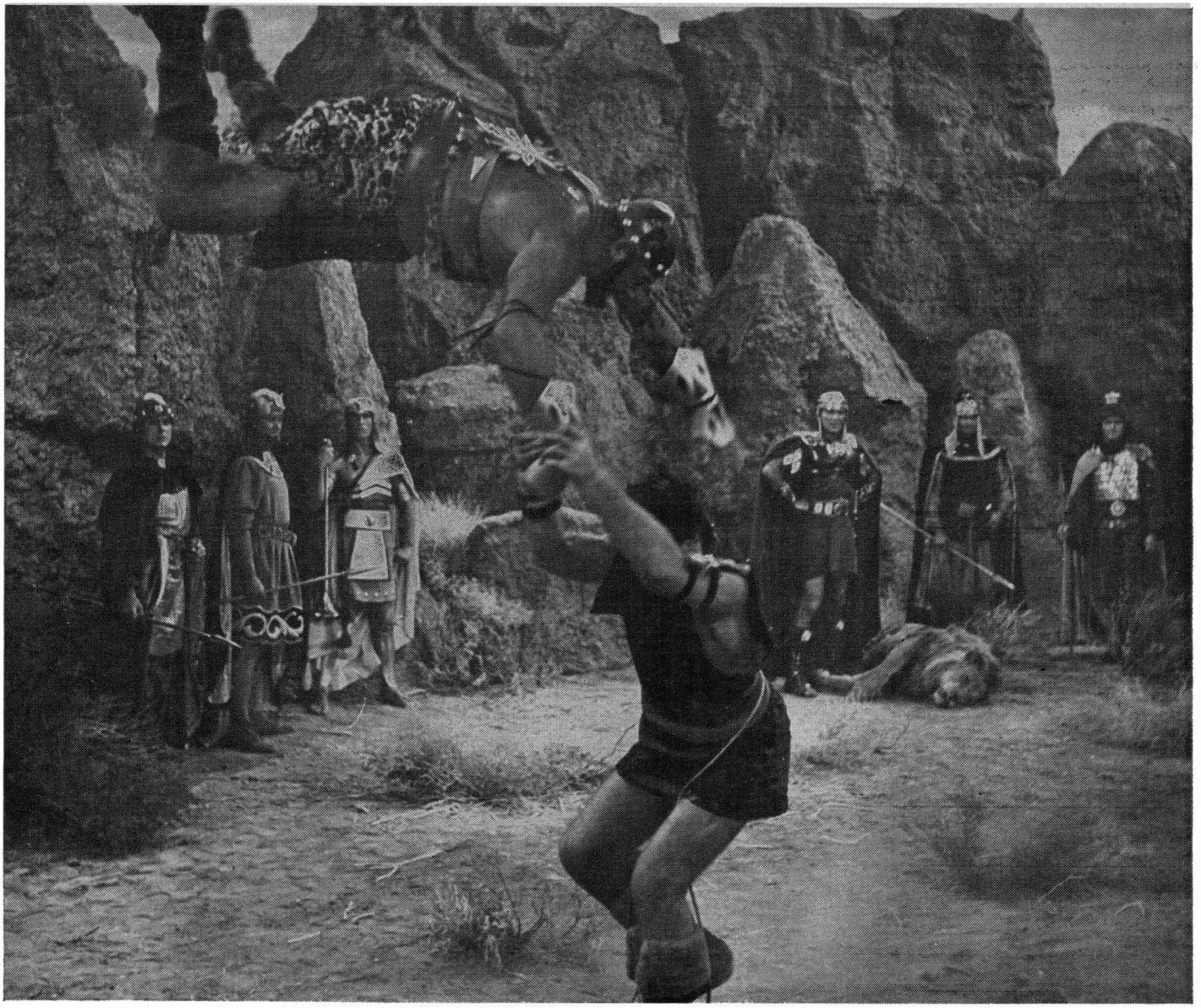
1888 .... DEPENDABLE BATTERIES FOR 61 YEARS 1949

"Exide" *Reg. Trade-mark U. S. Pat. Off.*

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia 32

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

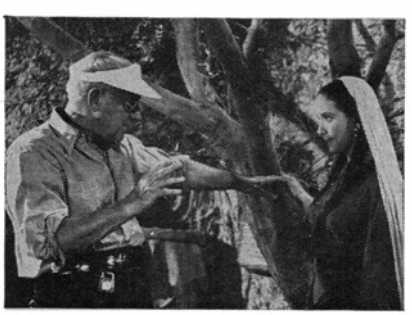

PICTURES
Tell the Story
REALISTIC MAKE-BELIEVE COST VICTOR MATURE BROKEN TOE.



AS THE BIBLICAL superman, Victor Mature brawls his way through one of the roughest scripts ever to come out of Hollywood. First strong-man chores are to wrestle a lion to its death, then a doubting Philistine soldier.

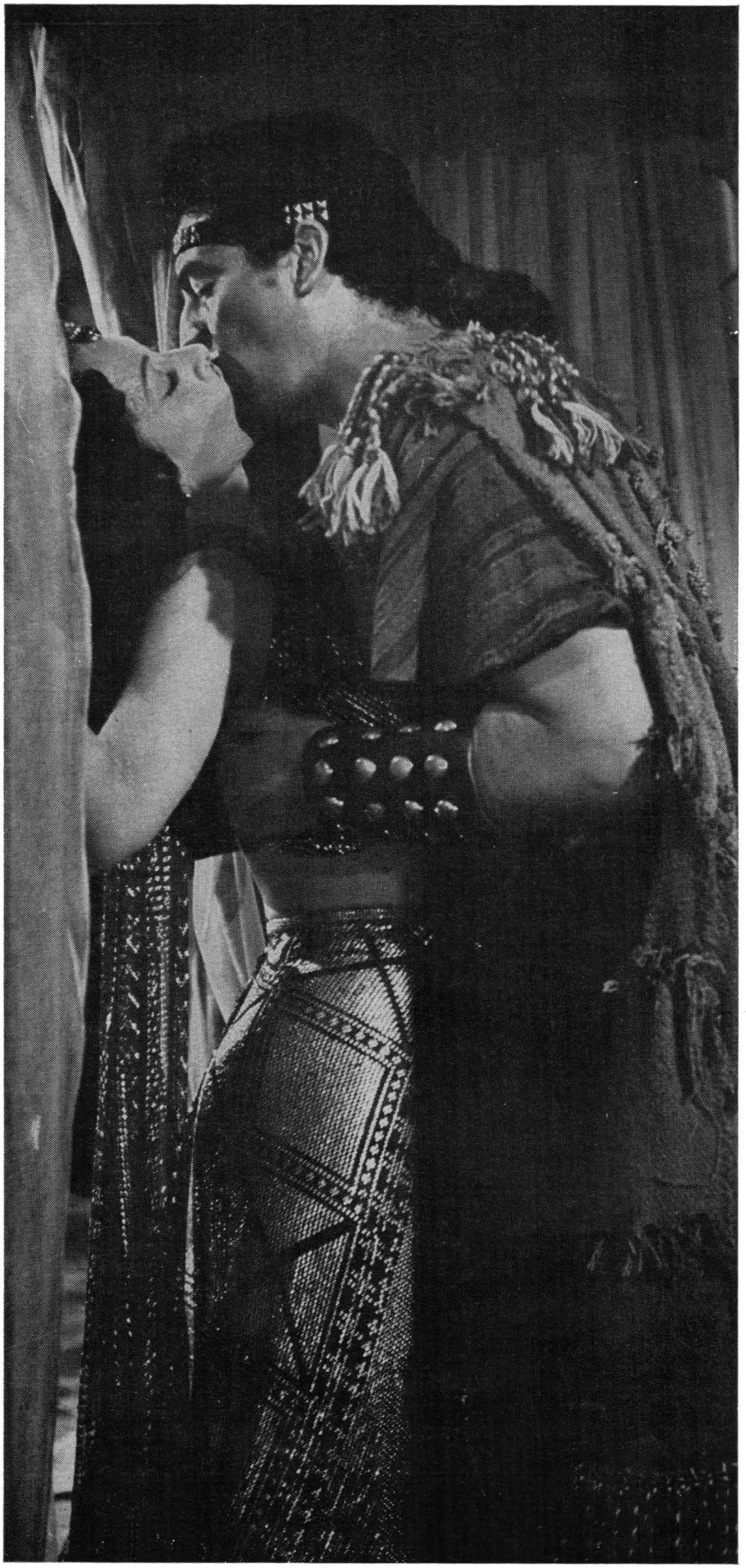
Samson Cracks Movie Depression

With an Assist from Delilah and Cecil B. (Spectacle) de Mille



DE MILLE'S direction is explicit.

SUREST sign that Hollywood's post-war blues are over is the forthcoming Cecil B. de Mille epic, "Samson and Delilah." First in the country to raise the cry of "depression," the film industry is now falling all over itself to be the first to plunge into the current wave of economic optimism. Paramount's plunge is to the tune of over $4,000,000. After four lean years of slashed budgets, chopped personnel and Grade-B fare, it has given the green light to another de Mille spectacle. What this means in terms of easing moviedom's doldrums is 1,000 people back at work, including over 500 actors and extras, plus 200 technicians. Almost as important as Paramount's dip into its money bags is another Hollywood technique tested during "Samson's" shooting. In addition to its regular camera crew, the studio also assigned photographers, armed with Rolleiflex cameras, to record the actual filming of the picture in candid-camera, documentary style. The action-laden results are on these and the following pages.



REALISM is demanded by de Mille. The script calls for a kiss, and you can rest assured that no one has ever osculated like Mature and Hedy Lamarr.

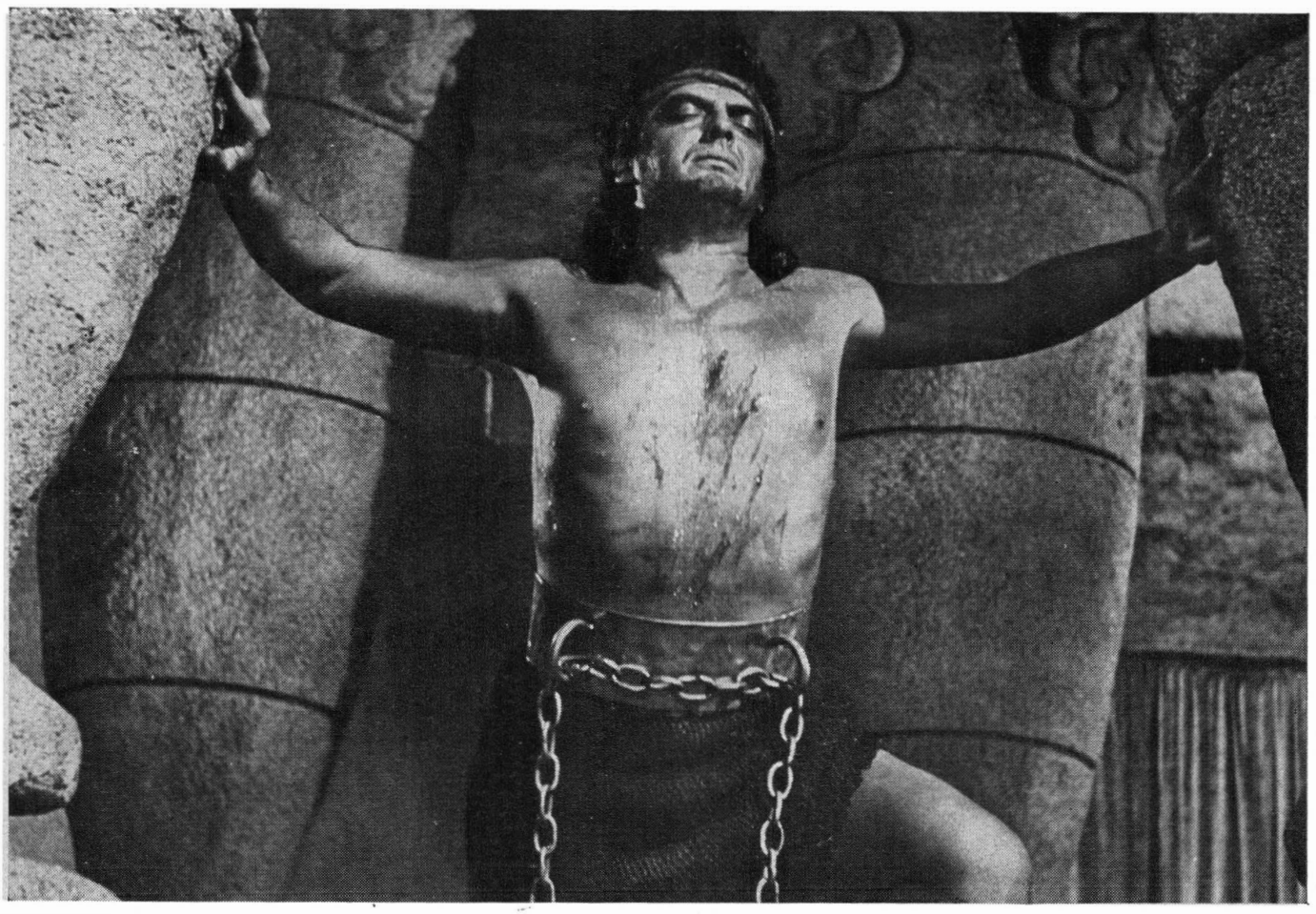
Samson CONTINUED

NO WEDDING was ever like Samson's. De Mille packed it with tons of real food, plenty of make-believe carnage.

CLIMAX of seven-day nuptial nightmare sees Samson's intended bride (Angela Lansbury) fatally impaled.

DE MILLE calls the Bible on two counts. His research turned up the fact that Samson ground wheat, not corn, in the dungeon, and also that the fetters that bound him were copper, not brass, which hadn't been invented.

DRESSING Lamarr as Delilah required ten gowns, three designers, 2,000 peacock feathers and 12 seamstresses.



GREATEST feat of strength in history is Samson's temple-toppling. It took eight days to film this scene alone.

WHEN DE MILLE'S Samson demolished the temple, he also created a 2,000-ton heap of plaster, stone and sponge rubber.

AUTHOR'S HOBBY: With these hand-loaded bullets, his .30-'06 is ready for anything—from tin cans to big game.

hobby corner

MAKE YOUR AMMUNITION

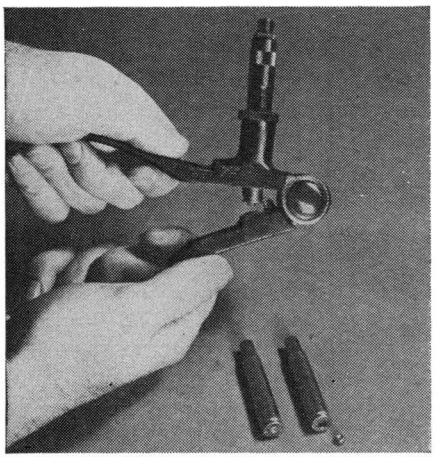
by Pete Kuhlhoff

Photos by Les Krauss and Metropolitan

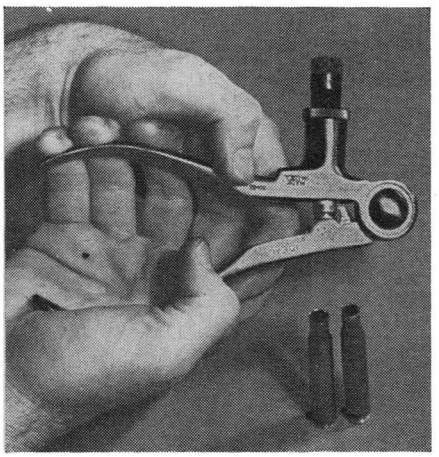
TAKE up the entertaining hobby of reloading ammunition, and that big-game rifle of yours will be good for year-round use. After your annual deer or bear hunt, you won't have to put it away and forget about it until next season. By using several easy-to-make reloads you will have a plinking rifle, a small-game rifle, a target rifle and a varmint rifle, all in one.

Besides getting in a lot of inexpensive shooting during the closed season on big game, you will find that reloading ammunition is just as much fun as the actual shooting. You will really become acquainted with your rifle and its fodder, a very definite advantage when you're in the big-game fields.

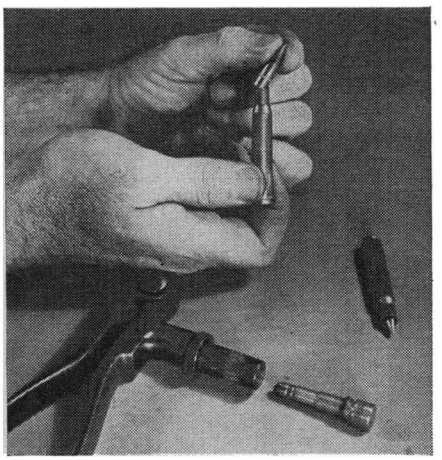
Every rifle is a law unto itself. Two rifles of the same make, model and caliber may require entirely different loads for finest tack-driving accuracy. This is another reason for loading your own ammunition. For example, a while back I was experimenting with varmint loads for two Model 70 Winchester rifles in .30-'06 caliber. One of them gave gilt-edge accuracy with the lightweight 80-grain .32-20 bullet traveling at around 3300 feet-per-second muzzle velocity, propelled by 49-grains of Hercules Hi-Vel No. 2 powder. The other rifle would not group as well with a load of any powder I tried behind that bullet. Yet this second rifle gave extra-fine accuracy when using



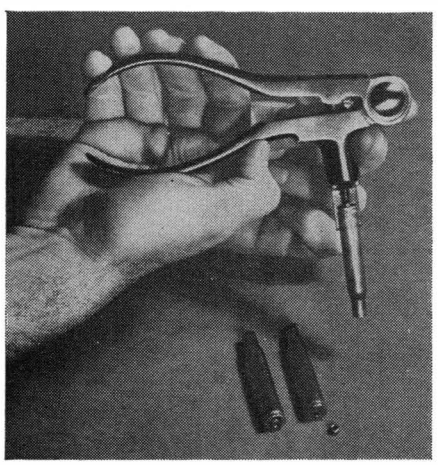
1 **Old primer is punched out of empty case by decapping tool.**



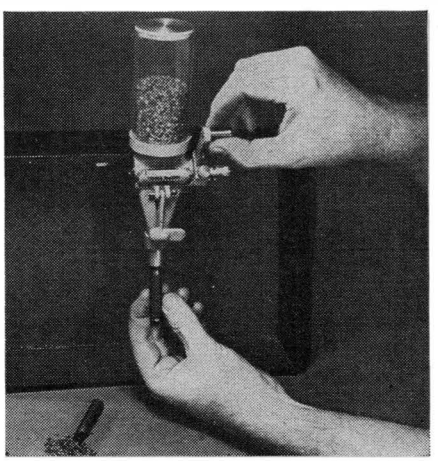
2 **Muzzle resizer reduces neck of case to slightly undersize.**



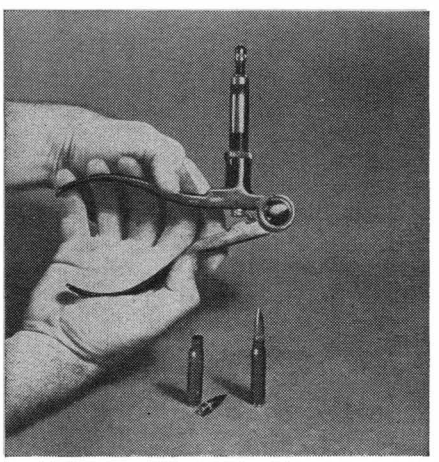
3 **Plug is inserted, bringing case neck to right inside diameter.**



4 **Live primer is now seated in primer pocket of resized case.**



5 **Powder is measured carefully. Never exceed maximum load.**



6 **Final step is to seat bullet in case. It's now ready to fire.**

another lightweight, the 93-grain Luger soft-nose bullet, and 45 grains of Du Pont No. 4198 powder, with a velocity of around 3200 feet per second. Both of these loads, when developed to fit a particular .30-'06-caliber rifle are fine for woodchuck and crow shooting.

If you are going to do quite a bit of shooting, hand-loading your ammunition will prove a great saving. A plinking and short-range load may be put together easily at practically no expense. A super-accurate target load may be made up at about one-third the cost of factory ammunition—much cheaper when hand-cast bullets are used. Very efficient varmint loads may be made at the same low cost. Excellent deer loads—at a little over .30-30 velocities, for woods hunting—are easy to make. Such a load is a pleasure to shoot because it gives less kick than full-power loads. The hunter who takes his game at long range can develop combinations that give best results in his rifle, at less than the cost of factory-made cartridges.

Is It Safe to Hand-load Ammunition?

Ordinary safety precautions are necessary when handling smokeless powder. When unconfined, it burns about like celluloid. So, naturally, the reloader must not smoke while reloading ammunition. For evidence that smokeless powder is safe to handle, note the fact that it may now be shipped by express.

Reloading involves the following operations:

Decapping. This consists of punching the fired primer from the cavity in the base of the empty cartridge case.

Sizing of the cartridge case. It is very seldom that two rifles taking the same cartridge will have chambers of exactly the same measurements. When a cartridge is fired in a rifle the cartridge case may expand slightly so that it will not seat into the chamber of another rifle of the same caliber. In such an instance the case must be resized for its entire length. If the case is to be loaded for the rifle in which it was fired, only the neck portion must be sized. That is, the neck of the case is brought to the correct diameter for a friction-tight fit around the bullet.

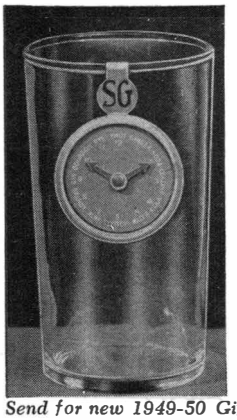
Primer Seating. A live primer (the sparkplug of the cartridge) is seated into the cavity in the base of the cartridge case.

Powder Charge. A measured or weighed charge of powder is placed in the primed case.

Bullet Seating. A lead or metal-cased bullet is next seated to the proper depth in the primed and powder-charged cartridge case. The cartridge may now be fired.

The tools you need will not cost much. For several years I used a very accurate (*Continued on page* 106)

BARTENDER'S MEMORY GUIDE



At last—an intelligent bar aid for the harried host who can't remember everything. The DRINKCLOCK lists all standard liquors on one side and all popular mixes on the other. When serving the first drink just set DRINKCLOCK one watch hand at bourbon, the other at water or scotch-soda, rum-coke, etc. DRINKCLOCK clips neatly on the side of a highball. The host just writes the name or initials of each guest on the aluminum stem. When the time comes for refills in kitchen or bar each glass tells its own story. From now on, relax and enjoy your own party without costly mistakes.

Set of 8 DRINKCLOCKS
$1.25 postpaid

Send for new 1949-50 Gift Catalog. No C.O.D.'s

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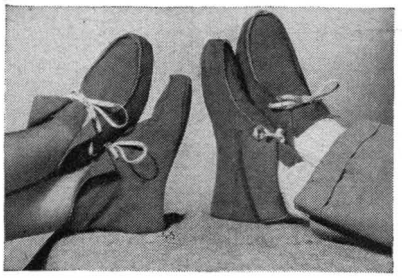
IDEAL GIFT



The *APACHE MOCCASINS* from the Indian Reservation Country, of glove-soft sueded cowhide with flexible padded soles. Versatile cuff may be worn rolled up or down. **HANDCRAFTED** in Natural Red, Brown, Royal Blue, Emerald Green, Gold, Indian White.
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FOR CHILDREN in Haze Blue, or Apache Tan—No Cuffs. In Sizes 5-7-9. $2.95; Sizes 11-13-2. $3.95. Order by mail today. Send check or money order and we pay postage. Or order C.O.D. plus postal charges. Immediate delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed, of course.

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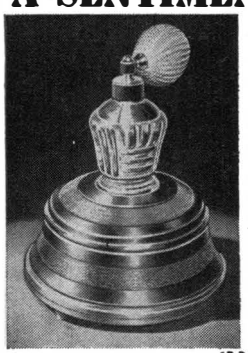
A SENTIMENTAL MISS



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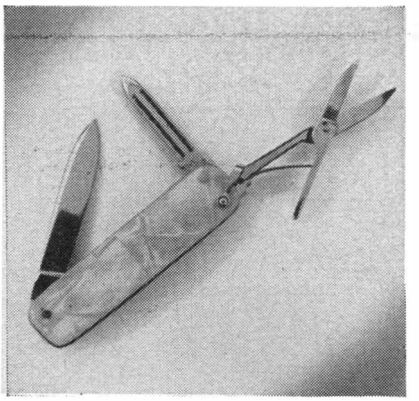
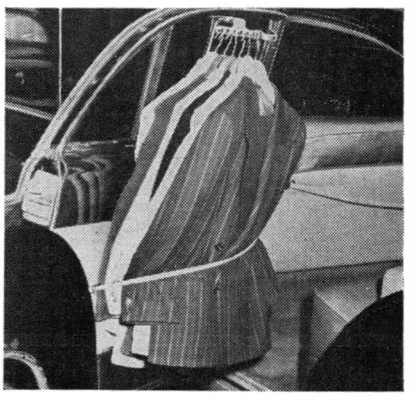
Items chosen to add to your pleasure and your comfort.
—John Ryan

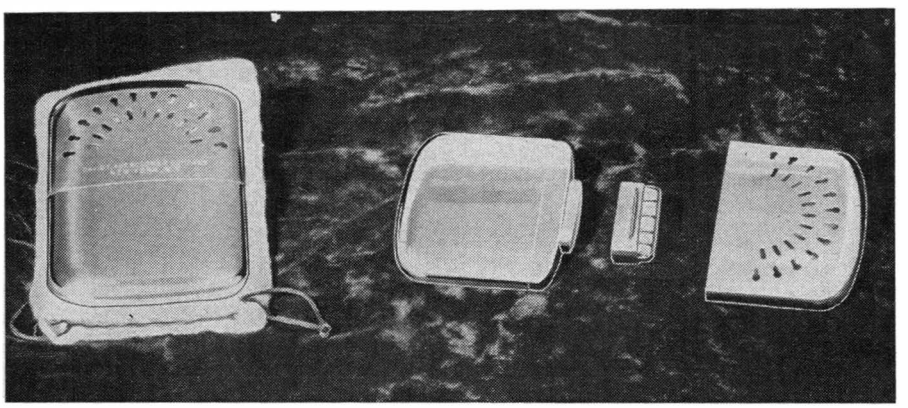


SCISSORS POCKET KNIFE—Manicure and knife combination. $4.95 at Baltimore Hardware, Baltimore, Md.

"BOTTLE-WITH-A-PURPOSE"— Goblets, steins made from wine bottles. Inquire at your own liquor dealer.



CAR-HOP—Clothes rack for window frame channels of your car. Flynn's, 43 East 59th Street, New York City.



POCKET HAND WARMER—Use in pockets, mittens, boots. Will provide 120 degrees heat for 24 hours. Benzine or naphtha is the fuel. Nickel-plated. $3.50. Extra burners, 50 cents. D. T. Abercrombie, 97 Chambers, New York.

PADDY O'HAIR comes to you bald as a billiard ball. Plant the seed—furnished with directions—and watch him grow a crop of Irish green hair, which grows for weeks. Lovable, unusual gift. 5 in. tall. Flesh colored durable pottery. Extra seed for replanting always available; 3 Pks. for 25¢. **Only $1.00 if paid with order or $1.36 if C.O.D.**

DUCKS ON THE WING. Whether you are 15 or 50 you will go wild over these wild ducky ducks. Three separate castings of composition ware, hand painted in natural colors and ready to hang on the wall in any flight formation you wish. 3 different sizes in set; 6¾"; 5¼"; 4⅛". **Only $1.00 per Set if paid with order or $1.36 if C.O.D. Unconditional Money Back Guarantee on all orders.**
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1. Fisherman
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The handle folds around the blade to form the perfect sheath. It protects the blade, protects you.

- Keen, superhardened, tool steel blade, 8½" open, 4¾" closed, weighs 5¾ oz.
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$2.95 EITHER MODEL

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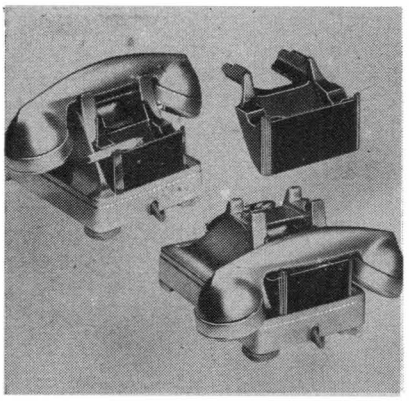
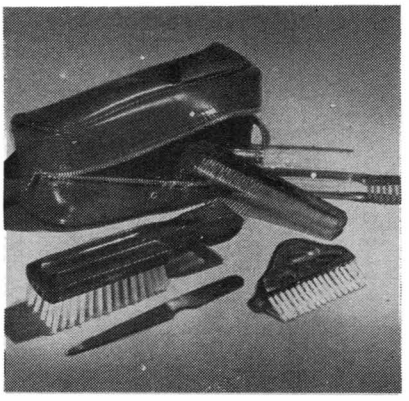
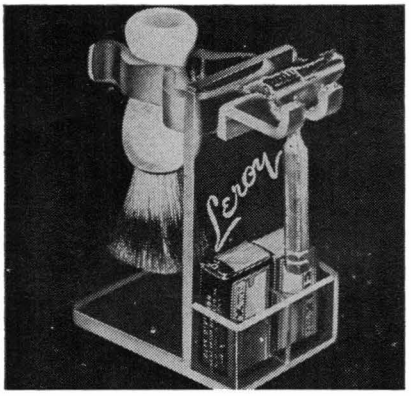


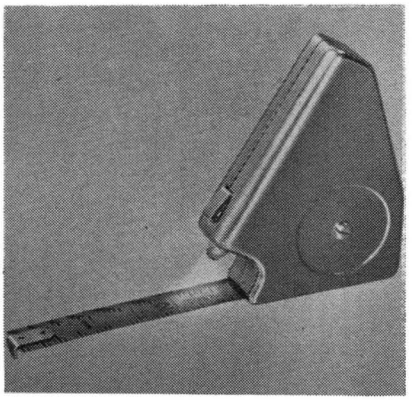
TELE-TRAY — Ashtray and receiver holder to fit on phone. $1. Tele-Tray Corp., 5007 Euclid Ave., Cleveland.



MALE-KIT—Compact, complete toilet case for a man. Russet plastic. $5.35. Tek Hughes, 500 5th Ave., N. Y. C.



SHAVE RACK—Brush-razor holder of lucite. $1.59. With name, $1.98. Sheldon Plastics, 32 Fulton St., N. Y. C.



ENLIGHTENED RULER—A flashlight is included in this 72-in. tape. $2.25. Treasure Mart, 545 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

AUDUBON MODELING KIT—Roughed-out wood blocks to produce scale models of six birds, professional carving knife and tools and instructions to complete birds in their natural colors. $2.95. Lacey's Workshop, 539½ Hudson St., N.Y.C.

These genuine fibre, plastic coated seat covers are the buy of the year for you. Beautiful plaid patterns, trimmed with rich leatherette. These covers are made to last for years and the elasticized sides give you a smooth, wrinkle-free fit. Send no money. Try at our risk! If you are not actually delighted, return them for immediate refund. But, do it now!

1 4-door sedan—front or rear or front of solid coupe.
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☐ 3 Pass. Solid Back Coupes $2.99 ☐ All other front seats $4.98 ☐ All full sets, front and rear $8.95 My car is 19....
Make..... ☐ Type 1 ☐ Type 2 ☐ Type 3 ☐ 2-door ☐ 4-door
☐ Rush postpaid. ☐ Enclosed. ☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone...State....
☐ Pair Fibre Door Protectors to match 98c ☐ Wedge cushion 98c. ☐ Chrome rear view mirror $1.49 ☐ 2-cell chrome flashlight 98c (less batteries) ☐ Send dealer information.

REVOLVING XMAS TREE BASES

They turn your beautiful tree while the Swiss movement plays Xmas tunes! Adjustable socket holds tree firmly.

G1006 Holds ¾-inch trunk. Ppd..... **$14.50**
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COATED LENSES! Dynamic in power and range. At 1,100 yards has sharp, clear field of 370 feet! Made to military specifications. Moisture-proofed —dust-proofed! All metal construction. Individual eye focussing. Adjustable for all eye widths! A compact, durable, all-purpose, **achromatic prism binocular.** NOT a field glass. Economy priced at fraction of what similar glasses sell at retail! Complete with quality leather, plush-lined case and straps only $19.95 plus 20% Federal tax. Cash orders sent postpaid. On C.O.D.'s include $2.00 deposit. **GUARANTEED.** Try for 20 days at our risk and expense.

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AS YOU LIKE THEM
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Cuffs— French, 2 pr. $1 . . . Single, 3 pr. $1
Send check or Money Order.
Add 10c for postage. No C.O.D.'s

If you want us to attach them to your shirts, prices are as follows: COLLARS, $1.50; SINGLE CUFFS, 85c; FRENCH CUFFS, $1.15 (add postage)

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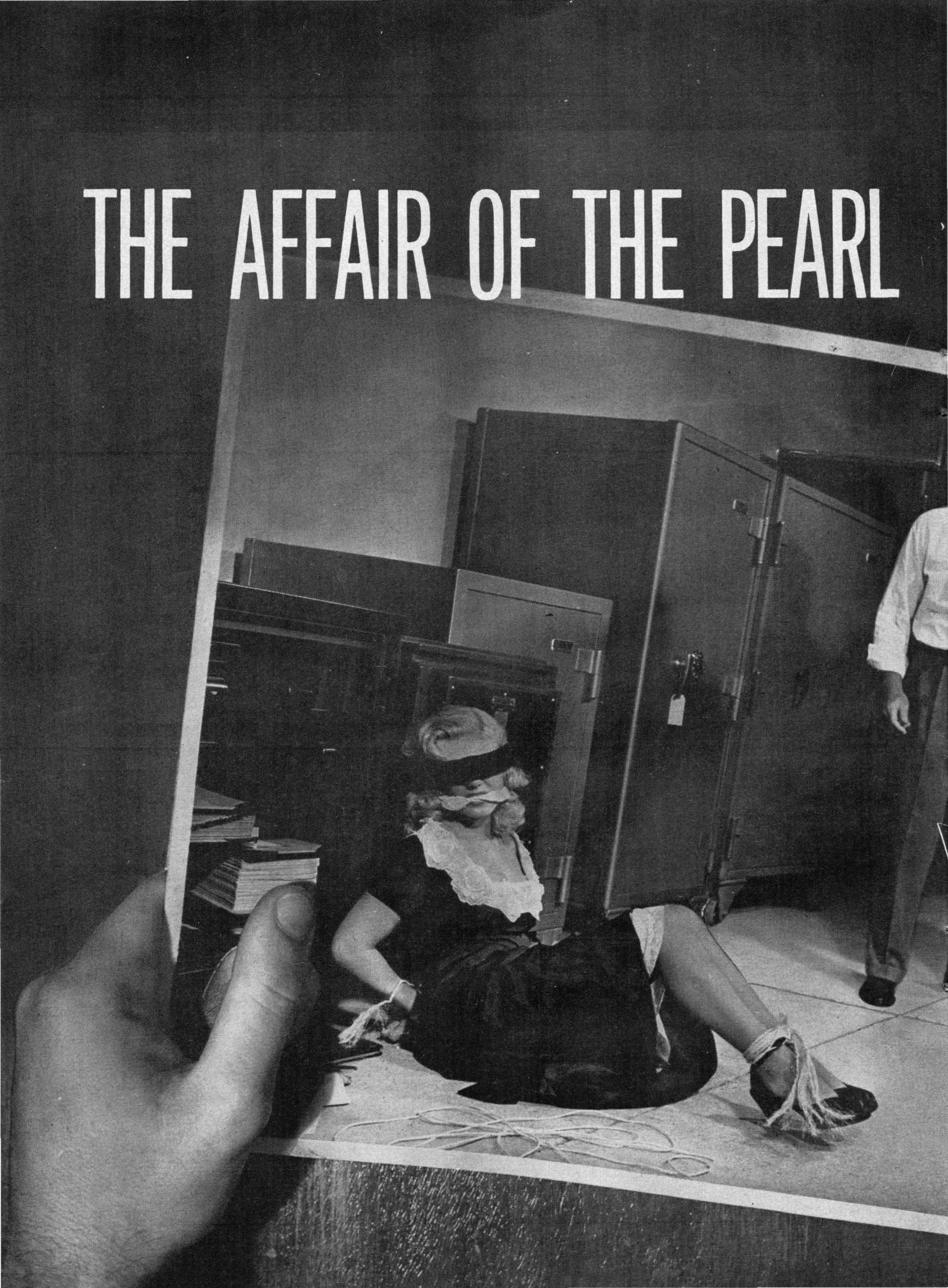
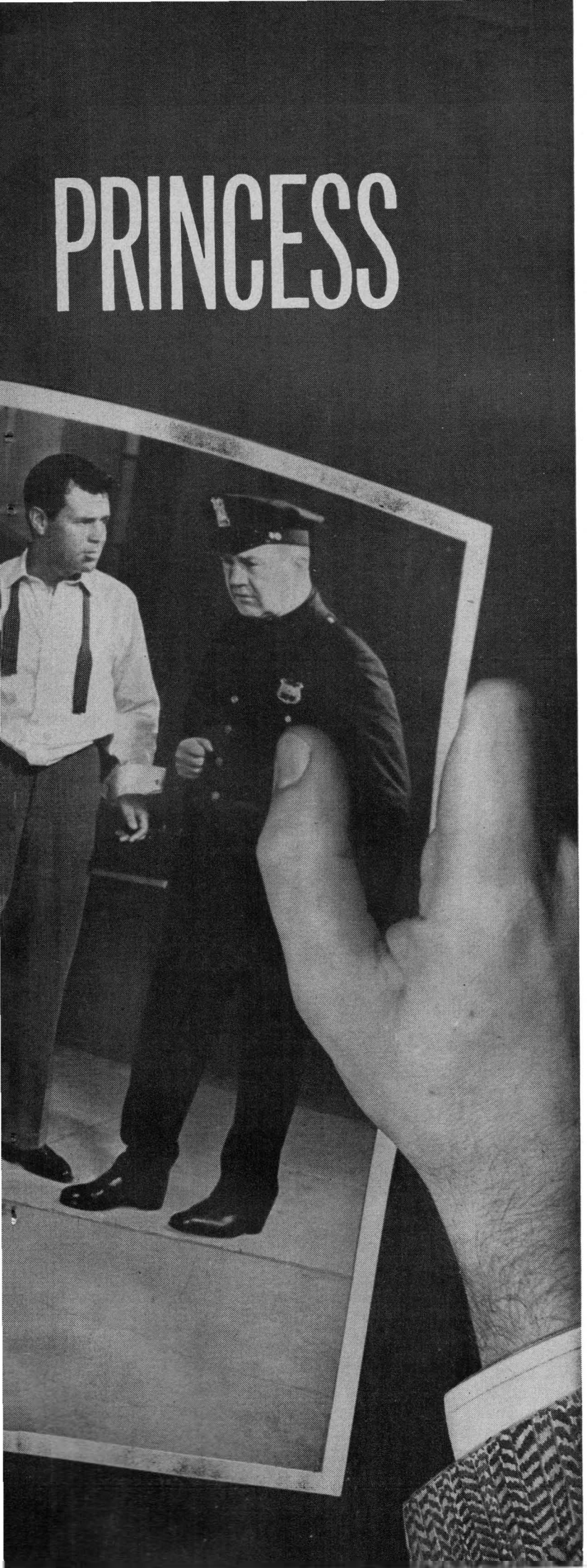
THE AFFAIR OF THE PEARL



PRINCESS



Two news photos—that's all it took to tangle Jerry Bane in a crime starring a cracked safe, phony pearls, and a beautiful hula dancer.

by
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
CREATOR OF PERRY MASON

JERRY BANE finished a rapid set-to with the punching bag, plunged into the cold shower, and emerged in a towel-wrapped glow to confront his valet and man-of-all work, Mugs Magoo.

"Mugs," he said, "how's the bank account?"

Mugs Magoo made a wry face.

Jerry Bane vigorously rubbed himself with the big Turkish towel, put on his shorts, and said, "Then ring up the office of my guardian angel, Arthur Arman Anson, attorney-at-law, Mugs, and we'll see about a touch."

"What he'll say will blow the fuses right out of the line," Mugs said.

"I know," Jerry told him, "but I like to run up the old coot's blood pressure. After all, as trustee of a spendthrift trust under my uncle's will, he has the satisfaction of refusing to give me any of my own inheritance, except such niggardly doles as he chooses to pass out from time to time. Therefore, I claim the right to retaliate by seeing that his blood pressure soars every now and then."

Mugs Magoo walked over to the telephone and spun the dial with his left hand. His right coat-sleeve hung empty, bearing mute evidence of disaster in a colorful past.

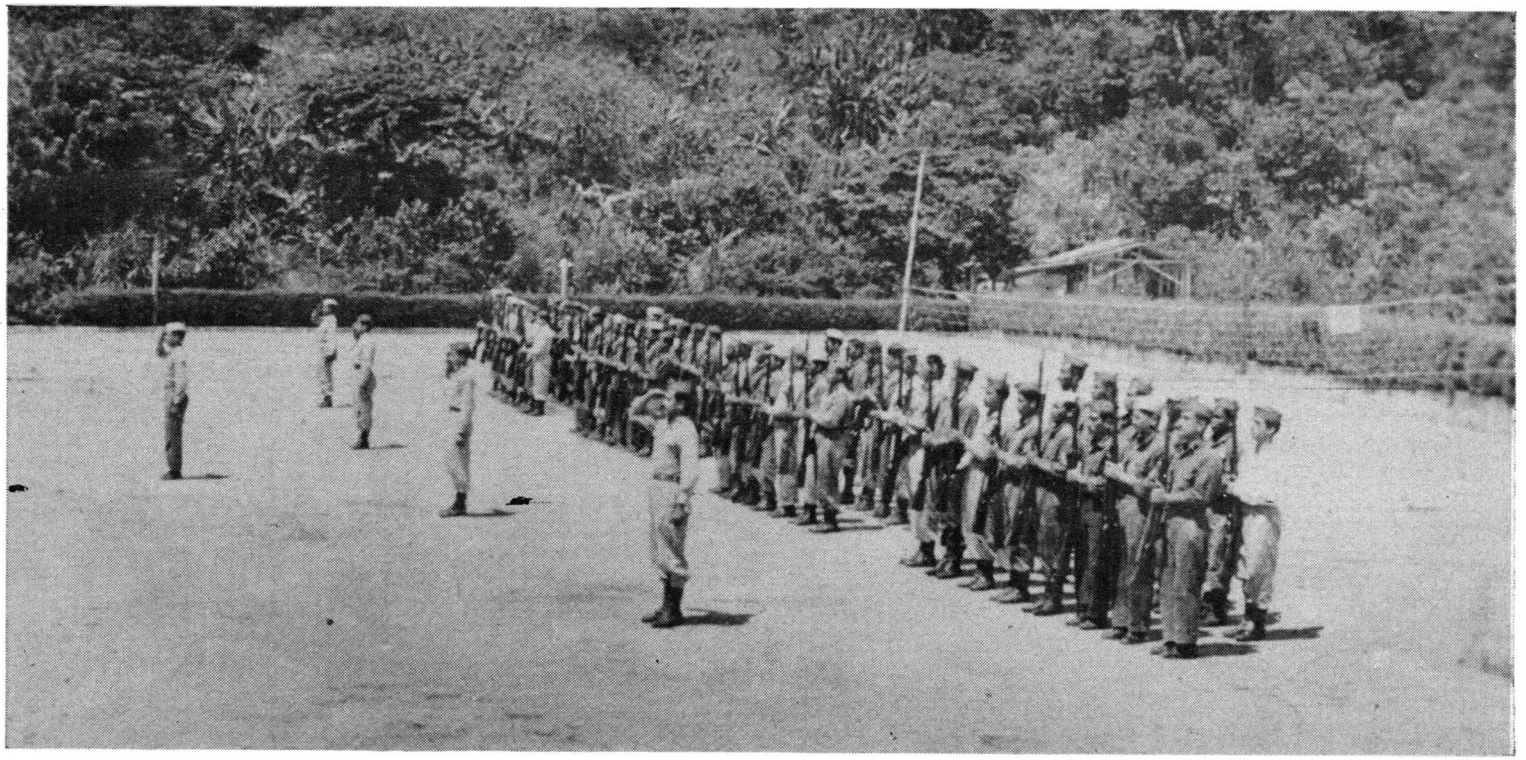
Jerry Bane slipped on his undershirt and slacks and put on a pair of comfortable loungers, listening happily in the meantime to Mugs Magoo unwinding over the telephone the mass of red tape with which Arthur Anson surrounded himself.

Having fought his way past the switchboard, Mugs Magoo conveyed his message to Arthur Anson's private secretary, then said over his shoulder to Jerry, "He's coming on the line now, sir."

Bane stretched, yawned. said, "Okay, Mugs, I'll take over in a minute." (*Continued on page* 90)

Be your own detective: Study this picture carefully. In it is the clue which led Jerry Bane to solve the crime involving delectable Doris Candy and Hartwell Finney.

Illustrated by GEORGE KARGER



TRAINING: Photographer had to smuggle this picture out of Legion camp, hidden somewhere in the Caribbean.

INP

TRUJILLO employs every device to remove the Legion's deadly threat.

RODRIGUEZ became a fighter at 70, after his 1946 flight into exile.

SECRET ARMY OF THE CARIBBEAN

Central American dictators aren't sleeping well these nights. A tiny band of Latin Commandos is on one of the world's strangest crusades.

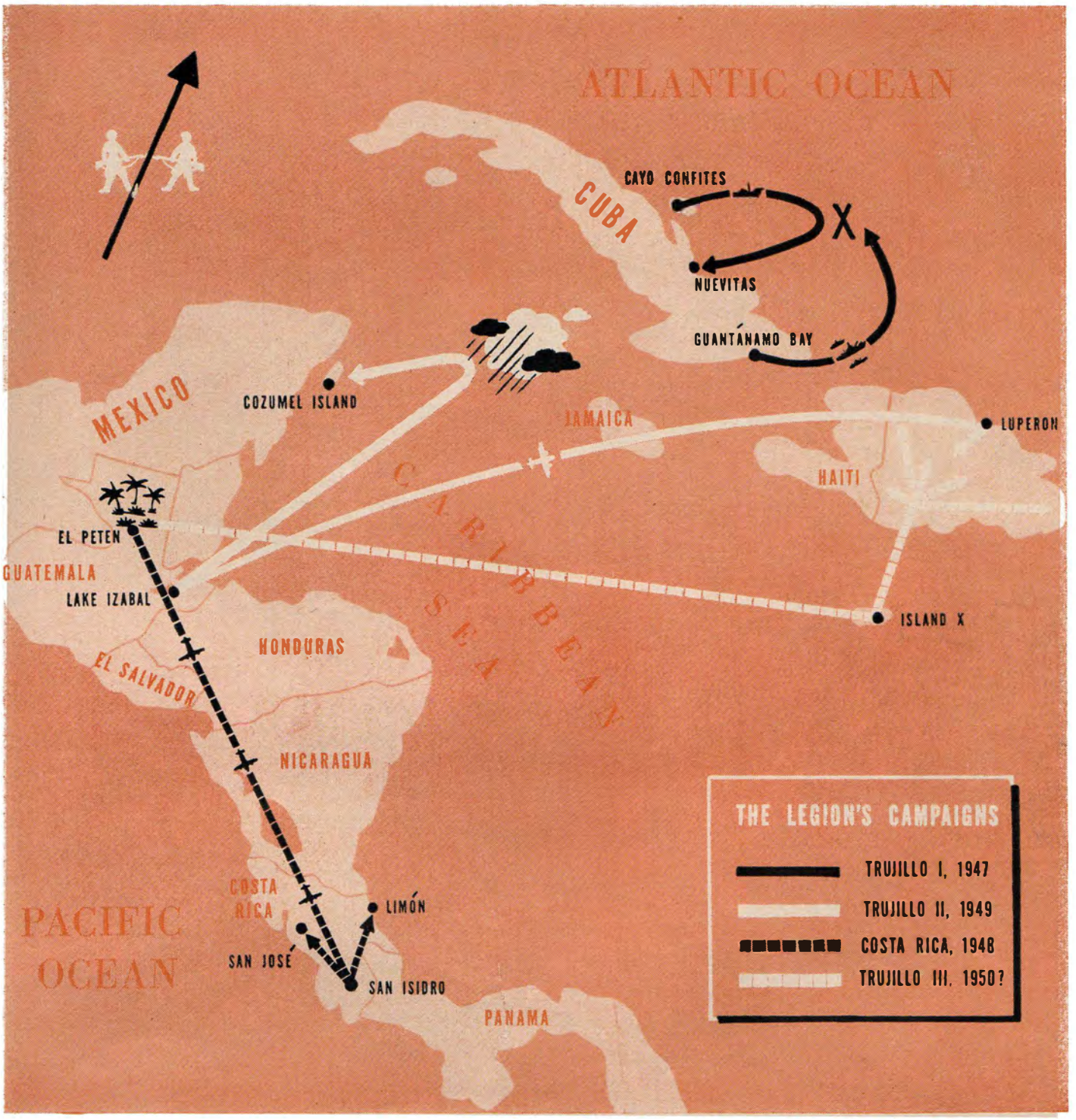
by ARTHUR J. OLSEN

Map by HARRY ROSENBAUM

RAFAEL LEONIDAS TRUJILLO of Santo Domingo, the most absolute dictator in the Western Hemisphere, is frightened today. He shivers at the shadow of a grandfather of seventy-odd named Juan Rodriguez Garcia—and his secret Caribbean Legion.

Trujillo is prosperous as dictators go—and most of them go that way. His 70,000-man military force is well trained and well armed. His reputation for cruelty is written in blood. Rodriguez, on the other hand, looks like a kindly, retired greengrocer and has, at the most, 100 followers under arms. But he has upward of five million dollars and one ambition—to drive three Central American dictators from their plush seats of power. One would-be dictator—Calderon of Costa Rica—has already been taken care of.

How important is this to residents of Waukegan? Important enough when you remember that in any future war, there will be a roll call of countries to find out who



ONE VICTORY, TWO DEFEATS: Map outlines successful Costa Rican campaign, launched from Guatemala, and two attempts to unseat Trujillo. First was stopped by Cuban Navy off Cayo Confites. In second, single plane was allowed to land in ambush. Staging Island X is key to military project now on drawing boards.

is on our side, and who is against us. Dictators don't make good neighbors.

First on the list comes Trujillo—for a reason.

For fifteen years, Rodriguez, the millionaire landholder, head of one of Santo Domingo's oldest and wealthiest families, listened to the stories of Trujillo's assassinations, massacres and secret police. Like too many men before him, he shook his head in mild distaste.

"We were isolationists, I suppose," his son told me. "We lived in the country. We spent a lot of time in the States. Such things didn't touch us. We just waited and hoped things would change."

The change finally came—to Juan Rodriguez. One morning he awoke to find about fifty head of cattle missing. The next night his cacao groves were vandalized. Veiled messages threatened his family.

Early in 1946, a friendly army officer dropped in on him, warned him that he had a high assassination priority on Trujillo's little list. That was enough for Rodriguez and son.

They took off, leaving behind them $6,000,000 in land and livestock. But more important was what they took with them--several millions in cold cash and out-of-the-country credits, and an oath to return to a free Dominican Republic.

To swear an oath is one thing; to make it good is another. Rodriguez intends to make it good. In exile, he turned soldier when most men have long (*Continued on page* 80)

Does this picture shock you?

PHOTOGRAPHER JERRY COOKE was on his way home from a picture assignment late one night a few weeks ago. The highway was not too crowded. Suddenly a motorcycle shot out from behind his car, snaked in ahead, disappeared. Two minutes later, the highway ahead burst into flames. He stepped on the gas, jerked to a stop when he saw the scene on the opposite page. He took the picture with the last film in his camera. It is the most potent safety lesson we have ever seen.

This is why we published it :

NED H. DEARBORN, President of the National Safety Council, told us:

"In the fight for your safety and mine, the impact of a picture like this and the article on page 62 performs an incalculable service.

"Today the number of motorcycles on the nation's highways is increasing. A motorcycle, like a car, can provide great pleasure and safety if properly handled. But too often its speed and power lead to reckless, daredevil driving that constitutes a serious road menace.

"Given wide circulation, hard-hitting articles like this increase public awareness of the motorcycle menace and show the young, reckless cyclist that the public has no use for his vicious conduct behind the throttle of his machine.

"By doing this, the article will help save lives. Perhaps even yours."

now turn to page 62

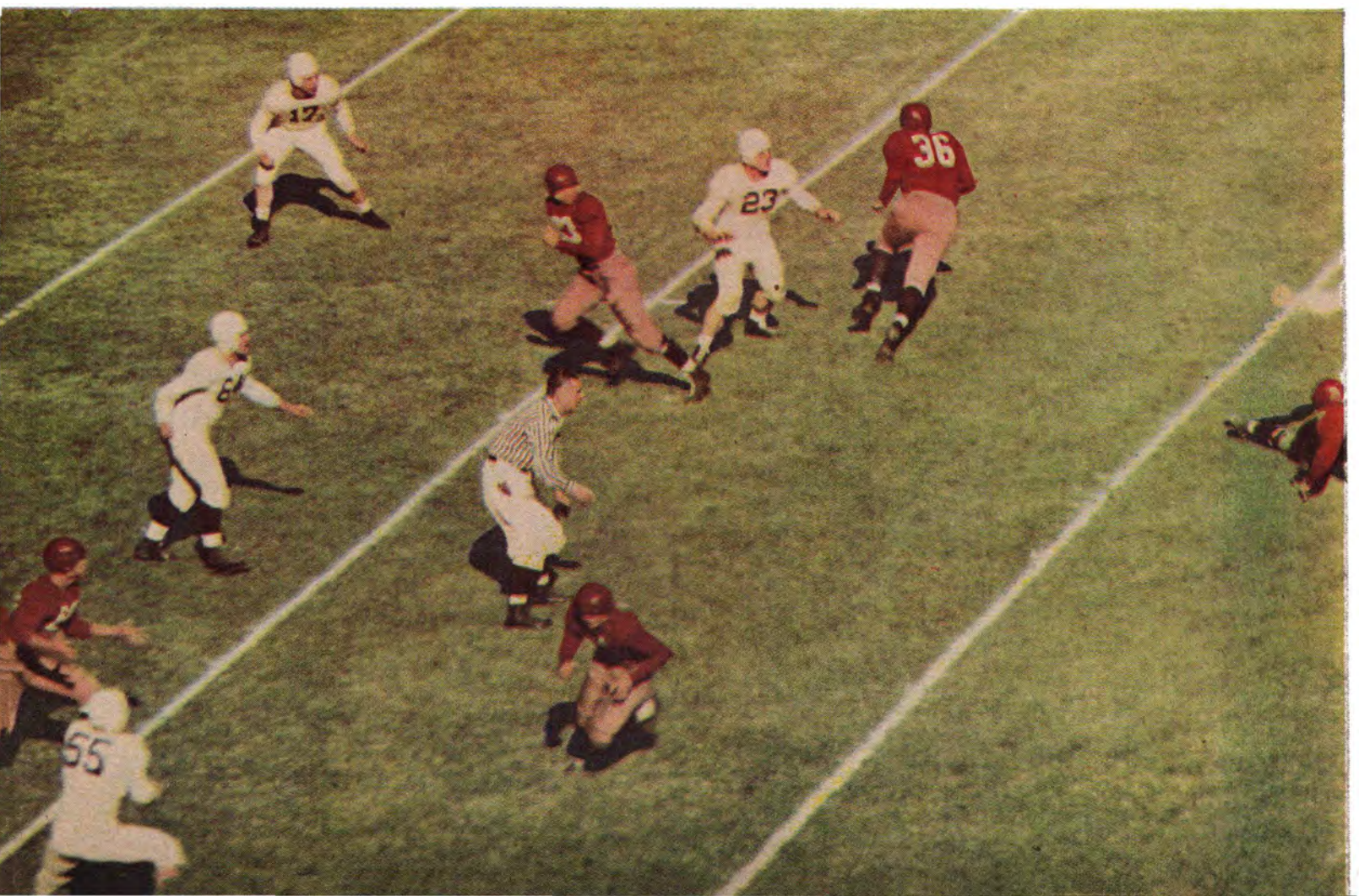
HERO: The kids like him. That's his sister receiving.

HORSEMAN: Like storybook hero's, his girl is campus belle.

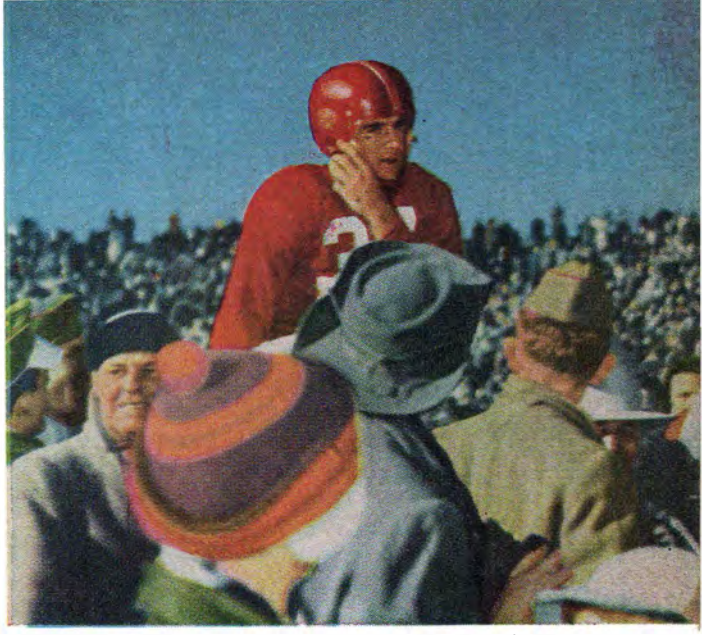
DOAK WALKER — STORYBOOK HERO

Frank Merriwell, '49

PHOTOS AND TEXT BY HY PESKIN



HOMEBODY: He and proud pop show scrapbook to visiting friends.



