

THE NO. 1 MEN'S SERVICE MAGAZINE / OCTOBER / 50¢

ARGOSY

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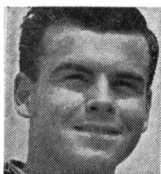
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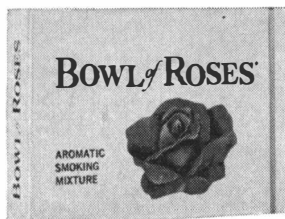


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THE NO. 1 MEN'S SERVICE MAGAZINE

ARGOSY

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NOVEMBER ISSUE ON SALE OCTOBER 17TH

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1 • Best Party Ever Thrown

2 • Honest Abe Club

3 • Coming Attractions

BY HARRY STEEGER

Photos by Bert Brant



Fielding gets Viking helmet.



We had best chefs in Europe.



Pretty blondes served Danish treats on sightseeing trolleys.

of Temple Fielding and all of them came to help him celebrate his half-century birthday.

We were even met at the airport by a red-hot jazz combo consisting of a half-dozen bearded and helmeted Vikings blowing ancient horns.

From that point on, everything in Copenhagen belonged to us. A small silver pin in the lapel, with a cartoon of Fielding drawn by the master, was the ticket of admission to the best restaurants, parties and celebrations in the world's most hospitable city.

The festivities were like an Arabian Night's dream and I'm still not awake. We saw the sights, for instance, from natty little blue and white streetcars reserved entirely for us, and with pretty blonde hostesses serving cakes, coffee and a variety of Danish specialties. We had a gala reception in the Town Hall, given by the Lord Mayor, Urban Hansen, with entertainment by stars of stage and screen, and mouth-watering food on the longest table I've ever seen (a city block in length, at least). We had master chefs from three of Europe's great restaurants—the Tour d'Argent in Paris, the

1. Before attacking the regular business of this department, I'd like to fall to my knees and bump my head three times on the ground, facing east toward Copenhagen and doing homage to a fabulous memory.

It was just a year ago this October that a planeload of pilgrims from the States made the journey to that mecca of conviviality, the capital of Denmark, to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of the famous travel writer, Temple Fielding, author of "Fielding's Guides to Europe."

Other pilgrims came from various parts of Europe, and we assembled, some 250 strong, in the Hotel Richmond, which had been rented in toto by Mr. Fielding. He and his lovely wife, Nancy, had been saving for ten years for this party, and five enchanting days came out of those savings, including the specially chartered SAS plane which brought about sixty of us over.

It seems that in Denmark, when a man reaches fifty, the occasion calls for a wing-do of major proportions. Temple had arrived at this august pinnacle and the proportions of the party were so major that he had very sensibly scheduled a morning at the Sauna baths for the last day.

I recommend this to you as a means of recovery, even if you can't do any more that fill your own bathroom full of steam from the tub.

One of the features of the Sauna, incidentally, is a shower that comes at you from every direction—top, sides and bottom—with needlelike penetration. I almost rose three feet into the air with surprise.

We had more celebrities from the stage and screen and the world of magazines, books, newspaper columns, radio and TV than you could shake a diamond-studded stick at. All of them were close friends

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- 1) There are at least four ways to buy a going business with absolutely no cash, and without borrowing one cent from a bank! Can you name them?
- 2) At what point do smart-money men start selling stocks that are still going up?
- 3) Every day, opportunities arise where you can make a life-long annuity, without investing a cent, simply by making a phone call! Do you now how to detect and exploit them?
- 4) Where in your daily newspaper — and not in the financial pages — is the best source of 100% or better profit deals?
- 5) Can you name the five Bonus Sources of income you should get from your business deals — where other people pay you to let them make money!
- 6) Three tiny mistakes in negotiation mark you as a "patsy" to smart-money men! Do you know how to avoid them?
- 7) And most important of all, there are at least four simple deals that you should make in speculative deals that almost certainly guarantee you a profit! Do you know what they are, and exactly when you should make them?

Welcome to the World of the Insider!

Let us be perfectly frank! The seven SMART-MONEY SECRETS you have just read — plus those you will learn about in a moment — have this one incredible feature in common:

THEY LET OTHER PEOPLE HELP YOU EARN YOUR FORTUNE! They actually multiply the power of the money you own today AS MUCH AS ONE HUNDRED TO ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY TIMES!

They are an entirely different way of thinking about money than you are aware of today! They are the wonder-working "Insider Techniques" that you have been hearing rumors about for years! They have already been used, time and time again, in Wall Street, in real estate, in dozens of other businesses all over America, to literally build million-dollar fortunes from pennies!

There are three definite skills that make up this art! Here they are — just as you can be taught them next weekend without risking a penny! Here are the abilities you can build into your brain in a single weekend!

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The four Golden Rules that prac-

tically equip you with "Money-Making Radar!" Let you cash in on cream deals that constantly arise right around your own corner! Split-second bonanzas so subtle that the ordinary man never even sees them at all—where you can scoop up an extra \$2,000 to \$10,000 investing almost none of your own money, just by going through a simple legal procedure!

For example, you'll learn how easy it is to pick up inventories of bankrupt firms at a fraction of their true value, and then quickly dispose of them at a profit of 200% to 400%! How you can buy up accounts receivable for as little as 70¢ on the dollar — then collect 60¢ to 70¢ on the dollar!

Here is a complete guide to the fabulous new boom areas in real estate! Quick-profit bargains that are opening up every day — where you can buy far under the fair market value — realize as much as 30% or better annual return on your money, and then sell out in the next spectacular rise for thousands of dollars for every hundred you put in, and all at capital gains — or even income-tax exempt!

Yes! And here's a section on fantastic profits in stock market speculations, on following the promoters into the big money that's really going to lift you off your chair! Here are the tip-off phrases of the trading room — the hidden rules in buying over-the-counter stocks — exactly when to get in, and when to get out!

Plus an inside look at brand-new, little-known situations where the growth possibilities are positively astronomical! Including an eye-opening, pot-of-gold rundown of insurance stocks by a man who has already founded FOUR companies!

But these Golden Rules of buying-in right, of getting inside prices, of picking up rock-bottom bargains are still only the beginning!

2) How to use Borrowed Money to Finance Your Ideas!

Now come the techniques of adding up to \$99 of outside money to every \$1 that you use of your own!

How to own the lion's share of the deal, even though up to 99% of the risk capital is advanced by others! How to sell off non-control portions to large investors, so that you put up almost nothing more than the basic idea and your own management!

How to create credit! How to take money borrowed at 3% to 4½%, and bring in up to 36% on it! How to take out more personal net profit each year than your full investment!

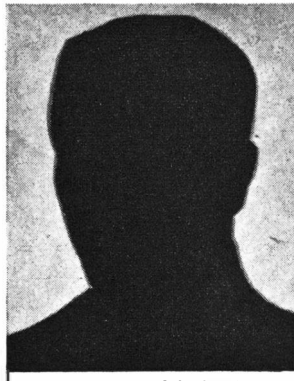
How to turn somebody else's "must-sell" business into a fat capital-gain for yourself — investing only a small fraction of the real worth of that business to gain complete control of it — plus earning 50% or more each year on your investment before you decide to cash in!

How to turn business opportunities into royalty checks, even if you don't go into them yourself! How to make your own speculative business ideas pay you a guaranteed profit or a hefty weekly salary, or a personal percentage of the gross — IN MANY CASES STARTING SIX FULL MONTHS OR MORE BEFORE THEY ARE EVEN BROUGHT OUT ON THE MARKET!

And this is still just the beginning!

3) How to Pyramid Your Capital Overnight

How to bring that profit home! How to sell out, cut taxes to the bone, and



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Mr. Appleman is the author of the almost-incredible total of forty-six technical volumes on insurance, economics, estate planning, financial security, etc.! In addition, he has written articles appearing in one hundred and forty publications, and he has been a regular contributor to both the Encyclopedia Britannica and World Book Encyclopedia for many years!

find yourself with \$20,000 — \$50,000 — \$100,000 in the bank where you had almost nothing before!

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Why we made Tanganyika the proving ground for these two great new Winchester shotguns.

Our new slide-action Model 1200 and Model 1400 automatic both have many new features. So we tested and proved them on safari—with David Ommanney, “our man in Africa.”



Few men know more about game and guns than this famous professional hunter, whom we chose to lead our safari. We wanted his straight-from-the-shoulder opinion.



First shot Ommanney made with the new 1200 bagged this spur fowl—at 55 yards. In Tanganyika, game birds are plentiful, daily limits liberal. Both new shotguns got a real workout.



Loading is easy, though automatic shotguns are tightly controlled in Africa. Conservation laws limit you to one shell in the chamber and no more than two in the magazine.



Only shot shells used were our new plastic Super-Speed and Super-X “compression-formed” Mark 5’s. “I never saw shells made like these, or that shoot so hard,” said David.



Waiting in blind for sand grouse Ommanney is about to load his 1200. This new slide-action shotgun costs \$96. You pay a bit more, of course, for the new 1400 automatic: \$134.95.



Soon after dawn, the action was fast and furious—as hundreds of flights of sand grouse came barreling in to drink. Here, Ommanney gets in the swing with his 1400.



These sand grouse and doves took some stopping. The sure way our new shotguns and shells dropped them at long range—cleanly and consistently—was just the proof we needed.



New feature on both guns is this front-locking, rotary bolt head, not found on any other shotgun. Its 4 lugs lock directly into the barrel, give you vault-tight breeching.



For teamwork that can't miss, try using our new plastic Mark 5's with either of these shotguns. All did so well on safari that Ommanney called their performance “smashing.”

Hostaria dell'Orso in Rome and the Bali in Amsterdam—to prepare meals that should have been featured in Tiffany's window—and eaten there, too.

We had luxury trains, exclusively for our party, to whisk us to Elsinore, where Hamlet spent his time being miserable, but where we had the time of our lives eating, drinking, celebrating and watching a fireworks display in Temple's honor.

All in all, it was probably the greatest party ever thrown, and that's why I wanted to tell you some of the highlights.

Why didn't I do it sooner? Well, my friends, you probably read about it in the newspapers when it happened and I went on traveling through all Scandinavia, through Russia, Poland and France, so that by the time I finally returned, it was too late.

The first anniversary brought back nostalgic memories and struck me as a better time to sing my paean of praise.

After the party, Temple and Nancy had to retire to a Danish health resort and I haven't yet lost the firmly embedded ten pounds I gained. That Danish food really sticks to your ribs!

2. Honest Abe Club

Light the torch of truth, fellow members, and let's convene the monthly gathering of the Honest Abe Club. To those peerless raconteurs who spin the best yarns (truthful, of course) goes our renowned trophy, the Stuffed Bull's Head with the Winking Eye.

First to try for this great honor is Chuck Nicholls of Seattle, Washington, with a word of advice on fishing:

Dear Harry: "If I'm not awarded one of your cockeyed bull's heads for this true incident, I swear I'll turn in my Brownie button and discontinue assisting 36-22-36 Girl Scout leaders across hazardous intersections!

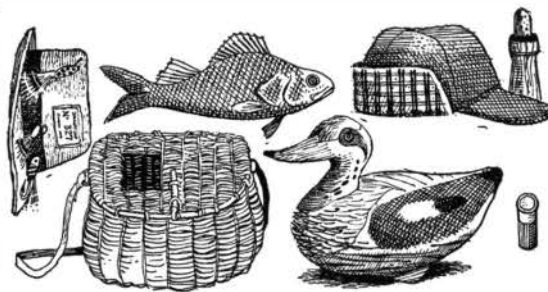
"Almost every sporting-goods store I walk into, I see this sign: TAKE A BOY FISHING. So I thought, 'Why not take my kid? He's seven. If he starts early enough to learn something about "hot" fishing lures, he won't be out "hot-wiring" cars.'

"On opening day, I took Number One son, boat, gear—the works—to my favorite trout lake. We buzzed out to my old anchoring spot where the big ones lie—or should I use that word in an Honest Abe column?

"Well, when I asked my son to pass me the tackle box so we could rig up, he slipped. I watched, speechless, as all my tackle slowly faded from sight in the deepest part of the lake.

"The most severe punishment I could think of at the moment for my dearly beloved son was to take all his bubble gum away from him. To make it even worse, I cut it up into little corn-size kernels right in front of him and threw every bit of the stuff into the lake. I felt real mean!

"However, before I could pull anchor and head back to shore, we started to see bubble-gum bubbles bobbing around near us. I fished one out. There was a trout on the bottom side. Evidently that fish had discovered that bubble gum was not fish food and had tried to expectorate it. The resulting (Continued on page 12)



HUNTING AND FISHING TIPS BY GIL PAUST

CARTOON PRIZE: Send in one or more captions for the cartoon below. The funniest will receive a six-volume set of Socony Mobil *Travel Guides* described under New Products below. All entries must be in by October thirty-first. Address: Outdoors Editor. June winner of \$100 worth of Gudebrod fishing tackle is shown on page 84.

CLOSE WINGSHOOTING: When a big pheasant gets up at your feet, don't shoot too fast; wait until he's out where your shot pattern will be wider. Your small pattern at close range is more apt to miss. If it does hit, you'll have pheasant-burger. (Ward Van Horne, Buffalo, South Dakota.)

PLASTIC SHOTSHELLS: Pick up all plastic shells after firing; don't leave them on the ground. Reason: they won't decompose like the old paper kind, and eventually, our bird fields will become fields of little plastic cylinders!

PUP TEST: Before buying a pup for birds or trailing, test his nose. Let him get hungry, then at night, drag a piece of meat across the yard, hide it and turn him loose in the dark. If he can't find it, forget him.

SLEEPING-BAG COMFORT: A sleeping bag will keep you warm and dry, but that's all. For sleeping comfort, carry an air

mattress, too. Inflate it, slide it into the bag and sleep on it. To protect the bag from sticks and rocks, spread a sheet of vinyl plastic beneath it.

GRASS DECOYS: When duck shooting on iced-over ponds, use decoys made of eel grass. Tie grass with string into short tufts and wet them so they'll freeze in position on the ice. They'll draw ducks. Beats chopping holes for regulation decoys. (Dick Cooper, Quogue, Long Island, New York.)

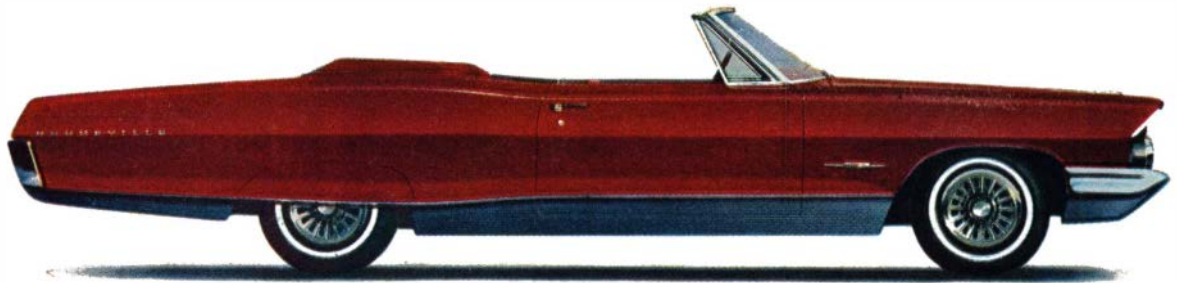
BIRD SHOOTING NOW: In most states, the pay-as-you-shoot game-bird preserves, opened in September, will stay open through next February or longer. Dogs and handlers are provided when needed. For preserve list, write: National Shooting Sports Foundation; 1075 Post Road; Riverside, Connecticut.

NEW PRODUCTS: (1) Mobil *Travel Guide*, six volumes, more than 3,000 pages, describes inns, hotels, motels throughout the U.S.—\$9. (2) Lyman *Easy* reloader for reloading shotgun shells; handles all gauges, styles and crimps; recommended for beginners as well as experts—\$44.50. (3) Johnson *Skee-Horse* two-passenger snow sled; driven by three rubber-covered cleated belts on twelve dolly wheels; powered by Johnson fourteen-hp engine. ●



ARGOSY will pay \$5 for each tip printed in this column. Submissions become the property of Popular Publications. Send tips and cartoon captions to: Hunting and Fishing, ARGOSY, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

How could Pontiac become even more of a Pontiac?

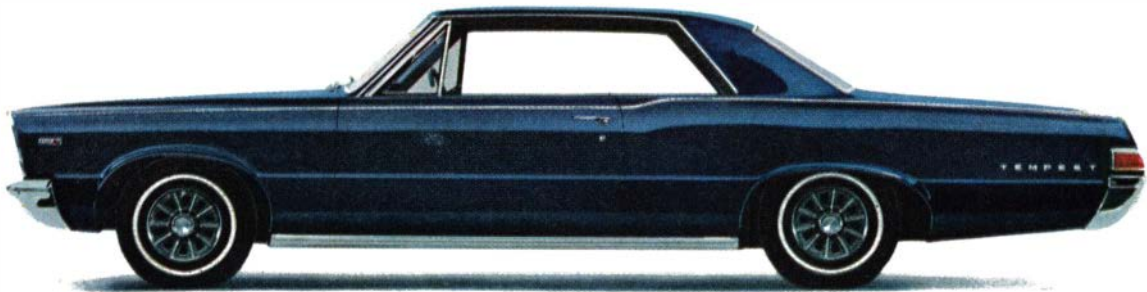


Here's your answer: The '65 Pontiac Pontiac.

We started fresh with a bold new Pontiac look, as you can see, and plush new interiors, which you can just imagine for now. It's a quick car, even for a Pontiac, because our Trophy V-8s come on stronger than ever. You want Pontiac performance and economy, too? You want new Turbo Hydra-Matic and our exclusive low-ratio rear axle to wring extra mileage from gasoline and save and save and save. The '65

Pontiac is other ways new, too, with self-adjusting steering gear and bigger, better brakes. It's smoother riding (if you can fancy *that*) since we redesigned the suspension system around our curve-uncurving Wide-Track. (The inch-longer-than-last-year wheelbase also helps.) Now if you're wondering how you could become even more enthusiastic about Pontiac for 1965, just try driving one at your Pontiac dealer's

How could Tempest become even more of a Pontiac?



Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation



Here's your answer: The '65 Pontiac Tempest.

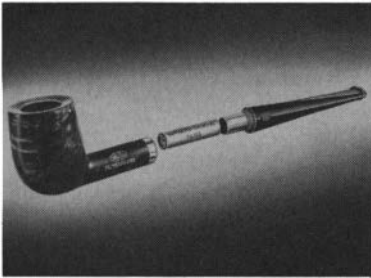
It could look even more like a Pontiac and it does: stacked headlights and split grille and big, bright wraparound tail lamps. It could be longer and it is, by a handspan. Tempest certainly rides like a Pontiac on Wide-Track and its all-coil suspension. And Tempest surely goes like a Pontiac, whether you take the gas-saving 140-hp six, or order up a quick V-8: 250 hp on regular fuel, 285 hp on premium. We spoil you

with interiors restyled in cloth and Morrokide, or all Morrokide. And tempt you with 12 handsome models, including a new Custom Hardtop Coupe. With Tempest looking and acting so Pontiac for 1965, you mustn't forget it's still priced down there with the other low-priced cars.

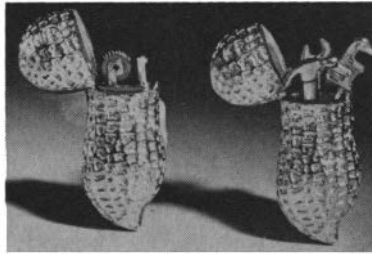
1965: The year of the Quick Wide-Tracks

STOP to SHOP

For your shopping pleasure . . . Each month Argosy presents new, useful and unusual items—all available by mail from firms listed. All merchandise shown has been selected by Argosy. The editorial portion of Stop To Shop is not composed of paid advertising.



ACTIVATED CHARCOAL FILTER SMOKE PIPES by Mr. Weber, are a result of the tremendous interest in activated charcoal. He has combined the beauty of age-old briar with the clean filtration of activated charcoal. Shank houses the filter cartridge. Pipe, \$5 plus 10 filters free. Weber Briars, Dept. AR-10, 140 Cator Ave., Jersey City 5, N.J.



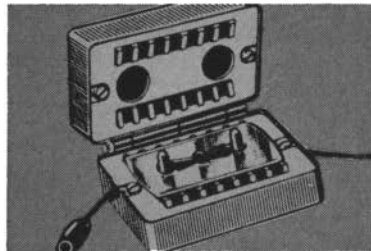
24-KT. GOLDEN PEANUT is the same size as the eating variety, cleverly reveals a cigarette lighter when the top is flipped open. Also available as pillbox (not shown), or a tool kit filled with 10 miniature working tools. 2"-long, 24-Kt., gold-plated peanut fits snugly into pocket. Each \$3.95. ADF Co., Dept. AR-10, 380 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17.



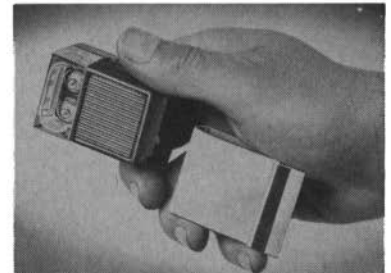
BEER WITH IT, with your name, that is, personalized on these handsome hollow-stem Heidelberg goblets. Serve your favorite beer in the style it deserves. Hand-cut by artisans with any family name or first name (please print). Each holds a full bottle or can. Set of 4, \$2.95 plus 50c shipping. 2 sets, \$5.75 plus \$1. Alexander, Dept. AR-10, 140 Marbledale, Tuckahoe, N.Y.



A LIMITED EDITION BY WEDGWOOD—John F. Kennedy commemorative collector's plaque is made in England by Wedgwood in their traditional blue and white pattern with raised silhouette, oak leaf and acorn border. A memorial to treasure, in limited quantity. \$6.50 ppd. Park Galleries, Dept. AR-10, 103 Park Avenue, N.Y. 17, N.Y.



"SHARPIE" guarantees 100 shaves from every blade. Makes old blades sharper than new in seconds. Insert old blade in Sharpie, pull cord once or twice and 32 honing surfaces instantly convert blade with rotary action to surgical sharpness. 10-year guarantee. \$2.49 plus 26¢ shipping. A. J. Sales, Dept. AR-10, 415 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.



WORLD'S SMALLEST FLASHLIGHT, and most powerful, is this mighty midget that fits into the palm of your hand. Has twin beams stronger than a big ordinary flashlight. Lifetime rechargeable miniature "space" cadmium battery. Flashlight, \$4.95; recharger, \$2.95. Special, set is \$6.95. Davis Co., Dept. AR-10, 887-2nd Ave., N. Y. 17.



WORLD-FAMOUS BEAUTIES! Gorgeous gallery of lovely ladies on genuine postage stamps. Miss World (Jamaica); Princess Grace (Monaco); Miss Universe (Colombia)—beauties everywhere from Angola, Egypt, Polynesia and many other far-away lands. There are new issues and scarce varieties. Send only 25¢. H. E. Harris & Co., Dept. G-7, Boston, Mass. 02117.



GURKHA BATTLE HAT is worn by the tough, wiry Nepal soldiers who have served for pay in the Indian army for 100 years. Battle-green cloth hats are beautifully stitched, have high peak for comfort, upturned side "rifle" brim, Gurkha insignia. Made in India. Please specify size. \$5.95 ppd. Robert Gerard, Dept. AR-10, 333 East 50th, N.Y. 22.



30 POWER TELESCOPE has an achromatic lens for pinpoint viewing. Color corrected, coated and optical ground, the scope brings birds, animals, stars, etc. up close. Collapsed, it's only 7½" and extends to 13½". With smart, heavy-lined pigskin case and strap. \$6.95 ppd. From A.L.K. Co., Dept. AR-10, 415 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.



Why the Remington Model 700 has become the choice of the true rifleman

The true rifleman belongs to a very special breed. He wants a lot more from his rifle than just a "shootin' iron."

First, he wants a rifle that is, above all, extremely accurate. On that score, the Remington Model 700, with its precision rifling, perfect wood-to-metal fit, solidly locked up breech and crisp trigger pull, more than fills the bill.

Next, he wants exceptional strength to handle the most modern loads—for accurate, long-range shooting. The Remington

Model 700 has the strongest bolt action made..

Finally, he wants a rifle that feels right in every shooting position...one that has that combination of balance and stock design a rifleman recognizes as readily as the taste of roast venison. The Remington Model 700 is balanced and stocked perfectly for both iron sight and 'scope shooting.

Add it all up and you have the true rifleman's choice—the Remington Model 700.

In thirteen modern, high-velocity calibers from 222 to 458 Mag. At your nearest Remington dealer's. From \$119.95*. Write for free Guns and Ammunition catalog to Dept. BD-10, Remington Arms Co., Inc.

Remington 

Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. 06602. In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited, 36 Queen Elizabeth Blvd., Toronto, Ont. *Fair Trade retail prices in states having Fair Trade laws. Prices subject to change without notice.



HONEST ABE CLUB *Continued from page 7*

bubble had brought him to the surface.

"Needless to say, we spent the rest of that day dipping out the biggest bubbles for the most beautiful limits I'd ever caught. That's what I say now: Take a boy fishing—even if he's your own.

(Signed) CHUCK NICHOLS"

I think you'll have to admit, Chuck, that a daughter, or even a wife, could be substituted for a son in case you don't have one—just as long as they're good bubble-gum chewers.

Next Jeff Blevins of Topeka, Kansas, tells all:

"I have decided to bare my soul and tell my fellow members of the Honest Abe Club of the worst shot I have ever made.

"Early one morning, when I was ten years old, I thought it was about time to try Dad's new 30-06, so I pulled on my boots and slipped out the back door.

"I'd just crossed the stream back of the cabin when, thirty yards up the bank, I saw a buck deer that looked half as big as a boxcar. Just as I started to take aim, a covey of quail jumped up in front of me and scared me so bad I fired too quickly and hit a rock just in front of my feet. Sure enough, those rock chips killed three of those quail on the rise, while that ricocheting bullet hit the old buck between the eyes and dropped him on the spot. The rifle's recoil shoved me backwards into the stream and popped one of my suspender buttons, which killed a squirrel in the tree above me. When I pulled myself out of that stream, my loose pants were full of brook trout and I had a heaver in each hand.

"I was so ashamed of my poor shooting that I've never told a soul until now. I know that the Honest Abe Club will help me keep my secret.

(Signed) JEFF BLEVINS"

Have no fear, Jeff, your secret is safe with us. No Honest Aber would dream of repeating anything heard here.

Etton Newsome of Elm Mott, Texas, had about the most amazing coon dog I've heard of—but let him tell about it:

"I am in the Air Force, stationed in the fabulous coon country around Waco, Texas. When I first arrived here, I got a coon dog to top all dogs. He could even track a coon across a running river.

"A strange thing happened, though, one day. My dog up and died. Even the vets couldn't tell me the cause of his death.

"I had loved that dog so much I wanted something to remind me of him, so I had a taxidermist make a pair of moccasins from his hide.

"Shortly after this, I was walking in a field one day wearing those moccasins when they hit a coon trail—and I'll tell you, those shoes ran me five miles before I could shake them.

(Signed) ETTON NEWSOME"

I wouldn't think you'd need another dog, Etton, as long as those moccasins last. Just run your own coons down whenever you please.

York, doesn't need a boy, or even a dog, to help him hunt—not while he has his pet goose he's about to tell you about.

"Being the sort of a person who takes a large interest in small things (not, of course, casting aspersions on our famed and honored Honest Abe Club), I've been reading about geese having been used as watchdogs in ancient Rome, and more recently, as highly efficient weeders in the cotton and mint fields of our own South. I, however, have benefited in another way from the services of our pet goose.

"We received this fellow as a small ball of fluff, and raised him to maturity as a pet for the younger generation. His arrival was quite resented by our tomat, an old family retainer, who showed his antipathy by means of a series of tactics designed to keep the little fellow in a constant state of apprehension.

"As our goose grew in size, so did his



desire for revenge, until he finally developed the trick of sneaking up on our sleeping cat, grabbing his tail and dragging him out onto the lawn, where he would pummel him with his wings.

"Now, I had been having trouble with woodchucks from a nearby field who had been raiding my hard-earned garden. Already you will have guessed what I did. That's right. I turned the goose loose in the field, took up my stand behind a convenient stone wall and waited. The chuck would come out of his hole and, seeing nothing but the goose, would start feeding. The goose, thinking the chuck was a cat, would wait until his back was turned, seize his tail and drag him away from his hole. When the bewildered chuck was turned loose, and was looking about dazedly for his hole, he was a perfect setup for my .22.

"Needless to say, in three days that field was clear of chucks, my garden was my own again, the cat got a much-needed rest, and the goose had a lot of fun and an extra ration of corn.

"I imagine that many of your readers have the same chuck problem, so I am very happy to have been able to pass on my solution.

(Signed) ERNEST LA POINT"

We all thank you for this valuable bit of info, Ernie. It might even lead to one of the boys opening a full-time, profit-

able goose-training school—who knows?

I've heard of all kinds of tricks used in duck hunting, but the one you're about to hear from Charles E. Moklar of Havana, Illinois, is a new one on me:

"I have subscribed to *ARGOSY* for a number of years and have always enjoyed your magazine. I have also used a good many of the hunting tips in your Honest Abe column.

"Being a great outdoorsman myself, I think it only in good keeping with that old adage, 'You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours,' to pass along a foolproof system for hunting ducks.

"This started years ago during the big depression when shotgun shells were hard to come by. My buddy and I hit upon the idea of floating a lot of pumpkins out among the ducks at night when we couldn't be seen. As soon as the ducks became accustomed to them, we hollowed two out, slipped them over our heads, swam out among the ducks, grabbed their feet, pulled them under and drowned them.

(Signed) CHARLES E. MOKLAR"

That sounds just a little sneaky to me, Charlie, but who am I to judge another Honest Aber—especially if you can get away with it!

We have a real inventor among us—Donald C. Kanold of Port Colborne, Ontario, Canada. All fishermen lend an ear:

"Some time ago, your fine magazine suggested using moths as bait. I tried them and they proved to be very effective. However, it was very difficult to catch them until I started to use a simple electronic device to supply me with all the moths I need and which any Honest Aber could build in a very short time.

"The night before I go fishing, I turn on my electronic machine which turns on my front-door light. This light stays on for five minutes and then goes out. A minute later, the side light goes on and the moths naturally fly to this light. It stays on for a shorter period of time and fifty-nine seconds later, the front light goes on again and the moths fly back. Each time the lights go on a little sooner, and as the moths reach the proper speed, a board, just around the corner, springs out. As the moths speed around the corner, they hit the board, break their necks and fall into a bucket underneath. The next morning, I have a bucketful of moths.

"A word of warning: Don't have them fly more than 42,6795 miles per hour or all you will have in the morning is a messy board.

"I hope this will help others to collect their bait as easily as I do.

"I could use the five dollars to build my electronic night-crawler invention.

(Signed) DONALD C. KANOLD"

You deserve the five dollars, Don, and anyway, we'll all be waiting to hear about your new night-crawler invention.

If there's anyone present who expects he may be meeting up with a lion one of these days, pay particular attention to the tale told by James R. Wilcox of Kingman, Arizona: *(Continued on page 88)*



We're sorry about what we did to your old motor.

Some things age a motor mighty fast. Like what's happening at Evinrude right now, for instance.

We're getting ready to take the wraps off a new compact "5." Hardly bigger than a "3." Weighs less than a can of fuel. Makes existing "5's" look like vintage "10's." It has a companion deluxe "6."

And remember the "9½"? The only people who didn't like it in 1964 were the ones who couldn't get it. We'll be building lots more of these sporty little shorties in 1965.

The same thing is happening all along the line. A new "33." Improved 18's, 40's, 60's, 75's, and 90's.

And that's only *half* the story.

This year we're adding more deluxe equipment to our SWEET-16 and SPORT-16 boats. And introducing a whole new series of Gull Wing 14-footers! We warn you now—a ride in one of these new Evinrude boats can spoil you for anything else.

We're sorry if what we have done is going to make your old motor seem older. Or make your boat ride harder.

But look at the bright side! This could be a great time to make a deal. After 1965—what else could we possibly do in 1966?

Your Evinrude dealer will be showing the new boats and motors—just as soon as he can get them.

In the meantime—we'll trade you a dream book for a stamp.

Just tear out the coupon and we'll rush the new 1965 Evinrude boat and motor "dream books" by return mail—with our compliments.

It's the least we can do.

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BACK



talk

OUR READERS SOUND OFF

ARGOSY, 205 E. 42ND ST., NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

FEATHERED "FRIENDS?"

"The Navy Gets the Bird," in your June issue, was of particular interest since I am stationed at Midway. Being first of all a sailor, second a barrier bum (one who flies the radar barrier), and third an ARGOSY fan, I was, on the whole, pleased with the article on the gooney birds.

However, the impression you give of the gooneys as being somewhat lovable is completely false. I do not know of a single soul here who has an ounce of affection for the creatures. Laughable, yes. Lovable, no.

The fact that the birds are a real danger to planes and crewmen is by no means exaggerated. It is not unusual for a plane to hit two or three on a take-off or landing.

The Seabees have finished the forty acres of nesting ground. However, most of the birds are out at sea at this time of year, and as yet, the babies have not flown. So the solution remains to be seen. The gooneys will be back in December, and I'm sure that the Navy will lose another round with Mother Nature.

V. E. GIBSON, ATN-2
FPO, San Francisco, California

• Take another look, Mr. Gibson, and note what was said on page 31, i.e.: "In those days, sailors and marines loved (past tense) the gooneys, too."

READER TO READER

In April Back Talk, there was a letter from Clifford N. Mahoney, of Glastonbury, Connecticut, a survivor of the Vincennes.

I am also a survivor (C444), and would like very much to attend the proposed reunion of our shipmates. If I can be of service in helping Mr. Mahoney arrange this reunion, I hope he will get in touch with me. I'd like to hear from him, in any event.

I do not remember his name and doubt he remembers mine. My battle station was #5 Gun Anti-Aircraft.

JAMES COOLEY HINSON
Camden, South Carolina

SERVICE TO THE PUBLIC

I was very much interested in Charles Boswell's article, "Peter Hurkos: Psychic Detective or Dangerous Fake?" (August). I think this was a job that needed to be done, and it was a service to the American public for ARGOSY to do it.

As far as I know the facts, Mr. Boswell's article was accurate. In the interest of fairness, he might have drawn attention to the article in *This Week*, in April, 1959, in

which predictions were made by Hurkos of the rank order of the baseball clubs in the two major leagues at the end of the coming season. He (Hurkos) was astonishingly accurate in one league with odds against chance of nearly 1,500 to one.

On the other hand, Mr. Boswell's article did not go into the worst side of Mr. Hurkos' activities, ei-

ther. He omitted the stunt he performed of appearing to have broken his ankle in the apartment of one of my friends, showed everyone how the bone stuck through the flesh (blood was all over the floor), and before anyone could call a doctor, he had miraculously healed himself and there wasn't so much as a scratch or a scar left.

But I think Mr. Boswell's article carried the story well enough, and I enclose a copy of this letter to be forwarded to him with my compliments, if you please.

J. B. RHINE
The Parapsychology Laboratory
Duke University
Durham, North Carolina

SPEED TRAPS

As an affiliated AAA club, we congratulate you on the article, "America's Worst Speed Traps," in your May issue.

We do wish to call to your attention the fact that Horseshoe Bend, Idaho, was removed from the AAA Speed Trap and Strict Enforcement list on August 9, 1962. Since that date, this village has had neither a police officer nor a village court. Once the true story of conditions was brought to the attention of the good citizens of Horseshoe Bend, both were terminated.

The 1961 Idaho Legislature removed the office of Justice of the Peace from the fee system, placing these officials on salary, and the result has been most gratifying in the improvement of the handling of traffic cases by Idaho justice courts.

J. E. MILLER, SECRETARY-MANAGER
Idaho State Automobile Association
Boise, Idaho

500-MILE MARATHON

ARGOSY did a great job on our race in the August issue. I was thrilled by the accurate and complete description. Bob Brister should get a good pat on the back for his job of writing, and Shel Hershorn did a fine job of photography.

TOM BUCKNER
Texas Water Safari Association
San Marcos, Texas

PORK CHOP HILL

About four years ago, ARGOSY published an article on the subject of Pork Chop Hill. As our readers may recall, at that time, the book "Pork Chop Hill," by General S. L. A. Marshall, had recently been published and a movie, "Pork Chop Hill," based on the book, was about to be released.

ARGOSY felt that another look at the de-

tails and outcome of the battle was important, and commissioned Mr. Kinkead to do an article on the subject. Since that time, some questions have been asked of ARGOSY as to the sources of the material on which the article was written.

We turned this question over to Mr. Kinkead, who answers as follows:

When I was commissioned to write the article on Pork Chop Hill, I had relatively little knowledge outside of newspaper reports at the time of the battle, and certainly no preconceptions.

The authoritative historical work on this battle was the book, "Pork Chop Hill," by General S. L. A. Marshall. In addition, I interviewed some of the participants in the battle—for example, Captains Clemons and Coble and Lieutenants Denton and Arthur Marshall.

Additional information was forthcoming from "The Army Combat Forces Journal" and the "Handbook on the Chinese Communist Army," and from correspondence I had with officials in the Department of the Army.

Although I reached different conclusions from those set forth by General Marshall in his book, it goes without saying that the book constituted a very definite starting point for my own research.

EUGENE KINKEAD

BY ANY OTHER NAME . . .

Your August issue is a real humdinger! But I was especially interested in "Girls and Gold," because one of the young lovelies looked so much like a girl who was in

Mike Smith/PIX, Inc.

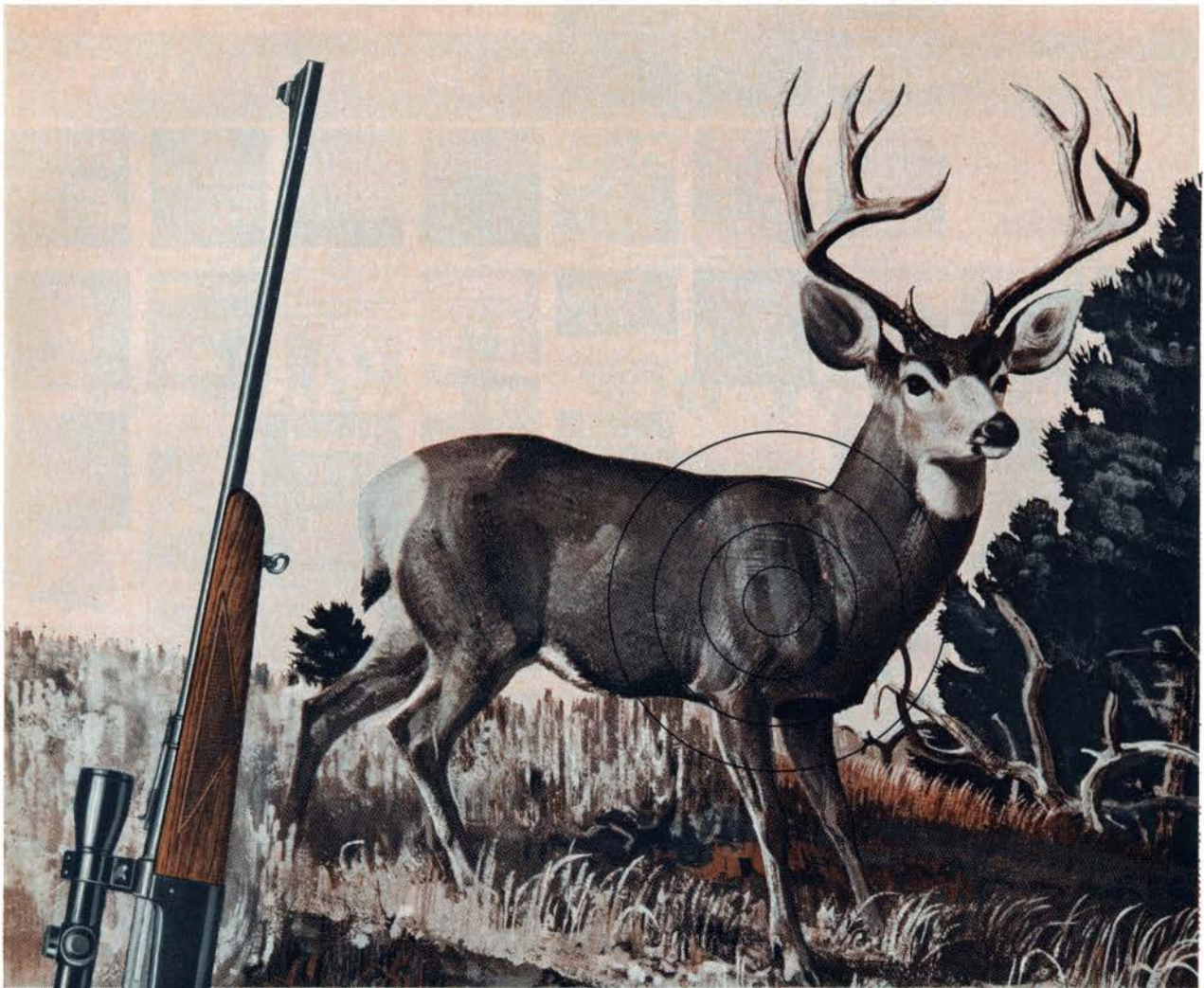


my class at Miami High School. Her name was Cerita Clapp, but in your article, you called her Tami Smith.

Could it be the same girl?

L.H.
Miami Beach, Florida

• It is indeed your old classmate. She is now wife of photographer Mike Smith. •



Savage
3X-8X Scope
Model 3833
\$64.50

YOU'RE SURE OF YOUR TROPHY

...with the long range power of the Savage 99 in new .284 caliber

To get the jump on a mulie . . . a white-tail or a pronghorn, carry a Savage 99, now made in powerful .284 Win. caliber. The .284 gives you the smashing power of the .30-06 in a short cartridge made to order for the fast, short-throw lever action of the famous Savage 99.

The 99's perfect balance and light weight make it a cinch to shoulder, aim and fire. The trigger pull is crisp and clean. The top tang safety is quick and handy. The action's as fast as any hunter needs—five shots as fast as you can aim. The handsome 99-DL has a Monte Carlo stock with checkered pistol grip and fore-end. Aluminum butt plate, gold-plated trigger, sling swivels.

America's foremost lever action big game rifle, the Savage 99 is fast-swinging and hard-hitting. And in the new .284 Win. caliber, it packs even more punch. 99-DL (shown) **\$139.50**; 99-F, \$132.50; both in .243, .284, .300, .308, and .358 calibers with 22" barrel. 99-E, only \$104.50; is chambered for .243, .300, and .308 with 20" barrel. Sold only by retail sporting arms dealers.

FREE Full-color, 40-page catalog of Savage firearms and accessories. Write: Savage Arms, Westfield 176, Mass. Prices subject to change. Slightly higher in Canada.



Savage®

Take 4

100 record covers arranged in a grid, numbered 1 through 100. Each cover includes the artist's name, the record title, and the RCA Victor Record Club logo. The covers are diverse, representing various musical styles and eras.

"I AM DELIGHTED

with the records I have received through the RCA Victor Record Club. This set-up saves me a great deal of time and money, and gives me the music I want to hear."

—J. R. DAY, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

"... the attention I receive from you is simply marvellous. All records that I have ordered always come in first-class condition. You serve me very well. It is a pleasure to do business with such nice people."

—CLARENCE & ARLENE BLOOD, EAST PEPPERILL, MASS.

records for only 98¢

(Send No Money Now!)

Yes, you can choose 4 of these fine RCA Victor records for only 98¢ plus a shipping charge. You simply accept a trial membership in the **RCA Victor Record Club** and agree to buy as few as 5 records within a year.



Q. What is a trial membership?

A. It is an introductory period in which you enjoy Club savings and convenience. You agree to buy 5 RCA Victor records at Club prices within a year. When you do, your trial membership is over. You are then free to continue in the Club or not, as you prefer.

Q. What are Club prices?

A. They are usually \$3.98 for popular or country & western records, \$4.98 for classical. Add \$1 extra for stereo.

Q. Do I get any records free?

A. Yes. As soon as you buy 5 RCA Victor records at Club prices, you begin to earn dividend records — 1 record of your choice FREE for every 2 you buy! In effect, for each dollar's worth of records you buy, you get 50¢ worth of records FREE!

Q. What kind of records do I get?

A. The best. You get the recording excellence of RCA Victor—the most trusted name in sound—and world-famous RCA Victor artists and performances. You have more than 900 records to choose from, the very cream of the fabulous RCA Victor catalog!

And not only do you get a much wider selection of great RCA Victor records through the Club than you are likely to find elsewhere, but you shop in the relaxed comfort of your own home.

Q. Must I buy a record every month?

A. No! You accept only the selections you want. Otherwise you simply return the handy card sent in advance for your convenience.

Q. Do I get "members-only" benefits?

A. You certainly do! First, you get a FREE subscription to Reader's Digest Music Guide, the Club's monthly magazine. You also get the chance to buy "Club Specials"—records created exclusively for members by outstanding artists. These superb 12" LP records cannot be bought elsewhere at any price. They are yours for as little as \$1.89 each with a regular Club purchase.

Q. How do I join?

A. Choose 4 records from those shown here. Write their numbers on the postage-free card attached to this ad and mail it today.

ACT NOW FOR FREE GIFTS!

If you act now, we will send you FREE a Record Cleaning Cloth and an Automatic Duster Brush. These useful gifts will help your records last longer, play better. But supplies are limited — so send the card today!

To: RCA VICTOR RECORD CLUB
c/o Reader's Digest Music, Inc., Pleasantville, New York 10570

8-37-6

Yes! Start my trial membership in the RCA Victor Record Club by sending me the 4 records indicated below. Bill me later for 98¢. I agree to purchase 5 more RCA Victor Records within a year at regular Club prices. (A small shipping charge will be added to each order.) Then for as long as I choose, I will receive one record of my choice FREE for every two I buy.

(84)

STEREO Please check here if you have stereophonic equipment and want these and future records in stereo.

Please check the kind of music you like best:

Popular Classical Country & Western

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Offer good only in United States and Canada.

Records marked (E) are electronically reproduced for stereo.

"We look forward to receiving our next records from the Club, and our satisfaction with being a member will be proclaimed to all friends and relatives."

—MRS. PETER M. WILLIAMS, CINCINNATI, OHIO

ARGO NOTES

NEWS AND ANECDOTES ABOUT OUR AUTHORS, EDITORS AND STORIES

TWO veteran ARGOSY contributors have gotten together to write a book which is right on top of the news these days. Ed Hymoff, author of "Ringside Seat At Midway" (December, 1963), and other ARGOSY stories, and Marty Caidin, who wrote "Your Fantastic Future In Air Travel" (August, ARGOSY, 1963), among others, have put together an exciting book called "The Mission" (Lippincott). It's the story of two wartime incidents in which President Lyndon Johnson came close to death, and one for which he was awarded the Silver Star. Contained here is the story of Johnson's mission as an observer on a bombing flight over Lae, New Guinea, aboard the B-26, "The Heckling Hare," which fell out of formation with generator trouble and was ambushed by eight zeros. To find out the upshot, you'll have to read the book, but we can leak this information to you—the President survived.

ANOTHER interesting, new, World War II book, coming out any day now, is "MacArthur, An American Hero," a picture biography about the late, courageous general, issued by Award Books, in paperback. The book is written by Managing Editor Milt Machlin, who should know something about the subject since he owns a battle star for each of the MacArthur campaigns in the Southwest Pacific.

A LETTER from Al Scharff, Texas lawyer who is the hero of both "Mission to Sonora" (ARGOSY, June, 1964) and the Garland Roark book, "Coin of Contraband," tells us that, as a result of his ARGOSY story, he was contacted by the family of his former chief in the FBI, Byron Mock. Until they read Al's adventures in ARGOSY, the Mock family had no idea of the daring exploits in which their daddy had been involved. The family then wrote to J. Edgar Hoover, who personally checked the records and confirmed as much as was on record of Mock's story. We're glad we could be of help to a family in uncovering the fine record of a truly modest hero.

BY NOW, you must know that "Von Ryan's Express," this month's book bonus, is being made into a movie by 20th Century-Fox. The hero, as you will no doubt notice in these pages, is an Irishman who looks so much like a

German that they call him von Ryan. So, who gets the part? Frank Sinatra, of course. Who else?

ON PAGE 46 is a fine, funny piece on drinking bourbon, which puts us in mind of a few factual tidbits concerning drinking in general.

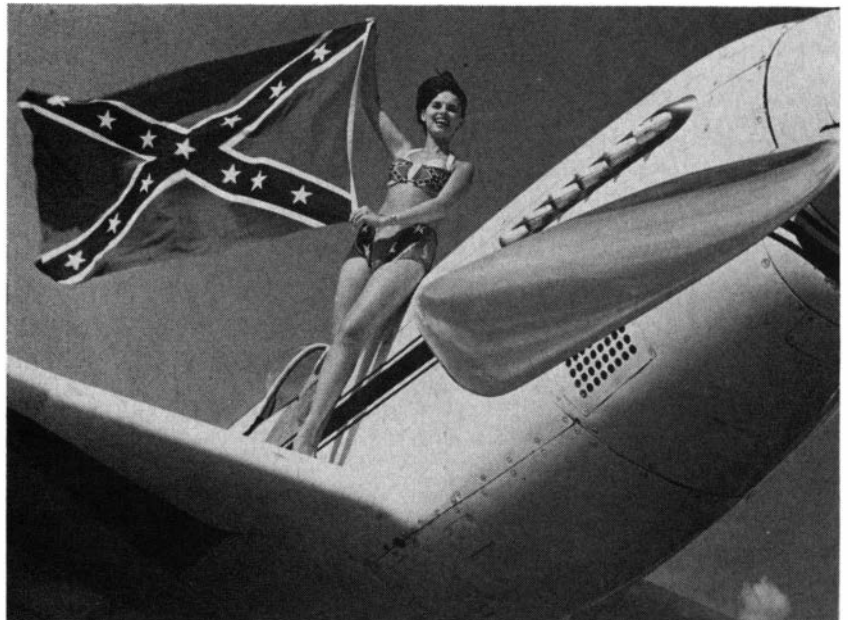
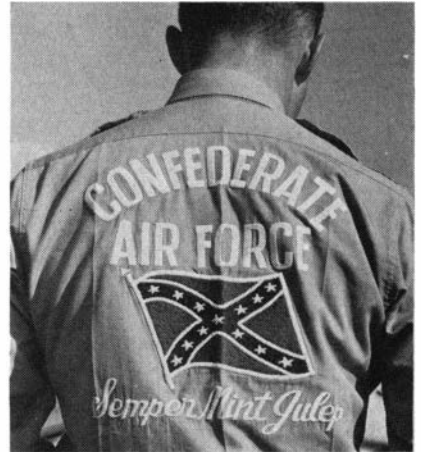
A San Francisco woman, who thought she was a latter-day Carrie Nation, piled into a couple of liquor stores, and smashed \$38 worth of whiskey as a protest against Sunday liquor sales. When Carrie Nation busted up saloons, she became a national heroine in some quarters and earned fat fees as a temperance lecturer. The California lady? They committed her to Stockton State Hospital for mental treatment. Now that's what we call progress!

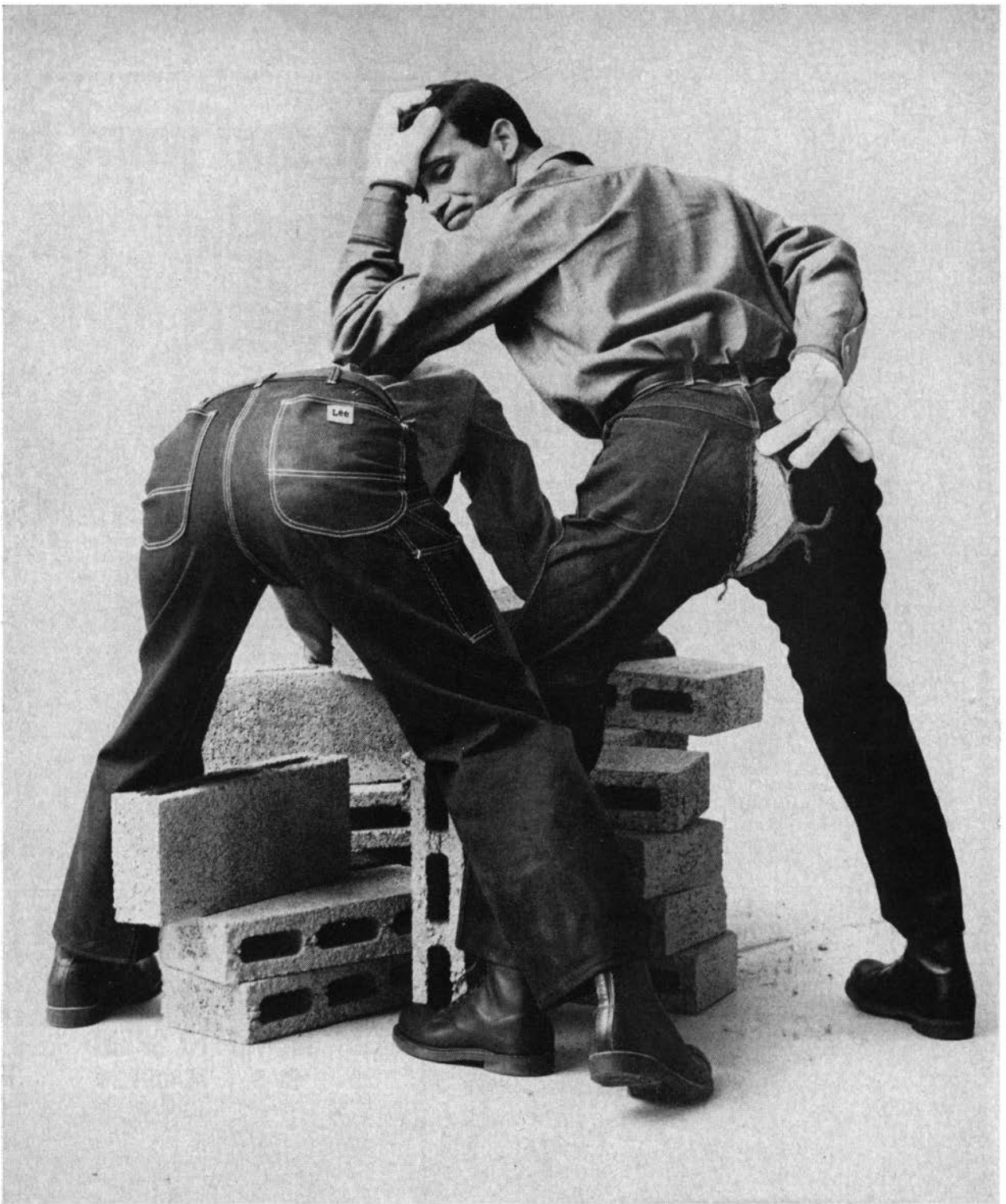
We'd also like to inform you that a Cleveland company is promoting nonalcoholic, liquor-flavored ice cream. Heck, if folks like the taste so much, why bother with ice cream? Anyway, they're putting out the frosty nonalcohol in the following flavors: Irish coffee, sparkling burgundy, daiquiri, pink champagne, grasshopper and something called a pink squirrel. (That's a drink?) What no bourbon? We wouldn't give it a passing lick.

For those who are worried about our international prestige, as so many are these days, we wish to report that

latest figures indicate that America drinks more beer than any other country in the world—about two and a half million gallons. But the biggest beer drinkers per capita, we regret to report, are the Belgians, who mop up twenty-seven gallons of suds per head every year. Our consumption? Closer to twelve-and-a-half gallons each.

Those of you who may have been converted to mint juleps by the tempting recipes in the article on page 46 might like to see how devoted Colonel Howard Olson is to them. As you can see, in the photo on this page (top), Olson likes them so much he has incorporated them into his official motto. The Colonel is one of the entries in the Harolds Club Transcontinental Trophy Dash being run as part of the National Championship Air Races right about now (ARGOSY, September, 1964). The bottom photograph, of Olson's plane, apparently indicates that Olson, born in Oklahoma City, is loyal to the Confederacy. That's a crew chief? • • •





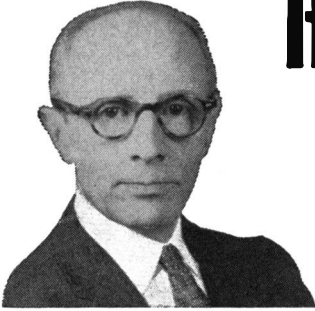
THIS IS LEE DUNGAREE'S U-SHAPED CROTCHTHIS ISN'T!

There's really nothing wrong with an ordinary V-shaped crotch...except it doesn't conform with your body. This causes a lot of needless wear and tear on you...and your pants. (Note the man at right). On the other hand, Lee's U-Shaped crotch is scientifically designed to stretch, bend, climb, squat, and kneel with you. It takes the strain off the pants and you. It prevents binding, chafing, and pulling up

tight. Lee Dungarees last longer, too. In Lee's rugged Sanforized denim, every single seam is triple stitched. You can't bust a seam any more than you can bust that U-shaped crotch. Try on a pair of Lee Dungarees. Stretch, bend, climb, squat—just try to wear 'em out. Ask **Lee** for Lee work clothes wherever you shop. Designed to fit you and your job.



A
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Y



B. J. BLAUSTEIN

If you're in debt and want to get out—I can show you 71 ingenious (but perfectly legal) ways to do it

I wrote this book for people who are in debt, for those who really need help. And they can get it, quicker and easier than they think.

There are dozens of legitimate ways (a full 71 in all) to delay your debt, and eventually get out of it, and I believe I know them all. It's a pity that more people don't.

I have been a bank credit officer for nearly thirty years. In this time, I have sat down with a quarter of a million people to help them solve their financial problems.

My new book, **HCW TO HAVE MORE MONEY TO SPEND**, demonstrates step by

step the many techniques that can take the strain out of paying your debts. With some thought and planning, you can change a recurring monthly headache into a relatively painless experience!

Time-tested methods

Did you know, for example, that you can *borrow yourself out of debt*? (The process involves a number of thoroughly tested steps—the first of which is to borrow about twice as much as you need.)

And here are a few other things I'd like to show you:

• *How to "freeze" your indebtedness indefinitely*, paying

it off only when you're ready—a perfectly proper technique that works fine for the U.S. Government, and can work just as well for you.

• *How to get more credit*—even when it seems you have reached your limit.

• *How to avoid paying hidden charges* when you buy on "time." (In other words, how to reduce your debts even before you incur them.)

• *How to eliminate many needless, crippling expenses* from your personal spending.

• *How to deal with your financial problem as a whole*—

instead of wasting money attacking it piecemeal.

Which method—or combination of methods—should you use? As you read *How To Have More Money To Spend*, this question will answer itself. The book is filled with detailed case histories. At least one of them should be close enough to your own situation for all practical purposes.

Remember: none of this is theoretical or speculative. It has all been tried—it has all worked. Every course of action I recommend has helped real people find their way back to one of the happiest conditions known to man—complete solvency.

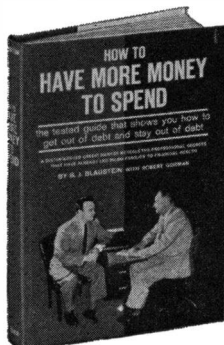
CONTENTS

- Can You Live Within Your Means?*
- How and Why You Got Into Debt?*
- How You Can Get Out of Debt*
- How To Turn Your Assets Into Cash*
- How To Get a Loan—If You're in Good Shape*
- How To Get a Loan—If You're in Bad Shape*
- You Can Reduce Your Loan Payments*

- How Much Does Credit Really Cost?*
- When Borrowing Makes Sense*
- What You Should Know About the Lender*
- What the Lenders Know About You*
- The Secrets of a Practical Budget*
- 4 Ways to Save While You Spend*
- Money of Your Own: Where and How to Save It*

WHY THE AUTHOR IS QUALIFIED TO HELP YOU!

B. J. Blaustein is a distinguished New York credit banker who has been associated with various banking and financial institutions for more than 30 years. He actually "grew up" with one of the pioneers of the installment way of life, and is a recognized specialist in credit, consumer finance and loans for both individuals and business firms.



10-DAY NO RISK EXAMINATION



HOW TO HAVE MORE MONEY TO SPEND

By B. J. BLAUSTEIN

In sending for this book you have no other obligation than the one you owe yourself to enjoy your way of life solvent, without the constant gnawing in your stomach and the mental strain that being in debt causes. This book could change your whole outlook! Full refund guaranteed.

Hillsdale Associates, Dept. AR-10, Room 2005,
208 East 43rd St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

Rush _____ copies @ \$4.95
 Enclosed is check or m.o. for \$ _____
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____
 (Add 35c postage & handling)

ARGOSY WORKSHOP BY BRUCE CASSIDAY

Plant Protection

IT'S TIME again to provide cold-weather protection in the form of a special winter coat for your outdoor plant life. A wooden frame will serve as a waistband for measuring the size of a burlap cover with which you can drape flower, bush, or shrub. Use a Bostitch staple gun to fasten a wood frame together, and then staple the burlap to it. The protective cover will remain strong and permanent throughout the winter. Just remove it next spring and find a healthy plant which has weathered the cold season.

YOU'VE probably been faced with the ancient handy-man problem of how to convert a bench vise to hold a round, oval, or irregular shape.

The American Machinery Company has come up with a new vise which will hold any shape in a firm grip for grinding, drilling, sanding, filing, and any other workshop operation. It's based on a principle of movable jaws. In operation, you merely insert the work piece between the vise jaws in the normal manner. As the vise closes, movable fingers match the contour of the object, gripping the smallest diameter as well as the largest.

When the work is finished, just remove the piece. The aligning lever returns the movable fingers to a straight-sided position. You can hold flat or straight-sided pieces more firmly than in a standard vise because of serrated facing on the fingers. This convenient item costs \$29.95.

EVERY year, regular as the rains, our cellar used to flood when I was a kid. My dad dug excavations outside the walls, tarred the surface with waterproof compounds, painted the inner surface of wall and floor—and still, we had a lake each winter.

Today, there's no need for spending your winters over a facsimile of the Atlantic Ocean. Epoxy is the magic answer. It's a powerful sealant which, applied to floor and walls, will give permanent waterproofing. Epoxy comes in two separate parts: a resin and a reactor. You mix these thoroughly, apply the mixture to the surface to be waterproofed, and the epoxy bonds chemically with the material. It will withstand tremendous pressure—up to two tons per square foot. A quart will cover forty square feet.

Incidentally, epoxy works on other surfaces, too. You can use it to surface the hull of your boat, to repair leaks in your swimming pool, to fix holes in tank lining and to join similar or dissimilar materials in a permanent

bond. Epoxy works on wood, metal, masonry, marble, glass or even plastic.

AS THE weather gets colder outside, and your heating plant works harder, the fire hazard in your home actually increases. The biggest danger is not the damage fire does, but the fact that it can sneak up on you in your sleep.

