

ARGOSY

The Complete Man's Magazine • June 25c

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Pros always give you what I call the "big game"—pure tennis, all right, but with more attack, a little extra daring and more fire thrown in.

I suppose if I were clever with words now, I could work tennis into the reason why I smoke Luckies. But I'm no ad writer. So here it is straight. First, I do smoke Luckies. It's never been a secret. Second, I smoke them because I think they taste better.

Like anything else where you get a choice—amateur or professional tennis, for example—it's all a matter of taste. I just happen to like the way Luckies taste.

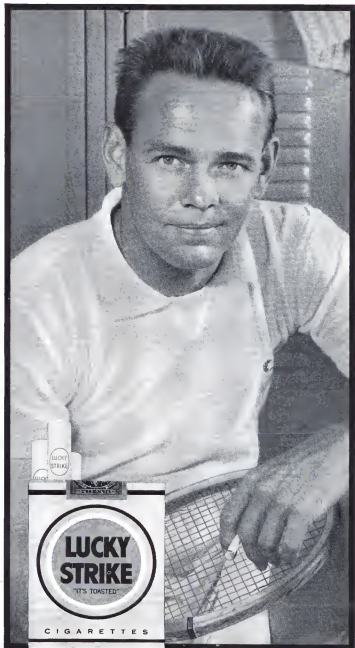
And in case you haven't guessed, I play pro tennis, too.

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ARGOSY

JUNE, 1954

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THE COMPLETE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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JAMES B. O'CONNELL, Managing Editor

HOMER PAGE, Picture Editor

Fiction Editor: JOHN BENDER

ART POLLAK, Associate Managing Editor

Associate Editor: M. MOSCHER

Feature Editor: MARGON HARGROVE

Non-Fiction Editor: ROBERT CROFTON

Service Editor: ROBERT L. GALE

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KNOW YOURSELF

BY HARRY STEEGER

IT'S the easiest thing in the world to improve yourself. There are so many simple methods by which you can do it.

To improve yourself is to enrich your life. That's something we all know, but it's worth repeating—and emphasizing. It's the difference between fulfilling yourself as an individual and just barely existing with one foot in the grave of monotony.

Look at the contented face of a man who is bettering himself. Then compare it with the expression of one who is just existing from day to day.

I once heard a lady talking about a friend of hers who had homely features—to put it mildly. “He has a face that only a mother could love,” she said, “but he has a new business project now and when he's working on it he looks almost handsome.”

There's nothing new or startling about her comment. It's a self-evident truth.

Yet how many of us do absolutely nothing to develop our minds or our bodies. Often with the best of intentions we keep putting off the effort on the slightest pretext. Some of us don't even bother making little excuses to ourselves. We're just plain lazy.

It's as if we didn't know any better, as if we didn't realize the rewards of a little labor on behalf of ourselves.

I remember listening to Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick once; he was a famous minister here in New York. “We can't be of help to others,” he said, “unless we have first prepared ourselves.”

Either we take deliberate steps to better ourselves, or we retrograde. There is no in-between. One of the basic laws of nature is that what is not used atrophies.

I remember a short time ago having a vivid example of this in my own person. I had broken my leg skiing. It was a spiral split, necessitating the use of a cast for over two months.

I had one of the greatest surprises of my life when the cast was finally removed. Instead of a leg I had a long string of spaghetti. Through inactivity, the muscles of one leg had almost disappeared. However—and this is equally important—those in the other leg had increased because of the additional burden placed on them.

So it is with the mind. So it is with the rest of the body.

You probably remember the recent discovery of a group of scientists who were studying the human brain. To keep the mind young, they revealed, you must use it.

I remember meeting a famous chemical industrialist while I was attending college. He had assembled several leading chemical companies into an enormous combine which he headed. In spite of the grind, he found time every day to study or to go to the museum or to ride horseback.

“How do you do it?” I asked incredulously.



Scientists have discovered that busy minds stay young.

His answer was an inspiration. “I believe that we should continue to study as long as we live,” he said.

I have never forgotten those words.

That man had a real sparkle in his eyes. He had a zest for life. He was fulfilling himself—and he was having a whale of a good time doing it.

Four months ago I presented nine practical steps for improving yourself as a citizen. It was called “Know Your Power.” There were so many letters from all over the United States in response to the article and so many requests by schools, publications, and other organizations to reprint the piece that I feel encouraged to continue this line of thinking.

So here are some concrete steps for the organization and conduct of discussion groups. Such groups are one of the best methods for improving yourself.

Let me first assure you there are no ifs, ands, or buts in the formula I will outline. I know from actual experience it will work successfully. And I know equally well it will make you happier, better integrated and balanced, more active and of greater use to yourself and your neighbors.

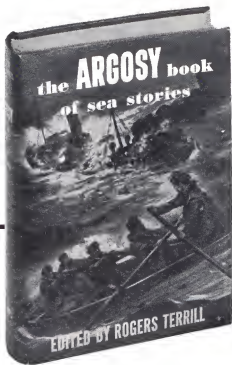
Here are the steps necessary to organize a discussion group:

1. Invite a group of friends to your house. The number involved is limited only by the size of your living room.
2. Explain the object of the meeting. Tell your guests you have a pleasant and profitable method for improving all of you through the discussion of various interesting studies.
3. Read a list of the proposed studies and explain that they will involve reading books, lectures by qualified speakers, field trips and active participation by each member of the group.
4. Make it clear that there will be no charge or that at worst you'll all share a nominal expense.
5. Elect a different chairman for each meeting and hold the meeting at his house.
6. Announce that meetings will be held once a week and arrange a schedule of future meetings.
7. Elect a secretary. His duty will be to send out post-card notices of the time, place and subject of each meeting. Cards should always arrive a few days before the meeting, of course. The secretary (*Continued on page 52*)

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LOOK AT THESE STORIES

Pull, You Lubbers! by Brian O'Brien; *The Ship From Nowhere* by A. Bertram Chandler; *The Captain's Prisoner* by Calvin J. Clements; *Congo Cargo* by T. T. Flynn; *The Jonah Curse* by J. F. Wallace; *The Alone Men* by Vincent McHugh; *A Taste of Command* by Steve Hail; *One for O'Brien* by George P. Morrill; *The Pirate and the Gamecock* by Howard Bloomfield; *Mutiny Below* by Cedric Mentiplay; *Nitro Ship* by William Holder; *Bowled for the Bottom* by J. F. Wallace; *Bayou Batt* by Leslie T. White.

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It's news to **men**

FOR the man who wants a real man-sized motor, Mercury Motors has recently released a 40-horsepower outboard, the Mark 50. Designed especially for outboard cruisers, this powerhouse can economically take the place of twin 25s because of reduced drag. It's equipped with the new electric starter, too.

AND speaking of outboards, some of you Midwesterners may want to enter one of the longest outboard motorboat races ever conceived. Starting at New Orleans on July 1, the contestants will fight their way up the Mississippi to Alton, Ill., a distance of some 1,050 miles. If interested, contact the Pina Boating Association in Alton.

BEER is certainly not lagging behind in the atomic age. It is reported that atomic radiation may replace conventional methods of beer pasteurization, and in many modern plants, an electronic-inspection machine is automatically rejecting bottles containing impurities.

A TOTAL of 46,224,794 people visited the 180 acres under the Nuttall Pork Service last year, a new record.

SOME recent inventions seem to be making life too easy. A Portland, Oregon man patented a power-operated cocktail shaker; a Pennsylvania gentleman came up with an automatic egg fryer which cracks, fries, bastes and serves up the eggs on a plate; and a Troy, N. Y., inventor won Patent No. 2,670,693 for a launching carriage for water skiers. You sit in a chair which moves along a set of tracks into the water.

IT MAY some day be possible to destroy tornadoes with guided missiles carrying atomic warheads. At any rate, the Air Force Missile Test Center in Florida is looking into the idea. The missile would be guided to the storm in its early stages by radar, the kind of radar that now spots and tracks the tornadoes.

A SINGLE nickel may make your lawn the envy of the neighborhood. Just send it to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., and ask for a booklet titled "Pointers on Making Good Lawns," Catalogue No. A1.35:281.

INCIDENTAL Items of Little Use to Anyone: There are 1,027 different species of trees in the United States and Alaska; cows with long heads generally give more milk than those with short heads; the Washington Monument's tip is a 100-ounce aluminum pyramid; termites can live for over 30 years.

MOST people have remedies for treating athlete's foot, but few know the importance of sterilizing socks and the inside

of shoes with a disinfectant solution to keep the disease from returning.

NO LESS than 40 per cent of American men use deodorants, and the figure is climbing rapidly. Women have been using them since the 1880s, but it's only recently that men have become big customers. The latest trend has been to liquid sprays in plastic containers such as brand-new Mum Mist, made with hexachlorophene, a new chemical developed to destroy odor-causing bacteria.

SECURITY wraps were recently removed from a fabulous gyroscope used to direct supersonic Air Force planes and guided missiles automatically. It is so sensitive that if a man in Los Angeles could read a newspaper in New York, the gyro could measure the angle his eyes turned through as they moved from the left to the right side of the front page.

SABENA Airlines is trying an interesting pilot operation of helicopters on the world's first international schedule, operating out of Brussels, Belgium. What makes it so good for them is the fact that some 72,000,000 people live within 215 miles of Brussels. That radius is determined by the practical operating range of the Sikorsky S55's used by Sobrovo. The same size circle centered in New York would include only 22 million inhabitants.

RECOMMENDED reading: "Bhowani Junction," action and drama in modern India, by John Masters (Viking); "Seven Years in Tibet," by Heinrich Harrer, adventure in the Himalayas (Dutton); "God's Country and Mine," stimulating notes on American customs by Jacques Barzun (Little, Brown) and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Volume II, by Frank Friedel, a dramatic insight into a dynamic, imperfect man (Little, Brown).

RECOMMENDED LISTENING: Fats Waller at the piano and organ in "The Amazing Mr. Waller" (Riverside 1021-3); "Ten Unforgettable Stars," operatic greats, (RCA-Victor LM 1138); a great recording of "Salome" by Richard Strauss (Columbia SL 126); Charpentier's "Te Deum," rich and rocooco, (Haydn Society HSL 2065); Mozart's Trios for violin, cello and piano, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 with Paul Badura-Skoda at piano (Westminster WL 5242 and WL 5267); also Westminster's WL 5265 for the Barylli Quartet playing two excellent Mozart Quartets. Roberta Peters is in fine voice on RCA Victor LM 1786.

SO YELLOW lights really keep away insects at night? Only in a manner of speaking. The flying bugs are attracted by blue light only and they simply don't see the yellow bulbs, which screen out practically all blue wave lengths. • •



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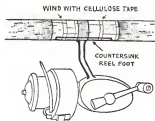
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Hunting and Fishing

BY LARRY KOLLER

SPINNING-ROD COMFORT: A combination of a thick reel foot on your spinning reel, heavy reel bands and large grip on your spinning rod can often create considerable discomfort in the form of cramped or sore fingers after a couple of hours' casting. If you have such an unfortunate combination, and many fishermen do, there's something you can do about it. If it's the bands that are making your fingers sore, cut them off the rod grip with a hacksaw and fasten your reel to the grip with cellulose tape. Wind three or four turns smoothly over the foot and you'll have a rigid mounting that's easy on the fingers. With a thick reel plate, it's best to place the reel in the correct position, scribe a mark all the way around and dig out the cork with a sharp knife, just enough to drop the plate flush with the grip. Wind this with cellulose tape as above and you will have a real professional job, the ultimate in hand comfort.



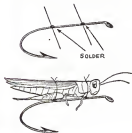
CLEAN UP CAMP GROUNDS: If you have a permanent camp or a favorite spot for setting up your tent don't chuck empty tin cans or bottles into the woods nearby. A half-dozen empty cans will fill in no time with rain water and offer a great breeding ground for a thousand mosquitoes. Better to dig a hole and bury every bit of refuse. Garbage dumped indiscriminately around a camp area not only draws flies but you'll have porcupines and skunks, maybe black bears, if you're in that kind of country, to contend with. The skunks aren't bad but porpies can chew up your rod grips and axe handles and a black bear can really wreck your whole outfit, if he gets noisy.

QUICKLY MADE FISH SCALER: When you're stuck in camp without a scaler or heavy knife to do the job, make a tool out of bottle caps. Any serrated edge cap from a beer or soda bottle will do. Get a flat piece of wood six inches long, an inch wide and between a quarter and a half-inch thick. Drive a long tack, nail or screw through the center of the cap and fasten it to the wood. Use two or three caps in line to make a more efficient scaler.



CAUTION ON SNAP SWIVELS: Almost every bait-caster and many spin-fishermen use snap swivels attached to the end of their lines to aid in quick changing of lures. It's convenient, but has the nasty quality of tempting you to leave it attached too long without checking the strength of the line. A couple of hundred casts cause the line to wear or fray slightly from friction with the rod tip-top, so you should break a few inches off your line every now and then or you'll lose a big fish and your lure. You can't make any rules about how often—you'll just have to watch it. With light casting or spinning lines, eliminate guesswork by tying the line directly to the lure.

LIVE-BAIT HOOKS: Don't overlook grasshoppers, crickets, cicadas and other small insects as a late-season bait for panfish, trout and bass. Crickets are especially effective for trout when water is low and clear and they're at their best when kept alive on the surface of a deep, quiet pool. However, piercing them with a hook kills them and hinders the action you'll get with any of the small insects. The best way to use them is to make up a few special hooks. Get some small dry-fly hooks, 3X long shank, and fasten light, soft copper wire across the shank with a drop of solder. Scrape the finish off the hook at the right spot, tin it with the tip of the iron and, some flux, lay the wire across and flow on a small bit of solder. Fasten your cricket by bending the wires up around the body and twisting them together.



Back Talk

SAUCERS AND SNOWMEN

The article, "I Know Monsters Live on Everest" [February issue], was very interesting to me, inasmuch as I have for two years carried on a serious study of flying saucers and their evident tie-in with the Abominable Snowmen of Mount Everest.

Don Keyhoe's book, "Flying Saucers from Outer Space," gives a detailed report of how five witnesses saw "a huge figure, at least nine feet tall, with a sweaty red face," on a hill near Sutton, West Virginia. Like the Abominable Snowmen, he too had an "unpleasant, suffocating odor." His saucer was seen to land, and they were going to investigate when they met the monster. Perhaps his "sweaty red face" was because West Virginia is not as cold and low-pressured as Everest and Mars.

Among other information in my file that ties the Himalaya Snowmen with flying saucers is this: In 1934 Nicholas Roerich, head of the American-Roerich expedition into Tibet, saw a flying saucer



there. He described it in his book, "Alta Himalaya," at a time when no one had ever heard of a flying saucer.

J. L. CULPE

Chicago

• *There may be something to the saucer in Tibet, but the sweaty nine-footer who was spotted in West Virginia was probably just one of the McCoy's, out looking for Hatfields.*

U.S.S. CONSTELLATION

I was struck by your article on the U.S.S. Constellation ["The Ship That Must Not Die"] in your January issue. It seems a shame to let the old sailor just quietly fade away.

I was reminded of an incident that occurred during my school days, many years ago. The large historic Indian mound at Moundsville, West Virginia, was about to be leveled to make room for more building. The school children were called upon and purchased the huge mound with their pennies. It still stands and is

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owned by them. I think a similar appeal might help to save the *Constellation* . . .

Mrs. B. B. STURDIVANT
West Union, W. Va.

. . . It seems to me that this ship belongs in the Marine Museum at Mystic, Connecticut, along with the last of the whaling vessels, which is now being restored. Perhaps some of the needed \$4,000,000 could be raised by the "drop your contributions in the barrel" method which is presently being used for other work at Mystic.

ALICE T. HAWLEY

Pittsburgh

. . . I myself am a Navy man from the First World War and am a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The name of our post is U.S.S. *Constellation* Ship No. 10,000. It is an all-Navy post, and we are all very anxious that the *Constellation* be returned to Baltimore, to be enshrined at historical Fort McHenry, where she rightfully belongs. . . .

WALTER E. SKIFFERT

Baltimore

MARILYN MONROE

In your March issue I am stumped by Marion Hargrove's feature, "How to Make a Pin-up Girl," which shows pictures of Marilyn Monroe before and after. Mr. Hargrove seems to prefer her as she is today, rather than as she looked in her teens. I hope this is just one man's opinion on cheesecake.

The younger pictures of her show a girl who is full of life. She possibly does not know how to show off her charms, or may not be mature enough to have sex hanging out of all the near-bursting seams of her dress, but she carries there a promise—of what, probably no one really knows. To me, these pictures show a girl who is happy with just living.

The pictures of Miss Monroe as she is today are something to tempt any man,

yes. But no promise of happiness, no promise of anything, really. She is beautiful and has a nice figure, but in her face you don't see happiness. Only sorrow or maybe disappointment.

Which do you honestly think a high-school lad with hot blood in his veins would look to?

H. STANFORD

Newcastle, Wyo.

• *Our Mr. Hargrove, old but still fairly hot-blooded, says the lad can have the younger one with his compliments. His personal Monroe Doctrine is that a man can't live on promises.*

TRUCKS AND DRIVERS

. . . I am not a truck driver, but I think Frank Harvey's article, "Do Trucks Belong on Our Highways" [February issue], is a slander against one of the best trades in the country. Mr. Harvey should apologize to the truck drivers.

GEORGE D. MARTIN

Hobbs, N. M.

. . . I have been driving big jobs since I was 18 (I am now 30) and I've never had an accident that hurt anybody. I've never seen anything happen yet where a truck was involved that they didn't try to blame it all on the truck driver.