VICTOR: His fans carry him off the field.

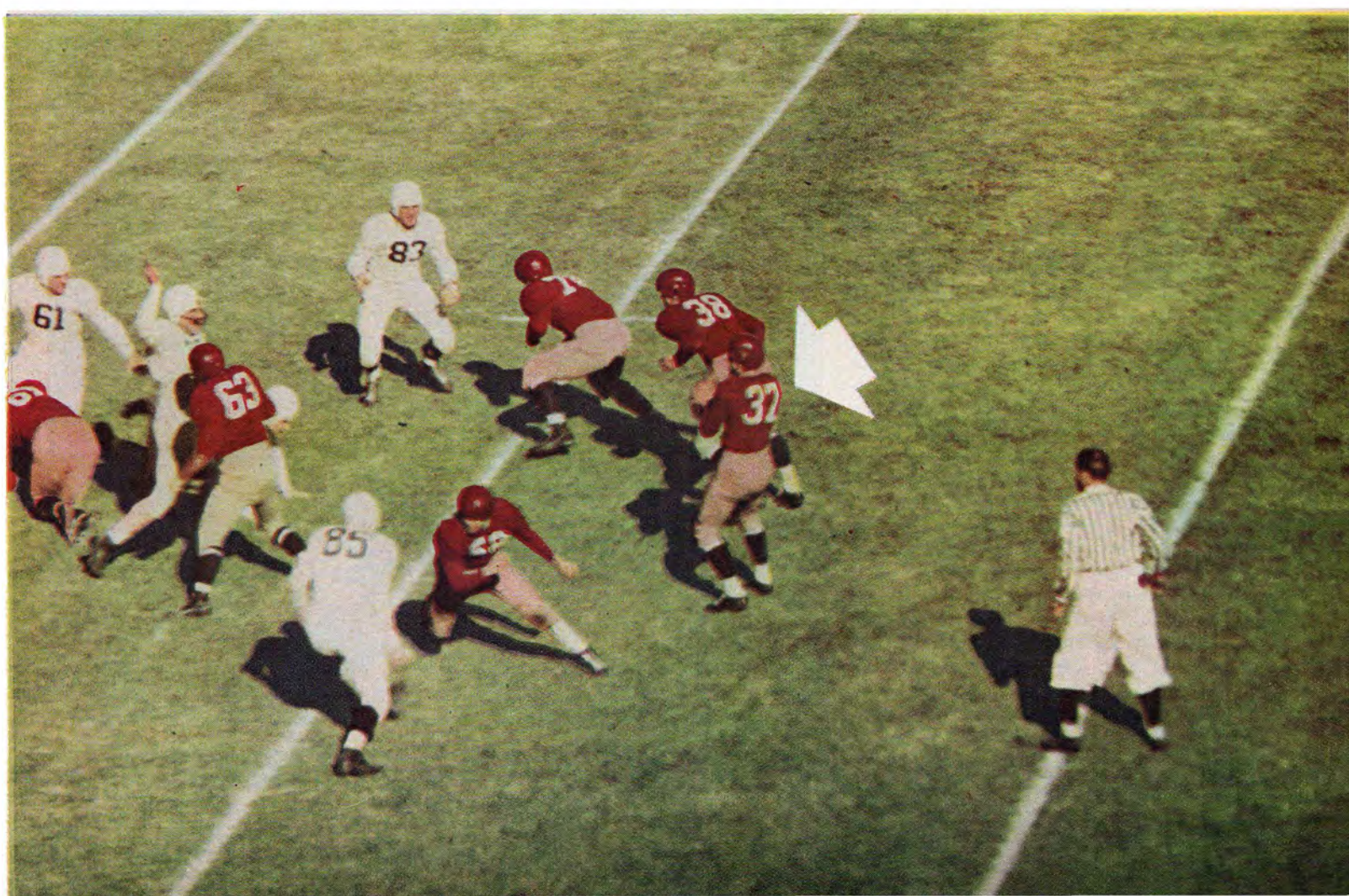
BACK in 1935, a class of Dallas, Texas, schoolboys was assigned to write themes on the following topic: "Who Is the Greatest Man That Ever Lived?" Most pupils selected Washington, Lincoln and other legendary heroes of history. But one eight-year-old's composition bore the title, "A Well-Known Fullback Named Harry Shuford."

Shuford was star of the championship eleven at Southern Methodist University, just around the corner from the boy's home. The kid worshipped the big fullback. He tagged along after him to daily practice sessions, proudly carrying Shuford's helmet, dreaming of the day he, too, would shine for S.M.U.

That boy was Ewell Doak Walker, Jr., the greatest all-around back to come out of the Southwest to date, the pride and joy of all Texas—and the one kid in a thousand who lives to see his dreams come true.

Unanimous choice for All-America—handsome, intelligent, modest, admired by teammates, respected by foes, a non-smoker, non-drinker and, to boot, engaged to the prettiest girl on the campus--Doak Walker is Frank Merriwell leaping to life from the pages of

COTTON BOWL: Walker (Number 37) is set to toss pass, aided by skilful blocking from his teammates.



FRANK MERRIWELL, '49 (CONTINUED)

fiction. In fact, he goes his fictional predecessor one better—here is what Merriwell might have been had he hailed from Texas.

In the best dime-novel tradition, young Doak's phenomenal success has always been the fond dream of his father, now Assistant Superintendent of Schools at Dallas. A former college player himself, later coach at North Dallas High, Walker, Sr. wasted little time. **He slapped a tiny uniform on Doak at the age of three,** handed him a football, then methodically went about the job of teaching him to pass, fade, run, tackle, block and dope out football strategy. It was Pop Walker, at every free moment, grinding football savvy into the tot.

Doak got his first taste of competitive play in junior high school. Sporting a football jersey with a huge 37 blocked on Shuford's old number, Doak began to make his first headlines. By 1943, he was co-captain of the Highland Park High School team that went into the State semi-finals before meeting defeat. The other co-captain, Doak's backfield mate, was Bobby Layne of later Texas U. fame.

"A Magnificent Little Man"

The next season, with Layne moved on to college level, Walker's brilliance drew its first rave notice. A Texan sportswriter gushed: "The Scotties of Highland Park latched onto Doak's flying coat-tails Saturday and moved into the Texas Schoolboy semi-finals with a crushing 20-0 defeat of bewildered Sunset. Imperturbable little Walker, who must be rated as one of the all-time greats in Texas schoolboy football, was a magnificent little man out there, passing, running and kicking Sunset into a coma."

But in true Merriwell tradition Doak didn't stop at football. He also captained the baseball, basketball, track and swimming teams, to earn a record total of 12 school letters.

In early 1944, Walker and Layne joined the Merchant Marine together, served at the same stations for ten months, were discharged together and hot-footed it home in October to take up football where the war had interrupted it. Layne rejoined his squad at Texas U., but Walker enrolled at S.M.U., where his former high-school coach, "Rusty" Russell was now in charge of the backfield.

How far can you carry Frank Merriwell into real life? Well, believe it or not, Texas was scheduled to play S.M.U. the very next Saturday. The odds were 1000 to one that neither Doak nor Layne would see much action in that game, much less star after a year's absence. It *couldn't* happen—except in story books. But it did!

A sensation in his first college game, Walker paced the previously lifeless Mustangs to a 7-6 lead until less than two minutes remained in the game. Then Layne intercepted a Walker pass on the goal line, engineered the Longhorns down the field, and flung a last-ditch "miracle" touchdown pass to win for Texas, 12-7.

But Doak had fired S.M.U. with the spark they needed to start rolling. After losing another heart-breaker to Texas A. and M., the Ponies ran wild over Arkansas, Baylor and Texas Christian U.

As a result of his magnificent, first-year achievement, Doak received an unprecedented invitation to play in the annual East-West all-star game. The game ended in a 7-7 tie, the West getting its tying touchdown on a pass—thrown by Doak Walker, of course.

Shortly thereafter, Doak was called into service and stationed in San Antonio, Texas. Although that fall of 1946 he played football for Uncle Sam, his ability did not go unnoticed. A pop-eyed G.I. reporter recorded: "His playing all season has been unsurpassable . . . his passing terrific . . . his punting and (*Continued on page* 68)

CLOSEUP: This is the sequel to the play begun on the preceding page. Fast-stepper Walker (37), with good protection, is all set for the perfect pass.

THE LIGHT TOUCH IS THE RIGHT TOUCH

. . . according to
BERT BACHARACH
renowned Men's Fashion Editor
of Collier's

"The knowing good taste of the light touch is more than ever apparent in men's accessories for fall, keynoted by the distinctive THREE FEATHERS symbol." The new coordinated collection of cuff links and tie clasp by D'Barry, belt by Greenhall, and neckwear by Sherman, smartly highlight the new trend in men's wear. It is this unique light touch in THREE FEATHERS that makes it the choice of men and women who prize good taste in every facet of their entertaining.

Three Feathers jewelry and belt available at John David Stores, New York

The light touch in

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AN ARGOSY SHORT SHORT

A Young Man of Promise

by John D. MacDonald

Illustrated by JAMES AVATI

Last Sunday's bull had been bad, but it was the thought of the coming Sunday which made jelly of Pablo's knees.

IT WAS a black bull the size of a truck, and the horns went wide and curved back in at the tips so that a man caught between them could be spun from one horn to the other and die there. It came down on him with brute thunder and his feet were nailed and he could not move, the cape hanging useless in his hand. . . .

He writhed awake out of nightmare and in his mouth there was a harsh, dry taste, the taste of fear—the fear which was forever there, forever waiting.

The naked light bulb, set high in the wall on the other side of the bedroom, made sharp shadows on the rumpled spread.

For one taut moment Pablo Bobadilla thought this was the day of the fight, that this was dawn on a Sunday. But as he sat up, the pain and stiffness in his body brought it all back and he knew that it was Sunday night and that the *corrida* was over. He was twenty-two, with thin, shadowed face, superb bullfighter's body, and dark hair, now rumpled from the restless sleep.

Pablo sat on the edge of the bed, where he had thrown himself, stripped to the waist, early that evening. He massaged the stiffness in his right thigh where the flat of the horn had caught him as he had tried the natural pass with the left hand, with the second bull.

He frowned. It had been an eagerness to regain control of the bull and the bull had hurried him. He narrowed his eyes and raised his shoulders as he remembered the thud of the blow, the spin of the sunlit plaza around him, the sand against his face, the close, harsh snuff of the searching bull, then the thud of hoofs moving off as Juaquin had lured the bull away with the flash of the big cape.

And then, of course, it had been necessary to walk without limping, to retrieve the cape and the sword and once again move in toward those horns which, this time at least, had failed to socket in his flesh.

He heard the clack of the dominoes in the next room. He got up and walked out. Juaquin, the most experienced member of Pablo's *quadrilla*, played a game against Tomas, the picador, while Chuchu watched.

They looked up at him when he entered, and their smiles seemed too forced.

"Has it come?" Pablo asked.

"Not yet time," Juaquin said. "Luis awaits there with orders (*Continued on page* 109)

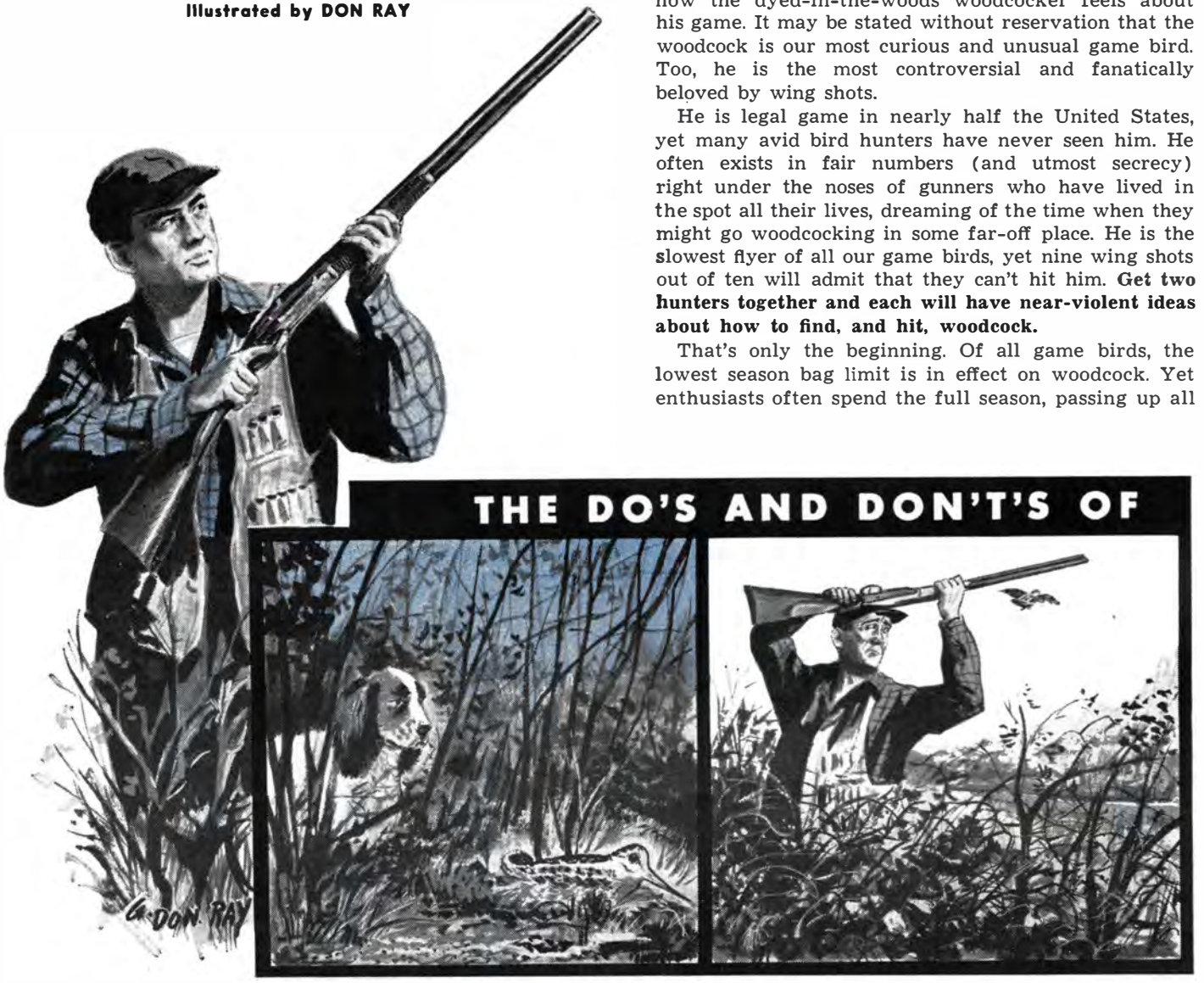
"The son!" Juaquin said. "He could not even become a sword handler!"


PLAZA DE TOROS
TETUAN
PROXIMO DOMINGO
GRAN FESTIVO

GET YOUR SHARE OF WOODCOCK!

by Byron W. Dalrymple

Illustrated by DON RAY



AMERICA'S MOST PRIZED GAME BIRD, THE

YEARS ago—so the story goes—a testy gourmet had dinner at a New Jersey inn after a day at woodcock hunting. He asked that his bag of woodcock be prepared for him. When the waiter brought them, the hunter stared in disbelief. The birds had been *drawn*. Any chef should know that the "trail," or entrails, of a woodcock ought to be left in the bird! Besides, they had been cooked with bacon!

The hunter stormed into the kitchen. "Who," he demanded, "is the varlet who defiled and befouled my birds?"

The chef stepped forward. Without further ado, the gourmet produced a handgun and shot him dead.

Whether or not the story is true, it well illustrates how the dyed-in-the-woods woodcocker feels about his game. It may be stated without reservation that the woodcock is our most curious and unusual game bird. Too, he is the most controversial and fanatically beloved by wing shots.

He is legal game in nearly half the United States, yet many avid bird hunters have never seen him. He often exists in fair numbers (and utmost secrecy) right under the noses of gunners who have lived in the spot all their lives, dreaming of the time when they might go woodcocking in some far-off place. He is the slowest flyer of all our game birds, yet nine wing shots out of ten will admit that they can't hit him. **Get two hunters together and each will have near-violent ideas about how to find, and hit, woodcock.**

That's only the beginning. Of all game birds, the lowest season bag limit is in effect on woodcock. Yet enthusiasts often spend the full season, passing up all

1 Look for woodcock where there is soft, moist earth, sparse ground cover, and plenty of close, shady cover overhead.

2 Use gun with extra-short barrel, so you can swing it quickly in small space when bird flies behind you through the brush.

ELUSIVE WOODCOCK, IS NOT TOO HARD TO TAKE—IF YOU KNOW HIS HABITS!

other legal game, tramping miles in search of two or three birds to shoot at. Asking a woodcock hunter where his favorite patches of cover are located is as improper as asking him for a date with his wife.

What has long-billed, erratic John Woodcock got that he should rate all this? First, and above all else, mystery. And in mystery there is always drama.

Unexpectedness Makes Exciting Hunting

Second, he has fabulous and exasperating elusiveness and secretiveness. What could better spark the desire of the real sportsman? For example, where pheasants, grouse or quail may be fairly evenly distributed over a county, the major portion of that county's woodcock may be concentrated, today, tomorrow—or yesterday—in some small, unexpected area. Or it may be maddeningly scattered piecemeal in tiny, innocent-appearing coverts some of which are but a few feet square, coverts which you may stumble upon after long search—and discover next season that you've lost. No wing-shooting gent worth his powder is going to be satisfied, without a struggle, to take *that* from any bird!

Added to all this, of course, is the fact that the migratory woodcock, though he ranges widely and holds his own fairly well against gunning pressures, is not as prolific and therefore never as abundant as more common game birds. Thus, like any rare and hard-to-find item, his "consumer appeal" is high, regardless of his "price."

In other words, he has everything, in the superlative, which goes to make up a truly great sporting bird. Besides, he is the only game bird of his kind, a puzzling kind of cross between the lowland shorebirds and the upland grouse.

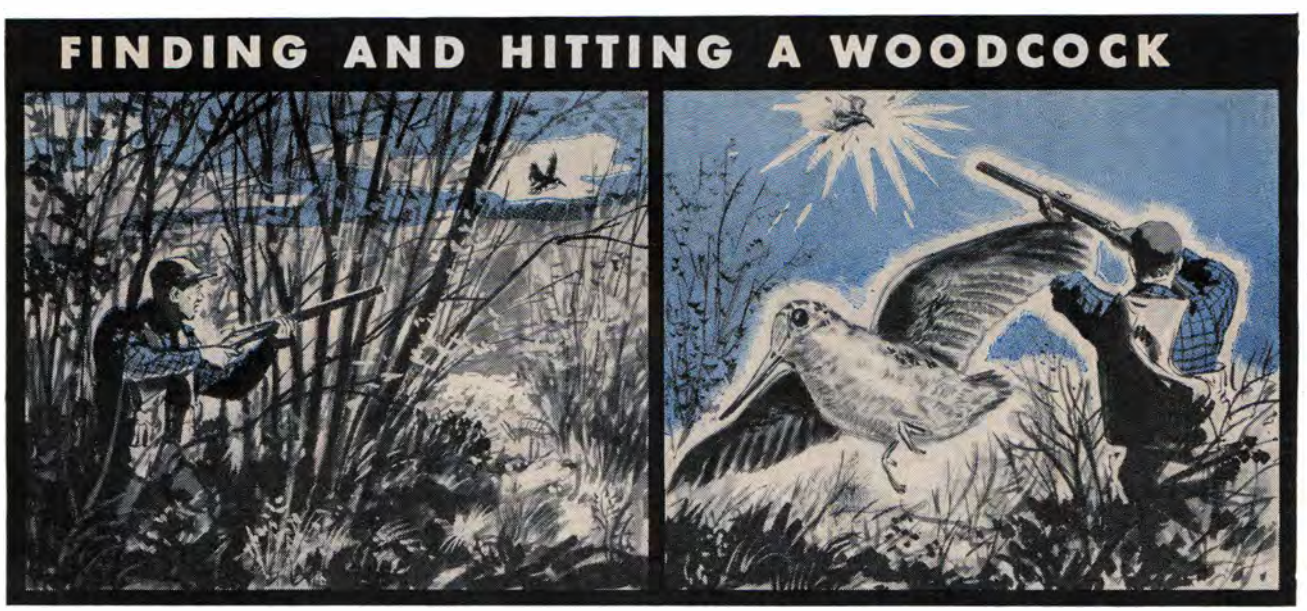
How can *you* locate him? Let me tell you about my first woodcock.

I was a country kid, with my first gun. Behind our house, at the bottom of a small incline, a little patch of willows grew along an old tile field drain. Summer evenings, we often went past the willows to our garden. Occasionally there'd be a strange sound of a bird flushing, its wings whistling most peculiarly. You could not tell whether the sound was actually wings, or a *vocal* bird sound.

In the dusk the quail-sized bird would fly tremulously off, looking like a fat bat, its flight most erratic. Presently it would come buzzing back, low, indistinct in the poor light. Always it appeared to have something dangling below it.

No one knew what the bird was. These "dusk birds," or "willow birds," or "alder snipe," I was told, had been around that tiny willow swale for years. One old native firmly said it was a "bog sucker." That name intrigued me. One day in the willows I found a number of curious small holes punched in the ground, and many white splotches of bird droppings near them. **Unwittingly, I had stumbled upon the best method of locating coverts used by the elusive and mysterious woodcock.**

One evening that fall, a pheasant my dog was trailing ducked into the willows. The dog flushed him. I raised my gun. Something burst forth noisily at my feet. Startled, I hesitated, lost (*Continued on page* 108)



3 **When flushed, woodcock is easy to shoot. It is the brush which causes trouble. Train yourself not to see the obstacles, to keep your eye on the bird.**

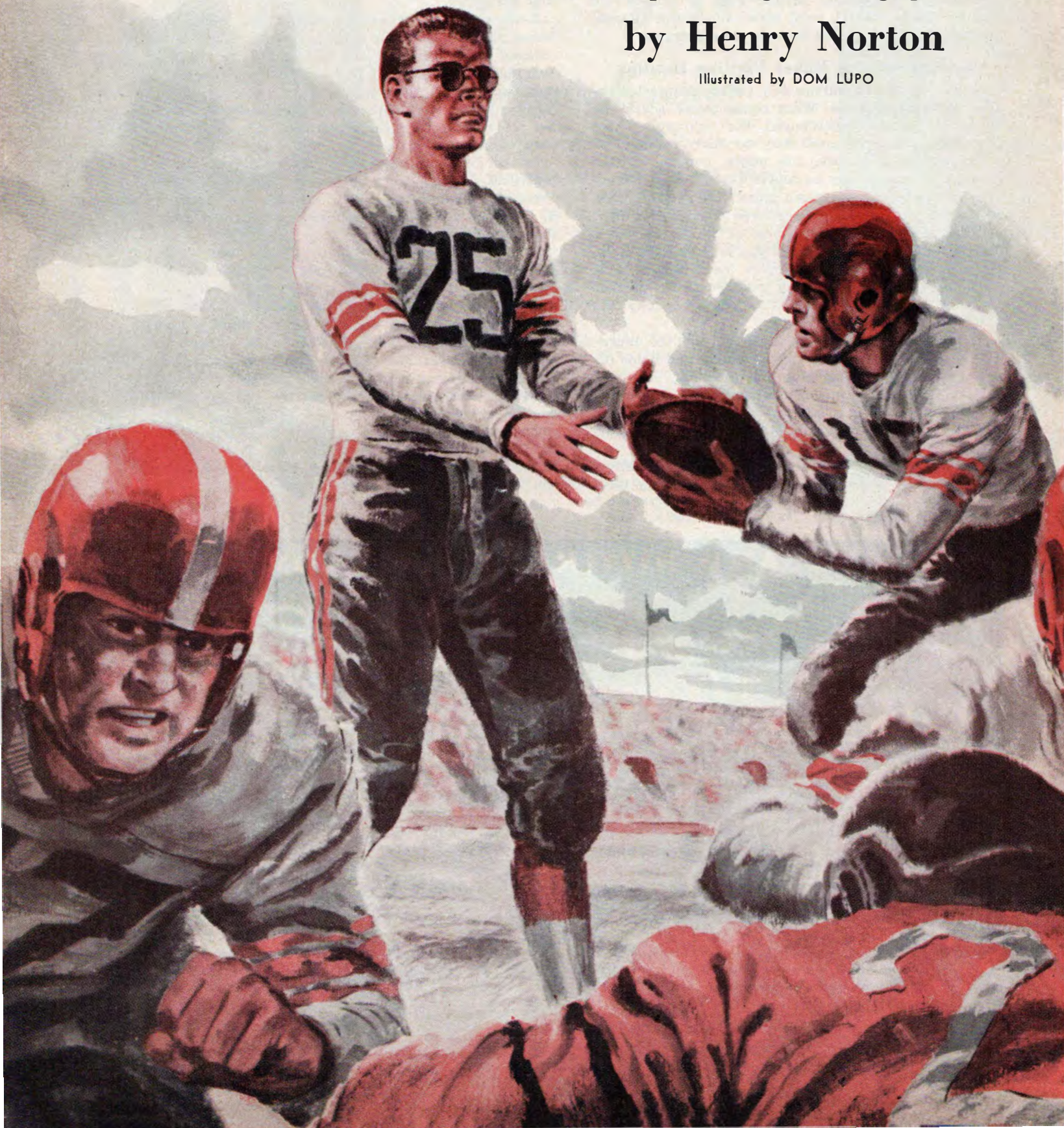
4 **Don't become confused when woodcock pulls pet trick of coming up behind you in heavy cover—especially when shooting at another bird.**

DON'T TOUCH

The blind G. I. was the season's sensation, until the reporter began asking questions.

by Henry Norton

Illustrated by DOM LUPO



THE KICKER

DALE SCANSER knew he was in for it from the way his daughter looked up from the sports page. An old contention was between them, and briefly he envied all fathers who do not have to put their opinions into print.

"What are you trying to do," she said, "get me expelled?"

"Virginia, don't be a dope," he said. "It isn't your column, it's mine. Why should they blame you for what I write?"

"Just the same, they do. They consider me practically a traitor to Midstate. After all, Fenris is the first coach to give us an undefeated season in nine years. And you keep needling him as if winning was a crime."

"The way he does it is the crime," Dale said.

He took the paper from her hands and read aloud his own words in the syndicated column for that afternoon.

"Maybe Midstate's Coach Fenris has a heart, after all, but we'll wait till the returns are all in. Hearts and Fenris haven't been a likely pair in the past. The head man likes to win. So while we're much intrigued by the reports of a blind dropkicker on this year's team, we'll stick around to see if it's a kindly gesture, or if Fenris hasn't another sly trick up his sleeve."

He looked up at her.

"Well," he asked, "what's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong with giving the coach a break?" she came back.

"I don't like him, and I don't like the way he

The center snapped the ball, and Terrebonne handed it off to Tony.

cperates. He belongs in a pro loop, not in a college sport. This business of giving a blind lad a chance to make the team smells to high heaven, coming from Fenris."

"You wanted the college to hire Gilligan two years ago. When they hired Fenris instead, you wouldn't play. The kids on the campus have got you tagged as a sorehead."

"I'm sorry about that," Scanser said. "But there's a principle involved."

Ginny said, "Maybe it's too involved."

The girl might have a point. How was it the legendary British colonel put it? "You either play polo like a gentleman or you don't, and there's no difference." It was natural for the students to want a winning team, but couldn't they see that Fenris' teams were somehow just off-color? That brutal 75-6 beating they'd given Flaneer last fall, when with no apparent letup they could have held the score lower. The way Fenris used tired or slightly injured players, draining the last ounce of effort from them before sending in a replacement. Other, less obvious things, like cutting down the padding on his backfield in the interest of more speed.

Scanser sighed, and his daughter crossed the room to rumple his thinning hair. He looked a most unlikely father for this tall, restlessly glowing blonde beauty. He was short, with a smooth, lean face and eyes that were wide and calm behind rimless glasses. He didn't look like a sports writer, and he sometimes explained it by saying, "I'm an All-American spectator." His looks were that—a composite of all the people who fill the grandstands and bleachers and galleries and ringside seats in a country where play is important.

His daughter smiled at him. "Why do I have to have a problem parent?" she said. "Anyway, don't worry too much about that sorehead business. The kids know you call 'em the way you see 'em, even if they don't agree with you."

"Well, that's big of them," he said with light mockery.

"But just the same, it's rough on Tony Koska."

"The kicker? Do you know him?"

"Sure, he's in two of my classes. And he's really blind, if that's what you've been hinting about."

"Look, how well do you know him? Well enough to get him out here sometime to talk to me?"

"I know him, all right, but he may not sail for that. You couldn't exactly blame him if he was a little burned about what you've written."

"Give it a try," Dale Scanser said. "I won't write anything but the truth. He's got nothing to fear, has he?"

"You can see him tomorrow. The coach is giving the sports writers a preview."

"I want to talk to him when Fenris isn't around," Scanser said. "See what you can do, will you? And I'll be in on the preview."

THE preview was something to watch. Tony Koska was a tall, slender boy with a tight and bitter mouth. His face was unnaturally pale against the heavy black glasses he wore. His jersey, pants and shoes were regulation, except that they did not have any protective padding.

Sid Terrebonne, the running back, stood by him with their shoulders touching lightly. Sid took the center's snap, handed the ball to Tony. Tony Koska took two short, quick steps, dropped the ball toward his toe, and kicked it precisely through the goalpost uprights.

"That's try-for-point distance," Coach Fenris said. "He can kick those all day. Just keep watching."

Bevins, of the *Telegraph*, said, "Where'd you get the idea of using a blind guy, coach?"

"It was his idea," Fenris said. The coach was a graying man with a round, sunburned face. "Get this straight," he said. "Koska had one year of eligibility left when he came back from service. When he played here before, he was a good kicker, good runner, but he wasn't sensational. You probably remember him. It was before my time here, and I hadn't seen him."

"I remember him," Scanser said. "He was average."

"Anyway," Fenris said, "he spent all his time, in and out of government hospitals, practicing, and when he was discharged he came to me and wanted a tryout."

He glanced at the field. Koska had moved back to the twenty-five-yard line, and over toward one side of the field. Again there was the pass to Terrebonne, the quick handling of the ball, and the kick. The ball went in smoothly, and one of the reporters said something admiringly profane.

Fenris said, "I didn't expect him to be this good, of course. I was just trying to give the kid a break—the same break that I'd give any of the boys who turn out."

"Can we quote that, for the laughs?"

The coach smiled at Scanser with an effort. "The loyal opposition," he said. "Anyway, Koska got his tryout, and he sold me on giving him a chance in spite of his handicap. He's a regular on the squad, dropkick specialist. I thought the situation was newsworthy enough to call you out here."

"Hell, yes," Bevins said. "Wonderful yarn, Fenris."

"We'll use (*Continued on page 73*)

NEXT MONTH IN FICTION

Out of our rich past comes a new chapter of Americana, in an outstanding novelette by Tom W. Blackburn—

RENEGADE

—the story of one man's struggle to bring peace to the West, at any price.

In the Same Issue

Hunter or not, you'll find a new kind of fiction thrill in William Chapman White's story of the silver deer—and the man who would rather go hungry than shoot him.

Young and old alike will be moved by Edwin Lanham's penetrating story of the boy who sought his courage in the violence of the ring.

These and many others—in the December ARGOSY

The patient finally stepped out into the reception room, visibly exhausted.

Dad Made a Liar Out of Me

by BOB DEINDORFER

A dentist's son reveals the horrors—and secrets—of his childhood.

I SUPPOSE that children regard the son of a dentist with the same awful wonder they would the offspring of a lion-tamer or a professional hangman. At least that was the way it was when I was a youngster.

In those days people would bend over, pat me on the skull and murmur something about what a fine dentist I'd make when I grew up. Even the priest did it. But my father's lodge brothers in the Aurora, Illinois, Dental Society must have seen me, even then, dressed in a white smock and holding a pair of pincers in my hands, for they worked overtime, like missionaries attempting to salvage pagan souls, in their attempts to convert me. During this period I decided that I didn't want to be a dentist at all and my brother came to the same decision. While it might look like a slap in the face for my dad there were a number of valid reasons for our actions.

The Root of Fear: Grown Man's Screams

Personally, I had seen enough of the business by the time I was seven. If I ever plop down on a psychiatrist's sofa I'm sure that he'll uncover, as one of my firmest childhood recollections, the first time I ever heard a grown man cry. It happened in father's office, of course. As I was thumbing through old copies of *Oral Hygiene* and *Popular Science* one day I heard sobs and screams of such terror that I wondered if dad hadn't overdone it a bit. When the patient finally stepped out into the reception room, visibly exhausted, I looked him over carefully. He was a big fat fellow, wearing overalls and carrying a lunch pail, and he and my father seemed to be on surprisingly good terms, considering the noises I had heard. I never forgot it.

My own experiences in the chair were nearly as bad as that one sounded. Every few months a fearful ritual took place at our family dinner table. Its text never changed and dad always led off:

"About time for your checkup again, eh, Bob?"

"No, no! I thought you were really busy these days."

"Never too busy to work on my own boy. Heh, heh!"

"But, dad, I was down just a month ago."

He'd stop to consider the statement and, if my younger brother didn't joyfully brand it a lie, it might provide temporary relief. But then, the following day, I'd be tripped up on the every-six-months custom, hung by the vital statistics grimly recorded by his secretary, Eleanor Biever. I didn't like her very much, either, on those occasions.

No Drilling, No New Bat

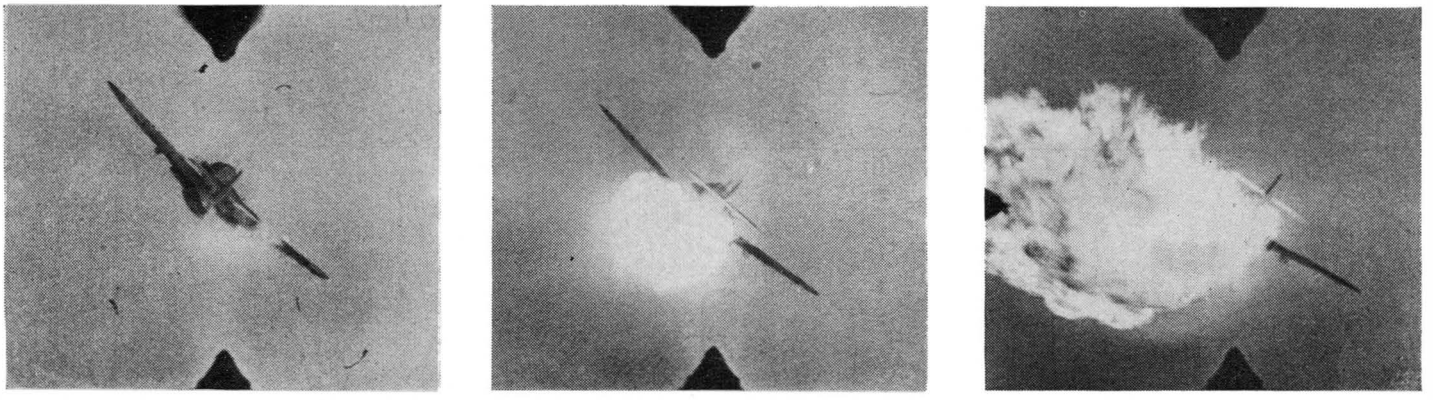
When it came time for my appearance at the office we'd start with an odd sort of business proposition. In theory it was a generous arrangement. In practice there was only one winner—my father. I had no voice in the matter. I had my choice of a new baseball bat and a few minutes of having a tooth drilled, or no bat and no drilling. Often I'd reverse my decision after he started warming up the machinery, but it did no good. Now that I look back on it I consider the whole thing the lowest form of bribery.

Things had been much better earlier in my life, for whenever a tooth fell out of my mouth in those days, with little urging and no pain, I'd get a prize. I'd plant the tooth under my pillow at night and by morning it had turned into a shining twenty-five-cent piece—when twenty-five cents really meant something. A fairy had done it, my parents said. But I learned later, on finding a cache of these teeth in my father's collar box, that the fairy was tall and red-headed and frequently had a violent temper.

Anything for Delay, Even Green Apples

After the appointments were made, the grim struggle grew and grew. Once I was foolishly happy to come down with a painful attack of green apples. My appointment had to be shoved back three days. When there was absolutely no way out of it, I'd arrive (*Concluded on page* 85)


"Our closing speed is terrific.
He fills my windscreen. We're going to hit!"



FIGHTER PILOT'S GUN CAMERA records climax of air battle, as enemy plane bursts into flames.

I HAD FIVE SECONDS TO LIVE

A pilot who traveled 15,000 miles to look for death tells how it feels to face it in the air. It happened this year...

by Bob Chalmers

TODAY, January 7, 1949, is my twenty-fifth birthday, and the anniversary of my second month with the Israel Air Force. I was born at six o'clock in the morning, and that's the time it is right now. The gray chill of a Palestine dawn is just beginning to feel its way into the Negeb. It's a dismal time of day, and, as usual, there isn't much going on in the dreary half-light of our operations shack on the airdrome.

The dawn patrol has already taken off. Most of the other pilots are having breakfast. Five of us, on alert duty, are waiting uncomfortably for relief so we can have our turn.

Mickey and I are playing rummy. Burt Janis, a conservative South African, is huddled in a chair, shivering, and Sammy, the kid from L.A., is half-sprawled on a makeshift bunk, staring groggily at nothing. Our New York playboy, Jim Lomas, is spreadeagled over his 'chute pack and noisily sleeping off the effects of a rough night.

Nobody's saying a word. The snores and the soft shuffle of cards are the only sounds in the gloom.

Suddenly, the telephone's noisy jangle cuts the stillness. We all jump, but no one makes a move to answer it. Since I happen to be nearest, I finally pick up the receiver.

One of the boys is calling from the mess hall.

"Here's some brand new scuttlebutt," he says. "Cyril's just announced that Egypt has agreed to a truce!"

The rumor is too common. It doesn't impress me. I shrug and hang up. But, before I can get back to my game, the phone rings again. Somehow, it sounds different this time. Even Jim Lomas stirs on the floor and raises himself on one elbow.

"Ops room," I answer. Then I cup my hand over the mouthpiece, turn around, and tell the boys, "It's headquarters."

"Notify operations," the voice orders, "to cancel all bombing and strafing missions until further notice!"

It's official. The truce goes into effect at 1200 hours G.M.T., 1400 hours Negeb time. In the meantime, we're to maintain protective patrols over our troops—just in case.

I relay the information, pull my chair back to the table.

Mickey is still manipulating the cards. "I wonder how long it'll last this time." He tosses the deck over. "Your deal. Chalmers."

Lomas turns over on his side. "Well, another month's rest," he yawns. In half a second he's fast asleep again.

"Balderdash!" That's Burt's favorite expression, and the usual extent of his conversation.

Sammy doesn't say anything. He doesn't even move.

Personally, I don't have much faith in these peace agreements. I was in Tel Aviv when the Egyptians shelled it from the sea on New Year's Eve. If *you* don't bomb Cairo, they said, *we* won't touch Tel Aviv. Yeah!

I deal the cards.

After a while a couple of the boys come drifting in. Sure, sure, they've heard the news—but they too have heard the "cry" before. They check their revolvers, slip into their flight gear, and get ready to go on the next patrol. It covers the area near Rafah, where our troops are trying to break through to the sea to cut off the Gypos in Khan Yunis and Gaza. Mickey and I have to take over the same flight at eleven, so we're next out for breakfast.

The sun is well up by the time we get back to (*Continued on page* 70)

Hit Him FIRST

by John M. Haydon

Illustrated by JOHN McDERMOTT

That's the way he fought his way around the world, but somehow he never learned the cost of winning.

BOTH men were stripped to the waist. Their bodies shone wet with sweat as they fought back and forth across the tarp-covered hatch under the heat of the Indian Ocean sun. Beyond their weaving figures, past the rail, the sea moved in against the Dutch motorship. Mile-long swells lifted her rusty plates above the horizon, then tilted her boat deck into the trough's obsidian shadows.

Andy Gibson was fighting the big Californian—Kerry, they called him—and I was pleading for Andy to be whipped. He was the only real friend I'd ever had, but his beating was long overdue.

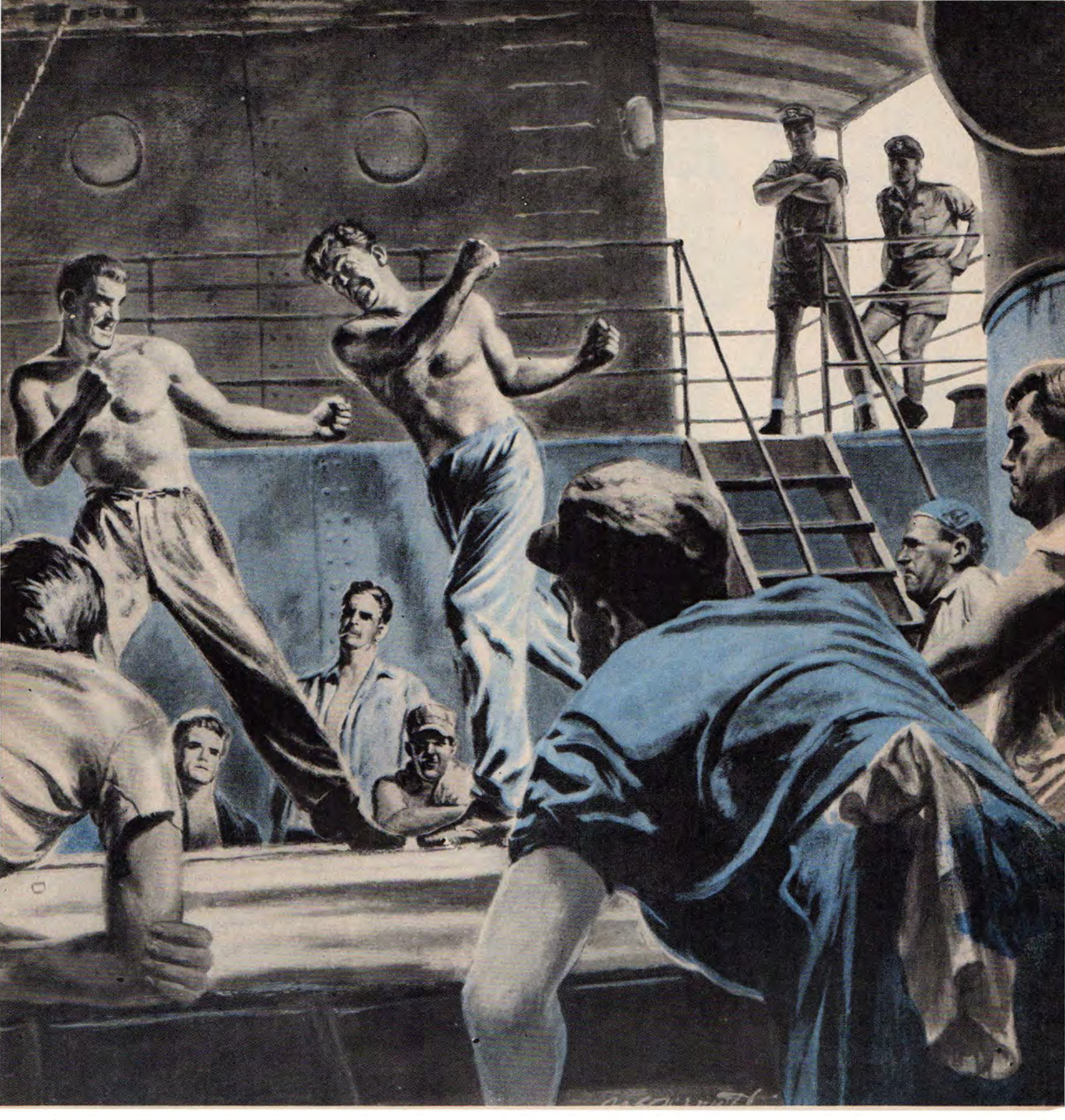
Hemmed in among the crew around the hatch, I watched Andy profit from the pitch of the deck. Each time, at zenith and nadir, as the *Lombok* changed her slant, Andy moved in, fists slashing, forcing Kerry back while his feet were still unsure. Kerry had the advantage of two inches of height and reach and the weight that went with them, but he was fighting in anger, and he was uncertain. Andy was fighting because he believed in the use of force. It was a thing unconnected with emotion, and it was how he always fought. Impassive, without feeling, no change in expression when he was hit. He was fighting from the brain, not from the heart. And that was why I wanted him to lose.

Kerry moved back, head slumped as he struggled for wind. The rasp in his throat sounded hot and raw over the soft throb of the *Lombok's* diesels. Andy moved in, poker-faced, methodical, and next to me the mess boy, a kid from Tacoma, muttered, "Work on his head, Kerry, his head."

I had time for a quick look forward where Knip, the bosun, and Jacob Vermuelen, the young third mate, were standing. Knip was spouting Dutch in the mate's ear, and Vermuelen was slowly shaking his head. I turned my eyes back to the hatch.

For a moment I thought Kerry might take him. He ducked sideways, like a crab, then sprang. One heavy fist hooked Andy's head. Blood rimmed a salt-burnt ear, and Kerry's fist looped around with all his weight behind it. My heart jumped as the crew started shouting, but Andy shifted and Kerry's fist slid off his sweaty back.

The *Lombok* dipped as the man on the wheel let



Kerry was fighting in anger. Andy was fighting because he believed in the use of force.

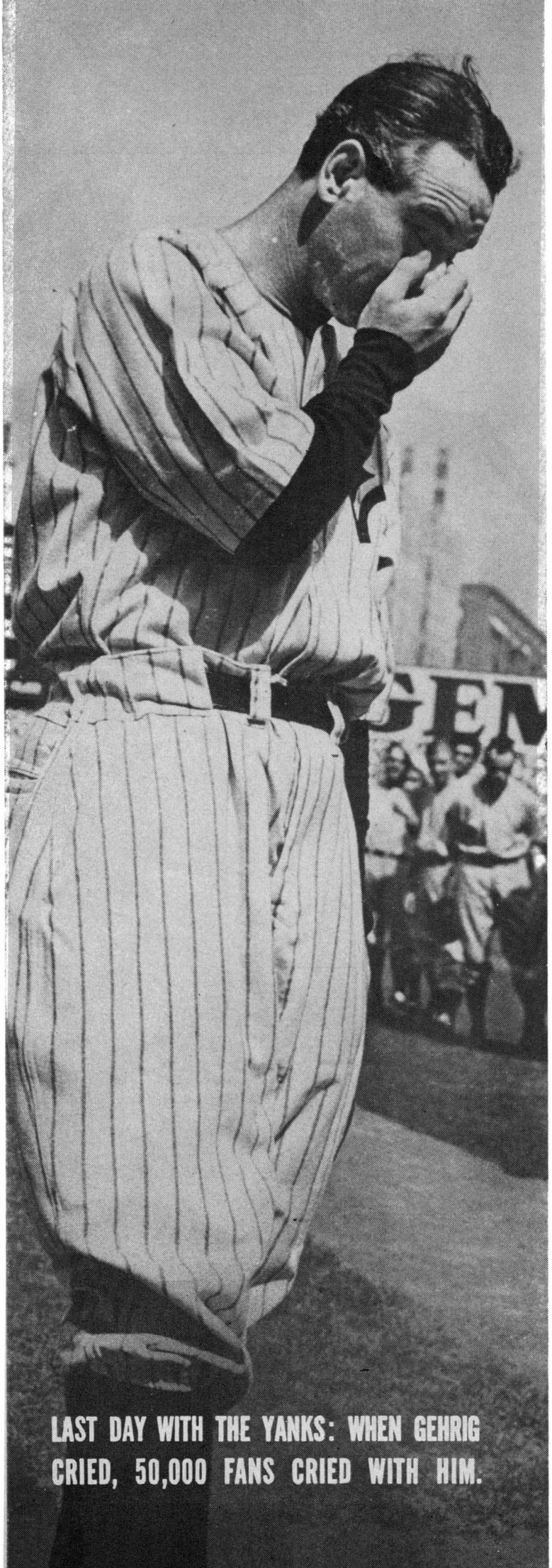
her fall off a little. Andy caught Kerry with a jab that made him stumble. Without coming back, the same hand hooked the side of Kerry's jaw. It wasn't a hard punch, but Kerry was off balance. He lurched sideways, and fell into Andy's right hand, the one he'd been saving. It sounded like the breaking of a punky branch. Kerry slipped forward, his face frozen ludicrously. His knees folded. He spread out, face down, on the hatch.

Andy flexed his fingers as he came toward me, and the men in his way dropped back. He jumped down on the deck without looking at them. His breathing was deep and controlled. "Still with me, Ken?" he asked. I waited a moment, then nodded.

We turned and started forward. Behind us the kid from Tacoma clambered up on the hatch. He lifted Kerry into a sitting position. I could hear him slapping his face, bringing him out of it.

"In heat like this it's hard work." Andy said. "Tough I had to do it."

I looked at him. We had worked together, been in trouble together, but (*Continued on page* 76)



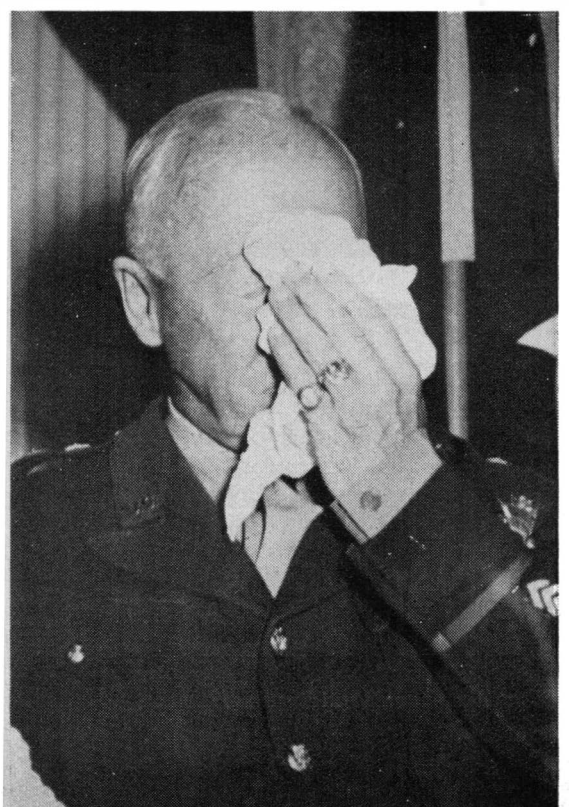
LAST DAY WITH THE YANKS: WHEN GEHRIG CRIED, 50,000 FANS CRIED WITH HIM.

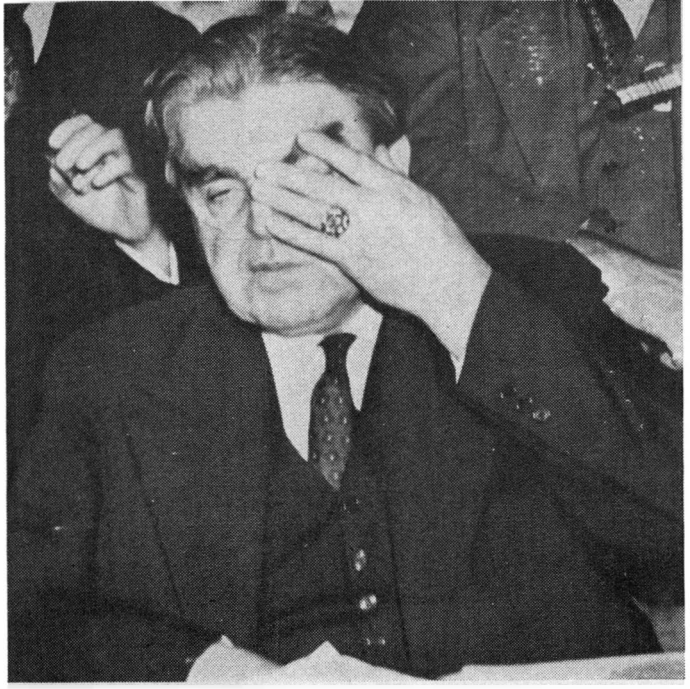
JOSEPH GUTTMAN: D. P. ARRIVES IN THE U. S.

ARE YOU ASHAMED TO CRY?

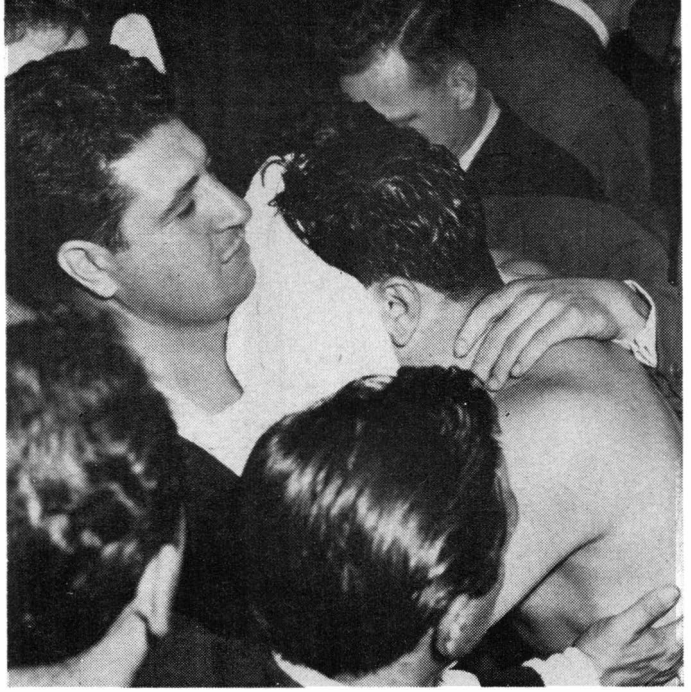
by JOSEPH F. DRURY, JR.

GENERAL PATTON: OVERWHELMED BY OVATION.





JOHN L. LEWIS: HIS LAST SPEECH AS C.I.O. LEADER.



MAURIELLO: AFTER ONE-ROUND KNOCKOUT BY LOUIS.

If you are, look at these pictures. Doctors say tears can be good for every one of us.

THERE had been an accident while the destroyer was firing during gunnery practice. A forward turret-gun server, standing too close to the breech of a five-inch rifle, was caught by a flareback. In sick bay, his first-degree burns were dressed, plasma administered, pain-killing drugs injected.

Yet the patient's face was still twisted with torment.

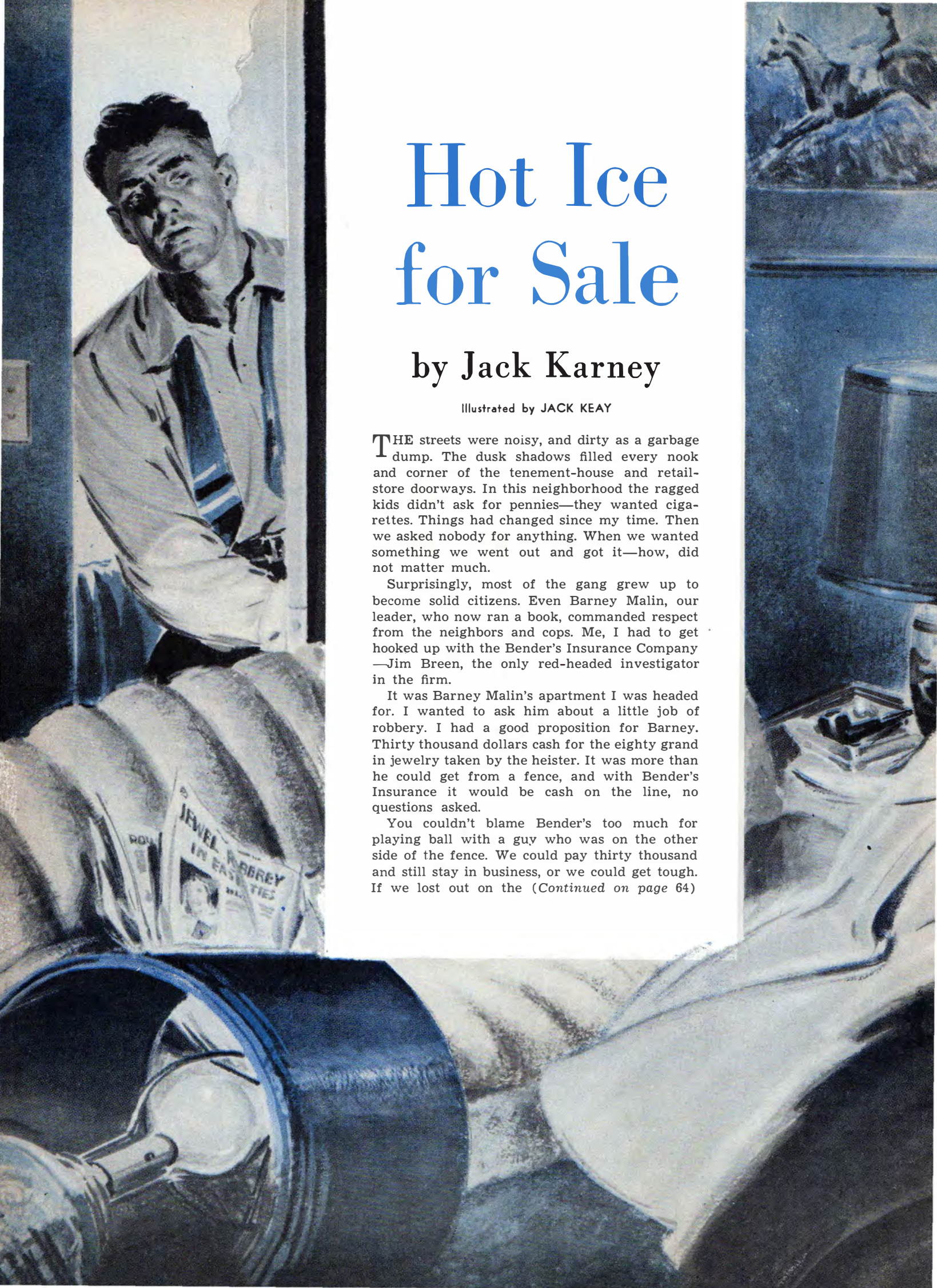
The medical officer chose not to inject more morphine. Instead, he ordered the sick-bay cleared. Just before he himself left the room, he said to the sailor, "Go ahead, son. Let yourself go. You'll feel better."