Various home fire-alarm systems have been devised, but one of the most ingenious yet is "Gardsman" Alarm, manufactured by Gulton Industries. You simply plug it permanently into a convenience outlet. It draws very little power; one cent a month will pay for it. Equipped with nickel-cadmium batteries, it constantly recharges itself. In case of fire, when the room heats up to 126 degrees or more, "Gardsman" begins to squeal loudly, warning you to wake up and investigate. The beauty of it is, it will work even if electric power has been cut off. Costs \$6.95.

EVER think of building your own "sound room"? With the big advances in stereophonic sound and the fidelity of recording generally, it has become quite the thing to devote a separate room in the home to the enjoyment of records, tapes and FM radio. The sound room is today's counterpart of the old-fashioned music room which graced so many American homes at the century's turn, complete with player piano, victrola and sheet music.

With modern sound equipment, a small room will do just as well as a large one, particularly with the addition of an acoustical tile ceiling, which gives almost perfect fidelity. You can install ceiling tile either with adhesive applied with a brush, or with furring strips and staples.

On the floors, you'll need carpet to deaden the bounce and distortion of sound. Scatter rugs make fine deadeners. On one wall hang a full drape, with regular curtains on windows.

Turntables, amplifiers, tuners, speakers, tape decks and radios are all up to your own personal taste. You can get pre-amplifiers, amplifiers, tuners, turntables, and so on in kit form and put them together yourself. Then you can build cabinets in which to put the components. You will get better sound from your speakers if you build your own enclosures, too.

If you don't want to go into all that, you can always pick up a ready-made deal. Wollensak makes a "1980 Sound Room" outfit, specifically designed for just such a listening room. It includes a four-track stereo, record, and play-back facilities.

Amplifiers, pre-amps and tuners can go inside cabinets, but you must position your speakers along the room's short wall, at ear-level height—eight to ten feet apart in a small room, farther apart in a larger room.

Use mahogany- or wainut-veneer plywood for shelving or cabinets. Center the storage unit between the speakers. You can even add a small piano or electric organ in the room if you wish. Then put on some music and settle back. Sound good? Of course it does! ●



SLICK!

That's the new Remington 512-X... in both looks and action. Traditional steel and walnut construction adds up to beauty, accuracy, reliability. Butter-smooth bolt shucks in short, long and long rifle 22's interchangeably. Tubular model (shown above), \$41.95.* Clip model, \$38.95.* Single shot model, \$26.95.*

Remington. DU PONT

Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. 06602. In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited, 36 Queen Elizabeth Blvd., Toronto, Ont. *Fair Trade retail prices in states having Fair Trade laws. Prices subject to change without notice.

Of all the glasses
that will be filled tonight,
more will hold Seagram's
7 Crown than any other whiskey.
It's the sure one. The
taste is that impressive—
the satisfaction that complete.
Long drink or short, sweet
or sour.



Seagram's 7—The Sure One—never lets you down

how to make your first

\$1,000,000



HERE'S A FORTUNE IN GOLD FOR THE TAKING—IF YOU CAN WITHSTAND CANNIBAL INDIANS, POISONOUS SNAKES, PIRANHAS, CROCODILES, A KILLING CLIMATE AND MANY YEARS OF GRINDING MONOTONY ■

How much hell could you endure for a million dollars in gold? Would you be willing to live alone in a palm-thatched hut in the green hell of the Peruvian Rain Forest, where the only other human beings are savage Indians, so deadly that they would gladly kill you for a two-dollar machete or a string of glass beads? Could you live on nothing but fish and yucca, baked crocodile tail and an occasional tapir or deer? It would be one hell of a life, but at the end of that voluntary sentence, you would have a fortune in gold dust, which you could sell in Lima or the United States for thirty-six dollars an ounce, or, if you're good at smuggling and could get it out of the country, for seventy-two dollars an ounce in such places as Tangier or Israel.

I'm going to tell you exactly where to find your golden bonanza—I'll tell you of the trials and tribulations which lie between you and ultimate victory; of the many dangers you will face not only from the covetous and greedy Indians, all of whom are experts with their bows and arrows and blowguns, but (Continued on page 110)

BY KEN KRIPPENE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY THE AUTHOR

He was into the last twenty minutes of the four-to-midnight shift in the squad room at Precinct Four when Captain Louis Moreno put a call through to him. Moreno sounded old and tired and far away.

"Paul, you going to be relieved on schedule?"

"Looks that way. It's a quiet night out this way."

"Suppose you stop by my place as soon as you can. Okay?"

Something in Moreno's voice alerted him. "What's up, Captain?" he asked.

"You just stop by, Paul," Moreno told him, and hung up.

COP. PROBE

A half an hour later, Detective Sergeant Paul Deever walked into Louis Moreno's small, familiar, shabby bachelor apartment. "No protocol, boy," Moreno said. "Here's your beer. Sit down."

Moreno wore a frayed blue bathrobe, scuffed slippers. He was a smallish, heavy, balding man with blue pouches of fatigue and overwork under shrewd, brown eyes.

Deever sat down and said, "You weren't just feeling sociable by any chance, Captain."

"No, Sergeant. And this is the one place in the world you call me Louis, (Continued on page 112)

- **Mix politics and police, and the result is poison**

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD
ILLUSTRATED BY DARREL GREENE





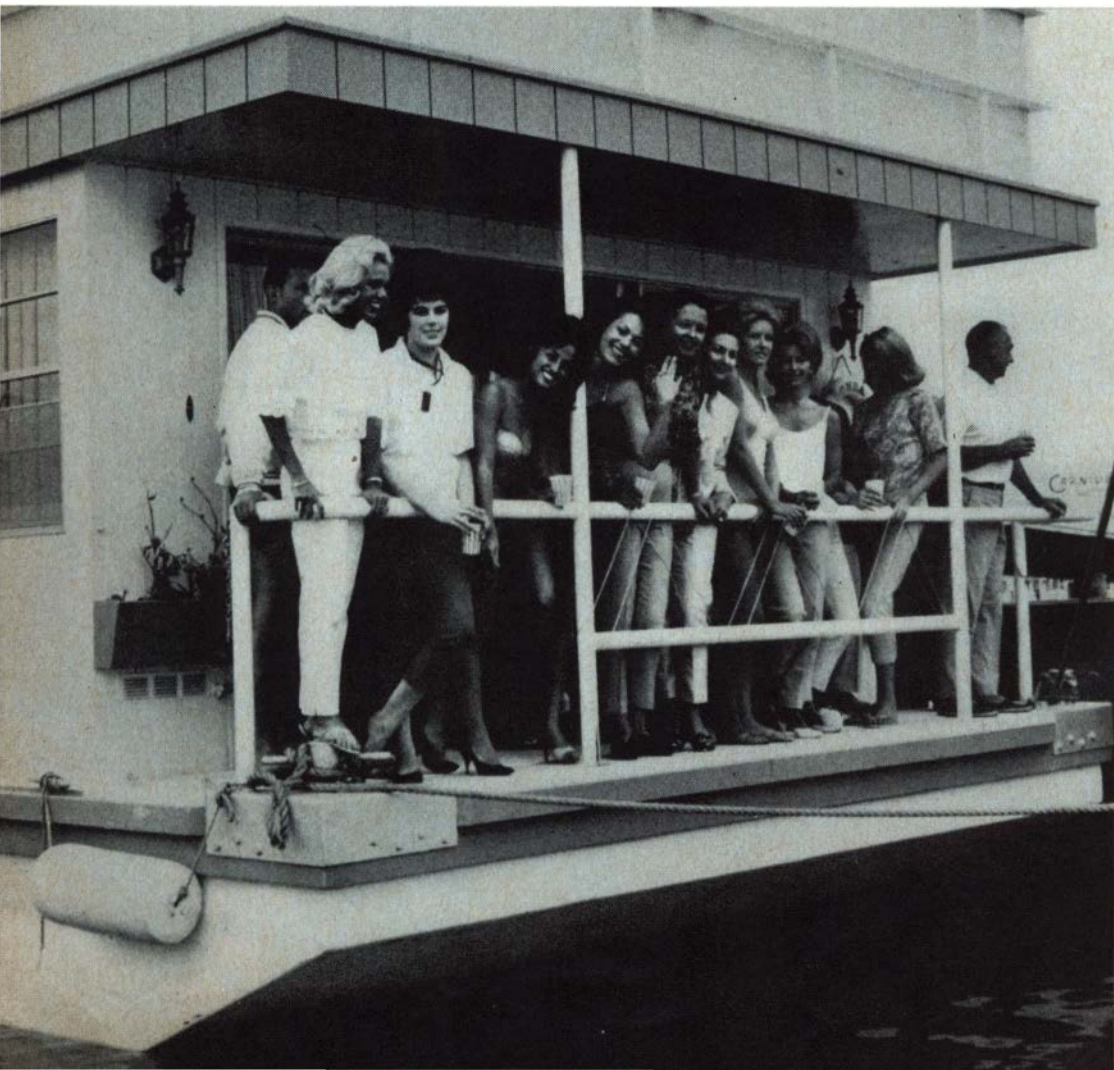
HOW TO GET A HOUSEBOAT -ALMOST FREE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY
LYNN PELHAM AND WALTER OSBORNE

With this ingenious system, you can own a new houseboat, use it when you wish, and get someone else to pay for it □ Those of you who have watched the “Surfside 6” television show will probably see a lot of similarities in the houseboat pictured on these pages. Actually, it is a direct descendant of the TV model. And quite a success story, at that.

The TV craft started out on the New England coast as a pleasure boat—and a really expensive one. After sitting in the Hampton Bays, Long Island, canal for a couple of years, with no one even nibbling at buying her, the owners decided to move her down to Miami where the money is—and, hopefully, a buyer.

As luck would have it, the boat arrived in Florida at the same time as the advance



◀ *Hull is typical barge construction, strong and straightforward.*

Houseboats have no propulsion system, are moved by tugboat. ▶



HOW TO GET A HOUSEBOAT *continued*

scouts for the TV show. Large sums of money changed hands, plus a guarantee of royalties for each show filmed on board. And thus was born the Surfside 6 Floating Homes Company, using the money from the TV show—and its name.

Since that day, the company has built houseboats of all types and sizes. One looked like a Chinese pagoda. But for 1965, they will concentrate on three sizes; 16 by 44 feet, 20 by 52 feet, and 24 by 60 feet. Prices are about what you would pay for a similar land-based home—but this is where the interesting part comes in.

The demand in Florida for houseboat rentals far surpasses the number of boats available. So, quite simply, you rent your houseboat when you are not using it. The fees you get should easily cover the mortgage payments and your other expenses, leaving you the owner of a boat that someone else paid for.

Surfside 6 will finance you, if you wish. Their terms are twenty-five per cent down and the rest to be paid over a seven-year period. Or you can use your own bank, if you prefer.

Dock space in Florida for these boats runs from \$200



Some models have a sloping roof and a flat one over the veranda. Even with this arrangement, there is ample outdoor space.

Exterior of boat is almost maintenance-free, since outer covering is fiberglass. ▶

Three of these houseboats have been purchased as floating Coast Guard stations.



It may be afloat, but this is a full-size kitchen with regular home appliances.



Usable space is almost double hull size, since flat roof is an outdoor terrace.





Colonies of these boats are moored in Miami waterways, especially in canal at Miami Beach and Fort Lauderdale. The Sunfish, successor to the Sailfish, popular one-design sailboat, makes fine complement to big, floating home.





HOW TO GET A HOUSEBOAT *continued*

to \$800 a year, and you will, of course, want both marine insurance and liability insurance.

At any rate, once you've added up these figures, you'll know what your total yearly costs are going to be and consequently how much rent to charge.

Finding tenants can be handled in a number of ways. You can be your own agent, provided that you live close enough to check the boat periodically and always after it has been used. Incidentally, this company is working on a system of building these boats in two pieces that can be trailed down the highway and then assembled where desired.

If you don't live nearby, you can make a deal with the marina operator to act as your agent (usually they take a pretty big cut) or you can use a regular real estate agent.

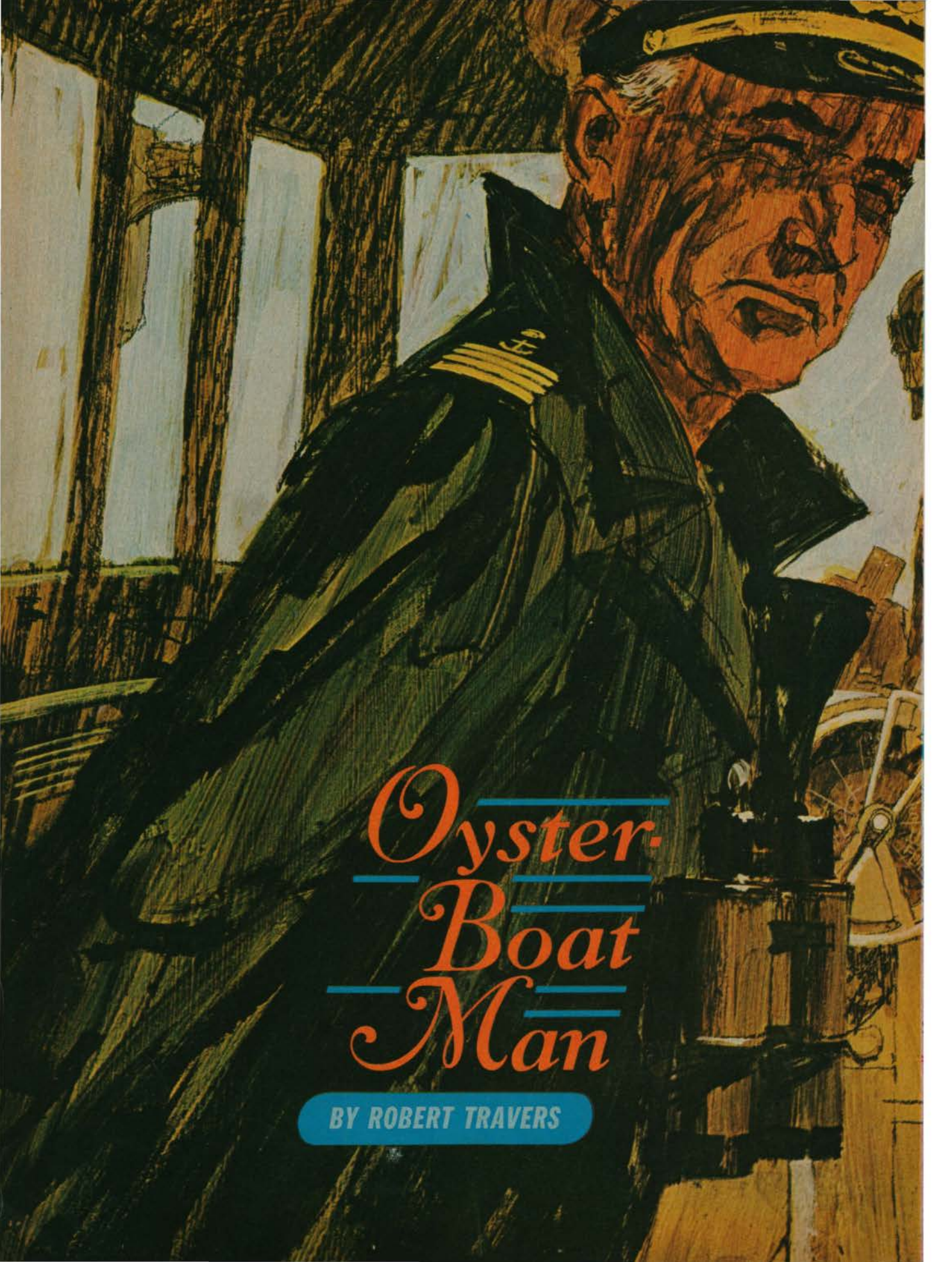
Whichever system you use, you are going to have to tread a fairly fine line on your rental price. On the one hand, you want to make it as low as possible so that it is attractive. But on the other hand you can't figure on a rental 100 per cent of the time, so your charge must be high enough to allow for periods when the boat is empty, and still make up your total for the year. Best bet here is to discuss the problem with a rental agent.

As to the construction of the houseboat, it is just about identical to actual house construction. Aside from normal kitchen gear, there is a freezer and exhaust fan. Also central heating and air-conditioning are standard.

For more details write: Surfside 6 Floating Homes, 2000 S.W. 20th Street, Fort Lauderdale, Florida. • •

The combination of sunning space above deck and the comforts of a floating palace below is irresistible. You'll certainly be surprised at how popular you suddenly become as landlord of this comfortable vessel.





*Oyster-
Boat
Man*

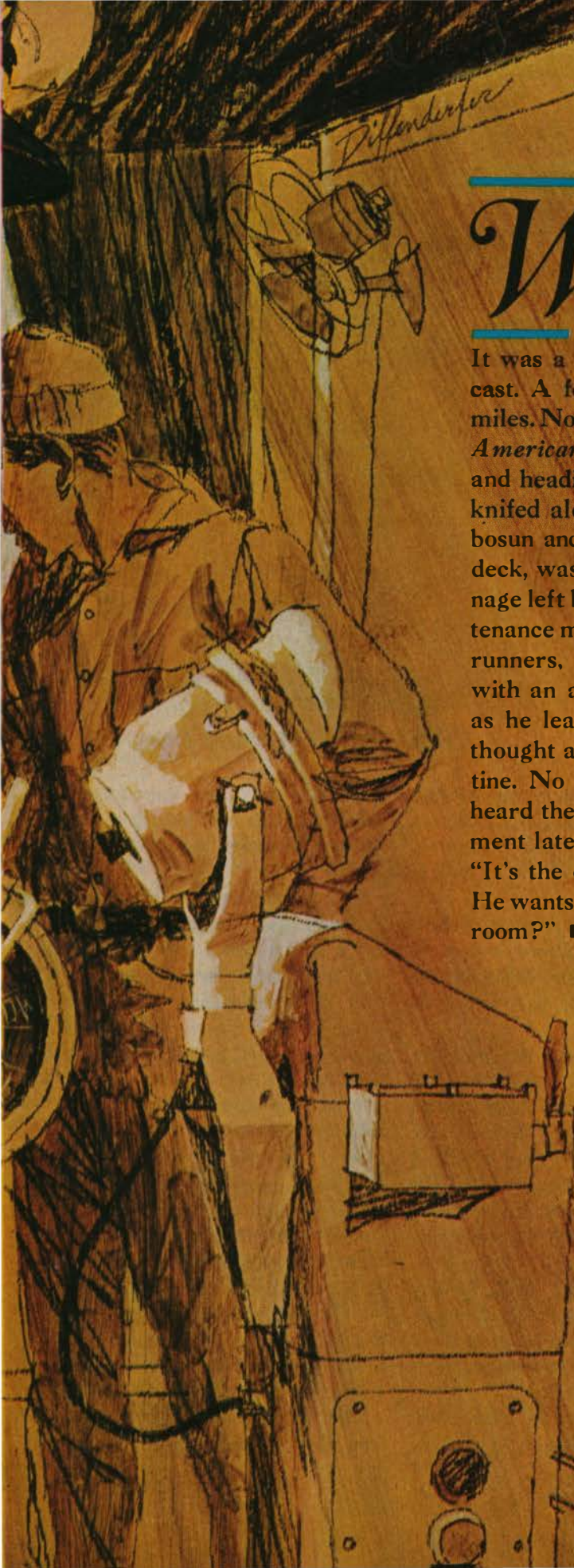
BY ROBERT TRAVERS

Diffenderfer

When the bridge phone rang, Captain Hutchinson was out on the port wing drinking his morning coffee and, past the rim of the cup, watching the smooth-backed seas moving in against the bow. It was a North Atlantic morning. Hazy and overcast. A force-four breeze. Visibility less than five miles. Not bad weather, though—not for March. The *American Pride* had passed Bishop Rock at midnight, and heading westerly for home, for New York, she knifed along at better than eighteen knots. ■ The bosun and one of the ABs were hosing off the main deck, washing away the rubbish and chunks of dunnage left by the stevedores at Southampton. A maintenance man slopped fish oil over the coiled-up winch runners, and an ordinary seaman headed forward with an armload of turnbuckles. Observing all this as he leaned against the wind screen, the captain thought ahead to eight easy days of shipboard routine. No problems. Plenty of sleep. And... ■ He heard the fourth mate talking into the phone. A moment later the mate was at the wheelhouse door. ■ "It's the engine room, Cap'n," he said. "The chief. He wants to talk to you." ■ "The chief? In the engine room?" ■ On merchant (Continued on page 96)

The life of a skipper was one constant battle with the ship he ran, the elements he sailed through, and worst of all, the owners who sat on shore and told him how to do it better

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD DIFFENDERFER



THE BATTLE FOR MCCRACKEN MESA

BY FRANK A. TINKER

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU GLANZMAN

“SHOOT THEIR HORSES,
BURN THEIR HOGANS,
ROUGH UP THEIR WOMEN—
THAT’S THE WAY TO GET RID OF
THOSE SHEEP-HERDING NAVAHOS!”

Violence hung like an ugly pall over the desert, invading its quiet arroyos and infecting the ominously restive group of men gathered beside the dry wash of the San Juan.

His face shadowed deeply by firelight, a lanky lawyer swallowed hard at the enormity of his sudden assignment and tried to find the key faces beyond the flames’ arc.

“Violence and rifles,” Milt Oman told the invisible Navaho encampment, “are not the way any more. This is nineteen fifty-two; the old days are gone. You can’t ride into town now and try to plug the ones who have done you harm. This would mean that others who have nothing to do with it would get hurt—women, kids, bystanders.”

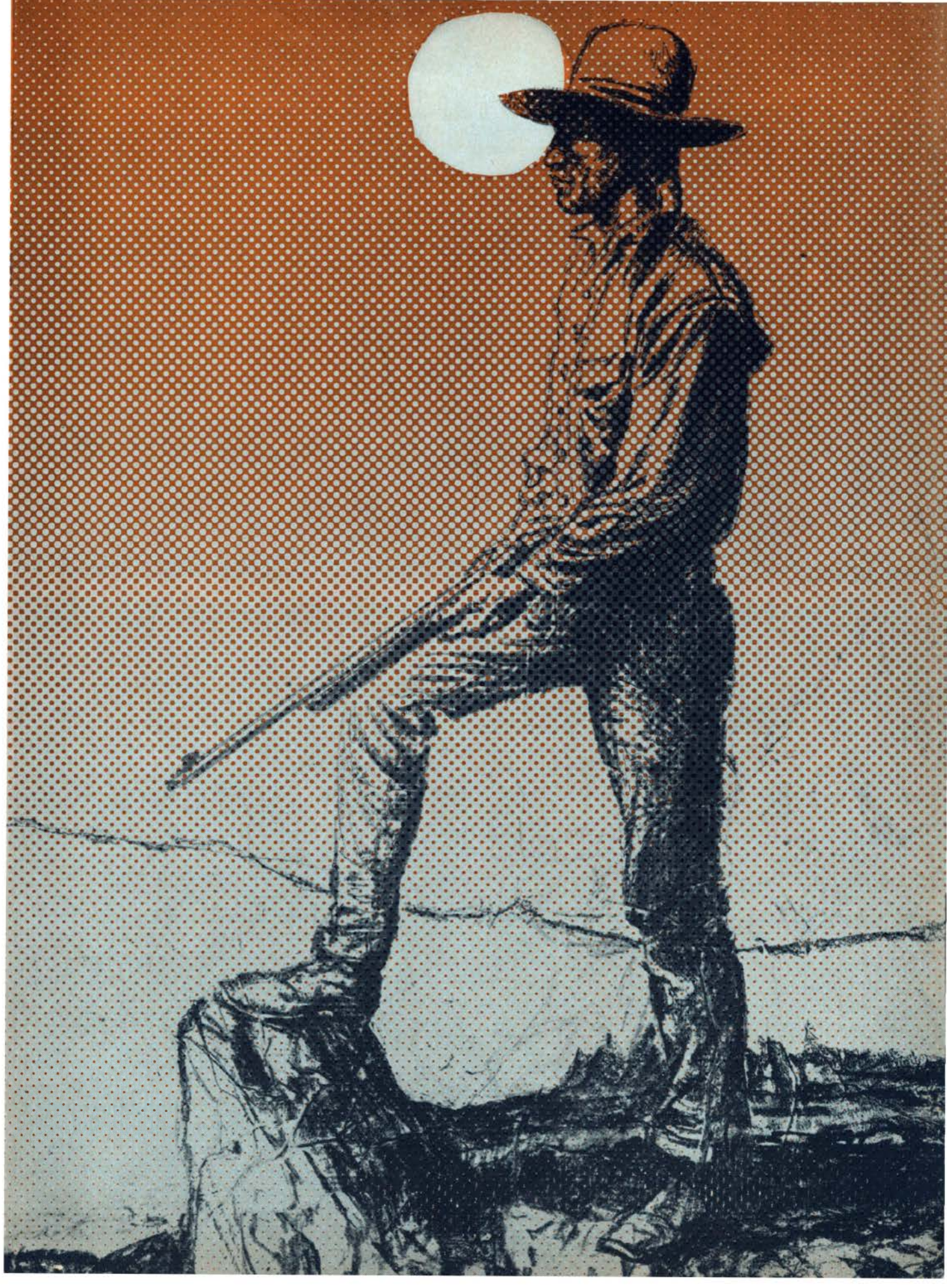
But across the fires, there was only silence, broken by mutterings of dissent. Young men interpreted his words to elders, but few gave any sign of understanding, none of yielding.

“Remember, you’re the losers. Shoot anyone—that is, anyone on the other side

—and they can bring a National Guard and planes down here and run you off the mesa for damned sure. And forever. You can see this.”

But if they did, the maverick families of McCracken Mesa whom he faced seemed not to care at all. In their deceptively calm countenances, there was just that twist of frustration and anger which spelled trouble to anyone who knew the Navaho well. What kind of trouble? As Oman had indicated, any idea of a raid with horses or pickups or whatever had been left to them would be sheer folly nowadays, but this did not necessarily mean that it would not be tried. Among those who muttered were some who wanted to take the rifles, head for town immediately and search out the offenders, no matter that others would suffer or that the rifles had not spoken out for justice in this country since the century’s turn.

Seeing the determination and bitterness in these dark faces, knowing what had brought them here, one could easily believe that the Southwest teetered at the





THE BATTLE FOR McCracken MESA CONTINUED

brink of a full-scale Indian raid which might set the already touchy relations between desert Navaho and surrounding America back to Kit Carson days. How, in this enlightened era, could such a situation have arisen? How, indeed?

It was a dead-hot evening in the desert's July, and along a jagged wash which scissored southeastern Utah's McCracken Mesa, an elderly Indian turned the family horses out of a small corral. Hosteen Sakeezie, whose clan has used this range "all the days that we know," watched them wander south and climb the path to high ground. Indian ages are not kept precisely, but Sakeezie's old back and eye are still straight, his strength and savvy still able to feed the several families which, by tribal custom, have crowded into his hogan.

Night, he reckoned, was the only safe time to let stock forage these days.

But the next morning, before daybreak, a lad was sent out from the smoky hogan where fry bread was simmering over a

mesquite fire. In ten minutes, he was back, running, breathless with what means tragedy to a Navaho.

"Our horses!" he cried. "They're gone! A truck has taken the horses!"

Hosteen Sakeezie rose quietly, swiftly, and climbed the hill himself. The boy was maddeningly right. But the tracks told much more. A rider, they said, had watched from the bluff overlooking this wash as Hosteen turned the horses out to graze the evening before, then had gone to fetch the truck which was waiting nearby. And this truck was no ordinary thief, either.

It was Government.

Further, the rider directing this banditry, as any mesa Indian could tell from the shod hoofprints, was Whitey Daw, local range agent of the U.S. Bureau of Land Management.

By true sunup, Hosteen had borrowed a pickup from another camp along the wash and, with Sam Chee, Tom Jones, and his granddaughter Bossy, followed the truck carrying their horses to a Government corral near the town of Blanding.

They arrived as their animals were being prodded aboard a large van.

"Where you taking our horses?" the Navaho asked, standing as tall as possible in their broad hats and bluejeans.

One of the men jumped into a car, after a quick look into the Indian faces, and raced toward town.

"They're abandoned horses," Daw told the Navaho. "Had no business on that range. We're shipping 'em to Provo for dog feed."

Dog feed! Navaho are slow to anger by nature and training. Boys from the tribe, sent into town schools, rarely fight, partly for aforementioned reasons and partly because they know that fighting the other side here has been useless since the days of their grandfathers.

But now, it seemed time for anger. The three men protested vigorously. These horses were not abandoned, as the BLM agents well knew. Some of them were even branded; all of them were needed.

As the argument grew and Indian blood warmed, the man who had scuttled for town returned. Following was a car loaded with other honest citizens. They all



THE McCracken MESA NAVAHOS ENCAMPED OUTSIDE UTAH'S CAPITAL CITY. THEY FINALLY WON THEIR LAWSUIT, BUT WERE POORLY PAID.

carried rifles. Jumping out, they worked the levers of their weapons loudly and significantly. Just out hunting, they grinned, but even the Navaho knew that no game season was open.

Unarmed, Sakeezie and the others from his family nevertheless pressed their hopeless attempt to regain the horses. The dangerous fuse was well lit, and Bossy Sakeezie, woman-wise, smelled its acrid burning. Jumping into the fray, she pleaded with her men to remember, just remember, what had happened in this county during the last few years.

At first, they ignored her, but finally, faced with a certain defeat, they brushed her roughly aside and turned back to the pickups. Then they drove away across the ruined desert, back to an empty corral and a saddened hogan. Bossy rode in the rear, as was proper, and gave silent thanks. The dust of their passage left a long feather lying across the horizon and, when it had fallen, the horses on which the very life of Hosteen Sakeezie's families might depend were trucked 350 miles over the mountains and sold for two cents a pound.

Dog feed, as Whitey Daw had said!

Outrageous? Perhaps, but certainly nothing new. Since the arrival of stockmen along the San Juan in 1870, they had driven the clans of Sakeezie, little by little, back onto the established reservation south of the river or into the most remote and roadless areas. One of these was McCracken Mesa. Men here still wear their hair in long braids, and their eyes are reddened by wood smoke in rock-and-log hogans. Wealth has always been measured in silver, horses and sheep. Tribal taboos against water-dwelling creatures, death in any form, and a hundred other evils are well observed. Having been visited by representatives of Government and the world beyond their mesa, this small band of offshoot Navaho want as little as possible to do with them.

But see how easily this is understood. In 1934, the New Deal and its Taylor Grazing Act somehow turned all their home desert into a federal grazing district. Summer range here is precious. The only persons who appeared eligible by residence for grazing rights under this Act were Hosteen and his clan, but when the

handout was completed, three-fourths of this "free range" had been allotted to outside stockmen. And at that moment, a final showdown over McCracken Mesa became inevitable, the bank presidents, Government and Mormon bishops on one side, a lonely band of desert Navaho on the other. For this law was ruthless; it said that the cattlemen alone had the right to run animals over the mesa and its draws, along Recapture Wash and Montezuma Creek—places which Sakeezie, Slim of the Mexican Clan, Naughty Girl, Nakai Dinee and others called home, just as their families had always done.

And the battle began immediately. Jim and Bill Hatahli, none of whose families could even read the law, said, "We were run out of Horse Canyon by stockmen. But every year since then, we run sheep on Cajon Mesa."

Carson Seek said, "Then the stockmen ran me and my mother out of McCracken Wash. We just moved around the place; we never left it. Sometimes I go out to work and leave my wife near her sister on the Aneth."

An eighty- (Continued on page 89)



going to the dogs made easy

HERE ARE THE EXCLUSIVE HIGHLIGHTS
FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK,
"WATER DOG," BY AMERICA'S MOST
POPULAR DOG EXPERT, DICK WOLTERS

by gene hill

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY WALTER OSBORN

OCTOBER, 1964

■ When a black cat crosses your path, it's supposed to mean bad luck. But when a black Labrador retriever crosses your path, closely followed by Dick Wolters, then smile!

I have crossed dog-training paths with Dick Wolters before. Or, you might say, crossed leashes. He is the author of "Gun Dog" and "Family Dog" and I had the dubious task of correcting his grammar and spelling in both books—a job I undertook on the basis of certain brands of bourbon being close at hand. When Dick was deep in "Water Dog,"* his upcoming book on retriever training, I entered the scene with not only glass in hand, but with my black Labrador bitch, Patricia's Tipperary, in tow. The idea being, more or less, that as Wolters wrote, so would I train. Now, most how-to-do-it authors would shrink from such actual proof-of-the-pudding confrontations as they would from an offer of lemonade. But not our hero, Richard A. Wolters!

So, for the next few months, Dick and I and our Labs argued, trained, hunted and field-trialed. Aside from his embarrassment at my vastly superior wing-shooting, few men have enjoyed one another's company more. If the dogs enjoyed it any less—and I doubt it—it is only because Wolters is too cheap to offer them a drop of Virginia Gentleman. (He is also too cheap to offer me one, but this was a part of our bargain. (Continued on page 118)

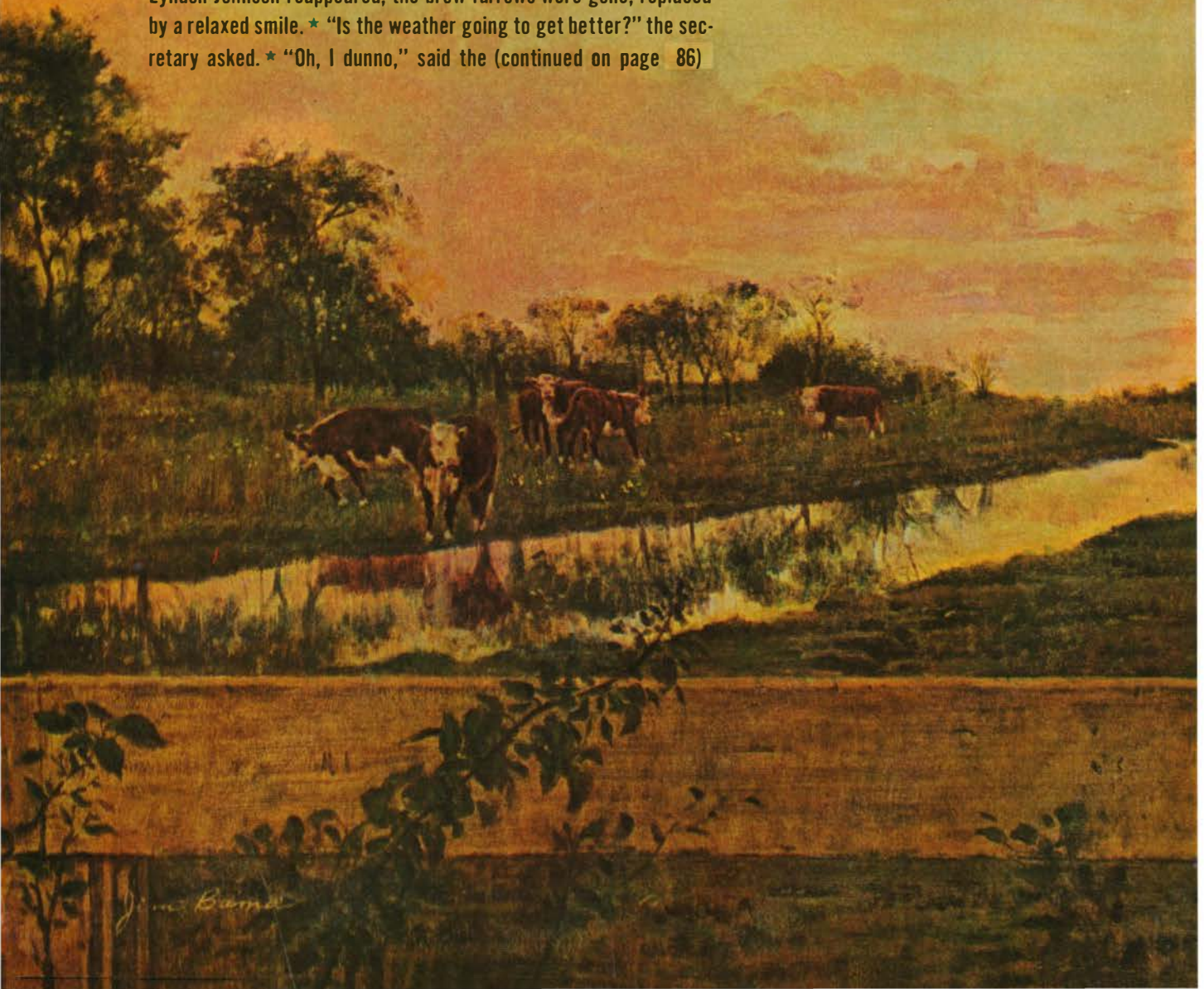
*Published by E. P. Dutton



OUTDOOR SPORTSMAN

He's a crack shot, a fine horseman, a no-nonsense angler, and he knows every blade of grass in the hill country of Texas

Air Force 1, the presidential jet, was wallowing through heavy weather. Lightning split the clouds and reflected from the polished wing surface. ★ The tall, slightly hunched President of the United States arose, bracing himself against the lunges of the plane, and looked out the window at the black mass of clouds. He continued dictating to the secretary and conferring with the aide beside him, but his expression was worried, the familiar brow furrowed with concern. ★ Then he walked forward into the pilot's compartment. The secretary whispered to the aide, obviously frightened. ★ When Lyndon Johnson reappeared, the brow furrows were gone, replaced by a relaxed smile. ★ "Is the weather going to get better?" the secretary asked. ★ "Oh, I dunno," said the (continued on page 86)



BY BOB BRISTER

Illustrated by Jim Bama





BY PETE KUHLHOFF

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE RODGER

Won't smoking that cigarette spook any deer that are around here?" I wanted to know. "Well," said my senior-citizen-type companion—he was at least thirty-five years old—"I sure believe you have already chased every single one of them out of the country."

At the time, I was fifteen. Already I had taken a black bear and a couple of whitetails and considered myself quite a Daniel Boone. Yet I really was excited and jumped at the chance to prove myself a good hunter when this "old man" invited me to go deer hunting with him out in Southwest Texas. A friend of the family, he was the most famous shooter and hunter in the area. My family lived in Oklahoma, but were visiting in Brownwood, Texas, during Christmas vacation.

Early that morning, the "oldster" and I had stowed our gear in his well used touring car and headed for his favorite hunting grounds—as I recall, a distance of about 150 miles. It was tough going and we arrived in late afternoon, planning to camp several days in the midst of a huge area lying west of Austin and San Antonio, known locally as the Hill Country.

When everything was shipshape, we cradled our rifles and started for a look-see around the country. I had the reputation of being a tireless walker and was considered a fair high-school cross-country runner. So I took off in high gear, anxious to find a whitetail, with my old-timer friend sort of strolling along in my wake. After stopping several times to examine deer sign and to wait for him to catch up, we came to a small arroyo, which we were to cross. After sliding down the steep side of the gulch, my companion said, "Whups!"

He pulled a bag of makin's from his shirt pocket and proceeded to roll a cigarette. After a couple of puffs, he drawled, "If yo're tryin' to catch one of them durned jack rabbits barehanded, the chances are you won't quite make it."

I was a little miffed. More in self-defense than anything else, I put the query to him about smok-

ing—and he came back with the biz about me scare-birding the deer.

He finished his smoke and said, "Let's head for camp and chuck."

With me being a bit sulky, not much was said on the way back. Nor was there much conversation while we devoured our bacon and beans.

Finally, he sopped his tin plate with a hunk of bread and said, "I know deer are scarce up in your part of the country, and maybe you can surprise-jump one and get a quick shot once in a while by going helter-skelter through the blackjack. But that's no way to hunt."

He built a smoke and continued. "I also know that you go shoot-running jack rabbits with your twenty-two. You miss a lot, cripple some. Remember this: Never shoot at running deer! Not even as a last chance. Actually, there ain't no such thing as a last chance. If you can find a deer once, you can find one again. Don't get hasty."

We spread our bedrolls. As we crawled into them, he said, "We get out early and I want you to do exactly what I tell you. We eat later."

This may not be word for word as it happened, but it's almost exact. I still have a vivid mental picture of the happenings during those several days. This was about my first real lesson in big-game hunting.

It seemed that my eyes were scarcely closed before I was nudged into wakefulness. We loaded our rifles, his a .30-30, mine a hand-me-down .38-55, and left camp in the pre-dawn chill. After walking for about fifteen minutes, he stopped and said, "See that clump just this side of the small cut? I want you to hunt in that direction and take a good half hour to get there. Take a couple of steps and look at everything, then take a couple more and look. There's no breeze to worry about carrying our scent. And," he went on, "don't let anything in that direction see you. Don't shoot at anything further away than that bunch of stickers." He pointed at some cactus growing (Continued on page 84)





Cox's bow was a sixty-pounder of laminated glass and maple. His son carried a .375 H&H Magnum.

The Old Man & the Tiger

by John Tassos
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

Here's a beast who can run forty mph, jump fences with an 800-pound cow in his jaws. Could a sixty-two-year-old man bring him down with just a bow and arrow?

The tiger is the most cunning, most agile and, by far, the strongest cat on the face of the earth. It's almost absurd to think of bringing one down with a bow and arrow, and many archery experts claim that it simply cannot be done.

But recently, the experts were proved wrong by John Joseph Cox, a sandy-haired, sixty-two-year-old wholesale butcher, who traveled 10,000 miles to the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains on a quest to prove that an old man, armed with only a primitive weapon, could be more than a match for this ferocious feline.

I didn't think he could do it. Tigers are thin-skinned enough to be vulnerable to arrows, but on the run, they are forty-mph swift, and when you have to lead a running tiger for a kill shot in thick lantana



▲ Old man Cox in machan with professional hunter Rajah Shamshir. No tiger showed on this particular beat.



▼ Here comes the kill. Cox is about to shoot, but tiger can not yet be seen, due to extremely dense underbrush.

▲ Cox gets some last-minute instructions from Shamshir before climbing up to take his position for the shoot.





The Old Man & The Tiger *continued*





Hit, the tiger streaks frantically across the clearing and back into the brush, kicking up great clouds of dust as it swiftly goes.

jungle growth, which never affords you more than a few feet of absolute clearing, you're up against an impossible task.

Cox's son, John Adam, a recent graduate of the University of Pennsylvania School of Architecture, accompanied us. John had shot deer and bear with a 30.06, but this was about the limit of his hunting expertise. He had a great deal of faith in his father, though.

Bow-and-arrow buffs have had excellent success with most types of North American game, and some have done well with plains game in Africa. Even elephants have been brought down with the bow. But some animals are too thick-hided. I remember, for instance, watching Dick Griffith try for a Cape buffalo with a sixty-five-pound recurved bow. It was useless. The arrows bounced harmlessly off the animal's thick pelt.

Just what sort of beast had old

man Cox set his feathered sights on? The tiger is a supreme and regal creature, the largest of the cat family. Full-grown he can reach a weight of over 500 pounds. The biggest males are found in Burma. These babies often measure over eleven feet, including their three-foot tail. All tigers were probably snow-country animals originally, and in Siberia and the upper Himalayas, there are still snow tigers with long, heavily tufted fur quite unlike the thin fur of their tropical cousins. Today's tiger is directly descended from the prehistoric saber-toothed tiger, a much larger and heavier animal that gets its name from its six-inch fangs. The saber-tooth could open its jaws to a ninety-degree gape and was capable of killing anything up to, and including, the giant mastodons.

Tigers are noiseless and stealthy in the jungle and can move their bulk almost effortlessly through the thickest underbrush. Though fierce

when cornered, they are almost friendly when not threatened. Rajah H.C.R. Singh of Kashipur tells of a tigress sitting by the side of the road who was picked up by the headlights of a jeep full of hunters. The jeep stopped twenty feet from her. She stared for several minutes, then picked herself up and casually moved fifty yards down the road. The jeep followed and stopped again. The tigress got up, yawned at the hunters, and disappeared into the jungle.

Our *shikar* (Indian equivalent of safari) camp was thirty miles from the village of Ramnagar. Actually, the word camp is misleading. We were in a stone and stucco house, surrounded by a stone wall and a profuse garden of red, orange and pink wild flowers. But once the elephants started entering the compound each morning to take us to the hunting grounds, the flowers were trampled to a messy pulp.

Our *shikar* hunters were all sea-

soned professionals, familiar since early childhood with the habits of the tiger, experts in "reading" the jungle for game tracks and in the handling of elephants, the only beasts of burden that can penetrate the dense, unfriendly underbrush. The lead elephant on our trip, Dhut Dhut (meaning "go back" in English) was still in service after seventy years of tiger beats.

At the outset, the *shikar* hunters were defiantly against letting Cox shoot a tiger with a bow and arrow. An arrow, they said, did not have the power to stop a charging tiger, and could only wound him, thus creating a potential man-eater. When tigers are incapable of attacking calves, goats and cows, they will carry off human beings from villages or attack forest people as they gather wood. (Continued on page 103)



◀ *Tiger was carried from jungle by elephant, then transferred to trailer hitched behind jeep.*

The beast was a 400-pound female, measured nine feet, one inch from nose to tail, a fine specimen. ▶

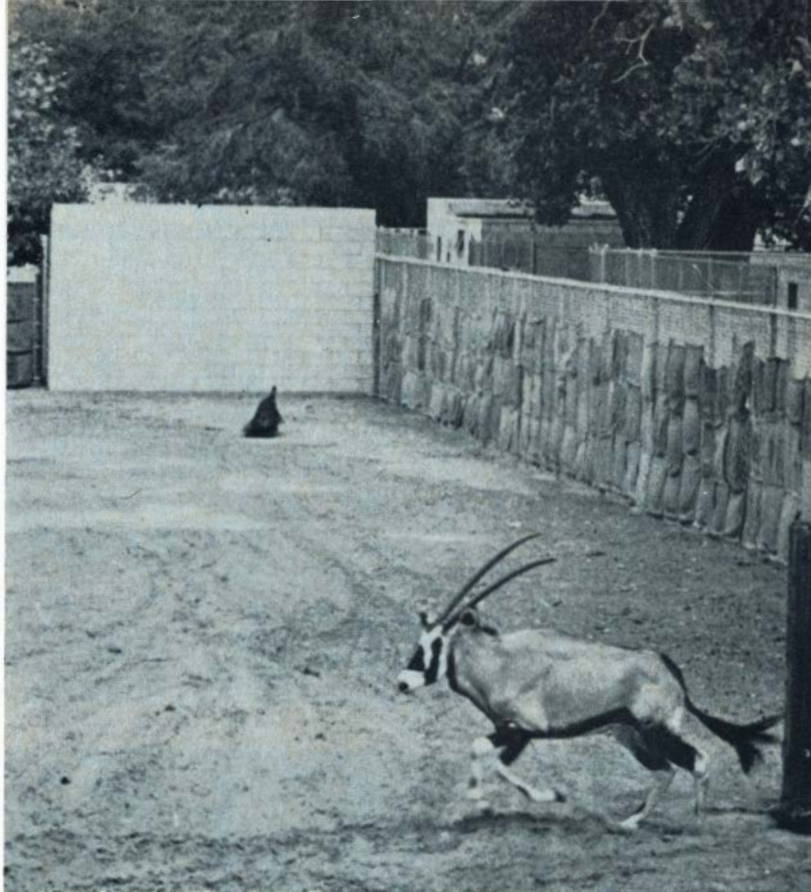
Final tableau portrait of hunt. Note the weeds growing profusely all around—wild marijuana. ▶



by Robert M. Hyatt

Photos Courtesy of New Mexico Game and Fish Commission

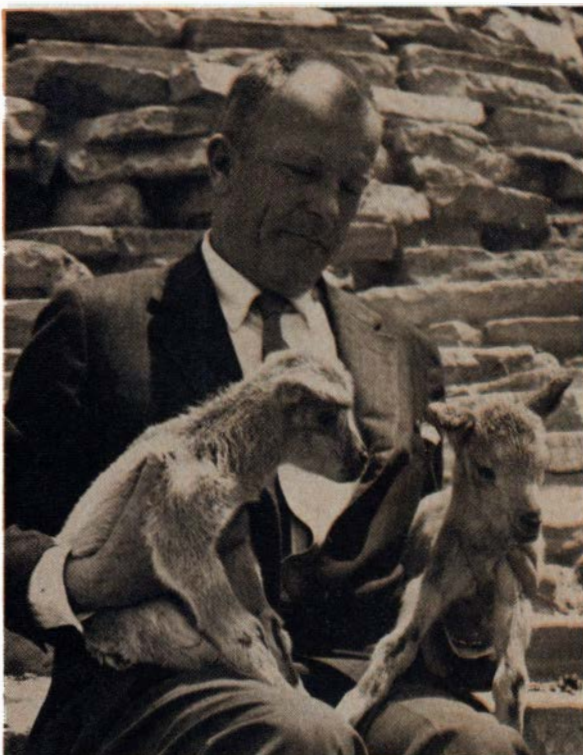
Kill-happy tribesmen are threatening African wild life with extinction. Here's one possible answer to the problem—transplanting the herds to America



AFRICA, U.S.A.

A belt of sparsely settled desert and mountain country that stretches across the American Southwest may one day be known as the African Strip. It will be a place where cameramen and hunters with a yen to bag such exotic game as kudu, oryx and ibex will be able to go on safari with every assurance of success. They'll have to wait a few years for a hunting license, but by then African safaris will probably have become a memory anyway, if the wanton destruction of wild life in that country continues.

That our Southwest may eventually be the only spot on earth where African game can be shot will be dismal news to white *bwana* safari hunters, but it should be good news to those unable to afford such costly junkets. The fact is inescapable that many African herds are facing extinction, and a group of realists in New Mexico are doing something about the situation. They are planning to create a huge game park in the United States, where several trophy species of African game will (Continued on page 78)



Dr. Frank C. Hibben and first members of future ibex herd.



African oryx being released from crates. Their young will one day populate the new Southwestern game preserve. This Barbary sheep was photographed in the rugged Canadian River Canyon, New Mexico. Note long mane and chaps.





PM: DAVIS

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR
BOURBON



Do you know what caused the Louisiana Purchase, won the Civil War, inspired Danil Webster's speeches? Bourbon, that's what!

"Whiskey is for Patriots"—a fine sentiment expressed many years ago by Bernard de Voto, a great connoisseur and historian of the drinking profession. He was talking about American whiskey of course—Bourbon. (It has now become so widely known that the dictionary drops the capital and calls it "bourbon.")

BY COLONEL (KENTUCKY) MILT MACHLIN
ILLUSTRATION BY PETER MAX

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Your car is starting hard, but it may not be your battery's fault. Is there any way to find out for sure?



sure

See the man who offers "Startability Service" . . . your United Delco dealer. You'll find us in over 40,000 automotive service places, of all kinds, throughout the country.

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It only takes a few minutes, and you'll feel so good when it's done — knowing that your car will be in top starting shape, all season long.

United Delco is: Delco Remy • Delco Batteries • Delco Rochester • Delco Packard • Delco Shock Absorbers • Delco Harrison • Delco Hyatt • Delco New Departure • Delco Guide • Delco Moraine • Delco Appliance • Delco Radio • United Delco Transmission Parts. UNITED MOTORS SERVICE, Division of General Motors

ARGOSY'S 1964 FOOTBALL ALL-AMERICANS

Selected by **TOM HARMON**, ace ABC sportscaster and all-time football great



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*best year yet
to go Ford!*

THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE MUSTANG 2+2



THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE FORD GALAXIE 500/LTD 4-DOOR HARDTOP

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Now two luxury cars—Galaxie 500/LTD 2-door and 4-door hardtops—join the sporty XL's. You *have* to see them. Never before has there been so much to see. New elegance. New luxury. New engineering features.

These are the smoothest, quietest-riding Fords ever. The body is completely new—and far stronger. Frame and suspension has been completely

changed—virtually isolating passengers from noise and road shock.

The Cool World: Now 3 Mustangs
A new fastback 2+2 has joined the Hardtop and Convertible in the Mustang stable. Like all Mustangs, 2+2 is low in price and includes such features as bucket seats, full carpeting and vinyl interiors.

New world of value: 1965 Fairlane
Bigger, distinctively beautiful—a far

better buy than ever! All-new styling, inside and out, new 200 cu. in. Six, 3-speed Cruise-O-Matic.

New world of economy: 1965 Falcon
With a 170 cu. in. Six and automatic transmission, Falcon now delivers up to 15% greater fuel economy. Other savings include: low, low Falcon prices, twice-a-year or 6,000-mile service schedule, and a battery-saving alternator. Take a test drive.



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Best year yet to go Ford
Test Drive
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MUSTANG · FALCON · FAIRLANE
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RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT
 THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY'S
 WONDER ROTUNDA—NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

It was the Princeton-Rutgers game and the action was furious. On the field, the scarlet colors of Rutgers were flying and the Princeton cheering section was screaming for a score.

Rutgers pulled the "sleeper play" and went on from there to score a victory.

Sound familiar?

Well, it shouldn't. You weren't there, and neither was I. Believe it or not, the scene I just described happened ninety-five years ago. It was the first football game ever played . . . between Princeton and Rutgers, on November 6, 1869, at New Brunswick, New Jersey.

At one point in the historic game, a Rutgers professor shrieked from the sidelines, "No good will ever come of this!" Waving his umbrella at the players, he warned, "Young men, you'll come to no Christian end!"

Yes, that was a long time ago. Obviously, things have changed greatly, even if football did have rooting sections, school colors and the sleeper play right from its very inception.

What it didn't have, of course, is the great tradition and spirit that have made the game so dear to the American public. Last year more than 22,000,000 spectators flocked to stadia around the nation to watch college football. Millions more tuned in on radio and television to get closer to a sport that has grown every single year of its existence.

The Rutgers professor turned out to be one of the worst prophets ever. Good certainly has come of the game. Football players have held the highest roles and performed the noblest tasks in the country. They've been President of the United States, justice of the Supreme Court, corporation presidents, doctors, lawyers, bankers and important participants in every facet of life.

Football has a firm grasp on the American public. Pro football has lately been called the number one spectator sport, and I can't argue with that. Baseball people may howl, but they'd love to hear the turnstiles sing and watch TV revenue pour in, the way pro football currently enjoys.

College football provides the raw material for the pros, so it can take a bow for this great popularity and support. The college game is destined for another big year in 1964. I've talked to scores of coaches and observers around the country in compiling this All-America team. On every hand, there's optimism for the future of the game. The sport never looked more solid, more robust, more popular.

As for the winners, that's another country—a far one. Texas surprised everyone last year by going undefeated. The experts didn't think that was possible any more. Well, the Longhorns did it once and they've got the stuff to repeat. Their only real loss was tackle Scott Appleton, a great player. More important, Darrell Royal has instilled the winning spirit at Texas, and that can be contagious.

Texas' team balance is shown in that not one of its players made this preview team. On the other hand, Illinois dominates the selections with four men. The Illini should be terrific this season, and Pete Elliott's team is my long-range pick for the national championship.

Pittsburgh will be very strong in the East, with strong competition coming from Navy. One National Football

League scout told me after watching Pitt's spring games: "I've never seen a college football team with such size as Pitt has. They're absolutely as big as a pro team."

At Navy, they think, with Roger Staubach and Pat Donnelly, that they've got the greatest one-two punch since Blanchard and Davis. That's heady talk, and if so, Wayne Hardin's gang could be the best in the nation.

In the always tough South, Alabama and Auburn will be very good, along with Mississippi. These three clubs annually seem to win places in the top ten, and when you play them, you're in for trouble.

Last year was supposedly the year of the quarterback. This year, 1964, should be even better. Staubach has the press clippings and the ability to back them up, but it's a real fight for survival. Picking the quarterback on this team was as rough a task as I can remember. There are great ones in every section of the country, men like Alabama's Joe Namath, Auburn's Jimmy Sidle, VPI's Bob Schweikert, Northwestern's Tommy Myers, Pitt's Fred Mazurek and Cal's Craig Morton.

You couldn't make a mistake by flipping a coin with that group.

The substitution rule has been changed again, making it even more lenient. The move back to full platoon-football is coming in college football, although it will probably take about two more seasons to accomplish. The coaches still have trained two-way football players and they want to use them. They've worked hard to get them that way and they don't want it to go for naught. It's only natural to want to use your best football players all the time.

Still, 1964 will see more specialization in college football. This team was picked along those lines, with both offensive and defensive players listed. It was selected along professional lines of positioning, since that's the way you'll be hearing about these great players in the years to come.

I consulted college coaches, pro coaches, scouts and rival players in the selection of this team. After the choices were made, I came to one conclusion: I'm ready to take on the world with these men. Look out, George Halas, and you big, bad Bears. The Harmon All-Americans are moving in!

Where will I be? On the bench, naturally. When I look at these young, strong giants, I feel about the same age as George Halas. And I'm not so sure I'd be any match for spry old Papa Bear, either!

OFFENSIVE TEAM ENDS

JOHN HILTON, *Richmond, Senior, 22, 6-5, 220 pounds, Richmond, Virginia.*

Here's a young man most people may have forgotten, but not the pros. Hilton didn't play football last year, but he's already been drafted by Detroit (sixth round) and Buffalo.

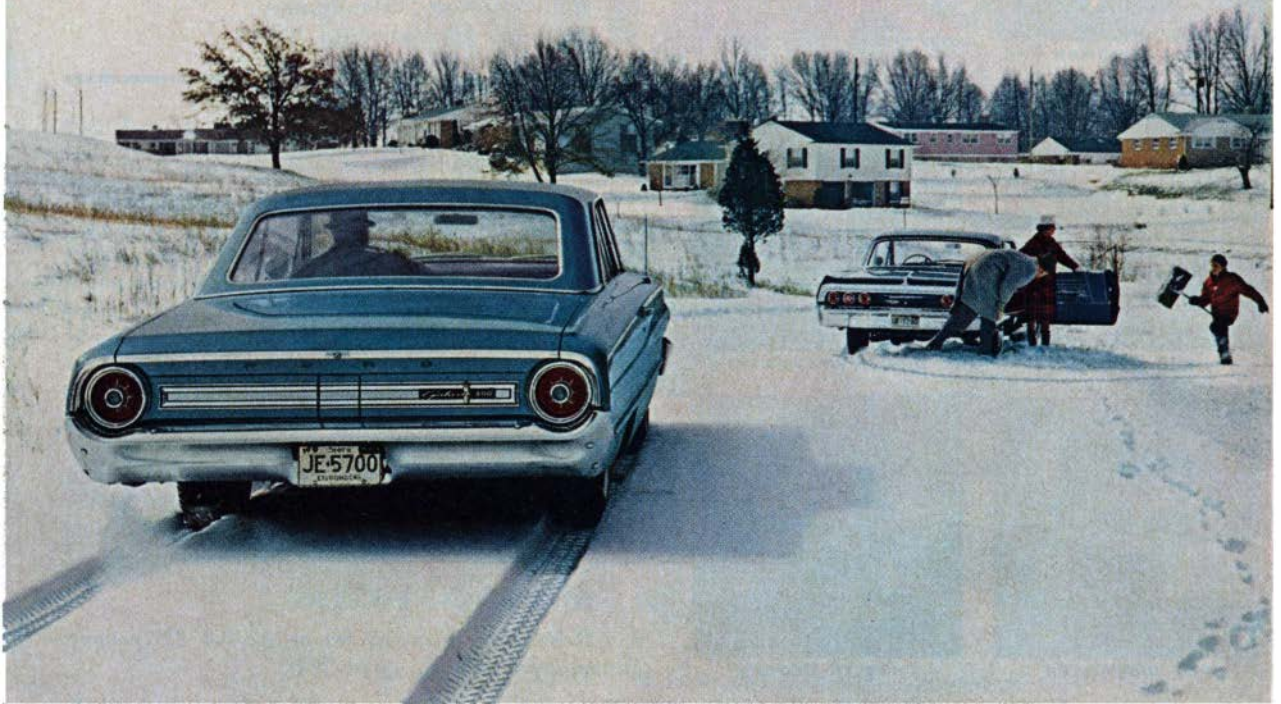
John led the Southern conference in receiving both as a soph and junior. In 1963, he was ineligible, so he took care of his Army commitment at Fort Dix. Now the big man is ready for a final college fling. Says coach Ed Merrick: "Hilton has everything—speed, size and a great pair of hands. He's one of the top pro prospects in the country."

Richmond and coach Dick Humbert, who played

continued on page 60

Firestone

Town & Country Tires
keep you going when others are stuck



GUARANTEED TO GO THRU ICE, MUD AND SNOW OR WE PAY THE TOW!

We're so confident our Town & Country tires will take you anywhere you want to go... in any kind of weather... we guarantee it. In writing. And since you won't always be plowing through snowdrifts, we've designed in a nice touch by designing out dry-pavement whine. We've added many more miles per tire, with Sup-R-Tuf—Firestone's new long-lasting rubber. And now, we've added something else, Sup-R-Lon—a totally new tire cord of vastly superior strength that won't thump. For worry-free winter driving visit your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Town & Country F, Sup-R-Tuf, Sup-R-Lon—Firestone T.M.'s

The Firestone Town & Country tire also carries a No-Limit, Nationwide Guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials and most road hazards for the life of the original tread; replacements prorated on tread wear at then current Firestone prices. This guarantee is honored by 60,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores in the United States and Canada.

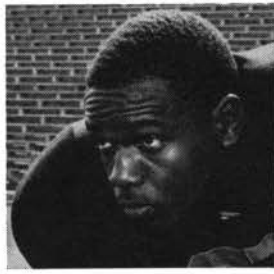


FREE! This sturdy ice scraper is yours for the asking at any Firestone Dealer or Store.





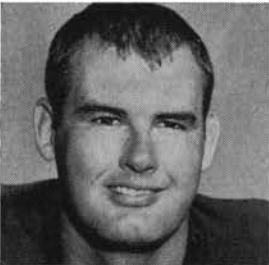
JOHN HILTON



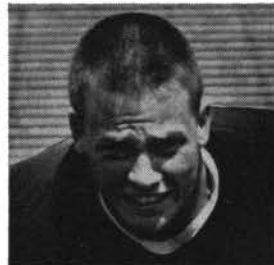
ARCHIE SUTTON



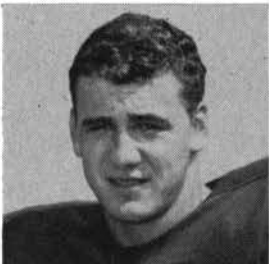
STAN HINDMAN



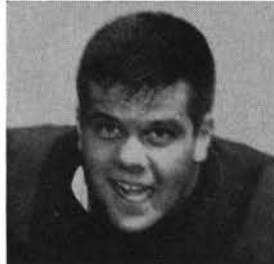
KEN HENSON



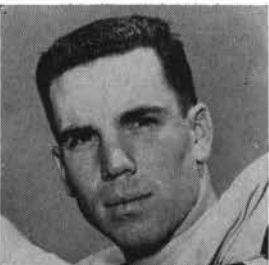
BOB KOWALKOWSKI



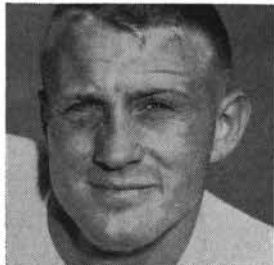
RAY RISSMILLER



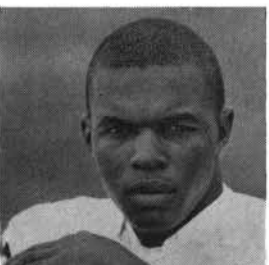
CHARLES BROOKS



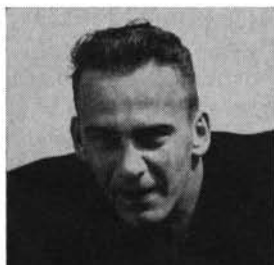
ROGER STAUBACH



LARRY ELKINS



GALE SAYERS



JIM GRABOWSKI

TOMMY HARMON *continued*

under Greasy Neale at Philadelphia, says, "Hilton blocks well enough to be a good tight end. He has the speed, the moves and the hands to be an excellent split end. Above all, he's got the desire to be great."