For every truck accident there are a dozen involving only automobiles. I've had people go to sleep coming head-on and be clear over on my side of the road. I've had to blow my horn to wake them up. . . .

I take my car and go on a trip most every spring. It isn't the trucks that gripe me then. It's the way some of these hurry-up-and-wait guys drive. . . .

FRED PAPINEAU

Ukiab, Ore.

. . . You say, among other things, that drivers push themselves 12 to 20 hours at a stretch. Truck drivers have to keep

logbooks which are inspected by both the company and the Interstate Commerce Commission, and a violation of driving times is grounds for discharge. . . .

No mention was made of the insurance agents who tail the truck drivers, checking their speed, driving ability and habits, etc., and send reports to the company. My husband has never had a bad report nor an overloading ticket.

His company is permitted to use certain routes, and they weigh in at ports of entry, going and coming. . . .

MRS. JACK DREW

Denver

. . . Harvey speaks well of the "average" automobile driver. Did he check the number of drinking drivers, or of those who pull out in front of oncoming traffic in a hurry to get into the traffic stream and then fiddle along at a slow speed?

My idea of the "average" automobile driver is the one who asked me to pull him out of a ditch and then threatened to sue me because his paint was given another scratch in the process.

GEORGE HANSEN

Wenatchee, Wis.

. . . After five years of watching their infractions of the law, we say that trucks do not belong on the highways. We had a café near U.S. 40's Pacific terminus, where interstate trucks converge. A mile beyond us was the weighing station, situated where eastbound trucks could not detour to avoid it.

Because westbound trucks signaled to warn them, most overload violators pulled in at our place to telephone the company for instructions. For ease or sack overloads, the outfit might send a pickup to relieve the load long enough to get the routed truck legally over the scale. A few miles beyond, the excess would be shifted back, and the truck would proceed with its highway-damaging and traffic-jeopardizing load. . . .

A trucker with foresight, who obtained an "overload permit," could proceed anyhow, tearing up the highways. . . .

Flagrant disregard for the trucking laws can be seen daily on U.S. 40. Scrap-metal loads scatter chunks of stuff endangering the tires of automobiles, baled hay and fruit boxes litter the roads in season—and on one occasion slack ropes on a truck (passing on a curve) spilled several hales of hay on a convertible traveling in the right. The result was broken vertebrae and a wrecked car. The truckers don't care.

Truckers also commonly lean on the air horn and go sailing through the red light in the center of the town, because the light has changed from green while they were highballing down the hill.

Some outfits use old, worn-out tires on the trailers to eke out the last mileage. This causes many dangerous blowouts. Too many trucks use worn-out brake bands, making the truck a lethal weapon.

It is no wonder these behemoths of the highways give us chills.

[Names withheld]

Oakland, Calif

JUNE, 1954

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A FINE KETTLE OF FISH

by JIM BEARD

DRAWINGS BY RALPH STEIN

ONE finds good cooks in unexpected places. Not long ago friends who knew I was writing a fish book to be published this year invited me to San Pedro fishing harbor. There we were guests of the Minighino family who own one of the largest fish businesses on the California coast. Their establishment on the municipal wharf is large, spotlessly clean, and—as is true of all good fish businesses—has no fishy smell whatever. But most gratifying of all, the Minighinos are magnificent cooks.

There are five members of the family in the business; the father who founded it, his three sons, and a son-in-law.

The upstairs office has a perfect view up and down the harbor, and next to it—with an equally magnificent harbor view—is a thoroughly equipped kitchen big enough to hold a tremendous table surrounded by chairs. Every day one of the Minighinos goes upstairs about mid-morning and prepares lunch for the rest of the family and for any guests who have stopped by. Believe me, when you have eaten fish from the Minighino kitchen you have had the best of food from the sea. The prizes of the day's catch—as fresh as fish can be—are cooked with a blend of Italian and American cuisine, and served with pasta, good bread, and plenty of good red wine.

I WAS served an unusual variety of fish dishes, chosen because I was interested in learning as much about West Coast fish as possible. Two of these were not the usual market fish and are seldom prepared by the average person, probably because many people feel squeamish about them.

We started lunch with a huge pan of baby octopus, none larger than 5 to 6 inches across. These are cleaned by piercing the head with a knife and then gutting them. Then they are washed and placed in a baking pan. For 24 to 28 small baby octopus, add 2 to 3 cloves of garlic, ½ cup of olive oil, ¼ cup of red wine, a small pinch of basil or fennel, the juice of a lemon, and salt and pepper to taste. Cover the pan and steam on top of the stove or in a 350-degree oven for about 35 min-

utes, or until the fish are tender. You will be surprised at the delicious result.

Mr. Minighino told us that small squid could be prepared in the same way after the central cartilage has been removed and they have been cleaned. However, I found the squid tastier and more tender if treated with Adolph's tenderizer according to the directions I wrote in an earlier issue. I sprinkled the fish with the tenderizer and let them stand for 30 minutes before they were cooked.

THE day we were in San Pedro, the fishermen had brought in several sunfish—those strange round fish without tails and with a tiny opening for a mouth. Some people call them floaters, and they can grow to tremendous size. The ones we ate were about 22 inches in diameter. They were split in two and the inner flesh removed. This flesh was cooked in a little water for about an hour to release the fat and gelatinous material, which is excessive in sunfish. The flesh that was left was white and had a texture more like meat than fish. It was cooked slowly in olive oil with the addition of lemon juice, white wine, 1 or 2 cloves of garlic, and salt and pepper to taste. A cup of tomato puree was poured over it after it had cooked for a short time. This fish dish is unusually good and has a piquant flavor all its own. If you ever come upon a sunfish, by all means try it. To serve 8 people, the Minighinos used 2 large sunfish, and it was just enough, even though we were eating several other fish dishes as well.

One of the most famous fish native to the West Coast is the rex sole—a member of the flounder family. It is delicate but full-flavored. We were served a heaping platter of these. One of the Minighinos actually consumed 8 of the sole besides all the other fish we had for lunch. The sole were rolled in flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, and cooked quickly in butter until they were wonderfully brown and crispy. The secret of this crispiness is the addition of a spoonful or so of oil to the butter. This prevents the butter from burning and enables you to use higher

heat in the cooking. You can cook small flounder, lemon or gray sole, or almost any small fish this way. Add a clove of garlic to the pan, if you wish, or a few chopped green onions. After the fish are cooked, remove them to a hot platter, add a little more butter to the pan and when it is melted, add the juice of a lemon. When this is hot through, pour it over the fish, and serve the dish with plain boiled potatoes for a truly delightful meal.

We topped off our real, man-sized lunch on at Minighino's with a platter of California sea-bass steaks—another specialty of the California waters. The steaks, about 1½ inches thick, were floured, crumbed, and seasoned, and placed in a baking pan with a liberal amount of olive oil. They were then put into a hot oven—about 475 degrees—and baked quickly for 10 minutes. They were browned and crusted on the outside and juicy inside. A perfectly done sea-bass steak.

WHILE I'm on the subject of West Coast fish and ways to prepare it, I'd like to include a Chinese recipe that is a great favorite of mine. It's popular throughout the California area, especially with people who have outdoor barbecues. This recipe can be used with fish fillets. Start a good charcoal fire on your outdoor grill and let it burn down until you have fine hot coals. Dip the fillets in milk or cream and roll them in sesame seeds mixed with salt and pepper, or soy sauce and shredded fresh ginger. Almost any large grocery carries sesame seeds, and you can always find them in stores that specialize in herbs and spices. The fresh ginger is available in any Chinese district. If you cannot find it in your area, use pepper instead. Put the fillets in a hinged grill, dot them heavily with butter, and cook over the hot coals, turning once during the broiling. The outside will be crisp and the flavor of the seeds and the smoky charcoal taste is truly unusual. Serve the fillets with lemon juice, fried potatoes, and a good bottle of chilled white wine.

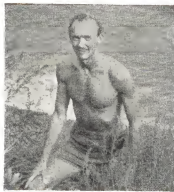
My day with the Minighinos at San Pedro harbor was indeed memorable. I'll never forget the big kitchen full of the wonderful aromas of good food and the bustle of activity; the sweeping view across the water; and the pure enjoyment with which we all gathered at the table loaded with platters of magnificent fish. I like to think there are many establishments like the Independent Fish Company—family



businesses whose members thoroughly appreciate the food they supply to the public, and thoroughly love their work. This is good living in the best possible sense of the word.

Argonotes

ABOUT ARGOSY AUTHORS



WALTON TREGASKIS

Tregaskis avoids writer's cramp by daily two-mile swim, ten-mile hike.

WE ARE NOT guaranteeing anything, but at least we *think* we've got it straight this time. If we haven't, we're not even going to try any more.

When Dick Tregaskis sent in the copy for his article, "They Hunt Danger Below," he had the underwater cameraman's name as Verne Peterson. Then the caption material came in for the photographs. This time the name was Vern Pedersen.

The copy editor said it was immaterial to him which version we used, but we couldn't use both. Not for the same guy.

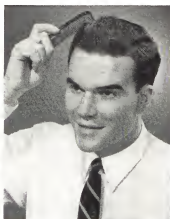
The query went out to Globe Photos, which got in touch with the Los Angeles office of Charles Bloch and telegraphed a confirmation back to us: the correct name is Vern Pedersen.

If it had been anybody else but Tregaskis, we'd have let it go at that. But Tregaskis doesn't usually make that sort of mistake. We put in a call to the photographer, Don Ornitz, in Santa Monica. Ornitz looked through his notes for the name, which he thought the guy had written down for him, but he couldn't find anything. He was pretty sure, though, that the name was Peterson.

Another call went out, this one to 20th Century-Fox, for whom our man shot underwater footage for "Twelve-Mile Reef." Fox was positive the name was Peterson, but suggested we call the Walt Disney Studios, for whom Peterson-Pedersen had done some work on "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." The Disney outfit checked its production list and advised us that Peterson and Pedersen were both wrong. The name, they said, was Pederson.

Finally, the researcher found the home address of Peterson-Pedersen-Pederson—in LaJolla, California—and got on the phone again. His wife answered the

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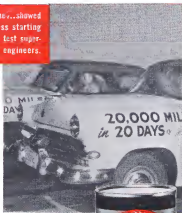
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phone. The name, she said, is Verne Pederson. It's pronounced Peederson.

RICHARD TREGASKIS, whose article "They Hunt Danger Below" appears on page 22, is such a busy sort that it tires us out just to watch him go zipping past.

All of this churning about seems to have been going on since Tregaskis was still a schoolboy in New Jersey. At 15 he was reporting school sports for the newspapers of four cities, and at one point he was doing football coverage for the Newark *Star-Ledger* while playing substitute end on the team. At Harvard he held five scholarships, and served on the staffs of the "Crimson" and the "Advocate."

After a journalistic stint in Boston he joined the International News Service in New York and began studying Portuguese in case Hitler should decide to invade Brazil. When the United States entered World War II, he went to Hawaii to cover Pacific Fleet operations.

Before the war was over he had reported the naval battles at the Coral Sea and Midway, gone on a cruiser to escort the Doolittle fliers and their carrier on the first raid over Japan, landed with the Fifth Marine Regiment's assault wave on Guadalcanal, written the best-seller "Guadalcanal Diary," switched to the European Theater, flown on the first raid on Rome, landed at Salerno with the 82nd Airborne (he was made an honorary member and commended by the division's commander, General Ridgway), been seriously wounded by mortar fire at Cassino, been hospitalized for five months (emerging with a tantalum plate in his skull, the Purple Heart and a second book, "Invasion Diary"), followed the American and British forces from Normandy to Düsseldorf, become the first correspondent to fly in a fighter plane during a dogfight with enemy planes, flown with a B-29 crew from Kansas to Guam and five subsequent bombing missions, covered the torpedo-bomber attack on the Japanese battleship *Ise*, flown on the first airlift to Japan and witnessed the Japanese surrender.

Since the war he has worked on four screen plays, written two books and a number of magazine articles, made a two-year voyage around the world for a magazine series, and hopped out to Southeast Asia and back. To keep himself from getting rusty during this comparative inactivity, he usually swims a mile or two every day, walks eight or ten, and covers things like the underwater endeavors shown in this issue.

LOOKING OVER the roster of this month's contributors, we find that we have only one opera singer among us. He is James T. Steen, author of "My 26 Hours in the Sea" (page 48).

Before the war, Mr. Steen was a music student at Carnegie Tech. Since the war he has spent some of his time singing in summer opera and on radio and television. In the interim he served four years in uniform: as a cadet, then as a flight instructor and finally as a

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fighter pilot with the U.S. Marine Corps. "I arrived overseas late in the war," he reports, "and never saw an enemy aircraft in the sky. Nevertheless I managed to down two planes. Unfortunately, both of them were American.

"The first is the one I tell about in the ARGOSY story. The second was a much more expensive Corsair fighter. It sank under me in the Pacific after I was shot down by a diehard Japanese gunner on one of the war's last days.

THE WEIRD COLLECTION of firearms on page 45 comes to us through the courtesy of the Winchester Gun Designers' Firearms Library of the Reference Collection of the Research and Development Division of the Arms and Ammunition Division of Olin Industries. It is the first time any color pictures have been taken of the collection, and our Mr. Kuhlhoff is the first outsider they've allowed to go pawing over the guns in the memory of the oldest living inhabitant.



Kuhlhoff, Hall swap rare-gun data. A "find" once misfired (see above).

Pete Kuhlhoff, incidentally, has his own reference collection of firearms. His most valuable gun, worth \$700 or \$800, is a rare Frank Wesson No. 1 Creedmore target rifle which he picked up at an auction for \$7.50. This rare find was counterbalanced by Pete's purchase of a Sharps buffalo rifle and five boxes of ammunition for \$45. That looked like a good bargain, too, until Pete discovered that the cartridges were rare curios worth \$5 each and he had already shot up \$100 worth.

The accompanying tintype shows Pete with Tom Hall, curator of the Winchester collection, examining a Winchester 1-of-1000 Model 1873 rifle. This is rare, but it can't compare with the collection of Winchester revolvers in the background. Most people are unaware that Winchester ever made revolvers.

Back in the old days, the story goes, Winchester and Colt had a gentleman's agreement: Colt would make only handguns; Winchester would make only rifles. Colt put out a rifle, and Winchester retaliated by developing a revolver. Each got a little tired after awhile and went back to his own specialty. • • •

JUNE, 1954

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Writer:

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FOCUS ON ACTION

BY HY PESHKIN

Use a box camera for sports? Here's proof you can!

ALTHOUGH the average baseball fan doesn't have the equipment of the pro sports photographer, he can get action pictures as exciting as the professional's for the price of a box camera and a grandstand seat. All it takes to get results like those shown here (shot with a three-dollar camera) is to pay attention to the simple rules listed at the right—and they apply equally well to a track meet or the Rose Bowl game. My own photographic gear runs in the \$3,000 bracket, but some of the best sports shots of my career were taken with the equipment and techniques to which the amateur is limited—at a ratio of 1,000 to 1. From the upper stands, for example, a perfect spot for getting a panorama of a first-class rhubarb, the motion of the action across the film is so slight it doesn't strongly affect the picture.

When you're covering an event outdoors, there are some photography "rules" you'd do better to forget: the one that says you've got to take pictures with the sun behind you, and the other about shooting at high noon. If you have almost back light, you'll get nice sharp outlines and if you shoot any time but when the sun is directly overhead you won't have to worry about heavy shadows and squint. But do choose your background carefully because you can get some pretty comic effects if you don't.

And don't pass up the chance to take the great pictures available at events like a circus or an ice show in a big indoor arena. Leave the flash bulbs at home and shoot by the arena spotlights to get the full beauty of the spectacle you see with your eyes. Time your shots to the peaks of action or deliberately aim for blur to heighten the motion. When you're forced to shoot at 1/25 (the shutter speed of most fixed cameras), try for a fairly stationary blur, like that of an ice skater twirling or an acrobat flip-flopping. A blurred shot of a hockey player racing for a goal would just be a streak across your film. Raise your sights to include the rafters, take in as many spotlights as possible and keep your subject in focus at the bottom of your viewer. Slow a camera with adjustable shutter speed to 1/10 or 1/25, depending on the action and your stability. The slower you shoot, the stronger the spot effect burns in and the more dramatic the picture.

Closups are another good bet. The faces of the fans in the bleachers can say a lot about a home run. Or before the game gets under way have a friend ask your favorite player to autograph his score card. Meaningfully stand to one side and click off your candid shot of a big-league star. As a human-interest sports photographer, you'll rank with the pros.

(See pages 38 and 39 for further demonstration of Hy Peshkin's camera skills.)



Shoot at frozen peaks of action. Aim for finish of hitter's swing, end of pitcher's windup or home-plate slide.



"Pan" with action. Swing camera with runner rounding base. Sharp figure and blurred background accent speed.



Snap action coming directly at you. Back of first, runner leaping to bag; at home, try for hall on way to plate.

Shop Short Cuts

by ROBERT SCHARFF

BUILT-IN SHELVES can easily be installed in the walls of your garage. First, nail two long, narrow strips of corrugated sheet metal against facing sides of the studding. The corrugations support the shelves and permit the spacing between them to be adjusted. If the ends of the shelves are rounded, they will fit snugly in the corrugations.

PAPER drinking cups make excellent containers for mixing small amounts of coldwater glue. Inexpensive to buy, the cups can be discarded after use. The three-ounce size is a good size to use.