The door closed and the injured man began to cry. When the doctor returned after a few minutes, the patient was brushing the tears from his eyes. He grinned sheepishly. But he looked better, felt better. Emotional tension was released because he had followed the doctor's orders. He had had a good cry.

Psychologists would endorse this therapy. They recognize that tears can act as a safety valve for our emotions. **Working under heavy tension, we build up immense reservoirs of emotion which, say the psychologists, are better released than kept within ourselves.** Thus, if the sailor had not wept away his tension, he might well have recovered physically, but mentally, he might thereafter have been terrorized by the sight, or even the thought, of boats, guns and fires. (*Continued on page* 110)

Photos by Acme, INP, Wide World

HUNGARIAN SOCCER PLAYERS WERE BROKEN-HEARTED WHEN ITALY SCORED A GOAL IN THE LAST HALF-MINUTE.



Hot Ice for Sale

by Jack Karney

Illustrated by JACK KEAY

THE streets were noisy, and dirty as a garbage dump. The dusk shadows filled every nook and corner of the tenement-house and retail-store doorways. In this neighborhood the ragged kids didn't ask for pennies—they wanted cigarettes. Things had changed since my time. Then we asked nobody for anything. When we wanted something we went out and got it—how, did not matter much.

Surprisingly, most of the gang grew up to become solid citizens. Even Barney Malin, our leader, who now ran a book, commanded respect from the neighbors and cops. Me, I had to get hooked up with the Bender's Insurance Company —Jim Breen, the only red-headed investigator in the firm.

It was Barney Malin's apartment I was headed for. I wanted to ask him about a little job of robbery. I had a good proposition for Barney. Thirty thousand dollars cash for the eighty grand in jewelry taken by the heister. It was more than he could get from a fence, and with Bender's Insurance it would be cash on the line, no questions asked.

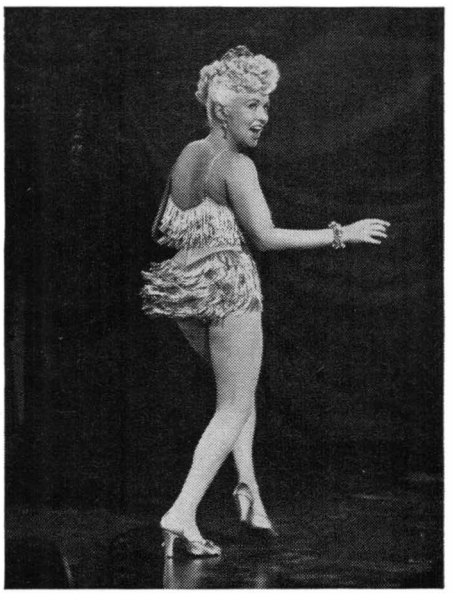
You couldn't blame Bender's too much for playing ball with a guy who was on the other side of the fence. We could pay thirty thousand and still stay in business, or we could get tough. If we lost out on the (*Continued on page* 64)


She was as lovely as any of the stolen jewels, and twice
as hard. She had big plans — which included me dead.
JACK KEAY

GRABLE

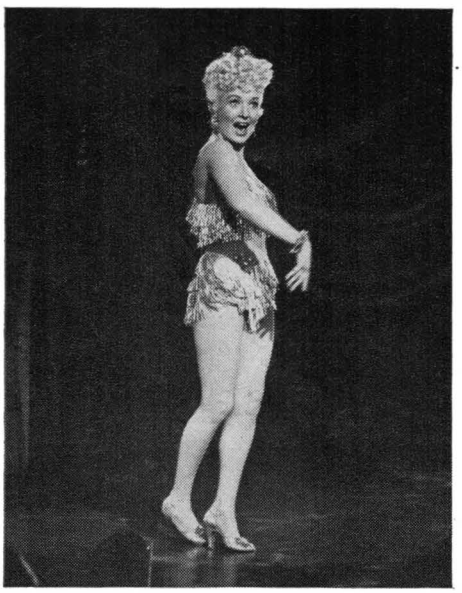
Betty, still Number 1 U. S. Pin-up Girl, brings back the shimmy in her big movie for 1950, "Wabash Avenue."

When the shimmy hit the U.S. during . . .

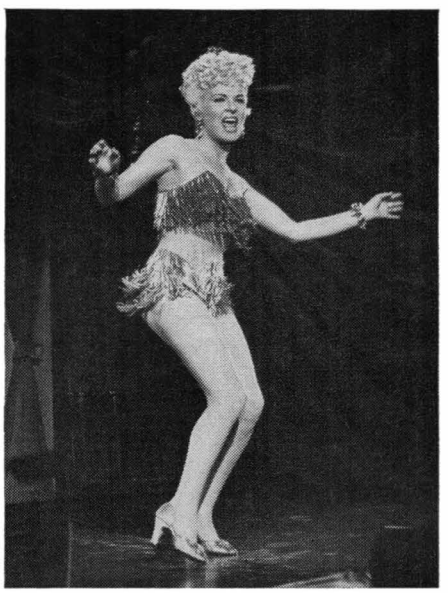


the Torrid Twenties, a critic tagged . . .

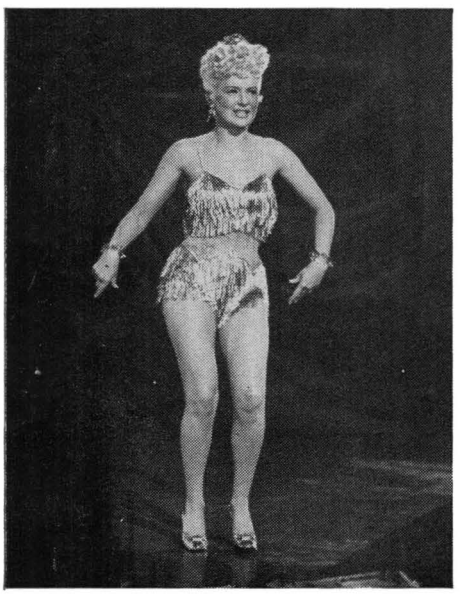
it "a St. Vitus-like deformation of . . .



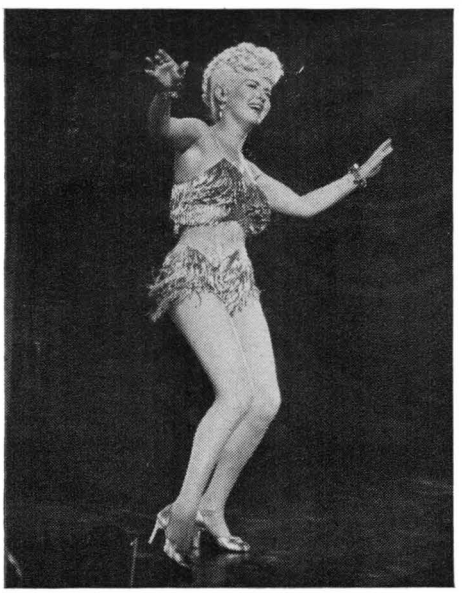
the foxtrot, complete with shoulder . . .



contortions similar to the Mexican . . .



rumba." But that was long before . . .



Grable danced and sang "I Wish . . .

I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate."

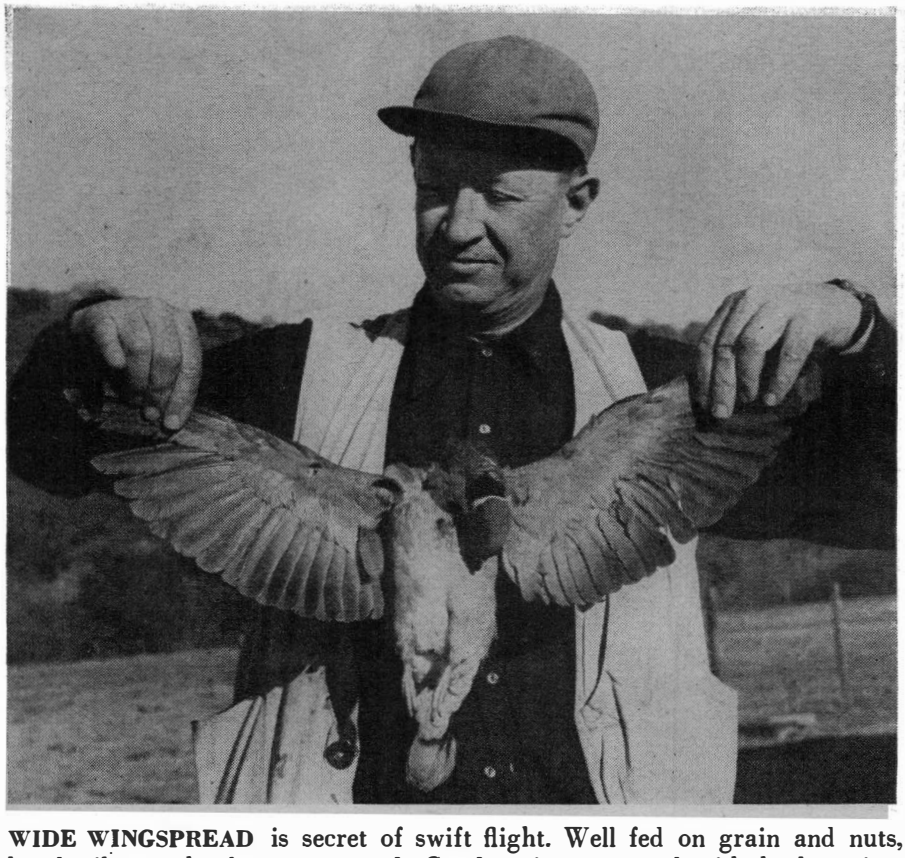

I wish I could shimmy like My Sister Kate.

Sportsman's Almanac

1. Band-tailed Pigeons
2. Live Bait Casting
3. Bird Dog Training
4. Camp Conveniences

by **BYRON DALRYMPLE**

Photos by Joe Mears and W. C. Robinson



WIDE WINGSPREAD is secret of swift flight. Well fed on grain and nuts, band-tails weigh almost a pound. Good eating, steamed with herbs, wine.

FOR most outdoorsmen, November means just one thing. It's time to go bird hunting. To many of us, it also means we would like to try some new kind of bird hunting, something that will pay off in thrills the likes of which we've never had before. If, for example, you want the fastest, craziest, toughest bird shooting you've ever had, take my advice and go West after band-tailed pigeons.

Curiously, we don't hear much on a national scale about the band-tail. He's a big fellow—often bigger than the homing pigeon. He nests from British Columbia all the way south into Mexico. He's a bird of the high mountain forests, but when fall comes he gathers in awesome flocks and heads for warmer climes in a leisurely fashion.

Until mid-December you can usually find an open season somewhere in British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona or New Mexico. When weather conditions are right, band-tails descend in swarms on the seed-pea fields around Puget Sound and its islands. They drive down through coastal Oregon and the Willamette River Valley, and large numbers concentrate in the valley of

BAND-TAIL is fast, and many shots are long. So it's a good idea to take along a retrieving dog, such as a cocker.

the Salinas River, near King City, and feed on grain, fruit and acorns.

You'll find most ranchers and farmers extremely co-operative about letting you hunt band-tails on their property, because of the destructiveness of band-tail concentrations to crops. **You can try stalking them in the high oak and pine forests, or take up a stand in such a location beside a tall, dead stub, where band-tails always like to come to perch.** You can hunt at dawn and evening near waterholes, or from a blind or brush clump near a favorite feeding field. You can even go some distance from a feeding field where much shooting is going on, and set up in fir trees decoys cut from cardboard in pigeon silhouette. This is a honey of a method. Birds frightened from the fields will swarm to your gun like bees.

How do you hit 'em? You'll have to work this one out yourself. For the band-tail is one of the fastest birds a-wing, a wizard at change of pace and maneuverability in the air. There's no other sport like it in the whole world. You may not get a lot of birds—one California county survey showed 350,000 shells expended to down 21,000 band-tails. But, however few you get, you'll have a shooting session filled with enough thrills and excitement to keep you telling about the trip for years to come.

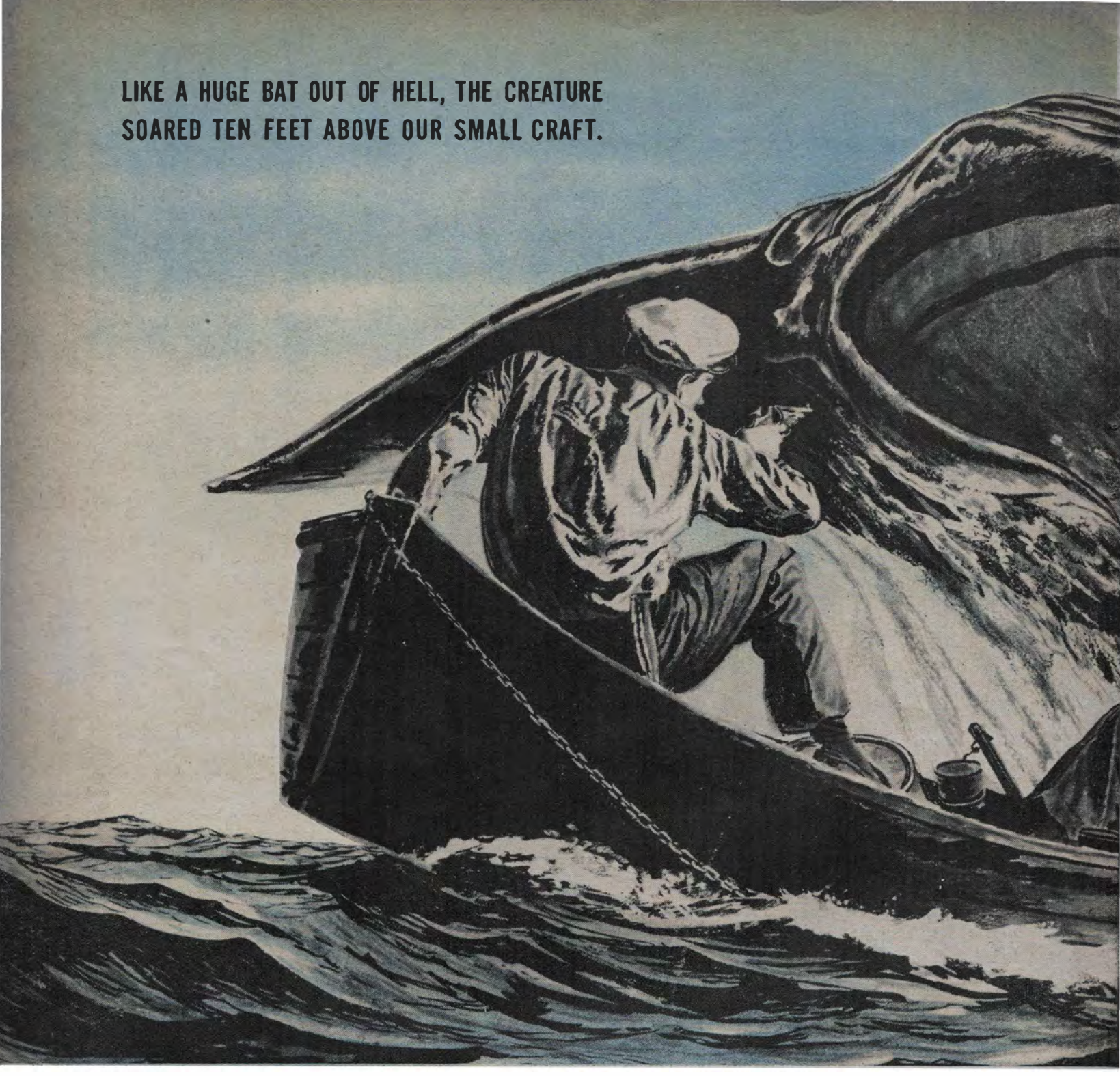
Any gun from 20- to 12-gauge will do. It should be choked down pretty well, for many shots are long. Shot size from 6 to 7½, for these fellows take a lot of killing. If you have a retrieving dog such as a cocker or springer, take him along. Don't forget, too, that the band-tail is wonderful eating, especially in a deep-dish pie with vegetables and a crisp brown crust. Conservation departments in the states mentioned will be glad to give you information on good locations, and the weeks when your chances will be best. You can even make arrangements to cross the border into Mexico, where the shooting is often sensational.

Boon for Live-Bait Casters

Game fish are getting out of the shallows about now, but in sections where the season is still open there's a lot of good live-bait fishing to be had before snow time if you fish the deep holes meticulously. It brings to mind that the big problem in fishing bait of various sorts at exact depths—which requires a float—has always been how to use a casting rod and still use a float pegged up the line at the proper distance. Obviously, as we all know by sad and exasperating trial, you can't cast when your baited hook, sinker, ten or twelve feet of line, and a float are dangling from the rod tip during the windup.

The answer is simple, and extremely important to the success of the live-bait caster. **You're going to wonder why you didn't think of it years ago—as quite a few oldtimers did. Here's how:**

Decide upon the depth at which you want the bait to hang, then tie a knot in your line at that distance from the end. Now thread an ordinary short button on the line, one with holes small enough so the knot won't pass through. Next comes the float, one of those cork or wood or plastic ones with a hole through the middle and a peg to jam in against the line—only you simply thread on the float and throw the peg away. Now tie on sinker and hook, bait up, let float and button slide down and rest against the sinker. Then cast away to your heart's content. You can place your bait (*Continued on page* 91)

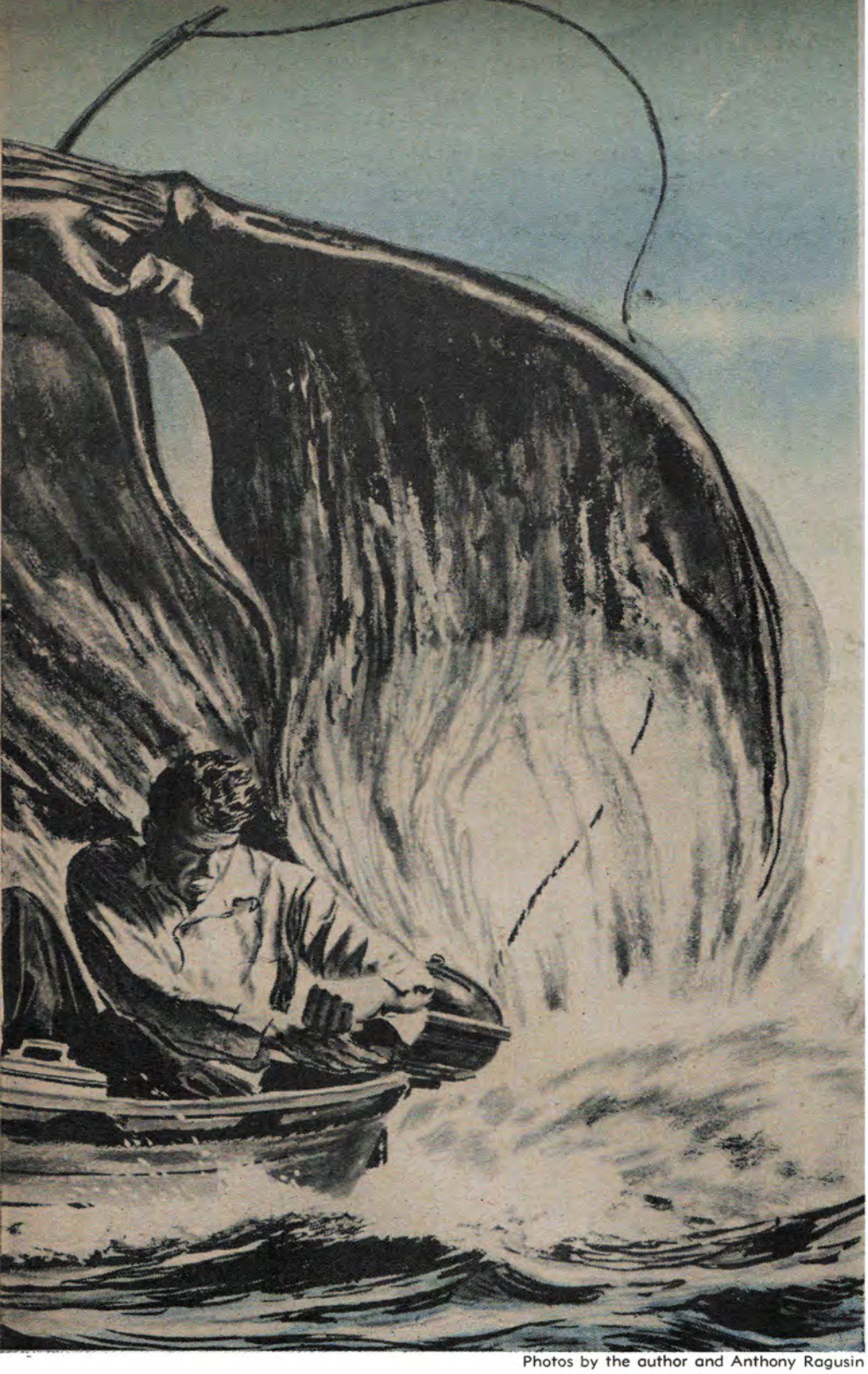


THOMAS HELM TELLS HIS OWN STORY OF

"My Fight with a Giant Manta"

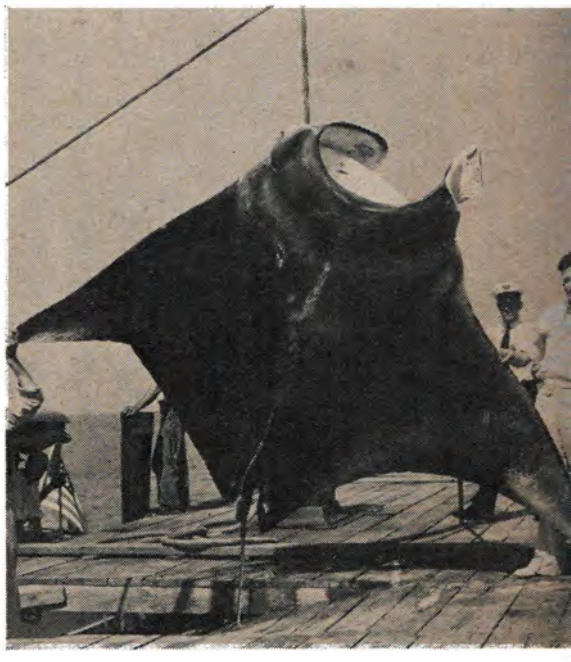
Illustrated by JOHN McDERMOTT

THE long haul from the western tip of Cuba to the Ten Thousand Islands had been a hard one for our battered schooner, and a hungry one for Ed Booth and me. A steady diet of corned beef, fried bread and black coffee had whetted our appetite for fresh mangrove snapper, pompano, or any other of the multitude of fine food fishes which we knew could be found in those fabulous fishing waters off the lower coast of Florida. At sunset we dropped the hook in some unnamed cove a few miles south of Gullivan Bay. At sunrise the next morning I was on deck loading the fishing gear in the twelve-foot skiff and attaching the well dented old outboard, while Ed puttered around in our pint-sized galley with another pot of coffee. Suddenly, not more than a hundred feet off from the starboard side, the sea opened up and a black triangular shape shot skyward. Instinctively, I ducked and at the same time



Photos by the author and Anthony Ragusin

IF HE CRASHED down on us, it would mean certain disaster. Quickly, I fired.



MANTAS often measure 15 feet across back, weigh up to one and a half tons.

the monster crashed back on the placid surface of the cove. The noise he made hitting the water was like the report of a five-inch naval gun.

A second later Ed Booth stumbled up into the cockpit and stood blinking in the early-morning brilliance like a roused owl.

"What happened?" he demanded, swiping at a splash of coffee he had upset on his dungarees.

"Big devilfish just about landed on deck," I replied.

"There goes our snapper steak," Ed growled.

Almost before he had finished speaking, a second manta ray cleared the water and landed with a deafening report, then a third. In a few minutes no less than thirty had entered the small bay. Time after time they would hurtle their huge flat bodies out of the water and drop with a splash that sent a wave of foam in all directions. As they sailed up into the air and nosed over for the dive they looked like nature's version of the Northrop Flying Wing.

Manta rays, or devilfish, as they are sometimes called, travel along the sea lanes in packs of ten to a hundred. When the urge for food develops, they swing into the nearest bay and begin to slaughter the fish population in a wild orgy. Just why they jump when entering the bay, nobody knows. Some authorities claim they are trying to shake off certain parasites that have adhered to their bodies out in the deep. Others maintain they sight a school of fish and tear into the middle of it, jump, then land with enough force to kill or stun the fish. Either or neither of these theories may be correct.

On one occasion, while stopping over at a little port on the lower coast of Jamaica, I talked with a man who had actually been attacked by an angry (*Continued on page* 102)

BIG SWINDLES

in small type

Fine-print racketeers can clean out your bank account—without breaking the law. That's where the LRS comes in.

by Norman and Amelia Lobsenz

THE man waiting in the lofty oak-and-marble lobby of New York's Bar Association building was obviously nervous. He jumped up startled when his name was called, walked through a door into a small, unpretentious office.

There was no oak and marble here. Only a few old chairs, a hatrack, a typewriter, an old desk.

"Sit down," said Richard Haydock, the lawyer who sat at the desk. "Tell me how I can help you."

The visitor sat. Suddenly his nervousness was gone. In this modest room, across from this friendly, soft-spoken attorney, he instinctively felt he could find comfort and counsel.

18-Year-Old Slicer

"I run a delicatessen," he said. "Two weeks ago I bought a second-hand slicing machine. After a few days it goes on the blink. I called the repair people. They looked at the serial number and told me the machine was eighteen years old. But the man who sold it to me said—"

"I know," the lawyer interrupted. "He said it was only a few months old. Right?"

The man nodded. "Eighteen months."

"Do you have a bill of sale?"

The man passed over a crumpled piece of paper. Haydock scanned it. As he expected, there were few details. It mentioned price and make, but no reference to model or serial number, to style, or to year of manufacture.

"This is an old kind of swindle," Haydock said finally. "But it always works. A fellow sells you something, makes all sorts of promises about it, but doesn't put a thing in writing."

"But he told me—"

"It makes no difference what he told you. Read this." Haydock pointed to a phrase in the bill of sale.

No warranties expressed or implied have been made unless endorsed hereon in writing.

"That means," said Haydock sadly, "that no matter what the man said to you, **it doesn't count legally unless you have it in black and white.**"

The delicatessen owner was indignant. "But he guaranteed it!"

"Even the word 'guaranteed' is meaningless unless it guarantees something specific," said Haydock. "This 'no warranty clause' is in almost every contract. Courts expect it to be. Legally, you can't hold a man to any promise unless he puts it in writing."

"There's nothing I can do?" the man asked.

Haydock smiled grimly. "You might get your money back if you can prove fraud. It's hard to do, and expensive, but it might work. You want to try?"

The man nodded.

"All right," said Haydock, picking up his phone. "We'll refer you to a good lawyer."

Day after day sandy-haired Richard Haydock, hard-working, 36-year-old attorney in charge of New York's Legal Referral Service, does a king-sized job of helping people get out—or keep out—of trouble. In the past three years he has saved thousands of persons from the time-wasting and costly consequences of their own legal ignorance or their fellow man's cupidity.

We recently spent several days with Haydock, watching him single-handedly operate one of the most important public services in (*Continued on page* 88)

ATTORNEY Richard Haydock *(opposite page)* shows a business couple how hidden fine print led them to waste money advertising in fake directory. Except for the lines shown, contract was duplicate of the telephone company's.

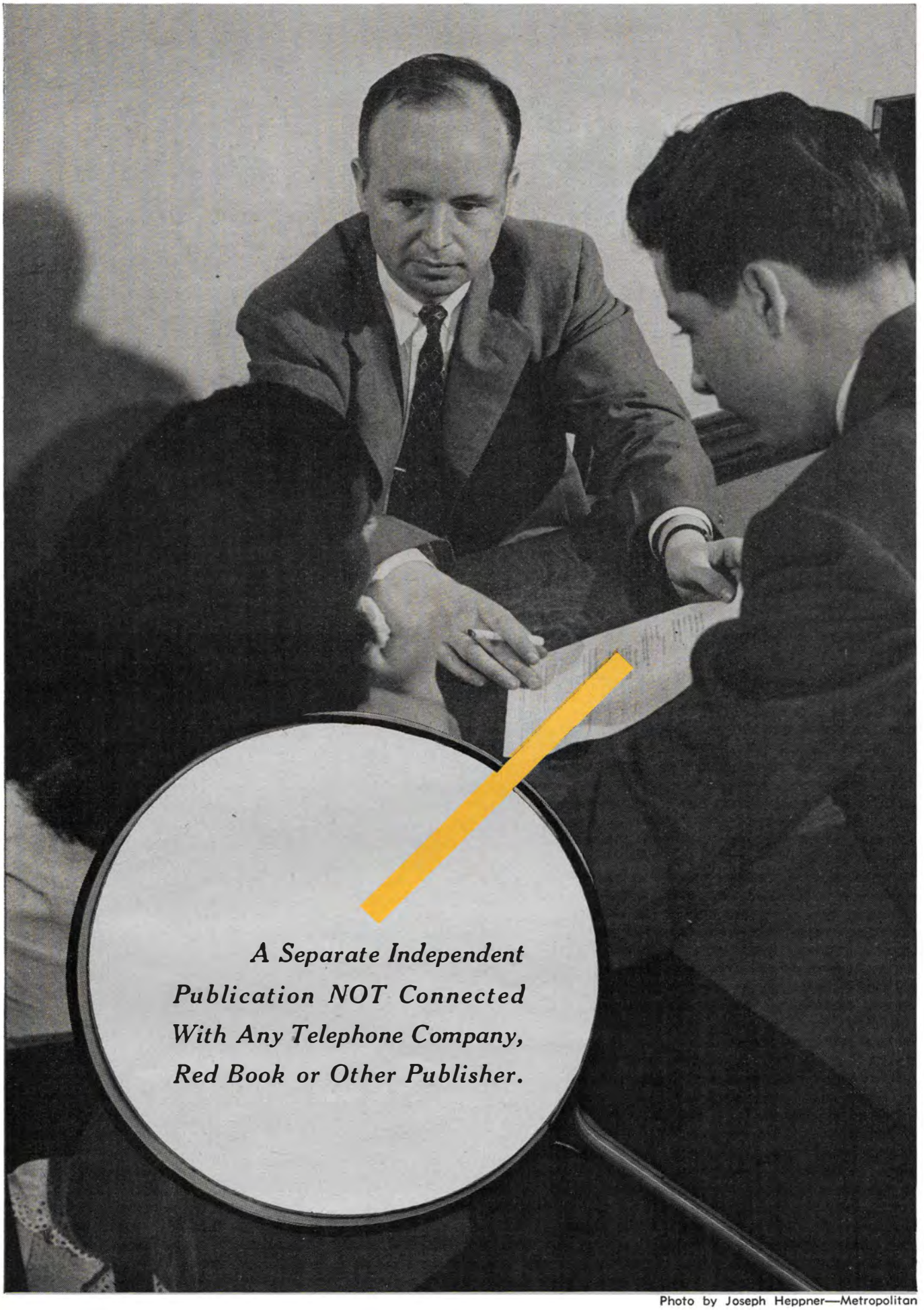
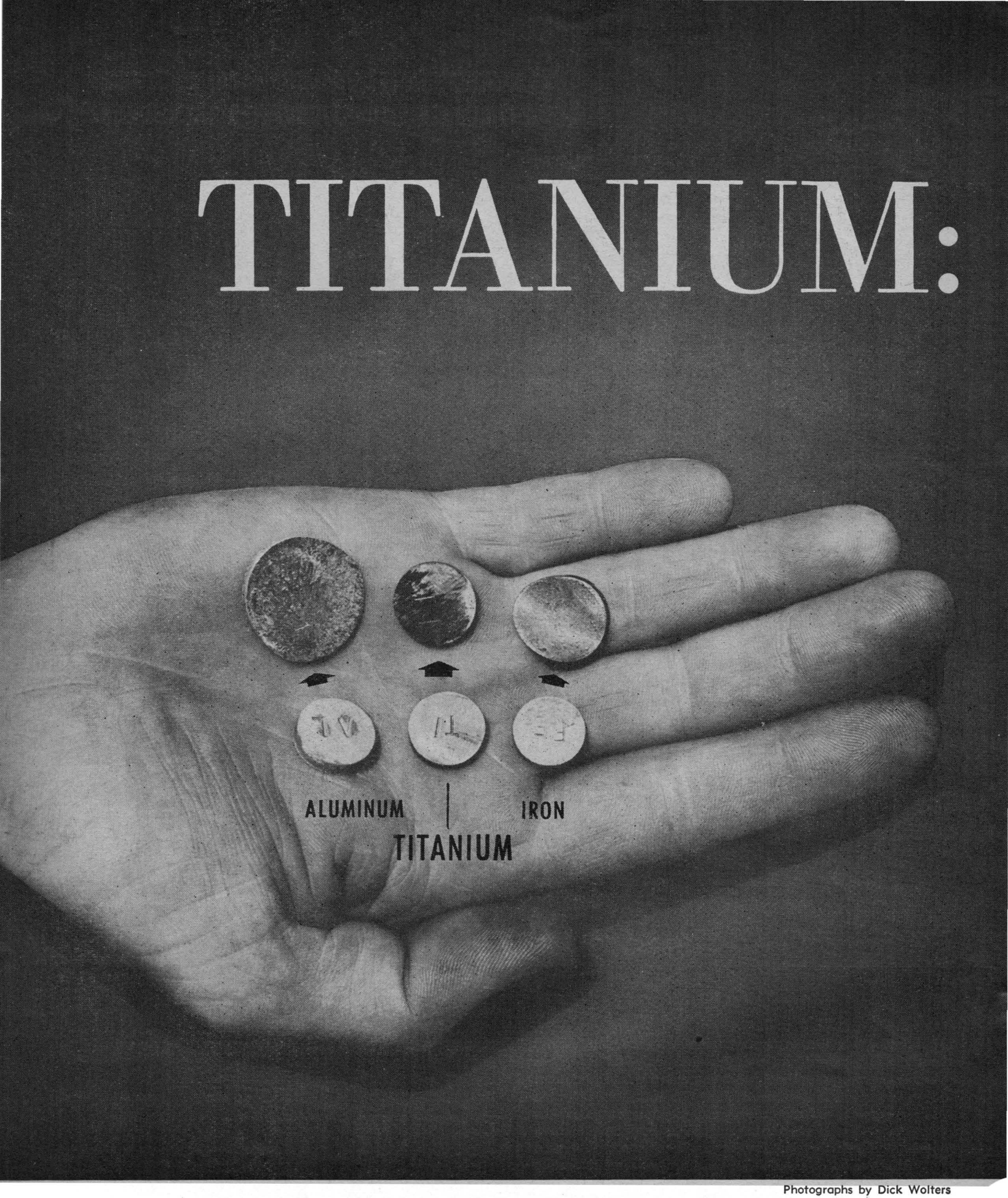


Photo by Joseph Heppner—Metropolitan

TITANIUM:



Photographs by Dick Wolters

TEST SHOWS TITANIUM'S TOUGHNESS

This is what happens when a locomotive runs over three metal discs. Aluminum flattens out into a thin pancake, iron loses its shape and spreads. Only the miracle metal can take it.

miracle metal

Science is hot on the trail of a metallic secret which will make life easier and more fun for you. It's a common mineral—lighter than steel, more heat-resistant than magnesium, tougher than aluminum.

by Miles Ginsberg

TITANIUM is a coy and frisky metal with a bright future—if the scientists can ever make it behave.

It is a tough and durable lightweight, which fights off corrosion better than stainless steel, resists heat better than magnesium, and is stronger than aluminum. And if you don't think there's something for you in that combination, just listen.

Under control and in large-scale production, titanium will provide non-corroding rods and reels for the fisherman whose tackle has been etched by sea water. **Titanium canoes and paddles will take pounds off the back of the camper making a portage between streams. The same golfers will be in the same old thickets, but their titanium niblicks will never get rusty.** Neither will the titanium fittings on cars or boats. Cyclists will stop wondering if they're pedaling through sand at the end of a mile. It'll be all downhill on a titanium bike. And for the amateur chef, whose scorched hide and sulphurous remarks feature every barbecue, there will be utensils with heat-resistant titanium handles.

As it happens, the one thing which is keeping you from enjoying these wonders now is titanium itself.

First, it's expensive. As against stainless steel at 30 cents a pound and aluminum at 16, titanium runs from $5 to $15 a pound. At these prices, a manufacturer might as well make those niblicks out of platinum.

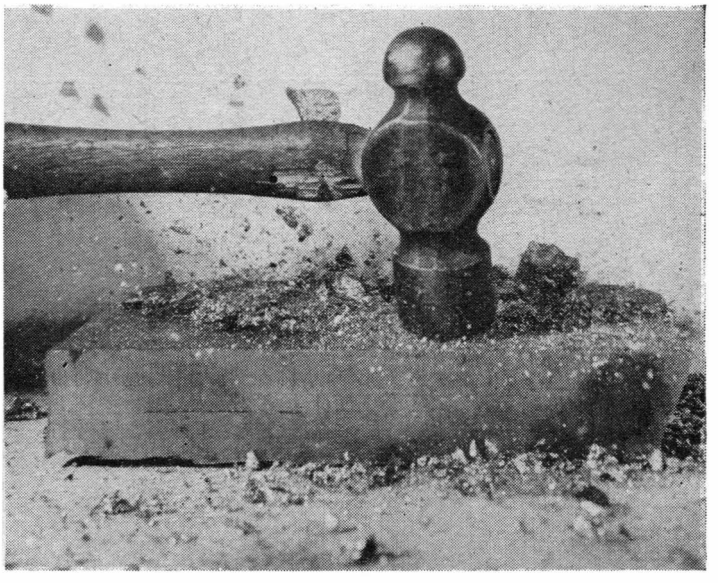
Refining Is Difficult

Secondly, it's extremely difficult to refine. The problem involves considerable chemical hocus-pocus, but is fairly simple to explain. It seems that titanium —like the Titans, the mythological Greek earth gods for which it was named—is endowed with tremendous strength, which it uses to cling tenaciously to other elements.

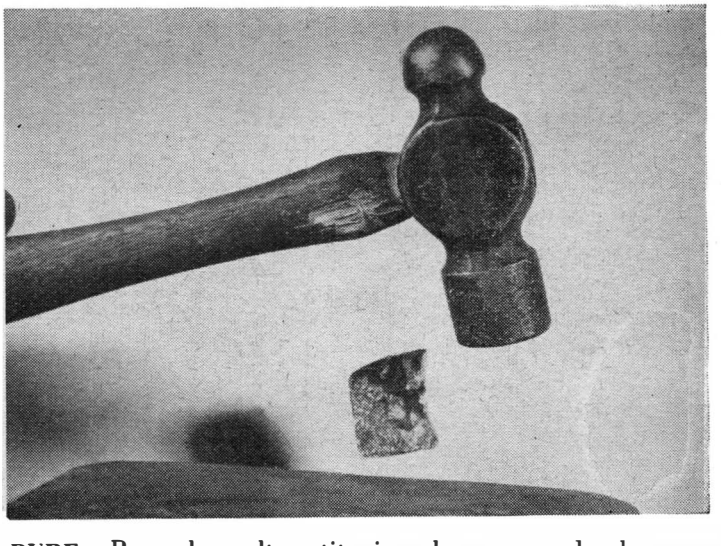
During the refining process, its most annoying trick is combining with oxygen to form titanium dioxide. This is a fine, white pigment for paint, leather, tires, shaving cream, face powder, and false teeth. But it gets you nowhere in the production of a pure metal.

After it has been smelted, it may recombine, capriciously, with impurities. And it can be contaminated even by elements in the containers which hold it.

This puts scowls on the (*Continued on page* 86)



IMPURE: Hammer smashes titanium exposed to air gases during production. Ingots must be melted in airtight furnace.



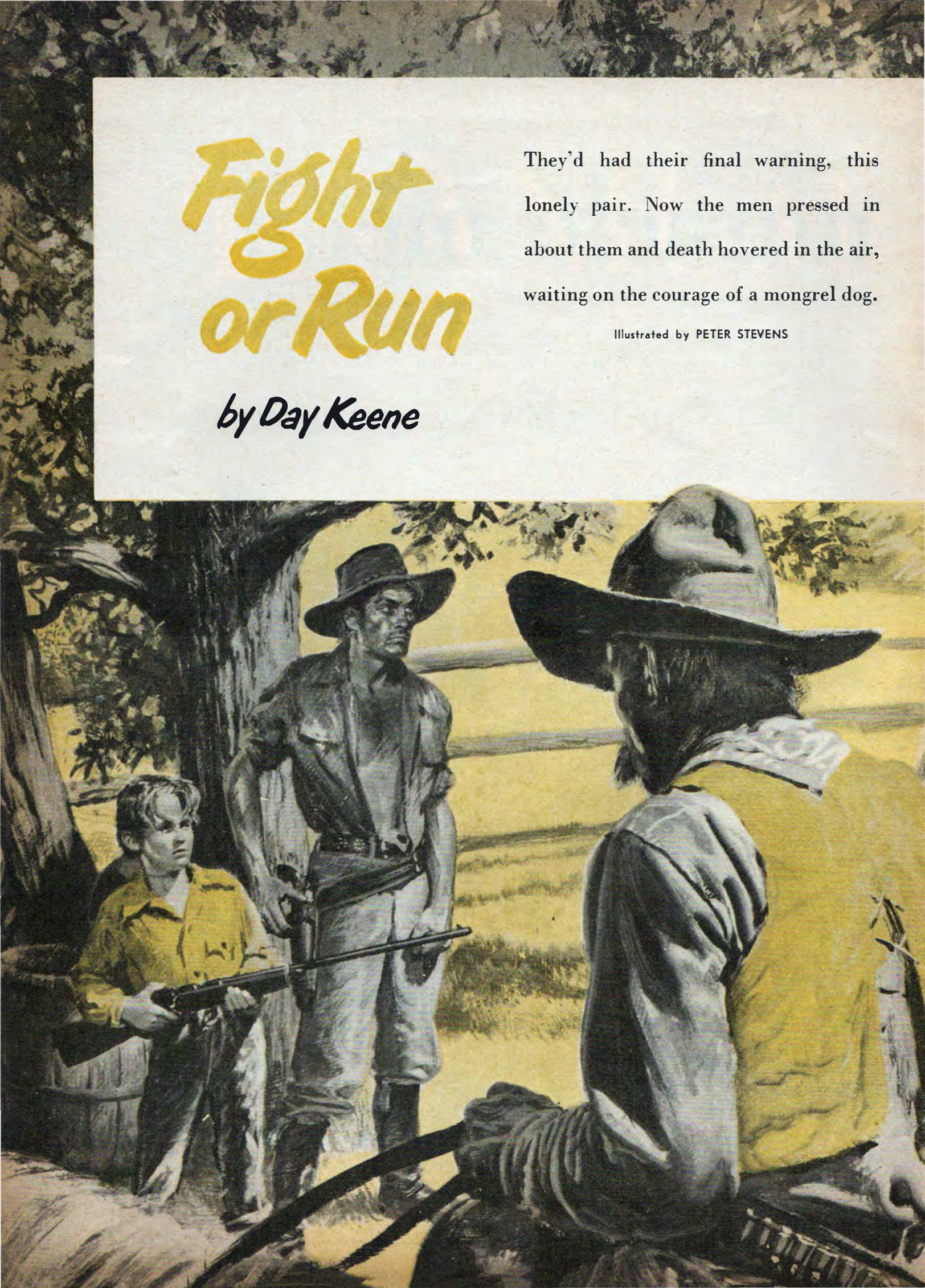
PURE: Properly molten, titanium bounces under hammer blow. High price—$5 a pound—is due to difficulty of refining.

Fight or Run

by Day Keene

They'd had their final warning, this lonely pair. Now the men pressed in about them and death hovered in the air, waiting on the courage of a mongrel dog.

Illustrated by PETER STEVENS



THE FIRST faint red feelers of dawn, as if fearful of the day about to break, were working their way up the rutted road to Spanish Town when Mort Smith found the dog.

Its right forepaw was caught in a forgotten coyote trap. It had been in the trap perhaps a week. Exhausted and gaunt with hunger, all it could do was wag its tail and whimper. Young Mort raised the long-barreled squirrel rifle he was carrying across the pommel of his saddle and drew a fine bead on the dog. The dog was something on which to vent the anger and frustration churning in him.

"Git out," Kane Karber had said. "Git out or be burned out. It makes no mind to me. But be gone inside two weeks. I got a fresh trail herd coming up from Texas and I'll need this land to graze 'em."

His father had just stood there and taken it. He hadn't ordered Karber off the land. He hadn't gone for his gun. He hadn't even laid his tongue on the other man. He had turned red in the face like some old scrawny turkey gobbler and said nothing. And when Kane Karber and his riders had ridden on he had gone back to his haying just as if nothing had happened.

Haying in a country where every other rancher in his right mind let his (*Continued on page* 82)

cattle winter-forage for themselves.

"Say your prayers, you no-count yellow hound," Mort told the dog. "I aim to blow you to Kingdom Come just like I would Kane Karber if I was a man."

At the sound of his voice the trapped dog wagged his tail harder. Mort thought, with scorn, *the fool. He thinks I'm talking friendly.*

But suddenly he couldn't shoot. Shooting a trapped dog would be like shooting an unarmed man. It wasn't the dog's fault his father was a coward.

Getting off the horse, he sprang the trap, examined the injured forepaw. The leg was badly cut and bruised but it wasn't broken. A day or two and a little food and water would put the dog back on its feet.

"Now, git! Git for your home," Mort told him.

The dog continued to stand on three feet, favoring the injured forepaw, looking up at him, wagging its tail, its parched tongue lolling from its mouth. Against his will, eager to be on his way again, Mort got his water bag from his saddle, poured some in his hat and held the hat on the ground. The released dog drank thirstily. Then, lifting its head, it licked one of the small hands on the hat brim.

Mort grinned. "I'll be dog-goned. He's thanking me."

It was the first caress he remembered since his mother had died. And that had been three years before, when he had been going on seven. For the first time he wondered about the ownership of the dog. Probably it had been left behind by one of the miners deserting Tuscarora, now the silver was gone. Even fully filled out, the dog would still be no-account. He certainly wasn't a sheep dog. And he wasn't a hunting mastiff like the nasty-tempered brute that ran beside Kane Karber. He was just a big old no-account yellow dog that no one but a miner would be fool enough to waste food on.

WELL, almost no one but a miner. Getting his own breakfast from his saddlebag, Mort squatted down and spread it on the ground. The starved dog bolted the two thick sandwiches in four bites. Then, pressing his thin body against Mort's thigh, he looked up and licked Mort's face.

Mort laughed out loud, and his arm circled the dog's neck. Then, realizing what he had done, he looked around him guiltily to see if any chance rider had witnessed the display of affection. Even if he was only nine years old, he wasn't soft, like a woman. He meant to grow up hard. Karber might put them off the ranch. He might even run them out of the county. But some day when he was a man he would return as hard as Karber was, and he would kill him.

"Git, now," he ordered the dog.

Rising briskly, he threw a leg over his horse and rode on. He didn't look back until he reached the crest of the next hill.

The dog hadn't yapped, not once. But he was hobbling after him, as fast as he could run on three legs. When he saw the horse had stopped, the dog redoubled his efforts and the boy could see his heart pounding as he ran. Coming up to the horse, the dog stopped.

"You fool. You dumb fool," Mort cursed him.

THE dog stood panting, looking up at him, a silly grin splitting his muzzle as if he had just been praised. Mort wondered what to do. After being held for days in the trap, another such run would kill the dog. And the dumb fool obviously meant to tag along after him until it dropped.

Swinging down, he scooped up the dog and laid him across the saddle between him and the long-barreled squirrel gun now lashed back to the pommel. He cursed him the rest of the way to Spanish Town. But secretly he was pleased—until he thought of his father.

Getting to keep the dog was going to be a problem. A man so stingy he had given up his one comfort, his weekly ten-cent cigar, a man who was too stingy to buy his son a new ten-dollar breech-loading rifle for his tenth birthday, wouldn't take kindly to another mouth to feed. On the other hand, if he promised not to eat so much and to furnish most of the dog's food with the squirrel gun, he might be allowed to keep him. And the more he thought about it, the more he wanted to keep him. The fingers of his free hand found the dog's ears and scratched them. It would be nice to have a dog, even a no-'count yellow one who hadn't sense enough to keep out of coyote traps.

Spanish Town was mostly saloons. At night they were bright with light and music and filled with the noisy *vaqueros* and cowhands from the ranches in the hills. Mort liked to come into town then. But this early in the morning the saloons were still deep in slumber. Where the long rows of hitched horses stood, a red hen was busily scratching in the dust. The few people on the walk were mostly women. The only place open was Connelly's general store.

Hitching his gelding, Mort told the dog, "You stay right where you are. All I got to get is a darn old hay-scythe handle. Then I got to use it all day long."

His lean belly pressed to the saddle, the dog's bright eyes watched him into the store.

The interior of the store was cool and dark and smelled of leather and cheese and tobacco and well-oiled guns and spice and coffee. Mort went directly to the gun case where the ten-dollar rifle stood. His father insisted no gun could amount to much for so little money. But that was just because he was stingy and didn't want to buy it for him. Any fool could see it was a good gun. Well, maybe not the best. But it was a breechloader and you couldn't tell just by looking at a gun whether the barrel was bored true or the steel in it properly tempered. And no one could tell him you could.

From the tobacco counter where he was selling a customer a box of snuff, Mr. Connelly called genially, "Come to buy the gun this morning, Mort? I'll sell it to you if you want it. But don't blame me if the fool thing falls apart the first time you shoot it. I never did put much stock in that cheap line."

Mort gave him a sour look. Mr. Connelly was in league with his father. His father had told Mr. Connelly to low-rate the gun so he wouldn't want it so badly. Tight-lipped, he said, "No, I want a Number Four hay-scythe handle. Pa busted ours on a rock in that marsh hay he's putting up for winter forage."

HE WAS almost ashamed to admit the fact. But again Mr. Connelly sided with his father. "Seems like a good idea, making hay while the sun shines. The time will come, I believe, when most of the boys up in this end of Nevada are going to have to winter-feed. Doesn't make sense to me to turn a valuable critter out to forage for itself in four to six feet of snow."

The storekeeper selected a sound scythe handle, then asked in a lower tone, "I hear Kane Karber and some of his boys dropped out to see your pa the other day. That so?"

Still tight-lipped, Mort nodded. "That's right."

He glowered at a heavy brass dog collar studded with alternate spikes and red stones in the show case on which he was leaning. The collar was marked four dollars. Four dollars for a dog collar. Karber's mastiff wore one just like it.

"A shame," Connelly said, prying information about Karber's visit. "A shame. You pa ain't indicated what he's going to do?" (*Continued on page* 82)

Photos by courtesy of the author

AUTHOR (right) treks over rich Namib Desert, where diamonds are as common as pebbles in a stream bed.

When Fortune Wouldn't Fit!

by ALEKO LILIUS

Strange was the destiny of the man who unlocked the great diamond-field secret.

IT WAS a small, partially filled hip flask which led to the discovery of the world's greatest diamond treasure, the fabulous Forbidden Diamond Territory on Africa's Atlantic Coast.

The details of this bizarre affair, whispered in Johannesburg's Rand Club, concerns a now historic trek made by the famed Doctors Merensky and Alexander, who later sold the treasure field to the government for several million pounds sterling.

Accompanied by their Kaffir boys, the two explorers were plodding through the sand toward a distant water hole in the dreaded Namib Desert when a Bushman staggered toward them. He was a small, naked man, critically suffering from hunger and thirst. Given food and water, however, he quickly recovered. The next day, when he insisted he be allowed to repay his saviors by doing any difficult or dangerous task, Dr. Alexander jestingly showed him a small hip flask in which he kept the diamonds the party had found on the trip. **The doctor said that if the Bushman could fill a flask with similar stones he would be provided with food and water for the rest of his life.**

To Alexander's surprise, the native accepted an empty flask, promising to fill the small bottle with white "water" stones. He said he knew of a place a few sun-ups away where such stones were as common as pebbles in a stream bed.

The doctors gave him water to fill his ostrich egg canteen and some dried antelope meat, and the grinning native trotted off through the dunes to the East. The explorers headed north and west, toward a water hole, to refill their own water bags. **They assumed they had seen the last of the native.**

The safari had refilled its water skins and was back-trekking through the torrid desert when, on the third day of the home trail, the doctors spied the little Bushman lying unconscious on the sand. His ostrich shell was missing and his pulse was very weak.

The native's condition was a familiar story. First, merciless heat on a difficult trail. Then, a commonplace accident like breaking a canteen, or worse, finding that a drifting dune had buried a water hole. Finally collapse—and a small cluster of bleached bones.

Dr. Alexander knelt at the Bushman's side and attempted to revive him.

The native's irregular breathing steadied and slowly strengthened, his eyelids fluttered and opened. Making a great effort, he reached into his carry-pouch and brought out the hip flask.

Dr. Alexander heard him whisper, in the peculiar click-clack of the Bush tongue, "I have failed, sahib, so it is right I should die."

"You poor little devil, I shouldn't have let you go!"

As he consoled the native, Dr. Alexander raised the bottle to the sun, then suddenly let out a shout. The flask was half full of fair-sized diamonds.

"Still, I didn't fill the flask." The native's voice was low and halting.

"But are there more white water stones?" Dr. Alexander asked quickly.

"Yes," the little man assured him. "Many more. All over the place. But I'm sorry I couldn't fill the bottle."

"If there were stones all over the place, why couldn't you fill it? And where is this place?"

The now semi-conscious Bushman whispered weakly, "Three sun-ups to he sea, many, many stones in the sand."

"But why didn't you bring more?"

The native's lips barely moved. "The stones were too big—too big to fit the neck of the bottle."

Then his lips stopped moving. He was dead. ● ● ●

ACTUAL FLASK which held diamonds.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

THE MOTORCYCLE

HERE'S HOW A FEW THOUSAND SPEED-HAPPY MANIACS ARE TURNING

by Allen Churchill

THERE'S a new terror loose on the nation's highways. Leaving behind a sickening trail of blood and twisted bodies, he's adding a grim new dimension to the phrase "—And Sudden Death."

The new terror constitutes a double-barrelled menace to you, the average motorist. He can do two things. He can crash into your car. Or he can use such shattering noise and zigzag recklessness that you, a safe-and-sane driver, become unnerved and veer off the pavement or smash into someone else.

His name? He's the mad-dog motorcyclist. Equipped with streamlined helmet, heavy goggles, man-from-Mars outfit, and chrome-plated machine with muffler open and foxtails attached, he rampages our highways—especially over weekends—singly or in packs, acting like a traffic law unto himself.