1964 ALL-AMERICA TEAM

Split End—John Hilton, Richmond
Tackle—Archie Sutton, Illinois
Guard—Stan Hindman, Mississippi
Center—Ken Henson, Texas Christian
Guard—Bob Kowalkowski, Virginia
Tackle—Ray Rissmiller, Georgia
Tight End—Charles Brooks, Memphis State
Quarterback—Roger Staubach, Navy
Flanker—Larry Elkins, Baylor
Halfback—Gale Sayers, Kansas
Fullback—Jim Grabowski, Illinois

CHUCK BROOKS, *Memphis State. Senior, 21, 6-4, 240 pounds. Oak Park, Illinois.*

Some may regard Memphis State as a "minor" team—but just ask anybody who plays the Tigers. They play big-time football at Memphis State. Last year they didn't lose, and tied powerful Mississippi. The Tigers outscored their foes by a 4-1 margin.

Brooks also has been drafted by the pros, St. Louis of NFL (fifth round) and New York of AFL, so they know all about his attributes. He's a fine receiver, and his circus catch in the end zone against Southern Mississippi highlighted an unbeaten year.

Roger French, former Minnesota great and Memphis State end coach, says, "Chuck has tremendous ability and almost unlimited potential. He can be a great tight end with the pros because of size and blocking ability."

TACKLES

RAY RISSMILLER, *Georgia. Senior, 22, 6-4, 237 pounds. Easton, Pennsylvania.*

Ray came to Georgia as one of those precious all-staters from Pennsylvania. He has lived up to the reputation. He was all-Southeast conference as a freshman and sophomore. Last year, he was slowed by ankle and knee injuries, but the big man is sound again.

Rissmiller is the fastest tackle in Georgia history. He's agile enough to play end. In fact, he caught a pass on a tackle-eligible play against Miami last year. One NFL scout called him the the best lineman I saw all season."

Vince Dooley takes over as Georgia coach this season and he liked what he saw in spring drills. "Rissmiller is an All-American," says Dooley. "He's the fastest big man I have ever seen. He has a tremendous initial punch on offense and his great speed makes him outstanding on downfield blocking assignments and punt coverage."

ARCHIE SUTTON, *Illinois. Senior, 22, 6-4, 249 pounds. New Orleans, Louisiana.*

Just as important as Dick Butkus is on defense, this young giant keys Illinois' great line. Most interior line-

Continued on page 70



They use **HI-POWER** shells...whatever the age!

HI-POWER shells are powerful and they really reach out — Year after year, experienced hunters depend upon HI-POWERS to get their game. Year after year, young hunters, new to the field, discover the tremendous *power* and *reach* of Federal HI-POWER shells.

But whatever the age, they *both* prefer HI-POWERS and they both like Federal's famed **HARD SHOT**. (An extra measure of

antimony in each lead pellet means less pellet deformation, truer flight and more uniform patterns with better long-range penetration.)

This fall, and whenever you hunt, get the *power* and *reach* you want. Shoot HI-POWERS for the best performance.

Available in 12, 16, 20, 28 and 410 gauges—*Maximum, Magnum and Superior Magnum loads.*

All Federal HI-POWER 20 gauge shells are bright yellow. You'll never mistake them for another gauge.

FEDERAL[®]

Federal Cartridge Corporation, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

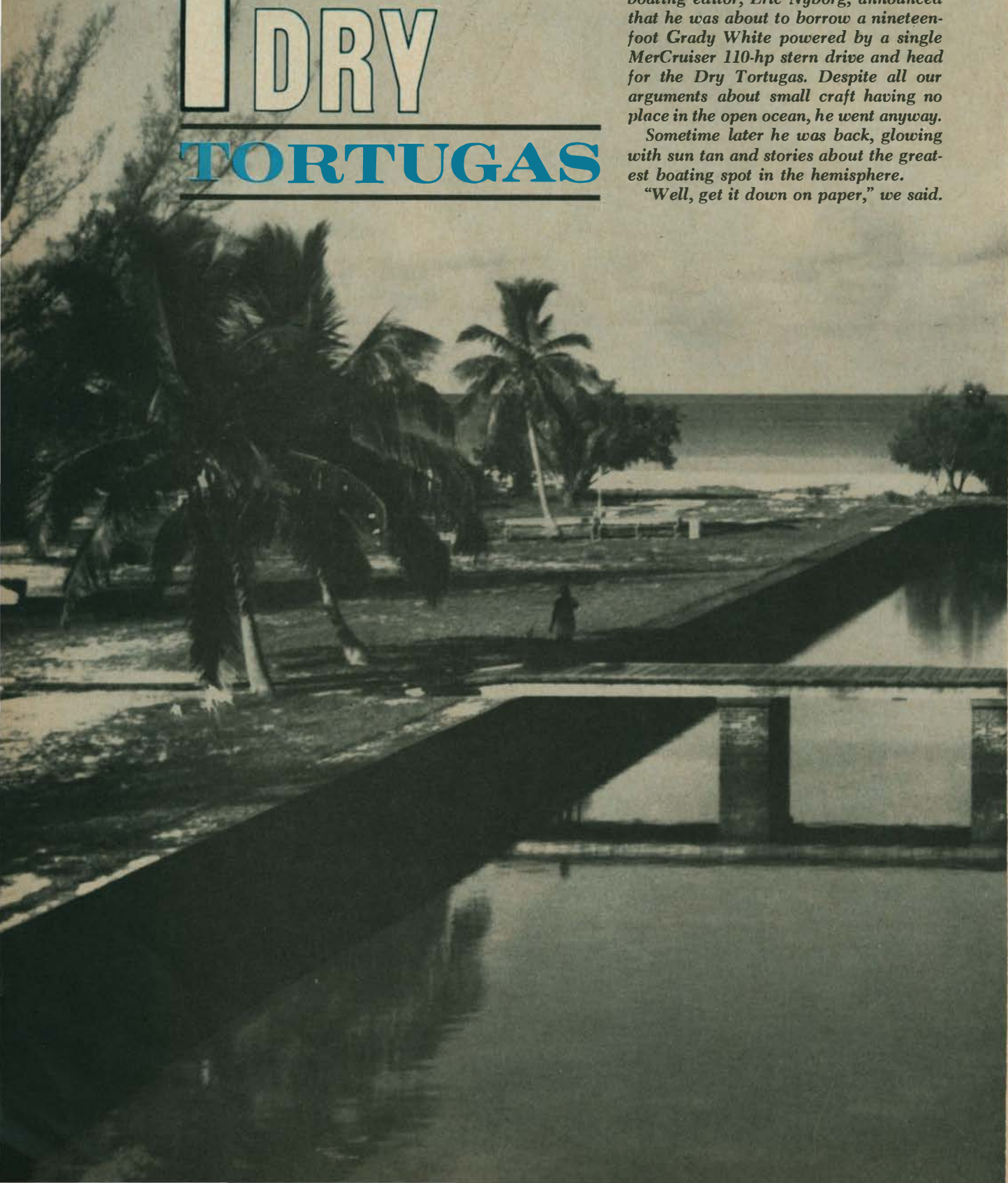
THE DRY TORTUGAS

□ Seventy miles out in the Gulf of Mexico are three little sand bars and an old fort that make up one of our most exciting and least known National Parks □

EDITOR'S NOTE: Late last summer, our boating editor, Eric Nyborg, announced that he was about to borrow a nineteen-foot Grady White powered by a single MerCruiser 110-hp stern drive and head for the Dry Tortugas. Despite all our arguments about small craft having no place in the open ocean, he went anyway.

Sometime later he was back, glowing with sun tan and stories about the greatest boating spot in the hemisphere.

"Well, get it down on paper," we said.



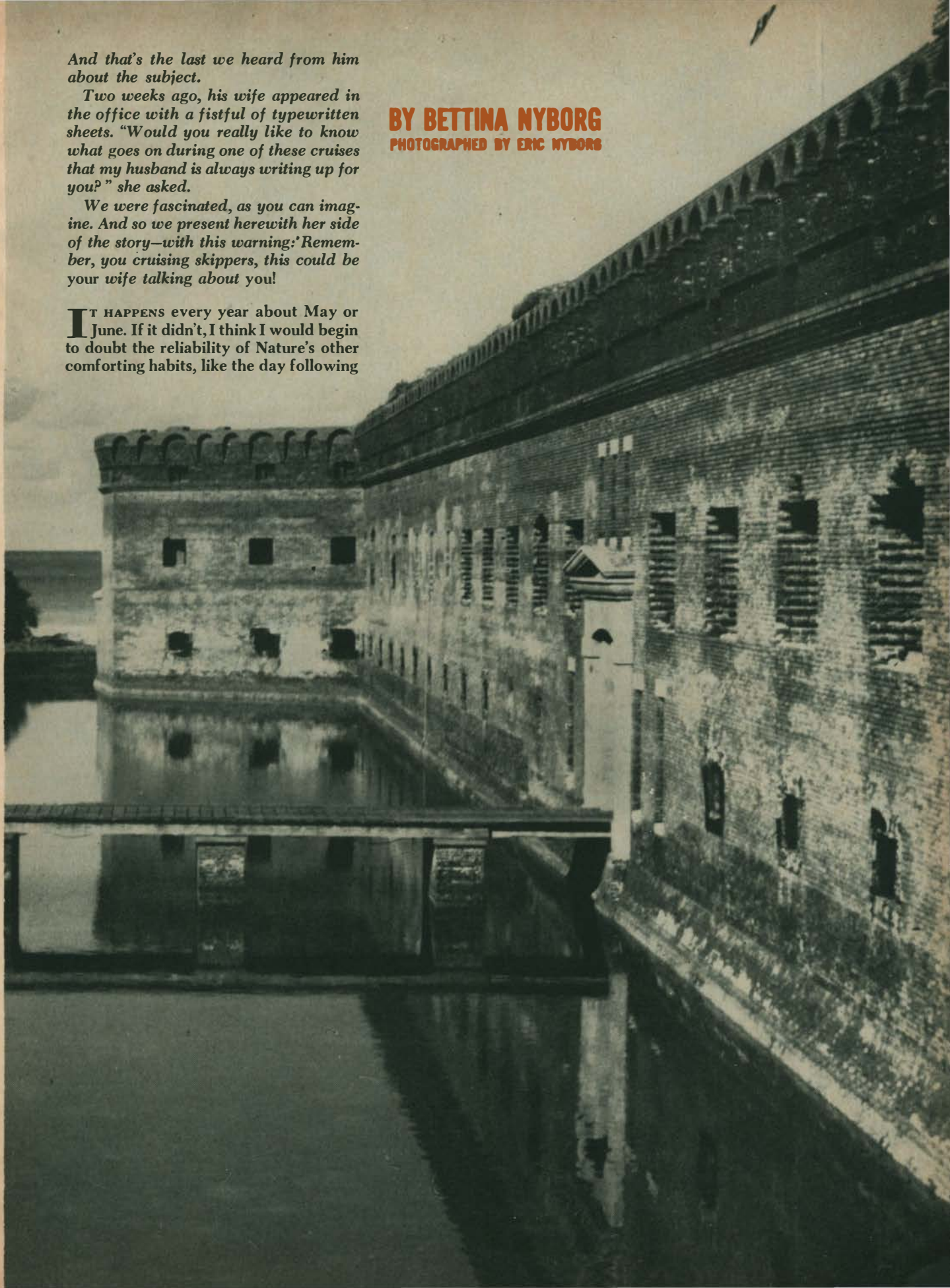
And that's the last we heard from him about the subject.

Two weeks ago, his wife appeared in the office with a fistful of typewritten sheets. "Would you really like to know what goes on during one of these cruises that my husband is always writing up for you?" she asked.

We were fascinated, as you can imagine. And so we present herewith her side of the story—with this warning: "Remember, you cruising skippers, this could be your wife talking about you!"

IT HAPPENS every year about May or June. If it didn't, I think I would begin to doubt the reliability of Nature's other comforting habits, like the day following

BY BETTINA NYBORG
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC NYBORG





the night, or the spring the winter. Come the first thaw, the salt water begins to flow through my husband's veins; and I know we will soon go down to the sea again.

The signs of sea fever are easy to spot. The dog-eared boating magazines begin to pile up in a disorderly fashion on the living-room table. From time to time, strange and expensive instruments in handsome leather cases, custom-fitted with red felt pockets, are brought out of their special cupboard for rust inspection. But I really know it's time to shut off the newspaper and put the dogs in the kennel when my normally affable, almost chatty husband turns into the

prototype of Ye Olde Maine Fisherman.

It would be as easy to communicate with Plymouth Rock. Only situations of gravest import, like my overdrawing the checking account, bring forth more than a "yup" or "nope," and these sound as though his mouth were full of seaweed. Once "in character," he is likely any evening to appear with his arms so full of long rolls of sea charts that he has to kick the door shut with his heel.

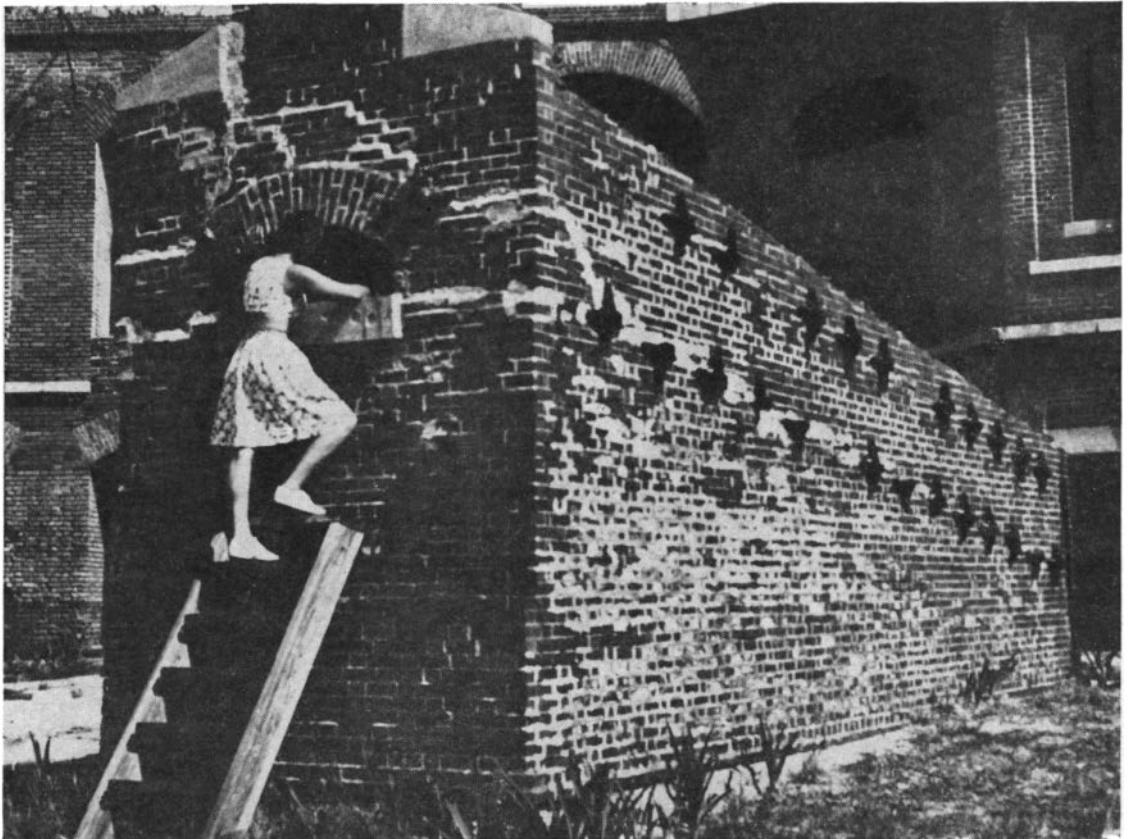
Slam!

"Ever heard of the Dry Tortugas?"

This being the first time in days that there has been even a glimmer of hope for conversation, I answer gaily, "Is that a disease, dear, (*continued on page 81*)

THE DRY TORTUGAS

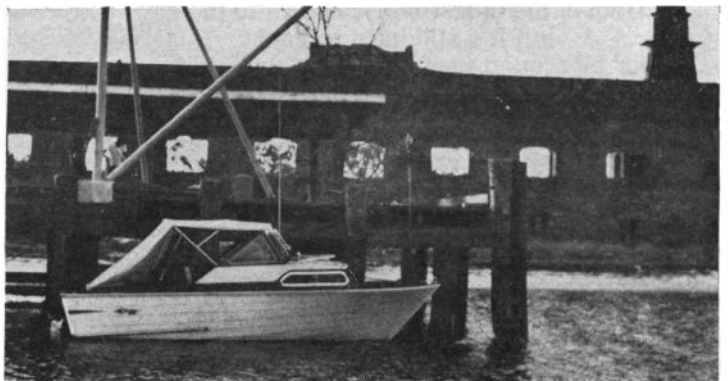
Continued



▲ Cannon balls were loaded into this red-hot shot furnace, heated until white-hot, then fired from cannons, starting fires in enemy ships.

◀ The original lighthouse, left, has been replaced by a 160-foot tower, on loggerhead key, and a Coast Guard radio navigation station.

Grady-White Boat Company, Greenville, North Carolina, manufactures this MerCruiser powered nineteen-footer used on voyage. ▶



The pipesmoker wears a heather-hued Harris tweed sportcoat from Cricketeer. The styling is natural shoulder and the three buttons are of leather. \$50. His friend wears the classic all-wool tweed black-and-white herringbone sports coat. It's a natural shoulder, three-button model from I. Aaronson. \$35. The handler prefers an all-wool sports shirt from Woolrich. It's washable, and pockets and collar are fitted to match the over-all pattern. \$12.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SCOTT



THE WORLD'S NO. 1 "MIRACLE FABRIC"

**Wool is the oldest fabric known to man,
but it's still hard to beat
for all-around usefulness and versatility**

By JUNIUS ADAMS

THE word "wool," according to an Act of Congress passed in 1939, can be applied commercially only to fibers from the fleece of the sheep and to hair from the Angora and Cashmere goat, the camel, the alpaca, the llama and the vicuña.

Wool is the most versatile textile we have. It is relatively lightweight, yet offers excellent protection against dampness and weather extremes. It is elastic and tends

to spring back into shape after being stretched or flattened. It holds color well and can be made into an almost infinite variety of fabrics.

A unique characteristic of wool is its built-in crimp or waviness. The fibers in wool yarn never lie snug against each other but are spaced well apart, thus creating countless tiny air pockets in every inch of yarn. Any fabric made of wool actually contains more air than wool. Even the most tightly woven worsted is sixty per cent air, and some fluffier woolens are eighty per cent.

The insulation provided by these air pockets is what makes wool warm. What *keeps* it warm is the springiness and resilient strength of the wool fibers. For instance, a fluffy cotton blanket and a wool blanket of



“MIRACLE FABRIC”

equal weight will be equally warm when new, but soon after they go into use, the cotton blanket will become matted down and lose its warmth, whereas the wool blanket will keep its warmth until it wears out.

Wool fibers are water-absorbent on the inside but water-repellent on the outside. That is why the first raindrops always seem to roll off your coat without soaking in. Wool is one of the best fabrics to wear in wet weather, because it can absorb up to thirty per cent of its weight in moisture without feeling damp.

Wool “breathes” water vapor, soaking up then releasing both body perspiration and atmospheric dampness. This fact, plus its insulating qualities, makes wool

◀ This autumny jacket is a multicolored Glen plaid with dashes of olive, rust, blue and wine. It is styled in the natural shoulder manner and has three wooden buttons. From Stanley Blacker. \$50.

The guy on the Honda has a jacket of all-wool suede which has a shirttail bottom for easy mobility. The side vents zip up all the way to the armpits. It is wind- and water-repellent and made by Zero King. \$30. The chap giving directions wears the Mainstreeter cardigan from Himalaya. \$20. ▼





“MIRACLE FABRIC” *continued*

▲ The guy on his way to a score wears the Bloke, a classic crew-neck pull-over in a rich ruby color from Himalaya. Made of 100 per cent American wool, it retails for \$30. His opponent is wearing a white, all-wool turtleneck sweater with cable-knit sleeves and body, by Fashion Hill. \$20.

◀ This rugged all-wool shirttail jacket is the T-Man, made by Fox Knapp. The jacket has a hood, a drawstring collar, elasticized cuffs and heavy-duty zipper. Lined with pile. Black or camel color. \$23.



the ideal fabric to wear whenever abrupt weather or temperature changes are expected. Arabs living in the desert, for instance, wear wool turbans and burnouses to protect themselves against both the intense heat of the day and the sudden cold of the night. (No, we don't claim they're *comfortable* wearing heavy wool in the midday sun, just protected!)

Because of its affinity for moisture, wool accumulates less static electricity than other fabrics and seldom “sparks” or attracts dust and lint. It is also flame-resistant, which is one reason wool rugs and blankets are often used for smothering fires.

Wool manufacturers have been doing a lot of tinkering with their product in recent years, and as a result, wool clothing is becoming easier and easier to care

"MIRACLE FABRIC"

for. We now have mothproof and soilproof fabrics, permanently creased slacks, machine-washable sweaters—and other improvements are on the horizon.

But one thing that you won't be seeing for a long, long time is a machine-washable, no-pressing-needed man's suit. Wool scientist Giles Hopkins says, "We could make one, though it would take a bit of doing. But we just don't think anyone really wants or needs one right now."

You can be sure of one fact, though. No matter how many "miracle" fabrics are put on the market in the years to come, wool is here to stay. ● ● ●

The Field Man is a waterproofed wool coat insulated with dacron and lined with acetate satin. It has a tab-collar closing for extra protection against wind, side vents for freedom of movement, and large pockets. It has fly-front closing so buttons do not show. Bright red or camel. Mighty Mac. \$45. ▶

One of our week-end lumberjacks sports a bright-checked, all-wool, tuck-in shirt from Woolrich (\$12), while his partner prefers a satin-finished wool sweater by Himalaya called the Caterwauler (\$25). ▼



TOMMY HARMON *continued from page 60*

men are overlooked. Not Sutton. Pass rushing is his specialty and he's ferocious with quarterbacks. He appears to brush aside opposing blockers with a giant swipe, no matter if they double or triple-team him. Once he reaches the passer, he's not gentle in his handling.

Says Pete Elliott: "Archie is big and moves quickly for his size. He has played exceptional football for us. We think this year will be his greatest."

GUARDS

BOB KOWALKOWSKI. *Virginia. Junior, 6-3, 240 pounds. New Kensington, Pennsylvania.*

Bob K. is a Pennsylvania product who belies the rule. He was not highly sought as a prep. He had to overcome all kinds of obstacles to become a star. He had just 205 pounds stretched over a six-foot-two frame when he entered Virginia. He took care of that with a dedicated weight program. He put on twenty pounds as a freshman and added twenty more the next year. Then he had grade problems, and was declared ineligible. He took care of that, too, and the following year made the Dean's honor list.

In one varsity year, Bob has established himself among the great Virginia linemen . . . and that list includes the fantastic Henry Jordan of the Packers and Bob Miller of the Lions. Coach Bill Elias says: "Kowalkowski has the best secondary reaction of any lineman I've ever coached." Line coach Dixie Howell says: "Bob is one of those players who makes the others look like they're not trying. My long-range prediction is that this boy will become an All-Pro lineman."

STAN HINDMAN. *Mississippi. Junior, 19, 6-3, 230 pounds. Newton, Mississippi.*

When Ole Miss plays, there are no frills or fanfare. All the Rebels do is *win!* Coach Johnny Vaught has a fabulous record there, and he is not addicted to superlatives. When he talks about a player, it is usually name, rank and serial number. When he talks about Stan Hindman, Vaught says: "Stan is the finest lineman we've ever had at Ole Miss."

When Vaught will venture that far about a boy after only one season, he must really have the goods. Hindman does. Any soph who can step into the starting line at Ole Miss has to be exceptional. Stan did it from the first day. He made a play of national importance against LSU. Joe Labruzzo, a track sprinter and LSU's fastest back, was off winging on an eighty-yard punt return. Hindman chased him for sixty yards, collared him at the one. From there, LSU failed to score and Mississippi went on to a 37-3 victory. It figures that when your best back is nailed from behind by a 230-pound lineman, it's going to affect the wind in your sails.

With two college seasons ahead of him, Stan Hindman is a name you'll not be likely to forget.

CENTER

KEN HENSON. *Texas Christian. Senior, 21, 6-6, 255 pounds. San Angelo, Texas.*

Down in the Southwest they call Henson the "Jolly Green Giant." He's the biggest center in TCU history

. . . and the best. He has already been drafted by both the Los Angeles Rams and the Houston Oilers. There might be a big signing war for Ken. The pros are drooling over his ability to protect for the passer, his size and his speed. He's only twenty-one years old, and there's every reason to believe he can play at 275 or 280 pounds.

TCU coach Abe Martin expects Ken to have a great year. "He can really move people out on offense," says Martin. "In fact, I don't think I've ever seen a better offensive center around these parts. He should move into pro ball with ease."

Unlike most college centers who play linebacker on defense, Henson has been employed as a middle guard at TCU. Despite being buried on the inside, Ken has averaged better than six tackles per game for the past two years. But it's on offense where he really is a force, and films show he often moves two defenders at once to open huge holes. The pros think that's about the best habit a center can have.

QUARTERBACK

ROGER STAUBACH. *Navy. Senior, 22, 6-2, 192 pounds. Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Wayne Hardin, Navy's very frank football coach, informs me that Roger Staubach will be even better in 1961. If true, that means ten good football teams had better start running for cover.

Roger was the Player of the Year in '63 by a margin of several miles. He won virtually every award they dished out, including the Heisman and Maxwell Trophies. Bump Elliott of Michigan said, "I don't know when I've seen a better football player." Tom Nugent of Maryland calls Staubach "the greatest quarterback of them all."

I saw Roger play several times and I've never seen anyone equal his scrambling ability. He can turn a broken-down play into a touchdown and a busted assignment into a fifty-yard gain. He's not an orthodox drop-back passer, and for this reason the pros are a little shy on his ability. (The real reason they don't talk about him much is that Roger has the normal four-year service obligation to fulfill. He has already been drafted by Dallas, but that was merely wishful picking by the Cowboys.)

As a college quarterback, there's no question of Roger's ability. Last season he ran and passed for more than 2,000 yards. He completed sixty-six percent of his passes leading the country. He scored nine touchdowns himself. As a sophomore, he completed sixty-eight percent of his passes, again tops in the nation.

Last season Navy had a 9-1 record, was the second ranked team in the nation (highest ever for the Academy) and played Texas in the Cotton Bowl. Navy had a fine supporting cast, but it was mainly Roger's doing. He's a natural leader, has great intelligence, and above all, he's a winner. Now Wayne Hardin says Staubach is even better, and who can say Navy won't be the best team in the land? Not me . . . Roger the Dodger has made me a believer.

HALFBACKS

LARRY ELKINS. *Baylor. Senior, 21, 6-1, 187 pounds. Brownwood, Texas.*

Larry is undoubtedly the finest pass receiver in the country. Even if a single-wing coach had him, I'll bet



Shhhhh

when 6 million
boaters wanted
a quieter outboard,
what do you think
happened to the
new Mercs?



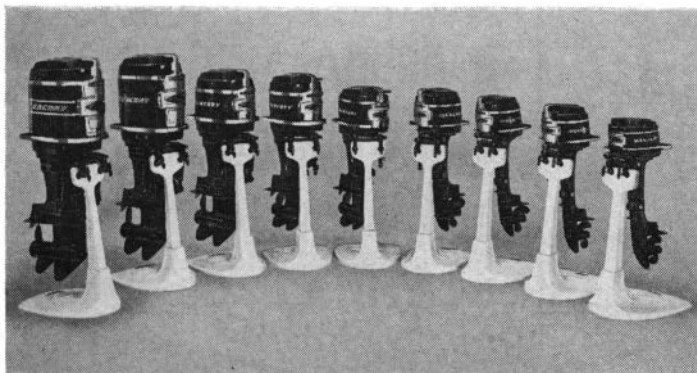
THE NEW MERCS

... so quiet, they sound like

New silence from SOUND engineering

Mercury engineering has developed a new silencing system that makes the new Mercs sound like they're far away. The new four- and six-cylinder Mercs are actually 50% quieter.

Anyone can silence a motor by wrapping enough fat padding around it but we didn't want to sacrifice Merc's slim, trim lines . . . or performance. Merc's silencing system required redesigning, new engineering . . . from top to bottom. Here's how we did it:



- New Mercs have a sound capsule cowling (metal, not plastic) that is elastically isolated from both the powerhead and the drive shaft housing. This fire-proof cowling does not "broadcast" the sound from the engine.

- All connections for control cables and fuel hoses are *inside* the capsule and the openings are sealed with neoprene closures. The sound from the powerhead is effectively *trapped* inside the cowling.

- Mercury used a completely new principle . . . a wall of water . . . to silence the exhaust. The engine's discharged cooling water is used to surround Merc's new internal exhaust pipe and prevent exhaust noise from escaping through the drive shaft housing.

- This same wall of water, pressing against the sides of the drive shaft housing, damps out the sound resulting from mechanical vibration.

- Mercury's exclusive Jet-Prop was all-important to this new silencing system. Exhaust gases and sound are now carried directly from the powerhead, down the internal exhaust pipe and out through the Jet-Prop . . . where they are unceremoniously buried deep underwater.

- Merc's Dyna-Float, aircraft-type suspension system keeps vibration from passing through the clamp brackets to the boat.



ARE 50% QUIETER

they're far behind your boat

■ And to top it off, the new Mercs have an elastically isolated steering arm to prevent sound from traveling out through the steering mechanism to the boat.

Yes, the new Mercs *are* 50% quieter but it couldn't have been done with an ordinary outboard. It had to start with the engine:

- In-line 4- and 6-cylinder design with inherent smooth balance.
- Small bore and short stroke with smaller and lighter pistons, connecting rods and wrist pins for lower disturbing forces.
- *Offset* wrist pins that eliminate piston slap.
- Smaller parts with tighter fits throughout the engine.
- Power-Dome combustion chambers that "squish" the fuel-air mixture and smooth out combustion roughness.
- Flex-plate flywheels that reduce the normal working noises of the crankshaft.
- Internal reed valves...sealed inside the crankcase to make them quiet.
- Full-Jeweled construction throughout the engine.

More power from SOUND engineering

The silencing of the Merc is just part of the news for 1965. Mercury has a brand new 90 hp outboard . . .

the Merc 900. The fuel economy of this powerful new Merc surpasses competitors' 90's and even competitors' 75 hp outboards. In power at the prop, it is second only to the 100 hp Merc 1000. And, of course, it has Merc's new silencing system.

All of the 1965 Mercs have been restyled and the higher horsepower models have a lower profile. New engineering, such as smoother-action gearshifts, water pumps with tremendous saltwater resistance, new reed valves, and redesigned cowls, drive shaft housings and exhaust systems make the 1965 Mercs the newest in outboarding.

Sound engineering at Mercury again brings you the *highest* horsepower, the *widest selection* of power and the *greatest* fuel economy . . . in outboards that are 50% quieter. You'll get more boating fun and even more RUN for your money with the 1965 Mercs . . . 100, 90, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8, 6 and 3.9 horsepower.



MERCURY

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Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation.



Whoever heard of skiing all day on \$1.23 worth of fuel?

That's about what the fuel costs will run for an average day's skiing when you have a MerCruiser I stern drive powered by a 60 hp Rover diesel. The MerCruiseRover is the first low priced diesel stern drive available for pleasure boats. The engine made its reputation in the Land Rover . . . now it has gone to sea.

Round-the-clock running at Lake X gave a fuel consumption figure of only 2.1 gallons per hour. A careful 70-hour fuel log on our demonstration boat, simulating ski conditions (full throttle, cruising, idling) showed a fuel consumption figure of only *one* gallon per hour . . . about 16 cents worth.

There are two reasons for this fuel bargain . . . one you can see in the photo, one you can't. The first is: nothing surpasses a diesel for fuel economy . . . diesels are about 50% more thermally efficient than gasoline engines . . . and dockside, diesel fuel is only about 15-17 cents per gallon. The MerCruiseRover diesel gives you other advantages too . . . no carburetor to adjust . . . no spark plugs or points to replace (and no radio interference) . . . no explosion hazard . . . lower insurance rates . . . high thrust at low speeds . . . and there's hardly anything *more dependable* than Land Rover power. But let's not forget the second reason for that \$1.23-a-day figure . . . MerCruiser stern drive.

MerCruiser stern drives have no fixed shaft, strut, rudder, and skeg to damage or cause drag. The MerCruiser's drive unit is built like an outboard . . . with the same impact protection and propulsion efficiency. Propeller thrust is parallel to the plane of motion instead of angled downward as with conventional inboards . . . on the same boat, with the same hp, MerCruisers are considerably faster.

Exhaust gases are fired through the hub of MerCruiser's exclusive Jet Prop into the vacuum pocket in the center of the propeller slip-stream. Engine breathing is improved, underwater drag reduced, and noise and fumes buried far aft of the boat . . . (a good place for diesel fumes).

MerCruiser stern drives have a smooth, one-piece lower unit housing to assure a solid streamlined flow of water to the propeller at all speeds. A four-position tilt adjustment allows the angle of propeller thrust to be varied to achieve the best planing angle for maximum speed and riding comfort.

MerCruisers give you dual shock absorbers to absorb the kick-up energy from impact with submerged objects . . . a safety tilt switch to prevent engine over-revving during kick up . . . and, no shear pins to fail. Single-hole installation, with all controls inside the boat, is neater, stronger, and leakproof.

See one of the more than 3000 dealers selling MerCruiser. Let him show you MerCruiser power packages with either diesel or gasoline engines. And remember, whichever one you choose, your boat will get a real "kick-in-the-stern."

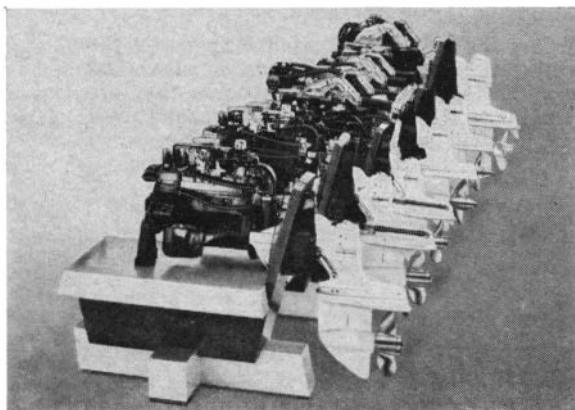
*More people buy MerCruiser
than all other stern drives combined.*

MERCUISER

110. 120. 150. 190. 225. and 310 hp
gasoline; 60 hp diesel
Mercury outboards. 3.9 to 100 hp.

**STERN
DRIVE
POWER
PACKAGES**

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Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation.



TOMMY HARMON *continued from page 70*

he'd switch to a pro-type seven formation instantly and put him at flanker. I'd love to start my team with Elkins . . . and worry about everything else later.

Coach John Bridgers calls Elkins the "finest college receiver I've ever seen. He's got the same moves and speed of Del Shofner." Bridgers is a former pro coach with Baltimore, so the comparison is noteworthy. Arkansas coach Frank Broyles admits they tried to cover Elkins with three men. "We still couldn't get the job done," says Broyles.

Larry led the nation in pass receiving last year. His seventy catches set an all-time NCAA record. He had the great Don Trull on the other end, and the combination was deadly. Elkins caught twelve against national-champion Texas and ten each against Arkansas, TCU and Texas A&M. He's also a fine defender; he ran sixty-nine yards with an interception and ninety-two yards with a punt against TCU.

Larry does something all passers love to see in their receivers. He faithfully runs out each pattern, keeping the play alive even when the passer gets in trouble. That's how breakdowns turn into improvised long gains, and it's a knack that Raymond Berry of the Colts taught Elkins.

Larry is a versatile athlete who was all-state in football and basketball, a fine half-miler and once turned down a \$25,000 bonus as a baseball pitcher. I don't think he'll regret it. Larry Elkins is a name you'll be hearing in football for many years to come.

GALE SAYERS, Kansas. Senior, 21, 6-0, 191 pounds. Omaha, Nebraska.

Here's another repeater from our team last year, and any coach would relish the thought of having Sayers as his running back. In his two seasons at Kansas, Gale has averaged 7.12 and 6.95 yards per carry. He has already gained more than 2,000 yards in his career, the first underclassman in Big Eight history to do it.

Missouri coach Dan Devine calls Sayers "the best running back in America. I said it before and I'm sure the same will hold true this year. That's what I'm worried about."

Tom Vaughn, Iowa State's great runner, says of his rival. "He's by far the best back in our league."

Wardell Hollis, Oklahoma State halfback, was asked who was the toughest man in the Big Eight to bring down. Said Hollis: "I don't have to think. . . . It's Gale Sayers. The biggest problem is just trying to get to him."

Don Klosterman, chief of talent for Kansas City of the AFL and a man whose opinion I respect, calls Sayers "the second best runner in football." That statement takes in a lot of talent this side of Jimmy Brown, and I think Gale will settle for the distinction. I know I would.

FULLBACK

JIM GRABOWSKI, Illinois. Junior, 20, 6-2, 207. Chicago, Illinois.

Picking the All-American fullback was as rugged a task as any assignment on this twenty-two-man dream squad. This may be the Year of the Quarterback, Part II, but the country is equally loaded with gifted full-

backs. Jim Grisham of Oklahoma is as good as they come; Jim Nance of Syracuse is a dandy, and North Carolina claims Ken Woolard is second to none.

I saw enough of Jim Grabowski in one varsity season to put him at the head of this exclusive class. Jim is a power fullback, the kind every college and pro coach loves to have. He's a throwback to the Marion Motley type, the guy who can bust up the middle for three yards . . . or break away for thirty.

Grabowski's sophomore season was remarkable. He tied for the Big 10 scoring championship and his rushing total at Illinois was the highest since J. O. Caroline set the record in 1953. Jim helped Illinois capture the Big 10 title, and he was sensational in the Rose Bowl game, winning the coveted Player of the Game Trophy. It was quite a start to what should be a brilliant football career.

DEFENSIVE TEAM

ENDS

REMI PRUDHOMME, LSU. Senior, 22, 6-3, 245 pounds. Opelousas, Louisiana.

Ever since Paul Dietzel hung that famous "Chinese Bandits" tag on them, the Tigers have been a ferocious defensive ball club. Best of the lot in '64 is Remi Prudhomme (pronounced PREWD-um). Remi might be the best pass rusher in the country. He has very quick lateral movement and pursuit, he's frequently in on plays on both sides of the field.

A tackle in college, Prudhomme is perfectly suited to play end in the pros' four-man front. He's extremely strong, and with his long reach, he is a menace to opposing passers. Has a knack for knocking down passes as soon as they leave the quarterback's hand. Remi was voted LSU's top player in the Bluebonnet Bowl—and should carry on from there, in '64.

RALPH NEELY, Oklahoma. Senior, 20, 6-6, 243 pounds. Farmington, New Mexico.

We had Neely on our ARGOSY team last year, as an offensive tackle, and he certainly didn't disappoint anybody, least of all Oklahoma coaches and fans. The pros' feel defense is his top spot and he should have a big future. He's as strong as they come in football, and at twenty, no doubt he's still growing. What about speed? Well, he has been clocked in 10.7 for 100 yards, wearing football cleats and shoulder pads. There can't be many questions about necessary speed after that.

Neely is quick and aggressive, perfect for the wide spot in the front line. He says the most fun in football is playing against a real tough opponent across the line. "It's fun to see who's better, you or him. It makes you a better player." That sounds like a future pro star talking.

Leon Cross, an All-America guard at Oklahoma in 1962 and now an assistant at Army, says, "I've never seen Neely blocked; I've never even seen him on the ground!"

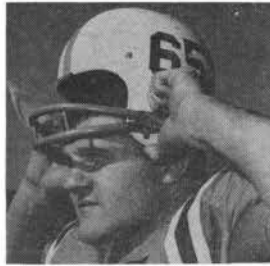
TACKLES

HARRY SCHUH, Memphis State. Senior, 21, 6-3, 270 pounds. Feasterville, Pennsylvania.

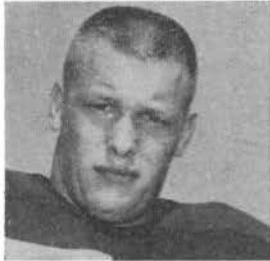
"Little" Memphis State has really jolted people in recent years. They haven't lost in seventeen games and last season held powerful Mississippi to a scoreless tie.



RALPH NEELY



STEVE DELONG



HARRY SCHUH



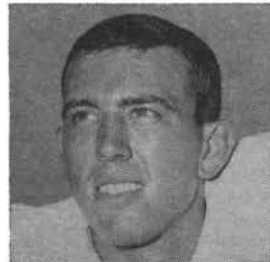
REMI PRUDHOMME



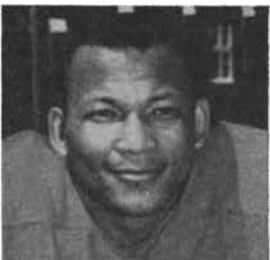
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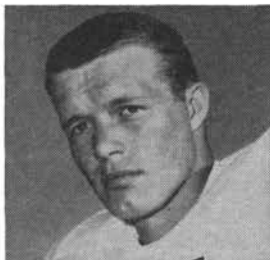
★ **DICK BUTKUS**



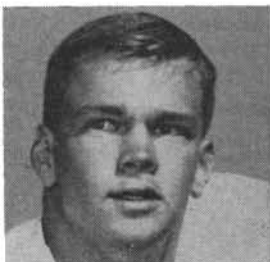
MALCOLM WALKER



TOM VAUGHN



DON ANDERSON



TUCKER FREDERICKSON



GEORGE DONNELLY

Memphis State ranked third in the nation in total defense last year, and the key man was Schuh.

Harry was an all-state high school fullback in Pennsylvania. At Memphis State, he kept growing and Coach Billy Murphy moved him to tackle. "He has been consistently great for us," says Murphy. "He'll be at the top of the lists when the pros start to draft."

Oakland scout John Wallace calls Schuh "the best lineman in the country."

Fullback Dave Casinelli, Memphis State star, said, "Schuh can almost personally wipe out one side of an entire line. Running behind him was a real pleasure."

STEVE DELONG, *Tennessee*, Senior, 21, 6-3, 243 pounds, Norfolk, Virginia.

For two straight years, the coaches in the Southeastern conference have named DeLong the best defen-

1964 ALL-AMERICA TEAM

- End—Ralph Neely, Oklahoma
- Tackle—Steve DeLong, Tennessee
- Tackle—Harry Schuh, Memphis State
- End—Remi Prudhomme, LSU
- Outside Linebacker—Ray Popp, Pittsburgh
- Middle Linebacker—Dick Butkus, Illinois
- Outside Linebacker—Malcolm Walker, Rice
- Tailback—Tom Vaughn, Iowa State
- Halfback—Don Anderson, Texas Tech
- Safety—Tucker Frederickson, Auburn
- Safety—George Donnelly, Illinois

- ★ Player of Year—Dick Butkus, Illinois
- National Champions—Illinois

sive lineman in the league. That's instant praise in that rugged conference, and Steve merits the applause. After new coach Doug Dickey had seen DeLong only in spring practice, he knew he had a gem. "He's an All-American," said Doug. "It was absolutely impossible for our players to block him."

DeLong is rated very high as an all-around football player by pro scouts, but will probably be more important on defense. He uses his hands extremely well, has good agility and speed. Steve will be the key man in Tennessee's line this year and can handle the responsibility. His teammates have already elected him captain, a tribute not only to his ability, but to his leadership qualities as well.

LINEBACKERS

DICK BUTKUS, *Illinois*, Senior, 22, 6-3, 237 pounds, Chicago, Illinois.

The full measure of Butkus' ability can be gleaned from a startling NFL trade this spring. Shrewd Vince Lombardi of the Green Bay Packers traded his great center, Jim Ringo, and fullback Earl Gros to Philadelphia for a man named Lee Roy Caffey and a future draft choice.

It's more than rumor that Lombardi did this just to get his hands on Dick Butkus. He gambled on a low Philadelphia finish (and a high pick in the draft) to beat the other clubs to Butkus.

Is the Illinois linebacker that good? He certainly is. He's my long-range choice to win the Heisman trophy this year and again make every All-American team in the land. (P.S. The only one he didn't make last year was the Methodist All-America. Dick is a Catholic.)

Butkus averaged an amazing fourteen tackles a game last year. He's exceptional on pass defense and has great range. He was a key man in Illinois' march to Big 10 title and Rose Bowl victory. When the team needs precious yardage on offense, Dick goes in and opens the hole. He's a real leader, and has been elected a co-captain for '61. Woody Hayes calls him "a great player" and coach Pete Elliott says flatly, "Dick Butkus is the finest all-around football player I've ever coached."

RAY POPP. *Pittsburgh. Senior, 21, 6-1, 225 pounds. Monongahela, Pennsylvania.*

Pitt coach John Michelosen told me he thinks Popp will be the school's greatest linebacker since Joe Schmidt. That's saying plenty, for Schmidt was an All-American at Pitt in 1952 and since then has been an all-time pro great with the Detroit Lions.

Popp came to Pitt as a fullback, was switched to guard and linebacker as a sophomore.

Being an ex-fullback has helped Popp. "He can really smell a play coming. That's his greatest asset," says Michelosen. "He's developed into one of the best players I have ever coached."

The New York Giants agree. They drafted him last year as a "future."

MALCOLM WALKER. *Rice. Senior, 20, 6-4, 245 pounds. Dallas, Texas.*

Last year, Texas hogged most of the headlines in the Southwest conference with its unbeaten Number One team. And its great tackle, Scott Appleton, got most of the space devoted to outstanding linemen.

But there are plenty of folks who think Malcolm Walker has been the best lineman in the rugged Southwest conference for the past two years. He was the top soph in the league in 1962 and last year had an even better season. He probably would have been an All-American had not Appleton grabbed everyone's eye.

Walker is one of the strongest athletes Rice has ever had. He's remarkably agile; he was a basketball stand-out in high school and as a freshman. Even now, with relaxed platooning rules, he will probably play both ways.

Jess Neely, dean of coaches in Southwest who's starting his twenty-fifth year at Rice, says, "Malcolm Walker is one of the finest linemen we've ever had. He is outstanding on both offense and defense. And he's one of our captains, which speaks highly for his leadership."

DEFENSIVE BACKS

DON ANDERSON. *Texas Tech. Junior, 19, 6-3, 200 pounds. Sirmont, Texas.*

In the Southwest conference, they compare Anderson to men like Doak Walker and Kyle Rote—and those are sacred pronouncements. As a sophomore last season, he was almost too good to believe. He was second in the conference in rushing (behind Texas' Tommy Ford), first in kickoff returns, third in punting, sixth in total offense. Don's coach, J. T. King, puts his versatility this way: "The boy simply can do everything. He's just like

Doak Walker was. If he has an off day running, he'll beat you on defense. If he's on in that department, he'll beat you with his punting. He's at his best when under pressure."

Frank Broyles, Arkansas coach, calls Anderson "the finest young back we've seen in the conference in a long time."

Darrell Royal, Texas: "Anderson has more good moves on defense than anyone I've seen."

Don is a junior, but draft-eligible this year. Watch for the pros to grab him fast as a brilliant "future."

TOM VAUGHN. *Iowa State. Senior, 21, 5-11, 195 pounds. Troy, Ohio.*

You've probably heard of Tom Vaughn, the Cyclone tailback. He's a throwback to the sixty-minute ironman and all-around player. He has scored eighteen touchdowns in two seasons and has run for 1,100 yards.

So it's hard to believe that Vaughn is even better on defense. Says coach Clay Stapleton: "Tom is the best defensive back I have ever coached . . . and the finest all-around player I have ever been associated with."

Vaughn has played five sixty-minute games in nineteen so far. He has averaged better than fifty minutes in the others. His eighteen touchdowns have averaged better than twenty-five yards—so he knows what to do with that ball. Bud Wilkinson and Eddie Crowder have both lauded Vaughn . . . and that's good enough for me.

GEORGE DONNELLY. *Illinois. Senior, 22, 6-3, 191 pounds. DeKalb, Illinois.*

Illinois' march to victory last year was led by a great defense. It was Dick Butkus leading the front troops and George Donnelly protecting the rear. So well did Donnelly do his job that only twice all year did anyone score on Illini from beyond the ten-yard line.

Donnelly is the wild card in Illinois' defense. He replaces the quarterback as soon as the ball changes hands. He has great speed, and pro scouts like his ability to range from sideline to sideline. He's great at diagnosing plays and coming up quickly to stop runs. George intercepted two passes as the Illini beat Washington in the Rose Bowl.

Pete Elliott says, "He's our leader in the defensive backfield. Over the last two seasons, George has been the most reliable safety man in the Big Ten."

TUCKER FREDERICKSON. *Auburn. Senior, 21, 6-2, 215 pounds. Hollywood, Florida.*

The full name is Ivan Charles Frederickson . . . and you'll be hearing it plenty. Keith Molesworth of Baltimore says, "Frederickson was ready for the pros when he was a sophomore." Another scout feels he can play any of five positions with the pros. All seem to agree the young man is a cinch first-round draft choice.

Tucker is a logical choice at one of the important safety spots. He plays the position superbly, often makes as many tackles at the line as the linemen do. He is Auburn's leading pass interceptor and surest tackler. He won the 1963 Jacobs Trophy, awarded annually to the best blocker in the Southeastern conference.

Built perfectly to be a fine defensive back, Tucker is strong (a shotputter on track team) and fine runner on offense.

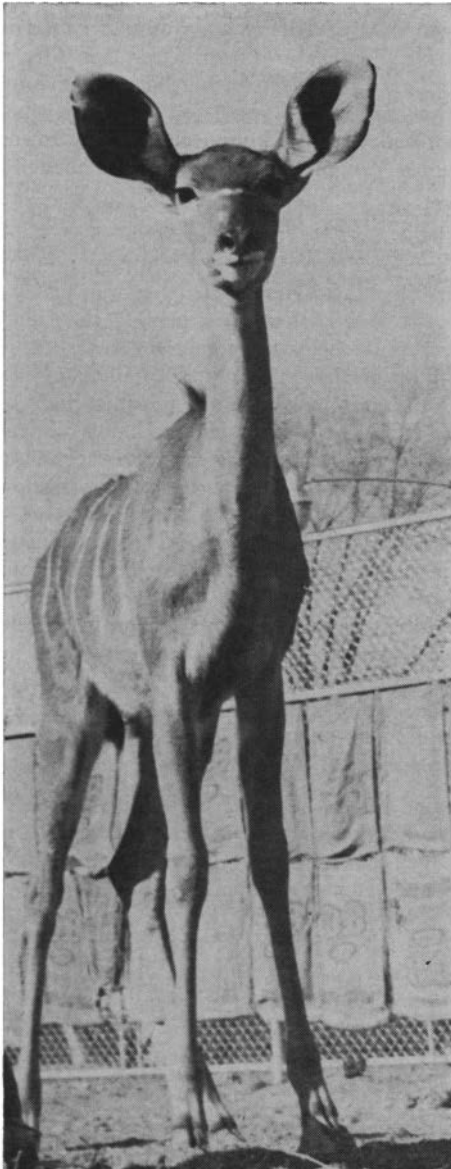
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AFRICA, U.S.A.

continued from page 50

be available to hunters in this decade, and to future generations as well.

The daring plan was conceived fourteen years ago by the officials of the New Mexico Game and Fish Department. To start things rolling, they liberated fifty-two Barbary sheep in the wilds of their state's Canadian River Canyon. The unprecedented release was a bombshell that caused frenzied speculation among game managers in neighboring states, and consternation among certain naturalists, who predicted that these hardy and aggressive sheep would soon overrun the entire country and become a nuisance. Arizona game authorities went so far as to state flatly that they would shoot any



Young female Kudu at Rio Grande Zoo.

Barbaries that happened to wander across their borders.

But the sheep kept to their rocky canyon which, though it is not elk habitat, is excellent deer country. The Barbaries have been no threat to the deer population; deer herds have increased, in fact, since the Barbaries were introduced. The Barbaries have increased as well. By 1962, their number was estimated at 1,500, a remarkable growth. In the eight years since hunting has been permitted, 254 of the big-horned fellows have been shot. Sportsmen who have hunted them in both places say they are just as difficult to hunt in their adopted New Mexico as they are in their native Libya and Algeria.

Although the Barbary-sheep transplant was a complete success, such imports are viewed with alarm by the "purists" among nature lovers, who hold to the theory that the introduction of foreign species will upset the balance of North American wild life, and create general mayhem among our critters.

They seem to forget that several "foreigners" were brought into the United States in the 1880s, among them the Chinese ringneck pheasant, the Hungarian and chukker partridge, and the European brown trout. These newcomers took to their new environment quicker than you can say "Nature Boy," and for a half century have been furnishing sport for millions of hunters and fishermen. They neither crowded the existing wild-life population nor deprived any native American species of its habitat.

New Mexico's controversial program for importing African game has far greater implications than merely adding variety to the sportsman's bag. It may be the only means of saving a few species from total extinction—a possibility that is imminent and certain. The African game picture is a cloudy one. When the colonial powers pulled out of the country, ending long years of careful game management and protection of preserves, the natives went on a crazy killing spree that has already wiped out several once-common species. With freedom, and the easy acquisition of firearms once denied them, the tribesmen, never troubled with thoughts of conservation, will rapidly exterminate what remains of the game herds, and Africa as an animal kingdom will cease to be.

In view of this, it is difficult to reconcile the reasoning of the purists, who fear that domestic wild life will become "tainted" if it comes in contact with foreign animals. Conversely, most game experts believe the imports will make a valuable if radical change in the game resources of this nation, and fill an empty spot in the ecological picture.

Before New Mexico released its Barbaries, a few ranchers in that state and in Texas had acquired small herds for their private use. Hawaii has also done so. These were timely importations, because today, the Barbary sheep is rarely sighted in his native North African habi-

tat, whereas a few years ago, he existed in the millions.

The New Mexico planners were aware long ago that Africa's animal population was dwindling fast; still, they waited a decade to give their sheep experiment a fair trial and prove the pessimists wrong before they went after other exotic animals. In 1960, the end of the ten-year trial period, they authorized the importation of the Nubian ibex, ancestor of the domestic goat. This desert ibex seemed well suited to the arid country of southern New Mexico.

They ran into their first snafu—lack of Nubians. This animal, that once roamed all over North Africa, had become almost a myth. Crews, sent to the Red Hills of the Sudan where countless ibex should have been found, reported none at all. They tried Ethiopia, but here, too, the little Nubian nanny was extremely rare. No American zoos have any one species in large enough quantities to permit withdrawals for breeding purposes.

The problem was solved only by settling for a substitute—in this case, the Siberian ibex from the deserts of Mongolia. The game officials made arrangements with F. J. Zeehandelaar, a wild-animal importer of New York, to supply these. There was no gamble involved here, since the Siberian variety is as adaptable to the New Mexico climate and terrain as the Nubian. Both are accustomed to the weather extremes of high desert country. The air of southwestern New Mexico, where the ibex will eventually be released, has little thermal capacity, and chills rapidly after sundown. Hot summers and cold winters are the rule in both regions.

The Siberian ibex was the only animal found in abundance. It inhabits much of the mountain mass of Central Asia, occurring in various subspecies from northeast of Lake Baikal southwesterly across Asia to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. There are several subspecies in Europe.

Adult males weigh up to 150 pounds. A fleet runner and prodigious jumper, this little goat should provide hunters with excellent sport.

Very little sport was enjoyed by crews sent to round up animals in Africa. Most of their time was spent in fruitless searching and weeks of weary driving over rough, blazing hot plains. They had to contend with violent storms that halted all movement, bogging down vehicles and washing out roads. Once a flash flood overturned a truck loaded with crated animals, killing several which were hard to replace.

Since negotiations to obtain these animals had been long and tedious, involving unbelievable amounts of paper work, cables, radio-telephone calls and personal contacts, the planners were dismayed to learn of new difficulties. First of these was the discovery that all cloven-hoofed animals had to be held in quarantine for

sixty days in the place of their origin before being shipped. This is to permit a thorough examination by veterinarians. The ruling was set up by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in its efforts to prevent the spread of foreign-animal disease, and it is a good rule, although a time killer. And there was more. Upon arrival in the States, the newcomers must spend another thirty days in the holding pens near Clifton, New Jersey, for a second and final check.

Exasperating delays in the planners' program—but nothing compared to what was to come. Another regulation had gone into effect just prior to the imports and, for a time, threatened to scuttle the whole plan. It was learned that all cloven-hoofed animals brought into the United States had to go to approved zoos only, and remain the rest of their lives! Under no circumstances could they be released. Blood pressures rose to the boiling point at this news, until the fine print in the ruling was read. The prohibition did not apply to the offspring of the zoo "lifers." They could be set free as soon as they were able to forage for themselves.

Eight Siberian ibex are now living the easy life in the Albuquerque Zoo, and the game officials are praying for numerous progeny. The strict rule that makes only the offspring of ungulates eligible for release will delay the program a couple of years, but that's better than no animals at all, and may prove the difference between survival and extinction for the species involved.

Throughout their program, the New Mexicans have selected animals that have reached near-extinction in their native land, and that are capable of easy adaptation in America. The greater kudu and the southern oryx fall into this category.

In 1962, a crew headed by Walter Schulz, an animal importer of Okahanja, Southwest Africa, rounded up fourteen kudu on the fringes of the dreadful Kalahari Desert, where this animal, among others, is making its last stand. Once seen in vast herds all over South Africa from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, these beautiful animals have become alarmingly scarce. Even in the remote Kalahari region, native bushmen hunters, now often armed with guns instead of their ancient poisoned arrows and spears, are making heavy inroads.

For a century, the South Africans have been destroying millions of kudu, apparently in the belief that the supply would never end. Remnants of a few herds were saved on preserves and in parks set up by colonial governments, but even in these protected areas, native poachers took a deadly toll. Today, there is no protection.

The kudu grows to about the size of our elk and its meat makes good eating. It can live in country where most animals would perish. It can go for weeks without water, and might become fairly plentiful again in its

Kalahari hideout, if native hunters practice moderation in their slaughter.

Capturing a kudu, which can outrun a race horse for a short distance, is a task calling for special skills. Once located, the animal is forced onto the open plain, where a fast car takes over. It's like calf-roping from a Land Rover. A noose at the end of a long pole is dropped over the neck of the fleeing kudu. The fun really begins when the struggling captive is forced into the waiting crate. This brings out the devil in all creatures. The crated animals are then hauled by truck to Okabanja, where they are held in quarantine for the required time, and then are put on board a ship.

Only the male kudu has horns, and these are great, twisting spirals. His coat is sooty gray with vertical light stripes and he has a white slash across the face much like a Hindu caste mark. He is a fabulous jumper and, though he's docile and prefers to run away from danger, he will defend himself with ferocity if cornered.

The South African oryx or gemsbok was chosen because it was well suited to its future American home, and because it, too, is rapidly disappearing. Unlike the gentle kudu, the gemsbok, male or female, is a formidable fighter. Both sexes possess sharp, saberlike horns that rise vertically from above the eyes, and both know how to wield them. It is not uncommon for the oryx to kill a lion by impaling him on its horns, though this amounts to suicide, because the lion in his death throes will disembowel the oryx with his raking claws.

These short-tempered creatures have a unique plan of attack when enemies threaten. A herd of females, yearlings and young, when faced by a leopard or wild dog pack, lets out a great bellow which hunters report sounds like a lion's roar, and which has a paralyzing effect on the enemy. Presenting a bristling front of lowered horns and sharp-hoofed front feet, they launch their attack, and any animal in their path is gored.

The oryx is fairly content in captivity, but due regard must be taken of its potential dangerousness. The male is a rapid

grower and at eighteen months is as big as his mother. Full-grown, he weighs up to 600 pounds, and his spectacular horns make coveted trophies.

Fighting for a precarious existence around the Kalahari Desert, where, like the kudu, he has been driven, the oryx is a favorite prey of the bushmen who pursue him with semiwild dogs and down him with a poisoned arrow or spear. A family of bushmen will gorge themselves on the carcass until it is wholly consumed.

An odd thing about both the oryx and the kudu is that you never see a skinny one. Like the zebra in this respect, they are usually fat no matter what the time of year or what condition the food supply. Scarcity of food and water is common in the Kalahari, where it sometimes does not rain for two or three years. When graze burns out, the oryx digs underground for a large tuber or a wild melon which will supply him with food and drink.

There is no doubt that the oryx or gemsbok will provide American hunters with thrilling sport. The veteran hunter knows that moose and elk will sometimes attack a man, and even a wounded deer will do so on occasion. But the oryx is in a class by itself when it comes to doing battle. He doesn't have to be wounded or cornered to make his move.

Walter Schulz and his crew captured fifteen gemsbok by the noose method, but had several killed when their truck overturned. Eight of the animals arrived in New York in June, 1963, and, after their thirty-day sojourn in Clifton, New Jersey, were shipped to the Albuquerque Zoo. The kudu arrived three months later. These animals will live in the Albuquerque Zoo under carefully supervised conditions and their progeny will be placed in special holding pens until time of release.

It appears now that about five years will be necessary to acquire enough young to begin setting them free. The only definite release site that has so far been cleared with both private land owners and the administrators of public lands are the Florida Mountains near Deming, New Mexico. The game department is prepar-

ing a mile-square holding pen at Redrock, on the Gila River, southwest of Silver City, New Mexico. This is wild, sparsely settled country not far from the sprawling, beautiful Gila Wilderness area.

Regulations for future hunting of African game have not been announced, but it is presumed that they will be somewhat similar to the laws now in effect for Barbary sheep. Hunting licenses cost residents \$20, nonresidents \$100. Hunters are eligible to shoot Barbaries only if their names come up in the drawing of permits. Fees are returned to those who fail to draw a permit. This is a fair arrangement and everyone's happy. One thing is sure, whatever fees are imposed on hunters in the African Strip, they will be insignificant compared to the cost of an African safari.