WHEN painting the edges and ends of a wood picket fence, try using a shoe-polish dauber. Easy to use and does a better job than a regular paintbrush.

TO KEEP an uncleaned paintbrush soft overnight, slip it into a cellulose-film food bag and seal it by twisting the neck of the bag tightly about the brush handle. Or wrap it in aluminum foil.

WHEN you have to drill a hole transversely through round wood stock, wrap the part tightly with tape before starting the hole. The tape tends to strengthen the wood so that there is less possibility of the drill splitting it.

BEFORE painting woodwork, rub a coating of petroleum jelly upon all metal surfaces such as door knobs, hinges and the like. It will let you clean the paint off, if any splashes on, with a dry cloth.

IF THE HEAD of a hammer is loose and it refuses to stay tight with the usual wedges, rub the top of the handle with a mixture of glycerin and water. This mixture swells the wood to restore a very tight fit.

TWO or more rubber-head upholstery tacks on the back of a chair, desk or other furniture piece that is pushed against a wall keeps paint or wallpaper from being marred.

FOR open joints around both tub or lavatory, scrape out the old mastic with the point of a nail and fill with a waterproof tub caulking compound available at your local hardware store.

SMALL holes in a window or door screen can be repaired very neatly and quickly with cellulose household cement. First, bring the broken ends of the wires together with small tweezers and tie them, or use a patch, if the hole is a large one. Coat both sides of the patch with the cement and then press it in place.

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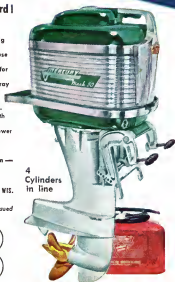
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Green Hills of Africa

POP was puzzled why the rhino were all gone. Each day we had seen less and we discussed whether it could be the full moon, that they fed out at night and were back in the forest in the morning before it was light, or that they winded us, or heard the men, and were simply shy and kept in the forest, or what was it? Me putting out the theories, Pop [Editor's note: *Pop is Hemingway's schite hunter*] pricking them with his wit, sometimes considering them from politeness, sometimes with interest, like the one about the moon.

We went to bed early and in the night it rained a little, not a real rain but a shower from the mountains, and in the morning we were up before daylight and had climbed up to the top of the steep grassy ridge that looked down onto the camp, onto the ravine of the river bed, and across to the steep opposite bank of the stream, and from where we could see all the hilly slopes and the edge of the forest. It was not yet

light when some geese flew overhead and the light was still too gray to be able to see the edge of the forest clearly in the glasses. We had scouts out on three different hill tops and we were waiting for it to be light enough for us to see them if they signalled.

Then Pop said, "Look at that son of a bitch," and shouted at M'Cola to bring the rifles. M'Cola went jumping down the hill, and across the stream, directly opposite us, a rhino was running with a quick trot along the top of the bank. As we watched he speeded up and came, fast trotting, angling down across the face of the bank. He was muddy red, his horn showed clearly, and there was nothing ponderous in his quick, purposeful movement. I was very excited at seeing him.





the old place the boys wet their knuckles on.

ARGOSY/JUNE, 1954

by Ernest Hemingway



"He'll cross the stream," Pop said. "He's shootable."

M'Cola put the Springfield in my hand and I opened it to make sure I had solids. The rhino was out of sight now but I could see the shaking of the high grass.

"How far would you call it?"
"All of three hundred."

"I'll bust the son of a bitch."

I was watching, freezing myself deliberately inside, stopping the excitement as you close a valve, going into that impersonal state you shoot from.

He showed, trotting into the shallow, boulder-filled stream. Thinking of one thing, that the shot was perfectly possible, but that I must lead him enough, must get ahead, I got on him, then well ahead of him, and squeezed off. I heard the *whonk* of the bullet and,

from his trot, he seemed to explode forward. With a whooshing snort he smashed ahead, splashing water and snorting. I shot again and raised a little column of water behind him, and shot again as he went into the grass; behind him again.

"Piga," M'Cola said. "Piga!"

Droopy agreed. [*Editor's note: Droopy is a native hunter and tracker.*]

"Did you hit him?" Pop said.

"Absolutely," I said. "I think I've got him."

Droopy was running and I reloaded and ran off after him. Half the camp was strung out across the hills waving and yelling. The rhino had come in right below where they were and gone on up the valley toward where (*Continued on page 62*)







High Duel

I had brought Slade up here to hunt in his own insane way. But I didn't know I was to be the game

THE way they explained it down at the hangar, this Arthur Slade, the millionaire sportsman, had landed at the Bella Coola Airport in the plushiest DC-3 that any of the boys had seen. There'd been a girl with him, they said, and when they talked about this girl, they rocked their heads, the way guys will if she's a very special dish. A horse-drawn sleigh had taken Slade and the girl up to the chateau on the hill. One hour later, take my word for it, the driver was back at the hangar, handing me a hundred-dollar bill. No more complicated than that. One minute I'm a starving helicopter jockey; the next, I am solvent.

"Mr. Slade would like to see you at once, sir." I said to the driver very simply, "Has he got many more of these?"

Slade had taken over the Prince Charles suite at the chateau. Nothing but the best. About nine rooms, if you didn't count the baths. There was a floor-to-ceiling picture window framing the mountains in their winter power and grandeur. It was a sight that spiced the senses like an oxygen highball.

The girl let me in. Her name was Sarah McBride. She tried to brief me a little on this Arthur Slade and his peculiar fancies, but I can't say I was listening. She was tall and raven-haired, unquestionably beautiful. (Continued on page 53)

by **FREDERIC SINCLAIR**

ILLUSTRATED BY **PHILIP RONFOR**



Here's looking for adventure the hard way: goading a shark to attack (above),



SKIN DIVER takes busman's holiday from filming fish, brings speared sheep's head to surface.

DON GRNITZ



FROM FILM "HUNTERS OF THE DEEP"

knifing a giant moray eel and wrestling sea elephants

They Hunt DANGER BELOW

by RICHARD TREGASKIS

THIRTY feet below the surface of the sea, in the starkly clear waters of the Bahamas, a diver clamped his arms tight around the ribs of a five-foot nurse shark. It was no game. It was business.

The diver, an underwater cameraman named Verne Pederson, had put out a chunk of bait to attract big sharks to his camera. Now a small but rugged nurse shark had horned in on the act. If the shark took the bait it would mean that Pederson would have to surface and lose valuable shooting time. At first Pederson tried to scare the fish away from the bait, but when it refused to be scared he finally went up to the shark and tried to pull it away. A hungry shark, no matter what the size, is a brutal thing to fool with.

Pederson's bare-handed grip kept slipping as the nurse shark flipped his hard head from side to side, struggling to hang onto the bait and ward off its attacker at the same time. Finally the shark, enraged, turned on the man. It grabbed a mouthful of Pederson's dungarees, clamped its jaws tight, and tried to tear off Pederson's shoulder.

At almost the same time, in the colder, cloudier Pacific waters, a burly young cameraman named Conrad Limbaugh was turning his camera into the face of the rare and gigantic sea elephant. He carried big aqualung tanks on his back and an air-intake mouthpiece in his teeth. He was kicking

softly nearer the elephant to get an even more daring close-up when he felt something warm and soft close on his unprotected head. Then a row of hard, bone-like objects touched his scalp. Another elephant had glided up behind him and put his mouth over Limbaugh's head.

Moving fast, Connie smashed his camera upward, shoving it into the lips of the half-ton beast. The sea elephant, hurt, stopped its mouthing and backed off. Limbaugh went back to his shooting.

Back in the West Indies, Pederson was now in a worse jam. A shark has no tender lips to hurt. It has no tender anything to hurt. Those who have had the unhappy experience of tangling with a shark will swear they are made of emery cloth and steel. Pederson lashed at the shark with his camera and his fists. The shark hung on. It was Verne's good fortune that his brother Harry was also in that underwater battleground. Seeing his brother in distress, Harry stumbled as swiftly as possible to him, inserted an arm of his camera tripod between the shark's jaws and pried the teeth loose. He gave the shark a belt on the head for good measure. The shark decided two were too many for him and swam off; the photographer had saved his bait for the really big sharks.

Who are these men who choose to earn their living in this dangerous way? They're expert cameramen who could earn a living in far more



DON ORNITZ

PEDERSON has filmed undersea subjects from Hawaii to Bahamas—giant rays to tiny marine life.



LIMBAUGH takes breather after underwater filming of buddy method he developed for rescuing oxygen-short divers.

AQUALUNG training is Limbaugh specialty; he has taught over 60 scientists to use lung.

DANGER BELOW CONTINUED

hospitable regions than the shark-infested waters of some coral reef 100 feet below the sea's surface. What has driven not just these two men but large numbers like them to make a career of swimming underseas?

The answer is that we have entered the age of the underwater adventure. The sea and the teeming unknown life it holds have captured the imagination of all of us. Several cases in point: the success of movies like "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef," Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us," and of others like Disney's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" shows convincingly the extent of this sea-struck age.

People today have a hunger to know more and more about the strange world of the sea that is just now being opened up to them. They want pictures of it and written descriptions of it.

There's an old rule that whenever there is a strong enough need someone soon comes along to fill it. And that, simply, is why Verne Pederson was in West Indian waters toying with a shark and why Connie Limbaugh was off the California coast playing hide and seek with sea elephants.

Both men were at work, risking their lives, making an undeclared film called "Hunters of the Deep." This is a feature-length documentary in color which was produced by Allan Dowling and will be released to theaters sometime this summer. Pederson's and Limbaugh's underwater work has already caused a sensation in cinematic circles, and "Hunters of the Deep" will be their triumph.

Strangely enough, the two underwater movie artists didn't know each other while they were working on the movie. The 29-year-old Limbaugh, a beefy ex-football player turned biologist, was a Californian. Verne, graying but strong at 46, was a middle-westerer with an incurable yen for the sea.

Fate had intertwined the fortunes of these two. After military service in World War II, Connie studied at Whittier College, in California, and had there "been exposed to the Quaker school of thought"—of "doing people a big favor," Connie's rather gruff way of paraphrasing the words "unselfish public service."

It seemed to big, shy Limbaugh that since he liked the water and had been a spearfisherman, he might serve the world by studying fisheries biology. This he did at the University of California in Los Angeles, and the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, and he became one of the foremost experts in life in the shallow seas—from 200 feet up. (Continued on page 57)

Top to bottom: Sea creatures are unpredictable—pet grouper behaved like lap dog but diver used knife to dispatch this 240-pound sea bass. Close-up of sea elephant was almost too easy; monster gummed camera and cameraman. Wary shark, on the other hand, had to be lured by fish on short rod.



FROM FILM, "HUNTERS OF THE DEEP"





The TRUTH About the Gas You Buy

1. Is there really any difference in gasolines?
2. Is premium gas worth the money?
3. Does a high-octane gas give you more power?
4. Can the wrong gasoline damage your engine?

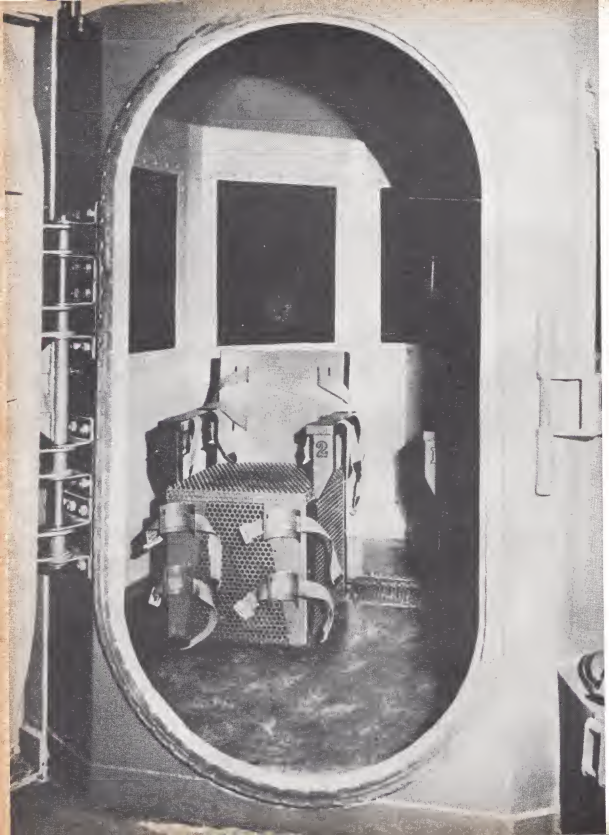
A FEW weeks ago I decided to drive out to my old home town of Kittanning. Kittanning sits down among some of the last Pennsylvania hills before they peter out into the Ohio plains. It's a good, hard, one-day drive from where I now live north of New York, and the drive takes you over just about every driving hazard—city traffic, stop and go, express highway, narrow back roads, high hills—which a car will face.

As I always do before a long trip, I checked the tires by giving them a kick, looked at the battery and oil, and then loaded up with gas.

"Fill it up with high test today, Bill," I told her (Continued on page 84)

by **HARRY HENDERSON**

DRAWING BY ROY DOTY





by CARYL CHESSMAN

I AM WAITING TO DIE

This article was written by a man who knew he was to be executed in the gas chamber at San Quentin. This is what it is like to wait

AFTER SIX YEARS of reprieves, Caryl Whitier Chessman, kidnaper, is to die sometime in May, 1954. But his brilliant, twisted mind has created a document which will survive him; it is a book about his life of crime, in which he pleads the cause of all the criminally damned and doomed. The book is "CELL 2455, DEATH ROW," copyright 1954 by Prentice-Hall, Inc. The article that follows is the opening chapter.

THURSDAY afternoon, October 30, 1952. Death Row.

The death watch is expected in a few more minutes. Then, one at a time, it will remove two men from their individual cells.

One of the two is Big Red.

Big Red is an uncomplicated, normally jolly Arkansan in his late thirties, who drifted to California to labor at agricultural jobs in the San Joaquin Valley. For years Big Red was plagued with domestic troubles. "Me and the old lady didn't get along." His wife had him locked up several times for non-support, which rankled. He failed to see why he should support a wife who refused to live with him and perform her wifely functions. He felt very badly because their only daughter had been placed in a state institution. One night he got himself likkered up and grew broodingly belligerent. The local constabulary jailed him until he sobered up. He was placed in a drunk tank with two other men, neither of whom he had ever seen

before in his life. Something in Big Red's alcohol-steeped mind snapped. He beat one of the men to death. A jury found him guilty of first-degree murder and fixed his punishment as death. October 31, 1952, was fixed as his execution date.

So Big Red is waiting. He's waiting in cell 2439, just four cells from the east end of the row corridor.

Henry is the other man who is waiting. White-faced, he cringes pitifully in cell 2449. He has withdrawn into a sort of fear-induced stupor. Sex killer! Sex fiend! That's what the newspapers call Henry. With a prior history of sexual misconduct with children, he was convicted of the sex murder of a ten-year-old girl and doomed. He himself has a defective, child's mind in a man's body. He knows the state intends to gas him to death in the morning. He shivers and trembles with fright.

"Hey, Knuckle-Head!" Big Red's voice booms out, shattering the silence. "Wha' time izzut?"

Knuckle-Head shouts back, "Four minutes o' four, Red."

"Well, it won't be long," Big Red says. "You only gotta put up with me fur a few more minutes."

But Big Red doesn't want to believe this. He knows his attorneys have filed papers for him in a Federal court and he doesn't know he has been denied relief. He's waiting and hoping for an eleventh-hour stay. Like most men, he doesn't want to die.

"Hey, Knucklehead! You (Continued on page 31)

THE WAY OUT: This gas chamber is the only exit from San Quentin that Chessman will know.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



Miracle Cabin

They said it couldn't be done—but you can put up this 4-man cabin in 2 days for \$500

BY ROBERT SCHARFF
WORKSHOP EXPERT

AUGIE Ullrich and I will be cracking a bottle of whiskey tonight with a couple of friends in the cabin the two of us built out on eastern Long Island. It's a hell of a nice cabin, and it's in a beautiful spot; the fishing is fine, and there's duck hunting in season, and the beach is only a couple of miles away.

Yesterday morning the spot where the cabin stands was empty ground. We put up the cabin in two days and it could have cost as little as \$500. Even our luxury version ran us only \$650.

Any ARGOSY reader (or pair of readers) can do the same thing in the same time at the same cost, and you don't have to be a master carpenter to do it. In planning and building ours as a pilot model for yours, we tried to work out every possible bug and work in every possible short cut. Frankly, we don't mind admitting that we think we've done a hell of a good job.

We set our sights high to begin with. First, the cabin should be capable of sleeping four people, with sufficient room for cooking and eating. Second, it should be suitable for any section of the country. Third, it should be cheap to build and inexpensive to maintain. Fourth, the construction should be simple enough for two men to assemble it easily over a weekend.

Talking over the project with our camping expert, we decided that all the essential living functions for four campers should take no more than 12 by 16 feet

of space. This basic floor space, we found, could be lavishly increased by using a little trick we worked out: a hinged front wall that swings up and out to form a roof for the 56-square-foot porch. The porch and the cabin area combine to make one huge 248-square-foot room open to the sunshine. The unique roof design guarantees against rain dripping in through the large opening.

The materials we hit upon were as practical as they were handsome. For the roof and the movable wall, you can use corrugated aluminum, such as Reynolds. In our luxury version (shown in photograph) we used Resolite corrugated plastic for the wall and one section of the roof. The plastic has the advantage of letting in light and, in winter, solar heat, and still gives sturdy protection. For the remaining walls we used asbestos-cement board, which is resistant to fire and termites and low in cost. If you use the aluminum, the bill for materials is about \$450. Substituting the plastic, as we did,

Luxury model cabin (left) features solar roof of translucent plastic. Truck holds all materials needed for cabin.