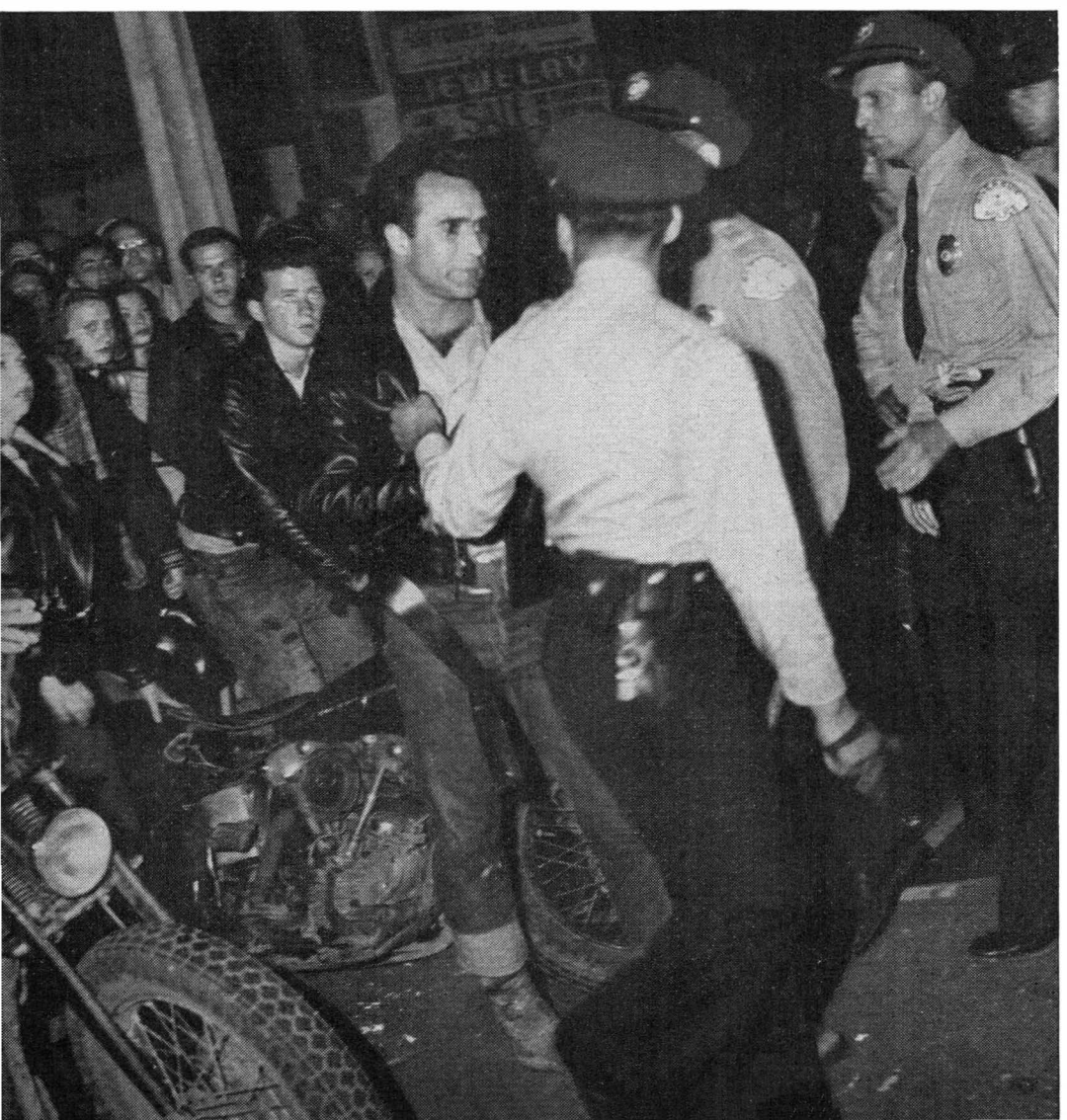
Sensible motorcyclists call him "cowboy" or "outlaw." Police call him "hot-rodder." Across the land lurid headlines spell out his story of murderous irresponsibility.

Eighteen-year-old Jack Springer, for one, liked to shoot along Pennsylvania highways pretending he was a big-shot racer. Some days he pushed his motorcycle up to 95. July 26, 1949, was one such day. **The speed went to Jack's head and he did an insane thing.** Foot dangling like a racer, he swung close to the left on a curve, as if trying to make time on a one-way track. He wasn't on a one-way track. Rounding the curve, he crashed into a car coming the other way.

His headline read: HEAD-ON CRASH KILLS CYCLIST AND FOUR IN CAR.

In Indiana, 26-year-old Charles Gates, dissatisfied that his new cycle didn't go fast enough, took it to a shop where they specialized in stripping-down chassis, speed-tuning engines. A shrewd psychologist, the mechanic added a trick speedometer, the complimentary type that registers ten miles faster than the cycle travels. Charlie didn't know about the speedometer. On the road, when it touched 100—110—120, he felt like a king. "I can go 130," he told himself.

Something else happened. Char-



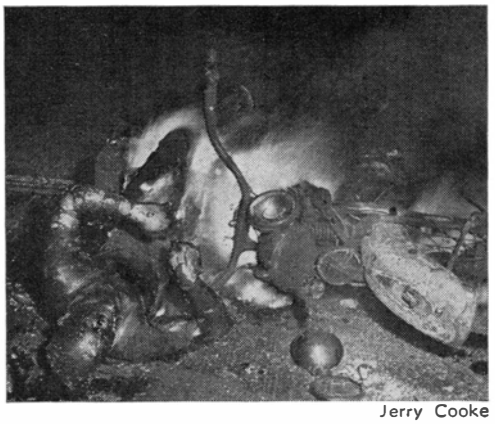
THE PROBLEM

Policeman arrests speeding cyclist during height of rioting in Riverside, California. Fifty-four riders were rounded up in one weekend.

Photos by I N P

MENACE

HIGHWAYS INTO DEATH TRAPS



Jerry Cooke

lie got going so fast that when the road turned, he couldn't. His cry of horror mixed with the screams of whirling wheels as the cycle shot off the highway, ricocheted over a field, finally flung him into a stone fence.

Charlie's headline read: VETERAN KILLED AS CYCLE CRASHES.

End of a Show-off

Young Fred Fisher was a double menace He was a kid and a high-spirited show-off. When he met 17-year-old Sara Breen he told her right away he was a daredevil on his motorcycle. Sara was thrilled and agreed to ride with him. With two of his friends, also with cycles and girls, they started. Fred had a bazooka attached to his open cutout, so you could hear him coming for nearly half a mile. He used his *ay-ba-ba-re-ba* horn to scare motorists further. "Let them look out for me," was his motto. He impressed Sara by zigzagging through traffic, riding no-hands, skidding, and playing hide-and-seek with his friends. Once, after a stunt, he thought he heard a crash behind, so he straightened up and rode right. Fred's license had been taken away for a year because of reckless driving. The one thing he couldn't afford was to have trouble with the police.

But coming home there was heavy traffic near St. Louis and he couldn't resist stunting a little more. Bazooka roaring, he shot down the center of the highway. On the right, traffic was in his direction. On the left, it was against him. Fred cut a thunderous swath as he steered the traffic tightrope. He was excited and turned to shout to Sara, who was so thrilled and frightened that her arms were tight around him. His front wheel hit a crevice in the pavement. It twisted. He wasn't alert to snap it back. Like a bucking bronco, the rear of the motorcycle shot up. **It made human cannonballs of Fred and Sara, hurling them into the path of a car speeding the other way.**

Their headline read: RITES ARRANGED FOR PAIR KILLED IN CRASH.

Thirty-five-year-old Mickey Valentine listened to friends who told him what a swell time they had one day a week. They belonged to a motorcycle club. Thirty strong, they (*Continued on page* 104)

THE SOLUTION

Motorcycle clubs under A.M.A. bring fans together for trips, talks, emphasize safe driving, discourage roadside drinking.

Hot Ice For Sale

(Continued from page 47)

deal, the eighty grand insurance would just about bankrupt us.

I would have preferred to go all out, gamble on getting the jewelry and saving thirty thousand dollars. But I wasn't running Bender's.

The heist had taken place at two that afternoon. At three it was reported to Bender's. At four I was in the station house getting a list of the stuff taken and a description of the bandit. It was seven-thirty when I arrived at Barney Malin's apartment, a four-room layout in a twelve-story modern building in the heart of the slums.

The girl who opened the door was a pretty little thing, large dark eyes in a tiny face warm with color. I handed her my card. "I'm Jim Breen. Barney and I used to swim off the same dock."

She was cute. "Will Barney recognize you without tights?"

"We couldn't afford tights in those days. Do I see Barney or do we discuss clothes?"

Her eyes shifted from the card, came up to mine, slanted off. "Barney isn't here right now. If you'll leave a message . . ."

The late afternoon edition of the *Telly* was open on the couch. I sat down, saw the big black headline, read on. Mrs. Thomas Donahue, wife of the president of Donahue Textiles, had opened the door of her duplex apartment, and a masked man packing a shiny revolver had come in, tied up the maid and Mrs. Donahue and fled with a boxful of jewelry. Mrs. Donahue had managed to knock over the telephone, squirm around to where she could dial 'Operator,' and in split minutes the cops had come in to undo the sailor knots.

"You can take the paper with you, if you would like," she said softly. "I'm through with it."

I chewed on a fresh cigar. "Maybe Barney'd like to read it. Quite a description they got of the man who got the Donahue ice. A big man with brown hair and brown eyes and a mole on his left breast. He's got big hands, a tattoo of a heart on his left wrist and he was in the Navy."

Her eyes opened wide, dark eyes full of fear. "Quite an imagination. There's no such description in the paper."

"It was a sailor who made those knots, and the cops told me about that tattoo. The maid saw it. The rest I could fill in myself. I figured I'd get to Barney before the cops do. Barney and I can do business."

"Business? What sort of business? You know I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about." I might have believed that, but her eyes were too bright, her nostrils quivering.

I got up. "No use wasting your time with a long-winded explanation." I moved toward the foyer. "Barney would understand. Where's his bedroom?"

She moved quickly, blocked my way. "You can't go in there, not without a warrant or something. If you'll tell me what it's all about, it might be interesting enough for me to discuss with Barney."

Her small talk was getting under my skin. Or maybe it was the pretty face.

I said, "You wouldn't be Barney's wife?"

She displayed a pouting smile. "Do I have to answer that? Barney and I are good friends. You know, it's a good thing I'm not very sensitive. I'll tell him you were here."

I took her arms, gently moved her to one side. Like a cat she whirled and pounced on me. I had my hands full for a minute. She'd looked soft, feminine. Actually she could have been a female wrestler. I had her pinned between me and the wall when a sleepy voice wanted to know what this was all about. I moved away from her.

"Hello, Barney."

He came in from the bedroom and recognized me. "Breen! Jim Breen!" He turned on her. "Fanny, is this any way to treat my friends? How many times—"

"Watch your blood pressure," she said, rubbing her left shoulder where I'd probably hurt her. "You've got so many friends, you should keep a file—pictures and fingerprints so I can recognize them."

"What brings you here, Jim?" he asked me.

I PICKED up the paper from the couch, looked at the headlines, dropped the paper onto the table, moved my eyes up to his. His glance was quiet, level. He lit a cigarette, growled deep in his throat.

"Stop being so damn mysterious, Jim."

I chewed on my cigar. "Bender's Insurance is stuck for the insurance on the Donahue swag. Eighty grand. Maybe you could get twenty, maybe twenty-five thousand. We'll pay thirty."

"Why pick on me?"

"The cops tell me the heister had a tattoo on his left wrist, a heart with an arrow running through it."

A flicker of uneasiness passed over his face. "Lots of guys have tattoos, hearts with arrows. I got a good bookie business, Jim, making a good dollar. I'm no heister."

I dropped my cigar in the ash tray. Maybe I was batting my head against a wall.

"If I did the job," he said, "you think I wouldn't do business with you? Thirty grand is nice money. What the hell could I lose? You'd never turn me in and I'd have the rocks off my hands."

"You know people, Barney. Maybe you could find out who did the job. I'm paying thirty grand and I don't care who turns in the stuff."

"If I hear anything I'll let you know," he said heartily. He walked me to the door. "Jim."

"Yes, Barney?"

"What else did the cops say?" He had an oddly fixed look about his eyes. He was worried.

I said, "Nothing, Barney, not a damn thing. Only you and I know who could make pretty sailor knots and also sports a fancy tattoo on his wrist."

He yanked open the door. "So long, Jim. Drop around sometime when you're not working. Fanny and I'll take you out for a good time."

Fanny cried, "Leave me out of this," just as the door closed behind me.

ON MY second knock the door opened on a chain and a pair of black, restless eyes looked out at me. She was the Donahue's maid, still scared from her afternoon experience. I handed her my card through the opening. She glanced at it, shook her head. Madame wasn't home.

"I've got a couple questions I'd like to ask you."

"Yes?"

"It's a little hard trying to hold a conversation out in the hallway. Couldn't I come in and wait for Mrs. Donahue?"

I talked a little more and, like she was signing her death warrant, she sighed, closed the door, unhooked the chain and re-opened the door to let me in.

It was a nice apartment, furnished simply but with plenty taste. Even I could tell that. I got out a fresh cigar, lit up.

I said to the maid, standing still and stiff in her white uniform, "I know you gave the police a description of the man who robbed Mrs. Donahue, but perhaps you've remembered something you forgot to tell?"

She went over the details again. Considering the man had been masked, the description was fair. When he'd bent to bind her legs his jacket sleeve had slipped up and she'd seen the tattoo. After leaving her and Mrs. Donahue on their backs in the living-room foyer, he'd gone directly to the bedroom. Through the open door, they'd watched him open the dresser drawer and take the box of jewels.

The cigar went dead. I laid it in the ash tray, went looking in my pockets for a match just as the hall door opened.

"Marie?" a soft, cool voice said from around the foyer bend.

The maid excused herself.

I went and looked out the window.

"Do you like our view, Mr. Breen?"

She had a high, smooth forehead, an upturned nose between the clear gray eyes. The lines of her jaw sloped smoothly down to the softly rounded chin. She was probably around forty, but could have dropped ten years and nobody'd argue the point.

She held my card in her hand and, even as I answered, "Yes, it is a nice view," the maid said goodnight and went out.

Mrs. Donahue said, "It's Marie's night out." She joined me at the window. She smelled good. "You know, it's amazing how quickly you people get on the job."

"We try to be prompt." I took out a paper from my inside pocket. "Mrs. Donahue, would you mind checking this list of stolen items you reported to the police? Just in case those cops made a mistake. I'd like Mr. Donahue to check but I understand he's been in Los Angeles these last three months."

"Mr. Donahue is back. He called me from the airport. As soon as he clears up some business at his office he'll be home."

"Then he doesn't know?"

Her face was taut, sharp. "He'll learn the details soon enough. Poor Tom." A warm smile played around her lips. "It will take me at least an hour to convince him I wasn't physically harmed in any way. You know how some men are."

SHE got her handbag, opened it on the end table, took out a pair of glasses, put them on, and began to read the list. I studied the view outside. The river looked like crinkled cellophane in the moonlight.

Turning, I saw her pick up the cigar, stare at it like she had a serpent in her hand, look around for a place to throw it. I opened my lips to tell her I'd take it off her hands when she dropped it into her bag.

She said in a voice suddenly tight and thin, "It's correct, Mr. Breen," and handed me the list.

"Just a few questions . . ."

"Tomorrow, Mr. Breen." Her face was tense and pale. "I have a terrible headache."

"It won't take long. How long has your maid been with you?"

"Marie? Seven years. Surely you don't think Marie had anything to do with this?"

I shrugged. "Somebody tipped off the robber as to where you keep the jewels. The stickup man, according to your maid, tied you both securely, then immediately went to the bedroom, to the exact place you kept the jewel box. It's twenty-to-one somebody briefed him."

A tiny sound came out of her mouth. "I never thought of that."

"How many people knew where you kept your trinkets?"

"Marie, Mr. Donahue and I."

"With your husband in California, and you vouching for your maid's honesty, that leaves you."

She ran her long fingers over her face in a tired gesture. "I'm afraid I'm not in the mood to appreciate your humor tonight."

I fingered a cigar in my pocket, left it there. "Every case we get, Mrs. Donahue, we figure on the phony angles. People report robberies that never came off. People jack up their claims—lose ten thousand dollars' worth of stuff and report ten times that. People dream up other ways of cheating the insurance companies. I'm convinced there was a robbery in this house. I'm also convinced that the man who did the job had some excellent coaching. You could have given him that coaching, or your maid, or your husband—even from California. Or it could have been somebody else who knew the layout of this place."

She stared at me for a long minute, then said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Breen. Right now, I can't think of anyone else."

"Think hard. A good friend of the family's, perhaps? Somebody who's been visiting you occasionally or frequently in the last three months?"

She drew her mouth down tightly. "Please go. Your imagination has run away with you. Goodnight, Mr. Breen."

"If that's how you want it. Before I go, could I have my cigar?"

"Cigar?" She appeared puzzled.

"The one you put in your handbag." The red flush arose on her face.

"Mrs. Donahue, who's your cigar-smoking friend?" I asked. "You saw my cigar, thought he'd come in while you were out and left it on the tray. You got scared, maybe because I might ask what a cigar was doing in your tray when your husband was in California. Or maybe you were afraid your husband might come home, look at the cigar, and know that his wife had had a certain party for company."

She suddenly found her voice. "Get out!" she cried. "My private life is my own. It has nothing to do with this robbery. Get out, damn you, get out!"

I went downstairs and parked myself across the street in the shadow of an apartment hotel. I smoked a couple of cigars before it was midnight and a cab rolled up to the door and Marie, the maid, got out.

I crossed the street and said hello. She backed away.

"It's me, Marie," I said, staying put. "Jim Breen."

She didn't object when I took her arm and steered her around the block. Within five minutes I had the name of Mrs. D's cigar-smoking boy friend.

Marie, in tears, said, "Please, Mr. Breen, you won't tell Mrs. Donahue."

I ASSURED her Mrs. Donahue need not know where I got the information, and headed for West End and Mr. Frank Sanders. I couldn't wait for daylight. By that time the jewels might be in the hands of a fence.

The street seemed quiet, deserted. A police radio car was parked on the corner and, as I reached Sanders' building, a brownstone house flanked by two apartment houses, a cop came down the steps, yanked open the radio-car door and slipped behind the wheel.

I went up the steps into the hallway. A man stood at the foot of the stairs talking to a woman. They both turned as they heard me, looked me over like I was a freak from Mars.

I said, "I'm looking for Mr. Frank Sanders."

The woman gasped, crossed herself. The man looked interested.

"One flight up," he said. "First door on your right."

I thanked him, went upstairs. He followed. Of course, by that time I knew.

"You keep warm your way and I'll keep warm my way!"

Six heads came around when I pushed open the door, six pairs of eyes, cold and calculating. I spied Tom Seger of the homicide squad.

"Hello, Breen," he said. "What's up?"

"Frank Sanders. I wanted to talk with him. We got a tip he was mixed up with a couple jewelry holdups."

His eyes narrowed. "The Donahue job, for instance?"

"Could be. I was going to ask him about it. Am I too late?"

He nodded. "Somebody tried to carve out his insides. He's dead. Six, seven hours. This tip—was it anonymous?"

"You know how those things are."

He blew air into his fist. "If I had anything to say, I'd drive every insurance company that did business with crooks out of business. You guys aren't helping yourself or us by buying back hot jewelry. For the crooks it's a pleasure. All they do is grab a mittful and contact you. They get cold cash, no questions. No headaches—nothing."

I said, "I wouldn't know about that, Tom."

"Like hell, you don't," he snorted. "You got a call from Sanders to come down and talk business. Only somebody beat you to it. Somebody got the stuff and left a knife in Sanders' belly. There isn't a diamond in the place."

"You said Sanders is dead six or seven hours. If he called me, do you think I'd wait that long to come down here? Use your head, Tom. Somebody called me and put the finger on Sanders. Nothing definite, just an idea."

SEGER's eyes moved down to my tie. "What else did that somebody tell you? Look, Breen, we know Sanders didn't do that stick-up job. The description is of a guy twice Sanders size. Maybe Sanders acted as a go-between for the heister and the fence, or as a fingerman."

There was nothing I could tell him without practically ruining my chance to get the stolen jewelry. Tip off Seger, and Barney'd never open up—not with a murder rap staring him in the face. Barney did the stickup. It had to be Barney. That's what I kept telling myself. If I was wrong, Bender's would go out of business.

When Seger got tired of my answers he chased me. I promised I'd help him with the case if I learned anything. Before I left, I asked him how they'd learned of Sanders' murder.

"A dame called and told us where we could find a body," he said sadly. "Kind of bashful. Hung up before we could get her name."

Fanny didn't look too surprised to see me, even if it was two in the morning. She moved to the end table, got a cigarette. Alongside the pack lay a pipe.

"Don't you sleep?" she said. Even at two a.m. she looked good.

"I'll sleep plenty when this case is finished. You and I'll have a long talk about that when I get some extra time. Right now, I'd like to talk to Barney. And don't tell me he isn't here."

"All right, I won't," she said.

A head came out of the bathroom doorway. The hair was mussed, the face covered by a coat of lather.

"Hello," Barney said, "this is a helluva time to come calling."

I lit a cigar, went to the bathroom door, watched Barney tighten his safety razor. His eyes met mine in the mirror.

"Bet I know what you're thinking," he said.

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"You wonder what kind of a schmo shaves at this hour. I like to look good when I'm sleeping. Never can tell who I'll meet in my dreams."

"Let's stop horsing around, Barney. This afternoon—or yesterday afternoon—I offered you thirty grand for the Donahue jewelry—it still stands."

He worked the razor blade over his face, studied his work in the mirror.

I said, "In exactly two minutes, I'll withdraw the offer. After that, I'm out to get the ice and the guy who did the heist—free, gratis, not a dime."

He moved the tip of his nose with his left thumb and forefinger, ran the razor down the upper lip in quick strokes until the lather was gone.

"Jim," he said finally, "I didn't have the stuff this afternoon. I still don't."

I looked over my shoulder. Fanny was sitting in a chair, flipping the pages of a magazine she had in her lap. I lowered my voice. Maybe he didn't like to talk while she was around.

"After the job, you unloaded the stuff," I said hopefully. "Your partner took them off your hands. Then you got my offer. You induced your partner to give you the stuff for a quick sale to Bender's."

He splashed water over his face, growled. "Jim, you're a stubborn guy. You got your mind set on sticking a jewelry job on me, a respectable bookie, and you won't change it."

I said, "I learned on reliable authority your book got clipped last week."

"So I got clipped. It ain't the first time. Next week I'll make it back." He flung the towel onto the hamper.

I followed him into the living room. "By next week, Barney, you'll be in the clink. For murder. For knocking off a guy called Frank Sanders."

HIS face muscles worked like he was chewing gum. "Frank Sanders?" He laughed harshly. "I knew a Sanders who washed dishes in the Automat, only his name was Toots."

"Your act stinks. The cops are looking for the guy who heisted the Donahue stuff. They figure it's the same guy who killed Sanders. The cops don't know where to look. Unless I blow the whistle."

Beads of sweat jumped out along his forehead. He swore harshly, savagely. "I never killed Sanders or anybody else," he said. "And you're not going to frame me with a cockeyed story."

I glanced sidewise. Fanny stared up at Barney. Her face was white with desperation.

I slipped my hand into my side pocket. "All right, Barney, get your things on. We're going to the police."

"Why? Why you making me trouble?"

Fanny's hand lay on the end table. I turned away. "Why waste time, Barney?"

Something hard pressed up against my spine and a cool voice said, "Stay put or I'll blow you in half." In the movies a moll never said it tougher. "Get your things, Barney, and we'll get out of here." Barney scratched his chin, uncertainty in his manner. "Unless you want this phony cop to take you down to headquarters," she added.

Barney shook his head frantically. "No. Hold him here while I dress."

He raced into the bedroom. It was quiet in the room—like a boiler factory when the motors stop running.

"You're a good kid," I said over my shoulder. "If this turns out like I figure I'll buy you something pretty."

"You know, mister, you got the craziest line of gab. Wait'll I get your gun." Her hand slipped into my pocket, came out empty. She said indignantly, "You've got no gun!"

"Surprise!"

BARNEY came out of the bedroom, dressed, a traveling bag in one hand, a woman's fur-collared coat in the other. He flung her the coat. "We'll have to get out of town for a while. We—"

He stopped talking when I moved toward him. Fanny yelled something about shooting me. I told her it was her turn to yell surprise. She had no gun either—unless that pipe which had been on the end table could shoot.

Barney cried out as I grabbed his wrist, twisted. He went clear across the room, slammed against the wall. I picked up the valise, opened it, went through it quickly, then again slower, and then dropped it on the floor.

"Come here, Barney. I'm gonna frisk you," I said.

"Keep your hands off me."

He wasn't completely out when I searched him. Maybe my knuckles were getting soft in my old age. Twice I searched him, found nothing.

I'd played it so that Barney would grab the jewels out of their hiding place before he made a run for it. That made sense. But there were no jewels, no nothing. That made no sense.

Either Barney had the jewelry hidden some place else or he had nothing but a lump on his jaw.

I went home to bed, tossing and turning. It was around six-thirty when realization hit me. Not only didn't Barney have any jewelry but he hadn't heisted any in the first place.

I jumped out of bed, opened the classified telephone directory to "Pawnshops." I dialed the first name on the list before I realized that they weren't open at seven in the morning. After breakfast I got busy on the telephone. About seventy-five pawnshops were listed and I called more than half before I hit pay dirt. A place on Thirty-third Street had a brooch which fitted the description of the brooch stolen in the stickup.

When I'd called every pawnshop listed, I had the names of six who might have part of the Donahue loot. I hopped into my car and visited each. In the fourth on my list I almost

knocked over two plainclothesmen from the robbery squad. I had seen enough in the first three to satisfy me. At the moment I wasn't interested in getting the jewels back. For all I cared they could rot in the pawnshops where Frank Sanders had hocked them.

I got in my car and headed for the airport to check last night's flight list and the passage of Mr. Thomas Donahue. I learned he had stepped off the plane at exactly six-ten p.m.

Fanny wasn't glad to see me, not this time. In fact, she tried to slam the door in my face. My shoe stopped it and I pushed inside. Two traveling bags stood packed near the table.

I sat down, pushed my hat back. She stood there, glaring.

I said, "Sit down and make yourself at home, honey. We're waiting for Barney. I want to talk with him."

"Why don't you leave him alone?" Anger burned in her eyes. "He didn't do anything. All you do is hound him."

I kicked a bag with the side of my foot. "How far you and Barney going?"

"Far enough to get away from the smell of cops."

I caught her eye, held it. "Maybe *you* are, but I got different plans for Barney. Where can I find him?"

She stopped biting her lower lip long enough to answer. "I don't know. He called, said I was to meet him on the corner at two o'clock."

"When you opened the door for me you had such a happy look on your face until you saw who it was."

She threw her head like a horse at the post—a beautiful horse.

"I was a lot happier before you came barging in here yesterday." She glanced nervously at the telephone.

I watched her face. "Barney went to get some money. Then he'll call you."

She turned her head, but I'd caught the bare flicker of surprise that passed over her face. I jumped up, grabbed her arms, turned her around. My voice was so harsh I didn't know it. "Isn't that the deal?"

"You're hurting me."

"Damn it, answer me. If Barney went where I think he did, he's flirting with a slab in the morgue."

She looked frightened. "He didn't tell me where he was going. Just that we needed some cash."

I pushed her away and hurried out.

A tall man with graying hair opened the door of the Donahue apartment. He appeared to be tired, haggard.

"Mr. Donahue?"

"Yes, I'm Mr. Donahue."

I introduced myself and he abruptly opened the door wide. "Come in, Mr. Breen. We—we've had a little trouble."

I saw the big feet sticking out from behind the couch in the center of the room. Size twelve shoes. Barney Malin's shoes. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Donahue, her face gray, sitting in her chair as I kneeled over Barney.

There was nothing I could do for him. I picked up the pearl-handled revolver at his side.

I said to nobody in particular, "Barney could run faster than anybody on the block. There wasn't a cop on the force could catch Barney. He could beat anybody, anything. Only he couldn't run faster than a bullet."

Donahue said from behind me. "He came in waving that gun, threatening to rob us. I struggled with him, and the gun went off."

I said, "You don't have to apologize to me. I'm not a cop. You *did* call the police?"

He shook his head. "I was just going to when you knocked."

I stared at him until he shifted his eyes. I said, "This man's been dead about an hour. What were you and your wife doing—holding a debate?"

"I was so ill I didn't know what to do." He looked sick.

I dialed Police Headquarters, got homicide and told them to get Seger to hotfoot it down to the Donahue's.

When I hung up, Donahue was at his wife's side. She was sobbing into a handkerchief and he was comforting her.

"Where's Marie, the maid?" I said.

Donahue said, "We gave her the day off."

"Why? Because you expected a visitor and didn't want her around?"

"I don't like your tone, Mr. Breen."

"This man is Barney Malin, the same man who stuck up your wife and maid yesterday. If he got your jewels yesterday, what in hell would he be doing back here today?"

All the color drained out of his face. He looked helplessly at his wife.

I said, "I spent all morning visiting pawnshops. Six of them had pieces of jewelry that were listed as stolen. Only these pieces had been hocked weeks before the alleged robbery."

DONAHUE sat down on the couch. His hand shook as he ran it over his thinning hair. "We are not claiming any insurance money. It was a mistake."

"The whole business, the phony heist job, Frank Sanders' murder, Barney's murder—it was all one big mistake. The police will be here soon. I'm making book that they break the whole case a half hour after they hear from the robbery squad about the loot found in the hock shops. They'll figure your wife gave Sanders that jewelry—maybe it was blackmail, maybe a present. But Sanders got the jewelry a piece at a time and hocked them."

Mrs. Donahue lifted her head. She didn't seem surprised in any way,

"Come and get me, dear. I think I'm being followed."

merely thoughtful. She said, "I was foolish, I made a mistake. He threatened to tell my husband unless I gave him money. I did. Then he wanted more money. I—I didn't have enough."

"So you gave him jewelry. Then you got word your husband was coming home. You got frantic. You had to have the jewelry back. Sanders had a brilliant idea. A robbery. That would stop your husband from asking questions. So he got Barney Malin to do the job—for a consideration, of course. He pulled the robbery and you conveniently had your innocent maid on hand for corroboration. Barney took nothing but an empty jewel box. It was your maid who put the finger on Malin by noticing a tattoo mark on his wrist. You should have confided in her, or sent her out before the job."

Donahue took a half-turn around the room. "When I got home last night Mrs. Donahue told me the story. I went to Sanders' flat. We had a fight. I killed him. Self-defense. A while ago this man Malin came in here. I killed him, too. Again, self-defense. A man has the right to protect his wife and his home."

I said, "Maybe you can, but how about Mrs. Donahue?" I said.

He blinked, said nothing.

"If you had killed Malin you would have called the police in a few minutes," I went on. "Mrs. Donahue killed Malin. Then, not knowing how to dispose of a corpse, she waited here until you came home a short while ago. She told the whole sordid story—for the first time. She told you how she had to kill Sanders when he threatened to tell you unless she shelled out another little fortune. She told how she called the police to go look for the body—your wife has a conscience—and how she killed Malin when he tried to shake her down for getaway money."

"You can't prove that," he cried. "I was the one who did it."

I felt suddenly tired, my eyes had spots before them. "Your plane got in at six-ten yesterday," I told him. "You didn't have time to get the setup and go after Sanders. Besides, your wife had no reason to spill her guts. But now—after you found Malin's body here—she had to have somebody to help her. Ever hear of the paraffin test? Leave it to homicide to find out who fired this gun. They can't miss."

Mrs. Donahue slumped in her chair. She was still there when Seger knocked on the door.

It was three o'clock, exactly twenty hours after the robbery had been reported, when I went up to Barney's flat. Fanny opened the door. I wondered how she'd take his murder.

I looked in her eyes. She could take it, I knew. Time and a guy named Jim Breen could heal any hurt. ● ● ●

DOAK and best girl, Norma Peterson.

Frank Merriwell '49

(Continued from page 29)

kicking superior . . . his running sensational. . . ."

Then Doak came home again, bigger and stronger than ever. S.M.U. fans looked forward with glee to the 1947 season. They weren't disappointed. The Mustangs stampeded everybody in sight, and November found them still unbeaten, heading for the Conference championship.

But—the storybook caught up with Doak again—the next opponent was Texas. And Texas meant Bobby Layne, in his last year, battling Doak for national honors. And Texas, too, was unbeaten.

The 45,000 spectators privileged to see that historic gridiron classic will never forget it. After Page returned the opening kickoff to the Texas 20-yard line, Walker passed to McKissack for a first down on the four-yard line, then handed off to Page for a touchdown. Texas tied the score. Then, two plays later, came the season's big moment. Making one of the greatest leaping catches of his career, Walker hit the ground running and tore toward the coffin corner, where he was knocked out of bounds on the one-yard line—a gain of 54 yards. McKissack punched over. Texas again scored a touchdown but, when the final whistle blew, the margin of victory lay in the toe of the Mustang's little tailback. S.M.U. won 14-13, on two conversions after touchdowns by Doak Walker.

But the season was not over. Baylor put up a desperate fight in the mud until Doak booted a last-period field goal for a 3-0 lead, then broke away for a 24-yard run with seconds to go, to set up the clincher.

Next on the Frank Merriwell schedule came Texas Christian. That game stopped every heart in the stands. The Frogs jumped to a fast 12-0 advantage, but S.M.U. wouldn't quit. Trying desperately to get away a long pass from his own 39, Walker found himself trapped as white shirts surged in on him. He elected to outrun T.C.U. Feinting, stiff-arming, sprinting, shifting, Doak electrified the crowd with a 61-yard goal-line dash. And, in the third period, that same Number 37 put S.M.U. ahead with another touchdown.

Even a Merriwell Can Err

But that would be too easy for our hero. With two minutes left to play, T.C.U. went 8-yards to pay dirt and a 19-13 edge. With the greatest pressure of his career applied, Doak outdid himself. He grabbed the kick-off, faked a hand-off, shot up the sidelines, broke into the clear and raced to the Frog's 36-yard line. Moments later, he sneaked out, made a jumping snatch of a pass on the 15 and butted to the ten. Twenty seconds remained. S.M.U.'s Gil Johnson rifled a pass to end Sid Halliday and tied the score.

Thirty-two thousand limp, hoarse fans hardly dared breathe as Doak made the try for the game-winning conversion. Did he make it? Well, even Frank Merriwell turned up human on occasions, and those tiny slips made other exploits seem much more fantastic. Final score: S.M.U.—19; T.C.U.—19.

Almost as an anti-climax, Doak's triple-threat dominated S.M.U.'s bitterly waged 13-13 tie with Penn State in the annual Cotton Bowl game on New Year's Day. Walker passed for the first score, ran for the other, intercepted a pass, scooped up a Penn State fumble and repeatedly punted them back to their own goal line.

On to Greater Glory

A mere formality, Doak was named to practically every 1947 All-American team in the country and won the Maxwell Trophy, awarded to the year's outstanding player.

As the 1948 season approached, the Doak Walker boom reached its height. A dozen magazine covers featured pictures of him. Sports pages from coast-to-coast sang his praise. Everyone from the corner grocer to Harry Truman had his name on their lips. The crowd had a winner.

The Mustangs pranced to another Conference championship, with Kyle Rote and sharpshooter Gil Johnson carrying on in Doak Walker's dust.

S.M.U. knocked off Pitt in the opener, 33-14. Doak merely threw one for 14 yards for a first-period score, caught a 30-yard pass and ran another 30 for a touchdown in the second quarter, and returned a punt 75 yards for one more touchdown in the third.

Texas Tech was even easier, 41-6. Then Missouri swung from the floor and dumped S.M.U. 20-14, even though Walker ran for one T.D., caught for another, intercepted twice and made a series of spectacular tackles.

Southern Methodist came back strongly, however, and ran all over Rice and Santa Clara. Arch-rival Texas crumbled before S.M.U.'s furious onslaught, with Doak having himself another field day. He dashed 76 yards for the first score, plunged over for the second, flipped a jump-pass for the third and booted over three conversions. In fact, he did everything but march with the band between halves.

The following Saturday saw the Merriwell tradition at its finest. Doak maneuvered over, around and through a fighting-mad Texas Aggie team. Before the game was four minutes old, Walker passed to Dick McKissack across the goal line for the first six points. In the second quarter he galloped 41 yards through the middle for another touchdown.

That Infallible Toe

The Cadets bounced back to tie the score in the third quarter, but Doak took the next kickoff back for 58 yards, completed three passes in quick succession and carried the ball once to the 13 yard line. Then, finding no pass receiver in the clear, he streaked through for the winning touchdown. A last-minute roar from the Aggies was choked off by two interceptions. Fellow named Walker. Final score 20-14.

Arkansas nearly upset the apple cart, but Walker's toe tapped out a 14-12 squeaker. That win, though, was at the high price of a knee injury that kept Doak out of most of the last three regularly scheduled games.

Just like the storybook hero, he recovered in time to lead S.M.U. against Oregon in the Cotton Bowl finale. Bad knee or not, Doak scored the first touchdown, completed six out of ten passes, got off a 79-yard punt and maneuvered his team like a general.

Best All-around Young Man

Doak made every All-American team in the land, copped the Heisman Trophy as the outstanding college player of the year and was voted by his gridiron opponents as the best all-around performer they ever saw. Even his teammates chose level-headed Doak as the best all-around young man they knew. Doak was voted King of the Campus and, of course, his sweetheart, Norma Peterson, is S.M.U.'s Queen, and a cover girl in her own right.

Doak's parents are his most loyal fans. Not only do they attend every game, but most practice sessions see them on the sidelines, worrying and rooting for their boy on the field. His sister Pat contributes her share of watching over her famous brother by putting him through strenuous backyard workouts. She handles a mean football, herself, on either end of a forward pass.

At 22, Doak stands five feet eleven, weighs 168 and fills out a suit of civilian clothes very neatly. On the field, however, togged out in his padded uniform, he is dwarfed by the Goliaths he leads into action. Eventually, Doak hopes to teach school and coach football, just like his dad. Toward that end, he will probably give pro ball a whirl. Next season may even find him running head-on into his old buddy, Bobby Layne.

Meanwhile, down in Dallas, a little boy with wide brown eyes and close-cropped hair carries Doak Walker's helmet to practice. His name is "Punk," aged seven, and he is the son of fullback Harry A. Shuford. ● ● ●

AT SYRACUSE ZOO: Moth-eaten leopard, lion with cataracts.

Beastly Behavior

by ROBERT FROMAN

BIG GAME

Visitors at the Syracuse, New York, zoo used to be a little disappointed by some of the inmates. The leopard, for instance, looked as though his sole purpose in life was to provide a perpetual feast for moths. What was more, the jaguar had bitten off the leopard's tail. And the lion not only had cataracts but also shared his den with rabbits.

NO RIGHT OF WAY

On a highway near Idaho Falls, Idaho, the driver of a heavy, diesel-powered truck noticed a moose wandering along ahead and tried to ease around the animal. But the moose wouldn't budge. When the driver tried tooting his horn, the moose got mad and charged. The result was $50 worth of damage to the truck's radiator. The moose then moved on, unhurried and unworried.

EXPLANATION

An Oshawa, Ontario, hunter found his quarry most dangerous after he had killed it. He was skinning his deer when, apparently, he severed a tendon in the leg. The leg jerked convulsively and the hoof swung back and hit him in the eye. At least that's how he *says* he got his black eye.

NO HERO HE

Secure in the knowledge that his new airedale was a descendant of a long line of watchdogs, a Quincy, Massachusetts, householder went to sleep one night without even locking the front door. Next morning he found his living room lights on and $40 missing. The dog was still asleep in a corner. He woke up, however, when the police arrived, seen his duty, done it and had to be pried loose from the legs of one of the cops.

MAN AND MOUSE

At a tense moment when shock treatment was being administered to the heroine in a San Pedro, California, showing of the "Snake Pit," the realistic movie about an insane asylum, a mouse ran up the leg of a male spectator and bit him. His scream somewhat enhanced the drama.

One usher then led him off to a restroom for first aid, and another gave chase to the carniverous rodent. It, too, sought refuge in the restroom. Its victim promptly emerged *sans* pants and was last seen executing a swan dive through an exit.

DUMB ANIMAL

A dog named Rocky was haled into a Chicago court by her owner's neighbors on a charge of viciousness. At the hearing Rocky sat quietly for a while, only occasionally rolling her eye at the magistrate in a knowing way.

When one of the complainants rose to tell how Rocky had frightened his small son, Rocky eased up to the judge and sort of nudged him. It happened somehow that she got her head under his hand, and he found himself stroking her. Another neighbor started his complaint, and Rocky began rubbing affectionately against a little girl standing nearby.

The judge ordered all concerned to sign $500 peace bonds and dismissed the case.

A SHORT FEATURE

Transatlantic Photo

ISRAELI PILOT starts off on patrol.

I Had 5 Seconds to Live

(Continued from page 41)

our card game. Only the two of us are here now. The others are patroling their sectors. One of us—I don't remember who—drops three dollars on one hand, when, suddenly—

"Scramble! Scramble! All pilots . . ." Like thunderclaps, excited commands blurt out of our loudspeaker.

It hits us like an unexpected hot-foot. Reaction's automatic. Chairs, table, cards—we stumble in a mad dash for the 'chute lockers. We sling the sacks over our shoulders, ram into each other trying to race out the door.

"Oh, brother!" Mickey says. "I've got that old feeling again!"

Mickey is a former R. A. F. squadron leader with a dozen Huns to his credit. I've learned to respect his hunches. I grin back, but it doesn't feel just right, because, at the same time, my stomach rolls up and sticks in my throat.

A second later, I'm in the cockpit and my hands are busy. Gas on—switch on — prime — starter — pitch—mixture—harness—radio. Everything's a blur of movement, and just as natural as breathing. The four-bladed prop starts ticking away. The engine's coughing settles down to a rumble.

"All set?" Mickey signals.

I nod.

He opens the throttle smoothly. I'm right beside him. **Our two planes roll down the runway as one.** Airborne, we tuck in our wheels, reach back and roll our canopies shut.

Instructions come over the earphones:

"Head toward Rafah. The Egyptians are attacking with everything they've got. Get there and do what you can!"

Just what we figured at breakfast this morning, the Gypo is launching an all-out drive to bulldoze our troops out of their new positions before the cease-fire becomes effective.

We turn into the sun and start climbing.

Into Flak Alley

My tension eases as we climb. It always does in the cockpit of a good pursuit ship. It's a good feeling—free, like those skies up there. A feeling unencumbered with the world's unpleasant things. It's an old, familiar feeling. I look over the side half expecting to see a patchwork of tidy French farms, or green, German countryside. Instead, a succession of dry Wadis and deserted Arab villages glide away beneath me.

We skirt around the Gaza-Khan Yunis road. "Flak Alley," we call it, and for good reason. There isn't a pilot in my outfit who wouldn't prefer to face Egypt's fighter pilots rather than her "ack-ack" batteries. Nobody's ever proved it, but they say that German anti-aircraft technicians are manning those batteries. True or not, there's no argument against their accuracy. We give them a wide berth if it's at all possible.

The villages and fields below us give way to a different landscape. I see sparse, stingy ground, an occasional scattering of rectangular tents, with black, camel's-hair tops, and I know we're over Bedouin territory, the edges of the Sinai desert. There's Rafah on our right, but I can barely make out Beersheba, over to the left, because of a heavy local sandstorm which seems to rise straight upward. We climb to 9,000 feet, level off in line-abreast formation. But even here the sand is a brown cloud.

We're heading south now, toward El Auja, the sun behind us as we near the battle zone. **Keep your back to the sun—it's the oldest fighter pilot's law, and his best tactical trick.**

Through a shifting tan haze, we catch an occasional glimpse of the El Auja-Rafah road far below. Normally deserted, it's now loaded with motor convoys hurrying fresh supplies to our troops. If there's a fight going on, it shouldn't be too far off. We start swinging around in a long, gradual arc toward the north.

Where are the Gypos?

No enemy fighters about.

At Abu Aweigila, the sandstorm breaks off abruptly, its borderline remaining stationary just west of the reported battle area. As we reach the storm's edges, we suddenly emerge into bright, shocking sunlight. The distant horizon is lost in the eye-straining glare of the Sinai's rocky, gleaming wastes. I can almost see the heat waves shimmering from its barren surface. I shudder a little at the thought of coming down in that silent inferno. Unconsciously, my hand pats the canteen strapped to my side. It seems so small.

I move closer to Mickey, gaining reassurance from the sight of his airplane cruising comfortably beside me in the midday blue. Its crimson spinner and rudder remind me of the gaudy racer I flew in the Cleveland Air Races last year.

Squinting my eyes, I make out a funny-looking place up ahead, a little to my left. Looks like a bunch of match boxes (the penny kind) stuck in sand peppered with burnt match tips. That's El Arish, main Egyptian air base. The match boxes are the town, the tips are scrubby tamarisk and acacia bushes surrounding the place.

Keeping out of "ack-ack" range, we go take a look at the airport's long runways.

Nothing doing there. No planes either. They must be *somewhere*.

We head eastward again, until the sand area, covering Rafah now, is directly in front of us.

Mickey's plane dips slightly and there's a crackle in my earphones.

He must be trying to call me. I press the mike button on my throttle.

"Mickey! Green One from Green Two . . . Say again, say again . . . I didn't catch it . . . Over."

A scratchy buzzing, a few pops and snaps—that's my answer. I try again. The buzzing builds to a high shriek, and snaps off altogether.

"Damn! My radio's dead!"

Action on the Rafah Road

Of all the . . . But I haven't time to worry about it. Mickey's diving, pulling away from me. I catch up to him and edge in close. Nine thousand, 8,000, 7,000—he wouldn't be losing altitude without a good reason. I strain my eyes. Nothing. Mickey's hand is pressing his throat mike and his lips are moving. Nothing comes through. "Mickey, I can't . . ." I check myself, what's the use. He looks over quickly and sees me there, then his head snaps forward again. "Straight ahead," he motions. Again I squint, jerk my head around like a short-circuited searchlight. All I see is sand. Something's up, I know! I can tell by Mickey's stiffness, the way he's flying.

I flick on my gun switch, my reflector sight.

What's he seeing? Damn that radio!

The sun's glare blots out completely as we enter the cloud of sand. Mickey's plane fades away until there's nothing left but a ghostly wing-tip. I hold on to that. I can't afford to lose him now.

As we get lower, the ground below takes on a hazy pattern. I see the dim outlines of a crossroads. We come closer. I recognize the Rafah road.... And now the other, reaching snakelike to the south, the El Auja road. We're under 3,000 feet now. I see vehicles off the road. **Two are twisted grotesquely and pouring black, oily smoke. I see tiny, scattering men.**

There they are! Enemy planes! Vague, eerie forms skimming the ground, lightning shadows swooping across the convoy. Through the dust I can't make out their number, but I can see the desert floor break out into jerky, hemstitch patterns of spouting

sand, and I know why there's a hammering in my chest.

Mickey flutters his wing. Attack signal! I pull aside to protect his tail, and I see the plane in front of him. I jerk my head around—no one behind us. Below me now, Mickey pulls out in firing position behind his quarry.

For a fleeting second I glance upward—and my heart stops! There, directly ahead and above, is another plane. One more quick look-around and I go after him. I slam on the throttle. My ship leaps. Acceleration pushes me against the backrest. Mickey's guns are blazing as I zoom over and past him. An explosion whips me up and down.

"Good boy, Mickey!"

Sun, Sand and Hot Lead

But my hands are full now. The Gypo up there knows I'm after him. He also knows his business. He heads straight into the sun. The sand diffuses the rays, sight is almost impossible. I rock my head from one side to the other, place my thumb over the red blob above. Still, the other plane remains an elusive blur.

My left arm's like a ramrod. Everything forward! Pitch, mixture, throttle. Bend those knobs! My engine whines and takes hold. Catch that guy! Get him! What's he flying? A new Egyptian Fiat, a Macchi 207, or that late Spit Egypt's supposed to have? I can't make it out. Whatever it is, it's good. I can't catch him.

With blinding suddenness, I break into the glare above the sandstorm. **My head's on a swivel, but I'm blind. I can't see!** I curse and hope he's having the same trouble. But his eyes have had a half-second's advantage. By the time I spot him, he's already rolled over and headed for me, his wing guns blinking out that leaden code! I recoil and duck. It's instinctive. At the same time I kick rudder as hard as I can for a skidding turn right into him. It's the only thing I can do. That and pray! Pray that the slipping target I'm giving proves too much for him. The force of the skid slams me against my cockpit. My prayers are partly answered. I see his tracers curve away. But my ship shudders, too, and I know that some of them are coming home.

And Time Runs Out

He's bearing down on me. I can't straighten out—he's too close. I see the brown exhaust of his cannon, the spent shells tumbling under his wings. We're almost head-on. Our closing speed is terrific. He fills my windscreen. We're going to hit!

Then, with hair-split timing, he whizzes over. Inches to spare!

Whew! This Gypo's got guts!

I break my neck to see which way he's going to turn. I've got to turn accordingly. He banks steeply to the left, I to the right. It's not hard to identify; there's no mistaking that long nose, those tapering, elliptical wings. There's no thought, no feeling, no sky, no earth—nothing but that turning, twisting airplane, and an instinct. . . . Grab its tail before it grabs mine!

For five minutes we slash and roll and zoom. We skid. We dive. We shoot. There's a roaring in my head—the groans of a straining engine—the whistle of desperate speed—the staccato cough of angry guns. I sweat and curse and pray. Right rudder—left rudder—stick forward—back—bank—press that trigger! Keep that plane in sight.

I can't pin him down!

Maybe I bit off too much? Maybe the guy's too good for me? What's the matter with this plane?

In five minutes, I lose ten years.

We wind up in an ever-decreasing circle. **The game's narrowing down and death goes with the first mistake.**

He's faltering. I think he's tiring. God, I hope so!

Slowly, I start gaining in the turn. Mine is just a little bit tighter. Not too tight now! My cheeks sag like bread dough. Centrifugal force crushes me. A gray mist falls over my eyes. Don't black out. *Don't black out!* I strain to keep my vision.

First to Fumble Dies

My ship shudders. I fight the stall by walking the rudders—delicate, delicate. It's like balancing around the slippery rim of a snake-filled bowl. My guts are steel bowstrings. I grit my teeth and hold on. *Someone's* going to fumble soon!

The other plane gives a convulsion. My breath stops!

This is it, that turn's too tight!

It is!

Gypo's not quick enough. The stall flicks his ship over. It rolls downward. I roll right with it, but I'm under control. When it recovers, in a plunging dive, I'm behind, and the pin-point of my gun sight is glued to its nose. My jaw's clenched so tight it hurts. Cowling breaks off and flies into the slipstream. His prop flies into pieces.

It's a second before I can take my finger off the gun-button to stop fire.

That's enough, I'm not out for blood. He can't hurt me now.

We Go Limping Home

Automatically, I scan the surrounding skies. No other planes. So, with my eyes, I follow the Gypo down. I see his plane roll over. The canopy flies off and the pilot tumbles out. Seconds later, there's a flash of flame on the desert below. Close by, a mushroom of white is floating gently down.

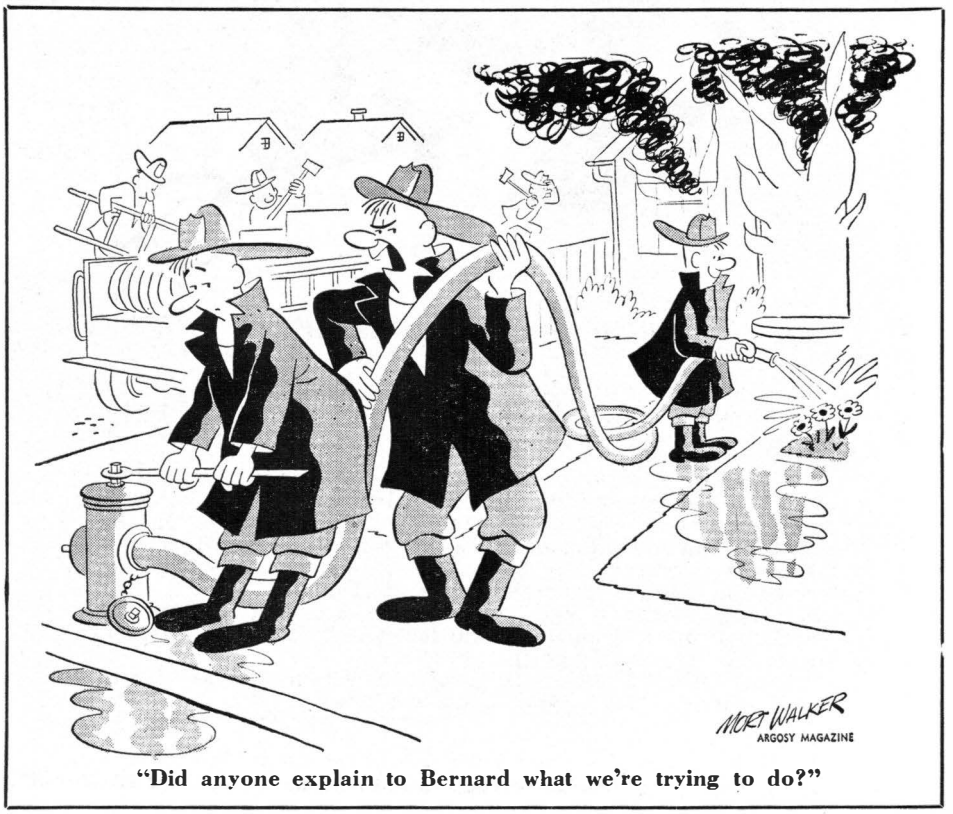
At least he's alive. But I wouldn't swap places with him. The Bedouins down there aren't Sunday-school kids. I've heard tell about torture and mutilation. Ripe treatment, the stories go, for strangers outside of Islam.

I dip my wings, an ineffectual salute to a good pilot. Then I wheel around. My fuel is low. I head for home.

Halfway, I run into Mickey limping back. Looks like he got caught in the explosion of the ship that he blasted. Half his rudder's gone, most of one elevator is torn away, and his engine's missing badly. **A perfect setup for a prowling Gypo. I throttle back to keep him company.**

We reach the airdrome without further incident. I circle the field and watch Mickey make a skilful landing in what's left of his kite.

And right now, my legs all of a sudden turn to water. I feel completely exhausted. There's a giddiness in my head. I circle around for a little while, trying to get myself straightened out. I notice I'm dripping wet. There's blood trickling down my chin from a bite on my lip. My jaw aches. There's a sulphur taste inside my mouth. I



"Did anyone explain to Bernard what we're trying to do?"

roll the canopy open and the blast of air does me some good.

I come in for a bouncy landing, pull up to dispersal and fairly crawl out of my cockpit. There's only one thing I crave—rest! The experts say that dog-fighting went out with modern warfare. The experts are wrong. **Never again, I tell myself. No more duels like that. Not today, or ever. I'm not flying for a week.**

But the big boys have different ideas.

I drag myself over to Intelligence, and am told to stay on alert.

I turn around in disgust and see Mickey standing there.

"Hi," he says, with a tired grin. He's leaning on the counter, his helmet half pushed back on his head. His face is crusted with sand and a dirty stubble of beard that wasn't there this morning. The outline of his goggles shows whitely, accentuating the dark circles under his eyes, sunken and flecked with red. He looks awfully old.

One More Patrol

I don't imagine I look any better.

"Hi," I answer him.

We make our report and trudge over to the ops shack.

Things are different here from what they were this morning. Everybody's excited. Everybody's talking at once. We're in no mood for talking, so we just listen, and haunt the coffee jug. We find out that we weren't the first to draw blood this morning.

About forty minutes before we had entered the zone, Sammy and Lomas had run into a section of five ships strafing Israeli troops in the same area. They destroyed one and damaged two.

It looks like Egypt's got the kitchen sink flying today. Well, in two more hours (truce time) they're supposed to pull them all down.

One of the "wheels" drops by at 12:45 to pin up a new order on the bulletin board.

"Standing patrols to be continued until the cease fire is definitely in effect. But there shall be no, repeat 'NO', engaging of *any* aircraft unless their actions are positively hostile."

An hour later, somewhat recovered now, we're flying what's supposed to be the last of these patrols. **At 13:55, five minutes before deadline, Janis sights eight Egyptian Fiats above the El Auja road. They're loaded!**

"Would you call that hostile?" he drawls, in his easy, unruffled tone.

We intercept just west of the battle area. It isn't much of a fight. In the first swoop, we damage two. The rest drop their eggs in the desert and shoot back home. We're in no mood to follow. The war's supposed to be over.

We come back home, ready to hit the barracks and relax. It's half-past three. Don't take off your flight gear, they tell us. Then, they "ask" us to go on one more "just-to-make-sure-the-Gypos-are-sincere" patrol.

We fly it high so we can cover more area.

Mickey spots them first. Twelve of them, a little below us. All fighters, heading north inside the Israel border east of Rafah. All carrying bombs!

Keeping an eye on them, the four of us circle until the sun is behind us. Then we come down closer. Closer. They don't see us yet. A little lower. The sun's still with us.

We wade in with screaming dives!

We're spotted before our guns can open up. As one, they wheel into us.

One Last Hell

The next ninety seconds is a fluttering memory of lightning impressions, a sensation like spinning in the vortex of a fireworks show. I see twisting planes spewing orange flame. I hear warnings. Curses. I'm on my back. I'm diving. I'm climbing. I see sticks of bombs jettisoned. Something flashes across my nose. I roll over. There's a glimpse of desert spouting geysers of sand. A blink, a print of ground mottled with moon-craters. A shout in my earphones. Tracers snaking past. I twist my neck, see danger hurtling down. I bank sharply, and a streaking plane misses me as it plunges by.

The whole whirling maelstrom of us moves closer and closer to Rafah. Within grasp of those deadly Egyptian batteries! They find our range. **They ignore their own fighters and let fly. Heaven becomes hell.** Antiaircraft guns run wild. Their mad barrage fills the sky with bursting shells and powder-puffs with concussion. One of them pats an Egyptian ship and blows it to bits. Two others close by are damaged.

Then, just as abruptly as it started, the suicidal melée is over.

What's left of the Gypo is scattering for home. We're not anxious to argue the issue. Still intact, we eagerly point noses in the opposite direction. A day's work in a minute and a half.

Our return is uneventful. We land and inspect our ships. Some are battered, some have a few holes, but none is badly damaged. In a short while, they're all patched and ready to go again—if need be.

The fighting, they tell us, has ceased—will it ever cease here for good? But we stand by for three more hours, because headquarters wants us to.

We wait.