New Mexico was the first state to initiate a program to import new game animals, but experiments along similar lines are said to be quietly under way in some other Southwestern states. The Phoenix, Arizona, Zoo acquired all the remaining Arabian oryxes. These consins of the gemsbok are really scarce; fewer than ten are known to exist anywhere in the world. What will be their fate? In a recent letter, Bill Sizer, Chief of the Information and Education Division, Arizona Game and Fish Department, had this to say:

"I can't speak with any certainty about the latest acquisition of the Phoenix Zoo or just what their plans are for the animals they have acquired. . . . The Arizona Game and Fish Department has no plans to import African animals to be released as game. . . ."

But what about the offspring of the Arabian oryxes? In time, they will become numerous. Perhaps then the New Mexico game commissioners may purchase them for release in the Strip. Or some other border state may do so.

There is no overcrowding of game along the border. There are several counties in West Texas, especially in the Big Bend country, that could support a greater population of wild life.

In Southern California, still other developments are under way to increase game. Maurice Machris, a wealthy member of the International Shikar-Safari Club, is making strenuous efforts to establish a large game farm. If these plans materialize, the farm may be used to breed tropical African animals for release on California's vast Mojave and other desert stretches. This would be ideal terrain for several warmth-loving species of the South African littoral; it now supports little animal life of any consequence, if we except a few small deer, horned toads, gila monsters and sidewinders.

To be sure, the African Strip is little more than a dream at this time, but a few years hence, it may be a living reality. All it takes to make it so is a common-sense examination of the facts and co-operation among the game people of other states. They'll have to hurry, or there will be no animals left.

New Mexico has the nucleus of the Strip, whether or not other states fall in line. It will be the place where Americans may go on an African safari right in their own back yard—perhaps the only African game preserve left on earth. ● ● ●



THE DRY TORTUGAS

Continued from page 65

or one of those new drinks made with cranberry juice?"

I might have saved my breath. Not even a smile, or a friendly crack on the jaw.

The charts are laid end to end on the living-room floor, the ends weighted down with table lighters, ash trays, etc. One of the precious instruments called "dividers" is put to work.

"Reckon the Tortugas lie about seventy miles due west of Key West. Last of the coral islands that make up the Florida keys. Main key has an old abandoned fort on it named Fort Jefferson. It was originally constructed to protect the shipping in the Gulf, but was later made into a Federal prison. Dr. Mudd was imprisoned there for setting the leg of Lincoln's assassin.

"These keys are now a national park, but not many people seem to know about them. Maybe one reason they don't is that the only way to get there is by boat or seaplane, though the Government flies in supplies to the Rangers by helicopter. There's no fresh water, food, gasoline or any accommodations."

Enthusiasm in this mud-puddle world seems to deserve some sort of reward; maybe it's that once I was told you should never fight a seapuss when it's carrying you out to sea, but just swim along with it. Whatever the reason, I found myself saying, "They sound fascinating. When do we leave?"

And so it is that each year the sea briefly reclaims its own, as it has every year since we've been married. For our summer vacation, we will down to the sea again from our farm in the Berkshire hills.

It's only later, when I'm trying to condense the contents of our seven-room New England farmhouse into a two weeks' survival kit, that I begin to question my sanity. Details have continued to filter out of Olde Salte despite the seeming obstructions in his oral passageway. Fly from New York to Miami. Pick up a borrowed nineteen-foot motorboat. Cruise down the keys to Key West. Then make the three-hour hop across the Gulf to the Tortugas.

Three hours! Nineteen-foot motorboat? The beginning of the hurricane season? Florida in August? Only seventy-five miles from Cuba?

My normal optimism gives way to dire foreboding. Since there are only two of us, I ask myself, what if a sea gull drops a clam shell on the head of the one of us who isn't me? It is at about this point that a thought occurs to me: Although there's no turning back now, maybe I'd better learn a little bit about piloting a boat (just in case of emergency). And herein lies my tale. Operation Boating turned out to be maddening, fascinating, exhausting, hilarious fun—and I guess, useful, even though the sea gulls never scored a hit.

Of course, I had picked up a few of the basics from vacations past, like "port and starboard" when you mean "left and right" and "fore and aft" for "back and front." But that had me no more than just leaving kindergarten, entering first grade.

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NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR '64-'65

Actually, as it worked out, starting the boat and making it move ahead and backward turned out to be surprisingly easy. Turn the key in the ignition, move the throttle forward and back, then hang onto the helm, which looks and behaves just like a steering wheel. Simple, like driving a car. Of course, you have to remember that you have no brakes, but reverse has much the same effect.

No, the real challenge came from trying to perform some of the less mechanical functions of seafaring, like keeping the ship's log and talking on the radio.

I served my apprenticeship as we cruised leisurely down the keys, that string of islands that dribbles down from the southern tip of Florida out into the Gulf of Mexico, as though the cartographer had filled his pen too full when he was rounding off the Everglades. In the evening, we would hang up in the lee of one of the keys, protected from the ocean winds, yet pleasantly cool despite the humid ninety degrees on the land.

It was on this leg of the journey that I was first permitted to pilot the *Argosy* (when the binoculars revealed that there wasn't another boat within twenty miles I could ram). I was also allowed to study the charts to determine channel markings (F R & F L C) and the condition of the bay bottom—"hrd," "sft," "rky," "M," "S." I discovered there was a lot more M than S, which is horrid if you fall overboard in shallow water without your shoes on. My experience with mud bottoms is somewhat limited, but I very much doubt if there are any slimmier or oozier.

Speaking of M and falling overboard brings me (painfully) to my failure in keeping the ship's log. I found myself totally incapable, mentally, spiritually and emotionally, of carrying out this part of the ship's routine. The harsh reality of my disability was clear from the beginning.

On our first night out, I made the minor

miscalculation of resting my center of gravity too far over the port railing and fell overboard. Should this ever happen to you, incidentally, the first thing to do upon resurfacing, even before you expel the salt water from your lungs, is to gurgle to Olde Salte that the barracudas have *not* devoured your right leg, that *no*, you have not drowned, and that *yes*, you are all right. This sort of incompetent performance is to be avoided, however, because it makes Olde Salte very nervous and lowers your rating as mate.

I had no sooner clambered back on board than the heavens let loose with the hit show of the season. No effort was spared to produce ear-splitting thunder rolls, eye-scorching lightning flashes and deluging cloudbursts. I had never experienced a tropical thunderstorm before, and it was all rather frightening. Our little boat bucked and bounced, dislodging everything that was dislodgable—dishes, glasses (Saltes don't use paper cups), canned goods, supplies of all sorts. The canvas covering over the open cockpit proved nearly worthless. Even after the storm had subsided, I think it would have been easier to have slept that night in the town dump. When I awoke in the morning, I discovered, among other things, that I had used a loaf of bread for my pillow. All in all, "First Night," as produced by M. Nature, was a dramatic sensation.

The foregoing was written up in the log the next day by Olde Salte as follows (and I quote exactly, no omissions, corrections, no additions):

8/23. Anchored under Key Biscayne. BBN overboard. Thunder-squalls."

Well, I tried gamely for a few days to mimic this artful technique of understatement, but my verbal gears just wouldn't co-operate. It was always painfully obvious which one of us had written

the log. His entries took two or three lines; mine, no matter how hard I tried, went fifteen, twenty or more.

I gave up entirely when we reached the Tortugas because we would have run out of pages in the log. We had planned on enough fresh water to last for four days, but as each day was more wondrous than the day before, we managed to stretch it out to six.

Fort Jefferson is an imposing structure, fifty feet high, with eight-foot-thick walls, built of red brick in the shape of a hollowed-out pentagon. I think you could play all the Bowl games at once in the center courtyard where the Government helicopters land with supplies for the Rangers. Big Jim and Young Jim are the only two permanent residents on the key, though a small number of construction workers were living there last summer. They were working on repairs and renovation of the fort to provide some public motel (or "fortel?") units for visitors.

The fort seemed haunted to me. It had been built largely by slave labor in the mid-nineteenth century. Having never seen much action as a fort, it was converted into a Federal prison, housing an average of 300 inmates. Yellow fever struck in 1867, shortly after Dr. Mudd had been incarcerated, and for his heroic work in fighting the scourge, he was pardoned two years later.

But a jinx is a jinx. Soon the fort began to settle and crack. Engineers discovered that the foundation did not rest on solid coral, as they had thought. So, finally, the fort had to be abandoned altogether. Still, the Government foolishly persisted in its attempts to outwit the spooks of the Tortugas. A naval coaling station was built outside the fort walls, but was unfortunately smashed by a hurricane immediately upon completion.

Having a healthy regard for the supernatural, I paid my hasty respects to the fort in a quick tour, then happily spent the rest of the time snorkling, beach-combing and chatting with other visitors who put in with surprising regularity at the pier in front of the fort.

The variety of people attracted to the Tortugas can perhaps best be described by the variety of vessels that came and went. Our nineteen-footer was the smallest craft I remember. From there on up came fishing boats of all sizes and descriptions, from charter boats after marlin and shark, to large commercial shrimp boats. There's a fast-growing, hard-core nucleus of sportsmen who claim that some of the best fishing in the world lies in the waters of the Tortugas. One of the chartered boats deserves special mention: the *Caribe* out of Palm Beach, a beautiful sixty-foot sloop that brought all hands to the pier and took your breath away when it came in under full sail.

Fish, smish. I caught a baby yellow-tail and felt so bad I threw him back. So I hung up my fishing pole and took to the water with face mask and flippers.

At last I had found my element. I now belong to the fast-growing, hard-core nucleus that claims that the greatest snorkling in the world lies over the coral reefs of the Tortugas. I developed a one-sided sun tan; my fingers and toes became wrinkled and



"I'll see your raise and raise you, wise guy."

ARGOSY MAGAZINE

water-logged; my hair was continually matted and wet and interwoven with seaweed; but when the day finally came that the last drop of fresh water was gone, I could hardly bear to leave.

If I had been keeping the log, I would have spent all my time decorating the borders of the pages with sketches of coral "forest," sea urchins, sponges, turtles, conches and all the other marvels of a tropical coral reef—and, most especially, the fabulous fish. Nowhere else could a woman possibly find such a colorful and extravagant fashion show. The little creatures seem to be in a mad competition to outdo one another in hues, patterns, textures and brilliance. Maybe there's a Ten Best-Dressed Fish of the Year citation. If there is, there were some that I thought most deserving—subtle blends of blues and greens, shimmering under translucent scales.

Others were absurd. They would have looked more appropriate in a burlesque. The slim lines of a black bodice would suddenly be broken by an iridescent chartreuse flounce studded with scarlet sequins. Garish and vulgar. But regardless of taste, the variety was such that I'm sure even a Dior or a Balenciaga would find inspiration snorkling in the Tortugas.

So log-keeping proved impossible, but the only other real challenge was met and won—communicating on the ship's radio. Here again, this might not seem difficult on the face of it, but it actually takes a bit of thought and adjustment because of the peculiar ways of Olde Saltes.

If you just forget all your ingrained telephone habits and remember the following three rules, you should never have any difficulty.

1. Only boats call each other up, never people.
2. All boats are stone-deaf, so they have to "read" one another, not "hear."
3. The volume and clarity of reception are rated numerically, not verbally. Example: "5" (Loud)—"5" (Clear) is the top rating. "5-1" means it is loud but fuzzy, and so on.

So a typical conversation goes something like this:

"Calling *Caribe*, calling *Caribe*, how do you read me?" (Hello, Cap'n Bill, can you hear me?)

"*Argosy* to *Caribe*, Read you 5 - 5." (Yes, Cap'n Dick, I can hear you perfectly.)

Get it? It takes a little practice, but once mastered, goes a long way toward establishing your authenticity in the sea-going world.

By the end of the trip, I was glowing with my new-found knowledge and seriously considering taking a correspondence course in log writing to correct my one slight defect.*

Then one night, safely home in our New England living room, Olde Salte casually remarked, "Think I'll take my vacation in the winter next year."

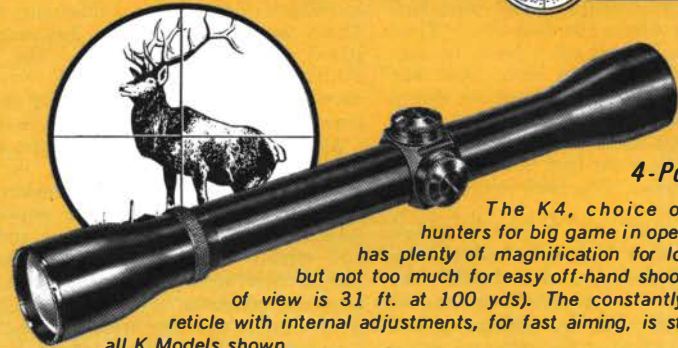
The beginning of the blizzard season? Alaska in *January*? Seventy-five miles from Russia?

I can't wait.

*In any event, I was planning happily into the future to the day when we could return to the Dry Tortugas.

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TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Continued from page 43

less than 100 yards down the slope.

"Where might a deer be?" I asked, realizing that he would take no fooling around from me.

"Everywhere. That's about the best answer. He's where you find him." Then he continued, "If you see a buck, be sure he's sideways before you shoot. Aim just back of the shoulder and sort of low down. We don't want ruined shoulder meat. Make that first shot count, and don't gut-shoot him. We want him here, not miles away. Remember: *The buck never should see you!*"

Feeling a little silly, I tried to follow his instructions. I examined everything in sight, but leafless branches looked like antlers and deer-color patches seemed to be everywhere. Finally, perhaps a half hour later, I arrived at the indicated clump of scrubs. Bug-eyed, I was scanning the vicinity when my mentor appeared.

"See anything?"

"Nope," I answered. "But I heard something that might have been a deer."

"A couple of doe and a fat little spike sneaked out behind you. But I doubt if you heard them. They were practically crawling."

That seemed incredible to me. But fortunately, I kept my mouth shut.

Since then, I have seen this sort of thing happen quite a number of times. I recall an instance when several of us were hunting in New Brunswick. Late one afternoon, almost evening, three guys, who had been on stand, were half-heartedly still-hunting their way back to camp. I was pussyfooting along forty yards or so behind them. Suddenly, I was conscious of slight movement. There, stock-still, stood a nice buck, his big-antlered head swinging slowly as he watched the file of hunters

moving away, the last one no more than thirty feet ahead of him.

For an "I done it" kind of yarn, my rifle should have whizzed to my shoulder to whack him down cold-stone dead. That's not what happened. Fascinated, I stared stupidly at the scene. The buck evidently winded me. My rifle was still sling-hanging from my shoulder as he jumped almost sideways and was gone.

My Texas friend's remark to the effect that the animal never should see the hunter is a pertinent one. And making the first shot count is even more important. Animals have amazing physical strength and vitality when the strong reflexes of fear or rage are aroused. Let's look at a couple of incidents.

In East Africa, we were hunting lion. Leaving our Land Rover about a mile from where our bait was located, we carefully made our approach, keeping bushes and trees between us and the bait site. We crawled the last couple hundred yards through fairly tall grass, moving carefully and slowly to the edge of a small bluff that went downward and leveled toward a dense jungle. Peeking through the grass, I could make out our bait a hundred yards or so away.

Glen Cottar, my white hunter, whispered, "That looks like a good lion to me."

Then I saw the big lump. The lion, well gorged, was taking a snooze. After easing up my .375 magnum, the scope showed a black-maned beast that looked huge to me. He stood up and stretched, facing to my right. Placing the crosshair just back of the shoulder. I squeezed off the shot, à la rifle-range technique. The beast collapsed, bit through his right foreleg, and didn't move. We stayed put for a while, me with my scope on him. Then

we moved in cautiously. When within about thirty feet, Glen tossed a couple of rocks at the tawny-gray mound of lion. Not a muscle quivered. That was the way it should be!

It took five of us to stuff that huge lion into the retrieved Land Rover.

Incidentally, if the animal does not see the hunter, the sound of the rifle itself may not alarm him. He may not associate it with his wound. If he does, he may be confused and not know where to run, giving the hunter an opportunity to ease off the finishing shot. Never should the hunter rush up on any downed animal. Many a "dead" one has jumped up when approached, to do incredible damage.

I have heard the uninformed loudly state that it is not "sporting" to use heavy-caliber rifles or a scope sight when hunting—that the use of such equipment is taking unfair advantage!

What is the answer to such nonsense? Is it sporting for such a character to go afield undergunned, and with open iron sights (which certainly are not as efficient as the scope) to perhaps severely wound a game animal and have it escape to die a lingering, painful death?

The basic objective in hunting is to take the game as quickly and cleanly as possible. Here is an example of the way not to do it.

On the safari mentioned above, we were looking for a big-tusked elephant. While glassing a plains from a hilltop, we spotted an African buffalo. Cottar told me it was an unusual Congo type, horns very wide at the boss, spreading out almost straight, with but a very slight curve at the tip. My idea was to make a try for him.

We were a long distance from our Land Rover and, while I had two rifles, a .375 and .458 magnum, my pocketed ammunition consisted of nothing but "solids" for elephant. Cottar didn't realize that I had no soft-points and I didn't give it a thought. (That was mistake number one: I should have had expand-type ammo.)

The African buffalo is a huge, powerful and fierce brute. He is considered by many to be the most dangerous of the African Big Five, which consists of the lion, leopard, rhino, elephant and buffalo. Many times, he has been known to stalk human beings. As a matter of fact, we found a native (one of a pair of poachers) who had been followed and killed by a buffalo. This big, black creature is not one to monkey around with!

Keeping cover between us and the buffalo, we eventually took to the tall grass, which finally petered out into stubble no more than a foot high. Now we were within 150 yards of the buffalo. I figured the best thing to do was to rise from the grass and do a knock-down job with the scope-sighted .375. My gun boy, Pissy, was just behind me, ready to hand over the .458. Cottar was at one side with his big double-barrel, .500 Nitro Express rifle. (At the beginning of the six-week safari, I had told him not to use the cannon on anything unless I was really in bad trouble, practically down. Glen didn't fire a shot during the mêlée.)

The safeties of my rifles were in different

HUNTING AND FISHING

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"No, thanks . . . the last time I got pickereled. I was arrested by a bluegill for floundering."



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locations. I had been carrying the .458 because we were looking for elephant. (My second mistake was in letting the buf see me, and the third was in not checking the safety before leaving the grass.) I bounced up and thumbed at the safety. It wasn't there. Before I finally pushed it off, the buf jumped and was running—evidently with the adrenalin furiously pumping into his bloodstream. Swinging the .375 and squeezing off the shot, I thought I had missed. Actually, the solid bullet hit behind the left shoulder. Cottar saw the dust fly, and angled through the right off-shoulder. That buf didn't miss a step. I emptied the rifle into him. As I quickly reloaded the .375 and exchanged it for the .458, he ran into a small clump of umbrella trees, then ran out like a locomotive, straight for me.

There came hoofed death. Oddly enough, at that instant, I recalled the advice of my Texas mentor: "Never shoot at a running deer!" Also, I remembered hearing that wounds inflicted by buffalo will heal much more easily than those made by lion and leopard. That was small consolation, however, and I was sure, in this instance, my Texas buddy would forgive my shooting a running beast, though it would have been unnecessary if I'd done what I was supposed to from the beginning.

A shot from the .458 turned the pain-maddened animal and I emptied the rifle into his chest. The shooting routine seemed endless.

At last, the animal was down, but hooking plowlike furrows in the ground

with his horns. A neck shot finished the sorry job.

That bull looked like a sieve. As near as we could tell, every one of the solid bullets had gone completely through him. How an animal can take so much punishment and keep going is a mystery. However, I have little doubt that the buffalo would have gone down with the first shot had I been using the proper ammo and had he not seen me! His horns were unusual—wide and stubby—measuring a yard between tips and about a foot across the boss.

For an anticlimax, let's get back to Texas, on the lesson-learning outing of many years ago. Under indirect supervision, I still-hunted for three days. I didn't get lost and saw several deer, one a buck. He was running and I restrained myself from shooting.

My companion had taken a nice four-pointer (eight by Eastern count) the morning of the second day. By the end of the third day, I was feeling mighty sorry for myself.

The next morning, my friend told me that he was going to tag along. And he did, but I hardly knew he was behind me.

About an hour after sunrise, I was scanning the area ahead and became aware of slight movement slightly to my left. There, almost imperceptible, stood a fine buck nibbling the sparse, dry grass, at a distance of what I judged to be about sixty yards. I started to raise my rifle. Then came a whisper (I thought that I was alone), "Put your rifle through here." He indicated a crooked limb of the cover

we were behind. "Always take the best rest you can find under the conditions. Never shoot offhand unless there's just no rest handy!"

With the shot, I heard the bullet *plunk*, and knew instantly that it was a hit. But the deer sprang and disappeared into the morning haze. I started for the spot. "Don't be hasty!" I stopped. After a while, we cautiously walked to the place where the deer had been standing. Blood spattered the ground.

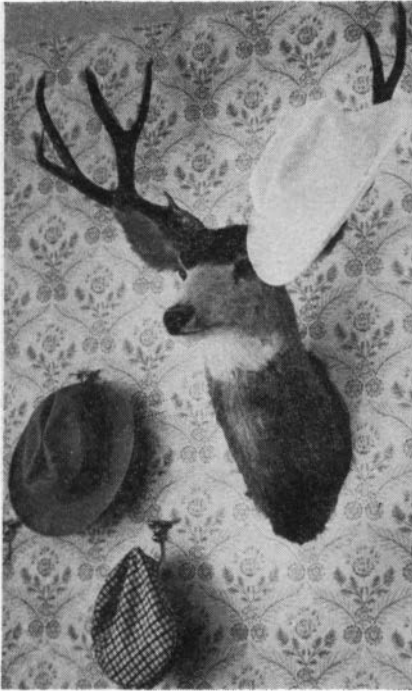
I was heartsick, figuring the buck had gotten away.

"We'll rest awhile," I was told.

After probably fifteen minutes, which seemed more like hours, we followed the blood sign. Within thirty-five or forty yards, there was the buck, cold-stone dead. It was a big moment! The .38-caliber bullet had hit the top of the heart and gone through the other side.

Sometimes methods other than still-hunting will work well. We learned that in deer country, where fishermen amble along a stream during trout season vocalizing in no uncertain terms, a casual or careless approach will pay off. I know that on several occasions in Africa, an open, aimless course toward a herd of antelope would not spook them. They would stare curiously while we moseyed to within rifle range. On the other hand, they would really leave the country if we were seen skulking through inadequate cover of any kind.

Nevertheless, careful still-hunting is the best way to find game. And as my early-day, Texan hunter-friend cautioned, "Don't be hasty!"



In Washington, he's all business, but down on the ranch, LBJ is relaxed and casual.

President. "I didn't ask him about that. I was checking on our speed; we've got tail winds, and he'll have us on the ranch in time to see the deer before dark."

And thus, as it usually does when the big plane crosses the Texas line, the "other side" of Lyndon Johnson appeared. He is known for his business efficiency, high tension, and unending work, but not so many people know him as a naturalist, outdoorsman, and soil-loving rancher.

There is nothing corny or contrived about this side of the man. He has always been that way, long before there was any occasion for political expediency.

Oddly enough, this soft side of a hard man has largely escaped public recognition. Unlike other Presidents who have posed with trout, waded streams and even written books about fishing, Mr. Johnson has never encouraged this approach to his political image.

Yet the gangling, six-foot-four Texan is the first real "outdoorsman" President since Teddy Roosevelt, the first since T.R. who can sit a horse, rope a calf and handle a gun with the casual ease of a man who has lived much of his life out of doors.

The man who probably knows this side of the President best is his lifelong neighbor and hunting partner, Judge A. W. Moursund of Johnson City.

"He's a damned fine shot, of course," says Moursund, defying anyone to doubt that a man raised on the Pedernales River could shoot a gun.

"His favorite kind of shooting is dove hunting—I reckon because doves in a strong wind are about the toughest kind

of shooting there is. He likes things he can't quite whip.

"I remember one day we were hunting with some fellows from New York or some place, some of his guests on the ranch. He'd wait for them to shoot, and then he'd take the long shots. He didn't miss any, and those people just couldn't get over it. He gets a kick out of beating you shooting if he can, and you have to hump to beat him with a shotgun or a rifle. When he learned to shoot, shells were too expensive to waste. He's real deliberate with a gun.

"He doesn't care so much about hunting deer anymore—not nearly so much as he enjoys playing guide for other people, showing them the game.

"I don't know who it was that started the story that went all over the country on the wire services last Christmas, about Mr. Johnson killing a five-point buck. I don't reckon Lyndon Johnson ever killed a five-point buck in his life—at least, since I've known him. Any time he puts his tags on a buck, it'll be a good one. We sort of have a little friendly competition, always have, about who gets the biggest rack of horns every year—doesn't matter if we do the shooting or one of our guests, just seeing who can find the best buck. I wish he would show up sometime with a five-pointer"—Moursund grinned—"I'd never let him live it down. I've never seen him shoot at a deer with less than eight points."

In researching this story, several close friends who have hunted with Mr. Johnson were interviewed. All of them told almost the same story:

"He's the hardest hunter you ever saw; he hunts like he works," said Jesse Kellum of Austin. "He's restless, always on the alert, always wondering what's around the next bend. If he sets out to find a good buck, he'll stay till dark, looking."

Will Odem, chairman of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Commission, made this remark: "I wish we had more public officials who know and care as much about the future of hunting, fishing and wildlife as he does."

This "outdoor" side of the President expresses itself in many ways beyond hunting. Actually, it would be fairer to call him a naturalist more than a hunter or fisherman; he has an insatiable curiosity about nature in general.

"He can tell you the name of every tree, every bush, every blade of grass in the Hill Country of Texas," claims Charles Boatner, former Johnson aide, now a Department of Interior executive. "I've seen him stop the jeep, nearly throwing everybody out, and back up to look at some plant coming up. If it's a mesquite, he'll get out right then and mark it to be dug up. He hates mesquite (as do most Texas ranchers) and he likes live oaks."

The mesquite is a pest, a robber, which furnishes little or no food for deer or other animals; the live oak is the source of acorns and browse, the principal food of Hill Country deer.

"Another thing President Johnson respects," says Boatner, "is water. He knows its value because he grew up in a country where there wasn't nearly enough of it. I think that's one reason he's so interested now in legislation involving

water-conservation projects, and one of the reasons he worked so hard on some of the early Federal dam projects. He can tell you more about the values of conservation, particularly water, than a lot of professionals in that field.

"One of his favorite pastimes is to drive his own boat slowly along at dusk or at night; and watch the stars come out over Granite Shoals Lake, near his ranch.

"He can name the stars for you, can navigate by them, and one night last spring, he stopped the boat and we sat there for maybe half an hour, just listening and looking. After a while, Mr. Johnson nudged me. 'I've been all over the world,' he said, 'but you just can't beat this Hill Country for stars. Look at 'em!'"

With his interest in nature, and particularly in water, it would seem that President Johnson would have exploited his image as a fisherman. Yet there are practically no pictures in existence of Lyndon Johnson fishing—despite the fact that on his ranch he has two well stocked lakes full of bass and bream, and one of the President's favorite summer diversions, when he had the time for it, was helping his girls land those fish.

When the fish won't take artificial lures, he has been known to spend hours catching grasshoppers for the girls, a trick learned in the years of his youthful fishing experiences along the clear Pedernales River, where fish were especially finicky.

Unlike Eisenhower, a devout trout fisherman who leans puristically toward the dry fly, Mr. Johnson isn't too particular about the bait he uses; he uses what works best, which is usually (in his area) a grasshopper.

One reason the President probably has never, in his long political career, exploited his fishing prowess to the press, is because he's basically honest. And he knows, as do his friends, that he isn't what you'd ever call a really "serious" fisherman.

"He knows he lacks the patience, and he admits it," one aide says. "But where his youngsters are concerned, he has limitless patience, and gets a great kick out of seeing them catch fish."

As a pet owner, Johnson is probably best known for his habit of lifting his beagles by the ears. This is an odd quirk of fate, because it was Little Beagle, the father of the pup who got "ear-lifted," to which the President himself gave a great deal of the credit for his recovery from his heart attack of 1955. The President, as a matter of fact, loves those little dogs.

In Booth Mooney's biography "The Lyndon Johnson Story," there are several pages devoted to Little Beagle. At that time, Lyndon Johnson was the Senator from Texas, a man whose ambitious goals had been suddenly floored by illness.

Mooney wrote this account of the President's own story of one particularly depressed day during his convalescence, when the little dog seemed to be trying to show his confidence in his master:

"He (Little Beagle) came over and put his head in my lap," Mooney quoted Mr. Johnson. "'All right, Little Beagle,' I said, 'if you believe in me that much, we'll go on from here and take it as it comes.'"

"I don't know why that should have

caused me to feel better,' said Mr. Johnson, 'but it did.'"

Would the President then "mistreat" one of his dogs? Sure, say his friends, exactly as he'd affectionately slap a good horse on the flank or tousle the hair of a favorite child. Ranchers, who live around animals, often have different attitudes toward them than city dwellers. They understand them.

When a poor Pakistani camel driver named Bashir Ahmed was invited to Mr. Johnson's ranch, the news media made a great stir about it. But reporters missed one of the most significant stories of the visit—significant, at least, to Ahmed.

The camel driver was being shown the ranch on horseback, and in one field, where Mr. Johnson was pointing out a new irrigation system, the Pakistani dismounted and knelt to feel and smell the Texas soil. As he scooped up the fertile loam, an earthworm was exposed, writhing in the hot noon sun.

Casually and unobtrusively, with the toe of his boot, Mr. Johnson covered the worm with soil. The camel driver looked up apprehensively to see if he had done something wrong.

"No need to let him get a heat stroke," the President said, grinning, "and besides, he works for me. That earthworm is one of the best friends I've got: he keeps the soil porous and allows the water to soak through."

The camel driver was bewildered and, through an interpreter, remarked that he was surprised that a high Government official would know so much about farming instead of mansions and Cadillacs.

Mr. Johnson smiled and pointed to Ahmed's horse. "This is the Cadillac I understand best, and I've noticed you don't seem too happy with yours." Then he said, "Somebody unsaddle that horse. I believe this camel rider would be more at ease bareback."

Ahmed breathed a sigh of relief and rode the rest of the day in comfort.

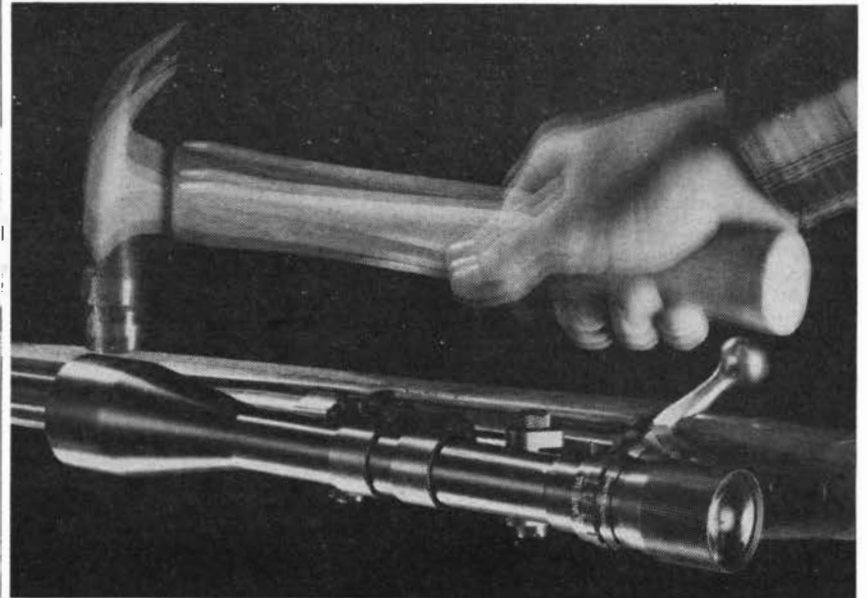
Mr. Johnson's knowledge of outdoor things goes deeper than hunting or fishing; it is more that of a rancher or farmer, of a man who has lived upon the land and who understands it.

And his practical knowledge offers a great deal of hope for conservationists throughout the United States, presently battling for the future of forests, primitive areas and more public lands and waterways. It offers new hope, likewise, for game conservationists who realize that game (and fish) constitute a crop which must be managed, not just protected.

Like most ranchers, Mr. Johnson accepts the fact that game must be harvested for its own good. He has carefully managed the healthy herds of deer on his own ranch. If they need pruning, during a dry year when overpopulation threatens their range, he sees that there is more hunting done. Like all farmers and ranchers, he takes the knocks of nature as matters of fact.

Once, when a group of prominent friends were visiting at the ranch, quartered in the guest house near the banks of the Pedernales, an overnight rainstorm sent a flash flood coursing between the guest house and the ranch house.

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While security officers, ranch hands and guests stood about fretting at the rising flood waters, Mr. Johnson disappeared to the tractor shed, cranked a tractor, coupled it to a trailer and simply drove through the rising water to pick up the guests, while other males at the ranch house watched with red faces.

Afterwards, the security personnel and the cowboys got a taste of what is known as the Johnson needle—the same kind of good-natured Texas “hurrah” he gives one of the girls when she misses a bass strike, or to his friend Judge Moursund when he misses a shot.

This friendly bantering is an accepted thing among his friends, but once, last year, it took a bizarre turn.

Mr. Johnson, then vice-president, was riding in a jeep on the ranch with an FBI security man from Georgia. A rattlesnake slithered across the road. Mr. Johnson stopped the jeep and the FBI man began firing his revolver at the snake.

With every miss, Mr. Johnson needled louder. “Sure can tell a Georgia boy from a Texan,” he taunted the security man. “I’d sure enough hate to have you trying to protect me.”

That FBI agent was Rufus Youngblood, the man who threw his body over Mr. Johnson when an assassin’s bullets hit the Presidential motorcade that black day in Dallas, Texas.

Since that day, there has been little time for the President to ride his ranch, to see his cattle, or the irrigation system of which he is so proud, or the crop of wildflowers blooming on the rocky hillsides where he once rode a donkey to school. But nobody knows better than Lyndon Johnson how important such things are to him, and to all Americans. He learned that, forcefully, with his 1955 illness. And Lyndon Baines Johnson still lives by it.

Now, on the rare occasions when he is able to spend time at the ranch, his first activity usually is to take a ride through his pastures, looking at the cattle and deer, talking over matters of weather and soil with Judge Moursund or other close friends—matters which give a few moments of rest to a mind crammed with the world’s most pressing problems.

His favorite horse is a smooth-gaited Tennessee Walker named Lady B, and when he rides, he sits easily erect, with the grace and bearing of a man born to the saddle.

This, as a matter of fact, he was. The nearest school to his family home on the Pedernales was miles away. Young Lyndon Johnson’s first conveyance was a donkey.

Soon there appeared a consistent series of tardy marks on the young man’s report cards. The donkey, he explained, was just too slow; he couldn’t make it to school on time. (The fact was that he never seemed to have trouble getting back home to the ranch in plenty of time to go fishing or roaming the ranch.)

The Johnson powers of persuasion, which were well marked even at that tender age, finally elevated him from donkey to pony. And he has been partial to horses ever since.

The ranch country of the Texas Hill Country, where he rides, is beautiful rolling terrain, rocky and rough, sprinkled with evergreen cedars on the steep ridges and dotted with low, acorn-bearing live oaks on the rolling hills.

Deer and wild turkey thrive in the protection of the steep draws and rugged hills, where nature provides the abundance of food and minerals to sustain remarkably high game populations. (Texas has the highest deer and wild-turkey population of any other state in the Union.)

In the late afternoons, particularly in the early fall when the country is dry, flights of mourning doves sweep down the canyons, wings whistling in descent, to water at gin-clear limestone pools along the Pedernales and its various feeder springs and creeks.

Perhaps these are some of the visions the President of the United States sees when he takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes and stares sightlessly for a few moments out of the windows of the White House.

As his personal friend and aide of many years, Bill Moyer, put it not long ago: “The ranch is his refuge. Just to talk about it seems to relax him; he may start remembering something that happened when he was a boy, and laugh about it. And then he puts on the glasses again, and you know it’s back to work, and no telling when he’ll stop.”

The other day, at his office in the Department of the Interior, Charlie Boatner leaned back in his chair and looked out across the gray-walled architecture of the nation’s capital, one building after another, into infinity.

“Sometimes I get to feeling all fenced in,” he said in a poorly concealed Texas drawl. “And I guess Mr. Johnson must feel it ten times more, the way his life has changed. But then I remember what he told me one night last summer on Granite Shoals Lake.

“Whenever I start thinking the problems are insurmountable,” he said, “and the pressure intolerable, all I have to do is look up at those stars—which were there so long before me and which will be there so long after I’m gone—and things just sort of go right back into perspective again.”

That’s Lyndon Baines Johnson, outdoorsman and sportsman. ● ● ●

HONEST ABE CLUB *Continued from page 12*

“As a strong believer in the Commandment, ‘Thou shalt not lie,’ I feel I can safely send this tale of an experience I had a few years back. I’ve always felt folks would think I was pulling their leg but, after reading some of the true stories sent in by Honest Abe members, I’m sure they believe in the same Commandment and will know that every word is true.

“This little incident took place in the mountains of Alaska where I had a little shack, which I used when running a trap line. The weather had turned nice and sunny, so I decided to wash some clothes. I had just hung up a pair of jeans and started for the house to get a smoke, when I rounded the corner and found a big mountain lion standing between me and the door. Of course, I hadn’t expected anything like this, so naturally my gun was inside.

“Well, sir, that old monster was giving me the eye, switching his tail and giving me a big, toothy snarl. I started looking for something with which to defend myself. The closest thing I could find was the bucket of water I’d washed the clothes in. About the time I thought he was ready to jump me, I grabbed the bucket and threw that soapy water into his face. He stood there like a statue for about five minutes,

Then I got a little courage and cautiously went over to him. I put my boot where I thought it would do the most good and he just fell over, dead as could be.

“Now, that sure puzzled me until I saw my jeans on the line. They looked like doll pants. I picked up the box of soap I’d used and read the label which explained that it was ‘shrinking soap.’ When that soapy water hit the lion, it shrunk the skin around his neck and choked him. (Signed) JAMES R. WILCOX”

It’s sure a good thing you didn’t wash your own neck that morning, Jim, or you wouldn’t be here to tell the tale.

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3. Coming Attractions

We’re very proud at Arcosy of the number of novels we buy for the book-bonus section, which are eventually made into motion pictures. “Von Ryan’s Express,” in this issue, for instance, is being made into a movie with Frank Sinatra.

Up and coming for one of our future issues is another exciting adventure novel which has already been purchased for an English motion picture. This is a fantastic adventure story set on the South African Coast, dealing with the mining of diamonds *in the sea*. Geoffrey Jenkins, who wrote “A Grue of Ice,” which Arcosy printed in December, 1962, is the author of the book, which is titled “The River of Diamonds.”

An earlier novel of Jenkins’, “A Twist of Sand,” is now being made for United Artists.

We know you won’t want to miss this great adventure novel—coming soon. ●

THE BATTLE FOR M^cCRACKEN MESA

Continued from page 37

year-old woman, living out her days along an unnamed wash with three sheep for company and sustenance, was run out of her hogan and the place bulldozed for "improvements." Riders threw tomato cans full of gasoline into the hogan fires around which the families slept. So many homes were destroyed in this manner that one eminent local citizen earned the name "burner of hogans" in the unpronounceable, glottal-stopped, liquid Navaho tongue.

Hosteen Sakeezie and the others gathered their families and sheep and moved to other canyons, made other camps. When pressed hard, they sometimes forded the San Juan to the reservation or retired deeper into the rough plateau country and holed up there until the stockmen and their herds had moved on.

Exasperated, the Bureau in its majesty sued through the Federal District Court in 1950 to have the "trespassing" Indians removed. The Bureau of Indian Affairs, charged with the protection of Navaho rights, made futile noises. But Federal Justice William S. Ritter, before whom the case was heard, is a stocky, quick-spoken student of Indian affairs with much time on the desert himself. Instead of rendering the agreeable decision the Bureau of Land Management expected, he held his own court of investigation on a wooden keg upended near the San Juan. The Navaho, many of whom like Hosteen Sakeezie understand no language but their own, came to be heard. When he left, Justice Ritter was more than merely impressed; he decided that justice was not nearly as simple as the law.

"Where will they go?" he asked for the record. "If I throw them out of their hogans, off their pastures, away from their homes, where will they go? The answer from the reservation is that the reservation is crowded. The Bureau of Land Management said, 'We don't know.' I said, 'You mean, then, if I throw them out of their place in Montezuma Creek, send them away from their hogans, that they will just be turned loose on the highways and byways?'"

"The Bureau just wasn't interested. But I was."

Ritter forthwith dismissed the case against Hosteen Sakeezie and his clan. Furthermore, he ordered the agents of the BLM and stockmen to leave the Navaho alone while he sought an answer.

Back in San Juan County, however, neither rancher nor Government waited for his decision. Their answer was much simpler than any legal judgment: Frighten the shiftless squatters! Take away their horses! The morals of this might be questioned, but its effectiveness was proved, especially the removal of the horses.

Sakeezie had explained this slowly to the court through an interpreter.

"When we go into the Beyond," he said, while a century or two rolled quietly away before the court's eyes, "the next life, horses are used over there. And that is why the best horse a person owns is killed when he dies. And when a man

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is not mounted, he will not equal those other people that come into the life here—after mounted on a good horse. That is the reason why any Indian, when he dies, should be mounted on the best horse that he owns during his life period.”

Let the court gasp, as it did. Time moves slowly on McCracken Mesa, and tribal customs are more intact here than the more “progressive” Navaho at Window Rock headquarters would like. But there were practical reasons for the horses, too, reasons that made Whitey Daw’s actions more than simple cruelty, just as the horses themselves were more than dog feed.

It was fifteen miles from Hosteen Sakeezie’s camp to the nearest water. It was another twenty miles to the hills where juniper and pine firewood could be cut. To the Black Mountain piñon groves, where mesa families gather their main cash crop of nuts, is 150 roadless miles, and the journey to the ceremonies at Tees Nos Pas or other sacred rocks is similar.

As Hosteen had told the court, “We have lots of use for those horses. The tame ones the children use as pets or to herd sheep with, and we use them for looking after the cattle. We use them as a team for the wagon. We use them as a team for cultivation. And, if need be, we would also eat these horses. We need our horses with respect to our lives.”

Dog feed.

In that hot summer of 1952, the district manager of the BLM told members of the county commission that the final campaign against the mounts of the Navaho trespassers would be shortly. In Salt Lake City, a Bureau agent purchased 800 rounds of 30-30 ammunition.

For the first part of this job, they detailed Whitey Daw, range rider from Blanding. Daw knew the desert, the McCracken Indians, but most of all, he knew their horses. For an impressive badge of office, he carried a large bull whip.

First the raid on Hosteen Sakeezie.

After the success here, and the sorry affair at Blanding corral, their way seemed clear. The raiders moved, in open defiance of Ritter’s order to maintain the peace on this mesa.

“We seen them hauling horses through by the store of Mr. Hatch there,” the Navaho testified. “We seen them horses with blood all over them in the trucks.”

Other mounts wandered back to the hogans, entrails dangling where bullets had ripped them open. Children led their household pets tearfully in.

Whitey Daw boasted of crowding a herd out on a ledge and watching one fall to its death. Of a truckload containing nine horses, five were knocked flat in the truck bed. One horse’s leg protruded between the boards and, according to the Indians, Daw had sawed it off. Not so, swore the agent—he had shot it off. Three of this load were dead on arrival at the Blanding corral from having been trampled upon, and another had to be shot later.

In all, more than 115 horses and thirty-eight burros were taken from the despairing McCracken families and either destroyed or sold for feed and glue. These forced sales brought \$1,700, which, ironically, was kept by the Stockmen’s Council. Mounts of their own, picked up by mistake, were returned unharmed—or somebody heard about it. If anyone had shot the horses of a prominent stockman of San Juan County the way the Indian mounts were shot and carted off, the culprit would probably never have made it to court with a whole skin.

But this was only the more honorable part of the battle. Daw rode into the camp of Jim Joe’s daughter, who was living, not on the open range, but on an allotment of her own just north of the San Juan, and informed her that she would have to drive her sheep out of the country or pay a fine and go to jail. This order was delivered in a manner which caused the woman to abandon her home that day,

ford the river with her flock and children and surrender her land.

Four other Navaho women and their sheep were found by San Juan deputies “trespassing” on land awarded to local stockmen. The agents, without warrant, confiscated the sheep and began loading them aboard trucks. But these women did not give up without a fight. When neither deputy nor Navaho could understand the others’ actions, a brutal melee ensued. The women were chased through tearing catclaw brush. Scratching, spitting and biting, they fought until exhausted. Finally, handcuffs shackled them while the 400 ewes and lambs were loaded and driven away.

Later, their families managed to get the sheep back—minus thirty animals killed by the handling. But it cost the Navaho \$480—loading and feeding fees, said the Government. The average McCracken family earned about \$240 a year, somewhat less than a Pakistani.

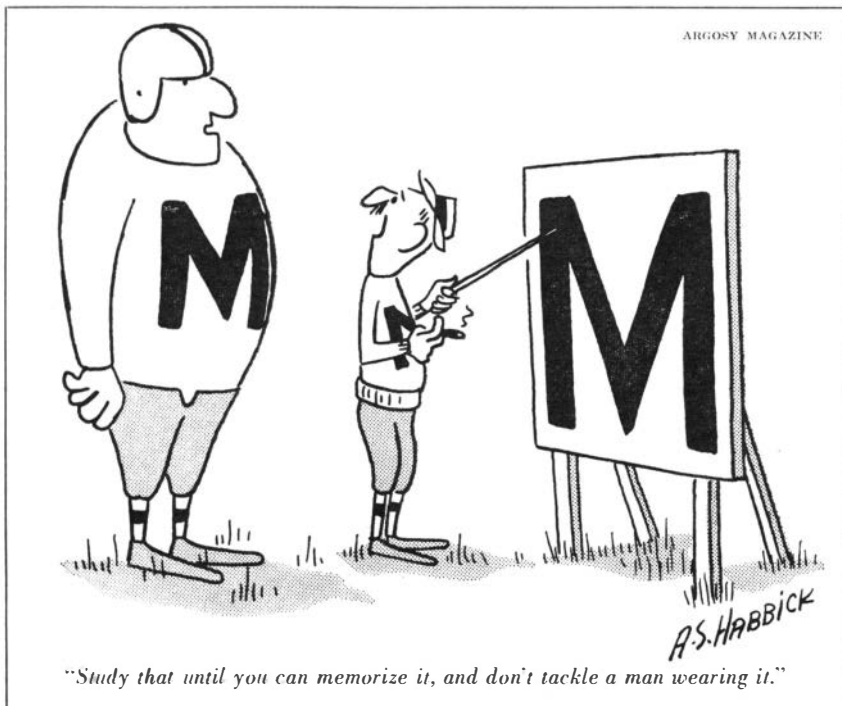
So went the battle for McCracken, all that fall and winter. Rather than leave children in the threatened hogans, parents took them to sleep among the rocks on high bluffs. Scarcely a line of this leaked out to newspapers, and if it did, it was smothered beneath stories of aid projects to starving Asians.

Next spring, when most of the horses had been driven away, the battle reached a climax. Jimmy Jelly, who lived with Slim Todachennie’s large family in Cross Canyon, drove to a squaw dance near Blanding that April. Leaving the affair with a girl and two other boys, they were halted and searched by two deputies, for reasons unknown. But when they were released and drove on, the deputies followed, firing random shots from 30-caliber rifles into the back of the pickup. Then they pulled alongside and fired through the door. Fourteen slugs went through the vehicle, one leaving a groove along Jimmy’s neck and another smashed deep into the calf of his leg. When he became too weak and sick to drive, the boy pulled off the road and friends who happened along took him to a doctor.

For this sport, Oman sued and won a judgment, but the deputies had by then departed for unknown territory. A trifling sum was paid by the sheriff’s bondsman.

Even before this, Hosteen Sakeezie and others of his clan had gone for advice to the Hatch Trading Post. Ira Hatch, who had lived among the Navaho for decades and had already seen some of the shootings, recalled a surveyor of homestead parcels in that area who had gone to Salt Lake City and got himself a law degree. It seemed that the shooting of Jimmy Jelly might be the spark which would finally set the desert aflame. Thus it was that when the clans began to gather ominously along the San Juan, Milt Oman, the ex-surveyor then sitting in his lawyer’s office just south of the Mormon Tabernacle, received word to come a-running.

Being familiar with the situation in the mesa country, knowing what odd things can pass unnoticed on that isolated range, he caught the next bus over the snow-bound Wasatch range to San Juan County. Bounding Navaho pickups carried him to Hatch’s Trading Post. Along the way, he



saw with dismay that whatever amicability had existed between Indian and rancher had now disappeared. In its place was a glowering hostility that could erupt into open battle at any moment. All that held it back was the remarkable restraint of a few Navaho leaders.

"You'd better git out there," he was told at the Post. "afore you lose a few clients."

Oman found the besieged families camped by the intermittent pools of the San Juan. Word of the shootings and vigilante action had filtered down into the reservation proper. Other clans and sympathizers had arrived and were milling about, listening first to angry threats of revenge and secondly—grudgingly—to quiet pleas of reason. Now, like the stockmen, the Navaho, too, had rifles.

Most of the trouble had come from Blanding, where the Government corral was located. Jimmy Jelly's squaw dance had been held near the town; the worst of the stockmen offenders and deputies lived there. Thus Blanding would be the target of whatever action grew from that meeting; the only thing standing between the town and a righteously infuriated band of Navaho was their own traditional restraint and one frightened lawyer.

"You must fight them in the courts," Oman insisted time and again as the delicate pendulum swung toward violence. "There will be other shootings, and other meetings like this. You can't pull a raid every time something like this happens. The law is your only weapon. You're fighting the Government itself."

But arguments of logic do not always register when battle fires have been lit. Even as the lawyer talked, he feared his words went up with Navaho smoke. Besides, considering the tribe's chances in any local court, he knew his suggestion about resorting to legal means could turn into an empty promise.

Would the killing of the horses be stopped?

Certainly, he told them, knowing full well that the power of an injunction was only as strong as the will of an officer to enforce it.

Could they stay on the mesa and the rest of their land?

Justice Ritter was taking a sympathetic look at the matter, and the prospect looked good—if Ritter's judgment was upheld.

What about Whitey Daw, and those who had shot Jimmy Jelly?

And the only thing Oman could say was that shooting such people would do no more than bring armies of others like them onto the mesa.

For long hours, the issue hung by a thread so thin that one sharp word might have severed it. But, as the fires cooled, Oman felt the argument swing precariously toward reason. First one, then other elders, and finally the rest of the group, mumbled and nodded a grudging assent to a legal fight rather than shotgun revenge. And as dawn touched the desert, Oman could pick up his papers and head back over the mountains with a book full of unbelievable charges and a cold determination to win this battle.

That next fall, Hosteen Sakeezie, Bill Hatahli, Widow Sleepy, Shorty Smiles,

and the others made a long trek over the mountains to the Federal court at Salt Lake City. They camped in a pasture south of the city, since no hotel would give them rooms. They had slaughtered a few sheep before coming, and roasted the mutton now in the middle of an early snow while streams of suburban traffic swept past their camp. At dawn, they rose early and went to a nearby hill to ask for help, which they needed badly. Where Sakeezie had once pastured a thousand sheep, there were now only 170. Shorty Smiles' fifty ewes had dwindled to two. The others were in similar straits.

But perhaps the prayers on the hill helped. Justice Ritter, after expelling Whitey Daw from the court for guffawing at tales of cruelty to Indian horses, decided that someone owed the Navaho \$100,000. The BLM was directed to pay the money. Ritter also warned both Government and stockmen again to stop their plundering.

Victory, yes, but the function of law is not simple. Ritter's judgment was overruled by an appeals court. The Supreme Court, however, upheld him and told Ritter to hold court again. He did, and this time awarded the McCracken Navaho \$186,000, the additional sum for depredations since his first hearing.

Again the appeals court overruled, calling Ritter biased, and asked for a new judge. Early in 1961, after eight years of wrangling, delay and nonsense, the case dragged to an end. Milt Oman was given to understand, even before the new court was assembled, that in fairness to everybody except, perhaps, the red-eyed, ring-tailed Navaho, they should accept whatever was offered by way of settlement. The Justice Department offered \$45,000. The Navaho shrugged and accepted.

But McCracken Mesa, whose measly scrub started the whole ruckus, will no longer be a battleground. In 1956, as the huge Glen Canyon Dam nearby took shape, it was rather ruefully observed that some of the shoreline and inundated canyons were Navaho land. What could be traded to the tribe for part of this? McCracken Mesa.

So, in November of 1959, a short ceremony was held along the San Juan, welcoming into the Navaho nation those 50,000 acres which comprise the mesa and its bordering washes. Old Hosteen Sakeezie, still in his hogan on Montezuma Creek, saw little reason to attend. After all, he and his clan had been here all the time and intended to stay no matter what.

As for Milt Oman, in digging through the records, he found that a certain percentage of the mineral rights of this area were supposed to be retained by the same clans. As oil funds flowed in from recent discoveries here, they had indeed been set aside—and conveniently forgotten in a Washington bureau. These were pried loose and turned over to the state of Utah, which promptly spent them for roads and other items. A suit to recover this money is now gaining headway.

Regardless of roads, legal suits and such skirmishes as this, however, when other civilizations have bludgeoned and surrendered each other into extinction, it's a good bet that Hosteens may still be on McCracken Mesa. ● ● ●

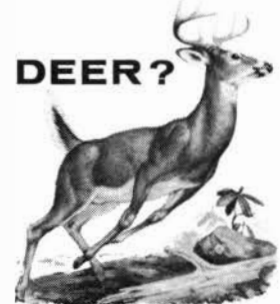
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BY MARTIN DEUTSCH

WISCONSIN: BEER, FISH AND CIRCUSES

Wisconsin is a happy state. The cities are filled with people who drink some of the finest beer brewed in the United States; the countryside is populated with handsome dairy farms and healthy cows; the lakes are brimming with fish just waiting to be caught, and the woods are alive with game. They call Wisconsin the "land of the gathering waters," an appropriate description of a state with nearly 9,000 lakes and 20,000 miles of rivers and streams. Not to be overlooked are the 500 miles of shoreline along the Great Lakes.

The state's activities match the splendid natural statistics. In winter, the Green Bay Packers dominate the National Football League, and in summer, the Milwaukee Braves please the crowds in that fair city. (Into each life a little rain must fall. As this article was written, there were strong signs that the Braves would soon move their baseball franchise to Atlanta, Georgia.) As another symptom of the gregarious spirit which pervades Wisconsin, we can point to the long-standing romance between activities involving the circus and the residents of the Badger State.

From 1884 until 1918, the city of Baraboo was the home of the Ringling Brothers Circus. (Current headquarters are in Florida. But the circus and its traditions are still very much alive in Baraboo today.) The famous Circus World Museum is open every day from May sixteenth to September twentieth from nine-thirty to five-thirty. The admission of \$1.50 for adults and 50 cents for children under twelve includes caliope concerts, a trained-animal circus, a

show of horses unloading a circus train, and a half-hour tour of circus sites in Baraboo by open-air carriage. Various collections recreate the history of the circus.

Another circus manifestation which has been gaining national prominence in recent years is the annual circus parade in Milwaukee on July Fourth, a revival of a care-free Independence Day event which has not been witnessed on these shores since around 1920. Sponsors of the giant festival are the brewers of the beer "that made Milwaukee famous."

The parade features an impressive array of historic circus wagons, carefully rebuilt, restored and repainted. The wagons are drawn by matched teams of Percherons, Belgians and Clydesdales, in four-, six- and eight-horse hitches. These championship teams come from as far away as New York state and Ontario. Then there are stage-coaches, Indians and cowboys, and even an ox cart. There are clowns aplenty, along with caged lions and tigers, and uncaged elephants, camels, zebras and llamas.

First in line is a "Yesterday on Wheels" pageant, with more than a hundred antique cars; then the circus wagons, including a "hippo den," carrying, not surprisingly, a live hippo; a twenty-eight-piece mounted band and two dozen drum and bugle corps, all in picturesque attire. The whole show will be televised nationally next year. The other big attraction at "A Day in Old Milwaukee" is a fantastic nine-forty-five-p.m. fireworks display on the lake front. There are 3,000 aerial bursts in less than an hour, launched from a Chesapeake and Ohio car-

ferry. If the youngsters (and possibly you and the missus) aren't starry-eyed from the afternoon's parade, this exotic nocturnal shooting match will be certain to add the finishing touches.

The doings are not limited to July fourth, either. The five-acre marshalling area where the circus wagons and their horses are assembled is open to the public without charge for the week preceding the Fourth, as well as the following day. And most fittingly, there are matinee and evening performances during this period by the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. It's a pleasant time of the year to spend several days in the Milwaukee area.

In case you haven't guessed by now, Wisconsin claims to be the "Mother of Circuses," having spawned or played host to more than a hundred of them.

At this stage of our "Travel Trails" rambles, you might be thinking: "This is autumn. Why is he carrying on about vacations and July Fourth parades?"

The point would be well taken. This time of year, we're normally thinking about Caribbean cruise waters and sunny beaches on the one hand, or ski slopes on the other. True enough, but there are still many of us who take our holidays in the summer. And the plans for the typical two-week July or August vacation are often hatched before a fireplace with the snow piling up outside. Thus, what you learn here about Wisconsin may be fuel for next year's vacation.

Further, should you have the time and inclination, there's plenty to do in Wisconsin all the year 'round. The Packers practice their gridiron wizardry when the frost is on the pumpkin, and the state has some first-class ski resorts, including several in the southeastern corner near the major cities of Milwaukee, Madison and Sheboygan. Wisconsin snowfalls range from 30 to 155 inches and many areas have snow-making machinery to lend nature a hand when needed.

There are forty-five major ski areas, conveniently scattered through the state. An excellent "Ski Wisconsin" booklet is available, which provides a map, as well as a listing of the resorts and the names of the owners, nearest town and major highway in the area. A data table gives you the number of runs, the longest run, the best vertical drop, whether there are trails, the number of tows and whether there are snow machines, patrols, rentals, lights, refreshments and instruction. You can obtain this sixteen-panel folder without charge by writing to the Wisconsin Vacation and Travel Service, P.O. Box 450, Madison, Wisconsin.

Back to next summer and some suggestions for an ideal driving vacation for you and the family. (It might not be a bad idea to call at Wisconsin in conjunction with a trip east to the World's Fair, which will be in its second and final year in New York City's Flushing Meadows. The bugs ought to be ironed out by '65, and the fair should really be fair.)

Wisconsin is endowed with an excellent system of state recreation areas, including thirty-two state parks and nine state forests. The parks are divided into three categories: scenic, historical-memorial and roadside. The state forests comprise large



areas of woods and water accessible by primary roads. Camping is permitted in twenty-five of the parks and all but one of the forests, as well as in the two National Forests that lie within the state's boundaries. Daily camping fee is \$1.50, while vehicle stickers cost 50 cents a day or \$2 a year. Most of the parks and forests offer picnic facilities, swimming, tent and trailer camping, boating, fishing, hiking, drinking water and other facilities.

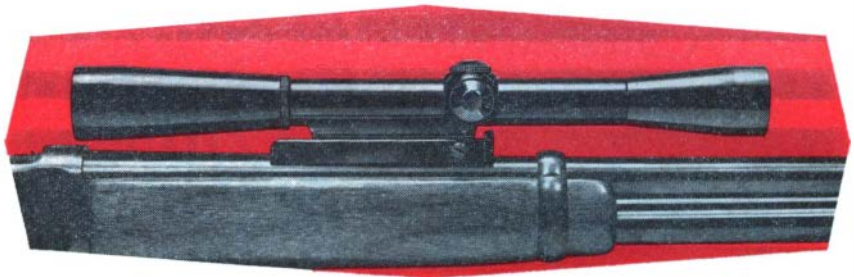
A handsome illustrated brochure, "Wisconsin Welcomes You!", provides full details on all parks and forests, including the vacation highlights of the entire state broken down into eight major areas: Indian Head Country, Northwoods Country, Heartland, Green Bay Country, Coulee Country, Southern Hill and Lake Region, Kettle Moraine Country and the Lake Michigan Strip. Get the booklet from the Wisconsin Vacation and Travel Service, P.O. Box 450, Madison, Wisconsin.

In south central Wisconsin, just about 100 miles west of Milwaukee (via Highway 94), lies the Wisconsin Dells-Lake Delton region, a deservedly popular and versatile summer-resort complex. Within ten square miles, you'll find dozens of family attractions, motels and lakeside cottages which can accommodate 10,000 guests nightly, nearly fifty restaurants for all tastes and in all price ranges, and beautiful scenery. You'll also find golfing, horseback riding, hunting and fishing.

The town of Wisconsin Dells, a community of some 2,000 year-round residents, sits in picturesque splendor on the banks of the Wisconsin River. Flowing through soft sandstone, the river here has etched a long series of odd and memorable shapes into the rock formations. A dam at the town divides the river into the Upper and Lower Dells. One of the best ways to take in the local sights is by boat. Several lines run tours to both the Upper and Lower Dells from April through October. The vessels leave several times an hour from Dells Landing in town. The three-hour Upper Dells itinerary, which includes shore excursions, calls at Cold Water Canyon, Witches Gulch and Stand Rock. Tours of the Lower Dells run slightly over an hour. The Upper tour is priced at \$3, with youngsters at half price. The Lower ride costs \$2 for adults and \$1 for children. Beyond two children in a family, there's no admission charge.

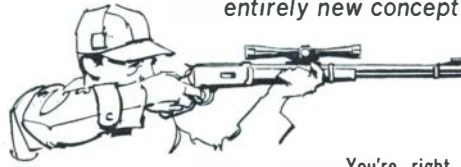
If you're in the area between late June and Labor Day, you can enjoy nightly Ceremonial Dances offered at eight forty-five by the Winnebago and other Indian tribes. These authentic productions take place at Stand Rock Amphitheatre, five miles north of the town. You can get there by car or boat. Admission is \$1.80, children 75 cents. Then, if you want to relive your childhood memories, there's Storybook Gardens, a land of make-believe peopled by the likes of Old King Cole, Simple Simon and The Three Bears. The landscaping is top-notch and there are waterfalls, ponds and gardens. There are also tame animals and a miniature train ride. It's open from May twenty-third to September twentieth. Admission from July first to Labor Day is \$1.50, and 75 cents for kids under fourteen; the rest of the time, \$1 and 50 cents.

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Other attractions include Tommy Bartlett's Water Ski Show on Lake Delton, with three shows a day (\$2.25 adults, \$1 for children); Fort Dells, a replica of a frontier fort, at \$1 and 50 cents, with extra charges for stagecoach, boat, train and antique-car rides; Minirama, a realistic recreation of the Dells, with motor launches, steamers and model trains, recorded sound effects (75 cents, children under twelve free); Riverside and Great Northern Scenic Railway, a twenty-minute ride on a miniature railway (35 cents); Wisconsin Dells Amphibian Lines, seventy-five-minute land-sea sightseeing tour via Army "ducks," and portage, with driver-guides (\$2.75 and \$1.25), and McBoyle's Air Tours, flights over the Dells, local lakes (minimum fare \$3).