CONTINUED

Miracle Cabin



BEFORE assembly is started, site is checked for sunlight, breezes.



Floor sections are laid down and bolted to cedar-post foundations.

runs your cost up to about \$650. By using these materials, we were able to limit our painting surface to the door, the windows, the trim and the porch deck.

For the actual construction, Augie Ullrich's technical knowledge was invaluable. When he is not off fishing with me, Augie is head of Peter Peterson, Inc., a home-building concern, and he was able to work out a lot of highly professional short cuts for you.

We decided to prefabricate the cabin in my garage (your local lumber yard can do it for you, if you prefer, for about \$100) and transport the whole load to the cabin site in his truck.

For those who don't want either the labor of prefabricating or the cost of having it done for them, there is no reason why the cabin can't be put together right on the site—except that it would, of course, take more than one weekend to finish the job. All the materials are standard,

and all of them require a minimum of cutting and fitting.

After purchasing the property near our favorite fishing spot, we took ARGOSY's architectural consultant, Peter Kamnitzer, out to the site to help us pick the best location for the cabin. The chief points to watch for, Pete said, were sunlight, the

blow up-canyon and away from the water; during the night they blow down-canyon and toward the water.

A natural wind gap should be avoided as a cabin site. It's easy to spot such a gap: the trees grow lopsided there, with the heavier growth on the side away from the wind. In mosquito country, the cabin should be located where the wind will tend to blow the mosquitoes away. Never choose a spot that is downwind from a swampy or brushy place where insects breed.

Pete pointed out another thing: too much shade is no good. A cabin in a pretty little shaded nook may look good on a clear day, but without adequate sunlight it quickly becomes damp and uncomfortable, inviting decay and termites. But preserve the appearance of the surrounding country. Let as many trees stand as possible. Clear away only the shrubbery and underbrush that blocks the cabin.

On that trip to pick a site for the cabin, we decided we might as well save ourselves a lot of assembly time by laying the foundation then and there. There was no need for a continuous foundation, so we set cedar posts four feet apart on the outside walls and down the center line of the cabin. (Although we used cedar, concrete blocks would have been just as good.) We set them three feet down into the ground and then leveled them so that the floor would be straight.

The floor units we used were made up of 4-by-8-foot utility-grade plywood sheets, nailed to frames of 2-by-6s. The front wall, with its corrugated aluminum, was made in one 7-by-14-foot section. Other walls were 4-by-7-foot panels of 2-by-4s with the asbestos board nailed in place.

The door and window frames were installed in these panels during the prefabrication, but the glass and the door itself were set in place at the site. We used 5-by-3-foot basement-type sash with a storm-window fastener which would allow the windows to be left open without our ever having to



To insure level floor, wedges are inserted under panels where needed.

direction from which the cooling breezes blow, the points from which the most beautiful scenery can be best enjoyed, the position of the shore or lakes or streams, the presence of large trees or other natural formations, and the slope of the land.

The site we picked was ideal. It gets the sun in the morning and the shade in the afternoon, and it's out of the heaviest winds. During the day the summer breezes

Wrench is chief tool for erecting cabin when parts are prefabbed.





Walls are lined up, bolted to floor. Panels are asbestos on wood frames.



Front wall is hinged to roof beam, swings out, up to form porch roof.



AFTER only one day's work, roof is up, provides overnight shelter.

worry about the rain coming in while we're out fishing.

The roof sections, the truss and the gables were built in the garage. They can be built in the basement, but with that large 7-by-14-foot panel you have to make sure that you have sufficient clearance in all directions, as well as in the door opening. If there's any doubt in your mind, I would suggest nailing four strips of wood together to form a frame of this size for testing.



Aluminum ridge cap is nailed to roof beams as last step. Door and windows have already been installed.

In prefabricating, we carefully numbered each section, and drilled all the bolt holes while we had the benefit of the electric drill. We also primed all the exposed wood parts before loading the sections into the truck.

We loaded the truck in such a way that when we got to the site all the pieces we would want first were on top.

In assembling the cabin, we fastened the floor sections to the cedar posts and then bolted them together. Then we set up the walls (the front one is hinged), and the roof panels and bolted them into place. That finished the first day's work.

In lining up the bolt holes and in setting some of the heavier sections into place, we had far less trouble than

we might have expected. The job took a good bit of teamwork, but no prodigious amount of muscle. If you're worried, though, about the weight of the sections, you can make them much lighter by leaving off the asbestos and aluminum in the prefabrication and putting them on after you've got the framing panels set up.

We sacked-in at this point in our sleeping bags. The next morning, after a workman's breakfast cooked on a portable Coleman stove, we finished the porch to the cabin, installed the glass in the windows, and hung the door.

We finished the job by caulking around the windows and doors and applying a second coat of paint to all exposed surfaces.

Having accomplished our minor masterpiece, we do not intend simply to retire and admire. In time we plan to insulate the cabin and cover the inside walls with some sort of inexpensive wallboard. This will make the place a lot cooler in summer, and during the winter hunting, we should be able to heat the place comfortably with only a small kerosene stove, Coleman lanterns will not only make the cabin more cheery, but will also enable the occasional guest to differentiate between the blue chips and the red.

The place is no mansion, but as a base for hunting or fishing or goofing away a weekend, it's about all a reasonable man could ask for. In snow country it would even make an excellent ski hut.

For the complete plan of the Arcosy Cabin, plus a bill of materials and step-by-step instructions, send \$1 to Arcosy Home Workshop, Dept. VC, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

One thing we should point out. Construction costs estimated do not include the price of the beer. This varies in different parts of the country. • •



Truss, walls support weight of roof, leaves 12 by 16 foot space clear.



FOR HUNTING, FISHING,

1,000,000



DESERT



OCEAN FRONT

LOADING—

CAMPSITES FOR SALE!

All over America, in good fishing and hunting country, there's empty land, just waiting for your cabin. It's for sale, and cheaper than you'd think. Here's expert advice on how to find it

YOU'RE rolling along in your car, enjoying the countryside. Or you're heading back after a day of hunting. Maybe fishing. Suddenly you come upon that view of views.

Perhaps it's a few acres hugging the shores of a fish-packed lake, or on the side of a mountain smack in the middle of a forest jumping with game. It could be a rugged chunk of desert, where testy jackrabbits provoke you into hunting; a stretch of sandy beach, as yet untrampled by tourists; or maybe just an ugly, rocky slope where only a passionate pioneer would dare put up a shack.

Whatever it is, it's magnetic. It belabors your imagination for days and weeks, stirs your dreams. There's no other place quite like it for putting up a hunting or fishing cabin or a hideout shack. Makes you wish you could buy that land.

Right here, stop. Why not? Why not take title to that dream?

By conservative estimate, there are over 1,000,000 choice campsites up for sale in the United States. Every acre of land in America is owned by somebody—an individual, a family, a private corporation, a village, county or state—and in every one of these categories there's always somebody eager to get rid of some real estate. Even Uncle Sam has land for you to buy. What's more, there's hardly a state in the Union where there is not a plentiful supply of acreage to satisfy just about every taste and pocketbook.

One Los Angeles family found theirs out in the Mojave Desert, and put up a hut there for weekend hunting. They like *(Continued on page 90)*



MOUNTAINS

BY HARRY KURSH

PH: MARY BARTLETT—FP; MERLE SEVERN—BLACK STAR



The Arctic's Strangest Story

by PETER FREUCHEN

A famous explorer tells a true story that may shock you — of the fierce struggle for survival of a poacher and his son in Lapland's frozen wastes



MANY strange stories have been told of the terrors of the Polar regions. Things were not always so bad, but time and again Arctic pioneers have faced disaster alone—with nothing to help them but their own private resources. At such desperate moments, no moral considerations could prevent the mere struggle for survival from breaking all normal restraints. Terrible things did happen at times—experiences which seem barbaric and unbelievable when told about afterwards. People who have never known starvation are quick to pass judgment, but in the final analysis, who has the right to criticize the actions of men who had no other chance of keeping alive?

I was in Lapland some years ago, traveling deep into the primeval forests of Northern Finland where the Lapps have made their home along the shores of

the Polar Sea. This strange, mysterious people has been in flight for centuries and is even today being forced further and further north by the farmers of Norway, Finland and Sweden who are breaking new land far beyond the Arctic circle. They are good people and good friends, these dark, silent men who are marked by loneliness and poverty. For days on end no words are spoken on the desolate farms up there. The Lapps carry on their work without talk, without thoughts or dreams.

It was in such a place of cold, remote silence that I met Guolna.

He was a weaver—a strange and silent man with deep, thoughtful eyes. It seemed to me he found relief for something he did not understand in weaving the pattern of his scarves. He had only one leg. The other had been amputated for tuberculosis of the bone.



Caught red-handed by the reindeer thieves, Guolna's father drew his knife to meet their attack.

I was told that Guolna had contracted the dread disease while he was in a reformatory where he had spent ten years of his life. Why? I put the question to the local school teacher. Why had Guolna been sent to prison? He seemed such a quiet, kind-hearted, helpful man. The teacher could only confirm it, but did not know the reason. Guolna had been to the reform school, had been taught to weave and lost one leg. Then he was released and had made his meager living from his trade.

I bought all the scarves Guolna had on hand, but I could not make him talk. I asked him discreetly and I asked him directly why it was that he had been sent to the reform school, but his only answer was: "I don't remember."

At last I had to see the old county sheriff. He told me the story from his own memory, since he had

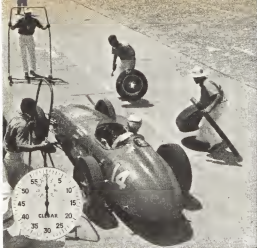
known the persons involved and had played his own part in the case.

And this is the story of Guolna:

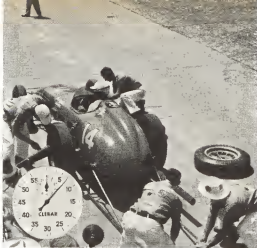
HIS mother's death did not change things much, it seemed to Guolna. She had never worked much the last few years. Guolna couldn't remember the last time she had carried wood into the house, and often she had gone to bed in the middle of the day. All the other women had a job at the sawmill, but not his mother. When Guolna's father was drunk and didn't bring them any food, they starved until he was sober again.

His mother was always so gentle and good. Guolna's father could never make himself beat her, not even when he was drunk. Guolna cried a great deal at the funeral when he listened to (*Continued on page 76*)

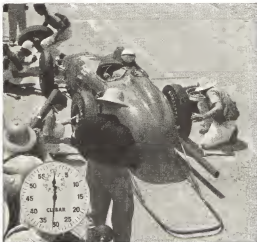
L I T H O G R A P H B Y W I L L I A M S H A R P



1. Scene: Memorial Day Speedway, 1953. Vukovich, leading, is forced into pit. Crew swarms over racer.



2. Seven-foot racing jacks work like levers, snap car off ground in two seconds. Men are already pulling wheels.



5. All wheels on. Special tires have smooth left edges that help the driver skid around track's left turns.

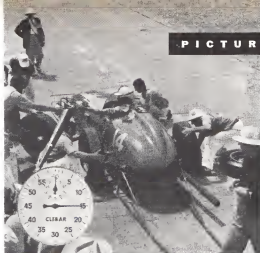


6. Panting crew starts car rolling with the fuel tanks filled, tires changed and the driver somewhat cooler.

Watch the Clock

In 47 frantic seconds Bill Vukovich's incredible pit crew changes 4 tires, refuels car, sends him on to win the Indianapolis "500"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN



3. Driver Vuky also gets help. Cockpit heat was 130 degrees. Tube on exhaust pipe keeps hot gases off crew.



4. Fuel hose is lugged up. Racers don't use gas, have special "dopes" mixed for Brickyard's high speeds.



7. In exactly 47 seconds, Vukovich is ready to hit the bricks and zoom. Thanks to speedy crew he has been able to hold two-minute lead. After this point he was in front all the way, roared over finish line victorious.

Built for Speed

With a little work I could take care of Barrow's boat—or his wife

by JOHN D. MACDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK M. CARTHY

I WAS sitting on my heels on the gas dock having a cold can of beer with Russ, the dockmaster, arguing about whether I ought to put squat boards on the Davidson cruiser. My small boatyard is around the corner from the Messina Yacht Club docks. Russ knows boats, and when I'm not too sure of myself I go over and yak with him.

It was a glass-calm September afternoon, and the boat basin had the sleepy look it had had all summer. About a third of the slips were in use. Most of the regulars had put their craft in fresh-water storage or on ways and had gone north away from the long, hot, sleepy summer of the west coast of Florida. My own storage department was full, and I had spent the summer doggedly digging my way through the backlog of work the boat owners had left for me when they headed north.

There was just enough breeze to keep the mosquitoes off the end of the gas dock. Russ interrupted his dissertation on squat boards and looked out the boat-basin entrance toward the big bay. I turned and looked, too, and we squatted in silence for a time, watching the strange boat coming in. She was fast

and she had good lines and she was sparkling in the sun.

"Know her?" I asked Russ.

"Can't say I do. She isn't standard, either." He didn't have to say that. I could see by the lines of her that she hadn't been stamped out like a cookie.

She curved into the narrow entrance with the bone in her teeth, and then the engines were cut down and she settled lower in the water and came burbling up to the dock. The color scheme was white and gray and deep blue, and the brass was polished. A girl stood spread-legged on the bow, the coiled line in her hand. She wore a scanty, yellow two-piece sun suit, and she took tan like an Indian, a deep red-bronze. The sun had bleached her hair almost white. We stood up. Something about her, a sort of insolence in the way she stood there, with her long, smooth legs, made me conscious of my ragged, faded khaki shorts, my bare feet, the grease on my hands.

It was about thirty-five feet of boat, and the guy at the wheel was an expert. He reversed his screws just right and drifted up, turning, and came up against the padded pilings as gently as a baby's kiss. She leaped lightly off instead of tossing us the line. Expertly, she made it fast, and the guy left the wheel and tossed me a stern line, saying, "Thanks, boy."

Something about the man gave me an impulse to throw his line back aboard. He was a short, dark guy who looked about forty. He had plenty of shoulders and a square, sun-dark face. He wore a white shirt with the tails tied across his flat, brown belly in the Mexican fashion. Hair was thick and curly black on his chest. He wore pale linen shorts, and his short legs were bowed and muscular.

I made his line fast and stepped back. The girl glanced at me and looked away. Young. Nineteen or twenty.

"You like gas, mister?" Russ asked.

"Gas, ice, supplies and a place to tie up."

I moved back to where I could see the transom. She was the *Go Girl* out of New Orleans. And she



It didn't take long to install the new set of plugs. I could feel her watching me.



Built for Speed

CONTINUED

looked as if she could go. The young blonde got the key and took the tank covers off, and the man started the blowers. Russ went over with the hose and tried to hand the man the nozzle.

"Come aboard and put it in yourself," the man told him.

I waited for the explosion. Russ is a character. He's a damn good dockmaster, and so the club keeps him on in spite of his having a tendency to toss cash customers off the dock when they get too large for their breeches. But the stranger had a very commanding air. He looked mean and important and sure of himself, and to my surprise Russ went aboard, saying meekly, "How much do you need?"

"Top 'em off."

I looked at the panel and wondered how much power she had. The panel resembled something off a B29. She didn't look like a heavy-weather boat. She was too slim.

The owner turned toward the girl and said, "You forgot where that key goes?" His voice was sarcastic and unpleasant.

"No, Ralph, but I'll need it to tighten—"

"Put it where it belongs!" he yelled.

You could have heard him over in the bar of the club. She didn't answer him. She went by him, sort of sidling when she was closest to him, and put the key where he wanted it. The back of Russ's neck looked more red than tan. It had been a petty scene and a pointless humiliation of the girl, and yet you could sense that it wasn't anything particularly unusual.

To sort of take the strain out of the air, I said, "Nice wagon. Where was she made?"

HE LOOKED at me just long enough for me to begin to wonder whether he'd answer me at all. And if he didn't, I couldn't think what in the world I was going to do about it.

"I had her made in Virginia," he said. "She was designed in New York. She's got four hundred horses, she weighs six ton, she'll cruise all day at twenty-four knots and hit a top of thirty-three."

He looked at me for another three seconds and then turned his back. He hadn't spoken in the way a proud owner speaks of his boat. He had sounded bored, and as though he had given me all that other information to stop the conversation right there.

She took on a bit over eighty gallons. The girl got the key and twisted the tank covers down tight while the owner came up onto the dock and started reeling off the list of things he wanted, going so fast that Russ had to ask him again so he could get everything written down. Russ showed him where to tie up, and asked him to sign the dock book.

The owner scrawled his name and said, looking around the boat basin, "Is there anybody around

here that knows anything about marine engines?" The way he said it, it made the club look shabby, and made the whole town look small and sleepy and forgotten.

Russ glanced at me, and then said, "Joe Rutland here is pretty good, Mr. Barrow."

Barrow turned and gave me another long stare, and he looked a little skeptical. "What experience have you got, Rutland?"

That was a shade too much, even for me. I looked him in the eye and gave him a face-cracker drawl and said, "I just bang on 'em a little with a wrench and see what happens."

His jaw muscles popped out like walnuts and I had the crazy idea he was going to take one step forward and swing on me, in spite of my six extra inches of height and twenty-five pounds of weight. His face relaxed slowly.