Darkness rolls in and at last settles peacefully.

It's Good to Sit Down

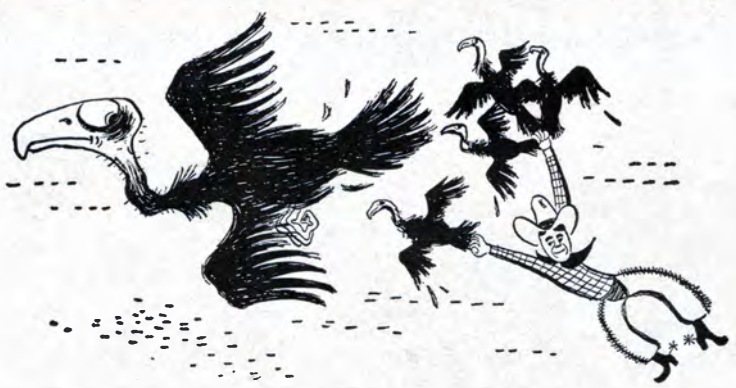
Our nightmare day of battle is over. Altogether Israel's tiny airforce has engaged twenty-nine enemy aircraft, destroying five, damaging five.

It's been quite a day.

The aftermath is weariness, as heavy as I've ever felt. I turn in early, sleep lingers far away. Hours pass. I get up to smoke a cigarette. I walk outside where it's fresh and cool. The moon up there is a sedative. It softens the shapes of the ships and hangars below. The wind dies down to a velvet whisper. A silent hush surrounds the world about me. It's quiet. It's calm. It's peaceful.

I wish things could sort of stay that way for a long time. ● ● ●

TALL TALE OF THE MONTH



RESCUED BY BUZZARDS

STRANGE things happen down here in Texas. Chasing a cow across the range, my horse fell into a sixty-foot well. I wasn't hurt, but the fall killed the pony and there was no way for me to climb out of the well.

The chances of anyone's finding me were very slim. The third day, when I had just about given up hope, a flock of buzzards started circling overhead, attracted by the dead horse. One by one they dove toward me. In desperation I grabbed their tails and as the birds struggled to fly away, they carried me up and clear of the well and several hundred feet off the ground.

Thinking quickly, I began releasing the birds one at a time. As each flew away, I dropped several feet and by the time I let the last one go I was safely on the ground.

The last buzzard left me in front of our ranch house, just in time for dinner!—*R. C. Watson, Odessa, Texas.*

ARGOSY pays $5 for each Tall Tale accepted. Send us yours.

Don't Touch the Kicker

(Continued from page 38)

it," Scanser said. "Mind if we mention that the boy wears no protection?"

Fenris looked at him speculatively. "That's fairly obvious," he said. "But it's your story."

Wonderful yarn, Bevins had called it, and he proved an able prophet. The press wires took it up, and the sightless sharpshooter of Midstate became a national figure before he had appeared in a single game. The hopes of Midstate for a conference title, a major-bowl bid, even a national championship, were riding on the kicking ability of blind Tony Koska, and this was tense, blazing drama.

DALE SCANSER mentioned it twice in pre-competitive columns. One time he paid tribute to the boy's unbelievable accuracy which, he said, would have been almost as amazing for a person with sight.

The second time he said, "This column believes in giving its readers all the facts all the time. Our wire to Utica Hospital brought the answer that Tony Koska was discharged there in the spring of 1948, not cured. That may mean we owe Coach Fenris an apology of fact, if not of spirit. Meanwhile, we'll make more inquiries."

It was immediately following this half-hearted bit of conciliation that Virginia brought Tony Koska home to dinner. Scanser was stretched out in the porch glider as they came up the walk.

The two mounted the steps. Scanser saw with mild unease the practiced way in which his daughter turned the boy to face him, with a touch of her shoulder against Tony's. It might have been this feeling that prompted him to hold his hand at an awkward height for greeting. Virginia noticed it with a tiny frown. Tony Koska, however, evaded the test by making a natural and pleasant half-bow.

"Tony can stay for dinner," Virginia announced, "if we promise not to make him break training."

"Fenris know about this?" Dale asked.

The boy's tight mouth broke for an instant into a smile of quiet amusement. "He wouldn't object anyway," he said. "Saves him the cost of a meal at training table."

"How do you like that guy's contract!" Scanser said affably. "Runs the whole athletic department for his own personal profit. It's a wonder he doesn't take tickets."

Tony said, "He hires the guys who do."

The meal went off smoothly. Dale Scanser was the only nervous one, until he saw that Tony was not nervous—saw the slow and careful ease with which he managed himself.

He made one more effort to betray the boy while they were in the living room after dinner. He was talking about All-America selections, making the point that it was no longer possible to choose an eleven-man honor team.

"Too many specialists nowadays," he said. "You'd have to pick a defensive eleven, the same for offense, and a kicker. Twenty-three men right there. Rice says—it's in that magazine there by you, Tony. Just toss it to me—the one with the green cover."

The boy's hand went to the coffee table. There were three magazines there, and his fingers rested on them, then hesitated. Virginia gave her father a look of sharp annoyance.

"That's right," she said. "The middle one."

Tony's fingers closed over the magazine, and he tossed it toward Scanser, accurately, so that it dropped easily into his hand. But he did it without looking in that direction, his judgment of aim and distance seemingly dependent on the position of Dale Scanser's voice alone.

"You should be passing, too," Dale said.

It was the first time Tony's playing ability had been brought into the conversation. The boy answered in a matter-of-fact fashion. "I practiced it some with Sid Terrebonne. He'd whistle, and I'd throw at the sound. In a game, though, I'd probably find myself completing to the referee."

He grinned briefly and stood up.

"Better be going," he said. "Nice to've met you, sir. Want to walk back a ways, Ginny?"

"Love to," she said. "Dad, I'll see you later."

SCANSER thought he detected an ominous note in her words. All right, so I tried to trick him, he thought doggedly. I still think there's something haywire some place. Tony seems like a nice guy. But if there is something wrong, then I've got to find it out. The game is more important than any one player, or any one coach.

Ginny was back in half an hour, ready to join battle. Dale Scanser slouched in the faded old chair by his desk while his daughter paced the room and gestured like a Barrymore. He heard himself described as a poor loser and a poor judge of character. The last indictment stung him to reply.

"I haven't said Tony was out of line," he pointed out. "But knowing Fenris, I think the coach is using him unethically. I've kept a reasonable doubt alive. So kill me."

"But it makes it tough on Tony."

"Not if he's on the level," Scanser said. "And if he isn't, he deserves whatever he gets."

"But he is," Ginny said. "I've spent a lot of time with him lately. I guess I know!"

"You falling for the guy, sis?"

"No!" said Ginny. "But he's a nice, clean, ambitious boy, and I don't want to see him get hurt in a fight between you and Fenris. He's too fine, too—"

She stopped and stared at her father. "Gosh," she said. "Maybe I am."

THE Midstate schedule opened with neighboring Moffat College, a traditional opponent whose athletic efforts, as Dale Scanser wrote, might better have been turned to corn dancing or the pursuit of lepidoptera. A succession of Midstate backs scored eight times, and Tony Koska went into the lineup to convert eight tries for point. Not a one of the tries was even close to missing. The kicks sailed straight and in lots of time, and the Moffat line did not even bother to charge. They stood up and watched in open admiration as the ball went over. And the spectators, breathless and tense on Tony's first try, became tumultuous as the afternoon progressed.

It was that way, too, in Sunday's press, a tumult of acclaim, with but one jarring note. That was Dale Scanser. He wrote: "Coach Fenris has changed the rules. Touchdowns now count seven for his team, six for the opposition. This is not to belittle the phenomenal accuracy and heart-warming courage of Tony Koska. Most of those tries-for-point, ladies and gentlemen, couldn't be blocked. But the point is, nobody tried to block them. What's going to happen in the games with Great Point, and Western, where a conversion after touchdown might be the margin of victory? Will they charge a blind, unprotected kicker? Would you? Reluctantly we say, unfair advantage."

His column appeared in the Sunday morning sports page. Dale Scanser sat back and waited for the storm to break. It wasn't a long wait. But he hadn't quite expected it to be a cyclone.

Ginny had gone out by the time he got up. Usually they had a late and pleasant breakfast together on Sundays. This morning there was only the empty house, with the paper scattered on the living-room rug, and the sports page open to his column. Dale Scanser made coffee and then sat down to read the news inattentively.

Fenris called on him about noon. The coach left his motor running and his car door open at the curb. He hammered on Scanser's door with his fist, ignoring the bell. Scanser opened the door and said mildly, "Come in."

"No," said the coach. "I won't waste that much time. I'll speak my piece and leave."

"Speak away."

"You been tryin' to break my wagon ever since I took this job," Fenris said. "Now let me tell you something. Lay

off me. And lay off Koska. As of now."

"There must be an or else."

"You've got the campus stirred up this time," Fenris said. "If a bunch of the students gang you some night, you've nobody to blame but yourself."

"I'll take a chance on that."

Fenris went back to his car. Then turned and spoke in a loud voice. "And tell that tramp daughter of yours to stay away from Koska, or she'll be in for trouble, too!"

HE WAS in his car and moving before Scanser could reach the curb. For a moment Scanser's thought was to get his own car out and follow. He wanted nothing in the world so much as a chance to smash his fists into the coach's face. Then he shrugged, and let his hands relax.

"Don't be a sucker," he told himself. "That's his game. He'd tear you apart. Fight him with the paper. That's where you can handle him."

He went back into the house. The telephone was ringing. He scooped it up and answered. It was Sam Kennedy, the managing editor.

"What the hell are you trying to do?" Kennedy asked. "What made you write a thing like that, Dale? My phone's been jumping off the wall all morning."

"They want my blood, I presume."

"They don't even credit you with having blood," Sam said. "We've had eighty subscriptions cancelled, and thirteen advertisers have threatened to crop their space contracts."

"So, who writes the paper?" Scanser said. "Reporters, or the advertising department?"

"I can go along with that," Kennedy said. "But if they don't sell ads, we write the paper for fun instead of salary. Look, Dale—every other paper in the country played the boy up as a hero. His home-town press—that's you—yells foul!"

"It's what I think. And I'll call 'em like I see 'em, Sam."

There was a moment of silence. "Well, I can't say I hate you for that, kid," said Kennedy. "Maybe in your spot I'd feel the same way. But the brass is on my neck and I've got to—well, I'll have to see your copy from now on, before it goes to the composing room."

"If I write any copy," Scanser said.

He had just hung up when the loud pulse of a car engine out front drew him to a window. He was in time to see two boys upend a garbage can in his front yard, then jump hastily into a cut-down jalopy and speed away. He resisted the impulse to open the window and yell at them. They'd enjoy that. Just once let them think they had him on the run, and the whole yard would be hip-deep in garbage.

The phone was ringing again. He answered twice, and each time was shocked by the viciousness of an anonymous voice that spoke rapidly and hung up. He stopped answering the phone, though it rang almost constantly from then on.

Alone in the beleaguered house, he began to worry about Ginny's safety as the afternoon waned. It was past seven when car lights wheeled into the driveway. For a moment the small convertible seemed to hesitate at the revealed litter of rubbish that had grown steadily all day. Then it pulled up to the garage. Both doors slammed in quick succession.

Tony Koska came in through the kitchen with Ginny. They came into the front room where Dale Scanser sat without lights.

"Dad," she said, "what's happening?"

Before he could answer her the phone began ringing.

"I'll answer it," she said.

"Wait," said Dale Scanser.

He stopped then. She wanted to know what was happening. Let her find out. He watched her pick up the phone, saw the lift of her brows as she listened. She beckoned him.

"For you," she said. "New York calling."

He took the phone warily. A brisk voice said, "Dr. Kincaid here, Mr. Scanser. I'm calling in answer to your wire, though I'm puzzled how you located me."

"Just lucky," Scanser said. "I sent a lot of wires."

"Well, as a matter of fact," Dr. Kincaid said, "I did operate on a young man named Tony Koska. This was just after he left the army hospital. His condition was—"

Scanser cut into a string of medical terms. "Just one thing," he said. "How'd it turn out?"

"That's what I was leading up to," said the doctor. "The boy's sight was perfectly restored."

Guardedly, Dale said, "Could you come out here next Saturday, expenses paid? Help us straighten this out?"

"I feel it my duty to come," said Dr. Kincaid. "As your wire indicated, there seems to be a point of sportsmanship involved, as well as my own—ah, professional reputation. Will you be able to get tickets for me to see the game?"

"Sure," Scanser said.

He completed his arrangements, hung up, and went into the living room. Tony Koska and Ginny were seated on the divan. Dale Scanser pulled a chair up in front of them and sat down.

DAD," Ginny said immediately, "Tony and I are engaged. I want you to know that first. We're going to be married, no matter how this comes out."

"I see," Dale said. He studied his daughter's face, seeing the strain, the redness of eyes that were now dry of tears—seeing most of all the inflexible set of her mouth.

"If it's what you want," he said.

"It is," said Ginny. "But that isn't why we're here. I think your column was definitely below the belt. But Tony doesn't. He thinks you've got a point, and he's willing to withdraw from the team."

Again Dale said, "I see."

But the shock was gone from his mind now, and his thoughts were racing, exploring every angle. *It was the easy way out, for sure. There was no chance now of pulling Fenris and Koska down now without hurting Ginny. Let it go by default then. Kincaid could be handled some way. And Koska would be off the team, which was what mattered.*

"Have you told Fenris?" he asked.

Tony Koska said, "Not yet. He'll blow his top."

Maybe he won't, Scanser thought. *He might be smart enough to recognize an easy out when he sees one. I'll be the guy who takes the rap. They'll say I drove the boy out of the game.*

"Ginny," said Tony, "why don't you brew up some coffee while your dad and I figure the angles on this?"

He waited until the kitchen door swung shut behind her before he spoke again. "I'm not blind, you know."

"Yeah, I know," said Scanser. "That phone call just now was from Dr. Kincaid. But I'm glad you told me yourself."

"But I *was* blind." Tony said.

Dale Scanser realized then that the levelness of the boy's voice was not lack of feeling, but rather a tight-held control beneath which nerves were raw and jumpy.

"Yeah, I know," Scanser said again.

"You don't know, unless you've been blind yourself. It scares the living hell out of you. You think, how can I ever make a living? How can I ever get married. Somebody has to take care of you. You'd be better off dead."

"Lots of blind people do fine," Scanser pointed out. "Besides which, you aren't blind."

TONY took a deep breath. "I just wanted to show you how it made you feel," he said. "Then when Kincaid did fix me up, I came to see Fenris. I'd been practicing kicks before the operation, I could do 'em with my eyes shut. Fenris had this idea, to pretend I was still blind. A wonderful publicity gag, he says. Just for a couple of games, then spill it. I can get my own price in the pro leagues. All for my benefit, of course. Then this week he says we'll keep it up all season. And you point out how it's a kind of cheating, and I begin to see his real reason for the gag."

"All right," Dale said. "Everybody's entitled to one mistake. You can quit the team now. I can handle the story and I can handle Kincaid. But you've got to tell Ginny."

"Yeah, I got to tell Ginny," Tony said. "That made some of the difference, too. I can't fool her."

"You don't have to tell Ginny anything," she said, setting down a coffee tray. "You've been talking so fast and so hard you didn't even hear me come into the room."

Tony said softly, "What do you think?"

"You made those kicks with your eyes shut, didn't you?" Ginny demanded. "I don't think it make a particle of difference. Show me a rule."

Scanser threw up his hands in mock dismay. "It must be love!" He got up. "I'm going to see Fenris," he said.

It took him awhile to talk his way in to see the coach. When he was finally able to state the situation, Fenris listened with calm indifference.

"This is all news to me," he said finally.

"Nuts," Dale said. "It was your idea from start to finish, and you know it!"

"You'd have a job proving that, with your current standing in the community," Fenris said. "I'll declare the boy tricked me, and that you and your daughter probably put him up to it. People will believe that"

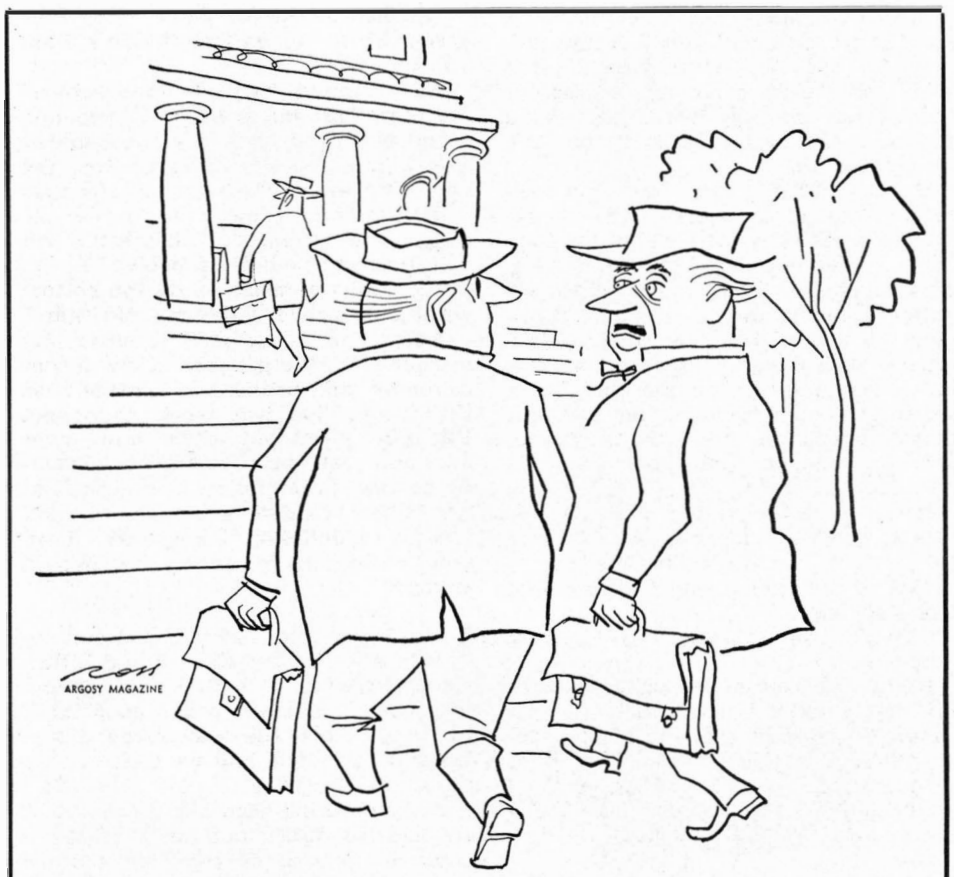
They would, too, Scanser thought. *the dear, damned, gullible public would believe what they wanted to.*

"And the alternative?" he said.

dealing with public opinion, you see, rather than actual values. And—well, whosoever would save his life must first lose it—something like that."

IT WAS Virginia who met Dr. Kincaid at the airport, lest some other reporter's curiosity be roused by Scanser's presence. Dale passed up his press-box seat, and he and Virginia and the surgeon settled themselves in the grandstand.

The teams of Midstate and Great Point lined up, kicked off, and seesawed through four series of downs. Then Midstate recovered a fumble on Great Point's thirty, fought down to the twenty-five, and bogged down.



"I can't even *remember* my campaign promises."

"He plays," said Fenris. His voice was rough. "He continues to play. You get rid of your doctor and stop stirring up trouble. Or so help me I'll tell a story that'll get you and your girl and Koska run out of town!" . . .

Virginia and Tony Koska listened quietly as Dale told them the coach's ulitmatum.

"He can make it stick," Dale said. "He's laid his groundwork carefully. I could take it, if he'd just let you quit. Then I'd be the only one blamed, and I could stand that. But this way he'd make it unbearable for you kids in this town, too."

"Play or else," Tony said. "There isn't any other way then?"

Dale looked at him briefly. "There might be one way," he said, "but I'm not sure I could recommend it. We're

Coach Fenris took Koska from the bench, turned him to face the point of play, and slapped his back. Tony ran onto the field.

"There he is," Scanser said. "They'll try for a field goal and three points, with Koska kicking."

"My word, this is exciting!" said Dr. Kincaid.

You have no idea how exciting, brother, Dale Scanser thought. *Just buck your professional ethics up against your daughter's happiness sometime. How exacting can things get?*

"He kicks with his eyes shut," Ginny said.

"Ridiculous," said Dr. Kincaid. "I didn't restore his vision for him to do things with his eyes shut."

The familiar, tense quiet settled over the stadium. The center snapped the ball to Terrebonne. Sid Terrebonne handed it off to Tony Koska.

Then the spectators gasped collectively, the same high, excited sound that a crowd makes when a giant Fourth of July rocket splashes the sky with colored fire. For Tony Koska wasn't kicking! Instead, he had torn off his glasses, tucked the ball under his arm—and plowed into the Great Point line!

There was no blocking for him, because this was no play in Midstate's repertoire. He bulled his way over the line of scrimmage, caromed off a line backer and stumbled. He went down, and the whistle shrilled.

The great stadium began to be filled with a puzzled murmuring. A substitute leaped from the bench by Coach Fenris' side and raced frantically onto the field, but the teams were lining up swiftly under the lash of Tony Koska's voice. Scanser could see the Great Point players turning their heads, talking it over, working out of their shock. They'd be ready this time, he thought.

Kincaid said, "I thought he was supposed to kick. No blind person could run with the ball like he did."

"That's the point," said Scanser.

Tony Koska this time took the center's pass direct, and again slammed into the center. They were ready for him. He was down in a snarling dogpile that writhed and ignored the repeated blasts of the referee's whistle.

GINNY was gone, fighting her way down through a crowd that stood and milled and muttered. It was a confused and unhappy crowd, faced with a development it did not like or understand. Perhaps one in twenty had understood Koska's action. But the rest could be told, Scanser thought exultantly. And Fenris, hunched on the bench—Fenris knew.

"He declared himself," Scanser told Kincaid. "He showed he wasn't blind. That the pretense wasn't to his liking. What can they do to him now,"

"Carry him off the field, would be my suggestion," the doctor said. "One of those legs is certainly broken. Will they bar him?" he added.

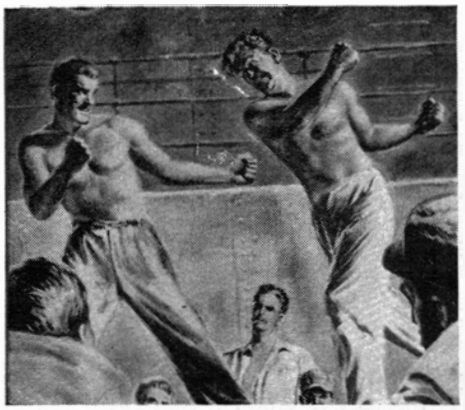
"The professional leagues won't," Scanser said. "He ought to be a big box-office attraction. He'll be a great player, in spite of perfect vision."

But Fenris was through. Dale Scanser began reaching for the phrases that would fill his Sunday column. "Koska was wrong, yes, but misled. And Koska has paid for it. How about Fenris, the character-wrecker? How about the coach who would involve a player to insure his try-for-point? Does Midstate want that kind of coaching, that kind of influence on its students?"

Experimentally he turned to the stranger on his left. "Fenris ought to be fired for making the kid pretend to be blind," he said.

"I wouldn't know, Jack," the man said. "I only came here to see me a football game. Great game, football."

Yeah, Scanser thought. *And we'll keep it that way.* ● ● ●



Hit Him First

(Continued from page 43)

sometimes the things he did depressed me. "You didn't have to do it," I said.

"He's been riding me ever since we signed on," Andy said. "If I let him go too far, he'll be all over me."

I had an answer, but Knip and Vermuelen were blocking our way. "You are quite skilful," Vermuelen told Andy, and I noticed the hint of a smile on his lips. "Sometimes it is best to fight. On a long voyage men become bitter for small reasons, and their anger festers beneath the surface. Fighting sometimes heals such things."

His smile vanished. Vermuelen seemed to be leaning toward us. "It will be better if the fighting does not happen too often."

In his starched khaki shorts and shirt open at the neck, uniform cap pushed back on his black hair, Vermuelen looked confident. He had delicate features, long, dark lashes and a thin, aristocratic nose. He had a straight, muscular body.

Andy's voice was pleasant. "Suits me, mister. I don't start fights. I don't avoid them, either."

We hung there in a tableau of silence. I remembered that Vermuelen spoke four languages, and I was embarrassed. He was only a year older than Andy and me, but he was the third mate, and we were just a couple of floaters who had signed on in an emergency. I wondered what Andy was thinking. Vermuelen was a foreigner, a Dutchman, and he was giving orders to Americans. Andy didn't like taking orders. That was why he fought so often.

ANDY and I pushed past Vermuelen, down the companionway, and across the foredeck into the fo'c'sle. "That Kerry almost gave me a concussion," Andy said. He stepped into the washroom and sloshed salt water from the tap against his bloody ear, gritting his teeth at the sting. "Long arms."

"Not long enough," I said.

Andy laughed at me, twisting his head around. "You'd like to see me get taken once, wouldn't you, Ken?"

"I don't want to see anybody taken," I told him. "I'd like to see you get along without fighting. A lot of men are better than you are. Sooner or later you're going to meet one."

"I already have," Andy said. "I just hit first. My old man used to say, 'If they're building it up to mix with you, hit 'em while they're still talking. Be first.'"

"So he said it. Has it done you any good?"

"It's kept me in one piece."

WE HAD a quiet time of it at chow that evening, especially after Kerry asked Andy if he didn't want to shake hands.

"Why?" Andy asked.

Kerry flushed, and the men on both sides of the long mess table fell quiet. The soft slosh of the sea against the bow crept into the room. Kerry's outthrust hand dangled awkwardly.

"I figured you'd want to," Kerry said finally.

"Practice being all-American boy somewhere else, will you?" Andy said.

"Well, the hell with you," Kerry said, but Andy went on eating as though he had not heard. Kerry, his face aflame, took his seat on the wooden bench.

Usually, after chow, the messboy refilled the coffee mugs and we sat around smoking, griping about the food and the long hours and the fat captain. This evening, though, the men sat quietly, staring into their cups, dragging without pleasure on their cigarettes, not looking at each other. Not looking at Andy or me. For that I was sorry. I wanted them to like me, but they were classing me with Andy, and, good or bad, a man sticks by his friends.

Peters had the watch with us. He was already in his bunk when Andy and I went into the cabin. We had to go on at midnight, but I didn't feel like sleeping.

"Aren't you turning in?" Andy asked.

I took a pad out of my locker. "Think I'll start a letter home first."

I sat there staring at the paper until he climbed into his bunk. The cabin turned quiet with the sound of men breathing, and the light from the bulkhead lamp beat down on the folding table.

After a while Andy said quietly, "Vermuelen will give me a hard time from now on. I'll have to watch him."

"Forget it," I said. "He has to do his job."

"He annoys me," Andy said. "He talks like an old man."

"Maybe you didn't like what he said?"

"Maybe."

Andy quit talking. I watched my hand moving in the cone of yellow light, doodling on the edges of the tablet. I thought of how it had been, of Andy's father, and of Ellen. Mainly I thought of Andy's father, who was responsible. "My old man," Andy called him.

I'd seen him many times, a bitter, hot-eyed man who had been a truck driver all his life. Married young to a waitress, and she'd run off when Andy was six. Mr. Gibson had been shoved around raising Andy, and he decided grimly his kid would learn to keep one step ahead of the rest of the population.

Mr. Gibson was killed in a wreck just after Andy and I got out of high school. Andy had absorbed his old man's philosophy, though. He used to repeat it to himself, like some kind of catechism. "They're all out to take you, so hit first. Don't argue. Hit first while the other guy is talking up his courage."

Once, just before my mother died, Andy showed me his jar of pebbles. "See, they're all different sizes, all mixed up." He held the jar up to the light so I could see. "Now, watch." He shook the jar, then shoved it in front of my face. "See?"

"See what?"

"Look where the different sizes are."

I looked at the jar again. "The biggest pebbles are on top, if that's what you mean."

Andy smiled. "My old man showed me that. This jar is life, and you and I and everybody else are the pebbles. The biggest ones end up on top, the ones that are the strongest." His eyes were shining. "You have to be the biggest and strongest," Andy said. "Hit 'em first, and you're top pebble. Try to argue, and you wind up on the bottom getting squashed. Like my old man."

Andy and I teamed up after my mother died. We got jobs at the power company, and boarded in a place near the depot. That was when Andy met Ellen. He went out of his mind over her, and lost her in a month because he beat up every fellow who looked at her. She wouldn't stand for it, and Andy wouldn't stop. He was convinced you had to fight for everything, even a woman.

I WAS going to marry her, Ken," he told me. He was puzzled and bitter. He was fed up with the town, aching to get out. I guess it was a good thing for Andy that the war came along. He and I enlisted, and we took in four years of it together.

Andy used his head about the Army. He had his fights, but never where it could be pinned on him. He claimed the Army was rigged against a man, made a weakling of him because he couldn't fight back. When the war was over, we took our discharge in California and drifted up the coast.

We worked in a dozen forgotten places. In some of them Andy was fired for using his fists, and I left when he did. I don't think he was quite sure of himself. "You have to fight," he told me over and over. "Survival of the fittest. My old man knew what he was talking about." But Andy's face was disturbed and puzzled.

For a while we worked the wheat fields around Spokane, then we went over to Coulee Dam on a construction gang. It lasted until one of the cement men caught Andy in a boner. The guy was noisy about it—they were on a flat car—and Andy hit him hard enough to break his jaw. Andy got his time.

I chewed him out on the train going over to Seattle. "Why can't you see what your fists are getting you? All

they do is take away everything you've ever wanted."

Andy looked at his hands. "Chop it off," he said. "Where would I be if I hadn't used these? The old man was right. I'd be squashed."

I wanted to ask, "Where are you now?" I shut up instead.

When we hit Seattle we got on a longshore gang and worked nights for the overtime. For once the work was tough enough to make both of us wonder if life didn't have more to offer than calloused hands and aching backs. That's why we went out on the *Lombok*. All of her deck and engine gang were half dead with dysentery when she hit port, and she had to make sailing time. They signed a pickup crew, and Andy and I were on it.

I thought it might be the thing to take the last of the itch off our feet. When we came back we'd start thinking seriously about what we were going to do. Maybe we would start a little business, or maybe we'd split up and try it alone. . . .

I put the pad back in the locker. Maybe that's the answer, I thought as I stretched out top of the blankets. Go it alone.

THE sea had flattened out by quarter to midnight when Johannson woke us. Porter had the first free hour, so he stayed in his bunk while Andy and I went to the mess hall for coffee.

"Vermuelen has the watch, hasn't he?" Andy asked, and I nodded. He stirred his coffee. "You know, a ship is as bad as the Army. Hit an officer and everything's loaded against you." In the smoky light his face was thoughtful.

"Use your head," I said. "To Vermuelen, you're just another sailor in the crew—unless you start messing up ship discipline."

"Maybe," Andy said.

We went out on deck where cool night air washed the fo'c'sle muck from our lungs. Andy's cigarette trailed sparks as it dropped into the swirl of phosphorescence foaming away from the *Lombok's* flanks. "See you in an hour," he said, starting up the ladder to the bow.

I walked down the deck and climbed to the bridge, and as I entered the wheelhouse, the helmsman rang the bells. They were loud and clear in the night. "Course 0-eight-seven," he said. I repeated it after him as he left. Out on the wing I could see Vermuelen, a tall shadow in the luminescent darkness as he studied the sea ahead.

The watch was almost over before Vermuelen came inside. He nodded slightly as he peered at the compass. "Your steering has improved," he said. "You have learned too late, however. You Americans are leaving the *Lombok*."

"What!"

"We are shipping a crew of Lascars at Singapore. The *Lombok* returns to Holland." His face was masked by shadow, but I knew he was smiling. "Wireless orders came this evening. Too bad we must part with you."

I was too surprised to reason it out. "Where does that leave us?"

Vermuelen laughed softly. "It leaves you ashore in Singapore until another Dutch vessel arrives. You will go back to the United States as steerage passengers." He laughed again. "Americans are accustomed only to first class. Steerage will hurt your pride?"

"Not mine," I said, moving the wheel. "It sounds good."

Vermuelen stepped away, chuckling to himself. I felt disappointed in him. I had liked him, even respected him. On other watches we'd had long talks to kill the weary hours. I knew he'd lost two ships during the war, and because of one of them, he had spent eight days in a lifeboat on the North Sea. He'd told me what had happened to his family during the occupation, and I knew about the eight years prior to the war and during it. Years in which he had not seen his home or people. Futile years which had left him older than he should be, stricter than he had to be. Now I was disappointed. He was no longer a friend.

Both of us heard Andy's steps as he came to relieve me on the wheel. Vermuelen turned his back to stare out the wheelhouse window, and my wrist watch was a luminous eye in the dark as I looked at the time. My hand found the thong above my head. I rang the hour as Andy slid the door closed.

"Course 0-eight-seven," he repeated after me.

Reluctantly I started to leave, but Vermuelen, without looking around, said, "Tell him."

"Sure," I said, and I told Andy about our going back to the States in steerage.

"That's the best news of the trip," Andy said. "To get off this tramp, I'd take on the Pacific in a rowboat. I imagine they're taking her to Holland to junk her. That right, mate?"

Vermuelen swung around. "Men like you are an insult to any kind of ship," he said.

"No, we're not," Andy said, and his voice turned velvety hard. "Men like me saved your skin, when you get right down to it." I wanted to stop him, but it was too late. "The American Army was full of men like myself, like Ken, here."

Painfully Vermuelen said, "The war was won in spite of men like you."

"You're mixed up a little, mate," Andy said. "I had the idea the war was won in spite of the people who saw fit not to fight. The smug little countries that always sit by quietly, watching other people take the ruin and the death. Like the Netherlands, for instance."

His words hung naked and dirty in the air. I wanted to hit him, but that was Vermuelen's job. For almost a minute I waited for the Dutchman to jump. I knew Andy was hoping he would. Instead, Vermuelen, his face white and gaunt, fought himself under control. He took a long, deep breath.

"For heaven's sake, give him his tip and let him go!"

"Get off the bridge," he said, almost in a whisper. "Both of you. Tell Porter to come up on the wheel. Get away from me."

Andy laughed as he stepped back from the wheel. Vermuelen took over, turning his back on us. I pivoted and jerked open the door, waiting until we were on deck before I lashed out.

"That's the first time I've ever seen you hit low," I said. "I don't like your fighting, but at least it's always been clean."

Andy swung me around. "Don't get me wrong, Ken. I had to hit first, and I couldn't do it with my hands." His face was cold and immobile. "He could

have made it tough for me if I'd smacked him."

"It isn't true," I said. "The Netherlands didn't escape the war."

Andy shook his head. "Didn't they? They tried hard enough. They always do. That's why it hurt him."

WE PAID off at Singapore before noon of the third day following, and I saw Vermuelen watching from the bridge as we carried our baggage down the gangplank into the stinking heat on the quay. There were cars waiting, and we crowded together, sweating on their dusty seats, as we rolled through the narrow streets of the city, on our way to the Seamen's Hostel on Anson Road.

It was a long, dirty-white building, but its thick walls and shuttered porches kept it cool. A Sikh attendant assigned us beds in the dormitory, and that afternoon, after the first fresh-water shower in months, Andy and I went up to town to turn our pay into travelers' checks.

Singapore looked like it might be a good thing. We were free now, at least according to Andy's standards. The *Lombok* would be in port a few more days while she unloaded, but we were no longer under the restrictions of her discipline. That, I thought, might satisfy him.

We stuffed on the hostel's good food, and I felt rested and content in the quiet building. An evening reading would have satisfied me, but Andy was restless.

"This may be the only time we're ever in Singapore," he said. "Let's see some of it while we can."

So we showered and put on fresh clothes, and chose rickshas from the cluster of jabbering natives in front of the hostel. It was a long, tiring evening. We wound up on Lavendar Road drinking ale in a tiny café. Some of the others from our bunch wandered in. They left when they saw us.

It was past midnight when we went out in search of a taxi to take us back to the hostel. It was unfortunate that, when we spotted one across the street and ran for it, yelling, Vermuelen also wanted it, and was ahead of us.

He was with the cadet officer on the *Lombok,* and evidently they had been celebrating, too. Their uniforms were wrinkled and they looked weary.

"This is my car," Vermuelen said thickly. "Find another."

"Glad to," Andy said, and we started to walk away. Vermuelen's voice floated after us.

"Wait. I'll fight you for it, Gibson."

"Let him yell," I told Andy hurriedly. "He's drunk."

"I don't avoid them, Ken," he said.

I followed him back, and we faced Vermuelen in the glow of the café signs. He rolled back and forth on the balls of his feet, laughing. "You're not with the ship any longer," he taunted Andy. "I'll fight you for the car. Or are you afraid to fight?" He moved into the glare of the taxi's headlights, and the natives who had gathered backed away. "Come on and see if a Dutchman knows how to fight," Vermuelen yelled.

I tried to grab Andy's arm. He shook me off and walked into the light. "You invited me," he said to Vermuelen.

Vermuelen cursed him in Dutch, and the words were unmistakable. They meant the same in any language. I saw Andy's body shift a little. His left hand snaked out and dug into Vermuelen's stomach, hard enough to make him choke on his words and double forward, like Kerry had on the hatch. I didn't see Andy's right hand move, but the sound was familiar, like a blob of clay thrown against a flat surface. Vermuelen crumpled up slowly, dropping onto his knees. For a moment he knelt like a man praying, then toppled on his side.

Andy rubbed his knuckles against his leg, and the cadet officer jumped forward to help the mate. We watched until we were sure Vermuelen was safely in the cab. "Let's go," Andy said. We pushed through the crowd of natives. Neither of us spoke. What was there to say? It was wrong, and yet it was right. Andy had got him first, but Vermuelen had asked for it. I felt sorry for them both.

THEY came to the hostel the next evening after dinner. All the officers from the *Lombok,* except the captain and Vermuelen. They filed into the hostel lounge, stiff and correct in their wool uniforms, their black ties knotted meticulously, the caps stiff above their faces. The chief mate did the talking, standing ramrod-straight in front of Andy.

"You hit Third Mate Vermuelen when he was unable to defend himself," he said.

Andy tossed his magazine aside. "So?"

"Mr. Vermuelen would like satisfaction," the chief said stiffly. "He is waiting outside."

"That's a laugh. I beat him once. Why should I do it again?"

The chief looked at the other officers. Their faces were set and cold. They were ready to force Andy outside.

Shrugging, he stood up. "If that's what you want."

"We will use the tennis court behind the building," the chief said.

It was like a comic opera as we trooped out single file. Deep inside I felt the urge to laugh. Somehow, though, it wasn't funny. Vermuelen wanted satisfaction, and as archaic as the ritual might be, the purpose behind is was as old as history. There was nothing left when a man's dignity was gone. It was worth anything to regain.

Vermuelen was standing at the edge of the court. When he saw us coming, he shed his coat and folded it neatly on the ground. He was wearing black trousers and a turtle-neck sweater, and his face was calm. He moved into the center of the court and waited.

"Begin when I signal," the chief mate said. "You will fight fairly until—"

"I always fight fair," Andy snapped.

"—until one of you admits defeat," the chief continued. "Take your places."

Andy stepped forward in front of Vermuelen, and looked into his face. The *Lombok's* officers ringed themselves about the court, and we Americans spread among them. Our boys were puzzled. They disliked Andy, but he was, after all, one of them. It was no longer a matter of right or wrong.

They were twins for size and weight, as evenly matched as two men could be. I decided Vermuelen had a chance.

The chief said, "Begin."

Everyone inhaled sharply, almost in unison, and I told myself I wasn't going to cheer for Vermuelen—but I wanted Andy beaten.

Vermuelen stood poised, waiting for Andy to move. Then he realized Andy was waiting, too. He swung and Andy took it on the shoulder. His left hand flicked into Vermuelen's belly, and the Dutchman grunted and moved back. I knew instantly he would not win. He had the strength, but he didn't know what he was doing.

In the pale light from the hostel windows, the first part of that fight was like a bull ring in pantomime. In dead silence Vermuelen rushed in, time after time, and Andy ducked and shifted away from him. Vermuelen finally stopped. His harsh breath was the only sound in the garden.

"Why don't you fight, you coward?" he said.

"You aren't good enough," Andy said. "Why don't you stop before I hurt you?"

Vermuelen leaped at him, and the sound of Andy slapping him open-handed was as precise as gunshots in the night. Beside me the chief mate stiffened. I saw Andy crouch slightly, ready to end it. He moved in, feinting, suddenly hammering his right into Vermuelen's face. The Dutchman went down as though he'd been tripped. Instantly he was up on one knee, crouching, with blood oozing across his cheek. He leaped again, and once more Andy dropped him. Again the Dutchman struggled erect, blood dripping from a second cut. Andy looked puzzled.

Vermuelen tried futilely to protect himself, but Andy got through easily. The Dutchman took a long time getting up, and his face was a mask of blood. Almost frantically, Andy slugged him again, and Vermuelen toppled backward, skidding a foot or two on the cement. He rolled over slowly, painfully. It took him a long time to get up. He swayed drunkenly, lifted his arms and started forward.

ANDY turned toward the chief mate. There was pleading in his eyes. "For God's sake, make him quit." The big Dutchman shook his head.

Vermuelen waited until Andy turned back, and then he swung. Andy sidestepped, and his hand chopped as Vermuelen staggered past. The mate fell face down on the cement, smearing it with his blood. Slowly, like a man mired in quicksand, he struggled back to his feet. Andy stared in disbelief.

"Why doesn't he quit?" Andy shouted, but no one answered.

Vermuelen moved toward him again, his movements childlike, but his feet still carrying him forward. I felt as though I were trapped in a nightmare.

Andy turned to the chief mate. "Why won't he quit?" he said wildly. His face was pale and twisted. "Stop him!"

The chief's eyes were unrelenting. "Vermuelen will signal when he is defeated."

"He's beaten now," Andy whispered. "Why won't he quit?"

He watched Vermuelen cross the court like an animal riddled with bullets, still trying to charge. Andy's face twisted with sudden rage. "Stop, you fool!" he screamed.

Vermuelen kept on coming. With all his strength, Andy smashed his right hand into the Dutchman's jaw. Vermuelen hung inert for a second, then he fell. His face ground into the cement, and he rolled over on his belly, unmoving and shapeless.

WE ALL bent forward. Vermuelen was motionless for what seemed an eternity. Then his hand twitched. It scraped over the cement like a bag of sand. And then the other hand. It took him at least three full minutes to get his knees under him. There wasn't a sound as we waited. Inch by inch, as horror contorted Andy's face, Vermuelen fought to his feet. It was a terrible thing to watch. He was blinded by his own blood, and only instinct started him lurching grotesquely toward Andy.

Andy backed away, his hands spread in front of him, as though shielding himself against something the rest of us could not see. He sobbed brokenly, a sound I'd never heard him make. "Stop him," he said. "I give up."

The chief mate nodded, and he and the other officers pushed past Andy to Vermuelen's side. Gently they lifted his body and carried him into the hostel. Our own men lingered a moment, embarrassed, ashamed as I was, and then they, too, quietly went away.

I walked over to Andy and looked at him, at his white shirt soaked with Vermuelen's blood, at the dirty red streaks on his face, and finally, although I was afraid, I looked into his eyes. He was whipped inside, deep inside where wounds remain.

He stared at me numbly for a long time, then he looked around, as though he were seeing the court and the bushes and the sky for the first time.

Finally, as though the words were strange to his lips, he said, "I stopped him cold. I almost killed him. But I didn't beat him, did I?"

He lifted his fists and looked at them. "Maybe my old man was wrong, Ken." His fingers unclenched slowly. "Maybe he was wrong."

I felt sorry for him, in a way, but I knew a better thing couldn't have happened to Andy. After a while he'd see what this meant. He'd see that it wasn't the biggest pebble after all. He'd see that you didn't have to beat up the whole world to earn your share of self-respect. ● ● ●

HUNTING AND FISHING WITH DOC JENKINS

HOW TO HIT 'EM!

QUAIL (BOB WHITE)

After being flushed, quail will fly about two feet while you are pulling the trigger of your gun. All angle shots must be led. In the brush, quail will first rise, then, clearing the cover, will drop. Shoot above rising birds and below those which have cleared cover.

PHEASANTS

Pheasants will get up in any direction, with or against the wind. They should be led on all cross shots. Hold high on rising birds and low on those that are flying straight away.

Wounded birds will often keep flying as long as they can and then drop dead in the air. Sometimes a wounded bird will fall and then run. If you can see the bird when it planes to the ground shoot again immediately.

DUCKS

The direction of the wind is important. Ducks will always come in with their breasts against the wind, so set your decoys out from the blind so your back is to the wind or so it blows over your left shoulder. This will bring the birds in on your right and will give you a natural left-wing shot.

Don't pick a location below a high bank, as ducks are shy of coming in to such places. And don't try long shots. Ten ducks are killed at thirty-five yards or less to one farther away.

Be sure to keep down out of sight until ready to shoot. Try and get in the first shot without the birds seeing you.

BE CALM

After extreme exertion or when making a difficult shot under exciting circumstances, try this simple trick:

Take a deep breath and exhale slowly for half a breath, then aim and fire. You will find that this simple method will steady your nerves and aim.

HUNTING DEER BY THE MOON

Many successful oldtime deer hunters use this method and say it never fails.

If the moon has shown all or most of the night deer will lie in hiding during the day. When the moon is up all day deer will feed during the daylight hours and lie quiet during the night.

It follows, then, that the best time to get your buck is when the nights are dark and moonless. Check back the dates of your successful deer hunts with old almanacs and see if it works out for you.

MAKES TOUGH VENISON TENDER

The meat of an old buck is tough. Not one hunter in fifty knows the secret of frying it tender. If you want a really good meal next time you go hunting, try cooking your venison this way:

Cut the steaks a half-inch to an inch thick. Heat a skillet *hot* but use no grease. Put the meat in the dry skillet and keep turning it until done to suit—but be careful not to overcook.

The secret of making the toughest venison steak tender is to use *no* grease, and to be sure your skillet is *very* hot.

Drawing by Harry Barton

RAMIREZ gives the Legion skill, punch.

Secret Army of the Caribbean

(Continued from page 25)

retired from an active life. At his Havana headquarters he organized his revolution as if it were a new kind of business enterprise. A staff of experts prowled the munitions markets from Prague to New York to Buenos Aires, purchased machine guns, rifles, grenades, ships and airplanes.

On the striped-pants front, a board of directors, consisting mainly of prominent Dominican exiles, dispatched emissaries to woo diplomats in Washington and other interested capitals. Eufemio Fernandez, youthful ex-chief of the Cuban secret police, set out to recruit 2,000 volunteer troops.

The liberal Guatemalan government expedited a large arms shipment from Argentina. The United States War Assets Administration unwittingly supplied most of the landing boats, aircraft and incidental equipment. Ex-Air Force pilots were hired on a contract basis to fly the secret army's small armada. Miguel Angel Ramirez left a prosperous business in New York to join Rodriguez, eventually to become his chief of staff.

"We Shall Return"

Since that day more than three years have passed. Twice, Rodriguez' men have pushed off for Trujillo's Santo Domingo, which shares the island of Hispaniola with Haiti. Twice they have been turned back—by diplomacy, treachery, sabotage—but never by force of arms. Rodriguez' answer to misfortune has a familiar ring to it. He says, "We shall return."

But the Legion's record is not one of defeat. Ask Teodoro Picado, who tried to make himself dictator of Costa Rica and then left the country suddenly, with Legion bullets whistling around his plane. That incredible story is not so much Rodriguez as his chief of staff, Miguel Ramirez, called "Mike."

To get the story I tracked the Legion through Haiti, Havana, and Guatemala. The trail ended in a penthouse apartment in the tallest building in Costa Rica.

As I stepped from the elevator, a gun-toting guard patted my pockets. Three bearded, khaki-clad troopers sat silently across from me in the anteroom. After a long twenty minutes, one of them guided me into a handsomely furnished room. Sprawled on a bed was a burly, curly-headed man meticulously assembling a Luger pistol.

I knew a lot about Mike Ramirez. If Juan Rodriguez gave the Legion its arms and its spirit, Ramirez gave it skill and punch. Ramirez shared with Rodriguez a healthy hatred for Trujillo. I wanted to talk to him about the Costa Rican campaign.

Just a few months before, Ramirez had smashed the Costa Rican national army with a handful of hastily mobilized civilians. American military observers had told me of his daring and resourcefulness. In the battle of San Isidro, he had pulled off the classic of all military manuevers, the double envelopment, had wiped out 300 government troops in a narrow valley.

One officer had seen him personally pick off eleven enemy soldiers from an exposed perch in a tall tree. Six years after the United States Army had turned him down as too old for the field, **the former New York fruit importer had led an unbroken, 72-hour march across a ridge of mountains.**

I asked Ramirez how he had been able to appear so dramatically at the head of Costa Rica's citizen army. The handsome combat commander, a little too big for his khaki uniform, replied in careful, New York-accented English.

"We were lying at our camp in the Guatemala jungle when the *ticos* revolted," he said. "The rebellion spread like wildfire. *Dios mio,* the government tried to ignore a presidential election when its own candidate was beaten. The *ticos* needed arms and leaders—so they appealed to Juan Rodriguez."

Operations Rescue jumped off in March, 1948. Legionnaires commandeered two commercial transports, crammed with tough, expert combat leaders and cases of rifles, tommy guns, grenades and ammunition.

In the hills of southern Costa Rica, the airborne rescuers armed companies of tradesmen and farmers, making them soldiers as they fought. In two months of civil war, 1500 government troops were killed at the cost of less than 100 casualties in rebel ranks.

An uncomplicated man, Ramirez displays a little concern for the hot controversy raging over the Legion's methods of preserving democracy. "These police-state dictators grabbed power by force of arms," Mike says bluntly. "If anybody runs them out, it will be the same way."

Troops Trained in Jungle

He also knows that the force of his arms will never match those of the enemy. Trained in the jungle, his troops operate by stealth.

Time and again, the Legionnaires trapped government troops in ambushes, struck from behind. The decisive push on Puerto Limon moved so quickly Legionnaires captured maps which located them 40 miles away. The only military force which moved faster was Calderon on his way to the airport.

It was during this campaign that an anonymous soldier conjured up the romantic name "The Caribbean Legion." Previously the Costa Ricans, impressed by Rodriguez' tommy-toting troops under Ramirez, had called them the "Automatic Army." **What Rafael Leonidas Trujillo and his fellow dictators call them remains unprintable.**

In telling the story of the Legion, I have cheated the calendar. The successful Costa Rican campaign, as you will note on the map accompanying this article, came after the first unsuccessful campaign against Trujillo. I told the Costa Rican story first because this was a military battle, and Rodriguez and Ramirez are military men. The two unsuccessful attempts to overthrow the Dominican dictator were not military defeats, in the eyes of the Legion.

Let's go back now to 1947, to barren Cayo Confites, a small island off the coast of Cuba. The island is swarming with new soldiers, as green as grass, sweating through amphibious exercises. Despite delays and confusion, the revolutionary army gradually takes shape. Truckloads of guns and ammunition are cached on the farm of José Aleman, Cuban minister of education. Although his country is officially neutral, he has thrown in on the side of the Legion. He shares Rodriguez' contempt for the lord of Trujillo City.

Secret Agents Pick Up Scent

Also, there are agents from Trujillo's ubiquitous secret police. Honeycombing the Caribbean from Panama to Puerto Rico, they had at last picked up the scent.

"When we saw the Miami papers with the stories of our two 'deserters' —fantastically trumped up by Dominican agents—we knew we were in bad trouble," recalls José Rodriguez, son and aide of the old rebel.

"We learned that Trujillo's lobby was buttonholing everyone in sight in Washington and New York. An LST I had just purchased in Baltimore was suddenly denied a sailing permit. Our friends in key government offices began to get nervous. We couldn't get anything done. Then the federal police raided Aleman's farm."

Gone were the guns and ammunition. Rodriguez was heartsick, desperate. Seeing his painfully prepared expedition teetering on the edge of disaster, he moved swiftly. He ordered his half-mobilized army aboard ship and set sail for Santo Domingo.

Almost unarmed, the infant Legion counted on latent discontent in Santo Domingo to boil over at the sight of his barehanded landing party. But it was already too late.

A hundred miles at sea his invasion fleet sighted the Cuban Navy across its bows, guns leveled. Rodriguez turned back.

But he wasn't through. The old man with a young heart moved his tiny army to the Peten Jungle, a thinly populated expanse of swampy, mosquito-infested Guatemalan lowland near the Mexican border. Rodriguez' dream was a fighting unit so well

trained that each member would be equipped to lead a battalion of citizen-soldiers.

The value of that training was demonstrated in the Costa Rican engagement. Although that set-to wasn't on Rodriguez' schedule, its moral value was incalculable.

Costa Rica Welcomes Legion

In free Costa Rica, in the fall of 1948, the Legion rode on the crest of the wave. Grateful Costa Ricans dedicated books to them. The country's new democratic government made them honored guests.

The bearded troopers lived in an army barracks in the center of the capital, a few blocks from Ramirez' penthouse apartment. Off duty, they swaggered through the streets of San José in their paratroop uniforms, combat knives dangling from cartridge belts that still bore a stenciled "U.S."

With the Costa Rican engagement on the books, "Mike" Ramirez grew restless. With Rodriguez' okay, he built a training camp outside the city and continued the training of the Peten jungle camp. **He and his men spent much of their time there, relentlessly grinding through a "boondocking" course patterned after U.S. Marine Corps training.**

On a typical day, the Legionnaires rolled out at five a.m. from tents pitched in an open field. Before breakfast, they policed the areas like G.I.'s all over the world, then sweated through an obstacle course built by a former U. S. sergeant who knew his business. During the rest of the morning, they plodded over ten miles of rugged terrain in a troop leaders' exercise. (Every man a battalion commander!)

The homeless fighters spent the afternoons on map-reading, communications and command procedure, taught by Ramirez out of Marine Corps manuals. A veteran of the French resistance forces instructed in the fine art of sabotage, booby traps and guerrilla fighting.

Food was scarce and not very good. The camp was makeshift and the routine tedious. The men complained—and they stayed on. The 100-man army had something called *esprit de corps.*

A few weeks after he talked to me, Ramirez led his troops back to the Peten jungle. Rodriguez was impatient to get back to Number One. As long as the 20-foot neon sign blazed "God and Trujillo" in Santo Domingo, Rodriguez wasn't going to be very happy anywhere else.

As Ramirez whipped his charges into shape in the Peten jungle camp, Rodriguez assembled seven aircraft and a small fleet of boats. **He chartered the planes from American owners and manned them with American crews.** (If necessary, the Legion could pick up 300 American volunteers in a few days, Rodriguez assured me, although all are rejected with thanks. The Caribbean Legion has enough trouble with Washington already.)

At dawn last June 19, a slow Catalina seaplane, packed with 16 men and hundreds of weapons, rose sluggishly from Guatemala's Lake Izabal. With its Grumman amphibian escort it headed for Santo Domingo, 1000 miles due east. Two hours later, Rodriguez, Ramirez and the main force marched out onto a jungle airfield to board their faster C-46s and C-47s.

Then their luck ran out. Engines of two planes failed to turn over. Frantic inspection disclosed they had been sabotaged. Rodriguez learned afterward that a **Trujillo spy had wormed himself into the Legion, tipped off the plan to his boss and tried to carry out orders to wreck the aircraft.**

Rodriguez jumped for the radio transmitter to call back the seaplane flight. The weak signals were lost in a howling tropical storm. The old man made a grim decision. He overloaded the three undamaged planes with men and guns and flew off to support his comrades flying a suicide mission.

Unknowingly, an hour off the coast, the jinxed armada hit the tropical storm head on. Helplessly they fled westward, seeking refuge in Yucatan and the Mexican island of Cozumel to wait the blow. Furiously prodded by Dominican diplomats during those critical hours, the Mexican government finally padlocked the planes and interned Rodriguez and his Legionnaires.

Unaware of the expedition's collapse, the seaplane flight outran the storm and reached Santo Domingo. The Catalina, piloted by ex-Air Force pilot John Chewning of Miami, landed according to plan on the north coast near the village of Luperon. The Grumman, flown by another Miamian, Earl Adams, turned back to Cuba, its job done.

Crack Dominican troops, dressed in mufti so they might be identified as "loyal peasantry" in propaganda handouts, awaited the invaders. The fast-moving Legionnaires dodged the trap and dove for the hills. The four Americans in the plane were caught on the beach and killed, their bodies mutilated and burned.

Hotly pursued by battalions of Trujillo's troops, the invaders hadn't a chance. In the next three days several were killed and eight captured. Four are believed to be still free.

But this abortive, one-plane assault sparked a rebellion in the Dominican masses, a sample of what Juan Rodriguez counts on so heavily to insure his ultimate victory. Government troops fought three days to beat down the futile uprising.

Third Attempt Near

Juan Rodriguez, patient as well as determined, doggedly picked up the threads after the second failure. As in Cuba, the Mexican government quickly got over its jitters and freed the Legionnaires.

Today both men and equipment are poised for a third, showdown attempt on Trujillo. Rodriguez' agents are ranging out all over the world to replenish the Legion arsenal, line up

"Now, fellows, I'm not much good when it comes to giving pep talks . . ."

ships and planes and lay the groundwork for the coming strike. Scattered Legionnaires are drifting back to the Peten jungle for another pre-combat training grind.

Last summer, before I returned to the states, I met the publicity-shy old man in Havana. Relaxing in his hotel suite, he looked like another of those wealthy plantation owners whiling away their easy-going lives in Latin capitals. His expensive clothes hung casually on his spare, erect frame.