In case you want to camp in the Dells, there's a camping resort eleven miles north of the town off Highway 13 on Freedom Court Road. There's a private lake with sandy beaches, supervised recreation for the offspring, camp sites with fireplaces and tables, washers and dryers, and a store for food, supplies, ice. Daily family rate is \$3, weekly \$17.50. Write for reservations to Dells Camping Resort, Route 2, Box 154, Wisconsin Dells.

Just fifteen miles south, via Baraboo, you'll find another prime vacation area, Devil's Lake State Park, typical of Wisconsin's many fine recreation facilities. This one takes in 2,600 acres and supplies swimming, fishing, golfing, boating, horses, picnicking, tent and trailer camping and nature trails. . . .

The northwest corner of the state,

known as "Indian Head Country," is endowed with major rivers, waterfalls, rugged Lake Superior shoreline, three Indian reservations, deer farms and majestic forests. The Brule River, a trout stream with an international reputation, has its source and outlet here; and the inland lakes have given up countless trophy-sized muskies. Visitors are welcome, incidentally, to the world's largest trout and muskellunge hatcheries which are located here.

The fishing action in Indian Head Country is excellent—and it's in season most of the months of the year. You'll find large- and smallmouth bass, walleye and sauger, northern pike, a wide selection of panfish, catfish and sturgeon and, of course, trout and muskellunge. License fees for non-residents run to \$5 for a full season, \$6 for husband and wife for fifteen days. Wisconsin residents pay \$3.

The hunting in Indian Head Country is equally attractive, with deer, pheasants, ruffed grouse, woodcocks, ducks and rabbits. There are also snowshoe hare and squirrels. For non-residents, hunting licenses, exclusive of deer run \$25, with deer at \$50. Shooting-preserve hunting is \$5; archers, for deer only, \$10. (These fees are for the entire state as well as for Indian Head Country. For fishing and hunting information throughout the state, contact the Wisconsin Conservation Department in Madison.)

One of the most popular recreation diversions in Wisconsin is canoeing. The state's many water trails follow in the wake of the Indian (Continued on page 95)



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The United States: A Great Place to Live and Visit!

THIS MONTH, we're suggesting a few of our wonderful states to vacation in or travel to. The wonders of our own country are endless, including the scenery *and* the people. Traveling to your destination is part of the pleasure, whether by car, bus, train or plane. It's so easy to get where you're going—and it's easy on the family budget, too!

1. **WISCONSIN:** This lovely state seems to be just one big fun time all the year around. With 9,000 lakes and 20,000 miles of rivers and streams, plentiful camping sites, football, baseball, skiing, hunting and fishing, and even the circus—no matter what your desire, Wisconsin seems to have it. By the way, when you visit the New York World's Fair next summer, don't miss Wisconsin pizza. That's right—pizza, yet. Why not, with all that wonderful cheese! What to drink with it? Beer, but of course!
2. **MONTANA:** Now here's a state that's wearing a big smile. This year it's celebrating its Territorial Centennial year. There are lots of big doings! From the Rocky Mountains in the west to the Great Plains covering a large portion of the east, Montana is one of the nicest states to see. Somehow it feels—and is—so healthy and invigorating. Glacier National Park is not to be missed, from snow-frosted peaks to sparkling lakes. There are plenty of deer, elk, moose and white-mountain goat. In Helena, see the State Historical Library with Indian relics and a Custer collection. The Custer Battlefield National Cemetery, by the way, is within today's Crow Indian Reservation.
3. **LAS VEGAS:** Never in Nevada? Man, here's the spot for a lively vacation in a wonderful climate, with a year-round average temperature of 66.1 degrees. As for Las Vegas, although noted for its gambling gaiety, this tootin' town also offers its visitors a fistful of chips in spots for swimming, golf, tennis, riding, fishing, etc., and menus to satisfy the heartiest appetite and most conscientious budget. Special events get the deal, too, such as trap shoots and golf tourneys. Of course, you can gamble if you want to—it's still going great! Roll 'em, and lots of luck. Sorry, but the brochures don't give a sure way to win. They do guarantee a good time, though!
4. **MINNESOTA:** Romantic in its history, the "Land of 10,000 Lakes" also has plenty of land to enjoy. Duluth, rising on rock bluffs 300 feet above the lake level, boasts Skyline Parkway, Aerial Lift Bridge and sits on the western tip of Lake Superior. You must see Minnehaha Falls in Minneapolis. That's right, these falls were the inspiration for Longfellow's immortal "Hiawatha." The St. Paul Winter Carnival should be on your list. The city of Bemidji, named for the leader of a band of Chippewa Indians, is the romantic folklore setting for many a legendary Paul Bunyan story.
5. **SOUTH DAKOTA:** Just east of the Black Hills is the famed Bad Lands with a special beauty all its own, featuring numerous and unusual rocks and fossils found among the prickly cactus and exciting, beautiful wild flowers. The historical and scenic attractions of Custer State Park, Mount Rushmore National Monument, Wind Cave National Park and Jewel Cave National Monument are magnetic with interest.
6. **ILLINOIS:** Right in the heart of the United States, it offers warmth, history, lovely countrysides and exciting cities. The Illinois State Fair itself attracts about 1,000,000 people each year. It's held in August, so keep this happy month in mind for next year. There are fifty state parks to visit and many historical sites, including Lincoln's home and tomb in Springfield, and pioneer settlements and forts. Don't forget that up-and-coming city at the foot of Lake Michigan. It's called Chicago. Brookfield Zoo (near Chicago) is a must for the small fry. See the Chicago Natural History Museum, Navy Pier, Hull House and, of course, "The Loop."

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in his birchbark, the missionary and the explorer moving through virgin wilderness, and the trapper in pursuit of beaver and otter. The very names, Flambeau, Brule, Chippewa, Manitowish, Peshtigo and Namekagon, dramatize the attraction of Wisconsin's water trails.

There's an excellent free booklet, "Wisconsin Water Trails," issued by the Conservation Department in Madison. Outlined are forty-eight canoe tours, with maps, distances, camp sites, resorts and cabins, supplies, hunting and fishing data, and a report on the currents. Typical (and short) is trip Number Six, "Flambeau River Water Trail." The description is as follows: "Ladysmith to Chippewa River: Between the Dam at Ladysmith and the junction of the Flambeau with the Chippewa, there are but two obstacles for canocists. These are two dams, at Port Arthur and Thornapple. Neither is difficult to portage around.

"The water is fast-flowing but smooth, and offers ideal fishing. There are possible camp sites at the dams and near the point where the two rivers meet. These lower stretches of the Flambeau run through fairly wild country, but County Trunk E (road) to the west, is accessible from the river along much of the way. Supplies may be obtained at Ladysmith." Many of the tours are somewhat longer. It's a fine guide.

If you like to hit a golf ball, you'll find plenty of fairways in Wisconsin. Last year alone there were twenty-four more courses with 324 holes available to enthusiasts. There are now eighteen-hole courses at Mukwonago (Rainbow Springs), Franksville (Golf Bowl), Antigo (River-view), Caledonia (Raymond Heights), Delafield (Tumblebrook) and Butler (The Meadows). The Conservation Department will supply you with a statewide list of golf facilities on request.

We've rather neglected Wisconsin's historical monuments and museums, the reminders of America's growth and transition from a wilderness inhabited by Indians and trappers to a modern industrial and agricultural state. Wisconsin's "modern" history goes back to 1634 when Jean Nicolet was sent by Champlain, the Governor of New France, to explore the region. Nicolet's expedition crossed the Great Lakes and landed at Green Bay, where a treaty was signed with the Indians and fur trade was begun. For the next 200 years, trappers and traders had things pretty much to themselves. Subsequently, the English and Americans settled here, and the struggle for control began. The upper hand passed from the French to the English, then to the Americans. Bad feelings between the Americans and Indians culminated in the Black Hawk War of 1832, which ended in the defeat of the Sauk Indians, opening the door for settlers from New England, New York and the South.

The visitor can retrace much of this fascinating frontier history, in the cities, in the wilderness woods, in tiny settlements and on Wisconsin's lakes and rivers.

In the meantime, if you have begun to think about next year's vacation, and it's not too early, it's a good idea to keep the Badger State in mind.

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vessels, the chief engineer doesn't stand an engine-room watch. This first morning at sea, he should be flaked out in his bunk, as usual, sleeping off his before-sailing tour of the dockside pubs. If he had been called below, it meant trouble.

The captain set his cup on a binocular box, stepped into the wheelhouse and picked up the receiver. He had a craggy face and a thatch of hair with a lot of gray in it. His voice was rough as a full gale. He said yes as if he had actually said, "Well, what's wrong now?"

The chief's reply came up, apologetically. "We got to slow her down, Cap'n. She's burning a rotor bearing. Better cut 'er to sixty turns."

"For how long?"

"Depends on the bearing."

"The hell with the bearing! I got a schedule to make. Keep 'er wide open!"

"Cap'n, wait a minute! Listen! She'll seize up and then you got no turns at all."

The captain stared at the phone as though it had pitched off the bulkhead and hit him. "I'm coming down there. Don't cut her under seventy-five."

He hooked the receiver, slamming it, and went back to the wing. As he drank his coffee—not even a burned rotor bearing could interrupt that daily rite—he felt the ship slowing to not much more than half speed. And as she slowed, she rolled deeper into the swells.

Ask Captain Thomas Hutchinson how to get a ship across the ocean and he'd tell you quicker than a sailor heading for the first gin mill. "Just take 'er across,"

he'd say. "And if anything goes wrong, square it away the best way you can."

That was all he had in the way of philosophy. But he wouldn't call it that. He'd call it experience, a commodity he'd been stowing away since the age of fourteen when he quit school and went to work on the Long Island oyster dredgers. In those days, they kept the boats afloat with oakum and bailers. At eighteen, figuring he knew all there was to know about oyster dredging, he shifted to deep-sea freighters. After he learned the seaman's trade, he studied navigation. Slowly and painfully, he discovered how to handle a sextant and work out a noon position.

It took him ten years to move from the forecabin to a job as third mate. After another ten years, he got his master's license with an assist from the war, during which the examiners were inclined to pass a man who had a lot of sea time even though it took him half a day to figure a longitude problem. He got a tough break then; the war ended before he could sign on as skipper of a Liberty ship. He had to settle for a chief mate's rating on freighters of the North Europe Line. And that was when he developed the two passions that were to shape the rest of his seagoing years. One was a craving for oysters—probably an inherited taste. The other, definitely acquired, was an abiding hatred for the line's marine superintendent.

The marine superintendent, referred to by officers on company vessels as Smiling John because he never did, sat swivel-chaired in an air-conditioned office on lower Broadway and moved ships with a slide rule. He also hired and fired the

masters and mates. Smiling John would admit, under very strong pressure, that throughout the time Thomas Hutchinson served as chief mate, he was thoroughly competent. He also observed that Hutchinson was stubborn and hard-headed. He clung to his opinions as tight as a couple of round turns on a mooring bitt. He tended to engage in bellowing arguments. In short, he wasn't exactly a company man.

But Hutchinson stayed with the company. He waited patiently—stubbornly, too—and as the line expanded, he moved from the bottom to the top of the promotion list. Eventually—and, he thought, because Smiling John didn't have an experienced skipper available—he was entrusted with the command of the *American Pride*. That was two years ago. So far so good. He had taken the ship out and brought her back on time come hurricane or high water. Despite his good record, though, he was still on a kind of probation. Just one error in judgment, and he was finished. He knew that. And he knew Smiling John did, too.

Captain Hutchinson finished his coffee and strode through the wheelhouse—causing the fourth mate to straighten up fast—and headed along the inside alleyway. Reaching the engine-room door on the main deck, he stepped out onto the grating and saw, far below, the flats and levels of machinery clustered around a massive bulk of steam turbines. A blast of tropical air drafted up, and the steel guard rail was almost too hot to hold. He went down the ladder as reluctantly as someone forced to descend all the way to hell.

The chief, a red-faced Scotsman in sweated khaki, stood by the reaction turbine. His first assistant was leaning over it, feeling the gear casing, the heat in it, with the palm of his hand.

The captain looked at the chief, shook his head and came right to the point. "What have you got?" he said.

"The liner on the high-pressure rotor is breaking up," the chief said. He reached into the well under the bearing, groped around in the oil spill and fished out half a dozen chunks of silvery-white babbitt.

The rotor bearing is part of the thrust assembly that transmits the turning force of the turbines to the propeller shaft. Pointing with a grimy finger, the chief explained that vibration had caused its oil-grooved babbitt core to burn and grind away from the inner surface of steel.

The captain asked if there was a spare bearing.

"One," the chief said.

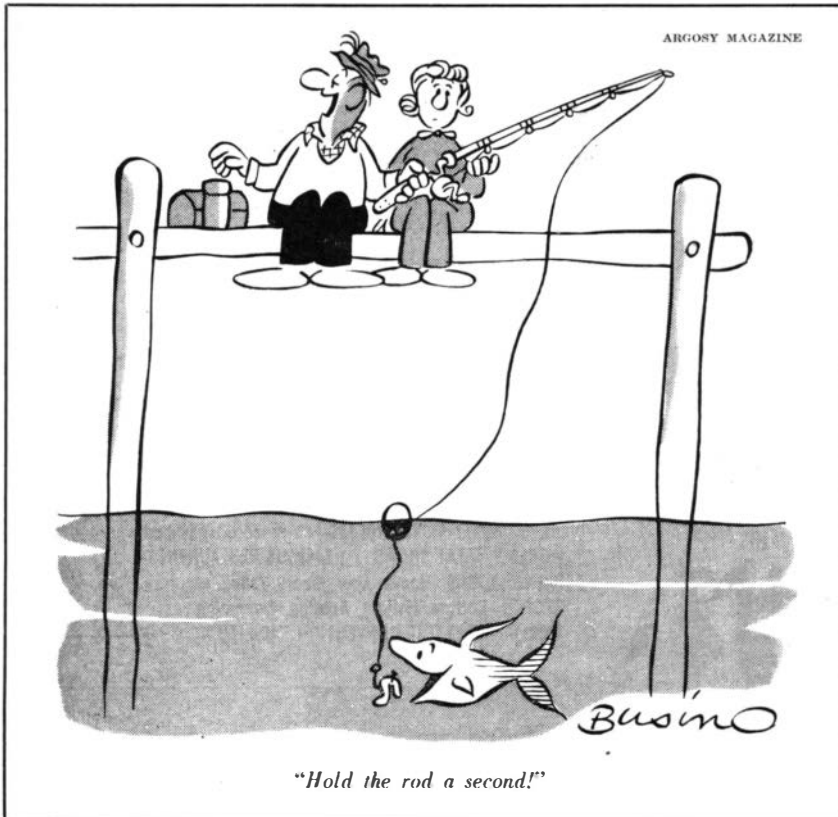
"How fast can you put it in?"

"Maybe two hours."

"Then there's no problem. Put it in."

"That's not the whole story," the chief said. "The spare may not last, either." He explained that the real problem was the coupling which linked the thrust assembly to the propeller shaft. The coupling was, as he put it, pretty near beat. The teeth on it had worn to hair edges and, meshing unevenly, caused the vibration that had burned out the rotor bearing.

"You mean you need a new coupling," the captain said. "You got one aboard?"



"Hold the rod a second!"

"No, sir. That's a shipyard job. I asked for a new one half a dozen times. But the marine superintendent said this coupling was good for another year."

"He did, eh?" the captain said. "Old Smiling John, eh? He said the coupling would last another year?"

"They keep all kinds of records. They claim a coupling is supposed to last for. . ."

"Never mind their phony records. What I want to know is what happens if you put the spare bearing in and it burns, too. Then what?"

The chief glanced at the shaft, revolving at half speed, gleaming, swinging the heavy propeller. "That would be the end of it," he said. "When the liner starts to go, the bearing heats up. If it burns out, we have to stop the ship. And we don't move again till we've got a new bearing."

The captain thought about that. Then he said, "We'll take a chance on the spare bearing." He turned and stamped across the floorplates toward the ladder. "Soon as I give you the bell, get it in. Fast!"

When he reached the bridge, the captain rang the engine-room indicator to stop and told the helmsman to put the wheel amidships. He sent the fourth mate running up to the flying bridge to hoist the out-of-command signal—two black spheres which would warn any passing ships that the *American Pride* could not maneuver.

Standing in the wheelhouse, the captain heard the rhythmic beat of the engine slow and finally stop. There was an eerie stillness, and then the awareness of other sounds—the rustle of wind and sea, the bang and clatter of gear as the ship walloped, rolling heavily, in the trough of the waves. Overhead, the fourth mate's heels clicked as he moved away from the flag locker. Other footsteps, then the first mate's as he raced up the bridge ladder.

The captain met him at the wheelhouse door. "Make sure everything's secure," he said crisply. "We're going to roll some." He turned and went into the chartroom.

At times like these, alone in his chartroom, a shipmaster might be inclined to say a few prayers. The theory is that if a watch officer gets into trouble he can call on the skipper. And the skipper can call on God. Thomas Hutchinson, however, was in the habit of handling his problems without help from anyone.

Bracing against the roll of the ship, he checked a sheaf of weather reports. Low-pressure areas moving down from the north and west. Heavy weather making. He looked at the chart. On a course of 242, the *Pride* was ten hours out of the English Channel. Okay. Now what to do? After the spare bearing was installed, he could play it safe—the way a prudent skipper should—by turning and running the shortest distance easterly to Saint Nazaire. There were shipyards there and . . .

No, he thought, that won't do any good; what we need is a new coupling, and a foreign shipyard won't have one. Wait a minute! Smiling John told the chief engineer this coupling is good for another year. Very well then. Steam ahead on course and at full speed. When the ship docks in New York, Smiling John can look at the beat-up coupling and admit he was wrong. But suppose the *Pride* doesn't make New York? Suppose the bearing

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burns out at sea? Without engine power, the ship would be derelict. She'd be at the mercy of the mid-Atlantic gales. Waiting for an ocean-going tug, she might break up; she might take enough water to founder. And then it would be the captain who would have to admit he had been wrong. If he was still around to say anything at all.

He tossed the weather reports on the chart table and went back to the bridge wing. Pacing and scowling, staring ahead at the gray Atlantic, he waited for the chief to install the spare bearing. A minute after the job was finished, he had the ship back on course and at full speed. Then he descended to the engine room.

The chief and the first assistant, along with an oiler who had helped install the bearing, were mopping sweat and grease.

"She looks okay," the chief said, nodding toward the fast-turning shaft.

The discarded bearing was on the floorplates—a steel cylinder about as big as a washdown bucket. The inner surface, the babbitt liner, was chipped and worn away.

The captain nudged the rim of the bearing with his foot and then glanced up at the chief. "Look," he said, "you got plenty of babbitt aboard, haven't you? Why not melt it and pour a new liner into this bearing? After it hardens, cut the oil grooves on the lathe. Right? If the spare burns out, you put this one in. And pour a new liner into the spare. See what I mean?"

The chief's face creased into a couple of hundred wrinkles. This was a solution he should have figured out himself. "I see what you mean," he said.

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change a bearing every day. The only question is, can you pour the liner?"

"Yes, sir. I'll pour you a dozen liners." "Just one," the captain said. "That's all we need right now."

He followed the chief into the machine shop and watched him make a sheet-metal mold and fit it inside the bearing. The first assistant rolled in a tank of acetylene gas. After the torch was hooked up, the chief lit the burner and held the white-hot flame under the ladle. At the far side of the workbench, the oiler was scraping the last of the old liner out of the bearing.

Soon after the heat hit it, the habbit started to melt. A few minutes later, it was bubbling like soup.

"It's hot enough now," the chief told the captain. "I'll pour it over a base of sand."

"Watch what you're doing!" the captain shouted.

The torch was sputtering. The chief twirled a valve, the flame blasted full force, sputtered again, caught, sputtered and went out.

"Tank's empty," the first assistant said.

The captain was looking at the habbit. It had begun to harden. "Hook up another tank!"

The chief wiped his face with some cotton waste. "Cap'n," he said, "that's our last tank. I ordered six. But the marine superintendent put a limit on acetylene, so they cut the order."

"Smiling John again," the captain said. He delivered a couple of well-chosen phrases, the kind an oysterman uses when a dredge line parts. Switching to practical matters, he asked, "You got a blowtorch?"

The chief had a blowtorch. But because of fire regulations, he couldn't carry gasoline or anything else hot enough to burn in it.

"Use diesel oil," the captain suggested. "You can run an air line into it to break it up."

They tried that. It didn't work. The compressed air couldn't force a spray fine enough to fire the oil. But the captain wasn't beat yet. He primed the oil with flaming rags. No good. Still trying, he went topside and and got a case of cigarette-lighter fluid out of the slop chest.

He mixed the fluid with oil and touched it off. The blowtorch caught and held a steady flame. "Now we're back in business," he said. But not for long. The fuel-oil flame wasn't hot enough to bring the habbit to pouring temperature.

At that point, if the captain had said anything at all, the habbit might have boiled as brisk as water. But he didn't say anything; he just turned and walked toward the ladder. When he had climbed well beyond hearing range, the first assistant grinned.

"He's prob'ly going to rig some sail," he said.

"Don't bet he won't," the chief said. "And don't knock the skipper. You do, an' I'll lay a wrench in your teeth!"

Back in his chartroom, the captain bel-lowed for the radio operator and got the late weather reports. After studying them, he went out onto the wing and did some more pacing. A few minutes later—his mind made up—he returned to the chartroom and plotted the *Pride's* position. He wrote it down and, following it, scrib-

bled a message to the marine superintendent in New York:

Main shaft coupling vibrating. Liner in high-pressure rotor bearing burned out and replaced. No spare bearings aboard.

The radiogram, transmitted immediately to New York, was a routine advisory phrased as formally as code. Translated into plain language, it told Smiling John that he had been wrong about the coupling. It *wouldn't* last another year.

The captain had planned his first move as craftily as an oysterman coming up against the Coast Guard. No hostility. No arguments. He had simply stated the facts. The facts were on his side, though; he knew Smiling John would have to accept them. The next move would be almost automatic. Smiling John would be forced to order the *Pride* to turn and head for the nearest port. When he did, he'd be admitting that his original judgment on the coupling had been wrong.

Yes, but what if Smiling John stuck to his estimate? What if he insisted the coupling was still okay? In that case, he wouldn't order the change in course. The captain was thinking about that possibility as he bent over the chart table and studied the weather reports and the lines of position on the plotting sheet. He glanced up finally, and stared past the circle of port-hole glass at the late-afternoon sun.

A ship spans the ocean with turns of a bronze propeller. One turn equals so many feet of forward motion. It's according to mathematics. But the captain of the ship is moved by doubt and caution. He doesn't know what's ahead. And there's no way to figure it. Not for sure, anyway. Thomas Hutchinson had learned that the hard way. He learned it all over again during the next hours as he waited for an answer to the radiogram. After a time, he had to admit there would be no answer. The marine superintendent wasn't going to advise a run to the nearest port.

It was now the captain's turn to sweat out a decision. Is the coupling okay? Will the bearing hold? Smiling John seemed to think it would. Okay. Play it his way. Maintain course and speed.

He mixed and drank a double scotch and soda and went below to the saloon for supper. Sitting opposite the chief engineer, he described the various methods of working an oyster boat on Long Island Sound. The chief was properly attentive but he heard only the throb and beat of the engines at full speed. The captain was also listening to the engines, and to the steadily increasing sounds of wind and weather. At six p.m., feeling better after his lecture on oyster dredging, he went to his quarters and turned in.

At two a.m. the phone above his bunk rang. It was the chief, reporting from the engine room that the rotor bearing was again beginning to heat up.

Twenty minutes later, when the chief came topside, the captain was pacing the dark and windy bridge wing. "Well," he said, "now how does it look?"

"Not so good," the chief said glumly. "You can run wide open another two or three hours. Then the liner starts to go."

The captain paced to the outboard end

of the wing, turned, and paced back. "If we cut her to sixty revolutions, how long will the hearing hold?"

"A couple of days—if the weather is good. In heavy weather, there'll be more vibration and the liner would let go in a few hours."

"Cut her to sixty," the captain said.

He turned away, scowling, and went into the chartroom. After figuring the *Pride's* position, he transferred it to the North Atlantic pilot chart. Looking at the pencil dot on the empty expanse of the chart, studying it, he located the ship in relation to prevailing winds and current. Then another check on the weather. The barometer was falling rapidly. This meant the low-pressure system was moving in fast from the northwest. Within twenty-four hours, a fresh gale would raise mountainous seas. Heavy weather. Vibration along the propeller shaft. A burned-out hearing. A dead ship.

The captain hunched over the chart.

New York was at least seven days away. If had weather, maybe eight. He couldn't make it. He couldn't come around and head for Saint Nazaire, either. At sixty revolutions, the ship wouldn't even have steerage way through the gale-lashed sea. The only possible route was southward, skirting the storm area, to the Azores. It would be a two-day run—if the hearing lasted that long.

One of the rules the captain had learned early in life was first things first. He laid out the new course. Then he opened the wheelhouse door and shouted to the third mate, "Bring her left to two-nineteen!"

When the third repeated the order, there was a question mark in his voice.

"Ponta Delgada," the captain told him. He added tartly, "Break out Sparks; tell him to get up here. On the double!"

The message for the radio operator was ready a few minutes later. To the marine superintendent:

Rotor bearing heating. Request permission proceed Azores. Suggest fly new coupling Ponta Delgada.

After it was dispatched, the captain went to his quarters, stretched out on his bunk and smoked two packs of cigarettes.

Considering the time difference, he estimated that his radiogram would be received by the Atlantic coast station at eleven p.m. New York time. It would be relayed to the night man at the North Europe Line offices on lower Broadway. He would telephone the marine superintendent at his home in the suburbs. By that time—at least midnight—Smiling John would be comfortably asleep. He'd awaken, startled, grope for the telephone, listen, jot the message on a note pad, then get up and go downstairs to his den. There he'd think awhile—if he could think—and waste some more valuable time in a highly critical review of Captain Hutchinson's record. Eventually, he'd phone the vice-president in charge of marine operations. After a discussion about the *Pride*, her coupling and her hearing—and about Hutchinson also—a reply would be drafted. It would be channeled back to the coastal radio station and should reach the *Pride*, ship's time, at five a.m.

The captain had everything figured



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right. The reply came shortly before five. It was signed by the marine superintendent. But the orders were all wrong:

Reduce speed to favor bearing and continue on course. Inform revised estimated time of arrival.

He crumpled the radio operator's neatly typed message form and tossed it on the deck. Smiling John believed the hearing would hold! Nothing wrong with the coupling, either! All you have to do is reduce speed!

Damn it, the speed has already been reduced! Does he think the captain wouldn't know enough to do that? Yes, that's exactly what he thinks. He thinks the captain can't handle an emergency. He's just a two-year skipper. He's an oyster-boat man. He doesn't know how to bring in a seagoing vessel. So smiling John, the world's best marine superintendent, is telling him how to do it!

In plain language, that was the marine superintendent's message. While the captain mentally decoded it, he was aware that he was up against a man who was as stubborn and hardheaded as he was himself. It was a question of judgment, of course. But it was also a battle of wills. And the question the captain was asking—

and which he would have to answer—was: What are you going to do now? You're the master of this vessel. When the safety of the ship is involved, the marine superintendent's instructions are simply advisory. You don't take orders from anyone. You set the courses. You make the decisions and you must take full responsibility for them. Okay. The same question again. What are you going to do? Sail Smiling John's course? Or your own?

Sparks had gone below for coffee. The captain got him back to the radio shack and penciled another radiogram to the marine superintendent:

Have altered course to Ponta Delgada. My judgment bearing will not last New York. New coupling urgently needed.

The reply came back promptly from New York:

Proceed Ponta Delgada. Your agent there Martinez. Coupling en route air express.

Decoded, Smiling John's message meant: You have refused to follow my instructions. The chances are you're wrong. If you are, have your gear packed and be ready to hit the dock. If you think you're right.



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you'll have to prove it to me. And that will take a lot of proving. So you better be very right, very right, very right . . .

Right? the captain thought. What's right? And how do you know when you're right? You're responsible for the ship and her crew. You bring them in the best way you can. That's all there is to it. It's got nothing to do with right or wrong. He pondered that as he paced the bridge wing and listened to the sounds of the engine and the wind.

At sixty revolutions and through a moderating sea, the *Pride* made it to the Azores the following afternoon. She rounded the southeastern group and headed up northerly toward the twin peaks of San Miguel Island. At two p.m., Ponta Delgada was right ahead, a town built at the base of a volcanic mountain and shielded from the open sea by a long breakwater.

When the pilot came aboard, his eyes were like buttons; he had never brought so great a ship into that small harbor. But, with a mixture of Portuguese and English commands, he did con her in past the breakwater.

"Good now, *Cap'tano*," he said. "You anchor here."

The captain was scanning the shore. "Have to work on this ship," he said. "Fix the engines." He pointed toward the dock. "Must tie up."

"No. Not enough water by the dock."

There was a line of pilings along the end of the breakwater. "Okay over there?" the captain asked.

"Only for navy vessels. Must anchor."

"This is an emergency," the captain said. "A port of refuge."

Motioning to the helmsman, he headed the *Pride* in toward the breakwater. When she was three hundred yards off, he ordered the port anchor down and told the mate to give it plenty of chain. He put the helm hard left then, and kicked the stern around. It was close maneuvering, but he made it. He had to make it. The *Pride* swung neatly, paralleling the breakwater, and eased in against the row of pilings. Two head lines and a spring line were made fast. A stern line was run out to a mooring buoy.

The chief came up to the bridge while the captain was telling the fourth mate to ring off the engines. "The liner's gone," he said. "Wouldn't a' lasted another hour."

"Put that in your log so the marine superintendent can read it," the captain said. "What do you need to get her back to sea?"

"The new coupling."

"It's on the dock."

It was there, all right. It must have arrived by the morning plane.

"Okay. Now I need a tank of gas," the chief said.

"I'll get it for you."

The captain went into his office, just aft of the chart room, and checked the papers he'd need to enter the ship. Outside, in the afternoon sunlight, the bosun was rigging a gangway to the breakwater, and soon enough the agent would be hurrying aboard. The captain waited for him, drumming the top of his desk.

The agent, Martinez, was a slender man with a radiant smile, a briefcase and a



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fair supply of English. He came up the ladder to the bridge deck, knocked politely on the door, entered, shook hands with the captain and agreed to accept a drink of whiskey. And then strictly business.

"You wish service of the shipyard here, Captaining?" he asked. "Your office cabled you will make repairs. I have twenty machinists from the shipyard standing by."

The captain estimated how much twenty machinists would cost. Plus overtime. Plus materials. Plus the usual surcharge levied on rich United States shipping companies. He also had a clear mental picture of Smiling John's face when he saw the bill. "No," he said. "We can handle the job ourselves."

The agent was no longer jovial. "Captaining, we both make a little money, we . . ."

"All I want from you is a tank of acetylene gas. Can you have it sent up from the shipyard?"

"Very difficult, Captaining."

"It's going to be like that, eh?"

"Shipyard has gas only for work they do themselves."

"I'll buy it some place else."

"No store on the island for that."

"I'll send to Lisbon for it."

"Next steamer due in six days. Best do business with the shipyard, Captaining."

Very firmly, the captain put the top on the whiskey bottle and used some American language the agent had never heard before. That ended the discussion.

When the agent left, no longer smiling, the captain phoned down to the engine room and told the chief he'd have to wait a while for the gas.

"I need it now," the chief said. "Have to heat the old coupling to get it off."

For a moment, the captain considered being robbed by the shipyard. No! Well what else was there to do? He was tired. He had slept only a few hours during the last forty-eight. And his waking hours had been like a nightmare. Couplings! Bearings! Acetylene gas! And now agents and shipyards! To hell with it all! He decided to go uptown and get some oysters.

He put on his shore-going clothes and went down to the gangway where the steward was bargaining with a ship chandler for some fresh vegetables.

"How do I get into town?" the captain asked.

"I go soon," the chandler said. "Take you in my car."

"They got oysters on this island?"

"Yes, very good. I know the best place."

"Okay, let's go."

But they didn't make the trip all the way into town because the chandler, trying to be pleasant—and also to make a good impression—talked about his brother who owned a fleet of trucks.

"Trucks?" the captain said.

"Oh, yes, many trucks. Does big work."

"And has big garage?"

"Oh, yes, very big garage."

They detoured to the garage where the captain bargained for and bought a tank of acetylene gas. It was lifted into the back of the chandler's car, sped back to the dock and loaded onto a handcart. But the two customs men at the gate looked at the tank and solemnly shook their heads. As interpreted by the chandler, they said,

"No product can be exported out of the country without a permit."

"Tell them I'm not going to take it out of the country," the captain said. "I'm going to use it right here."

"They say do you use it on the dock?"

"No. Tell them I have to take it aboard the ship."

"They say no."

"Ask them where I get the permit."

The answer was: "Customs house. Closed now. Open tomorrow morning."

The captain came up with a permit right then and there—twenty American dollars and the promise of four cartons of American cigarettes.

The acetylene tank was immediately hauled aboard the ship.

Time: five p.m. The captain went below to the engine room to watch the chief work his gang.

Using the acetylene torch, they heated the worn coupling to expand the metal, and hammered it off. The shaft was then chilled—and contracted—with ice from the steward's storeroom. A strongback bar was welded to the face of the new coupling. It was heated—expanded—and chain-hoisted to the end of the shaft. A hydraulic jack was butted against the strongback and, slowly, slowly, the coupling moved along the shaft. An eighth of an inch. Another eighth. And then a quarter . . .

In the machine shop, the first assistant melted a ladle of babbitt and poured new liners into both rotor bearings. No problem there.

No problem in the engine room, either, until the jack broke when the coupling was half an inch from a flush fit. The chief was afraid to force it.

"We break one of those gear teeth," he said, "and we've had it."

The time: well after midnight. The

chief knocked the engine gang off for coffee. He and the captain stayed below.

"Can we run with the coupling like that?" the captain asked.

"Well, yes," the chief said. "I could rig a lathe tool on it and cut off the overhang. It would ride all right. But we could only turn half speed."

"Half speed!" the captain said. He picked up a sixteen-pound sledge and straddled the housing of the reaction turbine. Raising the sledge in half an arc, he blinked a couple of times and, maybe, muttered a quick prayer. He swung the sledge, flashing, falling swiftly, toward the strongback bar. A clean shot. The coupling set up flush with a metallic click.

The chief looked startled. Then awed. Then he smiled.

At six a.m. the next morning, the *American Pride* cleared Ponta Delgada. While the pilot was still aboard, the captain addressed a postcard to his wife in Connecticut. He glanced at the scene on the colored side of it—a sunny view of flowers and stone archways. Turning the card, he wrote: "Stopped here on the way home. Nice place."

He gave the card, for mailing, to the pilot, along with a carton of cigarettes. When the pilot went ashore, the captain rang full ahead on the engines. After a session in the chartroom, he radiogrammed an estimated time of arrival.

He realized he needed a lot of sleep.

Five days later, when the *Pride* eased alongside the North Europe Line's pier on the Hudson River, Captain Hutchinson was on the inboard wing of the bridge. And the marine superintendent was on the dock. The captain looked again. Smiling John meeting a ship? He had never met one before. But he was meeting the *Pride*;

no doubt about that. He stood impatiently, while the slack went out of the mooring lines. As soon as the crew lowered the gangway, he went aboard.

The captain paced into the wheelhouse and watched the third mate ring off the engines. The end of a voyage. Perhaps the last—with the North Europe Line, anyway—for Thomas Hutchinson. No master who brings his ship in four days late is certain he'll take her out again. Especially if he has refused to follow the marine superintendent's instructions, insisted on repairs in a foreign port, and in various other ways demonstrated that he is still not a company man.

Hutchinson could not, of course, deny any of those charges. He wasn't a company man; probably he never would be. He was his own man. He moved his ship the way he believed a ship should be moved. As for the superintendent . . .

There was the sound of shore-side leather scraping the ladder rungs. The marine superintendent. A stocky man. White-haired. Bull-necked. Eyes like ice. Not exactly an easy man to deal with. He came into the wheelhouse.

"I got something for you," the captain said. "A coupling with teeth worn down like knife blades. It's a . . ."

"Now, wait a minute," the marine superintendent said. "All I . . ."

"And an empty acetylene tank," the captain cut in. He was talking louder.

"Captain, I . . ."

"Don't tell me that rotor bearing would have lasted to New York!"

"Calm down, Captain! Quit hollering! All I want to say is . . ."

"Far as I'm concerned, you can take this lugger and . . ."

"I talked to the chief," Smiling John said. "And we had reports from Ponta Delgada."

" . . . and blow the whistle," the captain said.

"What counts in this business," Smiling John continued evenly, "is the guts to use your own head. If you got any sense in it. So what I'm here for is to buy you a lot of oysters."

The captain stopped shouting. "Come again," he said.

"Two or three dozen oysters."

"Long Island oysters?"

Smiling John nodded. "Long Island oysters? Certainly! The best! I'll pick 'em. I'm an old oyster-boat man myself."

"You are *what*!"

"I don't often admit it," Smiling John said, "but I came up the same way you did." He was almost smiling. "That's why we get along. I mean, we understand each other. Right?"

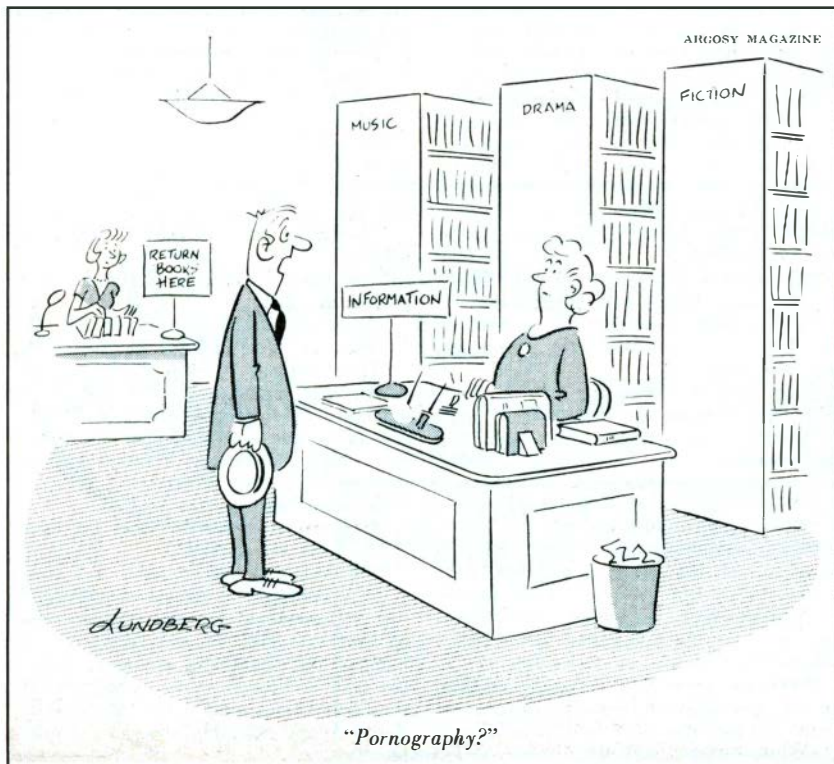
"What about the coupling?" the captain said. "You were wrong about that. You claimed . . ."

"Wa-a-a-it a minute! Don't push me too far!" Smiling John's face was getting red and he was talking louder. "We better go get the oysters."

"Don't tell me what to do," the captain said. "Not on my own ship. What I need is a drink. I need half a dozen drinks."

"I could probably use one myself," Smiling John said.

"Then," the captain said, "then we'll get the oysters!"



THE OLD MAN AND THE TIGER *Continued from page 48*

Normally, a tiger will walk around and avoid these same people. It is strange to see how tigers and people intermingle in the same forests. This is the paradox of the tiger. He is powerful, feared and sometimes vicious—yet gentle and unassuming, taking pains to elude people.

As the days went by, we walked through the jungle unarmed and unharmed. I often checked possible *machan* sites with the hunters, carrying only a Rolleiflex around my neck. We accepted the native point of view—that a healthy tiger will retreat when humans approach.

Our first tiger beat was similar to the next twenty-four—except for its newness. Every beat had elephants chasing a tiger out from an impenetrable thicket toward a *machan* where Cox waited with bow and arrow poised. I was always behind him, equipped with two automatic-sequence Foton cameras.

The beat always began the evening before. A calf bait was tethered before a heavily crusted lantana growth, with a vine fastened not too tightly to a front hoof, limiting his grazing area. Vines fastened to the neck, we learned from the natives, often made the tiger suspicious. The hunter would then select a *machan* site for Cox and me, usually less than fifty yards in direct line of sight to the spot where the tiger might emerge from the jungle. Experience and instinct determined where the *machan* should be anchored. A *machan* is a four-by-three-foot platform lashed to a forked tree, about ten feet off the ground. Since females can measure nine feet and males even more, Cox and I soon realized that we were within touching distance of any tiger in our tinderbox.

Sometimes the hunters would place *machans* in nearby trees for themselves, but most of the time, they would sit out the tiger beat in a tree. Both hunters carried Jeffries, one a .423 and the other an over-under .450-400.

No effort was ever made to break up human scent in the bait area, since the blazing sun would absorb our presence in less than half an hour. After setting the bait, we would return to the compound, leaving the calf to its fate. Early next morning, the head native would check the bait. If the tiger had taken it, the evidence would be on the ground. Tigers kill with lunges at the throat. They then either drag or carry their kill into the thick brush and feast on it for several days until the entire carcass is eaten. Tigers have been known to carry an 800-pound cow in their mouths as they jump a native compound fence.

When bait had been taken, Cox and I would ride out to the *machan* on Dhut Dhut. Our hunters used six elephants altogether. The elephants would encircle the beat, forming a U around the tiger and "stops" would be placed in trees on the outer limits of the beat. Stops are natives whose job is to create a racket with voice and noisemakers should the tiger attempt to leave the beat area. With elephants and stops in place, the beat would then begin.

Noise is an important factor in a tiger

hunt. It panics the tiger, forcing him to move from his feast, hopefully in the direction of the waiting hunters.

Elephants are the star performers in any tiger beat. They trample the jungles, rocking like whalers in a forty-mile gale. As our elephants moved, they closed in the U at a point where Cox might get in a good shot as the tiger emerged from the jungle. Depending on the nature and boiling point of the tiger, it may come out like an Indianapolis Ford Lotus, or it may calmly stroll out of the jungle. As soon as the beaters have delivered a tiger within shooting distance of their client, their job is over. The rest is up to the client.

Our first beat was highly emotional. Our tracker reported a calf taken from a nearby grazing herd. It belonged to Shushila Devi, a pretty eight-year-old girl, who had last been seen weeping in the native compound. Having left an eight-year-old daughter back in New York, I could understand Shushila's feelings.

John Cox was packing his Browning .375 H&H Magnum, and was determined to get satisfaction for little Shushila. Old man Cox carried his sixty-pound Bear bow of laminated glass and maple, with a quiver of 27½-inch arrows made of Port Oxford cedar. The arrowhead was four-bladed forged steel that traveled 200 feet per second with a sixty-pound pull.

We scrambled up the hooked tail of the elephant which a native held for us and settled down on the rocking howdah. At the edge of the dense wood, an unusual grass grew abundantly for hundreds of yards: marijuana growing wild.

There was much excitement at the native compound, but Shushila was no longer crying. She had been told white hunters were going to shoot her calf's abductor. With gestures, she described her calf to our head tracker. It was a brown and white pinto. Though she'd lost her calf, its dead killer would please her, and somehow, she had picked John Cox as her benefactor. He was the youngest, almost baby-faced. Shushila kissed him on the hand, then darted, embarrassed, into her father's arms. John felt ten feet tall.

We plunged into the jungles, ducking overhanging vines and low branches, our elephants walking single file to the grazing area, where eleven cows were huddled together near a watering hole. The head man of the village, our self-elected tracker, led us to the ground marks where the tiger had struggled with the calf. Pug marks revealed where the tiger had dragged his prey.

Our hunters followed the tracks on foot for a short distance. They stopped when we could hardly move against the dense lantana growth. Within 100 yards from where the Rajah and his men stood, the tiger had decided to hole up with his calf. The elephants deployed several hundred yards behind the lair and we all took positions in *machans* where the elephants hoped to drive out the tiger. The natives worked methodically on the *machans* while Rajah Singh checked the drag marks. The work was completed without a word.

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ting into position, the herd of cattle was removed to the compound. Singh then gave the signal for the beat. Cox and I were poised on our flimsy platform. I moved into a higher forked branch behind Cox, giving me slight elevation and distance so I might include Cox in the picture with the tiger. His bow and arrow were ready. He watched the jungle grass. John Cox was in another *machan*, 100 yards to our right, his .375 H&H Magnum off safety. The noise was rattling and getting closer. The gap between elephants, tiger and our *machans* was closing in. An excited tiger is unpredictable. He could easily double back and charge the elephants and mahouts, or attack the unarmed stops.

The six elephants trampled the lantana and dead branches, creating a deafening noise. When they were almost within sight, a shot rang out to our right. "I got him!" screamed John Cox. Rajah Singh cautioned everyone to remain in their *machans*. Tigers are not easily killed, even with high-powered rifles, and they often play dead. We all boarded separate elephants, heading for John's *machan*. He hopped onto another elephant and all of them now formed a ring around the fallen tiger. The natives sang out the good news. One shot had killed the tiger! Shushila was avenged!

The news traveled to the village instantly. A detail buried the remains of the calf while another tossed the tiger carcass on one of the elephants. At the village, Shushila was beaming, and she kissed John's hand again. He was now twelve feet tall. He had gotten his first tiger and was a hero besides.

That evening, three baits were laid out within our thirty-five-square-mile hunting block. No one but the hunter to whom it was assigned would hunt that block for two weeks. For the next eight days, we hunted ten beats, two of them scratch beats. They are called scratch when no bait is taken. Baits on the other beats were taken—but the elusive tigers were too wily for us.

On the eleventh beat, a scratch beat. Rajah Singh, in a neighboring *machan*, interpreted the native yelling and screeching to mean they had a tiger running before them. Cox was poised and alert. An arrow was in place. His gloved hand fingered the shaft nervously. I was four feet behind him, perched on a branch at head level. I watched his eyes survey the jungle.

And then, it happened. A huge orange and white cat came charging out of the jungles. His untufted tail beat the air impatiently. Cox aimed his arrow, leading the tiger by about six feet. He let loose the 200-foot-a-minute shaft on a twenty-five-degree downward angle. It missed the tiger completely, passing harmlessly over him. The tiger continued to run and disappeared into the jungles.

Cox was angry with himself. He had been in perfect position to hit the tiger. "Damn it," he declared, "I was too nervous and excited to shoot straight." He took a tranquilizer to quiet himself down and sullenly returned to the compound.

The next nine days were tense for everyone. We beat the tiger haunts daily. On the fourteenth beat, four baits were

taken. But our beats never once revealed a tiger. Only bird screeching told our natives that tigers were on the move. Lions have the jackal to reveal their whereabouts, Cape buffalo and rhinoceros have the tick birds, but the tiger travels alone except when birds scream his whereabouts.

On the nineteenth beat, I slipped a disc riding an elephant. The pain was excruciating, and I remembered my doctor's warning—mobility was better than lying on my back. So I dismounted and trailed the elephants on foot, walking beats twenty to twenty-five.

We returned to the area of our seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth beats. A calf had been taken on each of those days but the tigers had outsmarted us.

This was our twenty-fifth beat—our last day of hunting. Cox had not been able to sight a tiger since his first miss. He had calmed down now and his target practice was perfect. A young native boy had adopted him as his idol and had fashioned a bow and arrow from local woods. Cox was relaxing with the boy and teaching him to shoot. Other natives made a big fuss over Cox, too. Killing a tiger with bow and arrow was much more hazardous than with a powerful gun.

We left early that morning for the hunt area. No new bait was taken that day, but a tiger usually takes from five to seven days to eat a kill completely. This was the fifth day since beat number nineteen. The tiger might still be in the area. A scratch beat would determine this.

Rajah Singh selected a dense growth and placed us in a *machan* in front of it. The elephants deployed around the growth and plowed through it. No tiger. At four twenty-five p.m. Cox and I climbed onto another *machan* half mile away and the elephants again circled the patch of lantana. The stops took their places. The mahouts were eager to locate a tiger for Cox. They were all pulling for him, and this was our last day of hunting. Rajah Singh, his hunter and John Cox climbed trees on both sides of our *machan*. A dry river bed, about twenty-five feet wide, separated us. At four fifty-five p.m., the beat began. The elephant and mahouts plunged into the dense growth. Their cries were faintly audible at our site. In less than thirty minutes, they were within 400 yards of our *machan*. Cox was standing on the crudely fashioned platform and I squeezed into the farthest corner.

And then it happened. I saw a darting movement to my right. It was a striped animal, definitely a tiger, but moving slow-

ly for a tiger being chased. I never got a look at the whole cat as it slid noiselessly through the brush. Cox, at that instant, was looking to the left at a grass movement. I carefully touched his foot and pointed to the direction of the oncoming tiger. The elephants were not far behind, and the natives were keeping up a constant chatter and noise.

Cox acknowledged the touch. He slowly followed the tiger with his bow and arrow as it jaunted through the brush. At that instant, the tiger must have spied Cox's moving bow and arrow, for he increased his fast walk to a run. This was a healthy tiger, capable of forty mph. Cox extended his bow, took careful aim, leading the tiger by about twelve feet. The arrow slid smoothly away and caught the tiger in the rear flank. The rushing tiger gave a painful howl.

I had started rolling my automatic-sequence camera just before Cox's shot, as the tiger raced through the brush. The tiger was in the open river bed now, madly jumping across it. Through my viewfinder, I could see the arrow protruding from the rear flank. It seemed like a liver shot. It was too far back for a heart shot—and not low enough, for a tiger's heart sets low. The tiger reached the opposite bank when two shots rang out from Rajah Singh and the other hunter. The tiger roared again and continued to run madly into the jungle.

The elephants now emerged from the jungles. The sun was about to set and light was ebbing fast. There is no twilight in India. The sun disappears and suddenly it's night. Singh and his hunter shot because of that. A wounded tiger at night would be a menace. This tiger would have to be finished off tonight—even if we had to track him through the brush with flashlight.

The elephants picked us up and together we all followed the clearly visible gushes of lost blood. One hundred yards away, Rajah Singh saw the tiger under a heavy bush. With his .423 Jeffries, he administered the shot that ended the hunt.

The arrow had gone through the liver, a fatal shot from which the tiger would easily have bled to death.

It was a magnificent trophy, a female tigress, nine feet, one inch long from snout to tail, and weighing approximately 400 pounds, certainly an excellent size for a female tiger.

The natives packed the tiger on one of the elephants, and in the ebbing nightfall, we marched out of the jungle. Cox had shot his tiger at the very last minute of the last day of the hunt, a spectacular finish to twenty-five tiring beats. The hunters had not permitted Cox to finish off the tiger unassisted by gun because nightfall was approaching—but the fatal shot *was* fired with a bow and arrow.

Cox had proved that while a bow and arrow might not be powerful enough to stop a tiger in its tracks, it was certainly capable of killing one. He had reason to be proud of himself. At the age of sixty-two he had accomplished a feat that no archer had yet been able to perform.

As for Rajah Singh, he's not too anxious to head up another bow-and-arrow *shikar*. It's risky enough with guns, he says. •

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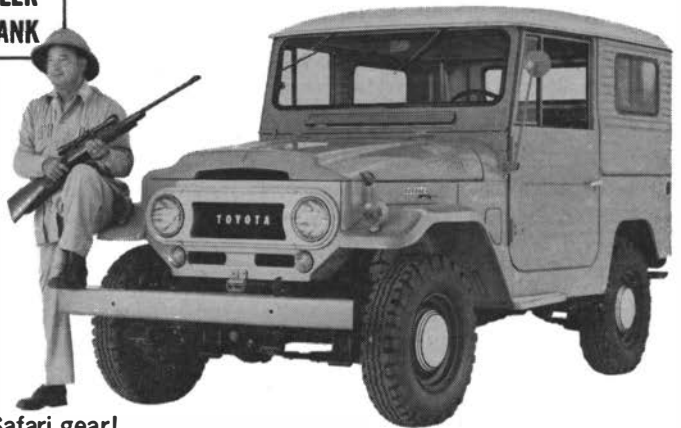
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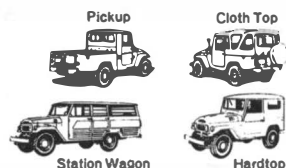
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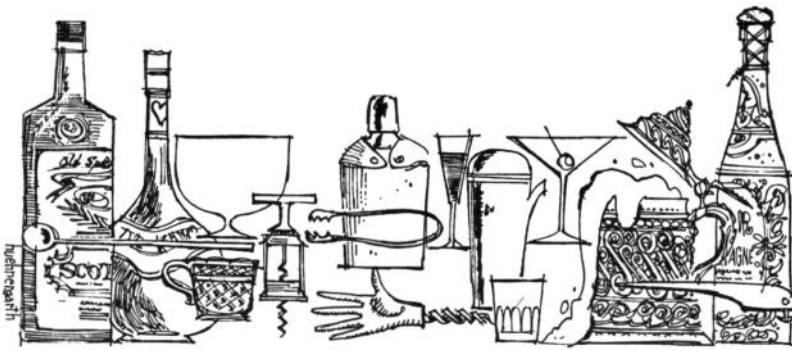
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THE BEST OF SPIRITS

BY JOE SCHOLNICK

NEW FADS FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER

America is probably the most fad-happy country in the world. Almost anything, it seems, can sweep our nation—from yoyos to hula hoops, from Marilyn Monroe to the Beatles. And, of course, food and drink are likely subjects for fads, too.

Consider the pizza. In our youth, pizzas were served only in out-of-the-way Italian restaurants and were completely unknown to the vast majority of our citizens. Today, it is fast rivalling the hot dog and hamburger and is available in snack bars, bowling alleys and frozen-food counters throughout the country. Of course, the Great American pizza bears only a distant resemblance to its rich, crusty Italian cousin, but then, you can't have everything.

Another product that was swept into popularity on the crest of a fad is vodka, which was almost unknown in this country until someone dreamed up the Screwdriver and the Bloody Mary. Those two drinks began to catch on, the vodka people launched a big advertising campaign—and the rest is history.

All of which leads us to predict a new fad in the field of edibles and potables—a taco, tamale and tequila craze. Mexican foods and drinks, we believe, are about to sweep the country.

In certain sections of the United States, Mexican food is already secure in its popularity. A motorist in Southern California, for instance, can order a taco or enchilada at a drive-in restaurant without even bothering to look at the menu; they're almost certain to have it. And in some parts of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico, at least half of the restaurants in all price ranges, seem to specialize in Mexican cuisine.

It is our prediction that soon Mexican food (or at least a cooler, less peppery version of it) will be featured by specialty restaurants in the Midwest and along the Eastern seaboard. And since we happen to have a particular fondness

for this type of cookery, it's a prospect that doesn't make us at all unhappy.

• • •

WE ARE also quite fond of Mexican potables. Mexican beer, for example, is certainly worth trying, particularly if your state imports it at full strength.

One of our favorite pre-dinner cocktails—pre any kind of dinner: Mexican, French, American or Chinese, as a matter of fact—is the Margarita. It's made with 1½ ounces of tequila, ½ ounce of triple sec (an orange liqueur) and the juice of ½ lime or lemon. Shake all ingredients well with cracked ice, and strain into a cocktail glass the rim of which has been dipped in lime juice and coated with salt.

Another tequila drink worth trying is the Tequila Cocktail, made with 1½ ounces of tequila, the juice of ½ a lemon or lime and a generous dash of grenadine. Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass.

In La Paz, Mexico, incidentally, there are two bartenders—identical-twin brothers—who tend bar in competing hotels, and who both specialize in Frozen Tequila Cocktails. They use the above recipe but blend the ingredients with crushed ice to form a snowlike mass. This is piled onto a stemmed cocktail glass, and the trick is to determine which brother makes the higher pile—without toppling the drink or the drinker!

While the competition—and the drinks—are most picturesque and pleasing to the tourist trade, the thought frankly leaves us a little cold; we are an impatient drinker, and the idea of waiting for our drink to thaw, before we can drink it . . .

• • •

WHILE October carries the threat of wintery weather to come, it is still a delightful month in which to use the charcoal grill for outdoor cookery. Which

brings to mind three recipes developed especially for "The Best of Spirits" by the Campbell Soup Company—barbecue sauces that go extremely well with that charcoal flavor.

The first is a tomato-barbecue sauce particularly recommended for beef, chicken or pork. It takes a can of condensed tomato soup (you guess the brand), ¼ cup of burgundy wine, 2 tablespoons each of salad oil, minced onion and chopped green pepper, a tablespoon of brown sugar, a dash of pepper and a clove of garlic, minced.

Place all these ingredients in a saucepan and simmer a few moments to blend the flavors. You'll get about 1½ cups of fine barbecue sauce that can be used as a marinade for the meat before cooking, and can be spread right on the meat as it grills.

The second recipe is designed specifically for barbecued chicken. It calls for a can of condensed black bean soup, ¼ cup each of salad oil, vinegar and sherry wine, and 2 tablespoons each of brown sugar and minced onion. Again, heat for a few moments to blend the flavors, and spread on the chicken as it broils.

Finally, an onion barbecue sauce, especially tasty with beef, pork and lamb. For this, use one can of condensed onion soup, ½ cup of ketchup, ¼ cup of salad oil, 2 tablespoons of brown sugar, a teaspoon each of Worcestershire sauce and chili powder, and a dash of garlic powder. This, too, is simmered briefly, and then applied before, during and/or after cooking, to the meat.

While the food is cooking—regardless of what barbecue sauce you use—try a favorite drink of our own, meticulously made with 3 hard-frozen ice cubes very carefully placed in a large old-fashioned glass, to which are added a generous 2 ounces of fine imported gin and a scant dollop of very dry vermouth.

This mixture is stirred carefully and cautiously—so as not to bruise the spirits—and then sipped lovingly as the charcoal flames paint pretty pictures on the barbecued meat, in the nip and chill of approaching fall.

It's a lovely concoction, and as with most things, there is a tendency among some conformists to give it a name—something like martini on the rocks—but we would prefer to ignore that kind of fad.

For a change of pace, there are times when we experiment with another combination: 2 ounces of fine bottled-in-bond bourbon, a dash or two of Angostura bitters, and just a delicate little splash of sweet vermouth, poured over ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass.

Again, someone without a doubt will insist that this drink, too, has a name—maybe like manhattan or something—but for us, these drinks represent the only way really to enjoy outdoor cooking—in the Best of Spirits. • • •

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR BOURBON *Continued from page 53*

But there must have been a shortage of similarly clear-eyed patriots in Congress all these years. Bourbon, a classic native distillate whose 175th birthday is being celebrated right now, had to wait until this very year to get the official stamp of recognition of the Congress of the United States.

The 88th Congress, which you may think just frittered away its time, actually made a historic step when it forthrightly recognized this whiskey of whiskeys for what it is, a pure American product, to be treated with equal respect to any other American product, and superior reverence than that granted to those foreign (bool) potatoes such as scotch and cognac.

Let's face it, men, Elijah Craig, the part-time country preacher from Bourbon County, Kentucky, who is generally credited with inventing the marvelous golden-red distillation, had a sure sense of history. Legend has it that he waited until 1789, General Washington's inaugural year as President, to concoct the first batch of the stuff, probably guessing that, for one reason or another, it was to be a very big year with historians.

Reverend Craig, called by some "the father of Bourbon," probably didn't know that the tasty mixture of corn and other cereal mashes—but always a majority of corn—with tasty local limestone water would produce a great American tradition. He probably just wanted a couple of healthy snorts to start out the day (a "tickler," they call it in Kentucky; that's a half a pint, son, which is quite a tickle early in the morning). Since it was a long walk to the corner bar, the public-spirited Reverend Craig probably just used his Yankee ingenuity . . . his native intelligence, picked up the handiest stuff around that would ferment up into a nice, yeasty mash, and started an American tradition.

Anyway, everybody around Bourbon County and elsewhere was crazy about the stuff. They liked it so much they often drank it before it was really cool from the still. But old Elijah knew the virtues of patience. He stowed the mixture away in charred oak barrels for a while, probably holding off his thirsty friends with a Kentucky long rifle, while the mingled corn and rye spirits softened, mellowed and colored themselves up in those nice dark barrels. (Nobody knows just how Reverend Craig found out about charring the barrels. Some say he was a careless smoker.) At any rate, it was discovered that after the runoff from the mash had set for a while—maybe five or six years—in that old charcoal, the results were delicious. Of course only the true gentlefolk among those pioneers had the perception and patience to sweat it out that long. As a result, depending on the age of the whiskey when they finally decided to tap the barrel, and a few other factors such as the heat around the warehouse and the amount of moving about the whiskey got (some of it was sent around the Horn as ballast in sailing ships and came back educated), you would have yourself a mess of courtin' whiskey, or fightin' whiskey, or happy whiskey. Other types recognized by connoisseurs of the day, according to expert taste-tester

Richard Gehman, were cryin' whiskey, being-sorry-for-yourself-whiskey, religious whiskey, buy-the-house-a-drink whiskey falling-down whiskey and sippin' whiskey. Sippin' whiskey, of course, was the best. There was also candidates, or vote-buyin' whiskey, which was the worst.

It seems, as a matter of fact, that Bourbon was messed up with politics right from the start. First thing that happened, General Washington started to run out of money almost before he got the country started. He looked around for a good place to get some. Out in the Kentucky and Virginia hills and thereabouts, people had gotten so fond of the lovely liquor put out by the Reverend Craig and some of his fellow pioneers in the distilling line, such as Jake Spears and Major Peyton Short of Lexington, that before you knew it, there were more than 1,500 stills turning out various versions of the stuff. Forgetting for a moment the rotten time the British had had with that tea business up North, Washington's treasurer, Alexander Hamilton, a rum drinker, let some idiot talk him into slapping a tax on every barrel of whiskey manufactured.

Now, this was important stuff. In an area where corn was the main crop, and transport the main problem, practically all of the local economy was at the business end of still. Bourbon was even used as a sort of currency (the term "liquid assets" probably came into use at this time).

Well, there were a lot of Revolutionary War ex-GIs around the hills of Kentucky and Western Pennsylvania, and they were pretty salty with strangers in general. When the first revenooers showed up, they got a welcome that was less than cordial. As a matter of fact, the first six casualties of what was to become known as the Whiskey Rebellion were the first six shnooks that tried to collect that whiskey tax. They were tarred and feathered so fast some of them didn't have time to get off their horses.

General Washington put out an order which said: "Come on, fellows, cough up. This is peace." But the report Washington got from one Judge Innes indicated that the boys now considered themselves to be civilians. The General's tax collector, Colonel Thomas Marshall, according to Innes, "was burned in effigy at Lexington; his deputies were assaulted, some relieved insulting and abusive language, others had their papers destroyed, their horses' ears cropped, manes and tails close-shaved (still talking about the horses, we imagine), their saddles cut to pieces . . ." Well, you get the idea. The result, said Innes, was that "few were found hardy enough to take the office."