"I asked you a question."

"If you've got something wrong with it, you can bring it over to my yard tomorrow and I'll take a look at it. The dockmaster will tell you how to get there."

"I'll pay twice, the freight if you'll look at it right now."

"Without references?"

"I'll take a chance that you know what you're doing."

That was damn white of him. I certainly wasn't going to tell him about M.I.T. and designing marine diesels and about the Navy engineering rating, because he was the type to start patronizing me by asking me why I'd stuck myself away in this sleepy Gulf-coast town. And the answer to that was emotional rather than professional. I'd run out on a high-pressure job, and on a high-pressure, double-dealing wife, bought into the yard with what little she left me, went around feeling sorry for myself for a couple of years, and finally realized that I was having a fine time and this was what I should have done in the first place. When Marty got sick, I helped him out, and I'd fixed up an apartment for myself in the back end of the main shop and things were fine, thank you.

I decided it would be childish to turn down the job. I told him I'd take a look at it, and asked him what the trouble was.

"The port engine, Rutland. At cruising speed it works fine. Every time I load it, it will run for three or four minutes and then start spitting and knocking and missing. Then I have to idle it 'way down for five minutes or so before it will even run smoothly at cruising speed."

"Then let's run out and overload it."

"Don't you want to get tools?"

"I want to know what's wrong with it first."

Barrow turned to Russ. "Get the rest of the stuff together. The ice (Continued on page 60)



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THE *Arsenal* *That Time Forgot*

For every new danger, the old-time gunsmiths had a novel defense. Take, for instance, the man troubled by watermelon thieves. Or the London dandy whose love life kept him out at all hours

by Pete Kuhlhoff GUN EXPERT

EVER since man first discovered that machinery can heave a missile harder and farther than his own unaided arm, he has been preoccupied with developing better ways of shooting at the wildlife about him, including sometimes his neighbors. He has progressed from the bow to the slingshot, from the blunderbuss to the hydrogen bomb, and he is still doggedly working away at the problem.

Nobody knows who made the first gun. It was probably so awkward and ineffective, even by the standards of the early 14th Century, that when the inventor lit the powder it blew both him and his weapon to kingdom come or parts adjacent—and his contribution to world history was known only to his sorrowing widow and orphans. In the ensuing 600 years or more, others have developed his idea, or at least made a stab at it.

In their long and restless struggle to make firearms more efficient and more deadly, the mechanical tinkers have come up with some weird and wonderful devices. Some of them, at the time of their development, were quite useful; each of the guns to the right, for example, reading from top to bottom, was a step forward in perfecting ways to ignite the powder. Others have left only toad-out footprints on the sands of time; the most outlandish developments have been those that

tried to enhance the versatility of firearms. For a collection of these freaks, see pages 46 and 47.

In attempting to show pictorially, in full color, the development of the gun and its ignition system—as well as some off-beat examples of the gunmaker's art—we were fortunate in having available an unusual group of guns in the Winchester Gun Designers' Firearms Library of the Research and Development Section of the Arms and Ammunition Division of Olin Industries. Tom Hall, curator of the Gun Designers' Firearms Library, spent several days helping to select these outstanding examples; one of his prize rarities is the gun at the top of this page. This is a Winchester Wildcat, a very heavy 4-gauge shotgun. It's the only one of its kind known to exist.

The first workable, one-man gun was called a hand cannon. It was simply a cylinder of metal or reinforced wood, with a hole part way through and a touch hole toward its breech. A charge of powder and a stone or metal projectile were stuffed into it, and the whole mess was fired by igniting the powder with a glowing coal or match. Sometimes the weapon was attached to a wooden handle or stock.

Since there was a certain awkwardness in having to hold a gun in one hand and a match in the other, someone thought (*Concluded on page 59*)

TURN PAGE FOR MORE GUN PICTURES

HAND CANNON: Made of bronze in pistol form, 12 inches long, .62-caliber. First one-man gun—simple cylinder of metal or wood with hole part way through and a touch hole toward breech. Powder charge was ignited by hand-held match, firing stone or metal projectile. Model here is Siamese or Malayan.

MATCHLOCK had match built into gun. This 1590 version of German sporting or game rifle, .65-caliber, has very rare snapping-type lock. Priming powder is covered for protection. Arms experts questioned matchlock's shooting power when first invented, but recent experiments show gun could penetrate most types of 17th Century armor.

WHEELLOCK .34-caliber light rifle was made in Germany in 17th Century. Burning match that gave away shooter to game or enemy was eliminated here, replaced by sparking wheel. Barrel has six lands and grooves. Trigger guard is shaped to receive fingers.

FLINTLOCK is valuable example of .35-caliber repeating breech-loader, marked 1683. Has brilliant mechanical design. Rotating the trigger guard swings breech block around to pick up two powder charges, ball from rear-loaded magazine in butt. Flintlock is gun that protected American settlers.

CAPLOCK dated 1868 is example of next step, percussion-lock ignition. One of first "stand-on-your-feet-and-shoot-like-a-man" types of rifle. As a matter of fact, design of this one makes shooting from any other position almost impossible. .55-caliber German target rifle here has blade front sight, mount for rear sight.

CARTRIDGE, which finally combined the ignition components, simplified the design of guns. This is folding take-down rifle, five-shot, .30-30-caliber Burgess. Made in Buffalo around 1895. Operated by sliding pistol-grip action.



THE Arsenal That Time Forgot

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH COUDERT

FRENCH SQUEEZE PISTOL: Box magazine, .22-caliber. Parisian Apaches rubbed out rivals with this in can-can days. **CHICAGO PALM PISTOL:** About 1893. Fit into palm, with barrel out between fingers. A hand-squeeze fired it. Seven-shot, 32-caliber. **BURGLAR ALARM GUN:** 100 years ago a Philadelphia storekeeper attached them to doors and windows of shop, couldn't get back to do business. **MY FRIEND:** Knuckle-duster. Six-shot rimfire .32, 1865. If you couldn't shoot him you could give him a lump on the head. Inventor made so much profit from gun, he called it "my friend." **KNIFE PISTOL:** Sneaky gun. Corkscrew trigger fires cartridge, opens blade.

VERTICAL TURRET KNIFE PISTOL: Six-shot radial charger, double-octon .45-caliber. Very rare inventor's model is collector's prize. **BLUNDERBUSS FLINTLOCK BAYONET PISTOL:** Made in England in time for Admiral Nelson to use as work pistol aboard ship (1790s). Brass parts resist salt water. Oval mouth kept buckshot from spreading over enemy's head. Rear trigger fixes bayonet. **FLINTLOCK SIX-SHOT REPEATING PISTOL:** Made in London (1780-1800). Six .38-caliber barrels unscrew to load. Fires one barrel each time hammer is cocked and trigger pulled. Very cleverly designed and beautifully made. Possibly was a custom job ordered by low officer of period.

HARMONICA PISTOL: Early handgun development of first machine guns. 11-shot, .38 pinfire-caliber, made in Paris around 1885. As trigger is pulled for each shot, magazine automatically travels from left to right to align cartridge with barrel. **DUCKFOOT FLINTLOCK PISTOL:** Goy blades of 1790s used this as protection against cutthroats who lay in wait outside London pleasure houses. Four .45-caliber barrels made short work of unsly mob. **WATERMELON-PATCH GUN** made around 1850 is rarest of all. Wires stretched from gun in four directions tripped thief stealing farmer's melons; loaded barrel spun around, fired along wire to bring him down.



SQUEEZE REPEATER PISTOL



BURGLAR-ALARM GUN



CHICAGO PALM PISTOL



"MY FRIEND" KNUCKLE-DUSTER



KNIFE PISTOL



TURRET-KNIFE PISTOL



BLUNDERBUSS BAYONET PISTOL



SIX-SHOT FLINTLOCK



DUCK-FOOT PISTOL



HARMONICA PISTOL

WATERMELON-PATCH GUN





ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. VAN DONGEN

MY 26 HOURS IN THE SEA

*A search plane came over
but it failed to spot me. And
when it had gone, I was alone
with the circling shark*

BY JAMES T. STEEN

AT 130 MILES an hour we completed the second turn of our triangle and headed for home. There were 60 miles of water between us and Pensacola. Low summer clouds had us pinned down to within 300 feet of the water, according to the altimeter. But we were actually lower than that, for when I slipped behind and beneath the three student planes to check their heading, I could feel my plane rising and falling with the great swells of the glassy-surfaced Gulf.

You could do that, you know. If the water was rippled it felt like driving a car over a corduroy road. If there were big waves, it got so rough that



I kicked my feet in the water so the shark would have no doubt whether I was dead or alive.

you had to depend on the belt to keep you in your seat. But today there wasn't a breath of surface wind, and the Gulf was like a gray marble floor, highly polished. You couldn't tell by looking at the water whether you were five feet or 5,000 feet above it. Only the lulling motion of those long swells told you that the sea was just beneath your wings.

Suddenly the lullaby was interrupted by a loud cracking sound like nearby thunder. I was thrown forward in my seat to the limit of the shoulder straps, and the plane began shuddering violently. I pulled away from the water and rammed the throttle forward. The instrument panel was dancing so wildly that I couldn't get accurate readings, but I could see that the RPM's were going down and so was the air speed. Out front the shining disc had gone blurred and I knew that the propeller had clipped into the water and bent so badly that the engine was tearing itself loose.

The plane's buoyancy died away and I lowered the flaps in an attempt to stay up long enough to send an emergency call. But in the next instant I was thrown against the straps again as the plane dug into the water for the second and last time, showering heavy white spray back over itself and me.

When the lurching and dousing and noise had subsided, the plane lay lightly bobbing in the remains of its own disturbance, its nose already submerged, the cockpit filling rapidly while I sat immobilized by the suddenness of the accident. Everything was quiet now except for low, gurgling sounds from within the plane and the distant hum of the students' planes disappearing northward through the warm, still afternoon.

The plane was going under. I unharnessed myself and climbed out onto the wing where I stood for some moments to inflate my Mae West before stepping off into the water. I paddled a few feet away to watch the dismal sight of my transportation slipping into the deep. When the wing had gone under, the fuselage, with the big blue-and-white star on its side, up-ended and hung in that position until I thought that maybe the plane would float after all. Then the sinking resumed with more gurgling and in a few seconds the silver tail, lettered U.S. NAVY 01803, slid down and the sea smoothed over the spot. No wreckage, not even an oil slick remained.

I fought off my dismay and made some calculations. My "waterproof" watch had filled with water and was stopped at 2:49. That meant (*Continued on page 72*)

Expert's "Perfect" Fishing Kit

Don't worry if your wife's luggage takes up all the room in the car. With Koller's vacation-fishing outfit, you're traveling light, but ready for anything—from trout to musky

by LARRY KOLLER

OUTDOORS EDITOR



ALTHOUGH everyone agrees—more or less—that there's no such animal as an all-around gun for hunting every kind of game, outdoorsmen are always trying to come up with some weapon that will clobber a cottontail or mangle a moose with equal efficiency. So far, this hasn't

worked out with much success and I suspect that it never will. The one-gun man just has to settle for either the small game or the big stuff and let it go at that.

We've somewhat similar problems when we try to assemble a single outfit for all kinds of fresh-water fishing. There are so many angling methods and such a multitude of lures that fishermen just throw up their hands and go whole hog in buying gear until the hall closet overflows—and there's still not quite enough for certain days.

However, it would be a nice deal if a guy could grab a rod and one compact bag and take off for a trip with the assurance that he was geared for almost any fish or fishing problem that came his way. When you're packing the family car for a two-weeks' vacation to Lake Watchacallit—where you've never been before—you'd like to have enough tackle for every eventuality. But by the time you have the Missus, the kids and Aunt Minnie and all their grips and bundles stowed away, there's only a little corner under the spare tire for your extensive outfit. This, man, is the time to go light!

It's surprising how much coverage you can get with one compact outfit if you dope it out. There's always a need for tackle that gives you wide latitude in method yet is neat enough to go along on a back-packing trip into the wilderness. Also, if your budget doesn't permit you to own an outfit for every kind of fishing, you'll be interested in getting down to a bare minimum. We've made an attempt here to lay out such an outfit.

The basic tool around which you'll build is the spinning rod and reel. No other rod will give you the spread of lure-handling that's needed for all conditions and many species of game fish. For example, the 7-foot, medium-action rod will handle all weights of spinning lures and light casting lures from 1/10 ounce up to 1/2 ounce. You just have to use a little care and judgment in casting the heavy lures so as not to strain the rod. Now, if you think in terms of what this latitude of lures means in relation to fishing the country over, you'll realize what you have.

First, the small lures, like the tiny wobblers and spinners, will do a job for you on any trout stream—if the trout are going for that kind of lure—and the same outfit is tops for all small pan fish in lake or pond. Perch, bluegills, crappie, rockbass, etc., all take such little lures with enthusiasm, particularly those in the 1/10- to 1/4-ounce class. Then, stepping up into the 1/4 to 3/8 bracket you have a line-up for fishing trout in big streams, river smallmouth and the bass of any lake or pond. All the



Bag holds all tackle shown at right, except rod and net which dismantle for easy vacation packing.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARKE RUJIC. ALL TACKLE FROM ANGLER'S BOOBY

COMPACT fresh-water outfit starts with 7-foot, medium-action rod plus spinning reel, collapsible landing net, tackle bag; odd's tapered leaders (in papers), leader pouch, No. 2 and No. 6 ball hooks; in plastic boxes, casting and spinning lures, and dry, wet and streamer flies; lamb's-wool fly hook; fly reel, size HFC fly line, extra spool; on bag Rap; spinning line, lead wire, 4-pound monofilament line, plastic floats.

midget plugs, so highly effective in heavily fished waters, are just right for this spinning rod. Also in this class you'll find a series of lures that are good takers for pickerel, walleyes, landlocked salmon, summer steelhead and, of course, the big wilderness, squaretail trout.

If you're going to do some night plugging for bass (and you may have to on some of the resort lakes) the 1/2-ounce surface plugs will do the job. The bigger wobblers of about the same weight are good medicine for great northern pike and even muskies.

For the summer fisherman (and normal vacationist) natural baits, fished in deep water, are often the only lures that'll give you action. Hot weather always drives game fish into deep water and if you want them you'll

have to fish for them at their chosen level of operations. Here the spinning rod, with its light line and great flexibility, makes casting such baits a pleasure. Everything from night crawlers to husky chubs handles easily with this outfit and you can fish for the whole line-up of fish from bluegill to great northern pike with no trouble at all. An unweighted worm flips out just as easily as a big minnow or frog and for deepwater still-fishing the spinning outfit has no peers.

You can also convert your outfit to fly fishing in either of two ways. One is to use a plastic bubble, partially filled with water, which you tie to the end of your line to give casting weight. Just above the bubble, say a couple of feet, you will tie in a dropper (Continued on page 52)

should also notify the local newspapers of these facts.

8. Explain that the tone of the meetings will be strictly informal. Everyone is to be encouraged to participate. Reading matter should be outlined in advance. There will be no officers—other than the secretary—and no membership dues. Participation at meetings and studies is voluntary. However, those who do not join in the group work and spirit will have to drop out. This is something for people who really want to improve themselves—and for nobody else.

The chairman of each meeting must designate the appropriate reading matter. He will personally invite the speaker or speakers to the meeting.

As chairman, he will introduce the speaker and after the talk he will ask for questions and propose topics for discussion. He must study his subject prior to the meeting so he can lead an intelligent discussion. If members engage in controversy, so much the better. Sparks of argument often create a clearer flame of understanding.

9. Hold the discussions for no less than one hour and no more than two hours. If your members become tired during a too-long meeting, they will tend to lose interest.

10. Close the meeting by calling on the next chairman to state the topic requirements and plans for the following week.

11. Serve refreshments. This creates a welcome change, enables your guests to congregate socially, and sends them

home in a happy and relaxed frame of mind.

Now, here are some interesting and important topics of study. You can create any number of topics yourself, of course, and as meetings progress you will find that the members propose many, many others. These are merely suggestions to start you off:

1. Improve your community. This topic can be comprehensive enough to include any categories from participation in good government to drives for cleaning up refuse.

Speakers can be selected from a list of your local officeholders. The teachers at your schools will probably also be glad to volunteer their services.

2. Industrial methods. Write to the public-relations director of the companies you wish to study. He will be anxious to co-operate. Ask him to suggest source material. He may also arrange for a tour of inspection of the plant.

A speaker for your meeting can probably be furnished by the public-relations director, too.

You might also write to the government in Washington. Numerous pamphlets and other studies are printed every year which are yours for the asking, or which cost a few pennies at most.

3. First aid. The American Red Cross issues an excellent book on this subject. Your nearest Red Cross office will assist you on all details of this study, including reading material, speakers and instruction in methods.

4. Music. This subject can be divided

into two categories—classical and popular. As one or more of your group can probably play some musical instrument, various points in this topic can be illustrated by actual performance. And you'll have some fun out of it, too.

If a concert is scheduled in your neighborhood, it would be interesting to make a study of the music or composers to be performed. The group can then attend the concert and enjoy it far more than they otherwise would.

5. Art. Splendid books in art are being constantly published. Write to the director of the nearest art museum for all details in planning this study. Add spice to the subject by visits to the museums.

6. Languages. Possibly one of your group already knows some foreign language and can start you off on a new linguistic accomplishment. When I was a kid I met a very attractive girl by posting an offer on the school bulletin board to exchange lessons in English for another language. I don't need to tell you that the lessons were a positive pleasure. And I can still speak French, what's more!