But embarrassment crept into his voice as he talked about the activities which had made him notorious in a dozen countries. Sometimes his strikingly pale face broke into a broad, self-conscious grin. It seemed to apologize for the state of affairs which forced a well-born gentleman to get mixed up with such things as guns and troops and revolutions.

"Certainly, I hate Trujillo," Juan Rodriguez admitted. "So do a million and a half other Dominicans. He has no friends. **But it is more than mere distaste for a tyrant. Trujillo is a permanent source of fear and turmoil.** As long as he exists, there will be trouble—whether I am around or not." He shook his egg-bald head bewilderedly. "I can't understand why the Americans don't realize that, and act accordingly."

"We'll be coming back soon," he continued. "The second attempt proved our plan. Sixteen men threw Trujillo into a panic! Now he is asking the United States to put me in jail!" Rodriguez grinned. "Trujillo says I am trying to start a Caribbean war. I don't want war. I want to go home and live out my short years in peace. But not under a dictator!

"I shall come back this time with more planes, more men . . ."

So the old man plans his third campaign against Trujillo. As much of his secret plan of attack as can be revealed now is shown on the map on page 25 of this issue. ● ● ●

Fight or Run

(Continued from page 60)

Ashamed to say his father had just stood still and let himself be ordered off the ranch he had slaved on for eight years, Mort shook his head. "No. Pa ain't said."

He paid for the scythe handle with the money his father had given him and was surprised when Mr. Connelly told him he had a dime too much. "He must have meant for you to pleasure yourself with it, Mort. How about a sack of peppermint candy?"

MORT resisted the temptation. "No, I'll take it back," he said. He wrapped the dime carefully in paper and put it in the pocket of his jeans. "Pa must have made a mistake." He added to himself, *Catch that old stingy giving me a whole dime to spend. He'd probably whop me good if I did.*

Nevertheless, he paused at the candy counter on his way out of the store to look at the display, and in the back of the store some man he couldn't see asked Mr. Connelly, "Who does that young 'un belong to?"

"Smith. Paul Smith," Mr. Connelly told him. "You know, that thin, quiet-spoken fellow who has that small fifteen-hundred-acre ranch just the other side of the Morgan spread, jammed in right next to Kane Karber."

"Oh, that Smith," the unseen speaker said. "I heard Karber wants his land and those two wells he's dug for that new herd he's bringing in. Think Smith will try to buck him?"

Mr. Connelly weighed his answer.

"I don't know, Sam. It's hard to tell how Smiths in this world are going to act. Paul might rare back and raise hob. Or he may put his tail between his legs and run. He sure don't *look* like no fighter."

His face was red as his father's had been when Karber had ordered them off the ranch. Mort walked out of the store. Two early-rising riders who had stayed at the hotel all night were nursing their hangovers with canned peaches while they waited for one of the saloons to open. Leaning against a post supporting the wooden awning, they speared peaches from their cans with their jackknives as they looked at the emaciated dog lying across Mort's saddle.

"Hit's a catawampus," one of them opined. "I knew did I keep on drinking long enough I was going to see one of them things."

The other rider shook his head. "No, I'd say it was a lillydewlapgillawaddy. You only find 'em in Monongahela whiskey or the more rarified part of mysterious Elko County." He saw Mort and pretended shocked surprise. "Well, I swan to daisy. Hit's got a short-sized nine-foot-tall giant with red hair an' pink freckles, armed with Daniel Boone's own gun, a-riding herd on it. Where you going with that lillydewlapgillawaddy, son? Out hunting mountain lion or b'ar?"

Both riders laughed uproariously.

"You go to hell," Mort told them. "You kin both go plumb to hell."

Jerking his hitch rein free, he rode out of town, trying hard not to cry. He wished he'd been born anything but a Smith. The Smiths, it would seem, were as mongrel as the yellow dog. Not even Mr. Connelly could make up his mind as to what sort of a man his father was. He wished he didn't have to go back to the ranch. He wished he'd left the dog in the trap. If it wasn't for growing up to be a man and coming back to kill Karber some day, he could wish that he was dead.

NOW THAT he looked back on it from the sun-baked top of the hay rick, Mort realized his father hadn't raised half the fuss he thought he might. All he had done was look at the dog and say, "It'll take some feeding to flesh him out, but if you're willing to hunt most of his food outside of working hours, I don't see why you shouldn't keep him. It's right for a boy to have a dog."

He acted worse about the dime. He had been real mad, at first, when Mort had handed him the dime and said that Mr. Connelly had thought he ought to buy candy with it. But in the end his father had taken the dime, dropped it into his shabby change purse, and gone to fitting the handle to the hay scythe without saying anything at all.

Nor in the two weeks just past had his father mentioned Kane Karber or what he intended to do. All he had done was work a little harder, twelve and fourteen hours a day. When he wasn't fussing with the windmills on the wells or building new watering troughs, he fenced in more of the lowland fields surrounding the home place, and made hay. Great yellow stacks of it now dotted the close-in fields.

And Mort had been forced to work, too. Work on a place they were going to be run off of.

Even this morning, on his tenth birthday, all his father had said at breakfast was, "The hay in the south forty is made. We'd best get it raked and stacked before there comes a rain."

AND here he was up on the rick, spreading the great forks full of hay his father was pitching up. It was just like any day instead of his birthday and the last day of grace that Kane Karber had given them.

Mort's spine tingled at the thought. Any minute now Karber might come riding over the hill. And while Mort still didn't know what his father intended to do, he knew what *he* was going to do. The old squirrel rifle lay handy against a hay cock, primed and loaded. And as soon as the big rancher to the south started his big talk, he was going to slide down the load, grab up the rifle and shoot Kane Karber dead. His father might be a coward but there was one Smith who wasn't. If his father wouldn't stand up for their rights, he would.

The sun beating down on the load baked him. Particles of straw got under his shirt and made his back itch. His throat was parched with dust and chaff. Early morning grew to late morning. And still his father moved from one hay cock to another, feeling now and then at the empty pocket in which he used to carry his rolling tobacco, until he had grown so stingy he had dropped that pleasure along with his Sunday cigar.

The only nice thing at all about the two weeks past was the dog. It seemed incredible a dog in his condition could flesh out and grow strong so fast. His leg was perfectly healed.

As the team moved on to the next hay cock, Mort looked at the dog lolling in the shade of a small cottonwood. The dog was bigger, much bigger than he'd thought when he'd first seen him. He had well-muscled shoulders and a strong jaw. But no matter how much he fleshed out or how strong he got, he would always be just a mongrel. He looked like the parts of four dogs joined to each other. His head and jaws were mastiff. Except it was a sickly short-haired yellow, his body was square like an airedale's. He had the long straight forelegs and broad hindquarters of a Doberman. His long, stubby tail was pure hound. Any way Mort looked at him, he was a mess.

MONGREL or not, Mort liked him. Perhaps because he was the first dog he had ever owned. Perhaps because the yellow dog idolized him. Mort couldn't step a foot without the dog being there. Nights, he slept at the foot of his pallet. Days, he wouldn't allow Mort out of his sight. If Mort went swimming in the creek, the dog swam. If Mort went hunting, he hunted. If Mort went to the fields, he went, too.

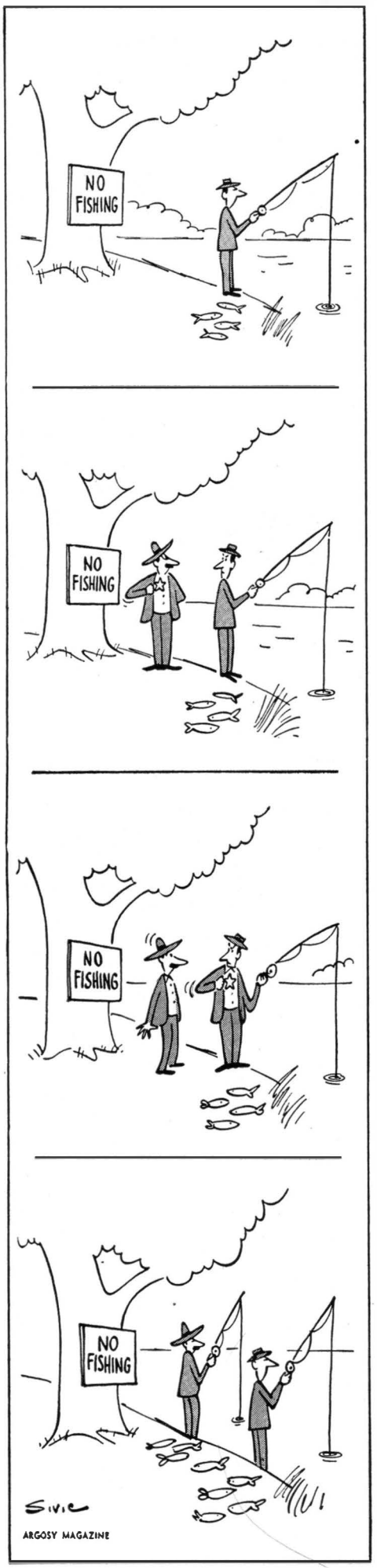
And he was smart. You told him a thing one time and showed him what you wanted done and he remembered it. Like rounding up the work team or the saddle horses in the morning. Now, instead of walking to Tophet and back to find a fool horse that had slipped his hobbles or got out of the corral, all Mort had to do was look at the big yellow dog and say, "Go get 'im for me, fellow."

He hadn't as yet decided on a name. Sometimes he thought he would call him Sport. At other times he wavered in favor of General Custer. The reader in school said General Custer's hair was yellow. The only thing that stopped him from naming him General was the knowledge you couldn't change a mongrel into a thoroughbred just by giving him a blooded name.

Between the next two cocks he compared his father to the dog. They were as similar as dog and man could be. Both of them were smart. Both were good workmen. His father built the load as he pitched it up, building the corners and the edges, leaving him little to do but spread stray forkfuls around. His father's neck was as much too long as the dog's tail. His head was too big and his legs too short for his thin body. His face was too thin and peaked. For the life of him, Mort couldn't see where he got his drive. Yet he worked every day, even on the days he was allowed to go hunting or swimming, from sunup to sundown, yet Mort never once had heard him complain or say he was tired.

He felt suddenly cheated. Other boys were named Connelly or Morgan or Karber or Tinnan or Sparks or Altrube while he was stuck with a common old name like Smith. And there probably were hundreds, maybe thousands, even millions of Smiths in the world.

Calling that he was thirsty, he slid down off the load to get a drink from the demijohn resting in the shade of the cottonwood tree—and there, suddenly, was Karber, backed by a circle of unsmiling riders, Flash, his mastiff, panting at his stirrup.



Reining in his horse, the rancher said, "I thought I told you to clear out, Smith. I thought I gave you two weeks to get out or be burned out."

For one hopeful moment Mort thought his father was going to reach for his gun, dangling loose against his thigh, which he seldom used for anything but to drive staples into fence posts or pink an occasional rattler. Instead, sticking his pitchfork in the ground and making certain his action couldn't be misunderstood, he reached his bandanna hankerchief from his hip pocket and mopped the sweat from his face. His voice when he spoke was low.

"Now you know that ain't fair, Kane. I've worked this ranch for eight years. My wife's buried on it. I got a patent on five hundred acres, and even if you killed me or run me off, that much of the spread would still legally belong to me"—he indicated Mort—"or rather to my boy. The rest of it is leased in my name. Now why can't you live and let live, Kane?"

The other rancher hooted. "Listen to the man." His florid face darkened in anger. "Look, nester. I didn't come here to listen to a hard-luck story or a sermon. I came to take over this spread. As of now, I'm taking over. So you and your cub pick a horse apiece and what you can carry on your backs and git while you still can breathe."

His anger welling up in his throat until it almost gagged him, Mort reached for the long-barreled rifle leaning against the hay cock. His father might take that kind of talk. He didn't intend to.

One of the riders behind Kane said, "Watch the sprout, Kane. He's got a rifle."

Kane Karber said, "Take him, Flash."

Mort had a glimpse of his father's big red-veined hand slapping at the chipped black butt of his Colt. Then two things happened. Before Mort could get the old gun to his shoulder, a tawny streak of muscle bowled him over. White fangs snapped at his throat. He attempted to get to his feet before the mastiff could turn. A flash of yellow streaked over his body and there was a dull thud of flesh against flesh as two dogs met in air.

THEN the snarling and slashing and gnashing of teeth began. As he scrambled away from under the fighting dogs, Mort heard Kane Karber laugh.

"Ten to one Flash takes the mutt in five minutes."

No one took the bet.

Mort looked at the dogs, then at his father. He was still standing with his hand on the butt of his gun. His hat was pushed back on his forehead. His faded blue eyes looked as cold as bobbing pieces of ice racing down the creek in the spring. But unlike the pieces of ice, his eyes were steady, his voice was low and gentle. "Are you all right, son?"

"I told you that training was a lot of bunk."

Mort felt of his arms and throat. "He didn't hurt me ary a bit."

"That's good," his father said.

The fighting dogs had moved away from under the tree. Mort attempted to recover his gun and his father stopped him. "No. Leave 'em be. It's between them now."

His heart pounding, Mort stood clutching his father's arm, watching the snarling tangle of flying fur in the middle of the cloud of dust. The mastiff outweighed the yellow dog by twenty pounds. But he was fighting because he had been ordered to. The yellow dog was fighting because the boy he loved had been endangered. His white teeth drawing blood with every slash, taking two wounds to give one, the yellow dog was in front and in back, beside, and under and on top of the mastiff at once, slashing, dodging, snapping, trying for the small expanse of inviting throat that was unprotected by the heavy brass spike-studded collar.

The mastiff tore loose great patches of fur and hide but was equally unsuccessful in reaching the yellow dog's throat. Kane Karber had given them five minutes. Although both dogs were bleeding badly after five minutes, the mastiff was still fresh while the mongrel was obviously tiring.

"It won't be long now," Karber said.

Mort reached for his rifle again and his father caught his arm.

"No. Wait."

The yellow dog went to his knees, bowled over by a rush. Then he rolled onto his back, limp, and the mastiff tore in for the kill—only to have the soft unprotected section of his throat below the spike-studded collar gripped in a trap of white teeth that, once closed, refused to open again. Frantic now, the mastiff pawed at the other dog, swung him from side to side in frenzied lunges that only tightened the muscular springs of the trap.

His voice sullen, Kane Karber said, "One of you boys shoot the mutt before he tears out Flash's windpipe."

Mort reached for his rifle a third time, stopped as his father said, without heat, "I'll kill the man who does."

Mort looked up at him, startled. It was just as if he had said, *"We'll work on the fence tomorrow."* It was said with as much conviction. And what his father said, he did. He was standing now with the thumb of his right hand hooked in his gun belt, fingers not quite touching the chipped, black gun butt.

It was Kane Karber's turn to flush. "You're out of your mind, Smith."

Now, Mort thought. *He'll shoot him.*

But his father didn't. All he did was shake his head and say, "No, I misdoubt that."

His eyes flicked over the circle of riders backing Karber, then returned to bore into the rancher's face.

His voice was almost apologetic. "I'm not a fighting man. I'm not very quick on the draw. I'm not even a very good shot. What's more, I'm scared to death and I was hoping this thing could be settled peacefully. That's why I took your tongue the other day. That's why I tried to argue just now instead of shooting."

Ignoring him, Kane looked at Mort. "Call off your dog, young 'un. The mastiff's worth five hundred dollars."

Mort looked at his father. His father shook his head.

"Mort's worth a lot more than that to me. Yet you sicked the mastiff on him." He seemed to grow in height. "Now get this, and get it straight, Karber. I don't want to fight you. I don't want to kill you. I don't want to die. I can't afford to die. I've got a ten-year-old motherless boy to raise. I'd like to raise him. But you ain't running me off my ranch. So, as I see it, here's the way this deal stacks up. You can go for your gun and have a try for me. But even if you get me, all you get is the leased land. There ain't a man in Elko County, including your own boys behind you, who would stand for your robbing a ten-year-old fatherless and motherless orphan out of his just rights.

"Besides, I ain't so sure you can kill me. The boy's yellow dog made a pretty good showing and it might be I would, too." The slightly built rancher was meek about it. "Of course I can't guarantee that." He grew still a few more inches in Mort's eyes. "But I do guarantee that I'll keep on pulling the trigger of my gun until it's empty or I'm daid. Now the next move's up to you, Kane."

Karber's hand moved toward his gun and stopped. The big yellow dog had ceased worrying the throat of the mastiff. There was no further need. The rancher looked from his dead dog to the men behind him. Impassive as their faces were, it was clear what they were thinking. They were merely hired hands and Smith had made the issue clear. They weren't involved. This was a matter between himself, his conscience, and Smith.

The blood drained slowly from his face, leaving it a muddy saffron. He jerked viciously at his horse's head. "I'll be back, Smith."

"I'll be right here," Smith assured him quietly. "But if you're going for now, you'd best take your dead dog with you."

Again Karber hesitated. Then, ordering one of the men to throw the dog's body over his horse's rump, he rode up over the hill and out of sight, his back sagging in his saddle.

MORT tried to find words to express his feeling churning in him. Unable to find them, he cleared his throat and said, "I—I suppose we'd best get back to haying."

His fingers feeling for the sack that wasn't there, his father shook his head. "No, I didn't aim for you to work this afternoon, this being your birthday and all."

The lean, brown, capable fingers tugged the shabby change purse from his pocket, and Mort suddenly realized why his father had given up his Sunday

cigar and his daily half sack of rolling. Smiling, now, his father added, "I want you should ride into town, son, and pleasure yourself by buying that breech-loading rifle you've had your mind so set on."

He counted eight silver dollars and two limp dollar bills into Mort's burning hand. And even then he was practical. "Not that I'll guarantee that a ten-dollar rifle will amount to very much." He added a dime to the top bill. "And a sack of peppermint candy. Now go and take care of your dog. Smear him good with axle grease." Smith senior patted his son lightly on the bottom. "Then put on your clean overalls and get into town."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," Mort said.

His back as stiff as a ramrod to keep his eyes from spilling over, one arm around the dog's neck, the boy walked rapidly toward the barn.

He wanted to get into Spanish Town as fast as his horse could take him. But he'd already forgotten the rifle, and the ten dollars and ten cents was already spent for other things. Four dollars of the money would buy a heavy brass collar with alternate spikes and red stones. A dollar would go for rolling tobacco. The remaining five would buy a box of fifty ten-cent cigars. And he'd buy the peppermints this time and he wouldn't even look in the sack until he was home again. He and his father would eat the candies together after supper.

Safe out of sight in the barn, he dropped to his knees and buried his face in the dog's side. "What's more, you old yellow mutt, you," he said, "from now on your name is General. General Smith."

The yellow dog pressed close and licked the boy's cheek gently and he seemed to like the taste of salt that he found there. ● ● ●

Dad Made a Liar Out of Me

(Continued from page 39)

at my father's office, and we'd go down for an additional peace offering. Sometimes I had as much as two sodas and an ice cream cone. But they never tasted very good. I could not forget what lay ahead of me upstairs.

I had a terrible fear, shared by several others, about the fierce-looking needle dad would wave back and forth and then aim at my mouth. Occasionally I'd stop its flight in mid-air with a shriek or sink down in the chair. If that failed, I'd clamp my mouth shut.

"Not as bad as it looks," he'd say patiently, pressing the tip of my jaw to open my mouth. But it always was.

Proof of Torture

After one of these experiences, I'd tell all my friends about the tortures I had endured at the hands of my own father. If they were skeptical for a time they certainly convicted him in the autumn of 1931, on what seemed strong circumstantial evidence.

On Sunday when dad and I were kicking a football back and forth, I urged him to tackle me as I ran the ball down the field. He upset me gently enough, but my left leg broke anyway. I was nine at the time. At home, propped up in bed with my leg in a plaster cast I told the story with considerable relish to troops of young friends who came up to see me.

At first my father defended himself with the outrageous tale that I had stepped into a gopher hole at the time he tackled me. But I informed everyone that there had been no gopher hole and that it was all his fault.

A year later dad gave a lecture on the care of teeth, in the Mary A. Todd grade school, for an assembly of all the classes. While he spoke and pointed to various teeth on a large chart, my classmates turned to gaze at me with awe. I reddened and watched the floor during most of his talk. How, I wondered, could father talk to children on care of the teeth? Too many nights I had watched him take out his own teeth, brush them carefully and sink them in a glass of water. Oddly, I did know enough to keep this quiet.

I suppose I was a very bad endorsement myself. With some urging, I polished my teeth twice daily, drank quarts of milk, ate vegetables, chewed almost every bite, and reported, under orders, to his office for all repair work. I still had more cavities than anyone else I knew. Dad worked overtime on me, swearing bitterly whenever he discovered another tooth that needed boring and promptly adding more milk and more brushing to my schedule.

Early in life dad and his profession caused me to form a strange code of honor. **If I answered the telephone at night and it was for father, he'd whisper hoarsely, "Who is it? Who is it?"** Then, if it was one of several patients who telephoned whenever a grain of food became lodged between two teeth, he would order me to say that he was not home.

"Bill," my mother would whisper vehemently at him on those occasions, "don't make your boy tell a lie."

In a young mind all crimes are ranked together—murder and thievery and telling lies, so I was able to capitalize on this condition. When my mother gave me a harsh dressing-down after I had come back from the grocery store with not quite enough change, I blamed it all on the lies dad forced me to tell. She shook her head sadly. It even absolved me from what must have been the the master crime of my youth. Having seen several dollar bills scattered through the drawer of the living-room table, with decks of cards and poker chips, I finally succumbed and removed one of them for a run up the street to the store. I picked out a large penny piece of bubble gum and nothing else and went back home.

Change for a Dollar

Opening the table drawer, I stacked up a fifty-cent piece, a quarter, two dimes and four pennies, and felt elated, since they would not be able to tell the difference, what with only one cent gone. But the grocer, suspicious because I had had a dollar bill and no shopping list, called my mother.

I confessed. "Dad makes me a bad boy," I said, "'cause he always wants me to tell fibs on the phone."

As far as I could see there were only token advantages to being a dentist's son. One was the joke I used about getting an inlay at no outlay. I told it many, many times. I still do, even today, when I get the chance, and I suppose it's as funny now as it was when I first read it in one of Ring Lardner's stories. It was merely a case of trying to make the best of what seemed a very bad situation.

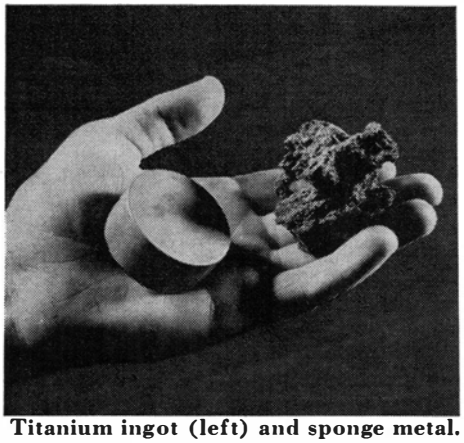
Toothpaste for Free

The one really visible consolation prize for my brand was a large collection of mouthwash, ovaltine and toothpaste samples that dad brought home regularly. I'd distribute them lavishly among the kids and, thanks to the wonderful new flavors in some of them, I soon became the most popular boy in the neighborhood—along with Johnny Wright, who got a nickel a day allowance. I'd give away tiny tubes of toothpaste. **John, innocently working at cross purposes, would divide evenly among all of us the candy bar he'd buy every day.**

I remember once, deep in the depression when dad and I struck up a bargain, based on percentages, by which I'd try to collect some of the many unpaid bills owed him. It didn't work out very well, for my heart just wasn't in it. I had seen some of these same poor debtors come out of his office, lumpy-faced and in obvious pain, and I judged that was misery enough. I never collected a dime.

Gradually, as I grew older, the feeling I had about my father's business was slightly reshaped. I never did learn to like it, but I was as happy as he was when some patient reported back, after ten years, with the gold fillings he had installed still glittering and serviceable. I also was happy to hear from several sources that dad was the best inlay man in town.

But a person always gauges the value of something when it is too late. I know I did. Since I have lived away from home I miss my father for a number of reasons. One of them is completely professional. **Now I have to pay cash for my dental work,** and even though I have the best dentist in Stony Brook, Long Island, he knows nothing about the old arrangement, so I have to go out and buy my own baseball bats and balls, just like anyone else. Besides, the needle frightens me just as much as it ever did. ● ● ●



Titanium ingot (left) and sponge metal.

Titanium: Miracle Metal

(Continued from page 57)

faces of metallurgists and suggests a reason why you haven't heard of titanium since you studied the Table of Elements in high school chemistry.

The scientists, however, are not discouraged. Today the United States Bureau of Mines and the armed forces, together with more than 60 companies, universities, and independent laboratories, are working overtime to find new methods for producing titanium cheaply and in quantity.

Recently, this research took a big step forward. A few months ago a metallurgist switched a jolt of power into the coils of a new electric furnace which can melt 500 pounds of titanium a day. Pounds are not tons, but there is now competition to make and sell titanium for the first time since it was discovered—by a clergyman named William Gregor—in 1789.

The man who switched the switch was Dr. Stephen F. Urban, a small, dark, shaggy-haired metallurgist who resembles Abraham Lincoln and presides as research director at National Lead's plant in Niagara Falls, New York. Dr. Urban and his chief assistant, George Comstock, are well acquainted with troublesome titanium and wince whenever they hear it called a "wonder metal."

Urban, a winner of the Howe Memorial Medal, one of metallurgy's highest awards, says, **"Some people think that the fence around Utopia will be made of titanium. Maybe it will. But it's going to take time."**

Comstock, a metallurgist for 37 years, carries a few milligrams of the stuff imbedded in his body, a constant reminder that progress with titanium is slow. An early experiment at the plant, in 1930, resulted in an explosion which sprayed him with molten titanium, gave him "the titanium brand."

Understandably, both men are reluctant to predict a quick and brilliant finish to their efforts. Until recently they still were using the refining process first devised by Dr. Matthew A. Hunter at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1911.

The laborious Hunter technique for ripping titanium loose from its ore shows the kind of difficulties the scientists have been up against.

Hunter started with a liquid compound of titanium ore treated with chlorine, the chemical used to purify water. The result was titanium tetrachloride—meaning one atom of titanium linked with four of chlorine. ("Tetra," as Comstock calls it, is commonly used for sky writing and smoke screens because it forms a white, spuming vapor when it touches the moisture in air.)

To titanium tetrachloride, Hunter added sodium. The mixture was placed in a steel bomb and sealed, then heated until the pressure reached as high as 50,000 pounds per square inch. Inside the pressure cooker, a controlled explosion eventually took place, and everybody changed partners. The sodium soaked up the chlorine from the tetra, leaving plain metallic titanium behind. The sodium and chlorine combined to make plain table salt, which later could be washed away. The not-so-controlled explosion of a Hunter process bomb gave George Comstock his titanium tattoo.

"The Hunter process," says Dr. Urban, whose Detroit upbringing inclines him to automotive metaphors, "was the one-lunged Otto engine of the titanium industry. But three years ago a man named William Kroll came up with titanium's Model T."

Melting Makes It Tricky

Kroll's method eliminates Hunter's bomb and increases the amount of titanium that can be made at one time. He brought his idea from Luxembourg about ten years ago, but couldn't get backing for it. No company was interested in putting up money for extensive research on a metal which then cost $20 a pound to make.

Finally, the Bureau of Mines decided that the Kroll process was worth a try. It put him to work, and by the end of the war there was a pilot plant in Nevada capable of turning out 100 pounds of titanium a day at about $4 a pound. Processing brought the price up to the current figure of $5-$15.

Kroll, too, starts with titanium tetrachloride. But he pours it into a bath of molten magnesium which steals away the chlorine without being pressured into it.

This—take it from Dr. Urban—is progress. But, he adds, "There still are several big problems we have to solve. Our chemists have to cut the cost of making titanium tetrachloride, which is far too high. Then we have to improve our technique for melting titanium metal. That's a nasty job now."

The titanium left over from the Kroll process is as porous as a bath sponge. It must be melted into solid ingots before it can be shaped into useful sheets and rods. This is when titanium starts playing tricks.

"We can't just take titanium and melt it in an open air furnace the way we do with steel," Urban explains. "Once it gets hot enough to melt—3140 degrees Fahrenheit—it starts grabbing for air." The result is titanium dioxide.

To block this maneuver, Dr. Urban has to melt the metal in a vacuum, a costly, inconvenient, and altogether exasperating procedure.

Another major problem is to find a suitable container for titanium. The ordinary ceramic crucibles used for other metals just won't do. Molten titanium is likely to flow uphill, climbing up over the lips of the crucible and spilling into the furnace. Or sometimes it seeps right through the crucible's walls. When, by chance, it stays put, it usually reacts with the materials in the container itself and is "poisoned."

Where Titanium Can Be Used

Besides getting the bugs out of titanium melting and smelting, researchers must learn exactly what its chemical and physical properties are.

Aircraft designers, already working in areas beyond the strength of the materials available to them, want titanium for the parts of their jet-propelled planes which are subjected to hell-hot, spurting gases. **Military men are eager to try it for everything from lightweight equipment for airborne troops to rust-resistant hulls for navy ships.**

Non-rusting titanium cables would go nicely on suspension bridges. Lightweight titanium spindles would save power in textiles mills. Lightweight titanium railroad cars would cost less to haul. Hard titanium nibs would add years to the life of fountain pens. Noncorroding titanium would make everbright kitchen sinks and work tables. Flexible titanium would make excellent automobile and watch springs. And if anybody ever flies off to the moon in a space ship, titanium or one of its alloys very likely will be chosen to shed the heat and shocks of interstellar travel.

At least, that's the way they're talking. Dr. Urban thinks it will be another five years before titanium has been tested sufficiently for designers to know what it will and will not do.

How Strong Is the Miracle Metal?

Urban's laboratory already has established that titanium is strong. Inch-thick bars of it, placed in a hydraulic machine which tears them apart like a medieval rack, require a pulling force of 120,000 pounds before they snap. This tensile strength equals that of most types of steel, is half again as great as that of aluminum alloy. Alloyed titanium is expected to be even tougher.

Corrosion? A two-month dunking in flowing brine left pure titanium unscarred. Alloys proved to be a hundred times as resistant as stainless steel. Titanium also has been exposed for 6,000 hours to onion in water, pineapple and grapefruit juice, cider vinegar, lard, tea, and coffee—all of them heated to 190 degrees. None of them had any effect. Concentrated nitric and hydrochloric acids leave it absolutely unmarked.

On Urban's desk is a small piece of titanium. "It's been there for three years," he says, "and in that time

hundreds of people have fingered it. If this metal weren't extremely corrosion-resistant, it would have scales of rust from all the perspiration that's been wiped off on it."

Titanium passes this homespun fingertip test because of one of its otherwise most irritating properties—high chemical activity. The metal is so frisky that its surface reacts with air to form a thin, invisible protective layer of oxide which prevents rust.

Hardness? Although pure titanium is itself very hard, an alloy was compounded which could not be scratched by any abrasive except the very hardest carborundum wheel.

All of titanium's desirable qualities and wide range of uses have hardly been tapped. Even titanium dioxide has been treated to form jewels having more fire and sparkle than diamonds.

In fine powder form, it is blown through a furnace heated to 3300 degrees Fahrenheit. This creates a molten mist which condenses on a platform into masses as big as 120 carats. (The Hope Diamond is 44.5 carats.)

Jewels Made of Titanium

These stones are the first truly new gems in the history of modern jewelry. Rubies and sapphires have been made synthetically, but the titanium dioxide jewel is not an imitation of a natural stone. No mineralogist ever has found one in the earth.

The "titania gems," as they are called, may go into optical instruments and radio or television circuits.

Whether they are used in rings and necklaces depends on how well they wear. They are somewhat softer than natural stones and won't take much of a beating.

Just when titanium will become a low-cost product is impossible to say. Dr. Urban makes a conservative estimate of 20 years. **Certainly it will have to come down to under a dollar a pound to be used generally.**

The problems of getting it there are many. The only thing no one worries about is finding enough titanium. For despite its uncommon behavior, it is not an uncommon element. Ilmenite, the coal-black ore in which titanium usually is found, is distributed liberally throughout the earth. There are large deposits in New York's Adirondack Mountains and in Florida's Atlantic Coast beaches. Oregon, Arkansas, Virginia, and North Carolina also are well supplied. Abroad, it is found in Canada, Sweden, Australia, India, and Russia, whose Ilmen Mountains gave the ore its name. Titanium is, in fact, the ninth most abundant element. In quantity it tops all other common structural metals except iron, magnesium, and aluminum.

It is nothing to see. In its isolated form titanium is dark gray, with a metallic luster and an iron-like appearance. Refined, it looks like any other silvery white metal. What doesn't show is its stubborn, cussed nature. But if Dr. Urban and his colleagues can teach it some manners, you'll get the titanium niblick yet. ● ● ●

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

I MARRIED A FLIRT

Gripe Editor:

My gripe is the inveterate flirt (like my husband, for instance). Anything from sixteen to sixty catches his roving eye. If a new widow moves into the neighborhood, he's the first to help shift furniture. If the dentist hires a pretty assistant, my Carl promptly gets a toothache.

Not that he is a wolf. I don't believe he's actually ever been unfaithful to me, but this constant peering, looking, admiring of other women irritates me.

It would be different if I were an old hag or a sloppy Flossy who went around the house in a faded kimono. But, if I do say so myself, I'm easy on the eye. I have as classy a chassis as any lassie in the village. Still, Carl likes to look at the apples in the other orchards.

Our furnace can go on the bum and we freeze to death before he gets around to repairing it, but let the peroxide blonde next door have anything that needs fixing and Carl is over there in a flash. Being neighborly, he calls it. Bah!

There is one thing I can be thankful for, however—Carl doesn't work in a Turkish bath.

SHARON ANDERSON

Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: ARGOSY does not want to serve as a sounding board for complaints from the fair sex. On the other hand, the above may benefit husbands whose wives consider their particular vices as unique.

A TEACHER TALKS BACK

Gripe Editor:

I still can't understand why parents are so quick to pounce on school teachers. They must realize the value of a teacher. If their children were suddenly to remain uneducated for the rest of their lives, they would rise in a body.

If I punish a child in class, his parents immediately threaten to report me to the school board.

If children were taught obedience at home and parents backed teachers up in school, there would be better schools and better Americans.

JAMES LOFTON

Heiskell, Tenn.

AGAINST HOLIDAYS

Gripe Editor:

I'm against holidays! They just about keep me broke.

When Mr. Webster described a "holiday" as "an occasion of joy and gaiety . . . of exemption from labour . . ." he probably was a single man.

If you're married, comes the weekend and either your wife takes all your dough, or greets you with a kiss and the bills. The kids wait in line for their weekly movie.

Regardless of whether you have a mother, sister, wife, et al—brother, you get stuck on Valentine's Day. You may get something back on Father's Day but chances are it won't be anything you want.

Come Easter and everyone needs new clothes, Thanksgiving and you sit and watch a week's pay being eaten. And Christmas—Christmas is when you go completely broke.

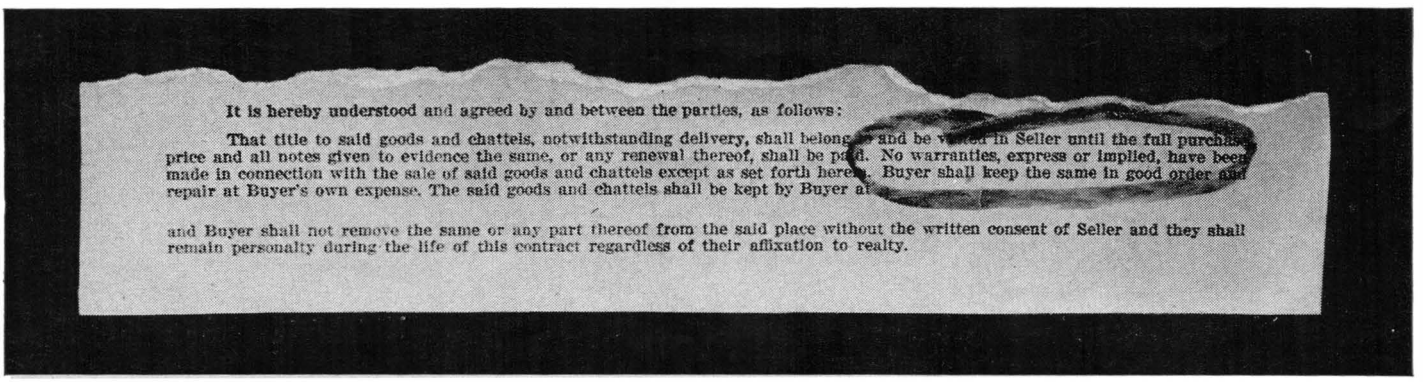
When New Year's Eve arrives, you borrow money, go out and get drunk and try to forget your cares!

I'll fool 'em this year, though. I'll quit work and we won't have any holidays.

WILLIAM J. MURPHY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I can be thankful for one thing—that he doesn't work in a Turkish bath."



It is hereby understood and agreed by and between the parties, as follows:

That title to said goods and chattels, notwithstanding delivery, shall belong [illegible] and be vested in Seller until the full purchase price and all notes given to evidence the same, or any renewal thereof, shall be paid. No warranties, express or implied, have been made in connection with the sale of said goods and chattels except as set forth herein. Buyer shall keep the same in good order and repair at Buyer's own expense. The said goods and chattels shall be kept by Buyer at [illegible]

and Buyer shall not remove the same or any part thereof from the said place without the written consent of Seller and they shall remain personalty during the life of this contract regardless of their affixation to realty.

Big Swindles In Small Type

(Continued from page 55)

our complex civilization. During those days we learned, too, about the incredible tricks of the small-type swindlers, racketeers whose machinations bring Haydock so many of his harassed "customers."

The Legal Referral Service, sponsored in New York by the Association of the Bar and the County Lawyers Association, was set up to serve that large majority of people who feel they either cannot afford a lawyer, or fear that one will get them "involved" in courtroom red tape.

"While the wealthy have lawyers on a retainer basis," Haydock explains, "and the poor have Legal Aid Societies which operate on a charity basis, the middle-income person is caught in a legal No Man's Land."

Legal Referral bridges the gap. In a little over three years more than 10,000 clients have used it. Haydock talks with about 100 a week. Many of them have minor problems which he can advise them about on the spot. Some, however, he routes to one of the 500 lawyers on the Legal Referral panel, who get a flat consulation fee of $5.

Hidden Swindles Take Millions

With the fee fixed in advance, the client need not worry about getting stuck with a big bill, and approximately 90 percent of the cases are settled at this stage. Fees for any matters which go past this point are arranged between lawyer and client. In keeping with the spirit of Legal Referral, these charges are moderate, and subject to arbitration by a supervisory committee.

The idealistic Haydock (he is a Quaker) realizes that his work is only scratching the surface. He says that four out of every five Americans never consult a lawyer, that more than three-quarters of all transactions involving points of law are carried through without the benefit of legal advice.

"Most swindles these days aren't 'great' ones," Haydock observed. "Usually they are petty tricks, rackets disguised by legal phrases buried deep among the fuzzy 'whereases' and the ambiguous 'and/or' of contracts.

"But the small-type swindlers annually manage to victimize thousands of people to the tune of millions of dollars. And the saddest part is that most of these folks don't even know they've been cheated.

"I'll tell you about one you'll never believe. But it's true. There used to be a one-jump-ahead-of-the-sheriff insurance company down in Alabama which sold the most foolproof life insurance policy ever devised. In very small print, on an inside page of the impressive document, it said that no money could be paid on a death claim unless the **policyholder appeared in person at the home office within 30 days after his demise and gave proof of his death.** The sheriff finally made that extra jump, and this outfit passed into limbo. But a dozen others sprang up to take its place in fleecing the public."

Nor, we learned as Haydock opened our eyes to the trickeries of small-type swindlers, is insurance their only field. They work just as well with real estate contracts, sales agreements, leases, installment contracts.

Mr. and Mrs. Eliot's story—as Haydock told it—is a case in point. The Eliots bought a new living room suite from an unethical installment company. When only two of the 12 payments remained to be made, Mrs. Eliot became ill. Assuming that the promptness of his previous payments had earned him some credit standing with the company, Eliot wrote a polite letter explaining and asking a month's respite.

Four nights later Eliot came home from work to find his wife in tears, and his living room empty. The furniture —on which he had paid more than 80 percent of the full price—had been repossessed without notice. And next day Eliot's employer told him his salary had been garnisheed.

Victims of Installment Companies

Furious, Eliot went to see the manager of the installment house. Used to such scenes, that gentleman cut him short with, "if you read the contract you signed you'll notice a clause in it under which you waive any right of advance notice of our intention to reposses. And you explicitly granted us legal permission to enter your house to take back our goods. In addition, you agreed to a wage assignment so that we can attach your salary without getting a court order."

"Look. you've got your furniture back. Isn't that enough?" Eliot asked.

"Not quite." The manager pointed to another small-type paragraph in the signed contract. "According to this section you're still responsible for the full purchase price even after repossession of the furniture."

"Few installments companies," Haydock said, "will push a customer to the wall this way. But because of the small type, many can if they want to."

Worst of the installment sale tricks that have been called to the attention of the Legal Referral Service is the "tack-on." Suppose you buy a bedroom suite and have made half the payments when you decide to get an extra dresser. Instead of treating that as a separate sale, the company tacks it on to the original agreement. A month later you buy a chair. That, too, goes in with the rest.

Eventually you have only one more payment on the chair to make. The other furniture has been paid for. But you can't make the last payment. Do you lose only the chair?

Oh, no, you lose the whole thing. Under normal procedure, all the other articles by now have been yours, free and clear. But under a tack-on contract nothing is paid for until the last item is fully purchased.

Anyone May Be Taken In

There is infinite variety to the swindles in small type that have shown up in Legal Referral cases.

Questionable appraisal companies sell virtually worthless oil leases at high prices with a "buy-back guarantee" should the appraisal value be wrong. Few investors note the trickily worded "hook" in the contract which prohibits them from exercising *any* right of action—including the *right to sell*—for ten years.

Certain "schools" are another source of small-type frauds. One midwest "commercial college" draws prospects with help-wanted ads for bookkeepers.

It gets their signatures on "employment applications." Then the "applications"—surprise—turn out to be valid contracts for an expensive accountancy course.

Not even hard-headed business men are immune from the plague of small-type swindlers. The collection agency racketeers, for instance, invariably work through a contract ruse.

The "X Products Company," for instance, turns over 500 debtor accounts to the "Z Collection Agency," which gleans a total of $100 from the list. Does X Products Company get this

$100, or any part of it? It does not. It gets, instead, a bill for $200. This sum is arrived at by deducting the $100 collected from the Z Agency's "service charge" of $300. Why? Because of an obscure paragraph which reads:

Initial overhead expense of 60 cents per account will be advanced by Z Collection Agency and applied against any amount that is due the X Products Company.

Real estate owners are also ripe for the plucking. John Carter, for instance, rose to the bait when his phone rang one night.

"This is Horace Lee, the real estate broker downtown." the voice said. "Sorry to disturb you, but is that South Street lot still on the market?"

It was, Carter told him. He'd never met Lee, but if the man had a buyer—

"Good. Any specific price?"

Carter named an optimistic figure and was amazed when Lee said, "That's satisfactory to my client. I'll bring over a contract, and a check for the down payment, tomorrow."

It Says in Your Lease . . .

Carter couldn't wait to sign that contract. The instant he did, he was hooked. But he didn't know it—yet.

A few days later Lee told Carter, "I'm sorry but that lot deal is off. My client's had to change his plans. We'll forfeit the deposit, of course."

"But how about the contract we signed?" asked Carter.

Lee unfolded his copy, ran his finger down several lines of small type. "You'll notice this clause here," he said, "provides the purchaser can withdraw within 30 days."

"Well," said Carter, "I suppose that settles things."

"Not entirely," said Lee. "Here's my bill for my broker's commission—five per cent of the entire purchase price."

Carter had to pay. He took a heavy loss on the deal. One section of that contract, naming "Hector Lee as sole broker," required Carter to pay a commission "upon the signing of the contract," whether the sale went through or not. Neat, legal and iron-clad.

Leases are another fertile source of small-type shenanigans, especially during a housing shortage, when tenants seldom quibble. A sample standard lease form issued by one city's real estate board association is filled with 10,000 words of fine print which strip the tenant of one after another of his rights and privileges.

If the landlord holds you to the letter of this kind of lease, you could not install a radio, window shade, venetian blind, or screen without his written consent. You would need his permission to decorate, and would have to do it at the time he set and by workmen he approved. You would also waive "all rights of redemption in the event of being evicted," waive your right to trail by jury, and, as a final blow, give the landlord permission to show your apartment, during the last seven months of the lease, to anyone who might be interested in renting it.

Haydock observed that fly-by-night or unlicensed insurance companies rely almost exclusively on small-type tricks to avoid paying off policy claims.

"One concern's big selling point," he said, "is that it doesn't require a policy-holder to pass a medical examination. He merely signs a contract with a small-type clause in it under which he guarantees that he has never had *any disease of the brain or nervous system, heart or lung, cancer or tumor of any kind, vertigo, tuberculosis, goiter, or any other disease or infirmity.*

Insurance Gyps

"Have you ever had a cold? Or indigestion? Then you have had a disease or infirmity, according to the way this clause is interpreted. What actually happens is that the medical exam is postponed until after the insured's death. Claim forms authorize the company—in small type—to check doctor's records. Any self-respecting investigator can turn up some 'disease or infirmity.' An infected hangnail has been used to void a claim."

Some of the gyp concerns, Haydock said, offer "family group life insurance." One issued a $1,000 policy to cover husband, wife, grandparents, and children, from the age of 1 to 75, for a premium of $1 a month. Another extended the offer to "brothers, sisters, and any relatives regardless of where they live so long as they are in good health, between the ages of 1 and 80."

But the small type in these contracts reveals that this $1,000 coverage applies only to the family as a unit, and the benefit amount goes down as the number of persons insured goes up.

Common sense, Haydock advises, is the best guide when dealing with insurance companies. **The solid, respectable ones obey all the rules, give you a square deal. The "something for nothing" outfits are the ones to guard against.**

Across the country Legal Referral Services or similar groups—in Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and other cities—are proving it is simpler and cheaper and quicker to keep out of trouble than to get out of trouble. And their very existence is a formidable barrier to the activities of the small-type swindlers.

We asked Haydock how to help you from falling into swindlers' traps.

"There is no handy set of rules," he said. "Many provisions in small type protect you. They help make agreements precise, to plug any possible legal loopholes.

What You Can Do

"Most landlords, or sellers, or agents, or companies, fully observe the ethics of their business. They know it's to their advantage that the cheat be exposed, and that all contracts be studied by both sides before they are signed.

"But," said Haydock, "there are a few basic cautions which can help.

"Never sign anything without reading it carefully first. Insist on having any outrageous clauses deleted. Watch out for the man who won't change even a comma. He's out to get you. Don't sign unless you understand what you have read. And don't be ashamed to get an expert to explain it to you, or to guide you. In others words—think before you ink." ● ● ●

"This is nothing. You should try to take a bath here!"

The Affair of the Pearl Princess

(Continued from page 23)

"He won't wait," Mugs warned.

"Oh yes, he will," Bane said. "He won't pass out any money, Mugs, but under no circumstances will he ever refuse to see me or to listen to what I have to say. That would let me to go to court and petition to have him removed on the ground that he was neglecting his duties as trustee. He'll be painfully conscientious, assiduously moral, gratuitously nasty, and smugly hypocritical. He—"

"He's on the line," Mugs said.

Jerry reached over and took the receiver from Mugs' hand. "And a very good morning to you, counselor," he said into the telephone.

Arthur Anson's voice came rasping over the wire, "You damned ingrate. I heard what you said."

"That it was a very good morning?"

"No, what you said to that one-armed bandit of yours—"

"Come, come," Jerry said soothingly. "He's not a one-armed bandit, counselor. You're thinking of slot machines. Mugs Magoo is my invaluable manservant, a man with a camera eye—"

"I haven't time to discuss him," Anson snapped. "I'm busy. What the devil do you want?"

"Money."

There was a pointed silence from the telephone.

"I can't make it any shorter than that," Bane explained.

"You *always* want money."

"What are you doing at your office this time of day?" Jerry Bane asked.

"What am I doing?" Anson fairly screamed. "I'm working. I've been here hours working. I'm—"

"Exactly," Jerry Bane said. "You want money. That's why you're applying yourself so diligently to the practice of law."

"I'm *working* for *my* money. I make it by my brains," Anson said.

"While my money," Jerry Bane pointed out, "is already in your hands. You have to admit that it's mine."

"Technically and legally, it is your money. You have the legal title to the trust, subject to the provisions of the trust."

"And you are going to give me some of my money?"

"No!" Arthur Anson shouted into the telephone. "I will only give you money when I feel that it is for your best interests for me to do so. You will have to make a showing."

"Well," Jerry said. "I'm broke. I need to eat. I—"

"Fire that crooked manservant of yours and . . . I'm coming over there, young man. There are certain matters I want to talk with you about."

"Are you bringing any money?"

"Definitely not."

"You might as well save yourself the exertion of coming over here."

"It's part of my duty as a trustee, and I am not one to swerve from my duty."

"Exactly," Jerry Bane said. "I'd forgotten that you received a fine reward for your efforts, predicated, I believe, in percentages upon the amount of the trust. Didn't the account show that you received something over forty-three thousand dollars last year for your services as trustee and—"

"My compensation was fixed by law and approved by the court," Arthur Anson said.

"During which time you paid me a lousy eight thousand dollars," Jerry Bane said. "Rather a profitable trust for you, isn't it, counselor?"

Jerry Bane hung up.

"What happened?" Mugs asked.

"Oh, the usual thing," Jerry said, yawning, "except that this time he's coming over to see me. Doubtless he wants to read me a lecture on the immorality of idleness and suggest once more that I should go to work with pick and shovel. And that reminds me, Mugs. We've been following the example of Arthur Anson, who lives by his brains. Only we've been living by our wits. The Shooting Star News Photography Service has proven to be of great advantage. We must have quite a little pile of pictures which have accumulated during the last few days."

"Two or three dozen," Mugs said.

"Have you looked them over?"

"No, sir."

"WELL, let's take a look," Jerry Bane said. "It doesn't seem that we're going to get anything out of Arthur Arman Anson, attorney-at-law and trustee under my uncle's will, except some gratuitous advice on the advantages of living a life of early to bed and early to rise with plenty of hard work thrown in."

Mugs Magoo said, "Why don't you tell him what the doctor said about the effects of the anemia in the Japanese prison camp?"

"What? And let him patronize me? Not on your life. He's the kind of guy I'm proud to have hating me. In fact, Mugs, I was thinking just a few moments ago what a terrific letdown it would be if Arthur Arman Anson should die, even though all the money would come directly to me. The pleasure of matching wits with the sanctimonious old devil makes life worth while. But let's take a look at those photographs, Mugs."

Mugs Magoo opened a desk, took out a pile of eight by ten photographs printed on glossy paper. Attached to each photograph was a caption explaining the picture. This service was intended for newspapers which didn't have their own press photographers, and Jerry Bane found it exceedingly useful in the venturesome game of living by his wits.

AS BANE leafed through the pictures during pauses in his breakfast, Mugs Magoo stood behind him, impassively studying each glossy print. Mugs had at one time been the most noted camera eye in the country but he had been caught in a political jam while on the police force, and had taken to drink. He had finally wound up as a bit of human flotsam selling pencils on the street.

Now Mugs Magoo had rehabilitated himself. Alcoholics Anonymous had taught him to control his appetite for drink, and Jerry Bane was putting Mugs' encyclopaedic knowledge of the underworld to profitable use.

Jerry skipped casually through the photographs of automobile smashups, the faces of visiting celebrities, and paused before the picture of a smiling Hawaiian dancer, attired in grass skirt, scanty bra and a floral lei.

"Neat bit of cheesecake," Mugs Magoo commented.

Jerry read the caption.

WATCH YOUR CREDIT. SHOOTING STAR NEWS PHOTOGRAPHY SERVICE. POLYNESIAN PRINCESS CLAIMS HULA GREATEST BOON FOR TIRED NERVES.

Princess Pelikiawa Kohala, a visitor at the Palm Vista Hotel, smilingly insisted that the hula is a soothing tonic to tired nerves and a specific against high blood pressure. Princess Kohala is reported to have with her a fortune in pearls which she insists are not for sale, but which she carries with her at all times because she admires their beauty. When pressed by newspaper reporters, she required but little urging to don the traditional grass skirt and demonstrate the island hula. The lei around the princess's neck was flown especially from Hawaii by Clipper, the flowers being as waxy-fresh and as fragrant as when they left the Islands only a few hours earlier. The pearl necklace is an ornament which the princess wears at all times. "I like to feel the touch of pearls on my skin," she explained. "I know these pearls are priceless and should be in a vault but, even if I am foolish to keep them with me, I think I would be more foolish to lock them behind some massive vault door where they would give me no enjoyment. If a person is going to leave pearls shut up in the dark tomb of some musty vault, she might just as well let the oysters keep them in the first place."

"Some babe," Jerry Bane said.

"Some bait," Mugs Magoo said.

Jerry Bane regarded the picture thoughtfully. "Jail bait, Mugs?"

Mugs shook his head. "Crook bait."

"She looks old enough to know her way around," Jerry pointed out.

"Oh, she knows her way around, all right," Mugs told him. "As soon as she's built up enough publicity, she'll appear in some night club."

"She can't build up much more with that gag," Jerry Bane said. "She can't take off very much more than this."

"Yeah, I know," Mugs said, "but you can see what she's doing. She's advertising her beautiful figure, and she's advertising the priceless jewels. Old family heirlooms inherited from the chiefs of the tribe, generation to generation—bah! That picture will get circulated around. It'll be picked up by lots of little independent newspapers. It'll be seen by all sorts of yeggs. The smart guys won't fall for it, but some dumb, credulous crook will risk a term in stir to cop the baubles."

"And then?" Jerry Bane asked.

"And then," Mugs said, "the princess will scream to the newspapers about having been robbed and get herself some publicity Then, because she's lost her heirlooms she'll have to go to work, and by the time she winds up in a night club putting on a common garden variety of barefooted hula, she'll have built up enough background so she'll not only get the job, but twice as much salary."

"You don't think the pearls are genuine, Mugs?"

"Don't make me laugh. Those pearls are as phony as a belle's bustle."

"You don't recognize the babe?"

"Wish I did," Mugs said, moodily. "There was a time when I knew all of them, but this little trick is one of the new generation. Not that she's a crook," he added hastily. "That's not the way crooks work. She's just a smart hustler trying to get a job."

JERRY BANE put the photograph to one side, sipped his coffee thoughtfully, said, "It would be a pleasure to know her, Mugs."

"You don't need an X-ray machine to tell that. She's stripped down to bare essentials right now."

"Yes," Bane admitted, "they *are* essential, too. I have it, Mugs."

"What?"

"We'll sell that photograph to old Arthur Arman Anson."

"What for?"

"For his blood pressure," Jerry said, pushing back his chair, and getting to his feet. "Can't you just see the old buzzard stoop-shouldered in here with his brief case and his weasel eyes, and then we sell him on the idea of the medicinal effect of the hula. We get him a grass skirt and he goes like this." Jerry Bane began to move his hips with smooth proficiency.

Mugs Magoo grinned. For a moment the cynical skepticism left his eyes. "Now *that*," he said, "would be something worth seeing."

Jerry resumed his breakfast. Mugs poured more coffee, then, glancing at the news pictures, said, "Here's a stickup picture. Neat cheesecake there."

Jerry Bane picked up the photograph, saw the picture of a young woman bound, gagged, and blindfolded lying on the floor of a hardware store.

Heavy manila ropes had been cut from a spool of rope shown in the picture, and tied around her arms and around her ankles. In kicking and struggling, the girl's skirt had become disarranged.

Over to the right of the bound woman was a badly disheveled young man with a bleeding lip and a swollen eye, pointing ruefully down to some ropes on the floor.

The caption read:

WATCH YOUR CREDIT. SHOOTING STAR NEWS PHOTOGRAPHY SERVICE.
Hartwell Finney of The Central Supply Hardware Jobbing Company leads police to bound form of Doris Candy still lying on office floor exactly as left by fleeing crooks who escaped with over twenty thousand dollars in cash. Finney was subdued after a desperate struggle, bound, gagged, and forced to lie down beside Doris Candy, after which crooks managed to open safe and escape with large amount of cash collected as result of five-dollar sales throughout retail channels of the hardware concern.

NICE bit of cheesecake," Mugs said. "Here's another picture of the girl after being released. Not a bad looker . . . Looks like someone I know. Looks like—but no it *couldn't* be."

"Come, come, Mugs." Jerry Bane laughed. "This is about the first time I've ever seen you at a loss to place a face, a name, or a connection."

Mugs Magoo stood holding the photograph, the caption of which read:

WATCH YOUR CREDIT. SHOOTING STAR NEWS SERVICE.
Doris Candy blinks at light after being released by police following terrifying experience with bandits who robbed office of hardware jobbing concern. Doris was blindfolded for more than forty minutes before Manager Hartwell Finney, also tied and gagged, was able to free himself from bonds so he could summon police.

"Well, come on, make up your mind," Bane said, as Mugs Magoo studied the photograph, his forehead wrinkled in a frown of perplexed scrutiny. "Ordinarily you can call them as fast as they come across the plate. Do you know her, or don't you?"

"I'm damned if know," Mugs said. "She looks exactly like. . . . And yet, that's been years ago. . . . She couldn't be. . . ."