Washington, like MacArthur with the bonus marchers in '32, finally had to order out the troops to calm down his old ex-buddies. The troops drank so much of the local whiskey and paid such eye-gouging prices that the local distillers soon had plenty of money to pay the taxes.

That ended the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794. The distillers agreed to settle for half of what the Government said they owed. But they never liked it. Still don't.

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So American history marched on. Next thing you knew, we had a Bourbon-drinking President, the father of the Democratic Party, Thomas Jefferson. (It must be admitted that Democrats have always had an edge on Republicans when it comes to drinking Bourbon. With Jefferson rooting for them, the distillers figured out that if they only had some nice, handy Mississippi River outlet on the Gulf, like, say, Louisiana, they could move a lot more Bourbon a lot cheaper than by mule and ox. Bang! The Louisiana Purchase! You never knew that, did you?)

By now Bourbon was established at least as solidly as the United States Government. Andy Jackson, another Democratic Party founder, once worked in a distillery, and so did William Henry Harrison, also a President, whom you may have forgotten.

Daniel Webster wasn't exactly a President, but you probably remember him better than Harrison. He used to keep his famous tonsils constantly irrigated with Virginia or Kentucky Bourbon and, in fact, got the inspiration for some of his best speeches when he was slightly aglow with the golden-red stuff. One historian notes that Webster, on the day before he was to welcome to our shores the French Revolutionary war hero, the Marquis de Lafayette, was fishing with friends, and sucking thoughtfully on a gallon jug of Bourbon.

"As he sat on the bank," says the historian (Hewson Peeke—you can look it up), "he suddenly drew from the water a large fish, and in his majestic voice said 'Welcome, illustrious stranger to these shores.'" The next day his friends, who had gone fishing with him, were flabbergasted when Webster got up and started his formal greeting to Lafayette. "Welcome, illustrious stranger . . ." And so another page of history is credited to Bourbon.

Henry Clay, also considered a good doer in the Bourbon department, was attending one of these political dinners which, you can believe, were just as boring then as they are now. Clay whiled away the time until his own turn to speak by frequent recourse to his ever-present jug. By the time he got up to talk, he was confused,

if not downright sozzled. Halfway into a forty-five-word sentence, he lost his way and began to stammer. A friend cued him in in a loud whisper: "the national debt . . ."

Clay's face brightened. "Ah, yes! The national debt. It should be paid. Yes, gentlemen, it should be paid."

Everybody cheered like crazy. This stimulated Clay to greater heights.

"I'll be danged if it shan't be!" He took out his wallet and fished out a handful of bills. "I'll pay it myself! How much is it?"

Another historic figure who was seldom far from his Bourbon jug was the immortal Davy Crockett, famous for his coonskin hat and sweat shirts with his picture on them. Davy was a proud backwoodsman, but he had to admit once that there was something impressive about Eastern manners. It was during a visit to Philadelphia that a man offered Davy a drink of Bourbon, turned his back and didn't even *watch* while Davy poured it.

"That," said the dumfounded Kentuckian, "is what I call real genteel."

Back in those days, preachers like the Reverend Elijah Craig (a Baptist by persuasion, but whether he believed in total immersion is not known) could drink or distil as they saw fit without any criticism from the congregation. One backwoods evangelist, known as the Reverend Raccoon John Smith, was having a drink with one of his church elders when that gentleman was called to the door for a short chat. When he got back, he looked around and inquired, "Where's my blessed drink?"

"Brother," said Raccoon John, "we must *watch* as well as pray."

Yes, there is no question that the Bourbon in those days was epic and historic, but the problem is that *sometimes* it *tasted* pretty awful. The fact was, when a fellow smacked a bung into a barrel, he didn't have much idea what kind of whiskey he was going to get. Most of the time, he didn't care, but a group of experts was growing up who felt it ought to be possible to count on a good barrel of whiskey with every bung. The man who helped bring this to pass has also gone down in history. His name was James Crow. (Nowadays

people don't like to call him *Jim* Crow, because he really had nothing at all to do with the civil-rights movement.) Crow had studied medicine in his native Edinburgh and knew what was good for people. He also had all sorts of fancy implements like hygrometers, saccharometers and thermometers, and he soon was turning out Bourbon down on Glenn's Creek in Woodford County, Kentucky, that was as influential as the United States Constitution itself.

Dr. Crow's prescription became known because of the high respect felt for it, as "Old Crow." Anything in Kentucky that people like usually had the word "old" tacked onto it, such as Old Kaintuck', Old Taylor, Old Grandad, Old Howard Schwartz (a whiskey salesman from Peoria and a prince of a fellow), Old Fitzgerald, Old Forester. . . . All together, over a hundred brand" Bourbon. It became famous as far almost half use the word "Kentucky."

Old Crow was, in a way, the first "name-brand" Bourbon. It became famous as far away as the Prussian Court. General Phil Sheridan is said to have downed a pint of it before his daring frontal assault on Missionary Ridge. You've heard the story about the people who complained to Lincoln that Grant was a souse?

"I wish I knew what brand he drinks," Lincoln reportedly replied. "I would send a barrel to all my other generals."

Well, the brand, in case any of you are general officers, was Old Crow. Our friend Henry Clay was among Dr. Crow's first customers, and another illustrious and early adherent was Mark Twain.

Lincoln, himself, of course, probably actually *knew* what brand Grant used. Heck, he had worked in a Bourbon distillery himself as a boy, and later in Illinois, reportedly was part owner of a saloon.

But whiskey from a barrel was still something of a pig in a poke. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, George Carvin Brown, a wholesale drug clerk, noticing how successful medicine was in bottles (much of it was nearly as alcoholic as Bourbon) got the idea, which seems pretty obvious now that you look at it, that *Bourbon* could be put into bottles. That was so that, when doctors prescribed it—which they frequently did in those penicillin days—they would know exactly what kind of medicine they were handing out. Brown put some Bourbon in a bottle, called it Old Forester after Nathan Bedford Forrest, a Confederate general whose name he forgot how to spell, and won life-long fame as the inventor of bottled whiskey. His name is still carried by one of the country's largest Bourbon distilleries, Brown Forman, which has come a long way since drugstore days. Shortly after that, some genius invented blended whiskey, which he claimed he was making out of Bourbon and grain alcohol. Let's let *his* name fade from history.

Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, a Kentucky banker who came into possession of some distilleries, added his bit to Bourbon history by securing the passage of the bottled-in-bond act by President Cleveland, which provided *some* sort of guarantee to the purist who wanted his whiskey untainted by coloring, flavoring or grain alcohol. The colonel showed his faith by changing his first name to "Old" and building a monu-



mental distillery in Glenn's Creek, near Frankfort, with medieval turrets, and a big stone springhouse with Roman columns. It was bought in 1936 by National Distillers, which still owns it—and Old Taylor.

Be that as it may, Bourbon went on making history in America. One historian actually credits it with being responsible for the loss of the Civil War by the South! It seems that Kentucky shipped so much Bourbon north, that they really hated to break their ties with the Yankees. So, when the time came to choose sides, Kentucky decided to remain neutral. President Lincoln played it cool and ordered that no Yankee generals cross the Ohio River into neutral Kentucky—probably didn't want to mess up old Ulysses S.'s liquor supply. Anyway, Confederate General Leonidas Polk kept gazing over the Tennessee border at Columbus, Kentucky, where he figured a fort could command the Mississippi River. Finally, he couldn't stand it any more. He pushed into Kentucky with Confederate troops. The Kentuckians, though at heart Southerners, were pretty peeved at the invasion. They joined up with the Yankees and opened their rivers and roads to the Blue troops. As a result, say some, the Yankees ultimately gained control of the whole Mississippi River. See what happens when you mess with someone's Bourbon supply?

Through the succeeding years, Bourbon always maintained its high place as the tippie of America's political leaders.

President McKinley loved the stuff. Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland drank "Old Jordan," but Rutherford B. Hayes, under the thumb of his prohibitionist wife, "Lemonade Lucy," was forced to stay on the wagon. When the lemonaders finally won their way and the black days of Prohibition descended, it was no inhibition on President Warren Harding, who, in any event, had a tendency to wink at the conventions. He always kept a well-stocked bar in the White House, and was never raided by Izzy and Moe or any other Feds.

The Speaker of the House has traditionally used a potation of Bourbon and branch (or Bourbon and ditch if the Representative was from the Far West) to smooth over the rough legislative sessions. This was a technique used successfully by Nicholas Longworth and Sam Rayburn, but Speaker John W. McCormack doesn't have the taste for the stuff, though he sets it out as a matter of tradition.

As a matter of fact, more bonded Bourbon is drunk in Washington, D.C., than in Kentucky, and about seven times as much is consumed in the capital as is needed to cool the thirst of the state of Alabama.

Most people would be surprised to learn that an admirer of a nip of Bourbon was Old Calvin Coolidge. Cal, it was said, kept a jug of bonded Bourbon in his desk during his political campaigns and doled it out with Coolidgean care to special guests. Once an assistant brought an important ward heeler in to see Cal. Coolidge opened his bottle and poured two cautious drinks, one for the aide and one for the caller. Later in the day, the same aide came back with another political leader. Coolidge poured out one drink, gave it to the visitor, and then proceeded to put the bottle back in the drawer.

"But what about me?" the aide asked. "You had yours this morning," Coolidge answered him.

Bourbon is not as popular in New York as it is in the West. California consumes more of it than any state. Illinois and Texas are the next biggest users. But one famous New Yorker who liked it was Franklin Roosevelt, who mixed a gorgeous old-fashioned as his preferred nightly cocktail. On the other hand, according to his long-time friend, Robert Sherwood, he mixed a lousy martini. He used two kinds of vermouth and was even known to throw in a dash of absinthe.

Anyway, Roosevelt's mother was against drinking on general principles.

When King George VI and Queen Elizabeth called on him at Hyde Park in 1939, Roosevelt mixed up a batch of old-fashioned under the disapproving eyes of his mother. Roosevelt passed the tray of drinks around and commented: "My mother thinks you should have a cup of tea. She doesn't approve of cocktails."

"Neither does my mother," said the king, happily grabbing an old-fashioned.

When the Supreme Court was ruled by Chief Justice John Marshall, a Virginian, a gentleman and a judge of good whiskey, the judge ruled that members of the court could drink only when it was raining. But the legalistic minds of the court figured out that since it was a Federal court with jurisdiction over the whole nation, it was bound to be raining *some place* just about all the time.

Getting toward the hectic political situation today, we find that Ike is a scotch drinker, where Kennedy was fond of rum—probably the first rum drinker in the White House since colonial days. Truman, of course, as a Missourian, is a dedicated Bourbon man (Bourbon isn't just made in Kentucky; it also is made in Virginia, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and other states that have the proper kind of limestone water).

"What about Bourbon?" a reporter asked Truman recently, soliciting his views on different subjects.

"Yes, please," said Harry.

And when his elevator was stuck recently between floors at the Carlyle Hotel in New York, Harry calmly sat down on the operator's stool and waited for footsteps on the landing above. As soon as he heard the click of high heels, Harry shouted, "I'm stuck down here! How about getting me a Bourbon and water?"

The astonished woman he had shouted to peeped down into the elevator and nearly fell down the shaft when she saw who was sitting there. But she got the Bourbon and branch and lowered it to him in the elevator where he sat comfortably sipping it until help arrived.

Today, Bourbon seems to be more of a bi-partisan drink than it was in the past. Probably the Lincoln influence. Everett Dirksen and Barry Goldwater drink it. On the other hand, so do Lyndon Johnson and Luther Hodges and Senator Fulbright and . . . need I go on?

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HOW TO MAKE YOUR FIRST \$1,000,000

Continued from page 23

of the natural hazards of the relentless jungle, as well—the deadly bushmaster, whose bite is as fatal as that of the king cobra; the nasty little ringed coral snake, which is as venomous as they come; or the *cascabel*, as poisonous as a black-diamond rattler. The rivers in the immediate vicinity are alive with giant crocodiles which dote on human flesh, and vicious man-eating piranhas that can reduce a human being to a skeleton in less than three minutes.

Not a very pleasant picture, to be sure, but there's a million bucks in gold dust waiting for you—if you can survive.

One daring young adventurer from London's teeming East End made the grade. He took a chance, suffered horribly for ten years, but today is living it up in Europe, enjoying the kind of life he wanted and was willing to fight for.

I want to tell you his story so you'll know what to expect if you care to step into his shoes. If nothing else, it proves that there is no such thing as a "get-rich-quick" formula. But success can be achieved—the hard way.

Marc Cohen was born in the poverty-ridden East End of London, that squalid section of the city best known as the stomping ground of Jack the Ripper. As a boy, he dreamed of the day when he could escape from his seamy surroundings and have at least a fighting chance against an unfriendly world. Although frail and undernourished, he was a brilliant student and would have liked to remain at the university and become a doctor. But this was impossible, for his father was an underpaid diamond cutter on Black Lion Yard, a narrow, unpretentious street, where more precious jewels are sold each day than in any other city in the world.

At seventeen, Marc graduated from high school and had to reach some sort of decision about his future. His father, Abraham, had often told him about his Uncle Isadore who, many years before, had grown tired of London and had worked his way to South America on a banana boat, ending up in Iquitos, a large Indian pueblo in Peru at the mouth of the Amazon River. There he had gone into business for himself, selling bits of cloth, glass beads and other trinkets to the Indians in the village who were eager for such "luxuries." Isadore gradually branched out, opening a small store, eventually exporting crude rubber, chicle, jaguar skins and other tropical products to Europe and the United States. He finally became the city's leading merchant, with his own magnificent three-story building in the heart of Iquitos.

Marc reasoned that if his uncle had accumulated a fortune in the jungles of Peru, he, too, might have a chance of becoming rich there.

It was decided that Marc should travel to Iquitos as an apprentice and learn the export-import business. Isadore advanced the money for his passage, to be deducted weekly from his salary of forty dollars a month, with room and board included.

And so it was that on a beautiful spring day in 1941, having been rejected by the

Army as too frail for military service, Marc Cohen set out on his great adventure.

Iquitos is a sprawling jungle community of dilapidated, palm-thatched huts on the banks of the Amazon River. It has a population of approximately 50,000, mostly Indians. There are modern buildings facing the main plaza, where the streets are paved, but the outlying districts have only dirt roads, with open sewers coursing down either side of the street.

Iquitos now has a new hotel and has become a popular attraction for tourists who have been lured by the call of the mighty Amazon. There are only two ways of reaching this jungle metropolis—by air from Lima, a four-and-a-half-hour trip over the snow-capped Andes, or from Belem, Brazil, journeying by boat up the length of the Amazon, a nearly 4,000-mile trip which requires weeks of travel.

To Marc Cohen, Iquitos was breathtakingly beautiful. Beyond the outskirts of the city was the impenetrable jungle, with its surging rivers and primitive Indian villages. There were hundreds of beautifully plumed tropical birds, and the trees were festooned with wild orchids. The weather was warm and sultry, a far cry from the dismal winters he had endured in London. And each day, when he walked along the banks of the river, he saw many different kinds of Indians, some of whom wore khaki pants and sports shirts, others whose bodies were painted and whose long black hair fell down over their shoulders.

Other sights, too, intrigued Marc. Beautiful young Indian girls whose ripe figures were enveloped in tight-fitting cotton dresses and who looked at the young *gringo* with invitation in their smoldering eyes. Iquitos was going to be all right.

For nearly a year, Marc worked in the accounting room, but finally, his uncle began to send him out in a large canoe filled with trade goods to visit neighboring Indian tribes and to barter with them for jaguar and ocelot skins, crocodile hides and anything else which might be of value to their export trade.

They were probably the happiest days of Marc's life. For the first time, he was able to follow the Amazon and its tributaries wherever they might take him and bask in the beauties of the untamed wilderness. As the months passed, he became adept at trading. He learned several Indian dialects and conversed with the tribes in their own tongues.

His uncle was pleased, and raised Marc's salary twelve dollars per month.

But Marc had been formulating a plan. On certain rivers, he had seen Indians panning for gold, and on many occasions had been successful in bartering with them, either for cash or trade goods, in exchange for their small leather pouches of gold dust. Here, the Indians were semi-civilized and knew the value of money. And although he was able to buy gold for bargain prices, the margin of profit was only moderately high. It was then that he decided to travel deeper into the interior of the Peruvian jungle, where the Indians knew nothing of the outside world, in the

hope of acquiring gold in exchange for cheap trinkets.

Marc withdrew his savings from the bank and invested in trade goods. He bought everything he knew the Indians would like—spools of brightly colored ribbons, fishhooks, pocket mirrors, cheap plastic combs, glass beads of every color and hue, bars of yellow soap, thirty-six machetes and twelve muzzle-loading shot-guns of ancient vintage.

Two days later, Marc said good-bye to civilization, stepped into his heavily laden canoe and set out on his great adventure. He finally reached the confluence of the Negro and Pachitea Rivers, deep in the unexplored interior. The country was wild indeed. The rivers were alive with deadly black crocodiles, and he spotted jaguars, packs of wild boar and at least a dozen varieties of poisonous snakes. The Indians were furtive and savage and often appeared to be on the verge of attacking him. Only his gun and his knowledge of their language held them at bay. Arriving at a small beach, which gave him a view both up and down the broad Rio Pachitea, Marc banked his canoe and set about building a palm-thatched hut.

During the next few days, he traveled up and down the river and its tributaries, talking to the Indians and giving gifts to their children. At each village, he invited the Indians to come to his hut where they, too, might receive presents. Indians from various tribes began cautiously appearing at his shack, to gape at his fine array of trade goods. He told them the gifts would be theirs in exchange for quantities of the little flakes of yellow metal which they could easily find along the riverbanks.

The Indians eagerly accepted his offer. Marc supplied them with large, shallow, galvanized containers and taught them how to swish the pan around in a circular motion so that the gold would sink to the bottom while the gravel spilled off the side. From that moment on, his daily hoard of tiny gold flakes increased rapidly.

For weeks, Marc lived an indolent existence, with little more to do than weigh the gold as it was brought in. One ounce of gold bought a dozen assorted hair ribbons, and twenty ounces—\$640 in Iquitos—would buy a machete worth a dollar and a half or one of the antique muzzle-loading rifles which Marc had bought for five dollars apiece.

Then, one morning, everything changed—for the worse. During the night, a nude, nomadic tribe of cannibalistic Indians, known as the Amahuacas, had arrived by canoe, and upon hearing of the great treasures in trade goods, had menacingly stormed up the jungle path to Marc's hut in quest of loot. In his most affable manner, Marc told their chief just what he had told the other Indians—that he wanted gold in exchange for his trade goods. But when the Amahuacas learned that they would have to work for the coveted prizes, they became indignant and threatened him with bodily harm.

He grabbed his gun and fired a shot over their heads. The Indians scattered hastily, with Marc hoping that this was the end of the incident. Wary of the little "wooden stick" that made such a tremen-

dous noise, the Amahuacas made no more daytime visits. Instead, they began to harass Marc by night.

Marc dug in and prayed for a miracle—a selfish miracle that would permit him to remain in the jungle and continue to build his treasure trove. Then, one morning, it happened.

Looking out into the clearing, he saw a beautiful nude girl walking slowly up the trail in his direction. He blinked in disbelief. Red tropical flowers were entwined in dark, glossy hair that fell down in wild abandon across her shoulders, and a half-smile parted her sensuous lips as she neared his hut. She saw Marc standing in the window, and her wide brown eyes surveyed him with cool appraisal.

What a hell of a time to meet a dish like this, he said to himself, as he rubbed the palm of his hand over the stubble of his beard, suddenly realizing that he had not shaved for weeks.

The girl's lithe body was an artist's dream, with pert young breasts that jutted straight forward. Her legs were long and supple, unlike those of other Indian girls he'd seen. Her skin was the color of warm bronze. From the red and black stripes around her torso, Marc identified her as an Amahuaca.

Fearing that she was a decoy sent to lure him into the open, he beckoned her into his hut.

"Why have you come?" he asked her in Quechua. "Your people are my enemies. They wish to kill me."

She shook her head slowly and explained that her father, the chief of the tribe, had sent her on a mission of peace. He wanted only a machete and a gun, and, in exchange for these gifts, he had sent her to become Marc's woman. The girl assured Marc that she was not worth the price of such great gifts but would do her utmost to make him happy. If Marc accepted, her father had promised that all the Amahuacas would pan for gold.

It sounded too good to be true, but he decided to take a chance. He gave the girl two shiny machetes, together with one of his muzzle-loaders and a quantity of powder and bullets. Three hours later, she returned with over a hundred savage Amahuacas, all demanding the shiny little pans with which they could extract gold from the rivers. At long last, peace had come to the deep jungle—peace and the beautiful young Indian girl, whose name was Dayuma.

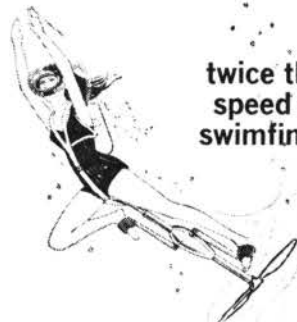
In the weeks that followed, Marc and Dayuma led an enchanted existence. She washed his clothes, cooked his food and was loving and amenable. Marc was reveling in his new-found happiness, but his trade goods were fast disappearing, and when his stock was down to half a dozen fishhooks and three mirrors, he had to return to Iquitos to replenish his supplies.

When he got to Iquitos, he banked his gold dust and opened an account in British pounds. In six months' time, he had made nearly \$28,000!

Three days later, with a new supply of trade goods, Marc turned his canoe south-westward and headed toward the Rio Pachitea.


At his jungle headquarters, he was welcomed by the Indians, who during his ab-

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sence had washed several ounces of gold from the rivers and were awaiting his return in order to exchange the dull metal for bright baubles and trinkets. Dayuma was waiting for him with flowers in her hair and kisses on her mouth.

Twice each year, for the next nine years, Marc returned to Iquitos and deposited ever-growing amounts of gold dust. In May of 1954, Marc Cohen made his last trip to Iquitos and exchanged his remaining gold for cold cash. In slightly less than ten years, he had risen from poverty to wealth. He had accumulated almost a million dollars!

Now that his goal had been achieved, he made arrangements to fly to Europe. Broad and beautiful horizons awaited him. He wanted to see the Left Bank of Paris, spend idle summer days in Vienna, bask on the warm sands of the Aegean. He meant to enjoy life to the fullest.

Before leaving Iquitos, however, Marc clarified the mystery of his past ten years to his intimate friends, explaining where he had been and where he had found his gold. But although nearly ten years have elapsed since Marc retired, no one has yet taken over his gold-panning operation.

Marc Cohen's story is well known to many people in Peru. One of them is a former bush pilot named Jack Bradshaw, who later became an executive with Panagra Airlines in Lima. Jack, together with his wife and a couple of newlyweds, flew into the area and spent approximately a month panning for gold in the territory where Marc Cohen reaped his fortune.

"There was plenty of gold there," Jack told me, "and in the few weeks we worked, we were able to pan quite a bit of it, but we made no attempt at hiring Indians to

work for us, as we only intended to stay a short while. For us, it was just a vacation away from the airline routine. We did make enough, however, to pay our first-class fares back to Miami, with quite a bit left over. Actually," he said, "there were just two of us panning—my wife and I. The other couple were on their honeymoon and couldn't have been less interested in looking for gold."

Jack mentioned the fact that while panning along the riverbank, they had unearthed many crude Inca implements, including stone axes and other tools which the Incas had used hundreds of years before in extracting gold which they later fashioned into life-sized idols for their Temples of the Sun.

"But," he concluded, "while the area is breathtakingly beautiful, it is remote and forboding, and certainly no place to take a woman."

Over the intervening years, the Indians have become less savage, and although they still exchange their gold dust for trade goods, they expect a little more than hair ribbons and fishhooks in return. But there is no doubt that tremendous opportunities still remain.

There is yet another American who knows all about Marc Cohen and his sensational gold strike on the conflux of the Rios Negro and Pachitea. His name is Richard Weldy, and for many years he, too, was an executive with Panagra in Lima. Dick, who has acquired an enviable reputation as a wild-game collector and Amazon white hunter, has this to say:

"I used to make frequent trips to Iquitos, and while there became acquainted with Marc Cohen and his Uncle Isadore. Marc and I were good friends, pos-

sibly because we both loved the jungle and the excitement and thrills it offered. Later, as he became increasingly wealthy, he confided in me, pointed out on a map the exact location of his gold strike. He even offered to take me in with him and promised me a percentage of his gold. I guess he was lonely and wanted companionship, but at that time, I was head of the art department for Panagra, and was married, so it was impossible."

Later, Dick resigned his position and spent most of his time collecting wild animals and reptiles for North American zoos, and netting tropical fish which he exported to Miami. Currently, he is engaged in the cattle business in Nicaragua.

"Now that I'm free," Weldy told me recently, "I'd like nothing more than to go back into the jungle and take up where Marc left off. But in my opinion, panning for gold is outdated. To make it worthwhile, you've got to bring in the latest skin-diving equipment so you won't have to depend on the Indians for help. With civilization creeping in, they're getting too smart to accept hair ribbons in exchange for gold dust. Perhaps if I could come across a few good adventurers who are really willing to work hard and suffer a bit, I might be tempted to take them with me to the exact spot where Marc made his killing."

If you want to strike it rich and think you can make the grade, there is nothing to stop you from duplicating Marc's phenomenal success. His palm-thatched hut is waiting for a new tenant. All that is needed is a man with guts, courage and determination. Marc Cohen was well fortified with all three.

How about you? ● ● ●

COP PROBE *Continued from page 24*

remember? Tell me, how does it feel to be a cop lately?"

Paul Deever made a wry face. "Oh, it's very exciting. Every clown wants to make jokes. But somehow I never feel like laughing. What's the box score now, Louis? Thirty-seven suspended, of which twenty-one have been indicted by the Grand Jury? How did it get so rotten out there in Precinct Two?"

"I get the jokes, too, boy. At the club today, even. Lock the doors, here comes a cop! Ho-ho-ho."

"It has to blow over, doesn't it? Sooner or later?"

"Later, Paul. This is an election year. They want to make it stink as long and as loud as possible. That's more important than morale. Tomorrow, they get a big story. The old man resigned. They worked him into a corner. He had to."

"Who takes over?"

Moreno sipped from his can of beer, lowered it, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. "Me."

Deever stared. "Congratulations."

Moreno returned the stare, expressionless. "Thanks a lot. Acting Chief. A nice time for it. Seven hundred demoralized cops. A public that thinks we've been knocking over more supermarkets, liquor stores and gas stations than the guys we're supposed to be after. Dirty new headlines every single day. Thanks a lot, fella."

"It's a gesture of confidence, anyhow."

"Is it? I'm a pro. I check out clean. I'm a mild, little, fat man. Just the stooge they need. So all day, I've been acquainting myself with the activities of the Mayor's Special Committee. Tomorrow, my picture will be on the first page posed with the mayor. Smiling."

"I thought you looked tired, Louis."

"I *am* tired. I'm tired of a lot of things. Sick at heart. Mild little fat men should be jolly. You're in the paper, too, Paul."

Deever looked at him with a puzzled half-smile. "Do I get promoted, too?"

"Not exactly. You're one of the three new names they're calling in. They're going to give you a chance to clear yourself, my friend."

"Of what? What the hell are you talking about?"

"Don't yell at your superiors, son. The kindly old committee just wants you to answer a few little questions based on material their staff investigators turned up. So I'm asking you the few little questions before they do."

Paul leaned forward. "Because you're not sure I'm straight, Louis? Is that it? You got a little doubt?"

Louis Moreno closed his eyes for a moment. "Eleven years I've known you, Deever. I brought you here, I was your best man when you married Polly. Your kids climb the hell all over me. When

we had that nut holed up and I got careless, you were the guy ran out in the open and dragged me back to cover before he could finish the job. For the remark you just made, I should try bouncing you off a couple of walls."

"I'm sorry, Louis."

"Just answer the questions. You and Polly have a joint savings account. A year and a half ago, you deposited twelve hundred dollars in one chunk. Seven months ago, you put in a little less than nine hundred. Where did it come from?"

"A bequest to Polly from her uncle's estate. She got twelve hundred right off, and then a percentage of what was left after the rest of the estate was liquidated."

"You got the correspondence about it?"

"Of course."

"And they turned up the fact the twelve hundred didn't show on your tax return, Paul."

"It didn't have to. I checked. The estate pays taxes and then..."

"I know that. Let's get to the other thing. Let's get over onto Detective Sergeant Miles Urban, now under indictment for robbery and grand theft and so forth, and out on bail. Let's get to how come you were seen with him on the night of November eighth, last year, at a notorious gambling den called Dorrie's Walkaway, ten miles over into Salem County."

"Sally Urban and Polly are friends. Not

good friends. Somebody called Sally from out there and said her husband was being drunk and abusive and losing heavy money. Sally checked around to try to get somebody to go out and get him home before he got in real trouble. If I remember, we were the third or fourth party she tried. I went out and got him. I had to trick him to get him outside, then chop him down and load him in his car. I brought Sally with me to drive our car back."

"Provable?"

Deever frowned for a moment, then shrugged. "Sure. I had to do it in a hurry because I had to go on at midnight. The signed duty roster will prove that. And Polly's brother Dave and his wife were at the house that night. They sat with the kids while we did the favor for Sally Urban. They'll remember we didn't leave until about quarter to eleven, and they'll remember that Sally came back alone a little after midnight because she had to drop me off at the precinct."

"So that will make it real easy for you tomorrow, Paul."

Paul was puzzled by Moreno's tone. "Sure. I'll just go in and explain it to the committee."

"Tomorrow morning, you get a nice personal headline about mysterious and unreported bank deposits, and being across the county line in a gambling layout with Urban. The day after tomorrow, you get a two-line mention on page seventeen saying you're cleared. So?"

"I know it isn't fair, but that's the way things work, isn't it?"

Moreno fingered plump, dark jowls. "That's the way the thing is kept alive, Paul. For weeks, they haven't come up with anything. For weeks, they've been able to give the impression they are coming up with new scandal all the time. The public has that impression. They list us. We trot in and clear ourselves, readily. But the listing continues."

"It will die down, Louis."

Moreno smiled at him in a curious way. "You are a decorative cop, Deever. Lean, rugged, well trained. Two citations, no stain on the record. Lovely wife, small children. Like they say, the new, lean breed, eh? Gold-badge material."

"What's this all about?"

"What if you refuse to make a voluntary appearance before the Committee?"

Paul stared at Moreno with consternation. "What happens? Are you crazy, Louis? That was the original deal, remember? If you refuse to co-operate, you get an automatic suspension. The old man made that deal. That would be the stain on the record, all right. Where could I go from there? In five minutes, I can clear myself. Why shouldn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you, indeed?"

"Louis, please don't give me this mystery business. Do you mean you'd buck them? You wouldn't suspend me?"

"I'd suspend you immediately, Sergeant. That's the agreement."

"Then I'm just another name on the list. And it's a list I don't belong on. What good would that do?"

"Good for you, or for the department?"

"How could it help the department?"

"Isn't that up to me?" Moreno said.

"What are you asking for, Louis? Blind faith?"

After a long moment, Louis Moreno nodded. "Blind faith."

"But what would I tell people? How will I explain it? What will I tell Polly?"

"Tell Polly—no one else—that it's a favor to me. Tell everybody else you are not going to co-operate with a headline-hunting committee dedicated to destroying police morale."

"That's what some of the others said—the guilty ones."

"I know."

"They'll think I'm guilty."

"Probably."

"But what good will it do?"

"I can't guarantee anything, Paul. All I can do is bet my own future on a hunch, and ask you to do the same thing. Yours is longer than mine, but no more important to you than mine is to me. So go along with it."

"That's an order, Captain?"

"Don't make it tougher than it is. It's a friend asking a favor."

"That's a large favor, Louis."

Moreno smiled. The curious sweetness of that smile always astonished Deever. "Who else can I ask?"

At a little after nine the next morning, after seven hours of restless sleep, Paul Deever walked out into the kitchen, wearing ancient slacks and a faded sports shirt. Polly turned quickly from the sink and came toward him, a small, intense, auburn-haired woman with a quality of animation which made her seem prettier than she was.

"Darn it, Paul, I was just going in to shake you awake when I heard you getting up. I've been furious for the past hour. Wait until you see the paper! Mysterious, undeclared cash deposits! A riotous roadhouse evening with Miles Urban! Honestly! It's a lousy, dirty smear! It was the money Uncle Ben left me, and it was the time Sally got us to go out there to that place and rescue Miles. Just look at the paper, darling. We're famous!"

He sat at the table and read the article. Three officers to be questioned. Three stern pictures from official department records. He remembered that this same picture had been used when he had been given one of his two citations. The reporting was factual, but so cleverly worded that the average citizen would readily believe that here were three more bad cops. Just as she was serving breakfast, the phone rang. It was Wes Krantz, a headquarters sergeant on Special Traffic.

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Wes said, "Congratulations, old buddy. I see we both made the Hall of Fame this morning."

"And where did a crummy sergeant get a thirty-thousand-dollar home, fella?"

"Well, it was pretty tricky. An involved deal. I bought it for twelve-five, with a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage fourteen years ago, and since then, I've put fourteen thousand hours of work and five grand of materials in it, and I've got a ledger to prove it, because I've been fighting the assessment boys. Nice picture of it in the paper, hey?"

"Very nice. They called you yet?"

"Not yet, but I understand we'll get calls before noon. We're scheduled to appear about two o'clock. See you there."

"I'm not going, Wes."

"But when they tab you, you have to go in and . . ."

"It's a voluntary appearance, isn't it? So I don't happen to feel co-operative. They're just hunting headlines. The hell with them!"

There was silence on the line. When Wes spoke again his voice was subtly changed. "Well, I guess it's your decision to make. Best of luck." He hung up.

Paul turned and was startled to find Polly standing so close behind him. "What were you saying to him?"

"I'm not going to appear."

"But they'll suspend you!"

"Sit down and I'll tell you about it."

After she had heard the whole story, she looked at him with disbelief. "Louis is a sweet little guy and he's been a good friend to us, Paul, but he can't . . . he can't ask you to sacrifice yourself and your career. He should find somebody without a wife and children to go along with a wild idea like this. And why should you take it all on faith?"

"He's a good cop."

"But a good cop can do a very silly thing. You know that."

"Honey, I can't help it. I gave him my word. Look, honey, all we have to do is act as if that money was some kind of payoff, and act as if I buddied around with Miles Urban. We keep the proof to ourselves. We wait for Louis to make the next move. The reporters will be after

us. Don't you tell anybody I'm doing this because Captain Moreno asked me to."

She stared at him. "That's *all* we have to do, huh? Look guilty over something you could explain in minutes. And depend on Louis Moreno to get you out of it somehow. And he suspended as if you're a thief. Look at this picture of him standing and smirking with the mayor. The mayor is a rough man, Paul. And so is that man who's chairman of the committee, Mr. Ferris Rand. Louis is such . . . such an amiable little guy. They'll do anything they want with him. Don't you see? That's why they put him in."

"I gave my word."

She looked at him. Tears filled her eyes. "Your loyalty is very touching. Too bad you're giving it to Louis Moreno instead of me, dear."

"That isn't fair, Polly. You know it."

"All I know is that I don't think I'm going to enjoy my new life as the wife of a suspended cop. It's been bad enough being the wife of any kind of cop lately. This is going to be extra special." She left the room. He heard the bedroom door close quietly.

He sighed and went to the stove to get more coffee. He had the hollow feeling that he was being a damned fool. Moreno was a good man in a tight spot. But that was no reason to believe that he had any political savvy.

At ten-fifteen, Rand's office phoned. A woman said, "Sergeant Deever? The committee would like you to appear at City Hall at two-thirty this afternoon, Room Two-eighteen."

"I decline with regret."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Appearance is voluntary, isn't it? I'm not volunteering."

"I see. I'll inform Mr. Rand at once. Thank you."

Ferris Rand phoned ten minutes later. "Deever? I want to confirm the statement you gave my secretary. Are you refusing to appear before the Mayor's Committee?"

"Yes."

"Are you afraid that if you appear you will either perjure yourself or incriminate yourself?"

"I am afraid that by appearing I would

be lending myself to a circus act I think has no legal standing, Mr. Rand."

"It's not a court."

"You've been running it like one."

"Refusal will result in immediate suspension from duty."

"So I've been told."

"I see. Perhaps it's the only choice you have. Sorry, Deever."

As Paul hung up, he felt shaky. His hands were sweaty. He went to the bedroom. Polly looked small and dispirited, staring at the ceiling.

"Have you burned the bridge?"

"Yes," he told her.

She sat up and smiled wanly and took his hand. "Okay, Ex-sergeant. If I can't block it, I'll have to ride with it. But I'm a girl who has always doted on security."

"Maybe it won't be so bad."

"I have the feeling it's going to be terrible. You're just not the martyr type, darling. Maybe Louis is. But you're not."

"I had to go along with him."

She kissed him and stood up. "I guess so. Maybe things were going too good for us. I guess I'm superstitious. I've been knocking wood for years."

At noon, a headquarters clerk phoned him and read him the official notification of his suspension, effective immediately, and said he was putting it in the mail. At two o'clock, the newspaper people began to phone. At four o'clock, he was forced into an impromptu press conference in his front yard.

"Tell us the real reason why you wouldn't face the committee, Sergeant."

"I've told you the real reason a dozen times. They're hunting headlines at the expense of the morale of the force. So why should I co-operate?"

"But aren't you giving them even more headlines this way?"

"Possibly. But I feel that I'm also registering a protest."

"If people believe it. When were you suspended?"

"At noon today."

"Do you expect to be indicted by the Grand Jury?"

"I couldn't say."

"Where did the two grand come from, Sergeant?"

"From a private source."

"How come you didn't report it on your tax return?"

"No comment."

"If you figured on not reporting it, wasn't it stupid to put it in the bank?"

"That would be a matter of opinion."

"Are the tax boys after you yet?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Did you ever do any jobs with Miles Urban?"

"Official jobs, five and six years ago when we were both assigned to Precinct Three."

"What's your opinion of Moreno, the new acting chief?"

"No comment."

When it was over, he went silently into the house and made himself a stiff drink. He turned to Polly.

"They think I'm a thief," he said.

"What else can they think?"

"Maybe Louis didn't realize it would be like this."

The afternoon paper was delivered. It

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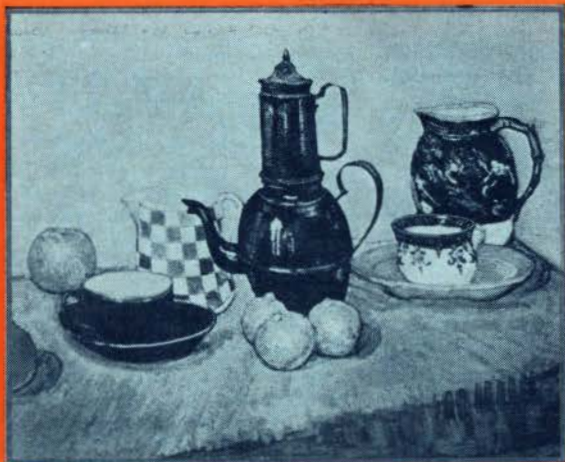
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was worse than he had imagined. He had been moved from page three to page one. The other two men had cleared themselves and been forgotten. Polly took a phone call. It was anonymous and filthy, and left her shaken. After dark, some noble and righteous citizen threw trash and garbage on their small front lawn.

At nine o'clock, after calling Louis Moreno at his apartment a half-dozen times, he finally got an answer.

"I'm officially suspended, Louis."

"Who is this? Sergeant Deever? There's nothing I can do for you, Sergeant. If you could have cleared yourself with the committee, you should have done so."

"What the hell is . . ."

"I must honor the agreement Chief Doettler made, Sergeant. You're suspended from the force pending further committee investigation."

"Louis, I . . ."

"You are talking to Captain Moreno, Sergeant Deever."

"But I want to know what I'm supposed to do."

"I can't help you there, Sergeant. You made your decision. You'll have to await the results of further investigation."

After he hung up, he said hesitantly to Polly, "There must have been somebody with him."

"Or he found out that whatever he had in mind won't work, so he's throwing you to the wolves and saving himself."

"He wouldn't do that, honey. Somebody was there. He'll get in touch with me."

That was Friday. The Saturday morning papers were more brutal. One photographer had caught him standing in the front yard in a moment of anger, glowering and dangerous, looking guilty. Boobs phoned the house and said violent things. There was no word from Moreno. Deever called the precinct to bring Anderson up to date on his personal unfinished work. Anderson sounded remote and unfriendly. His tone hurt, but Paul could not blame him. Anderson was a good officer. You could not help resenting the ones who had brought all this stink and ruin upon what had been a respected outfit.

Three men he had worked with, three men he had been close to, phoned to tell him that he was being a damned fool, that they knew he was clean, and what was he trying to prove. He was touched. His answer puzzled each of them, but their faith in him seemed unimpaired.

Sunday was a long, long day. Polly told him in a dozen different ways that he should get in touch with Ferris Rand and say he was willing to be interrogated by the committee. He became angry at her. They quarreled.

At five o'clock Sunday evening, he was summoned to headquarters. He tried to reassure Polly. "If they were going to indict me, honey, they'd send somebody to serve papers, or they'd come out and take me down or something. If I was being subpoenaed to appear before the Grand Jury, it wouldn't be done this way."

"I'm scared," she said.

"I'll let you know just as soon as possible, honey."

She hugged him hard, sighed against his throat and sent him on his way. . . .

in a large room adjoining the office of the Chief of Police. Moreno was sitting at a table holding a statement. Men were arranging the lighting for the cameras to take the film for rebroadcast over the local television channel.

"I'll answer all questions after my screen test here," Moreno said with crisp authority. He spotted Paul coming toward him, and beckoned to him. "Sit right here beside me, Sergeant Deever. Boys, Sergeant Deever will answer questions after you're through with me. Are we all set?"

Moreno read his statement. He was relaxed, but emphatic.

"As acting Chief of Police, I must concern myself with the efficiency of the men under my command. I cannot permit my officers to be smeared and demoralized by a special committee which proceeds on the basis of rumor rather than fact. I suspended Detective Sergeant Paul Deever, sitting here beside me, because he refused to co-operate in this witch hunt being carried on by the mayor and Mr. Rand. That was the agreement.

"In the meantime, I ordered a departmental investigation of Sergeant Deever. The investigation cleared him completely. The money in question was a legacy received by his wife, and was handled in accordance with all tax regulations. The circumstances of his having been seen with Miles Urban have been satisfactorily explained. Though in one sense his judgment might be considered faulty in refusing to co-operate with the committee, I admire his moral courage.

"As a result, I am serving notice to the committee and to Mr. Rand and to His Honor, the Mayor, that I am reinstating Sergeant Deever. I am ordering all officers to refuse to appear before the committee if summoned. I shall suspend them, conduct departmental investigations and reinstate them if they are cleared. I have no doubt but what they will all be cleared. The bad apples have been removed. There were too many of them. But nothing is gained by trying to keep the situation alive, artificially, by conducting an extralegal witch hunt at the expense of fine officers such as Detective Sergeant Paul Deever. It has been many, many weeks since any actual evidence of wrongdoing has been uncovered. Yet the stories go on, stirred up for reasons which may seem as evident to you as they do to me. If I am to be removed from office for this act, so be it. I could not in all conscience allow this performance to continue. Thank you."

The questions were excited and intense. Paul told the details of the small bequest, and the circumstances of his having gone to get Miles Urban and take him back to his wife. When the questions began to become repetitive, Moreno stood up, firmly called an end to the conference and took Paul with him into the Chief's office.

Paul phoned Polly and told her—a short version that would be expanded later.

When he hung up, Captain Louis Moreno said, "I had to think of the timing. This hits the Sunday-night television and radio news, and the papers tomorrow morning. And it had to be done quick before Rand smelled a trap. He's a sharp man. Been nervous, fella?"

"Extremely," Paul answered him.

"I had to brush you off when you phoned because I have a lunch there's a tap on your phone."

"Is it going to work?"

"We just have to wait and see. Hell, I don't know."

The corridor door opened suddenly and Ferris Rand came striding in—a man with tanned features and cropped gray hair.

"Very, very cute, Moreno," he said. "Are you Deever? Yes, of course. Moreno, aren't you smart enough to realize that if you get in the middle of a thing like this you can get hurt?"

"In the middle, Mr. Rand? A cop is always in the middle."

"Don't be evasive, please. I know George Lascomb put you up to this," Rand said insistently.

"What makes you think that?"

"Because you aren't shrewd enough to figure it out yourself, Captain. It's a very professional job of killing the committee. Henry and I put you into this office. Why did you decide to play footsie with the opposition?"

Moreno yawned and stood up. He walked around his desk and faced Rand. Suddenly he did not look fat or mild. "I'm not playing footsie with Lascomb, or with you, or with any political group, Rand. I'm running a police organization. Your committee was no longer doing any good. It was doing a lot of harm. So I blasted it out of the way. If you want to connive me out of this office, go right ahead and try. While I'm here, I'm a professional cop. Now get out of here. Go shill the voters some other way, Mr. Rand. Leave my department out of it, whatever you do, or I'll go to the people again and tell them who is making my job tough, for his own selfish reasons. Then see how many votes you round up. I'm not running for anything." He smiled. "No special ambitions, Mr. Rand. Just to run this shop with the help of some boys like Deever here. As long as I'm here, we'll keep our own house clean."

Rand stared at him for a minute. "Maybe we misjudged you, Chief."

Moreno beamed at him. "You picked a tiger, boy. A fat, mild tiger."

"Suppose we reorganize the committee and put you on it."

"To save face? No, thanks."

"Maybe we can figure out some sort of compromise."

"Make anything you want to suggest official. Put it on paper. Send it through channels. Good night, Mr. Rand."

After Rand was gone, Moreno sat down heavily. "I think we won, Paul. How did I do?"

"Fine."

"I was scared to death. Some tiger. Sergeant, you are transferred from your precinct to headquarters. Report to me personally tomorrow morning at eight."

"Yes, sir, Chief!" He hesitated. "What kind of duty assignment?"

"Hazardous."

"What?"

"Helping me deal with the public, Paul. That's the most hazardous duty a cop can face. Now go home and tell Polly we both love her."

"An order, sir?"

"Yes, indeed, Sergeant." ● ● ●

BY GEORGE LAYCOCK campfires

Tent Warmers

In this wonderful season of the year, campers are likely to get uncomfortably chilly in tent or trailer, especially very early and late in the day. What can you do about this? Depending on your temperament, you can stay in the sack, try to convince yourself that the cold air is refreshing and healthful, or figure out a way to warm up the tent.

A stroll through the camping-goods store is enough to prove that manufacturers have been sharply aware of the need for tent heaters. These heaters come in many shapes and burn various kinds of fuels.

We sometimes read sad stories about outdoorsmen being killed by space heaters in tightly closed trailers, cabins and tents. This does not mean, however, that tent and trailer heaters should not be used. But the outdoorsman who does utilize such a device should live by one rule: Never leave a fuel-burning heater operating while sleeping in a tightly closed area.

Gasoline is not the only fuel that produces carbon monoxide. "Under improper conditions of combustions," one heating engineer told me, "any fuel containing carbon would produce carbon monoxide, including charcoal." Most manufacturers make a point of telling buyers to ventilate the space they are heating at night.

One of the newest ideas in such space heaters is the catalytic heater. This operates like a hand-warmer. It has no open flame. The fuel, naphtha, gets into the combustion chamber by a wick and not under pressure. Tests show that this dependable heater continues to burn when tipped over, but it has no open flame to start fires easily. No special vents are needed, but all-night use of any fuel-burning heater consumes oxygen which must be replaced by ventilation in tent, trailer or cabin.

What does it take to warm the average, family-sized umbrella tent? If a heater gives off 3,000 to 4,000 BTU per hour, it will do the job nicely under most conditions. If there is snow outside, you may still want to keep your longjohns on, but the tent temperature, with this amount of heat, is likely to be in the sixty-five-to-seventy-degree range. Most manufacturers have tested the BTU output for their heaters and the dealer knows the figure.

Actually, the double-mantle gasoline lantern will often heat up a small tent when it isn't unbearably cold outside. Some manufacturers claim 2,500 BTU per hour for the two-mantle lantern.

Engineers will tell you there are two ways a source of heat can warm you. One is for the heater to warm the total air around the person. The other is the use of radiant heat. With radiant heat, you may feel warm (they say) even if the air outside your immediate vicinity is cold. Only the distance from the heat source diminishes the warmth reaching the body.

From a practical point of view, a smaller source of heat will provide comfort if the heat goes out as radiant energy. Consequently, some space heaters have the open flame covered with a metal drum to reflect the heat for greater efficiency.

Actually, any space heater made for camping use and utilized correctly can add much comfort to the outdoor fun and can even lengthen the camping season.

LATEST plan in the Department of Interior's search for new national seashore recreation areas proposes one along the lower stretch of the Outer Banks in North Carolina. This would include the windswept, lonesome country of Portsmouth Island and some other hanks along Beaufort Inlet in Blackbeard's historic pirate hangout.

MUCH of the fun and many happy memories from camping trips grow from unusual dishes turned out over the fire. A reader from Arkansas recently asked us how to make the fried pies famed among outdoorsmen. This is a pastry fried in deep fat. Start with dried fruit which has been soaked overnight. Drain the fruit and spread a cup of it over one half of a pie crust rolled out as big as a good-sized flapjack. Sprinkle some sugar on it. Fold the other half of the pie crust over the fruit, press it down around the edges and punch a couple of small steam vent holes in the top. Now use a pancake turner to put it into the hot fat until it gets crusty brown.

IF YOU ever hear a hunter insist that deer liver cooked fresh is one of the best parts of the animal, he's right. And in case you're headed for the deer camp this year, here are some liver-cooking pointers to keep in mind: Tuck a plastic bag into the pocket of your hunting coat. This is for the liver when you dress the deer out. If you hang the deer in the woods for later pick-up, take the liver with you. That's supper. Cool it thoroughly and rapidly and keep it clean. Slice it into pieces a quarter-inch thick and dip these in flour. Fry the liver in shortening that hasn't been used for anything else. Don't overfry. Cook the onions separately, then serve them together. • •

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The basis of Dick's training premise, regardless of the breed of dog, is in the very early start of such training. And this is the part that the hard core of the dog people found to be most revolutionary—or at least, one of the parts. So rather than alter Wolters' chiseled prose, I quote from "Water Dog": "Luck is not a factor in training. Neither the amateur nor the professional trainer has time to waste. So often in the past, the professional thought he was saving time by waiting until a pup was six months or a year old before he started to train the dog. He was waiting to see what potential the dog would show naturally; the amateur should never wait. He'll most likely have only one dog and will fall in love with it, and if he waits months before starting training, he'll end up with a dud.

"This new scientific finding leaves no doubt about it: A puppy should be taken home and started in his training at the exact age of forty-nine days.

"If a puppy lives in a kennel too long with no human contact and training, you're adding a great big unknown factor to your training problem when you take him home. During this seven-week period, the dog got a sense of competition in the litter, but the social order—what the scientists call the pecking order—hasn't as yet had time to form his personality. Staying with the litter can be almost as damaging to his future ability as a learner as the lack of human contact can be. . . . Let's take a look at the work Dr. Scott and his team of researchers performed at Hamilton Station, the Animal Behavior Laboratory. This work was done in conjunction with Guide Dogs for the Blind, Incorporated.

"In recent years, the demand for these trained dogs has been greater than the supply. Dr. Scott and his team of workers sought and found the answer to the supply problem. It was a new approach to training . . . acceleration."

Scientific study showed that there are five critical periods of a pup's life, five phases of his mental development. The shocking thing is that they all take place before the dog is sixteen weeks old. By this time, the dog's brain has reached its adult form and size but, of course, without adult experience. So, instead of waiting for the puppy to grow up so it could be trained, Dr. Scott's work proved that it was actually harmful to delay. Starting the training early under the new accelerated program, the experimenters produced *ninety per cent success* in litters of the same breeding that produced only twenty per cent under the traditional methods of training. . . . When the accelerated training method was put into actual practice in Seeing-Eye kennels and training programs, one full year's program even outstripped the laboratory results—*ninety-four per cent* of all litters successfully completed the rigorous training. This is certainly proof that early training can produce hitherto unbelievable results."

Having known these theories from "Cam Dog," I had obtained my Labrador at the proper age. The actual training does not, of course, begin now, but rather the re-

lationship of man and dog takes form. In effect, I became Tippy's mother—mustache not withstanding! I fed her, played with her, let her take walks with me in the fields, and so she came to know her name, to come when called, to sit, and above all, to know that I loved her and, in return for being Boss, I would make life full.

Being Boss really starts when the dog is about three months old. Formal training—the simple STAY, SIT commands that are the absolute foundation of retriever training are ingrained into the dog. With these two commands, you have achieved about fifty per cent more than you realize. All you have to do is transfer these com-

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NOVEMBER ARGOSY

mands into different voices. That is, the command SIT must be learned and obeyed whether issued by voice or whistle or hand signal. Easy? Right! Here's the way Wolters puts it:

"Command SIT is one of the most important commands for the working retriever. Not only is he required to sit at your side while waiting in a blind, but he will take his initial directions for the retrieve from a sitting position at heel. In 'college,' he'll learn to take your directional signals while sitting at a distance.

"I teach a puppy the SIT command first by voice. When he understands it, I immediately add the whistle . . . one blast. In a few days, you can drop the voice command and use only the whistle. . . .

"Here's the way you do it. Walk the dog on a very short leash at your side. Command SIT. Pull his head up with the leash. With your other hand, push his fanny down. Command SIT again when he's settled. In short order, you'll only have to touch his hindquarters and he'll sit. When he'll do it without the pushing hand, introduce the whistle. Command SIT. When he does it, blast once. In a few days, reverse the order. Blast once . . . command SIT. Shortly thereafter, you can forget the voice command."

Remember that when you get this command down pat, it will work anywhere. By that, I mean as long as a dog can hear your whistle, he should SIT. And see to it that he does. Spring it on him when he's running full-tilt with his mind on something else. If he doesn't spin and drop, go right out there and talk to him. Having been in the marines will help your vocab-

ulary and tone of voice reach the right level of persuasion. The proper inflection is similar to that your wife uses at two a.m. when you've just come home and she asks: "Have you been drinking?"

Let's you have the mistaken impression that everything Wolters and I did turned out perfectly and without problems. I'll say now that that just ain't so. My dog, for instance, would SIT fine—until we threw something for her to retrieve. Wait for me to tell her to go get it? Ha! She was usually out under the training dummy like Mickey Mantle sitting under a high fly. And of all the things you don't want a dog to do, this is second only to not wanting her to throw up in the car.

I let Tippy get away with this for a while until I saw that my shouting and whistling began to plant a seed of doubt in her mind that wasn't exactly what I had intended. The next time she broke, I yelled SIT, blew the whistle, and then, as one of my swing friends might describe it, "I lost my cool." In brief, I strapped hell out of her. Then she admitted I had been right all along. Just like a woman!

The crucial point here is this: *Be very sparing of punishment.* Do not—repeat—do not punish a dog unless you know absolutely that the dog knows it is misbehaving and is expecting something unpleasant to result. I don't believe I have ever strapped my dog after that—or wanted to. And, I might add, neither has she ever again broken for a bird in a field trial.

Now that your dog is sitting at command, it's time to come to really controlled retrieves. Up to now, you've probably been chucking stuff for the dog to bring back. But remember, this is not a yo-yo. There's more to a retriever than that. Call them niceties if you will, but there's a very practical hunting situation behind each of them. Specifically, a dog should deliver to hand, not drop the bird and shake himself the minute he steps out of the water; if he does that, you are very likely to lose a crippled bird.

And now for words from the master: "Retrieving is made up of three elements: running out to the object, picking it up and then delivering it to the trainer. . . . Many trainers feel that if a young puppy will run out for a thrown object, that's all they want to see. And it's true. This is a good indication. But in early training, the other end of the job, carrying an object and delivering it is the most important. . . . Now, how do we begin? Retriever puppies will pick up whatever they can get in their mouths. So the first step is never to discourage a pup from retrieving. This goes for the trainer's family, as well. Your attitude must be—and you must show it to the dog—that he is a good fellow for fetching whatever it is, be it your best pipe, gloves, mail, shoes, the kid's toys . . . the family cat or a pair of silk stockings. You'll just have to learn to hold your temper. . . ."

As you can imagine, there's nothing really difficult about getting a retriever to retrieve. Making him selective is the tough job. Just when you have him doing nicely on training dummies, your kids will

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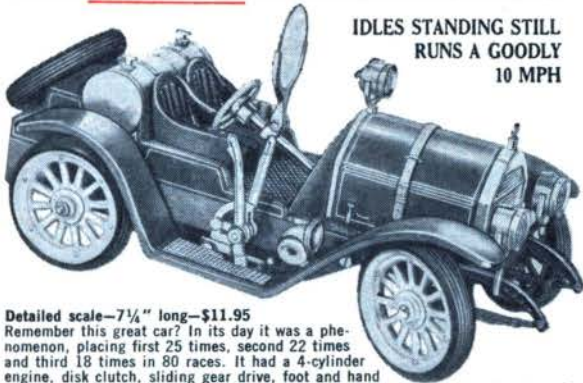


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amuse themselves by tossing rocks, sticks, golf balls or heaven-knows-what-else for the dog to fetch. This will serve two purposes: one, to make your dog so hard-mouthed he can crack clams, not to mention shredding any birds you might bring down—and hard-mouthed dogs get thrown out of field trials. And two, there's great danger of his getting a mouthful of splinters, or swallowing a small stone or ball. It's again a question of "spare the rod or spoil the dog." Lay the law down right now that the dog has one master—you! You'll have to be firm but don't let anyone start thinking that your dog is a toy.

When your dog is going straight out and back for short-sight retrieves with good regularity, you can start adding a little variety to keep him from getting bored. Since a Lab, for example, makes a superb upland hunter, now is a good time to teach him simple quartering in front of you. Here's the way Wolters does it.

"More often than not, a pup taken to a strange field with cover will hang on your heels. That's good; just lift your feet high as you walk and gently clip him in the jaw. He'll soon learn to stay a yard or two behind you. . . . When he takes his place behind you, *you* turn around. Now he's in front of you. Walk on; if he gets to the side or behind you, turn and face him. He'll learn his place. It's in front.

"You now walk the field in a zigzag. If you start this early, you won't have a problem because he's not bold enough yet to want to run off; he'll want you in sight.

"He's learned to be in front of you and he'll want to go where you go. Walk twenty-five yards, then zig ninety degrees. If it's to the left, call his name for attention and give him an arm signal to the left and command GO ON. Walk twenty-five yards in the new direction, then zag to the right. He'll soon learn to check back to see where you're going. If he doesn't, call his name, give him a right-hand signal and walk in the new direction.

"Once he gets the hang of this game, cut your zigs and zags down from ninety degrees to forty-five. What we want him to learn is that the appropriate hand signals mean new directions.

"If he starts to get out too far as these lessons advance, the call-in whistle command should be given. As he comes in, give the hand signal and zig. As you reduce the angle of zigzag and he follows the direction signals, you'll soon note that you'll be able to walk a straight line and he'll quarter by signal. Now you can send him any which way with the hand. . . ."

Wonderful, isn't it? But it really didn't work out quite so simply for us—nor will it for you. Why not? Well, sparrows, rabbits, groundhogs, blackbirds and just plain curiosity will have the dog all over the lot until he gets over the belief that he can catch everything in sight. We discovered that our wives noticed the same tendency in us—say, at a party with a few good-looking cookies. What does a wife do? She waits, usually, until your attention wavers away from the blonde with the crossed legs and then gives you a command. So it should be with your dog. Let him work his problem out a bit before you order him in a different direction. If he learns that you can't catch him—but will

just stand there and shout and whistle—you'll spend a lot of time standing and whistling. Don't give him a chance to accidentally ignore a command. If he starts running a rabbit, let him go until he tires or quits. It won't take long and then he'll turn his attention back to you. A thing I like to do in these early training sessions is to stand still, call my dog in, and just play with him for a minute, maybe throwing in a dog biscuit. He enjoys it and it again reinforces his pleasure in being afield with me. Don't overdo it, though.

So far, we haven't mentioned water. Just whiskey. And you've been wondering when in hell do we get the pup in swimming, haven't you? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the pup will take to water like an alligator, and simple retrieves in water will just fall into line. If your pup seems afraid of the pond, you'll have to get out in it and call him to you, gradually easing his fears. Never, never just pick a dog up and chuck him in. You'll probably scare him half to death, lose his trust in you, and get a good bite in the gluteus maximus for your trouble.

Always check the water you're working your dog in for rocks, wire, sticks, stumps and the like. Once a dog has been hurt by flinging himself into a too-shallow spot or has hit a submerged tree or something, he will very likely just tiptoe in for the rest of his life and you'll lose the magnificence of the hell-for-leather ten-foot leap and entry that is so much part of the thrill of owning a retriever.

Now you've got a dog that will be pleasant to hunt over in most water situations and all land circumstances. He will retrieve on command, stay until sent, know how to quarter, and love to swim. So before you go on to the more advanced level of training, you'd better introduce him to the gun. A new training tool called the Retriever-R-Trainer—co-developed by Arthur Johnson and Dick Wolters—is a godsend. This contraption fires blank cartridges of various sizes to propel a special training dummy. It allows you to do two things at once: start your dog on long, marked retrieves, and accustom him to the noise of a gun. The first time I would use it is when the dog is running some distance from you—or if you're using a regular shotgun and throwing a regular training dummy. When the dog is out quartering some fifty yards or so, get his attention, then fire the Retriever-R-Trainer with the lightest load. Or throw the dummy first, and while it's in the air, fire your shotgun. If you're going to use a shotgun, it's a good safety idea to get a few boxes of special Winchester-Western *Popper* loads. They have no shot and no recoil, but plenty of noise.

Both Dick and I agree that too much fuss is made over gun shyness, which is strictly a man-made condition and which, with common sense on your part, should never be a problem. After you fire a half-dozen shots or so at the dog from a distance, you can bring him in at heel, throw the dummy and shoot and never have to worry about it again. The first time you do it, he'll probably break. Forget it. He'll get over the excitement of the noise in a few retrieves and you can insist on his being steady again without any fear.

Until now, you should only have been

working your dog on single retrieves. You should have been firing over him and throwing the dummy in all sorts of cover—cover that's not impossible and cover that's perfectly safe. And I might add that you should be particularly careful not to run your dog on retrieves through barbed-wire fences and the like. Too many dogs are seriously hurt and even killed by low wires. Remember, where you tell him to go—he'll go. He's relying on your judgment, so have a little. And this goes for fast-flowing rivers, busy highways and dangerous swamp and lake areas.

In these single retrieves, don't let him quit. If he can't find the dummy, you get out there and pick it up and throw it for him again before he starts to come in to you. He should *always* get the bacon and bring it home. Failure isn't part of any training routine.