Well, there you have it, although I could go right on outlining subjects for discussion. The more you walk down the path of knowledge, the more fascinating the scenery becomes. There is no gate to bar your progress. There is nothing to gain but accomplishment, enormous pleasure and personal satisfaction. There is nothing to lose but boredom and inefficiency. Help yourself—literally. Which path will you take? • • •

Expert's "Perfect" Fishing Kit

Continued from page 51

(or two) and fish a pair of wet flies or nymphs. Works just as well with dry flies and often permits you to make drag-free casts over big pools that would be difficult to do with any other tackle.

The alternative method is to mount a regular single-action fly reel on the spinning rod and equip it with a fairly heavy fly line in about size HCF. This is a torpedo taper, which works best on the 7-foot rod. Obviously, you won't be able to get either the distance or the delicacy with this rod that you would with a conventional fly rod but it's a pretty efficient tool with the larger trout flies, streamers, bucktails and bass bugs. Any experienced fly-fisherman can do a good job with it.

The latest wrinkle, commercially, in this conversion of spinning rod to fly-fishing is the use of a special tapered fly line that you loop to your spinning line and cast with your regular outfit. Actually, this line is simply the weight-forward portion of a regular torpedo taper and your spinning line then becomes the "shooting" part of the regular fly line.

In casting, you work out the fly-line

section by means of false-casting, then shoot the spinning line to get distance. Works very well also with all but very small flies.

The spinning rig is tops for surface trolling with small spoons and streamer flies for landlocks, early-season lake trout, bass and pickerel. In fact, just about the only type of fresh-water fishing that you can't cope with, if you're geared with spin tackle, is deep trolling with heavy lures or bait. The rod doesn't have the guts to stand this sort of heavy drag so it's foolish to subject it to this punishment.

The tackle line-up shown here will do a fine all-around job for you on any stream or lake you happen to encounter in vacation travel. With it you can take successfully every known species of game and pan fish by practically every angling method. Best part of it is that the light gear will give you some of the most fun fishing you've ever had. All of it will pack neatly into a single carrier, either bag or box, with the exception of the rod and landing net—if you feel you need a net—and the whole works won't strain your budget too severely. The approximate cost of the entire outfit

comes to about \$100. This is without the net.

Good Outdoors Books

THE WOODMONT STORY by Henry P. Bridges is the story of the founding and operation of one of the finest private hunting and fishing clubs in the East. The author, long famous as an authority on the breeding and raising of wild turkeys, gives the whole story on how to raise and hunt wild turkeys.

Woven into the narrative about the founding and maintenance of the Woodmont club is a great background of anecdotes about famous personages who have visited the preserve, all told with the skill of a fine writer who has a profound understanding of and a great love for the outdoors and its people.

This book is not only fine entertainment for everyone interested in the outdoors but an excellent guide for any group which needs practical advice on organizing their own hunting preserve. The Woodmont Club is a shining example of the great enjoyment such a club can and does bring to its members. A. S. Barnes and Co., New York, \$10. •



High Duel

Continued from page 21

to one of the hunting lodges in the brush. I'll take you to the farthest one of them for a hundred and a half. Same price for the return trip, with equipment thrown in. What lodge are you aiming to reach?"

"A lodge?" he said. He looked as though he might spit at me. "Seriously, Nolan, do you think I flew all the way up here to pot myself another bear? What the hell do you think I am—an Eagle Scout?"

Even then, I suppose, his ridiculous posturing had revealed him to be a man only half evolved from the stroug-arm values of adolescence. Sport was never really sport to Arthur Slade; it was a total obsession in the total service of his psychopathic pride.

"The question, Nolan, is simply this: Can you and that egeberator of yours get me on top of Mount Deffiance?"

HE ENJOYED my astonishment. It was the first real bang he gained from our relationship. I didn't have to remind him that nobody, absolutely nobody, went to the top of Mount Deffiance at this time of year.

"What's up there, Mr. Slade, that's worth six hundred dollars of your money, and maybe your life?"

"Goats," he said.

But I did not get excited.

"White goats. Nolan. The kind no one has ever taken in this season. White as scrubbed lambs, Nolan, wild as meteors. I want one now, while its coat is fat. I want to be the first. I want a man with guts enough to make the hoist with me."

"He wants an elevator boy," Sarah McBride said quietly.

He turned on her with savage displeasure but he didn't say anything. I watched the meeting of their eyes and I asked myself: What kind of relationship is this? I watched Slade return his attention to me.

"I'll pay you a thousand dollars to get me to the top of the mountain, Nolan. Can you afford to say no? Can you really afford it?"

He had me, of course, and he knew it, just as the girl beyond him knew it. She sighed and remained there, arms folded, watching us, her lips pursed just a little, her glance very wise. Was she Slade's for the taking, I asked myself; did she belong, lock, stock and soul, to this platinum-plated egomaniac? I refused to believe it.

"Let's get a few things straight." I said to Slade. "First of all, I can't plant you where those goats are frolicking. The best I can do is ease you into the highest canyon. I've never seen the goats myself, but they tell me they're on the peaks."

"Don't worry about their being there," Slade said shortly. In anticipation of the great event, he began pounding his powerful hands together. "We'll climb

the rest of the way for them, Nolan. We'll make a camp and—damn it, we'll climb!"

I repeated very distinctly: "We?" I did not fancy any belly-inching up the last wild thrusts of Mount Deffiance.

But Slade had turned to the girl. "I mean angecake here," he said without embarrassment. "You're only the driver, Nolan, but why do you think she's on my payroll?"

I said, "It's none of my business why she's on your payroll." I kept trying to figure this guy. Then I said, whether or not it was my business, "The top of that mountain's no place for a sane man to take a woman."

"Who has to be sane?" he asked me. He began to cackle, as though he had just come up with the funniest joke of the season. I watched him walk off, powerful, cocky, certain of his cleverness and prowess, to one of the bedrooms.

She said to me, "Well?"

"It's no skin off me, lady. Whether you like frothite, or even if you like him. It's just no place for a woman."

"Don't worry about me, please," she said. "You imagine too much. Besides, I've shot him before."

"Shor him? Maybe I'm stupid, lady. I don't get it."

"I'm his photographer," Sarah McBride explained. "And just to erase any strange ideas you might have had, I am strictly his photographer."

"That pleases me."

"I'm not trying to please you."

I shrugged. "How much does this guy like pictures, anyhow?"

"It's not a question of fondness," she told me. "It's a matter of dependence on my pictures. He's a mad exhibitionist, and he's got a million dollars for every meal you ever missed. All I do is take pictures of his major exploits—tigers in India, lions in Africa, bears in Alaska—whatever he kills or however he kills it. I record it in eight-millimeter. That way nobody can call him a big-mouthed liar. It's like the finish of a horse race. You get it on film and the facts can't be argued. That's my boss for you, Georgie—the lord of the jungle and the hero of his own imagination."

I KNEW by then she had not only said too much but had said it far too distinctly. Slade had stepped soundlessly back in the room.

"Beat it, Nolan," was all he said to me. "You've got a sample of my money. You'll get the rest tomorrow."

"What guns do you expect to take along on this hoist?" I managed to ask. I was naturally concerned about the total lift the copter would have to make. I was also aware that some of these zealots bring along guns enough for a revolution.

Slade was watching me closely now and I knew that he was rehearsing his reply. "I don't hunt with guns, Nolan,"

All right, I liked her: from the beginning I liked her. She took me inside.

"This is George Nolan," the girl announced. "Do you remember you sent for him?"

"Mmm," said Arthur Slade.

He was stretched out on a chaise longue, with me behind him, and a view of the mountains in front of him. He made no attempt to greet me, nor did he, for a considerable and awkward time, as much as acknowledge my presence. He was rude and weird—the only egomaniac I've ever known who could posture and strut while sitting absolutely still. He had a drink in his hand and his legs were crossed. Once or twice he sipped at the drink. He still hadn't turned.

"Nolan?" he said then.

I waited.

"Nolan—pay attention to me. That mountain out there. The big one, Nolan. What do they call it?"

"Deffiance," I told him. "Mount Deffiance. It's twelve thousand feet straight up and there's a glacier bowl on two sides of it."

"Mmm. That's what I thought. Did you get the money, Nolan?"

"I got it," I said.

"And you've decided to take me hunting?"

I didn't answer him right away, but of course I would, for the right kind of money. I needed it much too badly to turn down any reasonable job. *He wants a bear*, I was thinking, *a bear to fulfil his shaggy personality*. I watched him get up from the chaise then. A bigger man than myself, he was taller, heavier all around. I would say he was in his middle thirties, and I would also say he wasn't pleased with me when he had to repeat the question:

"*Would I take him hunting?*"

"All depends, Mr. Slade. A hundred dollars won't take us very far."

"A hundred dollars," he said to he mean me. "is my usual introductory gesture to headwaiters, pretty girls and unemployed pilots. There's another five hundred in it for you, Nolan, if you take me where I want to go."

I'm sure he saw the impact of his offer. For six hundred dollars I'd have flown him to the moon.

"It won't cost you that kind of money, Mr. Slade. If you're trying to get back

he told me. "Guns are for women and children. I'll be using a how and arrow!"

I suppose there's nothing really wrong with bows or arrows, so it's hard to explain why a chill passed through me when he said it. I guess it was the impression I got of this man's intensity; that, plus the ruthless competence that I intuitively knew would be the servant of his pride. I was content enough at that moment to get myself away from Arthur Slade.

THE next morning was a perfect one for lifting a helicopter to the top of a mountain, then settling it gently, slowly into the wind-scrubbed canyon where the crusted snow made a natural landing spot. The rotor whirled as it slowed, then stopped. We sat for a moment, the three of us, huddled together. The silence into which we had settled appeared to have strength and weight and size. It possessed you. The morning sun poured blindingly into the hubble pit where we sat cramped. The spread of sky and the sheen of snow were a shock to the senses. The jagged peaks around us and above us reached like the arms of heeching ghosts into the sky. Slade broke the silence.

"Will this buggy start again after sitting here all day, Nolan?"

"It shouldn't throw me unless there's a storm," I said. "Besides, I've got a booster."

"Mmm."

Slade liked machines and he was not a stranger to the more complicated combinations in which they are currently fashioned. "I should buy one of these myself," he had said earlier, and when I asked him why, he looked at me mockingly and said, "I always huy what I want."

He kicked open the cockpit door and pushed his way out. Sarah McBride raised the hood of her parka and followed him. I checked the 'copter's controls, meanwhile watching Slade and the girl who worked for him. I'll admit I did not enjoy the sight of them together. She'd have looked like a queen in a large paper bag, but her parka was of spotted valfskin, expensive, gracefully made. Slade at this time was showing how tough he was by refusing to cover his head with the hood of his parka. He let it dangle behind him for that daring, windswept effect. I'll say this for him, though—he did look mighty masculine; he looked as fit as any primitive heat it might please him to pursue.

Outside the 'copter it was cold. It was cold through your teeth and your lungs and your bones. I had hoped the wind would stay dead today, but here it was now, whispering before it whistled, coming at you playfully from all directions, proying you for fears or misgivings and, in my own case, finding a few. The wild wind then began to wail, far, far off and high above us, like a husted fiddle with but a single, unhappy note to play.

Slade said impatiently, "Come out of it, Nolan. Let's get the tent up."

We'd stowed our equipment in the 'copter's litter racks—a four-man Nyelong Arctic tent, a portable combo stove, cold-weather rations. Slade's hunting gear. I now noticed three sleeping bags that I hadn't seen on the racks when they were loaded at dawn.

"You don't have any ideas about staying up here overnight, do you?" I said to Slade.

"If I have to. Certainly."

"Well, don't make a bed for me," I said. "I won't be here."

"Are you that frightened, Nolan? Did your guts freeze up already?"

I'd have enjoyed punching Mr. Slade in the mouth right then. Still, I think I was polite enough. Reasonable enough.

"After a night up here I couldn't start this 'copter with a dozen hoosters, Slade."

"All right then," he shouted, "The hell with it. If the girl and I can't get what we want today, you can come back and pick us up tomorrow."

I just stared at him.

"Look, Slade," I said, "you can't keep any normal girl on a peak like this overnight. That's a goat, yes, but a woman . . ."

That's when he began to laugh in his particularly nasty way. I guess he had a talent for it.

"Are you trying to tell me it will be cold up here, Nolan? You don't think I wasn't aware of it?" Then he looked at the girl, his eyes slowly appraising her natural gifts. He measured his next remark. "Look, you idiot, do you think I intended to climb into one of these bags alone?"

I don't know. Maybe I just wasn't horn bright. But I think it was the way Sarah looked from this man to me that made me do what I did. I took a full step forward and punched him cleanly on the jaw. I knocked the big monkey right on his back, so that he was stretched in the snow, his eyes open wide, stiff with surprise, only half believing what had happened. Even so, I don't think he was scared.

"You made a mistake," he announced.

"If I did, I enjoyed it," I told him. "I might even like to do it again. Just get up and give me the chance."

But he didn't get up. Not for that moment. He chose to examine me very closely, then I watched him gaze off, wistful, like a man with dreams. "I won't deal with you now, Nolan," he said unexcitedly. "There are too many things to do."

I knew that Sarah was scared. I know now that she knew far better than I the strange psychotic depths behind the cool facade of this man who had employed her. Watching Slade, you'd think he'd taken that tumble in the snow for the recreation. Silently he began to help us rig the tent. He worked with quick efficiency at one chore, then another. I went into the tent to attach an outlet to the combination gasoline stove. Sarah came inside.

"Thanks for the gallantry," she said, "but I hope it doesn't cost you too dearly." As I looked at her, I realized that her gaze was rewardingly tender. This was no cheap dame, I was thinking. "George," she said then, "he's outside stringing his bow."

"So what?"

"Just this. I recommend you don't press him any further. Keep out of his way and be alert. Do I make myself clear?" She had taken a leather-cased camera from a duffel bag and was rigging it with a telescopic sight. She looped the camera around her neck, then placed films, filter and light meter into a small bag she was able to hook to a belt around her waist.

"If my brilliant boss really had to," Sarah McBride said unmistakably, "he could fly that helicopter back without you. You know that."

WHEN she turned away, I gripped her arm, obliging her to turn and face me directly. Her lips were open, her breath blowing clouds the size of baseballs into the icy air.

"Only one thing more," I said. "Did you want to stay up here with your charming boss tonight?"

"No, George," she said. "Believe me when I tell you—neither here nor any place."

From outside we could hear Slade calling, "Sarah?"

We came out of the tent together and there was Slade standing beside the helicopter. He held a big fiberglass bow at the level of his chest. Almost indifferently, his powerful hands were



bending the bow, with the steel-barbed arrow pointed directly at me. Sarah gasped and stepped in front of me. The sportsman smiled. He lowered the bow, then turned away. I thought to myself: *I should have brought a gun.*

He was pretty weird, this Slade. As calmly as a man spotting birds in Central Park, he said to Sarah, "There are some white ones browsing on a ledge just over the southern glacier bowl. I spotted them through the glasses when we were landing." He looked up, his sharp eyes appraising the task ahead. "It shouldn't be too bad a climb for people who know what they're doing."

"Let's get on with it," was all Sarah said.

It was apparent she wished to get Slade separated from me. She handled herself with a great deal of poise. She made it clear that she had dealt with his strange moods before.

"It'll be needing that other how and quiver after a while," he said to me then, and I can't say that I was able to read any message from his manner or his tone. "When you get your crate latched down, Nolan, you can bring them over to the end of the pass. I'll be able to see you from above and make contact when I have to. Fair enough?"

He was so close to being cordial that I said nothing. I watched them start out, Slade in the lead. They climbed at a steady, professional pace. Their shadows fell long behind them. The girl climbed well and she received no concessions from the man who was leading the way. I watched them ascend the narrowing pass that rose to a jutting peak above me. They climbed steadily into the glare of sun and snow until I lost the path of their ascent. The wind whipped a curtain of snow between their diminishing figures and myself. They were gone from view.

CLOUDS began to set in about the time I'd finished securing the 'copter. They piled in from the east, massive and multi-shaped. They pressed down lower than the topmost peaks. The wind began to press real big. It frightened you to think how strong a storm was brewing for these peaks. I had no confidence that it would wait for Slade to shoot himself a goat or for the girl to capture his prowess on film. Even so, a job's a job, so I went into the tent and got the fiberglas bow he had requested. I hitched a quiver of arrows over my shoulder, then started up the canyon. It wasn't

fun for a man who had never climbed these mountains before. I had the wrong kind of boots and I pooped out pretty fast. I finally reached the bulge of rock that marked the end of the defile.

Well, one thing they've got up there is scenery. The distances made your eyes ache and your head swim giddily. The timberline was so far below that it looked like a fringe of hair on a bald man's head. With all that, I had to go higher. I kept hugging the wall of rock where the snow was shallowest, turning my face from the sweep and the smash of the wind.

THE gorge ended abruptly on the rim of sheer space. The turning, climbing ledge along which I had to continue scared the hell out of me. I sat down for a brief and comforting moment of security. I kept hoping I wouldn't stumble over the equipment I was carrying. I climbed carefully, prudently to my feet, and then I heard the terrible *trang* of the thing. I stretched flat on my belly, hugging the wall. Very slowly I turned my head. The arrow, buried in the snow crust, trembled like a torn nerve, the steel shaft glimmering. I hope I didn't whimper. I know I prayed.

Somewhere above I heard a woman's scream. It was a solitary shriek that wandered and soared and lost itself in endless depths and heights. As I moved on, trembling, I watched another arrow rip into the approximate space I had occupied. It whined and it spat and it smashed the stone beneath the snow. Clinging, clinging to the wall, I was barely enough removed from my former position to be out of this madman's range.