Suddenly he said, "Why, of course! That *has* to be the explanation. She's Sadie Dayton's daughter. She looks just like Sadie did at twenty-five."

"Who's Sadie Dayton?" Jerry asked.

"Sadie was queen of them all. A swell confidence woman. She could sing the birds right out of the trees."

"Good-looking?"

"Good-looking!" Mugs exclaimed, unwilling enthusiasm manifesting itself in his voice. "She was a queen! But it wasn't her looks that got her across. It was her brains. She could think up schemes that were one hun-

SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC

CARRY, stow your putput in a pouch.

(Continued from page 51) anywhere you could place a plug or spoon. When the rig hits the water, down goes the hook and sinker, up slides the float, pushing the button ahead of it until the depth knot is reached.

Unsteady Bird Dogs

Curiously, among fellows who train their own dogs, there seems to be a total lack of definite knowledge as to how to get a dog to stand steadily on point. Here's how it's done, and I guarantee it will work.

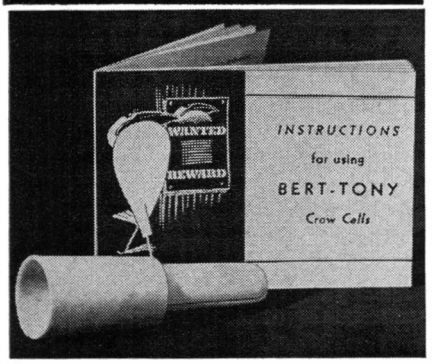
Keep so close to the dog, either by commanding him to stay in close, or by keeping him on a long lead, that you can be sure to be right on hand when he makes his point. Now move in swiftly but steadily, talking to him, steadying him by your voice. When you reach him, forget all that training manual mallarkey about stroking his back and his tail. Just be sure *you* don't flush the bird, but, from behind and beside the dog, put your hand firmly upon his rump and push him toward the bird with steady pressure.

Strangely, though he is trembling because he wants to jump in and flush the bird, he doesn't want to be shoved in upon the bird. His "pointing pause," which in his ancient ancestry preceded the spring upon the game, was a gathering of balance, poise for the pounce. When you push on his rump, you destroy his muscular stance. He will unconsciously push back against your hand. Keep this up, carefully, and after a few lessons your dog will stand steady as you approach.

Books for Sportsmen

RECOMMENDATIONS for October: "American Beagling," by "Old Kickapoo," Putnam's, 2 West 45th St., New York City, $3.50. First of its kind, by one of the all-time greats in the beagle-hunting and field-trial game, a swell book that every beagle owner will want. . . . "Crow Shooting," by Popowski, A. S. Barnes, 101 Fifth Ave., New York City, $2.75. The Bible for enthusiasts of the crow call . . . (Continued on next page)

SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC



CALLS to lure crows into gun sights.

(Continued from preceding page) "The Shooter's Bible," published annually, is far more than a gun catalogue. Full of articles on hunting and related subjects, it is an encyclopedia of valuable information for the sportsman and good reading for long winter nights. The price is $1.50 at the Stoeger Arms Corporation, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Good Gadgets Department

WORK around camp can keep you so busy there's little time left for the hunting or fishing you want to do. A few years ago I made up my mind to get my camping equipment in more compact and efficient condition, particularly pots and pans. I finally found what I wanted, in a unit built by the Reynolds Metal Company, Louisville, Kentucky. All items included in this camp-cook outfit are made of heavy duty aluminum. The big outer kettle, which contains all the other items, is approximately 9 inches in diameter and 8 inches high. Its cover is a frying pan, the handle for which is packed inside the unit. There are two smaller kettles, with snap-on bails or frying pan handles, and a smaller frying pan, which is a cover for one of the smaller kettles. A coffee pot, four cups, and four plates complete the unit—all for a moderate $10.95.

CROW shooting is a whale of a fine sport and one which you can follow all winter. And every crow downed means one less marauder in the game coverts. In the book recommendations this month, I mentioned one called "Crow Shooting," by Bert Popowski. Popowski has probably killed more crows with a shotgun than any other man in the country. He is our outstanding expert on crows and crow shooting, and you can bet that anything he has to do or say about this branch of outdoor sports will be the last word. The Bert-Tony Crow-toned Calls, which Popowski makes and sells, come in a set, tuned to the two pitches he has found most effective on crows. They are made of plastic. Instructions for their use are in- (Continued on opposite page)

dred percent bulletproof. When she put on a razzle-dazzle it would take a dick weeks to unscramble the thing, and then there'd always be some missing link in the chain. They never could actually pin very much on Sadie. I don't think she ever served time in her life."

"What happened to her?"

"Darned if I know," Mugs Magoo said. "She got married and said she was going on the square. She vanished. No one ever heard from her. Gosh, if that *is* Sadie's daughter. . . ."

"Well," Jerry said, 'if that's Sadie Dayton's daughter you can just about figure out the story, Mugs."

"What do you mean?"

"Sadie married. She had a child. Now something has happened to the husband and Sadie has had to go back to living by her wits. She's thought up a scheme to make some money, and this robbery is a part of that scheme."

"Listen," Mugs said, fervently, "if this is Sadie Dayton's scheme you aren't going to unscramble it *that* easy."

"Well," Jerry said, studying the picture of the girl in the photograph, "I'm beginning to get an idea, Mugs. Did you ever see any prettier legs than those?"

Mugs said, "I've certainly seen 'em as pretty."

"Yes?"

"Sadie Dayton," Mugs went on with positive finality. "They *never* topped Sadie's legs. Not anywhere, not on the stage, not in Hollywood—never!"

"All right," Jerry said. "Here's what I want you to do. I want you to hunt up the Princess Pelikiawa Kohala. Tell her that if she wants publicity, the sort of publicity that will *really* put her act across, she can come and see me any time this afternoon. I'm leaving it to you to make a good job of it.

Mugs Magoo heaved himself to his feet. "That," he said, "should be easy. That girl's yearning for publicity."

II

ARTHUR ARMAN ANSON, shoulders slightly stooped, lips clamped in a firm, thin line of disapproval, lugged his brief case across the threshold and glowered.

"What's the matter?" Jerry asked.

"All these gadgets," Anson said. "Electric dishwashers, vacuum cleaners . . . "

"You forget that my man has only one arm."

"Fire him. This is a competitive world. There's no place for misfits."

"But I like him," Jerry explained. "He's immensely valuable."

"He's a creature of the streets, a spawn of the gutter, a seller of pencils, a broken-down alcoholic."

"Rehabilitated," Jerry reminded.

"They don't rehabilitate," Anson said. "You've squandered enough money here on these gadgets, trying to give a cripple a job, to make a very respectable showing in your bank account."

"It was my money," Jerry Bane said.

"Money you wheedled out of me."

"But nevertheless *my* money," Bane insisted. "Money which you are holding for me."

"Under the terms of a trust," Anson said. "Let's not go into that. I called because I want to go over certain accounts with you."

"What's wrong?" Jerry Bane asked.

"For the last three months," Arthur Anson said, "I have learned that your expenditures have been more than ten thousand dollars. Yet I gave you only one thousand dollars during that period—and three months ago you had an overdraft in the bank."

DID I indeed?" Jerry Bane laughed. "I have a poor memory for figures—in columns. I'm afraid that I can't tell you offhand the state of my bank account three months ago."

And Jerry Bane, walking over to a full-length mirror, began to practice certain rhythmic motions.

"What the devil are you doing now?" Arthur Anson asked.

"Taking exercises for high blood pressure."

"For high blood pressure? Do you have high blood pressure?"

"Well, I'm acting on the theory that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Interest shone in Arthur Anson's eyes. "I didn't know there were any exercises for high blood pressure. I'm bothered with it."

"You should certainly practice these exercises," Jerry said.

Arthur Anson put down the brief case, came over to stand beside Jerry at the mirror. "Show me just what you mean."

"Well, you stand with your weight on this foot," Jerry said. "You take most of the weight off the other foot. You slightly bend the knee, and then you move from the waist. . . . No, not like that. Limber up a bit. You're stiff as a board."

"I can't move my hips the way you do," Anson said.

"Try it. Put some more swing in it."

"What sort of exercises *are* these?"

"Exercises for blood pressure," Jerry Bane said. "I got the idea from studying a photograph of a very interesting young woman, The Princess Pelikiawa Kohala, who says that the Polynesians never have high blood pressure because they exercise so frequently in the rhythm of the hula. She says that the hula is the specific—"

"You damn young whelp!" Anson roared. "Do you mean to tell me you've had me standing up in front of a mirror practicing a hula?"

"But of course," Jerry said. "What did you think you were doing?"

"What did I think? . . . What did I think? . . . The idea of taking advantage of me in such a way. . . . Damn it, it's ridiculous!"

"Don't you want to cure your high blood pressure?"

"A hula. A hula indeed! Who says that a hula is good for high blood pressure? It's absurd. It's—"

"Take a look at the picture," Jerry Bane invited, handing the lawyer the

photograph of the hula dancer. "*She* doesn't have any blood pressure."

Arthur Anson looked at the picture. He read the typewritten caption, then he snorted. "Nothing on earth but a contemptible, cheap publicity stunt! Anyone with the intelligence of a ten-year-old child could see that!"

"Do you think so?" Jerry Bane asked innocently.

"Think so," Anson snorted. "There are times when you literally nauseate me. Now, young man, I want to know where you got the money you've been spending during the last three months."

Jerry Bane shrugged his shoulders. "It's beyond me. I certainly had no idea I had spent that much money."

"Well, I don't intend to give you any until I know where that money came from. And even then I don't intend to give you any. Ten thousand dollars in three months—it's preposterous, it's absurd, it's criminal!"

Jerry Bane said, "But I thought you wanted me to go to work."

"Work, yes," Arthur Anson said. "I want you to begin at the bottom. That's the way I got my start."

"Doubtless," said Jerry Bane, "you want me to emulate your career?"

"It's too late for you to hope to do anything of the sort," Anson snapped. "I had amassed over five thousand dollars by dint of hard work and diligent saving by the time I was your age. I had acquired the nucleus of a legal education, and—"

"And doubtless the beginnings of your high blood pressure," Jerry Bane pointed out. "And I don't see why you're so proud of saving five thousand dollars when I've just *spent* ten thousand dollars in the last ninety days. That's twice as much as you'd saved."

Arthur Anson grabbed up his brief case. "I didn't come here to listen to a lot of your supercilious wisecracks. Are you going to tell me where you got the money?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you where I *did* get it," Jerry said. "I must have secured it from some source if I spent it."

"LOOK here, young man," Arthur Anson announced, pointing a long, bony finger at him, "I want to impress upon you that under the terms of this trust you can't borrow against it. If anyone is lending you money, thinking that upon my death the trust is going to terminate and you're going to come into money, I'll spike that scheme right now. And if you've persuaded anyone to lend you money on the assumption that I'll increase the money you're receiving in order to take care of a loan, you're crazy as—"

"As a sweet potato," Jerry Bane suggested innocently.

"As a sweet potato," Anson echoed, mechanically, then suddenly said, "What are you talking about? How can a sweet potato be crazy?"

"On the other hand," Bane assured him, with a perfectly expressionless face, "how can a sweet potato keep from being crazy? You have to admit, Anson, that it hasn't an ounce of brains and most of them that you get in restaurants are only half-baked, and . . ."

Anson spun toward the door, paused on the threshold. "You damned flippant young whippersnapper!" he said. "I'm giving you an ultimatum. You get out of here and go to work, and I mean *work*. You work with a pick and shovel. You work with your hands. You do some hard, manual labor. You work so that you come home so tired you can't possibly sit up after eight-thirty at night. That's the only way you're going to get any money out of *me*.

"And I'll tell you something else. Until you tell me where you got that nine thousand dollars you're not going to get a dime out of me. Understand?"

III

MUGS MAGOO, fitting a latchkey in the front door of Jerry Bane's apartment, sighed wearily as he tossed his hat on a chair and eyed the bottle of Scotch by the side of Jerry Bane's chair.

Jerry Bane looked up from the book he was reading and glanced inquiringly at the whiskey bottle.

"Nope," Mugs said firmly. "I'd sure like a drink. Just one. But—"

"Let your conscience be your guide."

Mugs Magoo grinned. "The first drink is the only one that hurts me," he said. "The others aren't so bad. It's that first drink that raises hell with me. Just like some people can't eat lobster. Oh well . . ." He sighed and settled himself in a chair. "That Hawaiian dancer will be up here."

"Good!"

"It's just like I thought," Mugs said, wearily. "The same old line. She's after publicity. She got a start with this story about the jewels. Of course, she won't admit she wants to have that pearl necklace stolen, but she ain't fooling *me*.

"I told her you were a swell guy for publicity," Mugs went on, "that you never fell down on the job. That all she had to do was talk with you and she was fixed."

"What did she say?"

"Wanted to know what *you* wanted, and I told her nothing. She didn't believe that."

"Naturally not," Bane said.

"But she's curious and she's coming. She's a gambler and her attitude toward life is: 'Oh, well, what have I got to lose?' She has an idea that you have a price and if she thinks she can get the publicity she wants, she's prepared to hold up her end."

"That's fine," Jerry Bane said. "What did you find out about the stickup, Mugs?"

Mugs passed a tired hand over his forehead. "I guess that's what knocked me for a loop," he admitted finally.

"How come?"

"She's Sadie Dayton's daughter all right."

"Married?"

"No. Her mother married a heel named Candy. They split up ten years ago. The mother's living out here in

SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC

GOOD reading and sound information.

(Continued from opposite page) cluded in each box. Set costs $5, direct from Bert Popowski, 820 No. Main St., Aberdeen, South Dakota.

HERE IS another clothing item for this time of year. It's an unlined long jacket of light wool called "The Chippewa Kent," made by the Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. This particular coat, or jacket, comes in bright plaids and is the right weight for wear around camp, while driving, or for early morning and evening during this brisk fall weather. It's an in-between weight, the sort of garment for which any sportsman can find many uses.

WHETHER you're getting ready to store your outboard motor for the winter, or planning to use it on that duck-hunting trip, the Moto-Pouch is a useful gadget to have. It's made of very strong and heavy canvas duck, which is waterproof, mildew-proof, and fire-resistant. It fits your motor perfectly and has full-length zippers for easy removal or insertion of the motor. There is a tough web carrying handle placed so your motor will balance when carried. It also has a small opening so you can leave the pouch on and still use a motor hanging bracket. This pouch can keep your motor in good shape, keep it from dirtying up your car in transit, and make handling or storing the motor a simple operation. Prices as follows: 2 H.P. motor, $8.95; up to 5½ H.P., $9.95; to 10 H.P., $10.95. Order direct from Lafayette Supply Company, West Lafayette, Ohio, stating the horsepower and make of your motor.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Dalrymple doesn't mention a book to be published this fall titled: "Doves and Dove Shooting." We thought you might like to know about it since it is the first definitive work on the doves and pigeons of the United States. Mr. Dalrymple probably overlooked it through modesty, since he is the author. ● ● ●

one of the suburbs and Doris is her daughter, all right."

"Did you see the mother?"

"I didn't have the heart," Mugs admitted. "Gosh, I'd lost track of Sadie. I used to be—well, I used to be pretty strong for Sadie and. . . . Oh, what the heck. We've both changed. But I hate to see her going back into the game and dragging the kid in with her."

"Perhaps," Jerry Bane said, "we could save Doris Candy from getting mixed up in the rackets."

"Pretty late now," Mugs Magoo said, gloomily. "And she looks like such a darn fine kid. Just like her mother."

"You saw her?"

"I talked with her," Mugs admitted. "Told her I was a representative of the insurance company. She said one had just finished talking with her, but I told her the insurance company had lots of different departments. Gosh, I hated to lie to that kid. You look in her eyes and they're hazel and straightforward and—and she tells a pretty darn convincing story."

"Perhaps it could have been a genuine holdup."

OH, I suppose it *could* have," Mugs said. "But what the heck? Suppose it is? Sooner or later the insurance company representatives are going to find out about her mother. Then Sadie Dayton will be dragged into headquarters and—well, even if it was a genuine stickup, the cards are stacked against her. The newspapers will come out with the story that Sadie was the queen of the confidence racket fifteen years ago and. . . . What's the use?"

"But you think it *was* a genuine holdup?" Jerry Blane asked.

"Nuts," Mugs Magoo said dejectedly. "I think Sadie got hard up for cash for the kid, got the girl to tell her all about the place where she was working, where the money was kept, when they opened the vault, and all that sort of stuff, and then Sadie—well, she wouldn't have engineered the stickup herself. She'd have peddled it on a commission basis. Probably she gets a third for giving the outfit the lay of the land. They picked up about twenty-five-thousand dollars. Sadie's cut will be about eight. Well, that's the way . . ."

The buzzer on the door made noise and Jerry Bane nodded.

Mugs opened the door.

The girl who entered had laughing, brown Hawaiian eyes, walked with an undulating grace.

"Hello," she said.

"The Princess Pelikiawa Kohala," Mugs Magoo announced.

"You're Jerry Bane?" the girl asked.

"That's right," Jerry acknowledged, getting up. "Won't you sit down and have a drink?"

Mugs Magoo said, "I'll fix the drinks. What do you want? Scotch and soda, or bourbon and—"

"Bourbon and ginger ale, please," she said. "I like 'em sweet."

SHE seated herself, made a point of crossing her legs with a seductive motion, glanced across at Jerry Bane, and said, "Your friend tells me you're a whiz for publicity."

"That's right," Jerry said. "I put across the sort of publicity that really sparkles."

"I could use some of that."

"How come?"

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't let my hair down?"

"I can't help you at all unless you're frank."

She said, "I'm really Hawaiian. I learned all the dances of the South Seas. I'm pretty good at them. I thought I could show some of the tired businessmen how to get over being tired, but I find that you can't just walk into a night club and get a job. It takes publicity. It takes a lot of eight-by-ten photographs and an agent and commissions, and then you stand in line and . . . Well, I brought along this big string of pearls for a gag, a joke to play on a friend. When I found out what the score was, I thought I could use them and the princess business to get the right kind of publicity.

"As a matter of fact," she went on, hurriedly, "I *am* related to the royal family in the Islands. I got some publicity with the pearls but how to cash in on it is something else. Apparently it takes a little more than that."

"Just what *can* you do?" Bane asked.

She arose from the chair, said, "I can do this—and that. And I have these—and those—as you may have noticed. I think you have."

"Mighty smooth," Jerry said.

"Of course," she observed, "I'm handicapped with clothes. It takes a shredded skirt to really do the job right, with bare leg peeping out, and all that."

"I'm afraid," Jerry told her, "that those Hawaiian hulas are a dime a dozen. You certainly have the figure and the eyes, but it takes something more than that to wake up the tired businessman these days. Hawaiian hulas are just one very small number on a night-club program. Usually they're done by girls who don't do the real hula but spice it up with a whole lot of oomph."

"I can spice it up with a lot of oomph," the girl said.

"Where are you headed?" Bane asked.

"When I get to where I'm going it'll be Hollywood. I suppose I'm going to have to begin at the bottom."

"Why not begin at the top?"

"Yes, why not?" she asked bitterly.

Jerry Bane said, "The trustee of my uncle's estate, Arthur Arman Anson, an attorney, represents one of the movie companies."

She laughed sarcastically, and said, "I know. He's probably a dried-up old codger with wolfish ideas—long on promises, short on all the rest of it."

Jerry shook his head. "He's not at all impressionable as far as feminine beauty is concerned."

Her face fell. "Well, where would *that* leave *me*?"

"But," Jerry observed, "*I* am."

"Oh," she said.

"If," Jerry told her, "you would do *exactly* as I tell you, I think it might be arranged."

"I'm afraid," she told him, "I've heard that line before."

Jerry Bane opened the drawer in his desk, took out a pearl-colored ball about the size of a golf ball. It was covered with weird carvings and emitted a strange, translucent light.

"What's that?" she asked.

"This," Jerry told her, "is a priceless Hawaiian charm. It's known to have been in the royal family until 1897 and then it disappeared. It is virtually priceless. The museum in Honolulu has rather quietly offered one hundred thousand dollars for it. It is known that private interests would pay more. It is reported to have strange powers of rejuvenation. It is perhaps the luckiest charm in the world, or at least reported to be such, and in fact it is perhaps the most valuable single item of—"

"Say," she interrupted, "are you kidding?"

He frowned, "Of course I'm kidding. Don't tell me you're falling for your own line with a different coating."

She looked him over, shifted her position in the chair, moving with seductive grace, and said, "Keep right on. I like it. I was mistaken about having heard the line before."

IV

JERRY BANE, accompanied by the Hawaiian hula dancer, entered the hardware store and looked around him appraisingly.

The girl who came up to wait on them had quite evidently been crying.

NEXT MONTH: ARGOSY SHOPS AMERICA

For four months a staff of special investigators has been Christmas shopping America for ARGOSY's readers. Their results are in our special December issue. To find out what are the best buys—in every price field—for your wife, your kids, your house and yourself, get next month's ARGOSY.

THE YEAR'S STRANGEST MEDICAL STORY

News that a woman became a man made headlines in every newspaper this year. NOW—ARGOSY brings you the only interview, the exclusive story of how Joan became John.

There were telltale reddish marks at the rims of her eyes and a slightly swollen appearance about the flesh above the cheekbones.

"Is there something I might help you with?" she asked.

Jerry Bane said, "We want to rent a safe."

"I'm sorry, but we don't rent them."

"You carry them?"

"Oh, yes, we have a complete line of office hardware—safes, filing cases, steel tables, desks . . ."

"We want a safe for about a week or ten days."

"I'm sorry, we don't rent them."

"Well, can't you make an exception in this case? It's *most* important."

She hesitated a moment, then shook her head and said, "I'm afraid we couldn't."

"Not even if the price were right?"

"I'm afraid not. However, if you wish, I'll take it up with the manager."

"I wish you would, because it's *quite* important."

The girl left them, returned after a few moments with a tall, personable man who was smiling with just the right amount of affability.

"This is Mr. Finney, the manager," she said.

JERRY BANE said, "We wanted to rent a safe."

"So Miss Candy told me. She also told me she had explained to you we do not rent safes. I'm sorry."

"Well, then." Bane said, desperately, "we could buy one, if you have one that's sufficiently burglarproof."

"We'd be glad to sell you one."

Jerry Bane said, "This young lady, a Hawaiian princess, has a very valuable string of pearls with her, and, inasmuch as she expects to use these pearls in connection with a public appearance she is planning on making at a charity bazaar, it is absolutely imperative that she have the gems where she can keep her eye on them. In fact, there is a matter of tribal ritual to be taken into consideration. She is required to wear these pearls at least once a day."

"Oh, I believe I saw your picture in the paper." Finney said.

"In different clothes," the Princess Kohala said smilingly.

"Exactly," Finney agreed, and then added, "if you want to buy a safe, we have some very fine small safes which are designed to be reasonably burglarproof and fireproof. Miss Candy will be glad to show them to you." He nodded to Doris Candy and turned away.

Doris Candy seemed preoccupied as she led them to a place at the rear of the store where safes were displayed. "How big a safe did you want?"

"Something just big enough to hold a pearl necklace and a few other trinkets," Jerry said. "It must have a high degree of resistance to both fire and theft and it must work with a combination. Aside from that, it doesn't make a great deal of difference."

Doris Candy said, "It's going to cost you quite a lot of money."

"Money is no object," Bane asserted positively, "but safety is. I am going to let you in on a secret, young lady. We have received from the South Seas a consignment of very valuable pearls. The Princess Kohala is staying at a hotel and she fears that the hotel safe will be entirely inadequate. Now, there's something over there that should do the job. What's the price of that?"

"That," she said, "is four hundred and eighty-five dollars."

"It looks to be a very fine piece of merchandise," Bane said. "Is the combination . . ."

"When a purchaser buys a safe," Doris Candy explained, "the combination is set at whatever the purchaser desires. While they're in the store, all safes are set at combination of zero."

"I see," Bane said, and then, turning to the Princess Kohala, said, "Be certain you think of a combination that you won't forget."

"Oh dear," she said, "I'm inclined to forget combinations. I simply can't remember any sequence of numbers. I couldn't remember my own telephone number when I was in the Islands."

Jerry Bane thought for a moment, then said, "You might try the first four letters of your name."

"But the combination is in numbers," she said.

"Simply translate your name into numbers," Jerry Bane told her. "You start with 'K.' 'K' is the eleventh letter of the alphabet. Then you would turn the combination four times to the right until you came to eleven. 'O,' of course, is the fifteenth letter to the alphabet so you would turn it three times to the left until you stopped at fifteen. Then 'h' is the eighth letter of the alphabet and you could turn it to the right until you stopped at eight, then turn it to the left once more until you stopped at one, then turn it to the right until the combination locked. In that way you would never forget the combination."

He smiled at her.

"Oh, I *do* believe that would be just the thing," she exclaimed. "You're so clever, Mr. Bane!"

"Not at all," Jerry told her. He took his wallet from his pocket and started counting out currency.

"But why do you do this for me, Mr. Bane?"

Jerry smiled at her and said, "Come, come, haven't you ever had anyone do anything for you before?"

"Of course," she said, "but they wanted something in return."

"Naturally," Jerry Bane told her. "Who wouldn't?"

"And," she said, rather puzzled, "I don't think you're the same as the others. I'm afraid I don't know exactly what it is you want in return."

"I am hoping," he said, "to see you acclaimed as one of the greatest expo-

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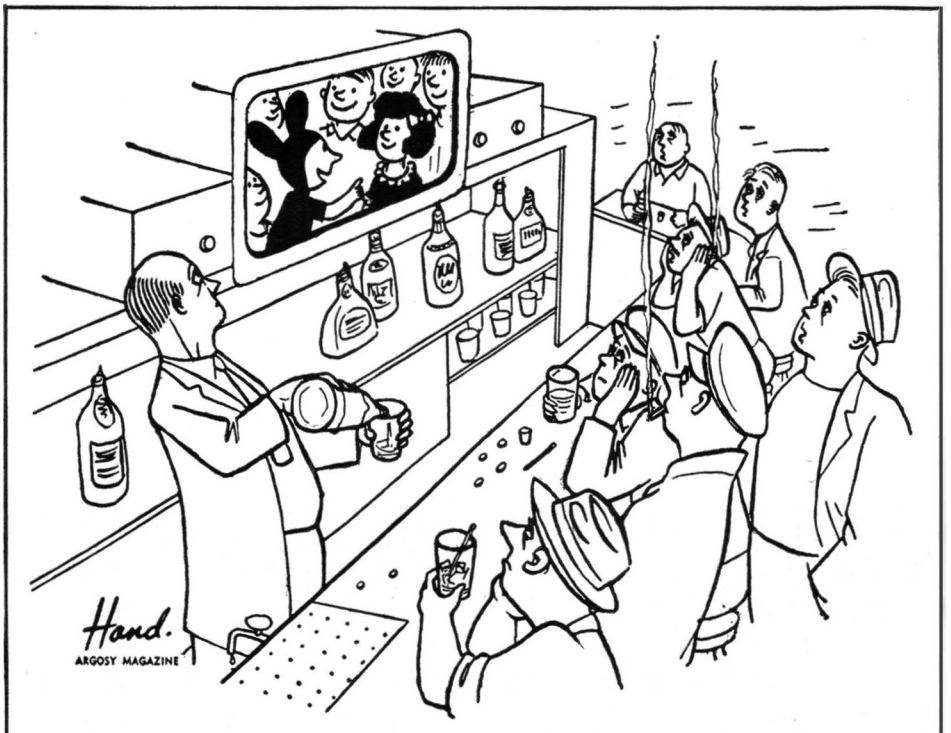
nents of the Polynesian dance ever to visit this country."

He turned to Doris Candy, who had been taking in the conversation, and said, "Now, while this safe is small, it is very heavy. I wouldn't want the hotel to know that we were bringing a safe into Princess Kohala's room. I'm going to ask you to get a heavy, reinforced trunk in which the safe can be placed, and then see that it is shipped to the Princess Kohala at the Palm Vista Hotel. Please be very careful to see that no one knows the contents of the trunk. Perhaps it would be better if you arranged to have your own men deliver it to the princess' suite."

"See that the safe is delivered according to instructions," Jerry said. "Come, Princess. We will attend to that other matter."

Doris Candy stood watching Jerry Bane and the Princess Kohala leave the store, her forehead furrowed in speculative thought, her eyes alternating between the rugged, square shoulders of Jerry Bane and the undulating hips of the Polynesian girl.

Then she quietly but determinedly sought out the manager of the store and said, "Mr. Finney, supposing we discovered that we were unwittingly being made parties to a smuggling plot. What should we do about it?"



"For I am the Rabbit King, and you shall be my Queen."

"You don't want them to know that the trunk contains a safe?"

"No, no," Jerry said hurriedly. "And, please, no mention of the pearls, particularly the unstrung shipment which arrived . . . Well, just no reference to the pearls . . . And I'd better see if this safe is large enough."

Jerry Bane opened a handbag he was carrying, took from it a teakwood jewel case, and, looking apprehensively about him, slipped it into the plush-lined interior of the safe.

"It fits fine!" he said. "Just right!"

It was as he was removing the jewel case that his hand slipped. The catch hit against the side of the safe, and the lid flew up.

For a moment Doris Candy's startled eyes feasted on the assortment of unstrung pearls, upon the strangely luminous carved center pearl.

Then the lid snapped shut.

Jerry Bane's eyes sought those of the surprised clerk. "Not a word of this, not a word. Do you understand?"

"Why, of course."

"In what way?" Finney asked coldly.

"Aren't we supposed to — well, doesn't it make one an accessory if—"

"I believe the United States Customs pays a reward for information leading to the recovery of smuggled gems," Finney said. "Is that what you mean?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, what did you mean?"

"I—I'm afraid I don't know."

Finney said nothing, but he stared at her with no attempt to conceal his suspicion and hostility.

V

FOR a person who had been so secretive about purchasing a safe, Princess Pelikiawa Kohala managed to attract plenty of publicity.

Various and sundry employes about the hotel were given generous tips to see that the heavy trunk which was to arrive would be properly placed in her room, and to each of these employes she confided that the trunk contained a safe in which she intended to keep her valuable ancestral pearls. The Hawaiian girl, with her spontaneous bubbling laughter, twinkling eyes, her full curves and her ready friendliness of manner, had so endeared herself to the hotel employes that she seemed to be almost a member of the family.

Three days later, when a new chambermaid, properly equipped with a service wagon containing towels, sheets, pillowcases, matches and incidental supplies, calmly opened the door to the Princess Kohala's bedroom and started cleaning up, carefully making the bed, washing glasses, polishing the bathroom, and various incidental chores, no attention was paid to her.

It wasn't until late that evening that the piercing screams of the Princess Kohala brought the house detective on the run.

THEN a strange thing was discovered. The princess had quite evidently been robbed of her pearls. The lock on the trunk which contained the small safe had been forced with some sort of jimmy. The large teakwood jewel case inside the safe had been forced open in such a way that the hasp of the lock had literally been pried from the polished teakwood, but the invulnerable, burglarproof, fireproof, portable safe, which had been ensconced within the trunk, had been opened as neatly and efficiently as though the burglar had actually possessed the combination.

In fact, police experts who were summoned to the scene soon gave it as their opinion that the safe definitely could not have been opened unless someone had possessed the combination of the lock.

Opened it undoubtedly had been. By whom? The Princess Kohala *said* that when she had entered the room, she had found the trunk door jimmied open; the door of the safe had been swung wide on its heavy chrome-covered hinges and the broken jewel case, denuded of its contents, lay open on the floor.

But almost immediately certain rather sinister developments began to attract the attention of the police. In the first place, there was an anonymous telephone tip, a tip which was received at police headquarters and which, because of its nature, would not ordinarily have been given much significance had it not been for the suspicious circumstances which surrounded the burglary of the hula dancer's room. The police informant stated in a gruff voice that he knew as a positive fact that the Princess Kohala had been the recipient of a large shipment of smuggled gems; that the matter of the pearls was only of incidental significance. There was, he insisted, a very large consignment of diamonds and a few very choice emeralds.

The informant had hung up before the police could trace the call.

Queried at greater length as to the burglary and the exact contents of the safe, the princess had become slightly confused. She made various contradictory statements, and police began to assume a suspicious attitude, backed by a rapid-fire barrage of questions.

Because the princess was curvaceously photogenic, a great many photographs were taken and the entire affair received considerable publicity.

Gradually, however, as the police sifted the evidence, it became increasingly apparent that some daring crook had managed to smuggle in an extra service wagon, and had perpetrated the audacious burglarly.

As to the background of the princess, the newspapers, because of a current lack of news, seemed willing to trade publicity for cheesecake. And Princess Kohala was more than generous with those things the daring thief had been unable to take.

The princess insisted that in some way the combination of the safe must have been disclosed by some of the employes of the company from which she had purchased the safe.

This caused police to center their attention upon the employes.

THE burglary had been committed at a time when Hartwell Finney, manager of the store, was very much on duty. So were all the other employes, with the exception of Doris Candy, who had pleaded a terrific headache and asked to be relieved from work on that day.

Doris Candy refused to state where she had been during the day. At first she said she had been with her mother, and her mother could give her a complete alibi, but then, changing her story, she had become vaguely mysterious as to her whereabouts and had broken into tears when her questioners tried to get more details.

That brought once more to the mind of the police the fact that only a short time before, Doris Candy had been one of the central figures in a robbery in which some thirty-five thousand dollars had been taken from the vault of the hardware and office appliance company where she had worked.

Gradually the police began to regard the whole affair in a new light, spurred on perhaps by the fact that the insurance company which protected the hardware company against loss by fire, theft or robbery quite naturally began to show a keen interest in a resurvey of all the circumstances of the case.

It was at this point that Jerry Bane entered his apartment carrying a peculiar black box.

"Now what the heck is that?" Mugs Magoo asked.

"That," Jerry Bane said, "is a 'squealer,' a modified Geiger counter. When it comes anywhere near a radioactive substance, it begins making little squealing noises and a sharp, peculiar clicking sound. The rapidity of the clicks increases as the instrument is brought nearer to the radioactive substance."

"I see," Mugs Magoo said. Something else was obviously on his mind.

"Whoever engineered that publicity stunt for this Hawaiian princess had ought to be shot," he said belligerently.

"And why?" Jerry Bane inquired.

"That poor kid," Mugs blurted sympathetically.

"The princess?" Jerry asked.

"That tramp!" Mugs exclaimed. "She can take care of herself. I'm talking about Doris Candy. The poor kid has an alibi. She was with her mother, but she don't dare to say so, because her mother can't be a witness. On account of her mother's past, the girl doesn't dare let the police question the mother.

"I had an idea *you* were going to pull a publicity stunt for the princess," he went on. "If I thought you. . . . But no, this is too damn clumsy to be any of *your* work. I wish now I'd cut the throat of that Hawaiian tramp the first time I saw her."

Jerry Bane pursed his lips. "Let me ask you a delicate question, Mugs."

"Shoot."

"What would be the attitude of the insurance company in case someone recovered the cash taken from that robbery in which Sadie Dayton's daughter was tied, gagged and blindfolded?"

"If they thought they were dealing with one of the crooks, they'd leave no stone unturned to get him," Mugs said confidently. "But, if they thought they were dealing with some free lance who had actually learned where the property had been hidden they'd be quite willing to make a generous settlement."

"What sort of a settlement, Mugs?"

"Oh, quite a substantial settlement," Mugs Magoo said. "After all, recovering stolen goods is a very interesting item to an insurance company which would otherwise be stuck with a loss."

Jerry toyed with the idea, picked up the Geiger counter, looked at his watch, and said, "I'm going out for two or three hours, Mugs. I think perhaps I'll take that little automatic from the top bureau drawer—one never knows these days when one may be the victim of a holdup. By the way, Mugs, what do you think of these?" Jerry Bane casually produced a string of well-matched, large pearls.

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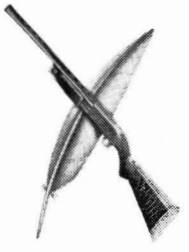

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Mugs Magoo moved over, picked up the pearls with his one hand, held them to the light.

"I would say," he said, avoiding Jerry Bane's eyes, "that these were some perfectly good plastic pearls made by one of the new processes which is used for making costume jewelry. The string would probably stand you around fifteen ninety-five."

Jerry Bane's face beamed. "Then I made a good buy, Mugs."

"What did you get it for?"

"Thirteen twenty-five."

"It was a good buy," Mugs said, returning the string, "if you want that sort of junk. Why do you want them?"

"Do you know, Mugs," Jerry said, grinning, "I'm damned if I know. It was simply one of those uncontrollable impulses which a person has once in a while. I decided that I wanted pearls, and pearls I must have. Now, wasn't that a particularly foolish impulse?"

"It's not for me to say, sir," Mugs said. "It might have been a damn dangerous impulse."

"Oh, of course," Bane told him. "But after all, Mugs, what's life without a certain amount of risk? Nature didn't intend us to live a perfectly passive, secure life. We were supposed to keep our resourcefulness sharpened by constantly confronting risks of one sort or another."

"Okay," Mugs said. "It's your funeral. That is, it may be."

"Quite right," Jerry Bane said.

VI

THE apartment was a small, plainly furnished place, equipped with stock furniture of a type well known to occupants of furnished apartments within the lower brackets.

The overstuffed chair looked invitingly comfortable, but actually the cushions were hard and lumpy, the davenport had faded and seemed to have been skilfully designed so that one could hardly assume a thoroughly comfortable position. The electric globes in the apartment were forty watt, when good illumination would have required at least a hundred. Only in one respect was the apartment comfortable: A reading lamp shed a uniformly diffused brilliance over a comfortable chair which had quite evidently been added as the private property of the occupant.

A few other articles of furniture indicated that the apartment had been in the possession of one tenant for some time and that this tenant had gradually added such articles as were related to an economical but highly individualized comfort. There were, for example, half a dozen bookshelves filled with books.

Jerry Bane calmly and competently went to work. A quick survey of the apartment disclosed nothing, but when the Geiger counter went into action it protested, squealed and clickclacked.

Jerry Bane, moving slowly and cautiously, followed the path of increased disturbance on the delicate mechanism until he found himself in a corner by a bookcase.

Removing the bookcase, he was confronted with what seemed a perfectly respectable wall, plastered and papered.

For some five minutes he searched in vain to find anything unusual about this wall, but the counter kept up its clamorous insistence, so Jerry Bane kept up his inspection.

Finally he located the hidden spring which, when touched, caused an entire section of the wall between two moldings to drop forward, released from concealed catches which held it on the inside, catches which had been so cleverly constructed that there was not the slightest indication that the section of wall was other than it seemed.

Jerry started working.

"I must've left my tickets in my other pants."

VII

DID you," Mugs Magoo asked his employer, "request Arthur Arman Anson to meet you here on a matter of considerable importance?"

"Damned if I didn't," Jerry Bane admitted cheerfully. "Don't tell me the old buzzard showed up."

"No, but he telephoned to make sure you were here. I told him if you'd made an appointment I thought you'd be in . . . . What's that?"

Jerry handed Mugs a leather bag, said, "Open it, Mugs."

Mugs opened the bag. Inside were numerous chamois-skin bags. There were jewels, a large amount of currency, and more jewels. The money was tied in neat packets, each packet carefully tabulated with the amount it contained.

Jerry Bane said carelessly, "By the way, Mugs, you are known as a former detective and a square shooter, and I guess people who remember you from the old days know that you have the old camera eye."

"I suppose so."

"It would seem to me," Jerry Bane said, "that if anyone were in a position to negotiate with an insurance company that had sustained a loss, you would be that one, Mugs."

Jerry gave the matter thoughtful consideration and was on the point of saying something when a knock sounded at the door of the apartment.

After indicating that Mugs Magoo was to take the bag into a place of concealment, Jerry returned to the living room and opened the door to admit an austere and rather hostile Arthur Arman Anson.

"Young man," Anson said. "I'm accustomed to having people who wish to do business with me come to *my* office!"

"I understand," Jerry Bane said. "But this is a matter so intimate, so personal, and so important that I hardly thought you would like to have it transacted in your own office."

"What is it?" Anson asked.

"It's about blood pressure," Jerry Bane said. "I'm absolutely satisfied we have a marvelous treatment for—"

"Why, you damned whippersnapper! Do you mean to tell me that—"

"Now wait," Jerry interposed. "I just want you to see this, Anson. It's something marvelous. I've asked this Hawaiian girl to come up here and show us something of the exercises which are used by the Hawaiian people to aid in the preservation of health. Of course, they don't regard them as exercises for that purpose. They think of them purely in terms of a dance having some historical significance, or something of that sort.

But you must realize that the Polynesians are a particularly happy people with strong stomachs, good digestions, and—"

"Poppycock!" Anson said. "I'll be damned if I'll stay . . . . What's *that* damned thing? Another gadget you've been spending money on?"

Jerry said, "It's a modified Geiger counter, a 'squealer.' It reacts in the presence of any radioactive substance."

"And what the devil do *you* want with any such thing as that? Young man, if I've been giving you enough money to buy gadgets that are as utterly useless, as absolutely and completely foolish as that—"

"As a matter of fact," Jerry interrupted, "I purchased this because you *hadn't* been giving me enough money. I intended to use this for prospecting."

"I see. Prospecting for radium mines in the middle of the city street, I suppose. Then if you found one, you could locate a claim, stake it out, rush to the courthouse, file on it, and promptly proceed to close up the city streets, move the office buildings and start digging up the radium, all because you had filed a mining claim. Very, very logical. Quite consistent with your previously revealed mentality."

"I'm afraid you don't understand," Jerry explained patiently. "It was like this. You see, I became interested in that robbery which took place there at the office equipment and hardware company. Here, let me show you the pictures, Anson. Do you notice anything unusual about this picture?"

"I certainly do not, and I don't care to even discuss the matter. I'm not interested in it."

AS AN attorney, you should be," Jerry Bane said, "because it shows something very interesting. You'll notice that both of the employes were bound and gagged, as well as blindfolded. The burglars subdued Hartwell Finney, the manager, only after a terrific struggle and, because of the struggle and because they were probably somewhat tired and out of breath, they didn't tie him as securely as they did the girl. Finney was able to work the rope loose and liberate himself within some twenty minutes after the robbers had made their escape. The robbers used rope from the stock of the hardware company to tie up the employes. Rather interesting to think of the brazen effrontery of robbers who were too stingy even to furnish their own rope."

"I don't see what all this has to do with it. Your impudent—"

"*This* picture," Jerry Bane interrupted firmly, "shows what happened when the police arrived with the newspaper reporters. The young woman is still lying bound and gagged, and Hartwell Finney is excitedly pointing out the route taken by the robbers in leaving the vault. The ropes lying on the floor are the ropes with which he had been bound."

"Well," Anson said, "why the hell should *you* waste *your* time with this or bother *me* about it?"

"Because," Jerry Bane said, "you'll notice a peculiar thing and, as an attorney, its significance should appeal to you. You'll notice that the ends of the ropes which are used to tie the arms and legs of the young woman are rather badly frayed, due apparently to the fact that she struggled around some in trying to get loose."

"So I see," Anson said.

"But," Jerry Bane went on, pointing to the picture, "you will notice another very significant thing. The rope which was *supposed* to have been used to tie Hartwell Finney, the manager—the rope which, according to Finney's own statement must have been subjected to a lot of twisting and squirming as he struggled to get free—is lying there on the floor with no fraying at the ends. It is as fresh as though it had been just cut from the spindle."

Anson frowned. "Say," he said, "you may have something there. What the devil!"

"That, of course," Jerry Bane went on, "would mean that Hartwell Finney must be a crook, that there were no robbers at all, that Hartwell Finney simply overpowered Doris Candy from behind, slipped a sack over her head, bound her, blindfolded her, inserted the gag, and then proceeded to smash up furniture, bang things around in the office, grunt and groan, heave and mutter curses, then strike several blows and finally pretend to be bound and gagged, making more or less inarticulate noises which would, of course, be audible to his fellow employe. Finally he decided that the time was ripe to declare he had managed to free himself, and dash to the telephone to call police, which he did. It must have been done that way. There's no other solution."

"Say," Anson said, his voice suddenly keen with interest, "there was quite a bit of cash money taken in that job, wasn't there?"

"Oh, quite a bit," Jerry Bane said. "Thirty or forty thousand dollars, but what interests *me* is the follow-up."

"Go ahead," Anson said, his voice sharp. "Let's have the rest of it."

WELL, of course I don't like to bother you with these matters if you're not interested," Jerry Bane said apologetically, "but, you see, some time after that, the Princess Pelikiawa Kohala—the Hawaiian dancer I've been telling you about—went to that hardware store to buy a safe. She wanted to keep her jewels in the safe. Now I happen to know that these pearls didn't amount to much. But the interesting thing is that there was a luminous ball, supposed to be the Pearl of Phosphorescence, representing phosphorescence on the ocean. It undoubtedly must have been a plastic shell in the form of a very fine imitation pearl enclosing some radioactive matter. That was in her safe when burglars looted it, and—well, it occurred to me that this counter could be used in making a recovery."

"How so?" he asked.

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"Well, as I understand it, she told the employes of the store the combination that she wanted placed on the safe so that it could be fixed up for her when the safe was delivered to her room in the hotel. And, of course, the person who opened the safe seems to have had the combination. Now, if it should appear that Hartwell Finney is actually a crook . . .

"Of course, he had a perfect alibi for the time the burglary of the Princess Kohala's room in the hotel took place—but when you stop to think of that, Anson, as an attorney, wouldn't you say that the fact that he *had* such a perfect alibi was a matter for suspicion? The burglary was committed by a woman and it would certainly seem that it wouldn't be too difficult to get a female accomplice if one were able to furnish the combination of a supposedly burglarproof safe."

"Say, that's an interesting gadget, that Geiger counter," Anson said. "I suppose if you got near any place where there was any radioactive substance it would make noises."

"Oh sure, it would make a lot of noise," Jerry said. "In fact, if a person were anywhere near a place where an ornament such as that luminous pearl were located it wouldn't be at all difficult to—"

"And just what did you propose to do, young man?"

"Not a damned thing," Jerry Bane said ruefully. "It's just one of those brainstorms of mine, Anson. I'm just a sucker. You know, I had an idea for a while that I could approach this Princess Kohala and tell her that I'd like a bill of sale by which she'd sell me all of her right, title and interest in and to those gems that had been lost. Of course, I'm quite certain they're only cheap imitations, and probably title could be secured for a nominal sum, oh, say a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars—something like that."

"Why pay a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars for something that's absolutely worthless?" Anson asked. "You're cockeyed."

"Only to protect one legally," Jerry Bane pointed out innocently. "You see, if a person happened to have paid her a goodly sum for the title to the jewels which had been stolen, he would then be in a position, in case he were ever apprehended while trying to make a recovery of them, to claim he was merely getting his own property."

"I see," Anson said thoughtfully.

"And, of course," Jerry Bane went on casually, "there's the other matter that once a thief, always a thief, and a man who has been very skilfully feathering his nest, such as Hartwell Finney must have been, has quite probably been skilfully perpetrating robberies and burglaries over a period of years and would naturally select the most secure place he could find to hide his loot. If you found part of the loot, you'd probably find it all.

"That poses an interesting question, Anson—something I'd like your legal advice on. Suppose a man *did* find a cache of loot and could prove that he actually was the owner of the pearls which were in there, but suppose that when he took the pearls he also extracted quite a bit of other stuff. It would make a very interesting legal situation, as I understand it. Now, Hartwell Finney couldn't claim that a lot of other stuff had been taken, because if he did, he would have to brand himself as a thief. He'd have to sit tight and take his medicine. Rather an interesting legal question—but, as I say, it's something that I've lost interest in. I thought about doing it more or less as an academic proposition but . . . Why, here's the Princess Kohala now. I can tell her knock."

Gentle fingers tapped on the door. Jerry Bane made haste to open it and said, "Come in, Princess, I want to present Arthur Arman Anson, the trustee who has charge of all of my money. He's really a good egg, although he's inclined to be a little austere at times and I think he has a stomach ulcer or two. His blood pressure must be pretty high, with his arteries all shot to hell. He's not in good physical shape."

"Who says I'm not in good physical shape?" Anson demanded.

"Well, I think you can improve upon it without gilding the lily," Jerry Bane said. "The princess is going to show me some of her exercises. Did you bring your costume, Princess?"

HER laughing brown eyes were mischievous. "What there is of it," she said. "I have it on under my street clothes."

And she calmly proceeded to pull a zipper and step out of her dress, a graceful figure of a woman, with warm, sun-tanned skin, full lips and delicious curves.

"Now," she said, "the first exercise is like this, sort of a wiggle and a convulsive—well, you know."

Arthur Arman Anson's eyes glistened avaricously. "Wait," he said. "Don't do that. It makes me nervous."

Princess Kohala retorted, "You're *supposed* to get nervous when I do that."

"No, no," Anson said. "I mean I *do* have high blood pressure. Now look, my dear, perhaps you'd like to make some money. I understand you have suffered a very severe financial loss."

"What's the pitch?" she asked.

Arthur Anson said, "Unfortunately, my dear, I am very busy. I have now used up all the time that I had allotted for this interview. It is necessary for me to go to my office immediately. I'm meeting a very important person there; but afterward I might have a little time—just a few minutes to discuss—"

"Then you can come back here?"

"No," Anson said firmly, "I can't come back here. I have in mind, however, a business proposition which would be very advantageous to you. Now my dear young lady, suppose you take off that Hawaiian costume and . . . . No, no, no," he said hastily, as her hands fumbled with the catch at the belt of the grass skirt. "I mean take it off and put your street clothes on, or perhaps I should say put your street clothes on and then take it off, or . . . Damn it, make yourself presentable, so you can go to the office with me. I have a business proposition involving an immediate cash payment to you."

"I'd be interested in that," she said.

"Go ahead and bite him back. We're trying to break him of the habit."

Arthur Anson managed to twist his dour face into a beaming smile. "Then come right along, my dear."

She glanced inquiringly at Jerry.

His nod was all but imperceptible but nevertheless she got the signal.

"Very well," she said, picking up her street dress, "I'll step into the bathroom a moment and slip this on and take the other off."

Arthur Anson turned to Bane. "Jerry, my boy," he said, with synthetic affection in his voice, "I have the greatest regard for you. I really care as much for you as I would for my own son, and when I'm harsh with you it's because I'm trying to develop your character. Jerry, you shouldn't go around spending money for things like that damn modified Geiger counter, that 'squealer.'"

"Oh?" Jerry said.

"I don't know what it cost," Anson hurried on, "but I'm going to take it off your hands. Of course, Jerry, I can't carry it on my expense account as a purchase, but I'll give you five hundred dollars out of *your* money—out of the trust fund—and then you can make me a present of the Geiger counter. How would that be?"

Jerry waved a hand in a deprecating gesture toward the squealer. "Take it," he said. "I don't want it. It was just a fantasy I had, a dream."

Princess Kohala stepped out of the bathroom. "All ready," she said, beaming.

"Come right along, my dear," Arthur Anson said, putting the squealer under one arm and offering his other to the princess.

"You forgot the five hundred," Jerry reminded him.

"Damned if I didn't," Anson said.

He opened his wallet, started counting out hundred-dollar bills, slowing down in his count as he progressed until finally, and with obvious reluctance, he passed the fifth hundred-dollar bill across the table.

"By the way," Jerry asked, "what do you want with that 'squealer'?"

"How should I know?" Arthur Anson said indignantly. "I'm simply taking it so that you can keep out of trouble, and because I hate to see you squandering your money for these useless gadgets. Good night."

"Good night," Jerry said.

MUGS Magoo regarded Jerry Bane thoughtfully as the door closed behind the trustee, his face warped into a cracked smile, and the voluptuous hula dancer.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said.

"And now, Mugs," Jerry Bane observed, "I think we should give Arthur Anson about twenty-four hours to complete whatever business arrangements he has in mind, then you *might* care to do something about the evidence in that photograph. If Miss Candy is under suspicion—and if you feel that her mother has to keep under cover—well, after all, Mugs, you are an ex-officer and you must have some friends still in the department. Friends who would appreciate a tip that would enable them to go pick up Finney and give him the works. When you look at it as a person should look at it, with a coldly analytical eye, the evidence is right here in this photograph. The unfrayed ends of the rope which were supposedly used to tie Finney prove absolutely that he's lying."

"Why wait twenty-four hours?" Mugs Magoo asked. "Hell, that old buzzard might actually put your scheme to work and—"

"Tut, tut," Jerry Bane said reproachfully.

WELL," Mugs said, "the damn thing is sound, and . . . Oh *I* get it!"

Mugs settled back in his chair, chuckled a bit, then suddenly said, "Say, wait a minute. If you've cleaned the place out there won't be anything for the Geiger counter to work on when Arthur Anson goes prowling around, and . . . ."

"Oh, yes, there will," Jerry said. "I left the radioactive pearl and all the synthetic pearls there in the hidden receptable. I took out about thirty-four thousand dollars worth of the loot and left about three thousand dollars of the hardware money in its original wrappings."

"What the devil did you leave any of the money for?" Mugs Magoo asked.

Jerry Bane grinned. "I wanted to leave a bait he couldn't resist."

"What do you mean?"

"If he didn't take anything except the jewelry," Bane said, "he'd be perfectly law-abiding and could raise a squawk to the heavens, but if he found three thousand bucks which he put in his pocket, he'd be a crook, wouldn't he? And then he'd have to keep quiet."

Mugs Magoo thought that over for a moment, then got up out of his chair and came toward Jerry Bane, left hand extended. "My boy," he said, "I want to shake hands with you. And then, damn it, I want to ask you a favor."

"What's the favor?" Jerry asked, shaking hands.

"I'd like to have tomorrow off," Mugs said.

Jerry raised his eyebrows.

"I know it's not my regular day off," Mugs said, "but I have a friend I thought I'd like to look up."

"An old friend?" Jerry Bane asked.

"Oh, shucks," Mugs Magoo blurted. "You know who it is. It's Sadie Dayton. And I'd like to take that photograph along if you don't mind. Don't you s'pose you could let me talk to the police by nine o'clock tomorrow morning?"

Jerry Bane stretched and yawned. "Oh, I guess that'd be all right, Mugs."

Mugs Magoo studied the picture, shook his head sadly, and said, "And to think I never saw that until you pointed it out! Where do you suppose Finney is going to be after the police confront him with that picture?"

"Well," Jerry Bane said, "if you'll pardon a pun, under the circumstances, Mugs, I'd say that it would leave him tied for first place." ● ● ●

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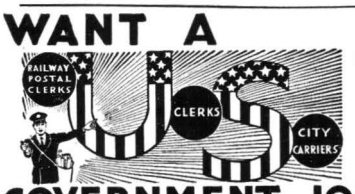

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My Fight With a Manta

(Continued from page 53)

ray and lived to tell about it. Jacques was about as badly mangled as a human can be and still live. His chest had been caved in, both his legs broken, and a horrible pinkish-white scar traveled across his black skin from the left side of his face, across his chest, and down to his right hip.

Jacques and his two brothers were fishing for sponges in a shallow bay when the attack occurred. The devilfish had drifted up and was lolling in the shadow of the catamaran on which they were piling sponges. Jacques reached over with a long boat hook and bumped the creature on the back. **Without warning, the ray came up under the craft and upset it. Then he began leaping and crashing his giant body down on the cameraman.** Jacques shuddered as he told how he saw the life smashed from both his brothers. He was hit only once, but that blow nearly killed him and blood poured from his body where the whiplike tail had lashed across him. As abruptly as the ray had begun the attack, he stopped. Jacques managed to cling to a shattered piece of outrigger until other sponge fishermen who had seen the attack could rescue him.

"As long as those rays stay here," Ed said, "we'd be wasting our time trying to catch fish."

"Well, I've just finished loading the skiff," I replied, motioning to the boat I had secured to the stern. "If you're game we'll go out there and harpoon one of them."

"Suits me," Ed said.

He started the outboard and we swung through the mouth of the cove into the open bay. Overhead, a couple of dozen seagulls wheeled in lazy turns in the still morning air, their white bodies flashing against the cobalt blue sky. In all directions across the placid surface of the bay, low green islands lay basking in the warm sunlight. Now and then a ray blasted the surface, but for the most part the jumping had stopped. Apparently they had settled down to steady feeding. From time to time a slick, undulating wave could be seen close behind a fast-moving school of fish.

A moment later the pursuing ray would surface and churn the water as he plowed back and forth through the terrified fish. Slowly the activity would subside at that spot, only to be re-enacted almost immediately by another ray at another location.

We Spot a Manta

Suddenly, Ed cut the speed of the motor and called, "There's one feeding up close to that island!"

Looking in the direction he was pointing I could see a patch of disturbed water about fifty yards out from a small mangrove-covered island.

"Let's get over that way," I said.

Nodding in agreement, Ed pushed the throttle around and we surged ahead toward the island. I carefully fitted the bronze harpoon head on the metal tip of the shaft and cleared several coils of the new manila line out of the keg in the bow. Now we could plainly see what the ray was doing. **He had driven a large school of mullet into a tiny cove and was feeding on them as they attempted to escape.**

Our skiff was whispering along through the water as our momentum diminished. We were still several hundred yards away from the mouth of the cove and the spot where we had last seen the ray, but that was close enough. In a moment or so a bunch of the fish would make their break for freedom and if they passed near the boat the ray would be behind them.

The boat slowed down and stopped.

"Here he comes!" Ed said in a sharp whisper.

Looking up I saw a small group of mullet moving toward our boat. Behind them a black shape slid along just below the surface, sweeping great quantities of the fish into his mouth with those horn-like cephalic fins. I gripped the gunwale with my left hand and drew the harpoon shaft back.