Now we come to the subject of multiple retrieves. Doubles are simple enough for almost any dog. Just remember to keep them well spread apart, about ninety degrees. The only real danger here is "switching"—starting back with one dummy, then dropping it halfway home and picking up the other one. This is a major fault, like infidelity. Most dogs will switch—and you'll just have to go out there and shout "No" loud enough to make your nose bleed until he gets the idea. Your dog will naturally go after the last bird first. Fine. But now and then, you should insist he get the other one to remind him that you're the one who does the heavy thinking; he's paid to do as he's told.

Field trials are a touchy subject with a lot of hunting men. More out of ignorance than prejudice, hunters tend to believe that a field-trial dog isn't a good field dog. Completely wrong. In fact, just the opposite is true. Retriever field trials, as opposed to pointing-dog trials, are set up to duplicate actual hunting situations, to the great credit of the superb judges in this event. Both Wolters and I are field-trial fans. For one reason, you'll never know how good your dog really is unless you set him out against some good competition. And that goes for your training techniques, too. For another reason, they're a helluva lot of fun. I'm not going to get all involved with the pros and cons. But anyone who owns a retriever and refuses even to watch a club trial is plain stupid. You'll learn twice as much as you think, and every single person you meet will be glad to answer questions, offer advice—and very possibly go out and actually help you train.

You should write to the American Kennel Club for the address of your local Field Trial club and the name of its secretary. Then write to him, and ask for a trial schedule. Then go. Take along booze. Take along your dog.

The stakes run in most field trials vary according to the age and ability of the dogs entered. The top of the line is the All-Age Open. Here you'll see almost unbelievable accomplishments, magnificent harmony and teamwork between dog and handler. And here you'll have to make a decision: Is all the obvious work that this takes going to be worth it? Is my dog good enough? Will I enjoy it? Or am I going to be satisfied with Old Abe just being my duck-hunting pal?

In his book, "Water Dog," Dick goes deeply and thoroughly into the training techniques of field trial work—long blinds, multiple retrieves, the tests your dog will have to pass. But if your dog is under two years old, can mark his long singles and doubles fairly well, both on land and water, and is steady, there's no harm in entering him in a couple of Derby trials. Let me tell you about my initiation.

My dog, Tippy, was great on dummies in the yard. Except for one thing: real birds. And that's what you get in field trials, pigeons shot over your dog, and shackled ducks (live) for the water series.

Being the impetuous type, I'd never even seen a field trial before I stepped to the line with my dog. I didn't know any more about it than the dog. This became painfully obvious. It was a perfect morning. Tip did absolutely nothing right. She broke. She refused to pick up the pigeon. She daintily relieved herself while going out after her bird. And when she finally did pick up a shackled duck, she brought it in and dumped it by one of the judges instead of handing it up to me.

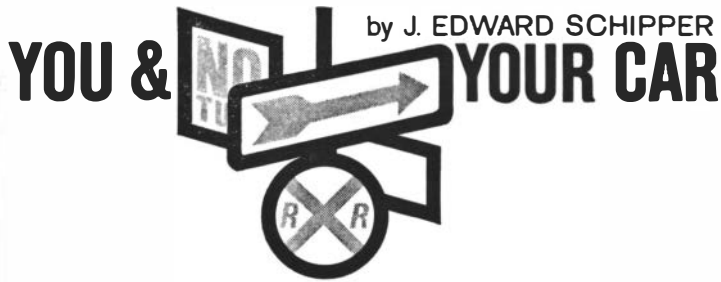
But no one said a word. Talk about being polite? Wow! So I put Tip back in the station wagon to watch the other dogs do their stuff. We had been the first ones off because they always run the females first. And Tip watched with obviously growing interest. In fact, she really seemed to be studying all these goings-on and making mental notes. So, being a sucker for punishment—and being encouraged by my wife (why not? She didn't have to stand out there in front of all those people!)—I entered Tip in another series. Paid my five bucks and stepped out to take my medicine like a little man. And you know what? She was beautiful! Don't ask me why—but I think she's a natural competitor. She never broke, marked all her birds perfectly, and made everybody think they might be losing their minds; it just couldn't be the same stupid dog they had watched an hour ago! But it was.

There's a point to this that's pivotal: A dog wants to do what you want it to do—the hang-up is really in *communication*. Somehow, Tip got the idea of the Field Trial just by watching. She knew that I wanted her to do what the other dogs were doing, and she seemed to say "okay."

And so it will be with your dog. Be patient. Really try to communicate. There are few hard-and-fast rules other than this one. If one avenue seems to be going nowhere, then, for goodness sake, try another. But keep it simple.

Few things are as rewarding as working a dog in the field—a dog you've trained yourself. The hours that Wolters and I have spent have been golden. We've made all the mistakes and invented a few new ones of our own. Discouragement came often—then suddenly, as if someone had opened a door we'd never noticed, one of the dogs would have a day where it "just couldn't put a foot down wrong." And we'd congratulate one another.

Once, in an emotional peak, when I had washed his ego liberally with obvious pure flattery, Wolters almost offered to buy dinner. And some days—if I keep training him along those lines—he will. But it'll probably be Gravy Train. ● ● ●



Choose the Right Vehicle

If you are taking a trip into one of the vast, unsettled areas of this country, the wrong vehicle can turn your vacation into a fiasco. Conditions have improved during the past few years, it is true, but even today, you will find the backwoods and mountain roads dotted with broken-down cars, trucks, etc., which are there because they were not suited to the load they carried or the territory in which they traveled.

This need not happen to you. Today, there are many vehicles made that will stand the wear and tear imposed by more-than-ordinary camping. You can choose anything from a heavy-duty motorcycle that will climb a rock pile like a goat, to a Pullman-car-type body mounted on a husky, three-quarter-ton truck chassis. You can get a four-wheel-drive unit that will perform incredible feats of climbing or overcoming difficult highways. You can even have these vehicles equipped with a power take-off that operates a winch and cable which can haul you out of snowdrifts or mudholes—if you have anything within reach to which you can attach your cable.

This heavy-duty equipment is not, of course, required for a visit to the national parks or the state- and Government-operated camp sites where every convenience is available. It is strictly for rough country.

One of the most important factors deciding on a vehicle is the size of the party. Generally, an expedition going into the real backwoods will not exceed four, but if it does, the problem is greatly magnified. Also the type of party that gets back into the "hoonocks" does not expect the luxuries of an established camp site.

Most of us have to set up some type of budget for our recreational trips, so we'll start with the camping trailer. These low-priced trailers contain a tent which folds out for sleeping space and can also be used as a kitchen. While the tent space is limited, it is sufficient for four and very comfortable and roomy for two or three. With the proper hitch, it can be towed readily by the family car, and can be set up and folded up quickly, after a little practice.

For rural dwellers who ordinarily have use for a pickup truck, the camper-type body which can be mounted quickly on a half-ton or three-quarter-ton chassis is ideal. For exploring parties and others who must get into rugged areas, this type of camper or a "Suburban" is often supplied with a four-wheel drive which can handle rugged going with astonishing ease.

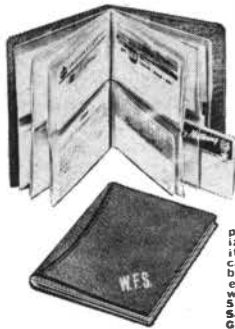
Chevrolet has twelve models of the type which are known, in truck lingo, as four-by-fours. For ordinary highway use, the two-wheel drive is all that is employed for economical performance. But when the going gets rough, the shift can be made into four-wheel drive for better traction without using the clutch. In these vehicles, there is a two-speed transfer case which gives the extra torque multiplication required. There is also an opening in the transfer case providing for a power take-off for a winch or other power applications.

Incidentally, Ford Motor Company has published a book entitled "Ford Recreational Vehicles" (\$1). It discusses both the advantages and disadvantages of just about every type of recreational unit—camping trailers, travel trailers, travel coaches, light delivery-van conversions and campers installed on pick-up truck chassis. This is a wise investment for anyone planning a camping vacation.

Dodge recently brought out what they call the Camp Wagon, with a "pop-up" roof and complete living facilities for up to six persons. The Camp Wagon is an A-100 Dodge Sportsman wagon specially equipped by Travel Equipment Corporation which specializes on conversions with the elevating top. This new model has a six-cylinder, 225-cubic-inch 140-horsepower engine, which should be plenty for most kinds of off-highway operation.

There is not a single manufacturer in the low- and medium-price class who has not given plenty of consideration to this field. All of them are extremely careful to point out the limitations when towing trailers. American Motors' brochure on camping trailers has this to say: "It should be recognized by trailer owners that all makes of cars are primarily designed and intended as a passenger conveyance. A trailer cannot be towed behind a passenger car without having some effect on safe operation, handling qualities, dependability and economy. Although American Motors' cars will pull a trailer as satisfactorily as other makes of passenger cars, maximum efficiency and satisfaction will be derived through the use of proper equipment and by avoiding overloads and other abusive operation. When operating on highways, allowance must be made for the additional weight and bulk of the trailer, and driving habits and speeds must be altered accordingly in the interest of safety." ● ● ●

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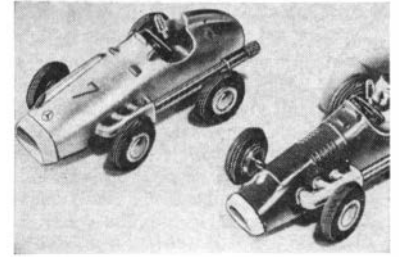
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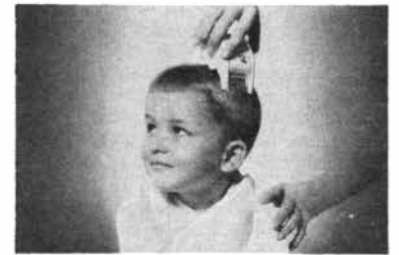
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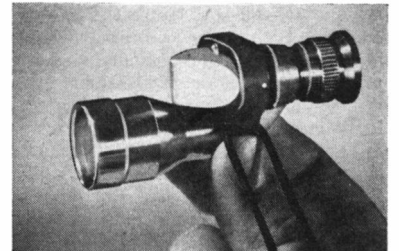
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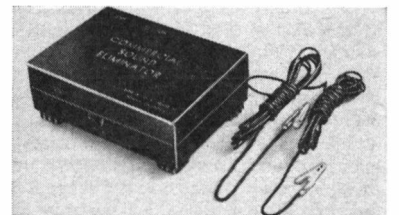
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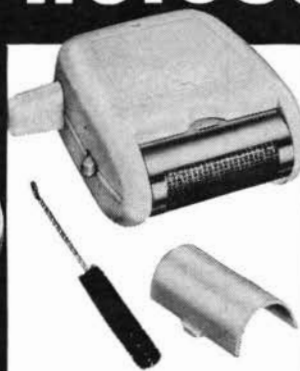
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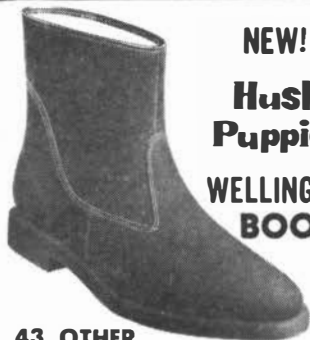
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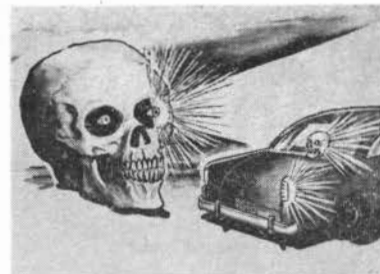
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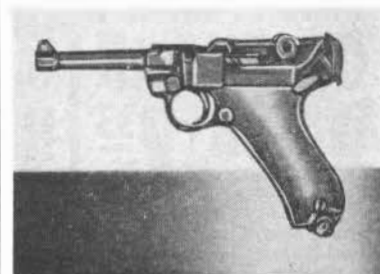
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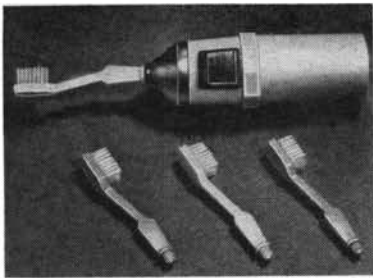
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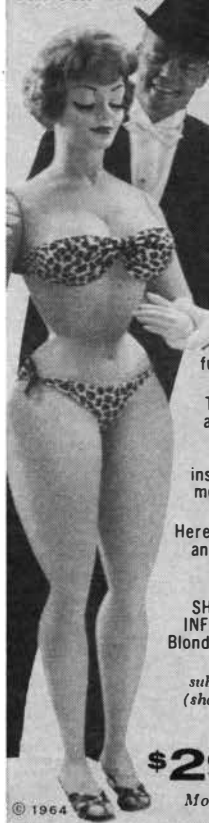


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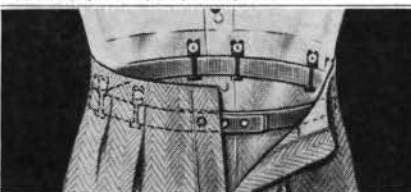
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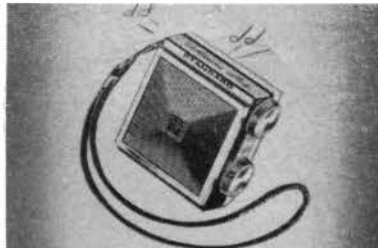
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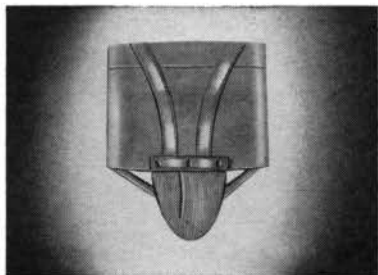
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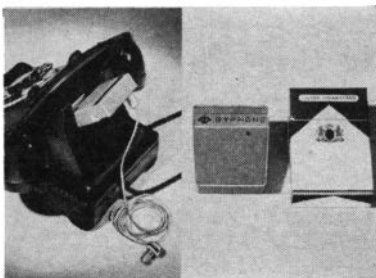
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Von Ryan's Express

by DAVID WESTHEIMER

It was the damndest passenger list any railroad ever had: 1,500 escaping Allied prisoners of war, led by an American colonel in a German uniform. Destination: GERMANY!

The small Italian sentry was lounging placidly in the plum-colored shade of the prison-camp wall, his toy-like carbine propped near his leg, when the new prisoner was brought in. The sentry had seen many American and British officers enter *Campo Concentramento Prigionieri di Guerra 202* and had long since lost interest in them.

Then a scalding voice pinned him against the wall. The sentry shrank back, his elbows and shoulderblades grinding into the warm dun brick, his carbine clattering to the baked earth.

"Don't you salute officers in your army, soldier?" the newcomer demanded in a hard voice. "And pick up that popgun before you trip over it."

The sentry gaped.

"Colonello," stammered the boyish Italian second lieutenant escorting the officer, "he is not understand."

"Then explain it to him," the American ordered.

The lieutenant shouted at the sentry. The sentry fumbled for his carbine, came rigidly to attention and, shaking, presented arms.

The American responded with a crisp salute, then studied the dusty weapon. "Disgraceful." He turned to the lieutenant. "Have him clean that piece. I wouldn't want anybody shot by a filthy carbine."

"Si. Colonello," the lieutenant said hastily, wondering why he was taking orders when he should be giving them, but unable to withstand the prisoner's cold assurance. "*Domani*. Tomorrow."

"*Domani*," the American said. "God knows how many times I've heard that word in the last six hours!"

Without another glance at the lieutenant or the sentry, he turned and strode toward the barricade of timbers and barbed wire separating the forecourt from the prison compound, where a jostling throng of prisoners waited.

The colonel was tall and conspicuously erect. His dark blond hair was short and bristling, with a scatter of

gray at the temples. His face was deeply tanned except for two ovals around the unblinking gray eyes where the skin had been shielded by sunglasses. His eyes were finely wrinkled at the corners and squinted a little from looking into the sun for enemy fighters. His was a tough face, grim almost, with no vestige of softness of any kind. It looked older than its thirty-six years.

There was a soiled lump of blood-stained bandage on the side of his head, held there by dirty adhesive tape which came down over one ear and within an inch of a heavy dark eyebrow. His flying suit was oil-stained and rusty with dried blood. On his shoulders, stamped on squares of brown leather, perched the silver eagles of a colonel. On his left breast, the wreathed wings of a command pilot glinted in the sun.

When the colonel had first come through the prison camp gate, a prisoner shouted, "Fresh meat!"

It had quickly brought to the wire a crowd of fellow prisoners who had been taking the sun or were otherwise engaged in meaningless outdoor preoccupations. They were joined in turn by a horde of prisoners who came tumbling out of every barracks exit, thick as ants around a stickthrust. Their hair was long and unkempt and many of them had inventive beards and mustaches. Some wore eyeshades made of cardboard and twine and one man had a tin plate on his head, held there with a black shoelace tied beneath his chin.

The prisoners jeered and applauded, a holiday crowd at a ragpickers' carnival, while the colonel toyed with the sentry. When the colonel approached them, they pressed closer.

The newcomer did not smile. He surveyed the mob with a look of distaste on his hard, brown face, his eyes frosty. The prisoners, unabashed, continued their clamor. The sentry at the barricade threw open his gate and came to attention. The colonel returned his sa-

lute and stepped through, followed by the lieutenant.

"I bring you a new companion," said the Italian lieutenant, smiling.

A sturdy man in a broad-brimmed Australian hat came shoving through the press toward the newcomer. "Stand aside, you buggers," he said in a deep, good-natured voice.

He had a black mustache like the horns of a Cape buffalo, immensely thick in the middle and curving out and up in a noble sweep of luxuriant jet. His eyes were blue, his chin and jaw heavy. His skin was more pink than tanned. He wore greasy British battle-dress trousers hacked off at the knee, and broken desert boots.

"Who's the senior officer here?" the American colonel demanded.

The sturdy man stepped forward. "Fincham here," he said. "Eric Fincham, lieutenant colonel, Royal Army. Welcome to P. G. Two-oh-bloody-two, Colonel."

"A light colonel," said the American. "I'm a bird colonel."

He shook the Englishman's hand, then turned to face the throng. "I am Colonel Joseph Ryan," he announced. "Your new senior officer."

"Iron-ass Ryan," exclaimed a burly man with a big peeling nose who had just rushed from the barracks to join the mob at the gate. "I had him at advanced. Only he was a captain then."

If Ryan heard him, he gave no indication of it. "I'll want a talk with you after a while, Colonel," Ryan said to Fincham. He turned to the prisoners. "Break up this high-school pep rally and go back to your quarters."

The prisoners stared at him in uncomprehending silence.

"I gave an order!" Ryan snapped. "Move."

Muttering, the prisoners began moving toward the surrounding barracks. "A pretty raunchy bunch, Colonel," Ryan said, turning to Fincham.

Fincham's pink deepened again and

his lips parted as if to retort, but instead of answering, he pressed them together firmly.

"Where can we talk?" said Ryan.

"My quarters . . . sir," Fincham said with savage courtesy.

Fincham led him across the courtyard and up iron-bound cement steps to the top floor of the two-story, U-shaped barracks. Socks and less identifiable articles of clothing hung on the iron guardrails like the banners of some ragged but dauntless army.

Fincham bowed mockingly. "My humble quarters are at your disposal."

"Thank you," said Ryan, ignoring the deliberate irony.

The room was dim and cool after the penetrating glare of the untempered sun. It was six feet wide, eight deep, and eight high. The only furniture was a heavy, four-sided stool of solid unpainted wood and a rickety two-deck bunk, also of unpainted wood.

Ryan ran a finger along an inch-wide wall projection and looked casually at the grime he collected. "I used to do this wearing white gloves," he said, "and giggered a man when I found a speck on 'em. When was the last time this room was policed?"

"Policed? Oh. What month is this—July? Yes, so it is, July. June, I believe it was. Or was it May? You know how time flies when you're on holiday."

Suddenly, Ryan's legs buckled. Fincham grabbed him before he hit the floor. "Are you all right?"

"Damn!" Ryan said angrily. "I must have lost more blood than I . . . I'm all right, Colonel."

Fincham went to the door. "Fetch Captain Stein," he called.

Stein was a spare man of medium height with a shock of wiry brown hair, alert brown eyes, and a brown mustache which looked as if it had just been clipped and combed. He wore a neat khaki uniform with the shirtsleeves buttoned at the wrists. His GI shoes were glossy.

"I'd like a look at that scalp of yours," Stein said. "I'm a doctor."

Deftly Stein pulled the adhesive tape away and worked the bandage free of the crusted wound. "Ugh," he grunted. "Doctor who did this should have stitched you up. I'll just run down and get my tool kit. Be right back."

He left, carrying the bloody bandage dangling from his hand.

"He's got a clean uniform," Ryan said. "Does he wear it all the time or did he put it on in my honor?"

"He put it on for you, but I dare say not in your honor," Fincham said dryly. "He wears his clean uniform when he visits any patient. Even an OR."

"OR? Oh, Other Rank. Enlisted man. Tell me something, Colonel. If Captain Stein can keep himself presentable in here, why can't the other officers?"

"We weren't all fortunate enough to be put in the bag with full kit, Colonel. You tell me something, if you please."

"Yes?"

"What exactly do you hope to gain with this headmaster manner of yours?"

"You can call my manner what you want to, Colonel," Ryan said icily. "Maybe if you had some of it, this place wouldn't be in such miserable shape. It's a disgrace. It's filthy. And you've let the men get raunchy, childish and undisciplined. They've forgotten what it means to be soldiers—if they ever knew."

Fincham thrust his face close to Ryan's. "See here, you bloody Yank! You stroll in from bacon-and-egg breakfasts and a cushy billet and expect to find things the same here. This is no bloody picnic, and you'll find that out if you don't get your bloody head bashed in first."

Stein came in carrying a medical field pack.

"Colonel, I'll get back to you after Captain Stein gets through with me," Ryan said coldly.

Stein set out a square of rough white cloth on which he placed a bottle of alcohol, cotton and swab sticks. "You may find this a little uncomfortable," he said conversationally as he began cleaning the wound. . . .

When Stein had gone, Ryan turned to Fincham. "The first thing I want is an explanation of why you've permitted discipline to deteriorate so shockingly."

"There happens to be a bit of a war on, Colonel," said Fincham angrily. "We're fighting our share of it as best we can. The bloody little buggers are still the enemy and we've damn well let them know it."

"I fail to see how filth and shaggy hair and a complete breakdown in discipline indicate a signal victory over the Italians," Ryan said. "And tell me something. How many casualties have you inflicted and how many escapes have you effected with this victory-or-death policy of yours?"

Fincham's face knotted with fury. "None!" he spat. "But . . ."

Ryan cut him short. "I don't intend to debate tactics with you, Colonel. I intend to give orders. Which I expect to be obeyed. Is that clear? But now I want a look around to see just how bad things are. Shall we go?"

As they walked out into the prison camp courtyard, Ryan said, "Brief me on the layout before we go inside."

Fincham's manner changed when he described the camp to Ryan. He was precise and knowing and showed no trace of his previous truculence. He was giving a military report and he did it in correct military fashion.

The commandant, Colonel Basilio Battaglia, had little direct contact with the prisoners, leaving most of the operation of the camp to the executive officer, Major Vittorio Oriani. Lieutenant Roberto Falvi, who had escorted Ryan into the compound, was responsible for the American sector of the camp, *Settore I*, and a Captain Pietro Alessandro for the British sector, *Settore II*. There were other officers involved in the administration of the camp but the prisoners seldom saw them.

"Battaglia's a stick, Oriani's a swine, Falvi's a friendly ass, and Alessandro's mad for another pip," Fincham said.

"I assume that means he's bucking for a promotion," Ryan said agreeably.

There were nine hundred and eleven officers in P. G. 202, six hundred and two British and three hundred and nine American. In addition, there were fifty-three British Other Ranks who worked in the kitchen and did other camp chores. Officers were not permitted to work except as supervisors of functions related to their own welfare.

In addition to a Red Cross parcel issue, the prisoners received Italian rations which were cooked in the communal kitchen and served in two mess halls flanking it.

"That's the gen," Fincham said. "Yours call it the poop," he added in answer to Ryan's unspoken question. "I expect you'll want to know a good deal more, but I can fill it in while you're having your look around."

Ryan began with the ground floor of *Settore I*, the American side.

A bay was long and narrow, lined on either side with double-deck wooden bunks a foot apart. It was dark inside and Ryan could see little at first.

He stood just inside the doorway, letting his eyes adjust to the gloom. The bay was crowded as a hive and the buzz of conversations was beelike. The buzz subsided as awareness of Ryan's presence spread through the bay. Soon the occupants were looking his way in sullen silence.

"The next time I enter this bay, the first man to see me will call the room to attention," Ryan said. "And you will remain at attention until you are given 'at ease.'"

He turned and walked out, motioning to Fincham to follow. "Let's try again," said Ryan, and he turned back to re-enter.

"Ten-hut!" bawled the first man to see him.

Caught by surprise, the men leaped up, jostling one another in the narrow aisle. Ryan threaded his way through the crush, pausing to examine bunks at random.

He stopped before the big man who had recognized him outside earlier. The man had a thick chest, thick waist, and broad hips—not a handsome physique but one of great power and stamina. His matted hair, a tarnished gold, was kinky, and his eyebrows, also tarnished gold, were shaggy. Despite the craggy strength of his features and the resentment which now possessed him, his face was good-natured, almost clownish.

"Emil Bostick, isn't it?" said Ryan. "Goon Bostick."

"Yes, sir," the big man said with undisguised hostility.

"If I'd washed you out on that check ride, you wouldn't be in this fix, would you, Lieutenant Bostick?"

"No, sir. And it's Captain Bostick."

"My apologies, Captain. And congratulations."

Ryan picked his way back to the door. "Carry on, gentlemen," he said, just before stepping out on the porch.

A wave of angry sound lashed after him. Fincham grinned. Ryan gave no sign that he had heard the remarks.

Before Fincham could conduct him farther, a bugler sounded a call.

"Evening parade," Fincham explained. "We form in the courtyard to be counted."

"Order the men to fall out, Colonel."

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir," Fincham said mockingly.

He went to the rail and shouted an order. The prisoners poured out into the courtyard, catcalling and roughhousing, and formed wavering lines around its perimeter. Major Oriani, Captain Alessandro and Lieutenant Falvi came through the barricade gate followed by a detail of tiny soldiers who had to trot to keep up with the long-limbed major.

Trailed by a soldier with pencil and paper, Falvi began counting the Americans while Alessandro and another soldier counted the British. The prisoners talked and moved about in ranks.

Ryan stepped out. "This is a military formation. Knock it off, you men!"

Startled, the prisoners fell silent. Ryan stepped back to his place.

Oriani smiled thinly and gave him a travesty of a salute.

"Now that we are all here, may we proceed, gentlemen?" Oriani asked with mock weariness.

A bugle awakened Ryan in the morning. He took knife, fork, and spoon and his cardboard box of tin cans and joined the throng of similarly laden men moving toward the mess halls. There was nothing on the tables but tea in large, cracked bowls.

A small, dark man with mischievous black eyes and a bowl haircut approached Ryan and offered him a clean food tin with a wire handle. "Ah've got another one, Cuhnel."

His arms were like sticks and his body was matted with stiff black hairs. He wore shorts and a reversed collar made of white paper. His self-possession was enormous. "Colonel Ryan," he said, "Ah'm Chaplain Gregory Costanzo."

"Padre, I appreciate the loan of the cup, but do you consider your costume appropriate for a chaplain in the United States Army?"

"This?" said Costanzo, touching the paper collar. "Ah just wear this to give the Ites a hard time. They don't approve of me at all, bein' an Italian and a Jesuit and on the other side."

"That's very interesting, Padre, but I suggest you either get the rest of the rig to go with the collar or leave it off."

"Why, sure, Cuhnel. . . . Would you mind if Ah gave you a little advice?"

"I would."

"Ah'll give it to you anyway," said Costanzo, serious now. "Don't be too hard on the boys. They've come through some rough times."

"They're not boys," Ryan said curtly. "And things are rough all over."

"Ah'll pray for your enlightenment. See you in church, Cuhnel."

He went back to his own table. . . .

At morning roll call, inhibited by Ryan's presence, the prisoners were less unruly than usual and the count was quickly taken.

After the Italians had left, Ryan

took a position in front of the formation midway between the ranks. He stood looking at the men in silence until all talking and movement ceased.

"Gentlemen," Ryan shouted, "effective as of now we will begin a number of changes in the conduct of P. G. Two-oh-two. I am sure they will be accomplished cheerfully and efficiently."

A chorus of groans swept over the formation. And once again, Ryan waited for silence.

"Cheerfulness is not mandatory," he said. "But efficiency will be. The following orders are effective immediately. One: When the water comes on, bays will be scrubbed down, beginning with A Bay, *Settore I*. Two: Every man is to have a haircut. All clippers and scissors will be delivered to D Bay, *Settore II*. The equipment will go from bay to bay in the same manner as the brooms. I do not expect a professional job, but I do expect a military haircut. Three: You will shave every other day. Mustaches are permitted, if neat and military. There will be no beards. Four: Enlisted men, Other Ranks, will salute all officers except when engaged in their duties. Company-grade officers will salute field-grade officers. This applies to both Allied and Italian personnel."

Bostick's high voice sounded clearly above the hush. "Von Ryan, you're in the wrong army."

The prisoners waited for Ryan's reaction in challenging though apprehensive silence. He did nothing, giving no indication that he had heard.

"You will receive further orders as I see a necessity for them," he said. "Either directly from me or from Colonel Fincham. Thank you, gentlemen."

The prisoners began complaining loudly among themselves and a few broke ranks.

"You have not been dismissed!"

The noise stopped immediately.

Ryan turned. "Colonel Fincham. Dismiss the troops."

"Parade!" Fincham bawled. "Dismissed!"

The ensuing storm of resentful comment broke over Ryan without effect. He stood on his familiar stance, hands clasped behind him, as if inviting direct protest, but none of the men straggling back to their quarters accepted the invitation. Ryan watched them go.

CHAPTER TWO

WITHIN days, Ryan had transformed P. G. 202. The prisoners, clean-shaven and with neatly cropped hair, maintained rigid discipline in ranks during roll-call formations, coming to attention and saluting when Oriani entered the compound to conduct the count, obliging Oriani to return the courtesy. They gave their living quarters a thorough scrubbing once a week and the porches and stairs were swept every day.

It was a week from the time Ryan arrived that the compound was swept by a rumor that the Italians had received disturbing news. The rumor was reinforced by Oriani's unusually venomous sarcasm with the prisoners and his own men and by an air of apprehension and uncertainty which surrounded

the Italian soldiers. Alessandro was nervous and Falvi was bursting with suppressed excitement.

When the prisoners whispered questions, Falvi shook his head and indicated with surreptitious gestures he could say nothing because of Oriani. After roll call, he had a quick, furtive conference with Chaplain Costanzo before hurrying from the compound, pulling away from the prisoners who plucked at his arm.

The prisoners turned their attention to Costanzo, who followed Ryan into the latter's room after telling them that Falvi had pledged him to secrecy. Ryan was waiting for him in his room.

The Allies crossed the straits at Messina and landed on the mainland," Costanzo said. "Falvi said they just got the gen this morning."

"I was afraid of that. A landing north of here would be a hell of a lot better for us," Ryan said thoughtfully.

"Ah think it's pretty good news, myself, Cuhnel."

"Oh, it is, Padre. It is. And maybe it's what we need to get Battaglia off his duff. I thought he'd be sending for me before now. I'll bet he doesn't know which way the cat will jump, either. We could be cut off by new landings north of us. On the other hand, there may not be any new landings and the Krauts might stall us down south and we'll be sitting here for weeks. Our big concern is whether the Italians will try to move us north if our troops get close. That's where you come in, Padre."

"Yes, Cuhnel?"

"Make yourself available to Falvi as much as you can. Get him to talking about the military situation and Colonel Battaglia's intentions. If they decide to move us, we want as much advance warning as we can get."

"Ah'm a priest, Cuhnel," Costanzo said quietly.

"You're also a soldier—Captain. I'm not asking for secrets of the confession. I want military intelligence."

Surveillance of the road during the next few days indicated some movement of matériel but definitely not a rout. The road past P. G. 202 was not a main one and Ryan did not feel he could draw any definite conclusions from the amount of German traffic his men reported. More important, however, he learned through Costanzo that Falvi had heard nothing of any plan to move the prisoners north.

The prisoners were in an unremitting ferment, gathering in knots to exchange rumors and predictions and staying up at night for more talk. At roll call, they attempted to taunt Oriani and the soldiers, but Ryan kept them tightly in check. The morale of the guards deteriorated noticeably and some tried to make friends with the prisoners.

"Piece of cake to take over the lot," Fincham muttered.

"You've seen the stuff on the road," Ryan said. "There must be more where that came from. So far, the Krauts haven't noticed us. I'd like to keep it that way. We'll sit tight."

Five days after the invasion of the

mainland, Oriani came into the compound before morning roll call and summoned Ryan to Battaglia.

The commandant's office was in a grim, two-story building of gray stone with windows and doorways edged in green-veined, pitted marble. On the wall was a portrait of King Victor Emmanuel and a rectangular area lighter than the rest of the wall where, Ryan surmised, Mussolini's picture had hung until his deposition.

Battaglia was a spare, harassed, truculent man with a ruddy face and beautiful silver hair. His nose was large, with a hook in it. His eyes were dark pits of agony framed above by heavy black brows and below by black smudges of fatigue. He greeted Ryan solemnly, then peered outside as if making certain no one was eavesdropping and closed the door softly behind him.

He stood looking out the window, his hands behind him, the thumb and forefinger of his right hand aimlessly turning a signet ring on the little finger of the left. He took a deep breath and turned to face Ryan.

"Colonnello Ry-an," he said in a low voice, "it is my unhappy duty to inform you that Italia has capitulated."

Ryan rose deliberately to his feet. "Colonel Battaglia," he said gravely, "I hope that your company will be spared further sacrifices. And may I say I completely understand and respect your feelings."

"Thank you," Battaglia said, adding without bitterness, "Congratulations, Colonnello Ry-an."

Ryan held out his hand and Battaglia shook it with melancholy ceremony.

Now," Battaglia said with something of his former briskness, "we must talk. I have received no instructions, only that I continue to be responsible for the safety of all until you are restored to your own forces."

"Would this include intervening if the Germans try to take over?"

Battaglia spread his hands. "I would resist such an attempt, but unless I receive additional troops, I can promise you nothing."

"For the time being, I think it will be best for you to continue your regular routine," Ryan said, assuming authority with the statement.

"Very well," said Battaglia, surrendering it.

"After I've had a meeting with my staff, we can get together and work out a plan for administering the camp jointly. We'll probably need your help."

Battaglia nodded.

"Colonel," said Ryan, "I can promise you fair treatment when Allied troops arrive."

Ryan returned to the compound, leaving Battaglia sitting motionless at his desk. Ryan's expression revealed nothing and his voice betrayed no emotion when he told Fincham and Costanzo to come to his quarters.

Ryan was hardly inside the door when Fincham said, "All right, out with it. What's the gen?"

"Gentlemen," Ryan said very simply, "Italy has quit."

Fincham whistled. Costanzo's lips moved in silent prayer. In a moment, they were shaking hands all around.

"Did Colonel Battaglia say when we'd be leaving?" Costanzo asked.

"He had no details. I don't want a word of this to leak out before I make the announcement. I want every man in the mess hall in thirty-five minutes."

Attention!" Fincham bawled when Ryan entered.

The prisoners sprang to straggling attention.

"At ease, gentlemen," Ryan said. "I know you will receive this information like officers and adults. One hour ago, Colonel Battaglia informed me that Italy has capitulated."

For a moment, there was no indication that anyone had understood. There was complete silence, utter blankness of expression. Then someone shouted a joyous, obscene word. It sparked an explosion of sound and movement. Men yelled incoherently and knocked one another over benches in laughing heaps.

"I'd like to be able to tell you exactly when, where, and how we leave here," Ryan went on. "Unfortunately, I have no specific information at this time. Colonel Battaglia has informed me that his orders are to insure our safety until contact is made with our own troops. Beyond that, he has no instructions. I'm confident the return of prisoners of war is spelled out in detail under terms of the surrender but they just haven't trickled down to the operational level yet. What the Germans intend to do now is still a big mystery. We will carry on as usual until we receive instructions from higher headquarters, or circumstances dictate that we initiate action of our own."

"I say, let's get cracking now," Fincham said.

"I second the motion," cried Bostick.

"Hear, hear!" an English voice cried, and instantly the mess hall was in an utter uproar.

Ryan held up his hand for silence. "I did not ask for a vote, gentlemen," he said. "I understand your feelings. Some of you have been in the bag a long time. But I don't want any of you getting yourselves killed just when the worst is over. No one is going to stay in P. G. Two-oh-two a minute longer than necessary. I will do everything possible to contact our forces for instructions. You will be kept informed at all times. That's all, gentlemen. When you're dismissed, leave the mess hall in an orderly manner and hold things down to a dull roar. Members of the staff and company commanders will remain. Colonel Fincham, you may dismiss the troops."

The very next morning, the profane shouts of the ORs who rose early to prepare morning brew brought Ryan and the others thronging into the courtyard. During the night, German paratroopers had quietly taken over the camp and now stood in the sentry boxes.

The news spread with shocking speed. The men crowded around Ryan,

stunned and seeking reassurance. Their insistent questions grew into an unintelligible roar. Ryan looked into the agitated faces around him and, for an instant, withered inside, though his stolid expression did not change.

Moments later, the front gate opened and Lieutenant Falvi came in. With him was a German soldier, his machine pistol slung carelessly from his shoulder. Falvi hurried for the porch.

"Colonnello," he gasped. "They came in the night."

"Does Colonel Battaglia know?"

"He is in his office, sir. He requests you come at once. A German officer is with him. A *tenente colonnello*."

Battaglia's face bore signs of worry and a sleepless night. The German officer with him was prematurely bald, his scalp as deeply tanned as his seamed face. His big, crooked nose divided his face into unequal parts which looked as if they belonged to two different persons. He sprang to his feet and saluted when Ryan entered the office.

"Colonnello Ry-an," Battaglia said unhappily. "Tenente Colonnello Spoetzl desires to speak with you."

"What's the meaning of this, Colonel?" Ryan demanded.

"The Wehrmacht did not surrender, Herr Oberst," Spoetzl replied, stiffly respectful. "Only our Italian allies. I regret the necessity of placing your troops under guard. We will remain only a day or two—until we withdraw to the north."

"What happens to us when you withdraw?"

"You will remain where you are, sir. We have scarcely enough transport for our own troops."

Spoetzl came to attention and saluted. Colonel Battaglia walked outside with Ryan.

"Can I believe him, Colonel?" Ryan wanted to know.

Battaglia shrugged. "One is never able to believe the *Tedeschi*," he said. "But he has brought no transport."

"See if you can find out if Spoetzl was telling the truth. Have Falvi keep me informed."

At four next morning, the sound of a shot awakened Ryan. He ran barefoot to the porch and looked into the courtyard. When he heard nothing more, he returned to his bunk.

Fifteen minutes later, Spoetzl climbed quietly to Ryan's quarters, awakened him, and told Ryan the prisoners must be ready to leave P. G. 202 in two hours.

Ryan clenched his fists. "Where are we going?" he demanded.

"I am not permitted to say."

"Germany, isn't it, you bastard? Congratulations, Colonel Spoetzl. You lied magnificently."

"One does one's duty," Spoetzl said stiffly. "You are a soldier. You should understand that."

Ryan slid from his bunk. "I could kill you where you stand if I wanted to," he said quietly.

Spoetzl stepped quickly back against the wall, reaching for his holstered pistol. Before he could draw it, Ryan was

there, his fingers biting into Spoetzl's wrist, a forearm across Spoetzl's chest grinding him into the wall.

"I could," Ryan whispered. "But I'm not that stupid. Now, get out of my quarters."

The outside lights came on while he was dressing. Spoetzl was standing in the center of the courtyard, an amplified megaphone in his hand.

"Officers and men of P. G. Two-oh-two," Spoetzl boomed from the courtyard. "You will dress yourselves and assemble for an announcement."

The men were close to panic, cursing and trying to pull on clothes with hands that seemed to have lost co-ordination. They poured into the courtyard with shoes unlaced and shirttails dangling. Ryan was the first man down. Spoetzl came to him and the men collected around them in a growing mass.

He raised the megaphone to his lips. Before he could speak, the front gate opened and Oriani appeared in a pool of light. Falvi was with the major, his face tearstained. Oriani was smiling. Falvi rushed to Ryan's side.

"*Colonnello*," he said brokenly. "Colonel Battaglia is dead."

"What! Did the Germans . . ."

"By his own hand. When he learned what the *Tedeschi* proposed."

"Officers and men," Spoetzl said, "out of regard for your continued safety, I am ordered to remove you from the path of anticipated military actions."

A rolling swell of groans and protests filled the air. Spoetzl waited until it subsided.

"Breakfast is to be prepared as quickly as possible. You will then assemble your kits and await further instructions. Orders are to be obeyed promptly. That is all."

"All right, knock it off," Ryan shouted above the din following the news. "I've got something to say."

The men boomed him.

"Colonel Spoetzl has told you we're being moved for our own safety," Ryan continued patiently. "Which may or may not be true. But it won't help to get into a flap. We must be disciplined and resolute."

The men boomed again.

"The kitchen crew will report at once and prepare breakfast," Ryan cried. "Double rations. Distribute all remaining Red Cross parcels among the men right after breakfast. Now get back to your quarters and start packing."

The boos grew louder.

"Get going!" Ryan ordered. "It's your own time that you're all wasting. Dismissed."

Two wooden desks were brought into the courtyard and set facing each other six feet apart. The prisoners, laden with their belongings and an unopened Red Cross parcel each, assembled beyond the desks in roll-call formation.

"You will make a single line and proceed between the desks," Spoetzl said. "Name and rank will be stated before proceeding beyond the desks. You will then re-form and remain in place until you receive further instructions."

When the last man was checked off, the prisoners were marched outside the gate, where rickety, coke-burning Italian trucks were lined along the road in a motley convoy. There the prisoners were wedged tightly into the trucks.

In a half-hour, the truck convoy reached a siding where a long string of boxcars waited, shimmering in the morning heat. A groan went up from the prisoners. German soldiers were perched on the tracks like ungainly gray birds. They leaped to attention at Spoetzl's approach.

A fat face wearing steel-rimmed spectacles appeared in the door of the boxcar second from the locomotive, and a moment later its owner was scrambling to the ground. He was a short, obese man, stuffed with bursting into the uniform of a Wehrmacht major.

Fincham, Costanzo and Stein were called from the trucks to join Ryan, and the others were formed into four lines with their bundles and boxes piled at their feet. A sergeant went down the line dividing them into groups of forty-four. As each group was counted off, the prisoners shouldered their possessions and were marched to a boxcar by two paratroopers who slid the door shut behind them.

When all but the two cars next to the engine had been loaded and locked, only Ryan, Fincham, Costanzo and Stein were left standing in the road.

"Now, if you will come with me," said Spoetzl.

The four prisoners and the fat major followed him toward the head of the train. They moved on to the first car where the fat major threw back the sliding door and stood aside.

"Please enter," said Spoetzl.

Ryan climbed in without a word, followed by Costanzo, Stein and Fincham. Spoetzl stuck his head in the door.

"This is as far as I accompany you, *Herr Oberst*. I return to the fighting. You will find honorable treatment at your destination."

"Carry on, Colonel," Ryan replied somewhat absently.

Spoetzl saluted and was gone. Two German soldiers climbed into the boxcar and took stations at either end. Four narrow wooden benches, set crossways and bolted to the floor, occupied the front half of the boxcar.

The fat major stood peering out the door until Spoetzl's sedan was on its way. He walked to the center of the boxcar and assumed a stern expression.

"I am Major Hubertus von Klement," he announced. "I am *Kommandant* here *über alles*."

"*Jawohl, Herr Kommandant*," Costanzo said. "*Wir verstehen*."

Klement turned his attention to Costanzo. "*Ah, Sie sprechen Deutsch*."

He addressed himself to Costanzo, speaking in rapid German.

"He says he is in absolute charge of this train," Costanzo translated. "Responsible to no one except the Fuehrer himself. He has the Fuehrer's complete confidence. Anyone attempting to escape will be shot. Also nine other men in the escaping man's car."

"He's not bluffing," Stein whispered. "He's scared out of his drawers we'll try something. And he's trying to prove he's tougher than we are."

"Cuhnel Ryan," Costanzo said, "don't you think we better make sure the others know about it? About shooting ten men for every man who tries to escape, I mean?"

"All right," Ryan said. "Tell 'em."

Klement agreed with a smile of smug triumph when Costanzo asked permission to pass along his announcement. He motioned Costanzo out of the boxcar and followed with drawn pistol, locking the door behind them.

After fifteen minutes, the car door slid open and Costanzo sprawled on the floor, pushed from behind by Klement, who slammed the door shut from the outside and locked it.

"They're like cattle in those boxcars," Costanzo told Ryan, brushing himself off. "Jammed in with their gear, without room to move. And it's stifling."

"Did you notice if there was a guard on top of our car?" Ryan asked.

"Sir? Ah don't think so. No. There wasn't."

"How about the one behind us? Klement's car?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thanks, Padre."

Ryan returned to his contemplation of the ceiling and Costanzo knew he was dismissed.

Late in the morning, the train started with a jerk.

"We're on our bloody way," Fincham said heavily.

CHAPTER THREE

IT WAS an unusual train for that time and place. In the confusion and movement that followed the invasion of the mainland and Italy's capitulation, trains were assembled hastily and the cars were a mixture of the obsolete and new. But the twenty-four boxcars of the prison train were uniform. They were all new and strong and the prisoners were locked inside them as securely as in the cells of a dungeon.

Ryan had been correct in assuming that the Germans had no transport to spare for hauling prisoners, but he had not anticipated that they would make it available for so valuable a prize as a thousand Allied officers, nor that such rolling stock was wanted in the Fatherland as much as the prisoners.

Each boxcar had, on both sides, a sliding loading door which locked from without. The doors on the right-hand side had been wired shut. The steel mesh covering the small, rectangular openings near the roof of the cars was riveted in place.

Ryan and his companions were in the car next to the tender, and behind it was Klement's car. There were thirty-five prisoners in the car behind Klement's and forty-four in each of the other twenty-one cars. On top of each car, except Ryan's, a guard sat on his folded greatcoat, legs dangling over the back, facing the rear of the train and watching the right of way and the door of the boxcar behind him.

The train's six-hundred-mile route 133

to the Brenner Pass would follow the long spine of Italy from the stony fields of the Abruzzi to the mountains and plunging valleys of the Trentino, through Rome, Florence, Bologna, Verona and Bolzano, a journey two-thirds the length of Italy.

At a stop early in the afternoon, the door was flung open and a German soldier slid two cans of meat and a wedge of bread across the floor. The other guard came forward to get his share and waited while the corporal cut the bread in half with his bayonet. Ryan watched from his bench.

Fincham, Costanzo, and Stein spread food on a bench and ate together.

In midafternoon, after some minutes of creeping motion, the train halted, and the hiss and throb of the engine stopped. In a little while, the door was thrown back and Klement thrust his round, satisfied face into the car. "Out," he ordered. "I give you walk for limbs."

The four prisoners jumped down from the car, followed closely by their guards. They were in a busy, cavernous depot, with row after row of tracks and platforms lined with trains. Civilians and uniformed Italians and Germans stared at them from a passenger train on the next track.

"Rome," said Costanzo.

"Komm," Klement ordered. "Spazier. Walk."

He strutted ahead of them, leading them along the passenger train. Back in the locked cars, the prisoners were pounding the walls and cursing. "Let us out, you stinking Krautheads!"

Klement flushed but gave no further acknowledgement of the clamor.

"Cuhnel, the men," said Costanzo. "They've been packed in there the last six hours."

"I know, Padre," said Ryan.

He drew alongside Klement. "*Herr Kommandant*," he said politely. "Those people on the train. Don't you realize what a poor impression they're getting of you?"

"Bitte?"

"Padre, ask him if he doesn't realize those civilians can hear the prisoners complaining. Doesn't make him look very good, keeping them locked up. And for all they know, he may have Italians in there."

Klement looked at the faces in the passenger train and saw disapproval instead of the admiration he had sought. He bit his lower lip and spoke swiftly to Costanzo.

"He'll let them out for five minutes," Costanzo translated. "For every man who tries to escape, he will shoot ten when we get away from the station."

The prisoners stumbled out of the cars, stiff and rebellious. The passengers in the train at the next track crowded to the windows to see them.

The British built fires of scraps of paper and bits of Red Cross boxes and began heating hoarded water for tea. Before the water was hot, they were herded back into the cars with the others, protesting bitterly.

Once inside again, Fincham sat close

to Ryan. "Ryan," he said in a low voice, "I'm no more fond of you than you are of me, but if we're to get out of this bloody car, we've got to work together. I had a look at the lock on the door. A bit of metal from a tin in the proper place will stop it engaging. When it's dark, we can prang the guards and jump. Piece of cake."

"What about the others back there? If we go, everybody goes."

"Everybody? How do you propose that, pray?"

"Take the train."

"Take the train!"

"We start with our two guards and work back," Ryan said quickly. "We get into their uniforms and then we take Klement at the first opportunity."

"What if the clot's got a car full of relief troops?"

"He hasn't. I had a good look in it when we got on this morning. Klement's got it fixed up like a home away from home. There's a young guy in there who must be the radio operator. There's also a transmitter. And two other soldiers with Schmeissers. And that's all. We'll want Klement and the radio operator in one piece. We've got to know just how this train operates in case we run into problems before we've got it completely under control. What our schedule is. What's the routine at stops. Whether Klement files regular position reports or gets instructions on that radio. And if so, to and from whom. And when this set of guards is due for relief. That's what we've got to find out before we make the first move."

"Once we take over this car, we're committed. We've got to keep going until we take the whole train. If they change guards before we control the train, we've had it."

The train was moving now and the car rocked as they moved slowly from the station. Costanzo was talking quietly with the tall guard and Stein was standing on a Red Cross parcel, looking out the mesh-covered window.

"P'raps Klement's got his relief troops in a separate car," Fincham said. "We could lock them in."

"Negative," said Ryan. "I checked the train out when we loaded this morning. Exactly twenty-four boxcars. Except for this car and Klement's, they're all loaded with prisoners. There's a guard sitting on top of every car except this one, and there's one in the cab of the locomotive."

Ryan called to Costanzo. "Can you come here a minute, Padre?"

When Costanzo reached him, Ryan said, "After a couple of minutes, go back and talk to the guard again. Find out when he expects to be relieved and where. And tell Stein to keep looking out the window and keep his eyes open for town names."

Costanzo spoke to Stein and resumed his conversation with the guard.

"Granted we take this car and Klement's without causing a flap, how do we get at the Jerries on top?" Fincham demanded. "Sticky business, that."

"We'll have Klement call down the one on his car. Once we have him, it's

routine. I'll take his place and get the Kraut on the next car. Then you get into the act. After we knock off a guard, we'll lower him into the car below and replace him with our own man. We do that until we've got all our men up there. Then we open all the car doors and start bailing out."

"Why don't we simply have the chaps leave directly we take a car?"

"We have to get the front guards first. Anybody jumping out of a front car will practically pass in review for the guards on the rear cars as the train moves along."

After a while, Costanzo returned. "His name is Julius Schnitzler and his sergeant told him he'd be on duty for at least eighteen hours."

Ryan gave Fincham a swift, significant look. "All the time we need," he said. "We'll get ours the first chance we have after about six. We'll have to wait until after dark to start operating outside. That's around seven-thirty."

"Right," Fincham said.

"The *Obergefreiter* keeps looking at his watch," Ryan said. "Must be time for chow. At noon, Schnitzler came back to get his rations. If he does the same thing again, that's the best time to jump 'em. As soon as they're out of commission, we'll slip into their uniforms. You take the *Obergefreiter*'s. I'll take Schnitzler's."

The train slowed down.

"Orte," Stein said from his window. "We're stopping."

When the train had halted, someone fumbled at the door. Then it was flung back and a soldier shoved two cans, bread and a wedge of cheese inside. The corporal called to Schnitzler, who slung his rifle over his shoulder and shambled back to pick up the rations. He divided the bread and cheese with a pocketknife, and the corporal, holding his rifle loosely in his left hand, took a step toward him with his free hand outstretched. Schnitzler handed the corporal his share of the rations.

Ryan touched Fincham's knee.

The two of them charged off the bench like football linemen on a power play, taking the guards completely by surprise. The corporal's rifle and the two cans of meat clattered on the floor.

Ryan jammed a fist into Schnitzler's spine just above the belt and arched the tall man backward with a forearm hooked under his chin. Fincham came up low, driving the corporal back against the wall with a thick forearm across the German's throat. The forearm blow crushed his larynx and he was unconscious when he hit the wall.

Schnitzler struggled but Ryan continued the pressure on his throat. There was silence in the car except for the heavy breathing of Ryan and Fincham, and Costanzo's whispered prayers. Stein had not moved or said a word.

Ryan eased Schnitzler's body to the floor. Stein went quickly to the bodies and felt the pulses in turn. "Dead," he said. "Both dead."

"Good show," said Fincham. "Piece of cake. No noise, no blood."

"We're wasting valuable time," said

Ryan. "We'll get into their uniforms and stretch 'em out between the benches."

The two men dressed quickly. "Bit tight across the shoulders, but otherwise, a rather decent fit," Fincham said. His eyes bulged when he turned to Ryan. "Great God!" he blurted. "If the Fuehrer saw you, he'd have you on a bloody postal stamp."

With his hard, flat-planed face and closely cropped blond hair, Ryan, in the German uniform, looked like a Nazi propaganda poster.

"Let's get these men out of the way," he said. "And be sure the blankets cover them completely."

"*Ja wohl*, Herr Oberst von Ryan," said Fincham.

"There's nothing funny in this, Colonel," said Ryan.

"No fault of mine you sort out to a smashing Jerry. What now?"

"Six twenty-five," said Ryan. "We've got about an hour before dark. I'll just slide the door back a crack and take a look. If there's nobody around, we'll pay a little courtesy call on Klement."

The door was locked.

"Damn!" said Ryan. "We're stuck until somebody opens up."

The train started moving.

It was almost dark when the train slowed.

"Attigliano," said Stein. "Looks like it'll be dark before long."

"Any activity?" said Ryan.

"The guards have climbed down," Stein whispered.

Someone banged on the door and called out. Ryan and Fincham stiffened.

"Padre," Ryan said in a low voice, "what's he saying?"

"We're ready to pull out," Costanzo replied. "He wants to know if everything is all right. What shall Ah say?"

"With that Southern accent? Don't say anything. Don't anybody open his mouth."

The voice outside grew insistent. There was a fumbling at the door. The door slid back and a German soldier stood outlined in the dusk.

"*Was ist los?*" he demanded.

He leaned inside the darkened car for a better look. Ryan brought his rifle butt crashing down on the German's head. Almost simultaneously, Fincham bent forward and pulled the man into the car. Ryan slid the door shut, making sure the lock did not engage.

A train whistle blew. Feet pattered by the car and an anxious voice called, "Heinz! *Wo bist Du, Du Esel?*"

The caller ran past and back again. Ryan slid the door open a foot. The German reached out to open it wider. Ryan brought his heavy shoe down on the man's neck where it joined his shoulder. Ryan grabbed the German by his tunic and dragged the floundering man inside. Fincham smashed his skull with his rifle butt.

"That's four of the perishers," he said with satisfaction.

"We're in luck," Ryan said. "They must be from Klement's car."

"If they're Klement's two, I'd say he'll be screaming his bloody head off

for them any moment," Fincham said.

"Captain Stein, close the door behind us, but be damn sure it doesn't lock," Ryan said. "Fincham, we've got to have Klement in one piece. The radio operator, too, if we can. Let's go."

Ryan leaped to the ground with Fincham at his heels. They ran quietly to Klement's car in the thickening dusk. Klement was standing in the door, looking out. He did not recognize Ryan until the colonel was quite close. Ryan's fist in the groin crumpled the fat little man in his tracks.

The radio operator was sitting in front of his transmitter, studying a manual. Recognizing Ryan immediately, he sprang from his folding stool and darted for a rifle leaning in the corner. Ryan reached him just as the young soldier got his hands on the rifle. Ryan hit him a clubbing blow on the temple which sent the German bouncing off the wall to slide to the floor, stunned. The car creaked. The train was starting to move.

"Fincham!" Ryan cried. "Get Padre Costanzo here on the double! Tell Stein to sit tight!"

The car moved a little faster. Fincham and Costanzo came pounding back. As soon as they were inside, Ryan slid the door shut.

"Are they . . ." Costanzo nodded at the Germans on the floor, one still writhing in agony, the other inert.

"They'll be okay," Ryan said.

Fincham grabbed Klement by the collar and dragged him across the floor to a narrow bed in the corner.

Costanzo knelt by the radio operator, chafing his wrists. After a moment, the German groaned and opened his eyes.

Ryan surveyed the car. It was brightly illuminated by two electric lights strung to the ceiling. A pot bubbled on a gasoline stove. Near it was a folding table. There were two bottles of wine on the table, a salver heaped with wedges of cheese, sliced meats, olives and green onions, and a cut-glass dish of anchovy fillets.

The back quarter of the car was piled high with a jumble of goods—boxes, cartons, whole cheeses, paintings in ornate frames, sausages the size of a man's arm, small pieces of statuary, an accordion, books in gilt-leather bindings, rolled tapestries, bolts of cloth and a tall, richly carved clock. Next to Klement's bed was a deep leather chair with a matching hassock over which was flung a soft laprobe of blue mohair.

The radio transmitter and receiver were on a steel folding desk against the wired-up far door. A small folding table alongside held pencils, a notebook, radio handbooks, a pad of message forms and a map.

Ryan bent over the map. A heavy line was drawn from their starting point in the Abruzzi through Rome to Innsbruck, with Rome, Florence, Bologna, Verona, Trento and Bolzano circled in red. Verona was further marked with a bold X.

Klement had stopped writhing and begun moaning monotonously. The radio operator appeared fully recovered.

"Tell him you're a priest, Padre," Ryan said. "You'll see he's not harmed if he co-operates."

The youth listened, stony-faced, then spat on the floor at Costanzo's feet.

"Tie him up," Ryan said.

Fincham trussed the German and propped him in the corner.

Klement sat up and put his hand to his face.

"Feeling better, Major?" Ryan asked solicitously.

"For this, you die," Klement said.

"Major Klement," Ryan said, "four of your men are lying dead in the box-car up ahead. Nothing we do from now on could possibly make things worse for us. You're going to stay alive only as long as you answer my questions and do exactly as I tell you."

Klement squared his plump shoulders defiantly.

"First question," said Ryan. "Why are those cities circled on the route?"

Klement clenched his teeth stubbornly when Costanzo translated the question. Ryan reached out deliberately and hooked a forefinger in Klement's collar. He gave a twist. The major gasped for air. He spoke.

"That's where the train stops for instructions," Costanzo translated. "He and the engineer get orders telling them where the train has to clear the track and for how long."

"What's the X at Verona for?"

"The train changes guards there."

"What's the radio for? Does he get instructions on it, or file reports? If so, from whom and to whom?"

Klement's instructions came only from dispatchers in the circled stations. The radio, he said, was for emergency use only. If there was trouble en route, he was to radio to the next station.

"How long do we stop at the next station? Chiusi?"

Klement said he was not sure. The engineer had the schedule. They were due there a little after eight p.m. Ryan looked at his watch.

"That means we'll hit Chiusi in ten or fifteen minutes," he said. "Major Klement, when we get there, I want you to order the guards to stay at their posts. Tell 'em they'll get a break at the next stop. I'll tell you what else to do after we're there."

Klement nodded bitterly.

"You better eat a little something, Padre," Ryan said. "Before you start, I want you to slip into the radio operator's uniform. You'll have to come outside with Klement and me to make sure he tells the guards what he's supposed to."

"Ah'm a noncombatant, Cuhnel," Costanzo said quietly.

"I'm not asking you to kill anybody, Padre. Just to take a chance on getting yourself killed."

"That's different, Cuhnel." Costanzo grinned. "Ah'll be right with you."

CHAPTER FOUR

THE train stopped with a sudden jerk.

"Tell Klement that when we step out of the car, I'll be right behind him with a Schmeisser in his back," said Ryan. "He'll tell the guard on this car

to stay at his post and pass the order on down the line. That stands until further orders. Then we get back inside and keep an eye on that radio man. Fincham, while you're resting, dig up Klement's razor and shave that mustache."

"What!" Fincham bellowed, outraged.

"You couldn't show your face outside this car with that brush," Ryan said. "It's a dead giveaway."

Ryan opened the door and looked out into a blacked-out and almost empty station. He jumped to the ground. The guards were already starting to climb down from their stations.

Klement scrambled out with Costanzo behind him. He shouted an order and the men on the first cars began climbing back up reluctantly.

"I'm taking Klement back in the car," Ryan whispered to Costanzo. "You slip up front to our car and tell Captain Stein to come back here with us. But he's to put on a Kraut uniform first."

Back in the car, Fincham was busy with his mustache. Instead of shaving it off completely, he had left a Hitlerian brush.

"Now who's the better bloody Jerry?" he demanded.

Ryan looked at his watch. "We should be moving out in a few minutes. Major Klement, stick your head out the door and tell the guard on this car you want to see him. Fincham, when the Kraut gets to the door, I'll pull him in. You know what to do."

Ryan pulled back the door and Klement called up to the guard. Inside the car, they could hear the soldier's boots on the steel rungs. Ryan motioned Klement back from the door and stood concealed behind it. When the guard put his hands on the floor of the car to climb inside, Ryan reached down and pulled him in with a jerk, like landing a fish. The German was still on his hands and knees when Fincham broke his neck with a neat thrust of his rifle butt.

"I'll get on top just before we pull out," Ryan said. "Can't take a chance on the next guard getting a close look at me. After we start rolling, I'll get him. When you hear a rap on the door, open up. Have Stein and the padre tear up Klement's sheets and make a stout rope. We'll need it."

Ryan tore a yard-long strip from Klement's silk sheet and stuffed it inside his tunic. "See you later, gentlemen."

He climbed quickly to the top of the car as the train started rolling and looked along the line of rattling boxcars stretching behind him. Twenty-two boxcars, and each with an armed man on it who must be killed.

Ryan leaped silently to the car behind. The next station was Terontola, twenty miles away. He had at least thirty minutes.

Lying flat on his belly, he inched toward the guard at the far end of the car, a formless shadow in the darkness thirty feet away.

Midway along the car, he halted to

wind an end of his silken garrot around each fist before resuming his stealthy crawl toward the guard.

Ryan hugged the top of the car and studied the guard's back and the tilt of his head. He raised himself silently to his knees, and lifted his flexed arms, his hands as far apart as the twist of silk permitted.

"Psst," he hissed.

The guard jerked erect. Ryan slipped the garrot over his head and jerked it tight before the man could turn. The German's arms flailed, sending his rifle flying into the darkness, and his feet drummed against the car. The ends of the silk bit into Ryan's palms but he did not slacken his grip.

The German stopped kicking. Ryan stuffed the garrot back in his tunic and dragged the body forward to the end of the car. He swung the corpse across to the next car and leaped after it.