"Slade!" I screamed. "Slade, you lunatic—I'm not a goat!"

I could hear him laughing.

"Feel your horns, boy, feel your horns," the sportsman called. "You're armed now, Nolan! You're on your own!"

I knew what he meant, all right, but the great bow, clumsy and unaccustomed in my hands, seemed the cruelest of jokes; I might have done far better with a crutch. Was Slade a madman? I suppose so, if a certain kind of pride, rubbed raw enough, can push a man beyond the bounds of reason.

"Take care of yourself, Nolan!" I heard him screaming then.

I was silent. I was certain that for the moment, at least, he couldn't get a shot at me. But in time, I knew, a chance for his arrows would come again, and

the price I would pay for having punched his face would be all that any man can pay—his total skin.

"You can't afford to kill me, Slade," I shouted up to him then. "I'll take the 'copter and leave you here."

I don't know how high above me he was perched, but his words came clearly in reply.

"You wouldn't leave the girl," he taunted. "You're a ten-cent hero, Nolan, and you're stuck with it."

"Sarah?" I shouted. "Sarah—are you up there? Are you all right? Sarah—can you hear me?"

There was no answer from the girl. Only the wind was talking now and I asked myself: Had he killed her? Of course, there was no possible way I could know.

There were so many things I couldn't know as the minutes passed. One thing, for instance: Where would Slade move next? And how would he move? I knew only that I could not afford to remain long where I was. Given time, he could descend by some other means to the gorge below, then pot-shot me while I was clinging to this wall.

EXCEPT for not knowing where Sarah was, I would have despaired myself. But I guess I was a little crazy, too. I kept climbing, satisfied that, for the moment, I was beyond his range. Only once did I stop long enough to examine the bow in my hands. It was a duplicate of the one Slade carried. The strength it took to bend the thing was hard to believe. It wobbled and dipped at the end of my extended left arm when I attempted to draw it taut. Certain bowmen, I had been told, could kill a Kodiak bear with one of these. But I was an amateur. I might as well have been playing with a slingshot full of sand.

I kept belly-close to the rock wall until I had reached the tapering end of it. I waited now, poised for an almost vertical climb. Once, relaxing, I nearly slipped. My weight dislodged a chunk of snow that overhung the edge of the abyss. At first it seemed only a shovelful was falling, until it hit against a jutting mass of snow less solid than it looked. Half the mountain seemed to give way below me while I clung to the rock. I have no talent equal to describing how I felt then.

But I continued to climb. The rocks began to open, affording some purchase for my feet and hands. I dragged the



nage and clumsy bow. I didn't dare look back or down until I had attained a fairly flat and solid rock mass. I was perched out over the glacier bowl now, yet blocked from Slade's surveillance. Or so I believed. Some feeling for the hunt was now invested in myself. I can't say truly that I have ever wished to kill a man, but I knew now that in Slade's case, at least, a lack of appetite would not dissuade me. I felt I could kill him if I had to—if, indeed, I ever got the chance.

The drop below me was ten thousand feet. The line of ascent led to a cornice of protruding stone. It reached out over the void of space like a pouring lip. Under the belly of the rock formation I could see the green patches of moss and lichen that the goats were supposed to nibble. It was the only path upward. It would oblige me to inch around and under the jutting rock on a ledge no more than two feet wide.

Had Slade remained above me? Was he waiting there now? I was gambling that he was looking for me below. But if I could get above him, I reasoned, if I could stand for a minute, spread-legged and solid on my feet, while he was pasted against some rock wall sheer as this, the duel with arrows might be partly equalized.

It began to snow then.

I remember how it came from the low sky, as thick as the guts kicked from a pillow. It came in updrafts from the pits of space, and the wind was churning it wildly. It stung my face and slicked the rocks and murdered visibility. My sun glasses were clogged so badly by the snow that I tugged them away from my eyes. But with the sudden action and the press of the wind, they slipped from my grasp, falling, forever, I suppose. The tears the wind whipped from my eyes began almost instantly to freeze

against my face. The only comfort was the knowledge that Slade would be obliged to chuck his glasses, too.

I made my way in torment around the two-foot ledge. There was only one way of doing it. I had to hunch forward on the ledge to accommodate the slant of the wall at my back. I had to edge sideways, step by frightening step, my bent back pressed against the rock, my eyes staring off into the gray and snow-filled emptiness.

I made it, but I had to squeeze my belly like a fist, the arrows clumsy and awkward on my back as they rattled against the bare rock wall. I finally gained a position where the ledge was a little wider, but I still was not safe. The shrieking shaft of an arrow, released from above, slashed by my face with power enough to bury its steel head in the stone. I screamed aloud. I screamed with wild and naked fright. Probably the reflex action of tormented nerves. And I had also guessed wrong. For Slade was still above me.

The snow alone was what saved me. The wind had grown strangely still, so that the falling curtain of flakes was solid, almost impenetrable. I had managed to move another little distance, making no sound for the hunter to hear. All vision was momentarily gone. Even the ledge I stood on was blocked from my own view. I had to fight an awful persuasion to let myself fall forward into the welcoming cushion of silence.

I remember that for a moment I didn't dare move. Then I lowered myself to my hands and knees and pounded the solidity of the ledge, trying to teach my own shocked senses what was real and what was not. I knew that no experience could be any worse than the one I had just survived. Everything from now on was a bonus. Slade was above me, no doubt of that now, but I was still alive.

I began to climb again, going forward and upward, no more in fear than in numb enchantment. Slade, having heard my shriek of terror, likely enough assumed me dead. But he could not know. He would be waiting and ready.

I remembered how the snow stopped as abruptly as it had begun. The total atmosphere seemed sucked into the void, like suds into a drain. There was a sky above me, gray and sick for the moment, but a sky, nonetheless. Behind me the sun was struggling through the haze, as dimly at first as a small-watt bulb clothed with a handkerchief. Some happy intuition told me there would be a glare to challenge any eyes that searched for me. I had room enough to maneuver, and I knew that with the sun at my back, it would not impede me.

I reached for an arrow and clumsily adjusted it to the bow. I closed my eyes and held them pressed tight, just to rest them. I opened them slowly and found that the ledge itself and the masses of rock and the great peaks came into clear and focused view.

SLADE was not more than five yards above me. He was crouched there. His bow was held ready, the arrow half drawn. But he was squinting and half blind in the glare I had anticipated, gazing down from the wide and secure ledge of stone where he had been waiting.

Kneeling and ready, I had the advantage of the moment. There he was, outlined against the sky, not knowing if I were dead or alive. The bow was still clumsy in my hands, but at such a distance I was sure I could not miss. I'm not certain I aimed very well. I just tensed the bow as best I could and let the arrow go. The arrow went into his shoulder and he fell back. That's about how it was.

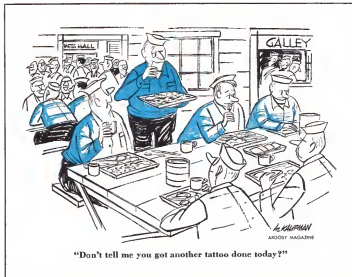
I know I went up the last stretch of rock very fast. He was flat on his back and he was trying to get up. There was blood escaping through his parka at the shoulder, but it was not anything that bothered me. I plowed into him and flattened him again, before he could rise; then I began to punch this peerless sportsman free of his senses.

It was Sarah McBride who pulled me off him.

I guess we sat there for quite a while, the girl and I, on the top of British Columbia. There was a section of vertical stone to spare us from the wind. We were waiting for Slade to revive enough to make the descent with us.

In many ways, he got off easily. The gash in his shoulder was plugged with my handkerchief. The bleeding had stopped. I'll admit his features were scrambled some, but he'd get over that. From the west now, frying the clouds and the mist away, the bright sun showered the peaks with warmth. The wind had squandered itself. It wasn't bad at all. Far below, we could see the copter, waiting.

"It was a real sweet picnic," I said to Sarah. "Wasn't it?"



"Don't tell me you got another tattoo done today?"

She failed to comment at first. She gazed off, very thoughtful.

"It was horrible, George. He sent me far up on one of the peaks, supposedly to look for goats. It was after he was gone, and I was alone up there, that I realized his idea was to kill you. I could see it all from where I was standing. That's why I screamed, and why you heard me. There was nothing else I could do, nothing except pray that he would miss."

I didn't look at her then. I had no way of telling how sincere she was.

"How'd you ever get mixed up with a guy like that?" I demanded.

"A job, George. That's all it ever was. First-class accommodations, which I confess I don't mind. And a lot of heavy paydays. I don't mind those, either."

"Please," I said, "don't mention 'paydays.'"

"But why not?"
"You should know why not. Because this clown will never pay me now. The chances are, with that hole in his shoulder, and his face unperturbed, he'll have me tossed in jail."

"I don't think so," she said slowly.

"I really don't think so."
"With all the lawyers he can hire? Why, he'll probably establish that I

attacked him in the first place, and make the charges stick."

"No, George," she said, turning to me. "He'll pay you in full. Right through his swollen nose." And when I wanted to argue, she smiled at me fondly, patting her camera with surprising tenderness. "It's all here, George. He wanted pictures of the hunt, but not necessarily a man hunt. It's all here, in color. I think he will pay you—and possibly a bonus."

I remember how it was a really fine day in so many respects. Not that I ever saw one of those goats. And I sometimes wonder if they're up there, after all.

They Hunt Danger Below *Continued from page 25*

But he grew interested in two sidelines. One was underwater photography, which led him into doing some work for Hollywood producer Dowling. The other sideline was the aqualung. Captain Jacques Cousteau's marvelous diving invention. These two interests accounted for his meeting Pederson.

Pederson, after working on "Hunters of the Deep," had come to the West Coast to consult with Dowling, but principally, to learn from Limbaugh a bit of technique. The tall, grizzled midwesterner was anxious to study the aqualung.

Limbaugh is now one of the world's leading authorities on the aqualung—probably the foremost non-military expert. He has taught about 60 scientists how to use the device, mostly at the Scripps Institute.

Pederson thought the lung would offer a lot of advantages in mobility while plying the underwater cinematographic art. He and his brother, in three years of intensive developmental work, had brought in some beautiful footage, but they were always getting tangled up in their air hoses. With a tank on his back and an aqualung regulator, Pederson would be able to move around more freely in his underwater studio.

Limbaugh, on the other hand, knew he could learn a good deal about filters and films, lenses and cameras from Pederson. Pederson and his brother had done hard, tedious research work in their water workshop at Goulding Key, near Nassau. They had worked out exposures and film techniques that provided brilliant, striking colors and textures. Goulding Key, incidentally, was the dangerous diving ground used in Twentieth-Century Fox's fictional epic, "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef," as well as the setting for the Pedersons' brilliant photographic work for "Hunters of the Deep."

In 1948, the year the Pedersons first saw the Key, adventure started fast. Verne had never even seen a reef before and, with the sea-starved fervor of a midwesterner, leaped in the water and swam out to what looked like the one solid part of the reef. Suddenly, just as he neared the spot, "the whole top of the reef raised up and came straight at me."

Verne thought it was a giant shark and

made a wild, mad dash to shore. Even after they discovered it was a mammoth manta ray, they were still scared. The Pedersons were new to the ways of the sea then and didn't know a ray is a vegetarian. Since then they have lost their fear of most things in the sea and even sharks don't faze them unduly.

"Most any fish will fight back if you attack him," Verne says, "but generally sharks are pretty cautious. A shark will often make several passes around an object in the water, looking it over, coming a bit closer each time. If it's something strange, they're very careful."

But Limbaugh, more of an authority on marine life, has a slightly different view about sharks. When two experts like Limbaugh and Pederson get together, they relish discussion like meat and drink. Unlike many other fields of biology, life in the sea is full of question marks; much of it is yet unexplored. And so, about sharks, Limbaugh said: "It depends on the type of shark, and the circumstances. The great white shark and the tiger shark are dangerous. Last year a great white shark chewed up a boy at Monterey and killed him."

"There was a kid in Hawaii who had the idea of waving his hands to make the sharks go away. They bit his hands off."

Harmless Sharks

However, Limbaugh said, he has had experience with some sharks which appear to be harmless. Once last year off the coast of Mexico, he said, he spotted a whale shark about 35 feet long. Knowing it to be a sluggish type, akin to the large but mild-tempered hasking shark, he climbed on the shark's back and had a free ride for five or six minutes. The shark didn't seem to mind.

Around sharks both Pederson and Limbaugh agree on one rule: Be careful not to make abrupt movements. "If something moves suddenly, they're apt to get nervous and snap at it."

Moray eels are more dangerous than sharks, Pederson believes. "Morays are really aggressive and ill-tempered," he says. Once, when filming a moray, the eel "came right toward me, and kept coming, until he got so close that he

blurred out of focus. I dropped my camera on him and that seemed to take the fight out of him. He went back into his hole."

Limbaugh doesn't share Pederson's respect for the moray as the most dangerous beast of the sea. The animal which fills Connie with dread is the killer whale, the 30- or 40-foot black and white beast which apparently is afraid of nothing in the sea.

Killer Whales

The killer whale, says Limbaugh, likes to dash up to a 35- or 40-foot gray whale and rip out its tongue. Killers are also fond of running into a cove where seals are cavorting, grabbing 200-pound sea lions from the rocks and swallowing them at one gulp. It is terrifying, he said, to be swimming near a seal hang-out and see the towering black dorsal fin of a killer, five or six feet tall, cutting the water.

Probably the greatest danger to men in the strange element of the sea, Limbaugh says, is not the animals in it but the gadgets men use in underwater exploration—like the aqualung, that French invention which has made it possible for men to "fly" freely in the water, exactly like fish.

Connie said the aqualung, in the hands of a novice, could be more dangerous than the shark. Only one life had been lost on the California coast because of sharks last year—and six had died in mishaps with the aqualung.

Connie has plenty of respect for the gadget. "You can kill yourself in six feet of water if you don't handle it right," he said.

"When you're skin-diving, your air is at normal pressure, but if you use an aqualung, the air comes to you at high pressure, and your body has trouble equalizing it. You have to be careful going up, slowly, or you'll get air bubbles in your bloodstream, and a ruptured lung. The effect may be like a brain concussion."

One big hazard with the aqualung, he said, is the matter of timing. You have little sense of timing when you are deep down. Most aqualung rigs have a reserve

supply which is supposed to give you a few minutes extra air to get you to the surface. Your double tanks are good for an hour and if they run out suddenly the reserve will carry you during an ascent—provided you are not too deep. That, at least, is the theory. One time, though, it didn't work with Connie.

An Early Aqualung

Connie had just come to the Scripps Institution on a fellowship to study marine biology. He had been a skin diver since 1934, when at the age of 12 he had been introduced to the sport at Little Corona, California. He had started with a home-made face plate made from a coffee can and a tarred-in glass, and his first tutor had been a gent called Burrhead, one of the most expert of the Southern California beach bums. Later Connie had spearfished for years with a group who called themselves Lohos del Mar, but on this occasion, in 1949, he was working with a relatively new piece of equipment, the aqualung.

Out in the precipitous Submarine Canyon near the Scripps Institution pier, Connie was down at a depth of 85 feet, trying to catch a tiny fish called a goby. He had a bottle in his hand and he was concentrating so hard on trying to shoo the fish into it that he forgot about time. He wasn't worried—he had counted on his reserve supply. He didn't know that the reserve supply was open.

"The worst thing was that I was alone," Limbaugh recalls. "In those early days we used to go down by ourselves. Now we practice the buddy system. If something goes wrong with one man's equipment his friend can swap mouthpieces with him, give him some air."

Limbaugh got his goby into the bottle, took a breath—and found he was out of air. "I breathed out," he said, "and came up fast enough to get a pinkout. That's when you get vertigo—you don't know which way is up."

Verne Pederson learned about hose diving the hard way. As a kid on a Minnesota lake near the town of Vergas, Verne started with a home-made diving mask, made out of a flashlight lens and an old inner tube.

Later, he read an exciting book by a famed marine biologist, William Beebe. It was called "Beneath Tropic Seas," and it told of Beebe's underwater studies and photography in West Indies waters. Beebe, a hose-and-suit diver, wrote a passage which had a profound effect on Verne. "It went something like this," Verne recalls: "Dear Reader: Please before you die, beg, borrow or steal or make for yourself a diving outfit, and see for yourself the world under water."

Verne's first efforts in this direction were modest. In Minot, North Dakota, his home at the time, he made a water-tight box for an eight-millimeter camera, and took some movies in a shallow pond. He set the camera going, submerged it, and waved a stick in the water in front of the lens.

During World War II, when Verne

moved to San Diego to work as an electrician in the Convair plant, he went spearfishing off the La Jolla rocks. His companion was "a big, barrel-chested fella—we called him Big Smith—from Kansas." Verne made some eight-millimeter movies of Big Smith diving for shalane. "I made 'em by lying on a paddleboard and putting my head and the camera under water."

After the war, Verne and his brother, with some money realized from the sale of orchard property, made a trip to Florida, tried some underwater photography there, but were unsuccessful. They were unable to find good clear water in which to study underwater ocean life. They decided to buy a boat and go to the Bahamas.

With the aid of an old sailing man, Captain Bill Gihns, they found a seaworthy motorboat, the *Queen Trigger*. They bought her from Constance and Wesley Meuller, who also had the underwater photography bug, and were



"How the heck do I know how she knew my name?"

pioneers in making subaquatic movies.