The mullet sped by the bow of the boat in a blur of silvery motion. Then the ray came in range and I plunged the harpoon down. There was a solid

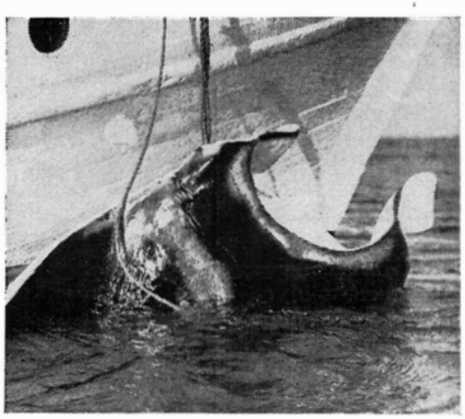

Photo by A. V. Ragusin

MANTA deserves name of "devilfish."

jolt and the shaft wrenched out of my hand.

"You got him!" Ed shouted.

For a second or two the ray continued gliding along just under the water as if nothing had happened. The long wooden shaft of the harpoon stood bolt upright as it sliced through the water like a periscope on a submarine. Suddenly, as the shaft reached the limit of its short retrieving line it pulled free of the bronze head and that instant the ray burst into action.

The water boiled in wild confusion as the devilfish sought to free himself from the harpoon in his back. Then, like something launched from a catapult, he erupted from the water and landed with a thundering crash that sent out a fan of spray in all directions. The next instant he was off in a long run toward the center of the bay. Coils of manila line leaped like a living creature out of the small keg in the bow of the boat and soon the three hundred yards of harpoon line was being stripped out as if it were tied to a fast moving speedboat. I leaned over to see how much spare line still remained and just then the last coil snapped taut!

The keg smashed against the side of the skiff so hard that the staves splintered loose from the hoops. **Then the thirty-foot length of chain, to which the harpoon line had been attached, snarled over the side.** There was a violent jolt as all the slack was taken up. Our little skiff slurred around sideways and green water poured in over the gunwale.

I clutched empty air and tumbled over backward.

Towed by a Devilfish

Scrambling to my feet I caught sight of Ed yanking desperately on the starter rope. The motor caught and roared into life, but with its throttle pushed wide open, we were still being towed faster and faster by the manta ray. Acting on impulse, I grabbed at the sheath knife on my belt, planning to cut us free, but at that same instant I realized what I had done. Like a fool, I had tied the end of the harpoon line onto the anchor chain. Now thirty feet of hard metal separated the bow of our boat from the manila line.

The flat bottom of the skiff was smacking hard against the smooth surface of the bay as we followed in wild pursuit of the fast-moving devilfish. Unless the harpoon line broke, or the ray became exhausted soon, Ed and I knew we were in for trouble. If the ray should decide to circle around one of the small mangrove islands we would certainly be smashed against the jungle of barnacle-coated roots that jutted out into the water. If we elected to jump over the side there was the ever present danger that a lurking barracuda or shark might decide to relieve us of an arm or leg.

"He's slowing down," Ed called, and cut down on the speed of the motor to prevent us from running close to the ray. Perhaps this was the chance I had been looking for. The ray continued to slow down until he came to a complete stop. Ed cut the motor to idling speed and I began pulling in on the anchor chain which was now hanging down in the clear water.

Just as I reached the end and was about to slash the rope, the ray literally exploded out of the water. The knife flipped over the side and the chain tore painfully through the palm of my left hand.

I jumped back to the center of the boat clutching my bleeding hand.

"Are you hurt bad?" Ed shouted.

Before I could answer, the line again snapped taut and our skiff came within inches of being turned bottom-side up. By gunning the motor to full throttle and swinging it hard to starboard Ed managed to kick the stern around in line with the direction the ray was now traveling. For the second time we had narrowly avoided swamping and now it was anybody's guess just how long our luck would continue to hold out.

"Try to stay in the middle and keep her steady!" Ed yelled.

Once again we were off on a mad, headlong race across the still surface of the bay with the devilfish furnishing the locomotion. Suddenly he began zigzagging in an obvious attempt to shake us loose.

"He's coming to the surface!" Ed shouted, pointing ahead of the boat.

For a moment the manta surged along almost on top of the water. Then, as if he had applied powerful brakes, he ceased his headlong rush and lolled motionless on the surface.

"Maybe I can throw a couple of shots into him before he starts off again."

I quickly bound a handkerchief around my bleeding hand and reached back for the .38 revolver.

Reducing the speed of the motor again, Ed directed us away from the spot where the ray was resting. Taking quick aim, I squeezed off a shot at the black blob on the surface about a hundred and fifty yards away.

The first shot was a clear miss. I saw a little geyser of water spurt up and heard the whine of the slug as it ricocheted away. **The second shot hit the mark, however, and instantly the manta sprung into action. With a violent burst of speed, the ray erupted from the water less than fifty yards away from the side of the boat.** His huge batlike shape stood out sharply against the brilliant sky. The mighty jump carried him a full twenty yards and he landed on the water with a slap that sent up a wave of foam and spray.

Reversing the motor, Ed began backing us away, but the harpoon line remained slack. That meant only one thing—the devilfish was pursuing us!

"It looks like he's going to try to smash us," Ed called. "Shoot at him if he comes close to the top."

A Terrifying Thought

The thought was a terrifying one. The weight of these creatures frequently exceeds a ton and a half. To consider what would happen if the manta should crash down on us from one of his powerful jumps was only to brood on certain disaster. I hadn't forgotten the tale Jacques had told me.

Again the monster catapulted from the surface. Ed shouted a warning and at the same instant he gunned the outboard to full throttle. I fired the four remaining shots at the creature as rapidly as I could pull the trigger. A wave curled into the boat as the devilfish landed on the water. I grabbed a can and bailed desperately while Ed drove us away under full power. On this attack the ray had come within a few feet of hitting us. **Ed's quick presence of mind in turning the boat had kept us from being crushed.**

"Did you hit him?" Ed called.

I told him I didn't know.

For the next thirty minutes the battle continued in much the same manner. The devilfish followed one savage attack with another. Time after time we narrowly missed being smashed under that ton of living flesh.

The sun was high in the sky now and the heat was intense. The pain from my left hand was numbing my whole arm and both of us had a burning thirst.

"He's about done for," Ed said from a parched throat.

Almost as he spoke the outboard coughed, ran smooth again, coughed once more, then died. Ed spun around on his seat, adjusted the settings, and jerked the starter rope. There was no doubt about it—we were out of fuel!

Our skiff floated silently now, rising and falling with the invisible ground swells. The ray fanned his way out to the full length of his tether and began to circle us slowly. Waiting until his back was showing plainly above the surface I lifted the revolver and slowly squeezed off a shot. The huge sea bat seemed to shudder for a moment. Then he lifted his right wing and slid down deeper into the water.

The Manta Leaps

He didn't stay out of sight long, however. Almost at once he curved back toward the surface and zoomed out into the air. In a series of leapfrog jumps he bore straight in toward our boat. This time there was no chance to get out of the way. In desperation I fired the five remaining shots at the onrushing monster.

"He's going to hit us!" Ed yelled, clutching the side of the boat.

Jamming the empty revolver into my pocket, I crouched. His last jump was a powerful one and it carried him within a few feet of the side of the boat. A wave of green water swept over us and in the next instant the devilfish rose up under the skiff.

As I tumbled over the side I caught a fleeting glimpse of Ed flying over the stern. We had no choice about staying with the boat—we were literally thrown out of it. Pulling back to the surface I caught sight of Ed swimming away from the boat.

"Look!" I shouted.

Our skiff jutted up at a rakish angle with its stern pointed toward the sky and the bow well under water. The ray was slowly sliding backward into the churning water. His huge left wing fin lifted and fell spasmodically as if even now, at the moment of his death, he was still determined to destroy the thing that had subdued him.

"Get back to the skiff!" Ed called.

Evidently he too had seen the blood spouting from the numerous bullet holes in the ray's tough side. **We both knew it would not be long before a shark or barracuda would pick up the blood scent and come to investigate.**

Somewhere in the confusion our paddle had been lost. We had to crouch there in our water-filled skiff with nothing to move us through the water but our shoes. As we neared the cove where our ship was riding peacefully at anchor, Ed grinned.

"That was a hell of a way to kill time while we were waiting to go fishing."

I stopped paddling long enough to answer, "Next time we have time to kill, let's try gin rummy." ● ● ●

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Motorcycle Menace

(Continued from page 63)

ranged over the highways like a wolf pack, stopping only for beers. Every beer garden they stopped at, they took over. If other people were there, they made insulting remarks until they left. Then they bolted the door. If they felt like breaking glass, they did.

It sounded like fun to Mickey. He hadn't driven a motorcycle since he was a kid but he rented one and found that his friends were right. It was a helluva fine way to spend a day. Mickey liked it so much that he decided to show the fellows he was one of them. He started to lead the pack and held the lead until they came to a traffic intersection. Ordinarily the pack wouldn't stop for just a red light, but they had to because cars ahead of them stopped. Mickey held his speed until the last possible second and then discovered something. Motorcycles don't stop as fast as cars. He applied his brakes, saw he would crash into the back of a car. Swerving, his cycle side-skidded, pinning him under it. Mickey lay dazed for a moment before he could think of getting up. Suddenly his world went up in flames.

Mickey's headline read: MOTORCYCLIST BURNED TO DEATH AS GAS TANK EXPLODES.

The same sudden death struck the motorcyclist in the illustration at the beginning of this article. It happened in Brooklyn which, like other populous districts, has police, strict traffic regulations, and juvenile delinquency.

Brooklyn motorcycle hooligans play games with the police. Spotting a mounted cop, they deliberately pass red lights or streak by at top speed. When a cop gives chase, other cowboys try to confuse him. This passes as sport. Indeed, one of Brooklyn's most gifted sporting riders is called Billy the Kid. He can ride through traffic standing on the saddle of his machine. Doing this, he frightens bus passengers by knocking on windows as he passes.

In any traffic, hot-rodders are hard to catch. In Brooklyn—and Los Angeles, Chicago, and other cities—motorcycle outlaws get caught only when they want to be. But believe it or no, they often like to be arrested.

"Glamour Guys"

In court, they state they were doing 130 miles an hour (an impossible speed, for the motorcycle speed record, under ideal conditions, is 156). Nevertheless, the arresting policeman, anxious to prove his case, backs this up and the feat is duly entered in the record—and usually in the newspapers.

For a fine of $10 to $15 any cowboy can become a hero to his pals.

I learned this as I sat in a police prowl car stationed at a strategic point along a Brooklyn highway. The cops told me the best to be hoped for when a cyclist doesn't want to be caught is a glimpse of his license plate.

"Their cycles are light ones, souped up," the cop went on. "They add high-compression pistons and shave cylinder heads. After that they can do 110. Heavy police machines can't go over 90. Prowl cars like this go even less."

Suddenly a cyclist shot by. We started after him, siren screaming—a movie chase that took us through red lights, careening around corners, and got us nowhere. Soon we couldn't see the cyclist. When we slowed down helplessly, I asked a $64,000 question.

The cop shook his head. "No, can't shoot to make them stop," he told me. "They may be endangering our lives and theirs, as well as the lives of motorists and pedestrians, but they're not committing a felony."

Writer Frank L. Harvey calls speed-crazy throttle-twisters "glamour guys." In motorcycle talk this is not a flattering term.

"They go in big for atmosphere," Harvey says. "Nothing but the bushiest foxtails will do for handle bars, and their motorcycles are not complete without three spotlights, two horns, super de luxe saddle bags, and a picture of Lana Turner in decal on both fenders."

Are such irresponsible And-Sudden-Deathers on the increase? Will they continue to cause deaths and accidents on our highways?

The answer is an emphatic yes. Says *Safety Education Magazine,* "Use of motorcycles as playthings has been rising by leaps and bounds during post-war years."

You probably don't know it, but the chief reason for this is an upheaval in the motorcycle industry.

Before the war a 50-60 percent tariff held up importation of foreign motorcycles. With this protection America's two top manufacturers, Indian and Harley Davidson, comfortably turned out expensive, heavy machines for police and a limited number of enthusiasts.

In 1945 the tariff was lowered to 10 percent, which permitted English manufacturers to enter the American market. Years ago these manufacturers so perfected light, sleek, inexpensive machines that motorcycles outnumber autos by about 20 to one on English roads. Priced at approximately $500, such machines were now put on the American market. Some people promptly bought them as an economical means of transportation. Others bought them for thrills.

Today both Indian and Harley Davidson are in the light-cycle field—Indian, in fact, manufactures only light ones. It claims that its 300-pound machine ($575-$775) is the lightest in the world. Both firms plan to spend considerable sums of money to popularize motorcycling.

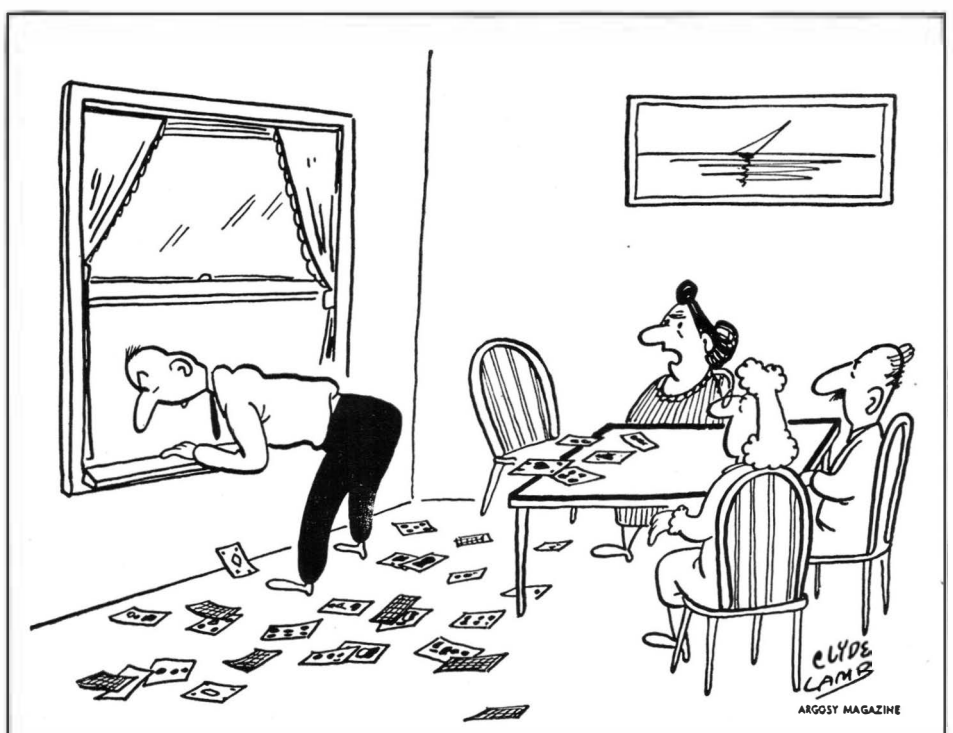
So there's no doubt of it. There are more motorcycles on the road today than ever before. There will be more in years to come.

Supervision Needed

Yet we've failed to face the results of this sudden rise in the number of the nation's motorcycles, most of which are operated by the young. Today's motorcycles, and tomorrow's thousands, require man-sized supervision.

We're not giving it. "Unfortunately," says Roy G. Wilcox in *Safety Education,* "equipment requirements designed for autos do not generally fit motorcycles, and as a result there has been a tendency in many jurisdictions to ignore traffic regulations and operating restrictions insofar as motor-driven vehicles are concerned."

The National Safety Council finds



"Well, how am I ever going to learn to shuffle if I don't try?"

that police laxness and driver irresponsibility result most often in these violations: Excessive speed, unfamiliarity with machine, double and triple riding, inadequate brakes, lack of headlights, sublime indifference to traffic rules and road signs.

The Council has no record of the number killed on, or by, motorcycles in 1948 as a result of such violations, or of the number thus far in 1949, but spot checks taken in various parts of the country add up to this shocking fact: *The number of motorcycles involved in fatal accidents has increased 38 percent.*

In Texas, motorcycles (and their brother menace, the motor scooter) were responsible for 1204 accidents, more than two percent of all traffic accidents in the state. **In a six-month period in Los Angeles, 169 cycles were involved in accidents, almost twice the rate of the previous year.** Fifty-six of these operators had no license and 54 rode unlicensed vehicles. One driver was a gaffer of 76.

Concluding, the Los Angeles Police Department states, "Cycle operators were at fault in about two-thirds of all accidents. Speed and turning accidents were the most prevalent. Lack of experience in operation of vehicles was another important factor."

Cycle Deaths Increase

In Ohio, motorcycle registrations have more than doubled since the war, while automobile registration has increased only 17 percent. At the same time, the number of motorcycle accidents increased vastly. This caused the Ohio Department of Highways to undertake the closest survey of motorcycle recklessness yet made in this country.

It shows startling things. Among them: Deaths by motorcycle made up four percent of the annual traffic toll, although the number of motorcycles registered was less than one percent.

One motorcycle in nine was involved in an accident, whereas for passenger cars the ratio was one in 35.

In a single year on state roads there were 295 traffic accidents involving at least one motorcycle. Of this number 12 percent were fatal.

But the most revealing discovery was that motorcyclists prefer to exterminate or maim themselves without assistance from anyone else. No less than 42 percent of Ohio's motorcycle accidents were non-collision, caused only by excessive speed. Cyclists, in other words, went so fast they just couldn't stop.

"Most of our machines are sold to youngsters," a manufacturer told me.

And, in any state of the union, the motorcycle rider most likely to drive recklessly or badly is the unlicensed adolescent.

There are plenty of them on motorcycles today. Warns a safety engineer, "It is hard to conceive of a more effective instrument of destruction than a teen-ager on a motorcycle. Yet in these days of indulgent parents, high salaries, and juvenile delinquency, there are increasing numbers of them burning up the road."

Proof of it? In Indiana, boys (and one girl) on motorcycles and scooters were responsible for 13 out of 29 accidents. In Los Angeles 59 percent of drivers involved were under 18. Sixty-eight accidents there involved youngsters under 15. **One was an eager young outlaw of ten!**

Of the approximately 500,000 motorcyclists in this country, some 90,000 are members of the American Motorcycling Association. In addition to possessing a common love of motorcycles, AMAers share a deep contempt for speed-crazy glamour guys, who, they feel, are ruining motorcycling in the eyes of the public.

AMAers call the motorcycle, when properly handled, the safest vehicle on the road. Reasons they advance are high visibility, power and maneuverability in tight places, and the youthful age group of riders, whose reflexes for the most part are excellent.

AMAers also believe that the public demonstrates a notable ability to forget they ever saw 99 safe motorcycle drivers. But they remember the one in 100 who rides recklessly, and mentally give all cyclists a bad name.

Members of the AMA save their cycling enthusiasm for such events as speed races, hill climbs, and endurance contests over rough courses like the Jack Pines in Michigan or the Greenhorn Mountain course near Pasadena which, extending over the summits of three ranges, is not for greenhorns.

High spot of the year for the AMA is the 200-mile speed run at Daytona Beach, Florida, "the Indianapolis of the South." To this February event flock about 5,000 motorcyclists from all over this country and Canada. **Sometimes a few glamour guys show up. Stripping off fox tails and other appurtenances, they try the big-race trials.**

"When they're not on a highway with motorists to frighten and girls to impress, they lose their guts," a racer told me. "Down here they're afraid of corners, they develop throttle-finger fatigue early, and just slop around the course. Later they blame it all on the machine."

Real Racers Are Fanatical

Real racers at Daytona are fanatical fellows like Ed Kretz, Billy Huber, and Slidin' Sam Arena. They're called hot-shoe riders because they broadside around corners at 90 per with a steel-shod foot dragging.

Sometimes, on the straightaway, they streamline themselves by stretching flat along the tops of cycles. Again they string out with tires almost touching, letting the suction from the speeding machine ahead help them along.

Yet race riders seldom get killed, which indicates that in competent hands the motorcycle is a safe vehicle. In the many races at Daytona there has never been a fatal accident. Last serious racing accident took place in Oakland, California, in 1941.

Most members of the AMA, have excellent safety records.

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Aware that chrome-plate cowboys are prejudicing the public against motorcycles, the AMA has joined with police and safety authorities in a safety crusade. All members are urged to be road-safe themselves and to influence non-members toward safety.

But the AMA and others attempting to curb the motorcycle outlaw face a difficult task. For one thing, the speed demon who roars along with goggles, open muffler, and girl-friend astride seldom slows down enough to listen to wise words on safety.

But there's another reason.

The impulses that drive a road-happy daredevil are ones that Americans are only too inclined to forgive.

"Motorcycle boys are crazy but likable," chuckles a man who knows them well. "They even play the way they ride. If you own a beer garden, they will no doubt tear the keys off the piano and strew broken glass around a foot deep. **Next day they'll come back, pay for re-decorating the place, and offer to take you for a ride."**

To prevent boys from going motorcycle-crazy seems to call for an enlightened safety campaign which strikes at the roots of the traditional belief that going crazy when in control of a speedy machine is the American thing to do.

Most practical method of cutting down on motorcycle accidents would be to tighten state license examinations and examination of vehicles. But in this most states are even more careless than they are about auto licenses.

What, then, can be done to keep our highways and ourselves safe from the mad-dog motorcyclist?

Answer seems to be in the slow process of safety education. Toward this, the best steps today are being taken by the AMA and by police in some sections where outlaw cycling is an exceptional menace. Police and serious cyclists seek out irresponsible cowboys. Then slowly and carefully they talk safety. If the kids won't listen, they talk to parents. If grown men are involved, they talk to wives.

Manufacturers Stress Safety

Motorcycle manufacturers are 100 percent behind such efforts. Salesmen of machines are instructed to stress the need for road safety.

Says William H. Davidson, President of the Harley-Davidson Motor Company: "While some riders have thoughtlessly brought criticism to motorcycling, it is gratifying that the safety and quiet riding program of the American Motorcycle Association has proved highly effective in reducing their number to a negligible percentage."

But safety education is admittedly a long-drawn-out process in which only a few citizens are engaging. More of these safety advocates are needed. Issues of the *American Motorcyclist* carry safety rules which members are urged to impress on cowboy riders. Here are a few. If you know a motorcyclist, cowboy or not, clip them out and give them to him. If he doesn't need them he can pass 'em along to someone who does.

Don't speed.
Always signal when preparing to stop, start, or turn. Signal by extending arm.
Never crash a light. In turning either left or right, watch for pedestrians as well as vehicles. Note whether road is wet or dry.
All traffic signs, including those for control of traffic at intersections, should be obeyed to the letter. Slow down signs near schools and crossings apply to you, too.
In formation riding choose a road captain to ride in front. Ride single file with assistant road captain in the rear. Watch road captain's signals. Hand up indicates stop. Sideways indicates slow down. At night, stop signal will be down, so as to be caught in headlight beam of following rider.
Don't use open mufflers or pipes.
Sign the AMA pledge.
Don't fish-tail—that is, don't make your motorcycle skid around, for the thrill of it. Indications are that one fifth of motorcycle accidents are caused by fish-tailing.

But the last AMA rule is the wisest. Always adjust your actions on the road to traffic conditions, it says. If traffic is heavy, ride slowly. If traffic is light, you have an opportunity to see the ever-changing scenery. Some riders have seen only a blur of telephone poles as they hurried to their destination, which in far too many cases they never reached. ● ● ●

Make Your Ammunition

(Continued from page 19)

reduced load in my .30-40 Krag rifle. It was quite simple to make, with the aid of only a primer seater made out of a ten-cent strap hinge, and a deprimiing punch made from a four-inch piece of drill rod.

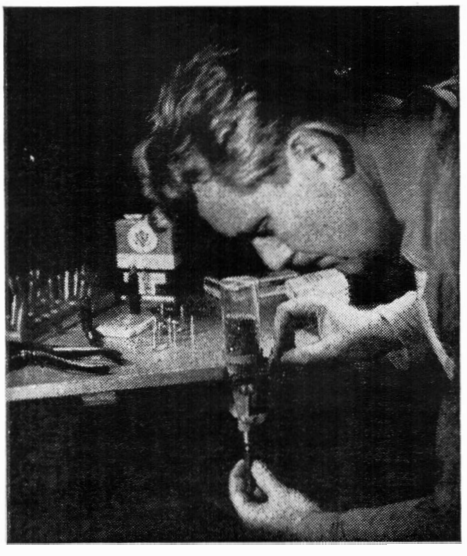
For all types of reloads, the time-tested Ideal tong or nutcracker type of tool (Lyman No. 310), at $9.50, is the least expensive. **It does a complete job of reloading except for measuring the powder.**

A mechanical powder measure is faster than hand-dipping when making up reduced loads. The Ideal No. 55 powder measure does a good, accurate job and will set you back only $10. For near-maximum powder charges, a scale, accurate to at least 1/10-grain, is necessary. The Pacific scale, with weights, at $8.50, is a good buy.

For making lead bullets, a mold ($6), a melting pot ($1.25) and a dipper (75 cents) are needed. The bullets may be lubricated by hand and reduced in diameter (if necessary) by use of an attachment for the Ideal tong tool ($1.75), or a mechanical lubricator and sizer may be used ($12.50).

Tools which cost more but make reloading a bit faster are available.

The beginner should stick to reduced loads, where the pressures are well under those of full-power cartridges, until sufficiently experienced to tackle near-maximum ones.



MECHANICAL powder measure is fast.

Inasmuch as the .30-caliber cartridge is probably the most widely used in bolt-action rifles for big-game hunting in the United States, let's take the .30-'06-caliber and see just how we can develop it for all-round use.

First, there's the "tin-can" load. I generally have a box full of them on hand for guests who like to shoot tin cans but think the .22 a sissy gun. We use this load on garden invaders such as rabbits and woodchucks. It is strictly a plinking proposition, as it will not group into much under an inch at 75 feet.

The cartridge cases are primed with either Remington No. 8½ or Winchester No. 120 primers. Then a .22 Long Rifle rimfire cartridge case (made into a dipper by soldering on a nail for a handle) is poured heaping full of Hercules Bullseye Pistol powder by using another dipper made of a .32 pistol or other small case. The powder is scraped off level by the handle of the second case. Pour and scrape in a uniform manner so each cartridge has a similar amount of powder. Now the .22 case full of powder is poured into an empty primed .30-'06 case.

A No. 0 buckshot is now rolled around in a small box (a pillbox is fine) containing a little microfine graphite, which lubricates the buckshot and does away with messy grease, and then is pressed firmly onto the mouth of the cartridge case with the thumb. The cartridge is now ready to fire. **It should be used single-shot as it does not work readily through the magazine.** Figuring the cases at no cost, as they can be used over and over, these loads cost you less than a cent each to turn out.

Next is an easy-to-make reduced load that is very accurate: It is the one I mentioned for the .30-40 Krag rifle. Using the Lyman bullet No. 308403 or the Belding & Mull bullet No. 311168 and a little less than a .38 Special revolver cartridge case full (10 to 12 grains) of Du Pont No. 4759 will bring good results. To get this charge, about 3/16 inch is filed from the mouth of the .38 cartridge case. The bullet, one of the most accurate ever made for the .30-'06, was designed for target shooting by Mr. Harry Pope, the most famous of all barrel makers. After being lubricated with stick lubricants, it is lightly seated by hand about 1/16 inch in the mouth of the case, so it has to be handled carefully when used in the field.

A very fine target and small-game load may be made with the Ideal No. 308241 125-grain 30-30 bullet and 12 grains of No. 4759 powder.

High-Speed Loads

Two high-speed loads for varmint shooting come next. The 110-grain Remington .30-30 hollow-point bullet, seated .17 inch in the case ahead of 47 grains of Hercules HiVel No. 2 powder, makes a good cartridge that is quite accurate in most rifles. Or try the 93-grain Luger soft-point bullet, seated .15 inch in the case in front of 56 grains of Du Pont No. 4320 or 44 grains of HiVel No. 2 powder. These loads develop a muzzle velocity of approximately 3,000 feet per second.

A good deer load consists of the 150-grain Bronze Point bullet, seated .24 inch in the case, and 45 grains of HiVel No. 2 powder. The bullet leaves the muzzle at slightly over 2700 feet per second.

An excellent heavy-game load is made by using the 180-grain Silvertip bullet, seated .35 inch in the case, and 57 grains of No. 4350 powder. Velocity is 2750 feet per second. This is a near-maximum load.

The powder charges of the above four loads must be carefully weighed on a scale sensitive to at least 1/10-grain. I used Winchester No. 120 primers.

Points to Remember

Here are a few important points to remember when hand-loading. With heavy or near-maximum loads, start with a powder charge that is four or more grains below the recommended charge. Then work up, a quarter of a grain at a time, until the best accuracy is obtained. Never exceed maximum loads. You might blow up yourself as well as your gun. Loads should be developed for the individual rifle.

Never smoke while reloading or bring a can of powder near an open flame!

While it seems to me that the .30-'06 and the .270 are the best calibers to develop for all-around use, the .257 Roberts and the .250-3000 (as well as several others) are close seconds, being out of the running only for game heavier than deer or black bear.

Center-fire cartridges of all calibers may be reloaded with good success—and at a saving, too.

Every shooter, especially when contemplating going in for reloading, should read the "Ideal Hand Book No. 36," published by the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation, Middlefield, Connecticut. Price 50 cents. Also "Hand-loading Ammunition," published by Belding & Mull, Philipsburg, Pennsylvania. Price 60 cents.

Now start accumulating a supply of empty cartridge cases, and get in on the fun of making your own! ● ● ●

Cooking with Dynamite

(Continued from page 7)

travelers who want to take a Cunard liner abroad should be careful not to rib each other in the presence of passengers, and should murder Doctor Steegmuller before sailing.

It has taken four days to really convince the captain that the thing was a hoax. Now that he is convinced, however, the joke has paid dividends, because to make amends he invited us to the bridge as we approached the Coast of Ireland early this morning. **He explained to us some of the mechanism by which a modern vessel is able to carry its human cargo through fog-covered, trackless waters with all the precision of the railroad train running on polished rails over a surveyed course.**

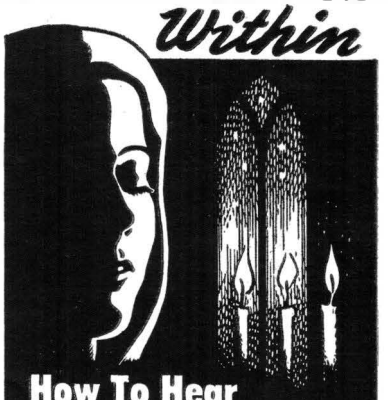
Not only are there radio-direction beams, but we were privileged to see, on the ship's radar screen, a perfect picture of all the outcroppings along the Irish Coast. There were little blazing dots, flaring signals of warning which indicated every ship within a radius of miles. We saw the gyro compass and the master panel board where air is constantly circulated from each of the staterooms, all of the holds, and the various water-tight compartments of the ship. The moment any undue percentage of smoke or heat enters this air, lights flash and bells ring, so that any fire can be detected and instantly extinguished before it has an opportunity to get under way.

But the fact remains that there is a certain queasy feeling on the part of both Dr. Snyder and the writer. We can't help but wonder what the hell Doctor Steegmuller and the Editor of ARGOSY have been up to, and what will happen when we dock at Liverpool tomorrow morning.

We'll mail this in as soon as we land, and if there are any further untoward events, or if ARGOSY readers want to know something of our adventures with Scotland Yard, they can pick up next month's issue of ARGOSY—provided, of course, we are not in strait jackets at the time!

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

THE SILENCE Within



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Your Share of Woodcock

(Continued from page 35)

my chance at the pheasant. Meanwhile, this interloper had flushed straight up above the willows, only to come down again not ten feet away.

I was furious at losing the pheasant. I called the dog. Coming in, he flushed the other fellow again. Out of plain meanness, I whaled a shot after it. Although I missed, it came down again. This is an intriguing, crazy woodcock habit, confusing and nerve-shattering to a gunner, especially since woodcock shooting must be done in heavy cover. They sit tight and are completely unpredictable in flight. Once, when I pulled my car into a side road, got out, and stood loading my gun to go grouse hunting, a woodcock burst from *beneath the car*. I shot, and missed, three times. Yet the bird fluttered down a short distance away!

A Woodcock's Pet Trick

At any rate, my dog and I searched that first woodcock painstakingly. It had completely vanished. Then, suddenly, it was up *behind* me. As I was to learn in later years, this is another of mysterious John's pet tricks. I wheeled and shot wildly. This time it came down for keeps.

Next morning, I promised myself, I'd be up at daylight and in those willows. To think these plump, strangely exciting fellows had been living right under my nose season after season!

Later, of course, the bird was easily identified, from the dictionary, as a woodcock. And an old National Geographic Magazine enlarged on the woodcock's fame. It told how, in England, the cocker spaniel had been named for its use in flushing the close-lying woodcock.

At dawn next morning I crept toward the willows. There had been an exceptionally hard frost during the night. **The ground was frozen rock hard on the surface. I was in for the disappointment of a lifetime.** Hunt as I might, I couldn't find a single bird. They had been there at dusk yesterday evening—and during the night they had vanished!

The mystery of this whole occurrence gripped me. As seasons went on, I learned that by examining that tiny willow covert of my boyhood closely, we unlock the secrets of the bird New Englanders call the "timberdoodle" and are well on the way to being successful woodcock hunters. The general physical attributes of that patch of willows will apply basically to all woodcock coverts.

First of all, beneath those willows the ground was of soft black loam. The willows gave so much shade that grass and other plants grew very sparsely. The ground was littered with dead and rotting willow leaves. Thus, the soil's moisture was protected, yet there was thin ground cover.

In those times jacksnipe were plentiful. But never did I see a jacksnipe beneath the willows. This is important. The ground, in other words, was not muddy or boggy. You will never find woodcock in the exact spots where you find jacksnipe. In fact, except for a few places in the South where woodcock are not hunted much and where they may be found in bottoms where quail are common, you will rarely discover woodcock sharing the exact round-the-clock habitats of any game birds except the ruffed grouse.

In those boyhood willows, the overhead cover was close and thick. But it came down no closer than about a yard above ground. Through trembling willow leaves, sunlight dappled the rich, black earth.

This, then, was a perfect woodcock covert: Soft, moist earth. Sparse ground cover. Close cover overhead.

Why was it perfect? The real secret lay beneath the ground. In the moist, leaf-protected black loam, fat earthworms were always abundant just beneath the surface.

Later, of course, I discovered that earthworms make up almost 90 percent of woodcock diet. These he gets with his long, thick bill, feeding mostly at night. He must have large quantities, within *four inches of the surface*. **The holes he bores, and his white droppings, give him away.** Find the tiny locations where earthworms are absolutely certain to be abundant at all times, and where a shy, retiring duffer of a bird may take his ease—and you have the timberdoodle cornered.

Or have you? No, not quite. Recall how those birds of mine vanished overnight? The migratory vanishing habit adds to the excitement of woodcock hunting. One day you find none, and the next a new batch come tumbling into the identical thickets their kinfolk left.

This is an amazing woodcock instinct. Locate a small piece of good cover, and year after year, if the place stays unchanged, woodcock will be found in it. Shoot out the native birds, and next week flight birds will find the spot and take over.

"Brush Gun" Is Best

My first real woodcocking was done with a close-choked 20-gauge gun, in an abandoned orchard where grass was low, ground soft, and the birds flushing at fair distance. This was easy shooting, the gun okay for it. For general shooting, however, such a gun is entirely wrong. A "brush gun" is the ticket: short barrel (or barrels), so you can swing it in small spaces; cylinder bore or modified, so you have a wide pattern on very short-range shots, which most will be; straight stock, so your eye aligns quickly. Then thicken the pattern with small shot—No. 8, 9, or even 10. Woodcock are not hard to kill. In fact, no bird is easier—if you know how! The average woodcock flies at no more than 15 or 20 miles an hour when hunted. The shooting I've done in the open convinced me that all you have to do is avoid being startled by the flush, let the bird get thirty yards away, snap off a shot—and he's yours.

If he's easy in the open, he's also easy in the brush, where he must

nearly always be hunted. The brush itself is what causes the trouble. It's confusing. **Train yourself simply not to *see* the obstacles, keep your eye on the bird, shoot *deliberately*, and you have the battle won.**

Flushing in heavy cover, woodcock invariably spring straight up, continue that line, often rising above quite high trees. The gunner usually shoots too low. You've got to hold *above* that rising bird, and with special accuracy when the shots are close, which means your gun is moving almost as swiftly as the bird, and your pattern is small. You cannot use the swing type of shooting. You must snap-shoot, simply throwing up the gun, judging where the bird will be when the shot reaches it, pointing instantly, and shooting.

If you have a bird dog, use him, of course. But don't think your pooch has suddenly turned worthless if he refuses to retrieve downed birds. Many dogs disdain to pick up woodcock, either because of the smell or the fact that loose feathers come off in a dog's mouth.

As to hunting territory, there is all of southern Canada across to the limits of the Great Lakes region. Seldom does the Fish and Wildlife Service, which has jurisdiction over the woodcock because he is migratory, keep an entirely closed season in any state east of the Mississippi. New England, New York, New Jersey, the Great Lakes, and Pennsylvania are the best.

Nowhere will you find such well-kept secrets as the tiny corners where timberdoodles have been spotted. One summer I was fishing the Manistee River, and woodcock kept flushing constantly from bankside alders. Presently another fisherman came along. He watched, apparently puzzled.

"I've been seeing those silly things all day," he said. "What are they?"

"Gosh," I said, "you got me."

When the season opened, I was creeping through those same alders. Coming around a bend, I saw another hunter lowering his gun.

"Howdy," he said. It was the "ignorant" angler of the past summer. "Haven't seen a grouse all morning."

"Gosh," I said, "I haven't either."

He stood uneasily for a moment. Then, grinning: "Aw, hell, let's face it. We're going to have to share this spot for years. How many have you got?" And he dug in his game pocket to show me his birds! ● ● ●

A Young Man of Promise

(Continued from page 32)

not to come back unless he has it in his hand. How are you?"

Pablo grinned. "I have the sickness of the bulls. He has made me black and blue and green. I was not good. That I know of a certainty."

Chuchu, the *punterillo,* said easily, "It was not one of the best days. But neither are you yet a full *torero.* The crowds do not expect constant perfection from a *novillero,* one who is but learning."

"It could have been better, much better," Pablo said.

There was silence. Juaquin moved a domino, then glanced up at Pablo and said easily, "Your two bulls were uncertain."

"*Ai,*" Pablo said, "but these are the little bulls. Ones of seven hundred and fifty pounds. What happens, *amigo,* when I face an uncertain one of a thousand pounds?"

"Those you will surely not meet until you have your doctorate of bulls, and by then there will be the experience."

"I could not fix my feet on that first one," Pablo said. "I do not know why. With the big cape it was right, but not later, not at the end."

Juaquin said, "With the big cape it was very, very good. Those six slow *chicuelinas* and then the fix. From fifty thousand throats it was like a gunshot, that *'Ole!'* with each pass."

"And then the feet would not obey."

"Is it necessary to talk about it?" Chuchu asked.

"With the second one I was better," Pablo said, "and the feet would obey, and then there was the natural pass I should not have attempted. It was in my mind to link the natural passes and then to use a pair of *manoletinas,* but after I was hit it was gone and I could do nothing but chop him between the horns and go in with the sword. I did not go close enough because I was afraid."

"For a man of the bulls to say that he is afraid," Tomas said, "is like saying that it is necessary for one to breathe."

"Castillanos was good," Pablo said.

"The ear was a gift from heaven," Chuchu said, "not because it was a thing that the crowd desired. And his bull was verily a small railroad train. My youngest child could have kissed the horn on each pass. If you had drawn that enemy, Pablo . . ."

Luis came in with the four copies of the newspaper *Toro* that would be read on the morrow by every fan in Mexico. The cover bore a brown rotogravure of Castillanos holding high the ear he had been awarded after a performance and kill that had brought fifty thousand people to their feet.

Luis put the papers on the table, on top of the dominoes.

"It is not good?" Juaquin asked.

Luis turned away. "I would not call it good."

Pablo could restrain himself no longer. He snatched the top paper and took it over nearer the light. He turned to the account of the afternoon, hearing behind him the rustle as the others opened the papers. He found the article and read:

"Pablo Bobadilla, in his second appearance as a *novillero* in the Plaza

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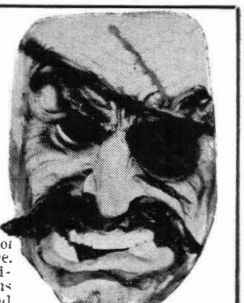

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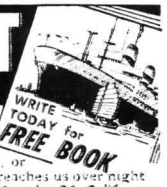

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Mexico, was less promising than before. He promises to add little to the art. Except for a tiny moment with the cape on his first enemy and two acceptable passes with his second, he was nervous and lacking in grace and confidence. His fear was evident particularly after he was felled by the second bull. He killed poorly, with neither grace nor elegance. Cushions were thrown after the poor kill of the second enemy."

"The son!" Juaquin said. "He could not even become a sword handler, yet he writes as though he were the reincarnation of Manolete."

Pablo dropped the paper to the floor. He went into the bedroom, closing the door behind him. He sat on the edge of the bed, his forehead on his palms. In his heart was a hot, fierce jealousy of Castillanos and his triumph, and a shame and an anger which slowly faded into hopelessness.

He did not look up when Juaquin came in quietly and closed the door behind him. Juaquin had once failed, ten years before, in the *novillero* season, receiving at last a horn wound that had kept him four months in hospital. He was thirty-five, chunky and brave, with no real grace, but with quickness and a knowledge of the bulls.

"The others have gone," Juaquin said.

"A wake is not joyous," Pablo said huskily.

"It is time to think of the bulls for next Sunday at the Plaza de Toro."

"And of seat cushions and of horn wounds," Pablo said bitterly.

Juaquin's hard palm cracked against his cheek. Pablo came up off the bed in sudden fury and was held helpless as Juaquin's hands closed on his wrists.

Juaquin was pale. He spoke softly, opening his mouth only a little.

"Next Sunday there will be a bull that is right. Next Sunday will be the afternoon for which we have waited ever since the passes against cows at the ranches, four years ago. Do you understand that?"

"But I . . ."

"Do you understand that you made ten thousand pesos this afternoon and that my brother, who is a fat gardener, will work for seven years to make that amount?"

Pablo slowly relaxed and Juaquin released his wrists.

"Thank you," Pablo said.

They embraced quickly in the Mexican fashion. At the door Juaquin turned and said, "Sleep, Pablo. I will pass by in the morning."

Juaquin went down the stairs and out onto the street. Luis fell into step with him. "How is our little one?"

"He will dream of a good bull for next Sunday. In his dreams he will make a performance and a kill for legend."

"And then?"

"And then, *amigo*, we must hope that he will do it in fact next Sunday. If he does, the bravery will come and the grace will return and we will be members of a prosperous *cuadrilla*."

"If he doesn't?"

"Then, Luis, we will wait for the inevitable horn wound which will mean the end of him and we either attach ourselves to another young man of promise, or we go to work."

"Are there any more young men of promise?"

"*Ai*, that is the beauty of it. Luis," said Pablo. "There are always the young men." ● ● ●

Are You Ashamed to Cry?

(Continued from page 45)

This belief has been authoritatively stated by Dr. B. W. Richardson, who wrote in the "Dictionary of Psychological Medicine": "Persons who weep say that tears afford relief. . . . The relief comes not from mere escape of tears, but from the cessation of the storm in the nervous system." He added, "There are few persons who do not, under some circumstances, shed tears, and it is probably quite true that those who can always restrain them are of a hard, unimpressionable nature."

Why, then, do men fight back tears? **Why would the average man suffer almost any embarrassment rather than be caught in the act of weeping?**

This taboo against masculine tears is so widespread that, even on the stage and in the movies where intense emotions are commonplace, tears among men are rare. Directors know that audiences dislike seeing a man weep. They feel uncomfortable. And so, when an actor is called upon to show sorrow, he is instructed to do almost anything but shed a tear. Tear his hair. Mop his brow. Grimace. Look solemn. But, no tears. We think that tears are the signs of a sissy.

Yet men cry. Great men, men who are respected as courageous fighters, men who are recognized as topnotch sportsmen, weep. **The evidence can be found in any newspaper photo file.** One of the best-known pictures of General George S. Patton, Jr., shows him during an ovation in his honor. There's the fighter who drove 1300 miles from St. Lo to deep Austria, the stormy, unpredictable field tactician who was feared by every German from Hitler down to the rawest Wehrmacht recruit. And he is shown standing, head bowed, unashamedly weeping.

Winston Churchill has never hidden his tears. In "Their Finest Hours," he tells about a wartime inspection of a London residential section:

"The bomb had completely destroyed or gutted twenty or thirty small houses. . . . Already pathetic little Union Jacks had been stuck up amid the ruins. . . . The people . . . crowded around us, cheering. I was completely undermined,

and wept. They were tears not of sorrow but of wonder and admiration."

General Jonathan Wainwright, hero of Bataan and the man who was given the bitter task of surrendering Corregidor to Japan, is reported to have wept on that sad day, and again when he and the survivors of the Death March were liberated.

Patton, Churchill, Wainwright. Unmanly men? Sissies?

Tears are not the sole expression of grief. Wainwright wept in sorrow, and like Patton and Churchill, also wept with relief, admiration and wonder. This has its scientific explanation.

Tears of Pleasure and of Pain

Dr. Frederick H. Lund of Temple University reported in the *American Journal of Social Psychology* that experiments indicate that tears are stimulated by both pleasant and unpleasant emotions. He determined that the cranial division of the brain induced tears of pleasure, while the sympathetic division prompted tears of sorrow. He concluded from these experiments that behind every flood of tears there lies some profound reason of pleasure or sorrow. Dr. Lund felt, further, that weeping was a healthful release when emotions were strong.

Relief from anxiety, a pleasurable emotion by Dr. Lund's standards, is a common reason for tears. It happened to Jake Lamotta, the determined little scrapper who for six years dreamed of winning the world's middleweight boxing championship. Last June, Lamotta's chance came. He fought the highly touted Marcel Cerdan in what was described as a "vicious, dock-walloping slugfest" and scored by a knockout. When photographers poured into the ring at the end of the fight, according to the New York *Herald-Tribune*, they took shots of "a champion with eyes glistening and tears running down his swarthy cheeks."

For 16 years, Dr. Vincent Nardiello, the medic who passes on the physical fitness of New York fighters, has seen many a brawny boxer weep with relief. He saw Sandy Saddler cry after he had won the lightweight crown from Willie Pep in 1948. Max Schmeling wept in his dressing room after he took the heavyweight title from Jack Sharkey. Billy Conn, Kid Chocolate, Al Singer and Johnny Dundee have not been ashamed to cry.

Sorrow, of course, is a familar cause of tears—even among great men. There was sorrow in Lou Gehrig's voice the day he left the Yankee Stadium. The Ironman's farewell was sometimes faint, sometimes incoherent. Lou's voice cracked. He snuffled, blew his nose. And he wept. Lou Gehrig had played 2100 consecutive games, smashed more than 500 home runs. He stood there, alone in the infield of Yankee Stadium, and sobbed his farewell to sport. Thousands sobbed with him.

Every football coach has seen his men weep, some quietly, some like scalded infants. Dr. Frank Sweeney, who for 20 years has stitched the cuts and splinted the broken bones of professional football players, has seen tears ease locker-room tension and win games. The "roughest, toughest" athlete of his experience is Mel Hein, a Giant wheelhorse for 12 years. **One Sunday afternoon, Mel was kicked in the head.** Fearful that he might have suffered a concussion, Dr. Sweeney yanked the Giant grid star from the game and examined him in the locker room. The big center turned his face to the wall and cried like a girl. Dr. Sweeney then tested Mel's reflexes, found them satisfactory, and allowed him to return to the game. Unhurt and relieved of mental tension, Mel ripped through the opposing backfield again and again.

Except for those tears which flow at a doctor's suggestion, most weeping is unprompted. People just feel the urge to cry and let loose. In public, this urge is fought down by many men who are aware they are being watched. But, it is the braver man who can cry, alone, with his family, or among strangers.

Psychologists believe that it is fortunate that some of us can cry without prompting from a doctor. Like Johnny Parsons, runner-up in this year's 500-mile Indianapolis Speed Classic, some of us don't have to be told. The Memorial Day race is a test which attracts—and kills—the nation's best drivers. Johnny didn't quite win the race, but he wants to win others.

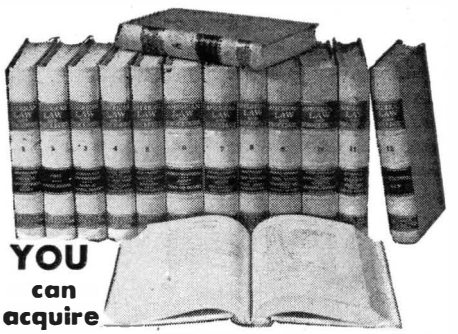
It is unlikely that the need for the quick relief of tension so essential to winning those future races consciously occurred to Johnny as he guided his car to the pit last May. But he cried, nonetheless, letting escape the tension of 500 fast miles which weren't quite fast enough.

What Makes You Cry?

While science has indicated that tears are healthy escape valves for pent-up emotions and are not a sign of weakness, it still remains for the individual to decide just what it takes to make him cry.

For some of us, it is the distant, mellow salute of "taps" to fallen comrades. For others, it is the minor-key music of Beethoven. It can be the disappointment of losing a battle or seeing a child limp. Some men will weep, as many returning veterans did, when they see their home towns again. Some will weep in pleasure, as did George Patton, when the public applauds, "Well done."

But, whenever a man sheds a tear, it is not because of a soft heart. It is because he has a heart. ● ● ●



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BACK TALK

PSYCHIATRIST WANTED
Sirs:

Your article, "What Is a Homosexual?" (August, 1949), was both timely and interesting. I belong to that portion of American males who practice homosexuality, and am classified in the orderly group.

Unfortunately, I am unable to afford the services of a competent psychiatrist. Who could help me?

I know the pain and mental conflict one suffers after such an experience. I know the condemnation one receives from the non-understanding public. So I think I am capable of praising this article.

I only hope other magazines will aid you in your fight against a society which ostracizes homosexuals instead of helping and understanding them.

(Name withheld on request)
Louisiana

● **Most major cities throughout the country have clinics for homosexuals. We suggest you contact one of the large hospitals in your area. If they do not have such a clinic, they will at least be able to direct you to one.**

ABOUT JOHN MASTERS
Sirs:

John Masters' story, "Trapped by Fear," in the August ARGOSY, is one of the best I've read in a long time. I hope you run more of Masters' stuff.

Incidentally, what about this guy? I looked in vain for any mention of him in your authors' column.

BENJAMIN LEE
New York City

● **We, too, are hoping John Masters will write more stories for ARGOSY.**

He has traveled extensively in the Middle and Far East and speaks five languages. His father was a British officer in the Indian army, and John was educated at the Royal Military College in Sandhurst, England.

At the age of nineteen he was commissioned into the 4th Prince of Wales' Own Gurkha Rifles and served with them until 1947, when India became independent. During the war, John temporarily commanded a brigade of General Wingate's Chindits in the famous operations behind Jap lines in Burma in 1944. When he was discharged, Masters was a Lieutenant Colonel, holding eight decorations and medals.

Now an American citizen, John says he prefers New York City to northwest India and plans to live here with his wife and two children.

ANOTHER T.A.G.
Sirs:

My nomination for the Typical American Girl is my wife, Beverly Jeanne. The picture *(below)* was taken just after Beverly and two other girls had executed a rather difficult water ballet, during the intermission of the Naval Air Training Command swimming meet at Corpus Christi Naval Air Station.

If I sound overly blown up, glance at the picture again and forgive me.

ENSIGN W. E. CONNIFF, JR.
Corpus Christi, Texas

SNAKE HUNT
Sirs:

I think you'll be interested in the enclosed photo and the story behind it. A group of us were out on a snake-hunting trip on Merritts Island, the object being to bring them back alive.

On our way home we heard the unmistakable sound of a rattler at the side of the road. Sure enough, there was a large Florida diamondback rattler off in the bushes. The only bit of equipment we had handy was a fishing rod. All our regular snake-catching gadgets were packed.

We fashioned a noose at the end of the fishline, then carefully lowered it over the wary snake's head. With a snap of the wrist, the noose tightened, and the snake came wriggling out. So strenuously did he try to escape that the rod snapped, but by this time, we had clamped down on his head and tail. We lowered him into our gunny-sack and took him home.

HUGO H. SCHRODER
Orlando, Florida

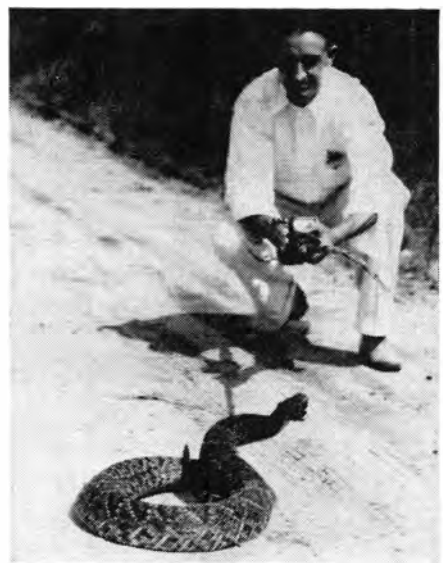

Photo by Hugo H. Schroder

CAPTURED ALIVE with fishline noose, diamondback's struggles snapped rod.

SOUTH AFRICAN READER
Sirs:

Since I am a constant ARGOSY fan, I noticed Mr. Lombard's letter from South Africa, asking for copies of your magazine in exchange for stamps. I forthwith sent him a copy.

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GORDON R. PRESCOTT
Montpelier, Vermont.

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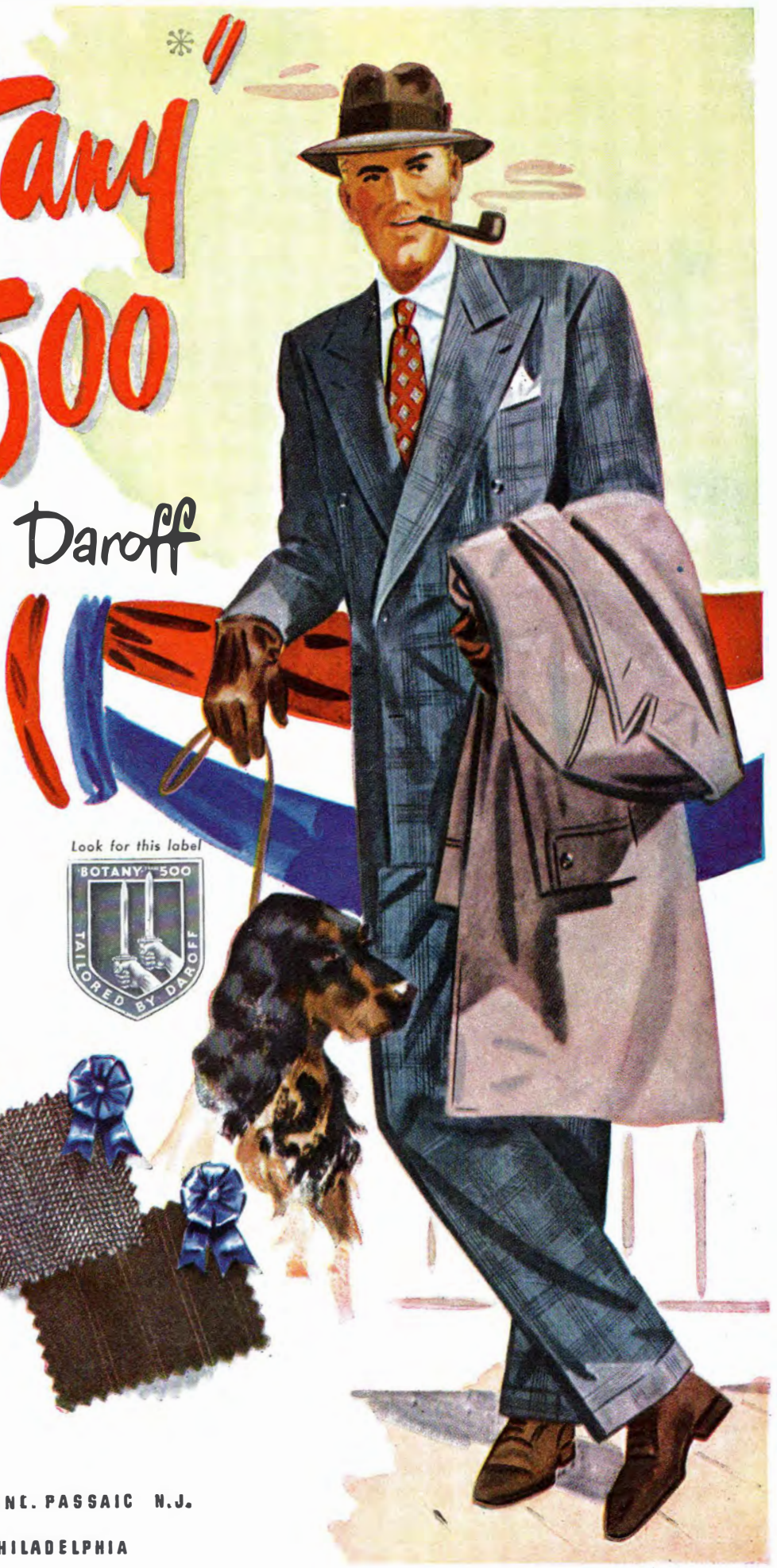

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