Hanging over the side of the car as far as he dared, Ryan banged on the door. The door slid open almost immediately in a burst of light and Fincham was looking into his face from only a few inches away.

"I'll swing him down," Ryan whispered. "You grab him and pull him in."

"Good show," said Fincham.

"Have the padre take off the Kraut's uniform and roll it up in his greatcoat. Hand me the end of the rope they made out of the sheets. I'll haul you up."

"Right," said Fincham.

After a couple of minutes, Fincham said, "Here we are," and handed up the German uniform balled in a greatcoat. Ryan held it against the car with his body and reached down for the silken rope. When he had it, he hauled Fincham up.

"Lovely view," the Englishman said. "But bloody cold."

"Come on," said Ryan. "Bring the uniform with you. Sit down where the guard's supposed to be and wait for me," he whispered. "I'll be back in a minute."

The guard on the next car was lying on his back, his arms folded across his rifle. He died more quietly than his comrade before him. Ryan dragged the body back to the middle of the car and rejoined Fincham.

"Here's the drill," he said. "I want to hang over the side and open the car door. I'll tie the rope around my waist, and when I go over, you anchor me."

Ryan folded himself down against the side of the car and banged a stiff hand against the door. "Open up."

The door slid open and he was dangling head down, looking into darkness. A face thrust close to his and a startled voice cried out.

"My God! It's Von Ryan!"

"Pull me in," Ryan ordered.

Ryan was hauled inside. Suddenly, everyone was shouting questions.

"Quiet!" Ryan yelled. "Just listen. Colonel Fincham and I are taking over this train. The whole train. Nobody's leaving until we've got it. Then we all leave. I need two of you men to get into Kraut uniforms and replace the roof guards. You should know that

if you're caught in a German uniform, you'll be shot."

"Why don't you do it, Von Ryan?" Bostick's high voice demanded. "It's the kind you ought to be wearing."

Ryan lit a match. Eyeballs gleamed in the wavering light.

"Looka that!" a voice said incredulously. "Ain't he the Jerriest looking Jerry you ever saw?"

Ryan turned and called up to Fincham. "Lob that uniform in here, then ease the Kraut down."

The German uniform came sailing into the car and the prisoners began fighting for it.

"That's the small one. The nearest one to it the right size gets it. The rest of you quit shoving."

The body of the German came dangling down from the roof and a dozen hands pulled it into the car.

"Strip him and hide the body under your gear," Ryan said. "Get into those uniforms fast. Sing out when you're ready and we'll pull you up."

He thrust the free end of the rope up to Fincham.

Fincham hauled him up. Then Ryan and Fincham pulled the other two men to the roof.

"You're replacing the guards on the commander's car and your own car," Ryan explained. "We've got the commander. Padre Costanzo and Captain Stein are in there with him. There's nobody on the next car at the moment, hut from there on back there's a Kraut on every car. So if and when we stop, stay where I put you. Don't talk to anybody, including me, and try not to let any of the guards get a good look at you. Got that?"

Both nodded, plainly nervous.

"Twenty guards to go," Ryan said. "Plus the one in the cab. I make it about fifty, sixty miles to Florence. We'll alternate from here on out. One can fill in for the guard and keep his eyes peeled while the other one works."

"I believe it's my turn at the wicket," Fincham said.

He crawled back toward the next guard. Ryan heard no sounds of struggle, only the creak and click of metal.

In a moment, Fincham came crawling back, dragging a limp body. "Piece of cake," he murmured.

They worked smoothly together this time, getting the car door open and the body inside without difficulty.

The train churned through the night, now speeding along in the level valleys, now slowing as it climbed or skirted foothills of the Apennines, pausing at sidings as faster trains sped by, stopping at times for ten or fifteen minutes.

Alternating as lookout and executioner, Ryan and Fincham had disposed of five more guards and Ryan was in a boxcar with the body of the latest victim when Fincham thrust his head down into the car and said, "We're amongst buildings of some sort."

"Damn," said Ryan. "I didn't expect Florence quite so soon."

It was quiet outside when the train stopped. Ryan rapped on the door of the commander's car.

"It's me—Colonel Ryan," he said.

The door slid open. Klement was lying in his bed, his face sullen, his pudgy arms folded across his stomach. Stein was sitting at the table, holding Klement's pistol. The radio operator was stretched out on the boxes, under the lap robe, a pillow beneath his head.

"Private Pleschke's been giving the major a hard time," Stein said, nodding toward the radio operator. "Called him a traitor and a coward and some other things I never learned in college German."

"How long have your men been together?" Ryan demanded of Klement.

"Since last night," Costanzo translated. "They were pulled out of different headquarters units for this detail."

"Good," Ryan said. "That helps some. But we still can't let 'em roam around the station at Florence."

He gave instructions swiftly. Klement was to walk along the train giving his men their orders for Florence. The Allied prisoners in German uniforms, on the first nine cars, were to descend to the offside of the train. The fourteen surviving Germans were to descend on the other side, keeping the train between the real and the pretended.

Stein was to accompany Ryan and Klement to make sure Klement told his men only what he had been ordered. Costanzo was to remain in the boxcar until Fincham came back with further instructions.

"This place is just a few miles outside of Florence," said Costanzo as they returned to Klement's car. "We'll be here another ten minutes. We're waiting to let a train by. We'll pull out as soon as it passes."

Fincham slid the door open. He froze in the act of vaulting in. "He's gone!"

"What!" Ryan demanded.

Then he saw that the spot where Private Pleschke had lain was empty except for a twisted strip of silk.

Ryan's consternation lasted only an instant. He stared at the twist of silk, his mind racing. Only one strip meant the German had not freed himself completely of his bonds; his hands were tied. Pleschke could not have run along the train in either direction without being seen. He could only have crawled under the boxcar or slipped under the cars on the next siding.

"Stein," Ryan snapped, "get Klement inside and keep him there. Padre, get up with the engineer. Fincham, come with me."

With Fincham at his heels, he crawled under the string of boxcars and found himself facing a long, low building. A high mesh fence topped with barbed wire extended from the end of the building.

"Check the cars from here on back," Ryan said. "I'll go the other way."

Ryan moved slowly along the boxcars, crouching to peer beneath them. A smear of white on the ground caught his eye. He ran to it. A twist of silk from Klement's sheet. Pleschke had come this way. Ryan strained to hear.

Pebbles rattled a car-length ahead.

Ryan tensed. The noise was not repeated. Ryan walked toward the noise and went beyond its point of origin before he stopped, deliberately offering his back to anyone who might be lurking in the shadows. He waited.

Pebbles rattled, then came a quick patter of feet. Ryan crouched and whirled just in time to avoid the downward smash of a heavy stick. Pleschke jerked the club back to launch another blow. Before it could descend, Ryan hurled himself, shoulder first, against the slighter man. Pleschke was dashed back against a boxcar. Ryan was upon him, his thumbs digging into the German's throat.

Ryan beat the German's head against the car. The locomotive whistle signaled imminent departure. Fincham came pounding up. "The bloody train's . . ." he cried. "Oh. Good show."

"Slide the car door open," Ryan said quickly. He tossed Pleschke's body inside and Fincham slid the door shut again. Together they raced for the slowly moving prison train.

"Get back to your car!" Ryan panted. "Come to Klement's as soon as we stop rolling in Florence."

Klement took the news of his radio operator's death hard.

"I want you to pay careful attention, Major," Ryan said, Stein translating. "Your life depends on whether you do exactly as I say. When we reach Florence, you will go wherever you have to go as if everything is normal. I'll be right there with you. If you make a false move I'll kill you."

"Versteh'." Klement said.

The car clacked slowly over the rails. When the train stopped at Florence, Ryan cracked the door and looked out into semi-darkness glowing with purple-black lights.

"Stein, go get Padre Costanzo," Ryan said. "Talk German to him."

Stein left at a trot as Fincham came up to join Ryan.

"As soon as the padre gets here, I'm taking Klement into the station to pick up his schedule," Ryan said. "You stay here and keep an eye on things."

"What's to keep him from turning you in?"

"Got a better suggestion, Colonel?"

Stein returned with Costanzo. "Well, Padre," he said. "We can't put it off any longer. Let's go to the dispatcher's office and get it over with."

"It's called the *Ufficio Movimento*," Costanzo said. "The engineer told me. He and I got right cozy."

Costanzo walked abreast of Klement, with Ryan a pace behind, his Schmeisser slung from his shoulder.

A German soldier inside the door of the office came briskly to attention and saluted when Klement entered. Sweat was beginning to form on Klement's upper lip.

A large wall diagram behind the counter marked with electric lights the position and movements of trains in the station. Klement approached a dispatcher already conferring with an Italian in a trainman's uniform. Costanzo turned to Ryan, pointing sur-

reptitiously at the Italian and then at himself. At the same time, his lips soundlessly formed the words, "Our engineer."

The engineer smiled when he saw Costanzo and called out a greeting. He was a pleasantly ugly man of middle age with a pitted, bulbous nose. Costanzo chatted with him while the dispatcher checked his traffic-control chart and filled out a form. The dispatcher made a copy of the order and gave it to Klement. . . .

Fincham and Stein were waiting anxiously in the commander's car.

"You actually brought it off," Fincham said. "How did you manage it?"

"Klement was a perfect little gentleman," Ryan said.

Ryan and Fincham leaned over the table with the map and the dispatcher's form between them. They were scheduled to leave at twenty after twelve, Costanzo said. It was then eleven after. They were to make two stops before Bologna, Costanzo continued, both only a few miles north of Florence, and then have a straight run-in. They were due at Bologna at two forty-five. Ryan measured the distance on the map.

"That's a straight run of about fifty miles from Prato to Bologna," he said. "And if we're not due until two forty-five, we won't be making too many knots. If we can get all the Krauts before Bologna, we'll bail out right after we pull out for Verona."

"What about your chap in the locomotive?" Fincham demanded.

"I'll trade places with him at Bologna. At the first stop after that, I'll just walk off and not come back."

Ryan sent Costanzo to the cab to replace the man he had posted there earlier. Fincham joined the American as soon as the train cleared the station.

"We've got less than two and a half hours minus stops to get fourteen Krauts," Ryan said. "Let's get going."

They moved about their task with deadly precision, needing to exchange few words as they stole from car to car, killing Germans and substituting prisoners for them. It went more quickly now. At one-thirty, the train was deep in the Apennines, toiling up steep grades in the chill darkness. The guards, huddled in their greatcoats, were easy prey. Eight remained, and with an hour and fifteen minutes to go, Ryan hoped to get them before Bologna. But when they pulled into the station at Bologna at two forty-seven, there were Germans still mounting guard on the last four cars.

CHAPTER FIVE

RYAN was on the ground before the train stopped rolling. He hustled Klement to the rear cars, with Stein translating his instructions as they hurried along. The four Germans were ordered down to guard the offside of the train.

The engineer was with the dispatcher when they reached the crowded *Ufficio Movimento*. They were arguing. When Klement and Costanzo joined them, the dispatcher spoke to Klement in German, jabbing his finger emphatically at a clipboard on the

counter. The engineer was furious. He threw his cap down on the counter, scowling, and turned to Costanzo as if for sympathy. Costanzo turned to Ryan with an expression of dismay, shrugging his shoulders helplessly, unable to give Ryan an explanation on the spot.

When they were outside he explained. "We're being held here until morning. The line's been sabotaged up north and traffic's backed up all over the place."

"We can't afford to stay overnight," Ryan said. "It would mean a daylight run all the way to the Brenner. Isn't there an alternate route?"

"That's what the engineer was so sore about. He's supposed to go off duty at Verona. That's where he lives. And the dispatcher told him the alternate routes were all jammed."

Back in the commander's car, the situation was explained to Fincham. "Let's have a look at that map," said Ryan after a moment's thought. He studied it. "We can't go north, but maybe we can go east or west." He pointed at the rail line running northwest through Modena and Parma. "Why don't we ask to be routed this way? They can switch us north when the traffic thins down."

"The dispatcher's already turned us down on that, Cuhnel," said Costanzo. "Traffic's moving fine through Parma all the way to Milan, but he wouldn't give the engineer a thing going north, anywhere along the line."

Ryan rubbed his chin thoughtfully and bent over the map again. "We'll have him route us to Milan."

"Milan?" Fincham cried. "Are you around the bend?"

"We've got to get rolling. It doesn't matter if it's toward Verona or where. Just so we can get out into open country and bail out before dawn."

"They'd never permit a train bound for Verona to alter for Milan," Fincham protested. "It's the wrong bloody direction."

"They might, if we had the right story," Ryan said. "Between the capitulation and the German take-over and the general confusion, they hardly know if they're coming or going. Padre, how's your written German?"

"Fine, if Ah can print."

"I want you to write what I tell you on one of those radio message forms. Express it in German construction."

Costanzo sat down at the table.

"You are instructed to proceed to Milan without delay," Ryan dictated. "At Milan, you will take on twelve Allied officer prisoners and fresh security troops, and receive special instructions regarding a consignment from Gruppenfuehrer-ugh-Dietrich to be delivered personally by you immediately upon arrival in Innsbruck en route to originally planned destination."

"When you've got that down, sign it Obergruppenfuehrer something-or-other, SS, Rome. Not too legibly, in case somebody takes a close look."

Costanzo handed the message form to Ryan when he finished. Ryan sat Klement down with Costanzo and began coaching him in his role.

The engine had already been detached from the train when Ryan climbed down from the boxcar with Klement and Costanzo. The dispatcher shook his head as Klement presented his radioed order. Klement jutted his chin and insisted, browbeating the dispatcher. In the midst of his harangue, he shot a quick look at Ryan. The dispatcher picked up a telephone. He spoke rapidly. Ryan looked to Costanzo for a clue. Costanzo raised one shoulder a quarter of an inch and crossed his fingers behind the concealment of his leg.

They waited.

The dispatcher looked up and beckoned when a middle-aged Italian civilian with a Fascist party button on his lapel entered with a short, well-knit German colonel. Ryan came immediately to attention, though holding his Schmeisser so that a slight movement would bring it to bear on Klement.

The colonel looked up approvingly at Ryan and said something to the Italian, who looked at Ryan and nodded agreement. The colonel spoke to Klement. Klement muttered a reply.

The Italian held out his hand and the dispatcher gave him the radio message form. The Italian read it quickly, shook his head, and gave it to the colonel. Ryan's hand stole to the trigger of the Schmeisser as the colonel read the message.

The colonel said, "Gruppenfuehrer Dietrich?" shrugged, and returned the message form to the Italian. The Italian shook his head again and said something to Klement. Klement wet his lips and spoke insistently to the Italian. The Italian lost his temper and began berating Klement.

The colonel's manner underwent an abrupt change. He silenced the Italian with a curt word and took the message form from him, scrawled something on it and thrust it at the dispatcher.

The dispatcher nodded reluctantly, then stalked angrily from the office.

The colonel shook hands with Klement. When he turned to leave, he smiled at Ryan, then stopped and spoke to him. Ryan came to attention again. The colonel had asked him a question. Ryan caught the word "wo." He knew it meant "where." The colonel must have asked where he was from.

"Hamburg, Herr Oberst," Ryan said, pronouncing the words carefully.

Costanzo blanched, and the colonel's jaw dropped. He stared at Ryan for a moment, then suddenly threw back his shoulders and roared with laughter. Wiping the tears from his eyes, he spoke a few words and patted Ryan on the back before leaving.

Klement and Costanzo conferred with the dispatcher, who was checking traffic reports and making phone calls. At last the dispatcher handed Klement his orders.

As soon as they were outside, Costanzo turned to Ryan with a look of dismay. "It's bad, Cuhnel," he said. "They're routing us to Milan, but things are so jammed up they can't give us an engine and crew until after five."

"We'll try to work out something when we get back to the car," Ryan said. "Padre, what was that all about when the colonel talked to me back there?"

"Ah thought we'd had it for sure. He asked you where a magnificent German soldier like you would like to serve, in Italy or on the Eastern front. And you said Hamburg."

"What was that he said at the last?"

"If the Third Reich had ten thousand like you in Italy, we would drive the enemy into the sea," Costanzo answered, grinning.

When they reached the train, Ryan said, "We're moving out. To Milan."

Fincham stared incredulously.

"Only one catch to it," Ryan said. "Not until after five."

"Let's get the last three Krauts as soon as we get moving. Then we'll at least have the whole train."

It was five twenty-five before the train was out of the station and moving into open country. When they had killed the guard on the third car from the end and replaced him with a prisoner, Ryan no longer needed to look at his watch to know that dawn was near. A narrow edge of gray suffused the eastern horizon.

"In a few minutes, it'll be light enough to see," Ryan said. "We'll have to get the last two without stopping to get one into a car. And hope we can get 'em inside before we hit a town. Keep right behind me. As soon as I get the next one, you go on by and knock off the last man. Let's go."

Before Ryan's man had stopped struggling, Fincham crept by in a crouch. Ryan arranged the body so it would not roll from the car and crawled after Fincham. When he reached the Englishman, the last guard was already sprawled at his feet.

Fincham leaped into the air and clicked his heels. "Finito!" he cried.

They shook hands solemnly. The guards were all dead now. Every one. They controlled the train.

Far up ahead was a sprawling huddle of indistinct buildings.

"Modena!" Ryan exclaimed. "We really made time." And he pitched the dead German from the train.

"What the devil!" Fincham cried.

"See you later," Ryan called back, running forward toward the engine.

He pounded over the cars, jumping from one to the other without breaking stride. He leaped to the locomotive tender, shouting. Costanzo, the engineer and the fireman all stared.

"Halt! Halt!" Ryan cried, gesturing violently toward the rear. "Mein Kammerad . . . gefallen!"

Costanzo, responding quickly, told the engineer to stop the train. The Italian, who knew no more German than Ryan, understood Ryan's words and gestures without translation and was already bringing the train to a halt. Ryan motioned Costanzo to join him.

"Tell the engineer to back up, one of the guards fell off. When you see my

signal, tell him to stop. And then get him away from the window so he can't see what's going on."

Costanzo nodded. Fincham was running forward on top of the cars and Ryan trotted to meet him.

"Get on back. When we stop, shove the last Kraut off," he told Fincham when the train started backing. "Then get down fast and get both of 'em inside cars. I want our men on top in a hurry. Come on back to the commander's car after they're in place."

When the end of the train neared the body by the tracks, Ryan turned and signaled to Costanzo. The train stopped almost immediately. Moments later, another body came tumbling to the ground. Fincham scrambled down after it. He slid over the door of the car next to last and tossed it inside. He did the same at the last car with the remaining German.

Ryan went back to the locomotive. Costanzo was standing in the window of the cab, the engineer was leaning against the tender and both he and the fireman were smoking.

"*He gelikes Englosen cigaretten.*" Costanzo said with a nod toward the engineer. "*Ich egtold him wir from der Englosen getooken dem.*"

"*Mein Deutsch ist better getten.*" Ryan said. "*Ich Du geunderstanden.*"

Fincham was approaching the head of the train. "*How ist our Kamerad?*" Ryan called.

"*Kaput.*" Fincham replied.

Kaput was a familiar word to the engineer. He clucked his tongue and crossed himself. Costanzo crossed himself, too. An expression of pleased surprise lit the engineer's face. "*Cattolivo?*" he asked.

"*Si.*" Costanzo replied.

Motioning Costanzo to follow, Ryan dropped to the ground. Fincham was at the door of the commander's car.

"They're all ours now, Padre," Ryan said, looking back along the train. "Get back in the cab and find out as much as you can about how the Ites run their railroads. It might come in handy."

Costanzo went back to the engine, and Ryan and Fincham climbed into the commander's car. Klement was on his back, snoring. Stein sat wearily at the table, bleary eyed and stubble-chinned. The whistle blew and the train began moving. Ryan sat down at the table, studying the map and the route order Costanzo had given him.

"We check in at Parma," he said. "At the rate we're going, it shouldn't take more than forty minutes or so. We'll be in Milan in three, four hours, even with stops. That means we'll be heading back for Verona and the Brenner Pass with lots of daylight left. And the Krauts may still be holding those relief troops in Verona to take over."

"Bit sticky, that," Fincham said.

"But supposing we got orders to lay over somewhere and not get to Milan before dark?" Ryan continued.

"Another wireless chit?"

"It worked once. No reason it won't again. All we need's a halfway plausible reason for the lay-over."

Fincham studied the map. "It's bloody deep in Italy, isn't it? We'll have our work cut out for us making our way back to our own chaps."

"I was thinking that," Ryan said.

Something in Ryan's tone made Fincham eye him speculatively.

"A thousand British and American officers right in the big middle of Italy. The civilian population might be friendly enough, but the country's swarming with Krauts. We couldn't expect much help from the Italians."

Ryan traced a line on the map with his forefinger.

"Switzerland?" Fincham exclaimed.

"Train and all," Ryan said calmly.

"You're quite mad, you know."

"When we reach Milan, the *Ufficio Movimento* won't know what the hell we're supposed to be doing except what we tell 'em. Our order from Bologna just clears us to there. It doesn't say what for."

"They're expecting us in Verona."

"All they know is the train was held up at Bologna and rerouted. Until they hear from Milan, they won't know when to expect us. It's a hundred and fifty kilometers from Milan to Verona. A hundred and sixty to Tirano, where we cross into Switzerland. Are you with me?"

"I'm with you, right enough," Fincham growled. "You're bloody difficult at times, but you're an absolute smasher when there's work to be done."

"Exactly my sentiments about you, Colonel Fincham."

Ryan sent for Costanzo and had him shave his heavy whiskers. He told him of his decision to go to Switzerland.

"You thing it's possible, Cuhnel?"

"It's no milk run, but we've got a fighting chance. I'll need your help. You're the only one who speaks both German and Italian well."

"Ah'll do my best, Cuhnel."

By the time Costanzo finished shaving, Ryan had told him what was wanted from the Parma dispatcher. They prepared a new radio message form instructing them not to arrive in Milan before eight that night.

The message further instructed them to make their delay en route at some point away from main stations and heavily populated areas to minimize the risk of the prisoners communicating with the civilian population.

Costanzo was to explain to the dispatcher that they were scheduled to pick up more prisoners in Milan and that the new prisoners would not reach the station until after seven. He was to add, in strict confidence, that the real reason was that a personal shipment from a high SS officer would not be ready until then.

The engineer was waiting for them in the *Ufficio Movimento*. He greeted Costanzo warmly although it had been only half an hour since they had last been together. He had already received instructions as far as Piacenza, a major rail junction a little less than half the distance to Milan, but when Costanzo presented his radio message and explained his commander's needs,

the engineer supported him with enthusiasm.

"I had no idea you were so cozy with the engineer," Ryan said when they were returning to the train with orders permitting them to make a nine-hour halt before Piacenza.

Costanzo grinned. "Maurizio told me confidentially that he hasn't any use for most *Tedeschi*. He says I'm more like an Italian than a German."

As soon as the train left the outskirts of Parma, Ryan opened the car door. It was a fine, clear morning.

"Makes me feel guilty about the guys locked in back there," said Stein, filling his lungs.

"They'll all be out in the open in a few minutes," Ryan said. "When we get to the siding, I'm going to let everybody out for a few hours. Fincham, before I do, we've got to be damn sure they know what's expected of them."

Together they worked out the details of the stop.

CHAPTER SIX

THE siding into which the train backed twenty minutes later was but a single dead-end track, rusty with disuse, beside the rectangular outline of a concrete-block foundation where once a warehouse or factory had stood. Across the main line, to the west, was a long, sloping meadow, bounded a quarter of a mile away by a highway. In the distance, stood a small village.

The fireman was uncoupling the tender from the first car and Costanzo was on his way back to the commander's car when Ryan dropped to the ground.

"What's going on?" he demanded in a low voice.

"The locomotive's leaving us," Costanzo said. "The engineer said they can't let a locomotive sit here idle all day. Another one from Piacenza is supposed to pick us up at five-thirty."

"Hadn't planned on that, had you, Ryan?" Fincham asked.

"I don't know that it matters," Ryan said. "Unless there's a foul-up and we're stuck here."

He gazed along the two-hundred-fifty-yard stretch of laden boxcars from which twenty-three anxious men looked at him expectantly, awaiting orders.

"In that case, we'll have to go back to our original plan and head for the hills," he continued. "And lose too many of those men back there. But we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Colonel, go down the line and tell the men on the cars to get down and form up outside our car." Turning back to Costanzo, he said, "Padre, I'm afraid you'll have to put off sleeping a while longer. When I've got the men briefed, I want you to take a party up to that village ahead and locate water and digging tools."

The men from the car tops gathered around asking questions.

"At ease, gentlemen," Ryan said after allowing them a moment to stretch their legs and ease their tensions in talk. "The sooner we get this over with, the sooner the others can get out of those cars."

The men fell silent and waited for him to continue.

"It took real courage for you to put on German uniforms and sit on those cars," Ryan said. "I commend you."

He gave them the instructions he had discussed earlier with Fincham and deployed them along the train, a man to each car. At his signal, they slid back the doors. The men spewed out, cramped and stiff from their hours of crowded confinement, to stretch and blink in the sun.

With Fincham at his side, Ryan addressed them. They listened attentively, with mixed resentment, curiosity and grudging respect.

"We're fifty or sixty miles from Milan," he said. "We're stopping here for the day so we can get there after dark. You will take food and what articles you'll need for the next few hours into the field with you. You will conduct yourselves as if still under guard by Germans who will shoot without hesitation. You men in German uniform will conduct yourselves as if you were disciplined German soldiers. Do not fraternize with the others in any way.

"You will remain together in your boxcar groups. Fires are permitted if you can find fuel in your immediate area, but there will be no straggling away from your groups. Padre Costanzo will be taking a detail to the village ahead for spades and water. A latrine will be dug. When you're settled in, eat well and get some rest."

Within an hour, latrines had been dug and men from each boxcar had gone into the village to fill water bottles and canteens for their companions. The men spread out across the meadow, maintaining several yards' distance between groups. They sprawled on the ground, eating and smoking, enjoying the luxury of space and clean air. The British, as usual, brewed tea over little fires of twigs and grasses.

When he was satisfied that the men were comfortably settled, Ryan went back to the commander's car.

There he stretched out on Pleschke's sleeping bag and was asleep within minutes. After lunch, Fincham lay down and Ryan remained awake. Costanzo and Stein slept.

At three, he awakened Costanzo and called him into conference with himself and Fincham.

"We've got to brief Klement on what to say at Milan," Ryan said. "Once we're past Milan, we should be able to make it to Tirano before Verona starts worrying."

"Ah'm afraid it won't be that easy, Cuhnel," Costanzo said. "Ah talked with the engineer like you asked. We can't go north out of Milan without orders. The switching is centrally controlled and the train goes the way they throw the switch at the control board."

"Let's have a look at that map again," said Ryan. He studied it a moment. "Look here," he said. "Here's Monza, just north of Milan. Seven, eight miles. If we had an excuse to go there, we'd have to go on a little farther to this junction, Carnate, to head back for the

Verona line through Bergamo. They must have manual switches at a little station like Carnate. Supposing we kept going on the main line out of Carnate instead of heading back?"

"They'd still know at Milan, Cuhnel. When a train passes a station, the dispatcher reports it to the station before and the one after. By telegraph."

"In that case, if we can just bluff our way to Monza, I don't think there'll be any problem," Ryan said. "At least, not about getting on the northbound line."

Soon Ryan and Costanzo sat down to work out a radio order to present to the Milan *Ufficio Movimento*.

"This time, instead of a pickup, we'll say we're making a delivery," Ryan said. "Putting off a consignment for Gruppenfuhrer Dietrich at Monza."

It was after four when Ryan finished working out the details of the radio message and drilling Klement in his duties at Milan.

Outside in the meadow, the men were restless and inclined to wander aimlessly from group to group. The men in German uniform were finding it difficult to keep them under control.

"We better get 'em back inside," Ryan said. "The locomotive'll be here in another hour."

"If the bloody Ites haven't simply forgotten us," Fincham said.

"Not much chance of that, Colonel. Go on out and re-form the men. I've got a few things I want to go over with Costanzo. Have the guards count 'em. I want to be sure every man is where he belongs. And Colonel, see if you can find me a good radio man who understands German, and an engineer who's had experience cutting wire."

An hour later, the locomotive coupled on. Fincham was waiting for Ryan with a sharp-faced little Italian in a trainman's uniform. He had a narrow head and a Hitler mustache. There was a black mourning band on his arm. When Ryan and his group drew near, the Italian gave a Fascist salute and cried, "Heil Hitler!"

Ryan returned the salute.

The engineer said something and left. "We leave in five minutes," Costanzo said. "Cleared through to Milan."

Ryan went into the commander's car. A man in German uniform was tinkering with the radio.

"Lieutenant Heinke," Fincham said. "One of yours."

The man turned to face Ryan. "Gus Heinke, sir," he said.

"How's your German, Lieutenant?" Ryan demanded.

"Good, sir. We spoke it at home in Texas," Heinke said.

"Would a Kraut think you're really a German?"

"I doubt it, sir. I'm third generation. I guess the way we speak it's a little different from in the old country."

"You know how to operate that radio? Just the receiver, I mean?"

"I'm figuring it out, sir. It's not much different from ours."

"When you get it figured, see what you can pick up. Let me know if there's anything about us. There won't be any

reason there should be for a while, but keep listening anyhow."

"It'll be like looking for a needle in a haystack, Colonel. Trying to find the frequency they'd be operating on."

"I know, Lieutenant. But if you stumble over any German communications out of Verona, just lock onto that frequency."

"Verona. Yes, sir."

Ryan turned to Fincham. "You got that engineer on our car, Colonel?"

"A sapper," Fincham said. "One of mine. OR. But a wizard at his job."

The train backed into Milan at eight-fifteen after delays at Piacenza and a smaller station. Klement was dangerously close to nervous collapse at the prospect of having to visit the Milan *Ufficio Movimento* with Ryan.

"Padre, you better do the talking in there. Tell the dispatcher the *Herr Kommandant* isn't feeling well."

Directly across from the commander's car was a long line of German soldiers being served hot soup from a steaming kettle presided over by two women wearing Fascist-party armbands.

The *Ufficio Movimento* was teeming with activity and they had to wait for a dispatcher. The feisty little engineer was in a friendly mood and chatted with Costanzo while they waited.

"He's going all the way to Verona with us, he says," Costanzo reported.

Klement was noticeably pale and kept wetting his lips. When a dispatcher was free, Ryan had Costanzo present the radio message and request to be routed to Monza, as ordered by SS headquarters in Rome. The dispatcher read the message without changing expression. After a few minutes' study, he wrote out a train order.

Costanzo took it from the dispatcher and handed it to Klement. "*Alles ist in Ordnung, Herr Kommandant*," he said, stepping back to salute.

Klement nodded vaguely.

The dispatcher and engineer looked at each other, then at Costanzo.

"*Malato*," Costanzo said with a deferential nod at the major.

The engineer shook his head and clucked sympathetically. Costanzo retrieved the order from Klement's hand, studied it, and gave it to the new engineer. The engineer read it, shoved it in his pocket, and left them.

"We'll be here another hour and a half, Cuhnel," Costanzo said. "What does that do to us?"

"It's only nine," Ryan said. "That'll give us over seven hours to make it to Tirano before dawn, and Tirano's only a hundred miles. Time's not the problem. The problem's getting to Tirano before we're missed."

Ryan took Klement's arm and was guiding him across the busy platform when, from a few feet ahead of them, a voice cried, "Hubertus!"

Klement looked up, shaken from his stupor, as a smiling officer in the black uniform of an SS *Obersturmfuhrer* stepped toward him, a hand outstretched in greeting. Shielded by Klement's body, Ryan pushed him toward the SS man with his *Schmeisser*.

Klement reached out and clasped the outstretched hand and gave it one quick, limp shake. The smile died on the SS officer's face.

"Hubertus," he said anxiously, peering into Klement's face, "was ist los? Bist Du krank?"

Costanzo looked helplessly at Ryan. "Was ist los, Hubertus?" the SS officer said more sharply. "Was machst Du hier im Norden?"

Klement's lips moved but no sound came out. The SS man took Klement by the arm and turned his attention to Ryan, speaking with quick, demanding authority. Ryan took refuge in coming to attention. Costanzo came to his rescue, speaking very carefully and economically, telling the SS officer the *Herr Kommandant* was ill.

The *Obersturmfuhrer* appeared satisfied with the explanation but Ryan saw that, as the German listened to Costanzo, he was studying him. The German's eyes lingered for a moment on Costanzo, then quickly—too quickly—looked away and, with feigned disinterest, gave Ryan the same scrutiny.

"Ach, so," he said with a sigh. "Gute Besserung, Hubertus." He took Klement's flaccid hand, gave it a shake, and left them, walking slowly.

"Take Klement back to the train," Ryan said urgently. "I'll be there as quick as I can."

Falling in behind a knot of passers-by, he hurried after the black-clad officer. He did not like the way the SS man walked with such elaborate casualness. Far down the platform, dimly visible in the eerie glow of a purplish blackout light, was a German soldier with the silver breastplate of a military policeman dangling from his neck. It was toward this soldier that Klement's friend seemed to be going.

The officer approached a long rank of racks holding row upon row of storage batteries. As he drew almost abreast of an opening between the racks, Ryan hurried forward and reached him just as he arrived at the opening. With a sudden lunge, Ryan shouldered him into the opening.

The SS man gave a cry of surprise and annoyance and struggled to regain his balance. He turned as he stumbled back between the racks, opening his mouth to cry out when he saw Ryan, but the barrel of Ryan's Schmeisser was already crashing against his neck. The German fell to his knees with a gasp. Stooping, Ryan bundled him farther back among the racks and quietly strangled him.

He crouched over the German a moment, breathing heavily, then dragged the body as far back among the battery racks as he could.

Fincham and Costanzo were waiting at the door of the commander's car.

"We thought you'd had it for fair," said Fincham. "What happened?"

"That friend of Klement's," Ryan said. "He smelled something. So I had to kill him."

Heinke was still working tirelessly at the radio, without results. "There's a lot of radio traffic, Colonel. Most of it

coded. If I do stumble onto Verona, I might not know what I'm getting."

"You picking up anything out of Rome?" Ryan asked.

"Plenty, sir. Voice and code. But nothing that amounts to anything."

Ryan put Stein to work lettering "DIETRICH, W. E. GRUPPENFUHRER, SS," on half a dozen of Klement's boxes.

The train left Milan at ten thirty-five and fourteen minutes later was in Monza.

"What's your man's name?" Ryan asked Fincham. "The one on our car?"

"Evans," said Fincham.

Ryan climbed to the top of the car and ordered Evans to get down on the offside and cut the telegraph lines a quarter-mile ahead.

"You've got ten minutes," he said.

Returning to the car, Ryan had Fincham and Heinke help him unload the six boxes for Gruppenfuhrer Dietrich and then found an Italian station man to take them in charge. Costanzo told the Italian that Gruppenfuhrer Dietrich would send for his shipment in the morning and demanded a receipt.

Evans was back at his post when Ryan returned. "Everything go okay?" Ryan asked.

Evans nodded.

"Good work. Know anything about railroad switches?"

Evans nodded again.

"When we stop at the next station, climb down and cut the wires from the station control. Can you do it with your bayonet?"

"Aye, sir."

"Set the switch manually to take us north if it's not already that way. Then get up ahead and cut the telegraph lines and get back here on the double."

Ryan sent the cab guard back to join Fincham in the commander's car and climbed up with Costanzo. The engineer was glad to see Costanzo but puzzled at the presence of two Germans in his cab.

It was eleven-sixteen when they reached the junction at Carnate. Ryan waited, listening. When he heard Evans returning on the offside of the train, he dropped from the cab and caught up with him at the commander's car.

"Okay?" he asked.

"Done, sir."

Ryan crawled over the coupling and went into the commander's car.

"Fincham," he said, keeping his voice too low for the German on the platform to hear, "we're ready to switch north. When we leave the station, get on the last car. We'll be stopping right after that. Throw the switch back the other way, so if anybody looks they'll think we switched for Bergamo. Then hang on until we stop again a few miles up the line. I'll meet you at our car."

He returned to the cab to find the engineer chatting with Costanzo.

"Tell him we're going north, Padre," Ryan said in English. "If he does as he's ordered, he won't get hurt."

Costanzo was startled by Ryan's use of English. And the engineer was dumfounded. The fireman looked up from

his shovel, his dull, pleasant face creased in a puzzled frown.

"You can talk English now, Padre," Ryan said. "We're making our move. He's got to know who we are."

When Costanzo told him what Ryan had said, the engineer folded his arms, spat on the floor, and shook his head violently. Ryan slapped him with his open hand, knocking him back against the tender. The fireman shrank back against the far side of the cab. Ryan jerked the engineer to his feet.

"Tell him he's got thirty seconds to make up his mind whether he wants to live or die."

Costanzo translated.

"Tell the engineer to start rolling," Ryan said. "When the last car's past the switch, stop."

The train rolled forward a few hundred yards and stopped. Ryan leaned out of the cab and looked back. A brief stab of light from Fincham's flashlight told him the switch was thrown.

"Start him again," Ryan said.

They rode on in silence.

After ten minutes, Ryan said, "Tell him to stop."

The train slowed to a halt.

Ryan met Fincham outside the commander's car.

"What's the drill, *Herr Oberst*?" Fincham asked.

"Help me get the men off the cars and back inside. I want everybody out of German uniform except Evans and the men in our car."

"Off the cars?" Fincham demanded.

"As of now, we're not a prison train any more, Colonel. We're empties heading for Sondrio to pick up freight."

The air grew colder as the train burrowed deeper into the night and the high country, pinned between Como on one side and the towering Grigne on the other. The engineer maintained a righteous silence, staring straight ahead into the narrow beam escaping from an opening in the blue-coated headlight.

Ryan leaned back against the side of the cab and huddled into his German greatcoat. He closed his eyes in brief surrender to fatigue.

A cry from Costanzo jarred him to full wakefulness. "Cuhnel! There's a flare up ahead!"

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE engineer hit the brakes and the train began sliding, metal gripping against metal. When it stopped, Fincham came running up with Klement, who was buttoning his tunic over his paunch.

"Padre," said Ryan, "tell Klement, if he's questioned, he's on his way to Sondrio to pick up a special shipment. He's under orders not to divulge what it is because it would jeopardize Swiss neutrality. If they ask for orders, he's to say they're back in the command car and he'll send you for them. You start back, then take off like a bird."

"Padre, tell the engineer to get moving," Ryan continued. "Slow. As soon as we're close enough to see what that is up there, stop."

The train crept toward the flare. The splash of red deepened and expanded 141

as they approached, spilling out over the nearby waters of the lake in a shadow-edged pool of blood. A bulky mass took shape astride the tracks, bathed in red by the glow of the flare.

"Panzer!" Klement grunted.

The train stopped.

The barrel of the tank's eighty-eight-millimeter gun was clearly outlined against the crimson light. The turret was facing almost directly down the tracks. Two helmeted figures detached themselves from the shadow of the tank and ran toward the engine.

When they neared the locomotive, the engineer made a sudden movement and called out. Ryan whirled, the Schmeisser at shoulder level. The short barrel caught the Italian across the bridge of the nose and he fell to the floor.

"Tell Klement to ask them what they want. He knows what he's supposed to say if they ask questions."

The Germans were at the engine now, looking up into the crowded cab.

"They say there's a dangerous crossing up ahead. Italian bandits tried to blow up the road and railway bridges. The track's not damaged, but they're afraid the trestle won't hold the weight of the train."

"Have Klement tell 'em the train's empty and should be light enough to make it. We've got an important pickup in Sondrio."

The soldier listened respectfully to Klement. "He says it's too dangerous," Costanzo translated. "But if the major insists, he must obey."

The sergeant returned to the tank. The two soldiers had already climbed inside and now started backing the tank from the tracks. Fincham sauntered to the cab and handed a cigarette up to Ryan.

"Has Heinke come up with anything?" Ryan asked.

"He's identified SS headquarters transmissions from Rome. Some coded, some not."

"If he hears anything I ought to know, shine a light toward the cab."

"Righty-ho."

"Soon's the *Feldweibel* give the go-ahead, we're moving on."

"Risky business, that railway bridge."

Costanzo propped the engineer against the tender in a sitting position and wiped the blood from his face. The fireman continued his stoking.

"He may have a broken nose, but he won't die from it, Padre," Ryan said.

"Get him on his feet and tell him to move us out. Tell him to take it slow, and if he feels the bridge going, to throw her into reverse. Then you get back to the front of the second car and stand by to uncouple if it looks necessary."

The train moved forward. There was a soldier standing guard on the trestle when they reached it.

The locomotive inched onto the trestle. The span seemed sturdy enough but it creaked and groaned, and when it took the full weight of the heavy engine, it gave off sharp, cracking sounds like pistol shots. Though the engineer had not understood the conversation

about the bridge, the situation was obvious to him. He held his breath and nursed the lumbering engine along the trestle as if leading a kitten by a string. The span sagged noticeably when they reached the center and the fireman looked up from the firebox in panic. Past the center, the trestle seemed firmer.

Then they were on solid ground again. The fireman crossed himself. The boxcars, much lighter than the engine, rolled across safely. The middle cars were still on the trestle when Costanzo came crawling back to the cab.

"Have a good pray, Padre?" Ryan asked him.

"Couldn't you tell from the results, Cuhnel?" Costanzo said.

Ryan looked at the luminous dial of his watch. "I make us about twelve, fifteen miles from Colico. Another forty-five or less to Tirano. It's one-thirteen now, which ought to put us at Tirano by three at the latest. Gives us a three-hour spread before dawn."

The locomotive rolled on between Como and the Grigne, now moving easily, now toiling up the shoulder of a slope leaning down toward the lake. Ryan had the engineer slow the train so they would not overrun the junction. Ryan and Costanzo spied the dividing tracks almost simultaneously. When the train stopped, Ryan sent Costanzo back to the commander's car.

"Send Evans up ahead to make sure the Sondrio switch is open for us. And tell Colonel Fincham to get up here."

In a moment, Evans trotted by the engine and Fincham came hurrying along behind him. "What's the drill?"

"We're on our final approach," Ryan said. "About forty miles to go."

"What will you do at Tirano?"

"That's what I wanted to see you about. We'll stop at the station and have Klement call the station guards to his car. Then we'll cut the lines in and out of the station before we go on. Tirano's not right on the border. We'll slow down at the checkpoint on the border as if we're stopping, then barrel on across before they can get a rail block up."

Evans returned to report that the track to Sondrio was open.

"We'll be moving on then," said Ryan. "How's Klement holding up?"

"The bloody bugger's sleeping like a baby. What'll we do with him after Tirano?"

"Shove him out with the engineer."

They ran smoothly between the highway and the River Adda in the broad valley of the Valtellina.

It was three-forty when they reached the outskirts of Sondrio. Minutes later, they glided through the station. The town was completely dark.

"We'll be in Tirano in half an hour," Ryan said. "We'll stop the train before we get in and I'll sneak up ahead for a look."

The engineer began singing to himself in a raspy, nasal voice.

"What's he so cheerful about all of a sudden?" Ryan demanded. "A few minutes ago, he was so damn spittin' mad."

"Ah don't know," said Costanzo. "Maybe he's decided Switzerland might not be so bad."

"I don't like it. He doesn't want to see us make it."

The engineer kept singing. Once, he turned to stare at Ryan with a curiously smug expression on his battered face.

"He knows something we don't. And I wish to hell I knew what it was."

Suddenly the steady throb of the engine stopped and the train lost speed.

"What's going on?" Ryan demanded, seizing the engineer.

The engineer said nothing.

"Padre, find out why the engine's stopped. And tell him to start it up."

The train was coasting and losing speed. The engineer pointed at the water gauge. There was no water level.

"He says we're out of water."

The engineer unleashed a spate of words, his voice full of triumph.

"He's been releasing water since Colico," Costanzo said. "Something about priming the injectors, as near as Ah can make out."

The train slowed to a halt, hung poised a moment on the grade, then began rolling back. The engineer hit the brakes.

They were enveloped in chill darkness and a tense, penetrating silence, the locomotive and its twenty-four cars pinned to the long grade by its brakes, like a worm rigid in death on a mount- ing board.

To the north was the Swiss border and refuge, as inaccessible behind its bastion of mountains as if it were a continent away. To the south lay all of Italy, a vast enemy camp. Soon men would be probing the main lines and sidings, searching for the missing train. But ten miles ahead, rails pierced the mountains. Ten miles away lay freedom, receding now with every minute.

What do we do now, Cuhnel?" Costanzo asked. "Start walking?"

Before Ryan could answer, Fincham came running up. "What's up?" he demanded. "Why've we stopped here?"

"We're out of water," said Ryan.

"The engineer ran us out of water. Come on back to the car, where it's warm. Padre, tell the engineer and the fireman to come along."

Klement was sleeping and Stein and Evans were sitting at the table drinking coffee. Heinke was at the radio.

Ryan bent over the map with Fincham. "I make us about here," he said, pointing to a spot three miles east of Sondrio. "That puts us about five, six miles from the nearest border point. About twelve from Tirano."

"It's only oh-three-hundred hours," Fincham said, studying the map. "We'll simply spread out and try for the border in small groups."

"Spread out where, Colonel? We're in a funnel—mountains to the south and mountains to the north and the valley getting narrower and narrower up ahead. And if we go back, we're that much farther away from the border."

"What else is there to do, Ryan?" Fincham demanded.

"Tirano's still our only real chance."

Ryan said. "We're close to Sondrio. I'm going back there and try to steal a water truck. I'm taking Padre with me. I may need an interpreter. Send Evans a quarter of a mile back and Captain Stein the same distance ahead. If they hear a train coming, they can flag it down before it rams into us. If they spot a Kraut patrol, they're to get back here on the double. Either way, I want you to let the men out of the cars and start 'em for the border if I'm not back in an hour.

"And Lieutenant Heinke, you keep listening out on that SS frequency," Ryan went on. "If you hear anything that sounds like they're on to us, tell Colonel Fincham immediately."

Though he was bone-tired and ached in every joint, Ryan maintained such a rapid pace that Costanzo had to trot to keep up with him. They had been walking only a few minutes when a figure stepped from the darkness alongside the tracks.

"Buon giorno, amici," the newcomer said pleasantly. "Dove andate?"

Ryan covered him immediately with his Schmeisser and motioned Costanzo to approach the man. Costanzo spoke to the Italian, but before he could step aside, the Italian whistled and a dozen men came running out of the darkness to surround them.

Ryan made an involuntary movement with the Schmeisser, then lowered it. He could not possibly get them all. The Italian thrust his face close to Ryan's, no longer deferential and pleasant but harshly demanding.

"He's taking us back to the train to see for himself," Costanzo whispered. "If we try to warn our comrades, he'll kill us."

"It doesn't figure," Ryan whispered. "Inglese!" the Italian blurted, showing his teeth in an incredulous grin.

"Americani," Ryan said calmly.

The Italian grabbed his hand and pumped it, then embraced Costanzo.

"Amico," he said. "Fren'."

"Give him the story," Ryan told Costanzo. "Find out what he's up to."

"Some of his men are from around here and some slipped back over the border after the capitulation," Costanzo explained. "They're operating against the Fascists and Germans up here until they decide whether to work their way south or go on over to the Brenner area. Everything's too unsettled now. They need weapons and explosives. And a radio."

"Are they the ones who tried to blow up the bridge out of Lecco?"

The Italian nodded.

"Find out if he can get us some water and if he knows the Tirano area."

The Italian had two trucks and twenty-one more men just off the highway. He would send men back to Sondrio to steal a tank truck.

"He can tell you whatever you want to know about Tirano," Costanzo said. "He knows it very well."

"Tell him to come on back to the train with us," Ryan said. "We can talk it over there. I want Fincham to know we've got water coming."

The Italian gave an order and his men faded into the night.

The train was dark. "Back so soon?" Fincham demanded when Ryan's face appeared in the car door.

Ryan climbed in, followed by Costanzo and the Italian. "We found a friend," Ryan said.

The Italian moved to the radio and fondled it. His eyes lingered on the rifles Fincham had stacked at one end of the car, and then on Klement's boxes and bundles.

"He wants the radio and the rifles and whatever else his men can use against the Fascists," Costanzo said.

"Everything but the radio," Ryan replied firmly.

The Italian nodded in agreement and stepped back from the radio with a last reluctant pat. He joined Ryan, Fincham and Costanzo at the table, where the map was spread out.

"Tell him what we intend to do," Ryan said.

The Italian spoke rapidly, making stabbing gestures at Tirano. Costanzo's face grew somber.

"I'm afraid it's bad news, Cuhnel," he said. "The tracks don't go right through Tirano. It's what he calls a head-in station. You go in and then have to back out and switch onto a different track for the border."

"We'll work something out," Ryan said. "Find out how far it is to the border and whether they keep it blocked."

It was five uphill kilometers to the border crossing at Campo Cologno, which had a well guarded checkpoint but no fixed barricade. It could, however, be quickly blocked if the guards wanted to stop a train.

Ryan rubbed his chin. "Ask him if he thinks he could take the checkpoint and hold it ten minutes," he said.

The Italian said he could.

Heinke said, "Colonel!" and held up his hand. "Milan just told SS headquarters we've been reported overdue at Verona. SS headquarters is trying to contact us."

Ryan pondered a moment. "Here's what we'll do," he said. "When we roll into Tirano, they won't be expecting us or know who we are. Unless Rome has alerted 'em by radio. In that case, we've had it. We'll know when we get there. We head into the station as if we intend to stop and report in. We'll have a man in German uniform hanging on the end of the last car. The minute we roll past the switch to the outbound track, he'll signal us with his flashlight and drop off. As soon as he's thrown it, he'll give us another signal. Then we start backing out. That's when we tip our hand. We should be out of the depot before they can stop us. But from then on, everything they've got will be alerted. Including the checkpoint."

Fincham nodded.

"This is where timing becomes important," Ryan continued. "We'll have to work out a signal. We'll give him red and green flares. When we enter the depot, we'll give him two short blasts on the whistle. That's his signal to move. As soon as he has the checkpoint se-

cured, he gives us a green flare. If they're beaten off, he'll fire a red. If he gives us a red, we'll abandon the train and start scrambling. We'll unlock all the doors before we pull out of here."

Fincham touched his mustache with a knuckle. "Seems sound enough."

"All right," said Ryan. "Padre and I'll ride in the cab. Everybody else except the man on the last car gets back into his own uniform. Fincham, tell Evans to get Captain Stein and report back here. Then go down the line and tell every car we're on the last leg and nobody's to move until they hear one long blast of the whistle. At the long blast, they're to take off and scatter. And, Colonel, I want every dead German moved into the car behind the engine."

Fincham shot him a questioning look.

"We're not going into a neutral country with a load of dead Krauts," Ryan said. "We'll send the car back with the engine."

"I'm going outside to wait for the tank truck," Ryan went on. "If Heinke picks up anything, let me know."

He took Costanzo and the Italian forward. At five after four, Fincham came running out of the darkness. "Heard something coming our way," he said. "Think it's our bowser?"

"It's due," said Ryan.

They could all hear the grinding sound of a heavy vehicle running slowly and a pair of dim, bluish lights nicked the darkness like the eyes of some monstrous cat. A tank truck marked with a swastika lurched to a halt abreast of the locomotive. Two grinning Italians climbed from the cab.

Costanzo spoke to the man who seemed to be in charge, then turned a stricken face toward Ryan.

"Cuhnel," he said. "He says it'll take an hour to get up steam again."

CHAPTER EIGHT

RYAN looked at his watch. "Four-ten," he said. "Yesterday morning, dawn was at six-six. Up here, it'll be four or five minutes later. If we can get up steam by five-ten, we'll still have about an hour before dawn. We're not dead yet. Let's get back inside."

Inside the commander's car, Stein and Evans had already changed uniform and Heinke was buttoning a khaki shirt.

"What's the latest, Lieutenant?" Ryan asked.

"They couldn't find any Gruppenfuhrer Dietrich. Just a Hauptmann Diederich. Now they think the diversion to Monza was some personal business of Major's Klement's. They opened the boxes and found 'em full of loot. He's in big trouble with the SS."

Klement looked up.

"That's a break," said Ryan. "But what about the train?"

"They think we must be stalled somewhere between Carnate and Bergamo, sir. They've got patrols out."

Ryan looked at the map. "We can make it to Tirano in under twenty minutes. Then another fifteen to the checkpoint. Thirty-five minutes at the outside. That'll leave our friends a good fifteen minutes or more of dark-

ness to cover their pullout. Padre, let's get to the engine and see how our steam's coming."

One of the Italians took them into the cab and showed them a gauge. "He says fifteen to twenty minutes, Cuhnel," Costanzo said.

"Then let's get our friends started for the checkpoint," Ryan said.

The Italian leader brought his trucks up, and his men quickly loaded the German weapons and supplies.

"It's ten to five," Ryan said. "We'll be on our way in another fifteen minutes. Padre, tell him if he doesn't get our signal by five-forty, it'll mean we got held up and he won't have time to pull out before first light. And he'd better not wait any longer."

The Italian pointed at the radio.

"He'd sure like to have it," Costanzo said, looking at Ryan.

"Captain Stein," Ryan said, "as soon as we start backing out of the station, you and Evans bundle up the radio in Klement's mattress and button it in that sleeping bag. Then drop it out the door when we get close to the crossing. Maybe it won't get too banged up."

"Grazie, Colonnello, mille grazie," the Italian said when it was translated for him. He shook Ryan's hand, saluted and kissed him on both cheeks before departing.

Ryan took Klement, the engineer, the fireman and Costanzo to the cab. He ordered Klement to sit on the floor.

Then Ryan watched the gauge. The indicator crept toward the mark with excruciating slowness. Twenty minutes later, it reached the mark.

"Let's roll," Ryan cried.

The engineer backed against the tender and crossed his arms.

"He says he won't do it," Costanzo said. "Not even if you kill him."

"We'll see about that," Ryan said, reaching out for the engineer.

Costanzo put a hand on his arm. "Ah think Ah can run the engine, Cuhnel. Ah've been watching them. There's not that much to it."

"All right. I'm taking the engineer back to our car for safekeeping. Here's my rifle. Keep your eye on Klement."

Ryan hustled the engineer back to the commander's car and instructed Fincham to push him out when they got outside the station at Tirano. He was returning to the engine when Fincham called him back.

"Milan's got through to Lecco," Fincham said. "Lecco told Milan about the bridge. Said nothing could have gone past it. They've a party out having a look from Lecco to the bridge."

Costanzo was looking back anxiously from the cab. "Ah was wondering what was keeping you, Cuhnel."

Ryan mounted to the cab. "Where's the fireman?"

The fireman was gone.

"He was here just now," Costanzo said. "He must have . . . When Ah looked back for you. Ah'm sorry."

Ryan looked at his watch. Five-sixteen. "Nothing we can do about it now, Padre. Get her rolling. I'll fire."

The train edged forward, gathering

speed as the great drive wheels took hold. Ryan shoveled coal into the firebox. After fifteen minutes, he told Costanzo to ease back on the throttles.

"We must be getting close now," he said. "We can't just go barreling into the station."

At five thirty-four, they recognized the outlines of a town against the dark sky, and at five thirty-eight, they began creeping into the station.

Two German soldiers with rifles slung over their shoulders watched them approach. Ryan looked back along the train. A short flash of light cleaved the darkness.

"Two blasts on the whistle, Padre!" Ryan said urgently.

The light gleamed a second time.

"That's it!" Ryan cried.

The train stopped with a grinding shudder, poised motionless for a moment, then crept backward. The soldiers began walking toward the train. As the train increased speed, the sound of gunfire came from far up the slope.

"Halt!" shouted the first soldier. He stopped and raised his rifle to his shoulder as the other one caught up with him. Ryan took careful aim and shot the German in the head. The other soldier threw himself to the ground and began firing.

"Kill the headlight!" Ryan cried.

The train was now moving as fast as a fat man could run, and the German soldier had stopped firing and run to the fallen man.

"Let's jettison Klement," Ryan said. "He can't hurt us now."

He pulled Klement to his feet. "Over you go!"

Klement hit and rolled like a ball, almost colliding with the engineer, who had just come tumbling out of the commander's car. The engineer rolled once and sprang to his feet, shaking his fist. Then Klement was on his feet, too, and running after the locomotive, shouting.

Now the train was pushing laboriously up a long grade. Far up ahead, the snow-clad tops of mountains were whitening in the refracted rays of a sun still far below the horizon. The gunfire at the checkpoint had diminished to sporadic bursts.

Off to the left, a burst of red and yellow fire bloomed in the night and the air reverberated with thunder as concussion sent a wave of shock rippling along the train. Ryan looked back toward the road from Sondrio to see a flash of light as a second explosion shook the train.

"Tank!" he cried.

Up ahead, a green flare hung in the air for a moment, then arched toward the ground. Shells were now exploding ahead of the front cars.

"They're trying to hit the tracks," Ryan said.

A stream of tracers lobbed at the locomotive with illusory slowness from the darkness behind them, and bullets ripped the tender.

"Armored car!" Ryan cried. "Gain on us! Fireball her, Padre!"

"We're going just as fast as we possibly can," Costanzo said huskily.

A flickering, candlelike light arced through the air a hundred yards behind them and suddenly the armored car was sharply visible, painted in fire. An explosion sent flames spurting from its ports and it fell on its side, one blazing tire spinning in a circle of fire.

"Molotov cocktail!" Ryan cried. "He had a man covering our rear."

"Good show!" Fincham bellowed from the open door of the commander's car, almost as if in answer to Ryan's words.

A bundle flew out of the commander's car to roll along the right of way. It was the radio.

A truck loomed out of the darkness and passed the engine. The Italian leaned half out of the cab, his fingers held in the victory sign.

"Arrivederci, amico!" he bawled. "Buona fortuna."

The first cars were crossing into Switzerland now. And then they were all across the border.

Costanzo set the brakes and the train slid over the smooth rails. The German tank had stopped firing and the last echoes died away in the surrounding hills to leave a plangent silence.

The car doors popped open and men came spilling out as if poured from buckets, to roll on the ground, jump to their feet and shout, to leap into the air and beat one another on back and shoulders. Some of them knelt and kissed the earth. The Swiss border guards came from their posts to look on incredulously.

Ryan gave a long sigh and climbed down stiffly from the cab. His body was a lump of aches and his mind was blurred with fatigue. He wanted to lie down in his tracks and sleep. He pulled himself erect and faced the prisoners, as straight and controlled as the day he walked into P. G. 202.

Fincham had uncoupled the car.

"Start her back toward Tirano and bail out, Padre," Ryan ordered.

Then the throng of men was upon him. Still cheering, they raised him to their shoulders and bore him back along the train. At every car, exultant men called out his name and pressed around him to shake his hand.

Fincham was busy at the last car. He had found a bucket of paint and a brush by an unfinished shed and was slopping hasty letters on the side of the car. Ryan climbed down from the eagerly clutching hands and looked at the boxcar.

He threw back his head and laughed.

The sign said: VON RYAN'S EXPRESS.

"Look at von Ryan! He's laughing!"

The cheering swelled to a great roar.

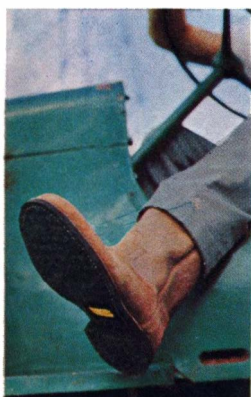
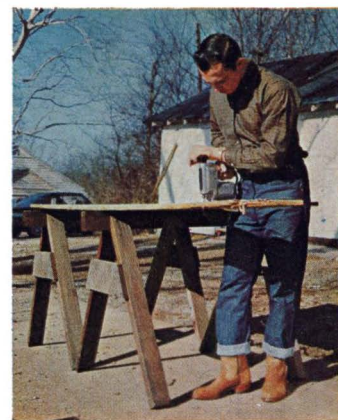
"Damn it, Colonel!" Fincham yelled.

"You did it!"

"Congratulations, gentlemen," Ryan said. "And thanks."

Ryan stood back and surveyed the dripping letters on the boxcar again, his hands clasped behind him in the old, familiar manner. Suddenly, his expression changed.

"Colonel," he snapped. "You know better than to deface government issue. You've got exactly five minutes to police up that mess."

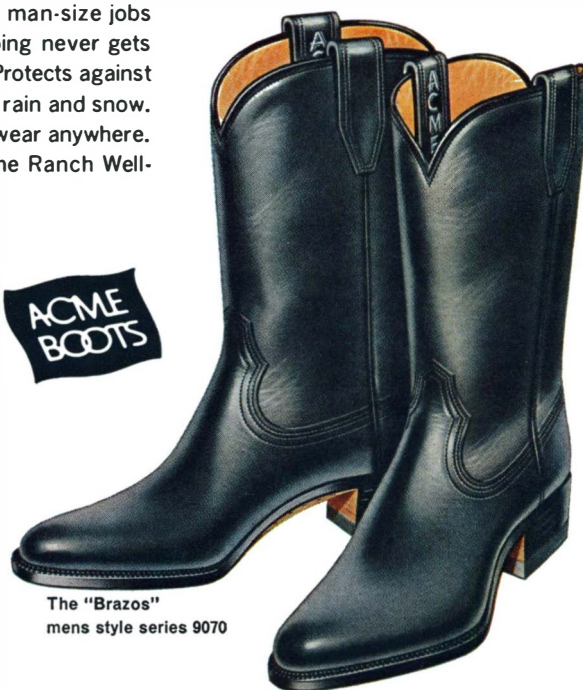


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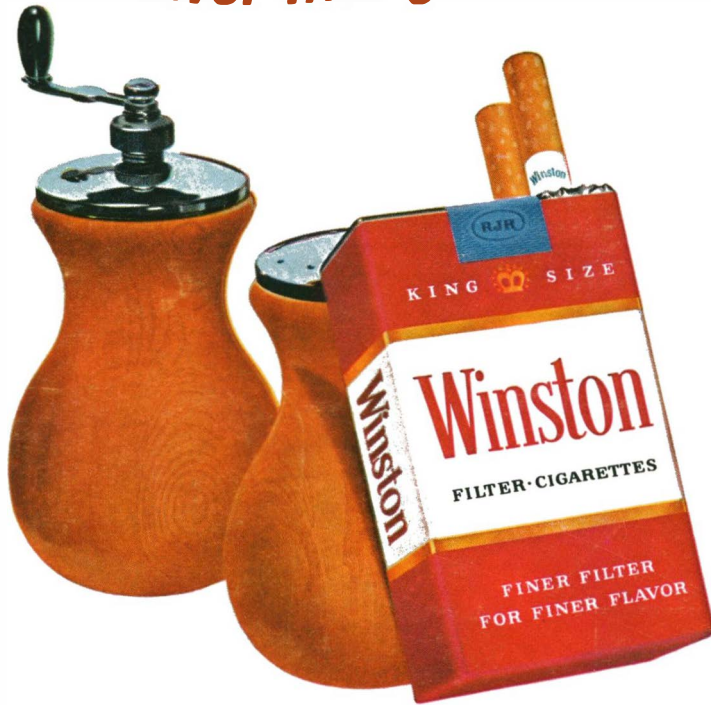
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