When Verne and Harry found their beautiful 12-mile reef, they rigged a hose-diving apparatus, à la Beebe. They bought a one-lung engine to power their air compressor. They didn't use helmets, but set up their hoses so that air was fed to their face masks. They wore dark-colored coveralls to protect against sharks and coral cuts, and instead of lead-soled shoes, they wore sneakers and a belt of lead weights.

Then, through bitter experience, they perfected their technique. One trouble was that they liked to work together on the ocean bottom, and had no assistant to make sure their compressor kept on working topside. Sometimes tropical rain squalls came up and conked out the motor. Then the Pedersons would have to come up fast, slightly short of air. So they devised a system of reserve tanks, which would supply five minutes of emergency air.

While they were working out their diving problems, the Pederson brothers tackled the much more complex and difficult questions of underwater photography.

They were pioneers; little was known, or at least recorded, about making col-

motion pictures under water. They rigged a darkroom aboard their boat, and they worked slowly, by trial and error. For two years they made only stills, experimenting with shutter openings, with natural and flashbulb light, and especially with different films and filters. "Filters were one of our biggest problems," Verne says. "We tried all kinds, and all kinds of exposures. We used magentas, yellows, all kinds of single filters and combinations."

At last, Verne says, "we ended with the combination that gives us the best results." The combination, he added, is a trade secret—and so far he has shared it only with Walt Disney for Disney's new picture, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

By the end of 1951, Verne and his brother "knew exactly what we wanted. We made up the equipment—the filters and the right kind of film."

Through years of exploration in their favorite hay, they had come to know the bottom like their own back yards, and knew some of the fish pretty well, too.

"We were getting friendly with the little fish," says Verne. "We'd chum them into a coral place to get good composition. We chopped up sea urchins for bait and they'd flock to it—grunts, porgies, and schoolmasters and the squirrel fish, pretty little things. We were getting pictures of the smaller fish first."

Then came the bigger beasts, like the shark. Verne and his brother got some remarkable movie film of sharks tearing a manta ray apart, sweeping 'round and 'round the wounded animal and each time savagely making an attack, eating the ray alive. This footage is in "Hunters of the Deep."

Strangely enough, the Pedersons found they didn't need artificial light to make pictures with their 16-millimeter cameras. In the beautifully clear water, the natural light from the sky was bright enough.

The Pederson brothers lived aboard their boat and spent long days under water. "We used to get down about nine o'clock in the morning," Verne said. "We'd come up for lunch and to change the film and gas up the compressor. On a good day we'd photograph until four or four-thirty in the afternoon."

Whether the underwater explorer uses aqualung or hose and suit, Limbaugh says, the principal safety factor is knowledge—knowledge of his equipment, of the waters in which he is working, and of the finny inhabitants. Incidentally, knowledge will help raise your spearfishing score tremendously, too.

For instance, Connie says, you can benefit greatly from a knowledge of fish psychology. Fish psychology, he said, runs in certain patterns for this or that species—but it varies with individual fish, too. It helps a lot if you can put yourself in the fish's place, and think as he would.

Connie knows, for instance, about the ways of the cahazon and scorpion. These underwater characters, who can give you a bad time if you brush against their poisonous fins, depend on protective col-

oring to keep them safe from attack. Their color changes in accordance with their background, so "you can spear them without their moving at all."

The black sea bass seems to follow a definite pattern of behavior when it is being stalked, Connie says. "If you go right at him, he'll run off. You have to swim roughly parallel, inching in toward him. When you're close enough, make your shot."

The kelp bass, a brown-and-white striped fellow weighing up to 10 pounds, doesn't have to be approached so cautiously. In fact, he is curious, and when you first swim into his vicinity, he'll come over to see what's happening, and you can spear him at will.

Individual fish have their own personal quirks, Verne Pederson says, and you can figure them out if you watch them, as with people. Two of his closest fish friends were groupers—snub-nosed, plump and good-natured animals between two and three feet in length. They used to follow him around while he worked at his underwater chores.

"The stupid one, a Nassau grouper, was my closest associate," Verne recalled. "Sometimes he'd hit me playfully. He'd usually do it when I wasn't looking. My mask impairs visibility to the side, and sometimes he'd come up and take two or

three fingers in his mouth. But he'd know he had something that he wasn't supposed to have, and he'd let go. Sometimes he'd nick you and draw blood."

Pederson doesn't do much spearfishing, but likes to go around under water and get fish for his friends, the groupers. "It was the best form of spearfishing," he says. "Sometimes my friends, the groupers, would take the fish right off the spear, before I could get 'em loose. The groupers were usually very hungry."

Another, and less friendly fish visitor to the Pederson's subaquatic home, was a dangerous marine brute that has attacked man, the barracuda.

"One time when we were working in a hay a big barracuda used to come around every afternoon," Pederson said. "He was about five or six inches across the head. He wasn't afraid and would come very close. Once he took a fancy to my belt buckle—the shine must have interested him. He came in and hovered about a foot from it. Made me nervous."

Sharks were never as persistently curious as that, according to Verne. But they could be "chummed" into camera range by groups of smaller fish who in turn had to be won over with friendly inducements like bait. In the filming of "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef," Verne's job was to induce big fish like sharks and rays to

come into camera range. More recently, he had the same task, plus photographic chores, in Disney's "Twenty-Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Sharks, fierce or mild-tempered, inevitably play a large part in any undersea epic—since they look so dangerous.

Incidentally, Verne said his ambition, after he has learned the use of the aqualing, is to go down to the Galapagos Islands, where the sharks are tremendous, and make some underwater film there. Connie agreed this was a good project, and they'll probably make the trip together.

Right now, however, Limbaugh has a more pressing matter to attend to. It is to learn enough of the German language to qualify for his Ph.D. degree. He must also keep up with some local part-time work (like underwater photography) to pay for his studies—and to support his wife, Carol, his two-year-old daughter Cathy, and home near San Diego.

Verne has a wife, Betty, but no children, and he is a little better fixed financially. So he may get to the Galapagos before Limbaugh, and take Betty with him. Verne gets a bright gleam in his eye when he thinks of the Galapagos. "I want shots of nice big sharks attacking other fish," he says. "You know, something really dramatic." ● ● ●

The Arsenal That Time Forgot *Continued from page 44*

up the matchlock system of ignition about the year 1450. An early specimen was the serpentine lock, which got its name from its shape: an S, pivoted at its center. When the tail section was pushed upward, the head—holding the burning match—moved downward to light the powder.

The matchlock system was so reliable, simple and cheap to produce that it was used throughout the world until around 1700. In China and Japan, matchlocks were being made almost up to our own century, and many fairly recent specimens were dug home by veterans of World War II and the Korean mess.

The matchlock's match or wick was made of flax or some such material, soaked in saltpeter. Sometimes it was as much as 20 feet long, and often it was lit at both ends in the hope that if one end wasn't glowing at the crucial time maybe the other end would be.

The matchlock was basically unreliable, and finally some gunsmith faced the facts. To replace it, he invented the wheellock, using the age-old, fire-making combination of flint and steel. It worked about like a cigarette lighter. A spring-activated steel wheel, its edge grooved and notched, protruded up through the priming powder pan and made contact with a jaw-held piece of iron pyrites. (Flint, they found, wore out the steel too quickly.) When the trigger was pulled, the wheel spun rapidly against the pyrites, and the resulting sparks lit the priming powder. This shot a flame through the touch hole, exploding the

main charge and sending the bullet on its way.

This was some improvement on the matchlock, but it was so complicated and so expensive that you had to be in the upper income brackets to afford one. Also, it was slower than the matchlock, because between shots you had to crank up the mainspring all over again. Still and all, the wheellock managed to make its way through most of the 16th and 17th Centuries.

The first form of flintlock (around 1550) was the snaphance. There is some disagreement in scholarly pool-room circles about where the name "snaphance" came from. One school of thought says that it derives from the Dutch words, "snaep haan," meaning chicken thief, and that the gadget was devised by early Dutch poultry pilferers who could not afford the wheellock. A likelier story says that the word came from the German "schnapp Hahn," meaning a pecking chicken, which is a pretty fair description of the hammer's action as it snaps the flint forward to strike the steel and spark the priming powder.

The main difference between the snaphance and the true flintlock is in the design of the frizzen and pan cover. In the snaphance these are two separate parts. In the flintlock they are combined in one piece.

The true flintlock was the constant companion of the early American settler, and it was still on the job until about the time of the Civil War. It was superseded by probably the greatest single

invention in the whole history of firearms: the percussion cap.

Nobody knows who actually invented the percussion cap; it's one of those things that historians can sit around arguing about until they're blue in the face. It is known, though, that in 1814 Captain Joshua Shaw of Philadelphia got the idea of putting a bit of explosive compound (fulminate) in a small metal cap and placing it over a tube or nipple that would carry the fire to the powder charge in the gun's breech. A few years later he had fairly well perfected the copper percussion-cap primer, which was universally used until about 1870.

Then somebody thought of combining the cap with the bullet, placing the fulminate in the hollow base of the bullet and smacking it with the gun hammer to fire it. This didn't work out too well at first. But when the fulminate and powder charge were placed in a copper container attached to the bullet, things were better. Mankind had enriched itself with its first rim-fire and pin-fire cartridges. Both of these deadly little blessings were developed in Europe a little more than 100 years ago.

Since then, the only development in firearm ignition is the familiar center-fire cartridge which makes possible the powerful firearms we use today.

There is no way of knowing, though, what might turn up between now and the end of the week. No man has ever been completely satisfied with the gun he shoots, and it's possible that no man ever will be. ● ● ●



Built for Speed

Continued from page 42

can wait until we come back in. Cast off the stern line."

We went aboard. The girl handled the bow line. He didn't give her much time. He swung out so fast that he gave her a hell of a long leap. She stumbled and cracked her knee, and I saw her grimace of pain.

"Watch it, Ginny!" he yelled at her.

WHEN we were outside the entrance he gave the boat full throttle. I stood beside him and watched the rpm's. They climbed and steadied at forty-two hundred. The *Go Girl* had a lot of guts. It was a thrill to be on her. She was delicate and responsive.

He heeled around the red channel marker and away we went, heading down the big bay toward the distant Gulf. I lifted the hatch on the port engine. It was a special job. I thumbed grease from the plate. British. I squatted and listened. She ran smooth as could be and then began to pop and miss. I motioned to him to throttle them both down. The stern rode high for a moment on our own wake and then she lay steady in the water. I lifted the other engine hatch.

"Why are you looking at that one?" he demanded.

I ignored the question. That's the privilege of all mechanics. I had a pretty good idea of the trouble, and a close look at the starboard engine verified it. I closed the engine hatches.

"We can take her in."

"What's the trouble?"

"I'll have to check the book to make sure, but I don't think the plugs on the port side have the same rating as the ones in the starboard engine. It's a new set, I see, and I think you're overloading them. If the book says they have the same rating, then I'm wrong."

"My God, that was easy enough," he said, and he smiled for the first time. It didn't make him look any more pleasant. It just stretched his lips and narrowed his eyes.

He swung the *Go Girl* around and we headed back. We passed a dinghy with a couple of kids fishing. He didn't slow for them. The wash nearly upended the

dinghy. He knew I saw it. He turned toward me and said, over the engine roar, "They can do their damn fishing away from the channel."

"If they'd gone over, we were going back, Barrow."

"Not in this boat."

"In this boat." I don't know why I had to act hard with the man. I'm a peaceful type.

He stared at me and then let out a whoop of laughter. The girl was sitting in a Buddha pose on the bow. She turned and looked back with an expression of surprise. I guessed it wasn't a sound she heard often.

He was still grinning to himself when we eased into the slip. Russ had assigned him. I helped the girl get out the four lines. I measured the tide level with my eye, and slacked off the bow lines a bit. She worked with silent competence. I took another look at the numbers on the plugs and walked back to the yard. I checked the chart. It had been a good guess. I took a new set out of stock, plus a wrench, pliers and gap gauge and went back to the *Go Girl*.

A man was taking ice aboard. The girl had evidently just finished hosing off the boat. She was coiling a crimson hose to stow it in a locker. Barrow wasn't around. The ice man went away after she paid him from a straw purse.

She looked shyly at me and said, "My husband said for you to go right ahead."

I didn't like to hear her say husband. I'd been doing some ridiculous day-dreaming. I wanted him to be boss, father, big brother—anything but husband. My first impression of her, the impression of arrogance, had been wrong. She was a big, shy blonde girl with something terribly subdued about her.

I took two plugs out of the good motor to get a double check on the gap. It didn't take long to install the new set of plugs. I could feel the girl watching me. The silence seemed awkward.

"Take long to get here from New Orleans?"

"We came straight across from Vera Cruz."

I gathered up the plugs I had replaced, closed the hatches. "Bad time of year to try that."

"We've got a ship-to-shore and we can outrun bad weather."

I LOOKED at her and noticed the bruise on her knee. I smiled at her. "Your husband has got a pretty sharp crew, Mrs. Barrow."

She gave a nervous glance along the dock, along where he would have to come when he returned. It showed me how vulnerable she was.

"I've—spent a lot of time around boats. I guess."

It was obvious that she wanted me to go away. Her eyebrows were pale-bleached against her heavy tan. Sometimes it is too easy to be a damn fool. She wanted me to go, and I didn't want to go. I wanted to know more about these people and this marriage. I guess I was

getting a White Knight complex or something. I had nominated her princess, and I didn't like her being married to him, and I didn't think she liked it very much, either.

"Where are you going from here?"

"Down to the Keys and over to Cuba."

I could see below, see the bunks with their tailored coverings, the gleam and newness of everything, a rack of heavy boat rods, jeweled reels glistening. Everything was in its place. It was a shipshape, sterile world.

The rods gave me another gambit. "Do more fishing?"

"Sometimes."

There are some couples you see and the idea of sex between them is slightly unbelievable. But with other couples they seem to represent maleness and femaleness, and you can sense somehow that their relationship is predominantly physical. She was young and beautifully constructed and she had an indicative ripeness. And he was male as a clenched fist. The boat began to make me oddly uncomfortable. It was the flavor of them, I guess, a sensing of a relationship that was not good. I stepped across to the dock. When I looked back she was kneeling on the bow rubbing a polishing rag hard against the brightwork, her pale, sun-harsh hair swinging against her cheek with the rhythm of her work.

A breeze freshened with the dusk that night, and I do not know whether it was an urge to prove something that made me change, after my shower and shave, to silk shantung slacks the color of beach sand and an Egyptian cotton shirt. The slacks had been in the back of the closet and the shirt on the bottom of the pile in the bureau. We don't wear jackets at the club in summer. I gave grease-darkened knuckles an extra scrubbing. Before I left my place I took a long look in the mirror, trying to be objective, wondering why I had been awarded a face more suitable to a retired heavyweight than to the young man of distinction which, on this evening, I wished to be, for some ungodly reason.

Our club bar is plaintively tropical, with rattan and bamboo. Some of the guys were drinking beer at a corner of the bar. Kiester studied me and whistled low and asked me if I was making like a tourist. I told him to fit his head into his beer shell. I had Raoul make me a martini because I felt in a martini mood. While I was sipping it I saw Barrow alone at one of the tables in a dark corner. I hadn't seen him before.

"Rutland!" he said. "Come on over here a minute." The voice of command. It silenced the guys at the bar. Barrow was the damndest man. Always keeping you right on the edge of an obligatory scene.

I went on over and sat down on invitation—or command. "Took her out again. You did a fine job. She's sweet now. She takes the full load. What do I owe you?"

"Call it twenty."

"I promised double."

"That's already double."

He put a twenty and a ten on the table. I stared at it and then shrugged and picked it up. As I folded the bills and tucked them in my shirt pocket, I realized that he was very drunk. It hadn't affected his speech. It was just that my eyes were getting used to the dimness, and I saw the slack hang of the face that had been so squared and rigid before, saw the opaque glaze of the eyes that had been so snapping-black. He had a brandy bottle on the table. He poured himself another drink with a hand that was too steady, a motion that was too deliberate. And he started to drink it in the same way.

I got up and said, "See you around." He didn't answer. He was looking out the big bar window toward where the dusk was hiding the boats at anchor. I had a few more martinis. He was more than ever the dragon to be slain.

WITH the courage of gin, I went for a walk on the docks to the *Go Girl*. It was too dark to see into the cockpit. Then I heard her slap hard at a mosquito and I made her out, sitting there in a pale dress in one of the chairs. "Mr. Rutland?" she asked in that hushed privacy of voices at night. "Yes, Mrs. Barrow." I could smell insect repellent.

"How is . . . Have you seen him?" "He's at the club. In the bar." There was a long silence. I was not invited aboard. She said, "Will you do me a favor?"

"Of course, Mrs. Barrow." "Watch him. Get him back here to the boat when he—when he should come back."

"I'll do that."
"Thank you very much."

The boat rocked in the basin, a slow sound of the creak of lines and hull slap of ripples and soft nudge of fenders. There was a party on another boat on the other side of the basin. Suddenly all the people there laughed at once. A good punch line, I guessed.

"Can I bring you a drink or anything?" "You better go watch him."

I went and watched him. It didn't take too long, because he went at it with method, with a slow and dogged intentness. He was being watched with a certain amount of awe by the regulars in the bar. His elbow slid off the table and his head thumped against the wooden edge of the table. He sat like that. I went over to him and got him to his feet, holding him upright. Kister wanted to help me. I told him I could manage. Barrow was heavy, but he had little use of his legs left. His head lolled. He muttered incomprehensible things. I got him out into the night and down the long dock to their ship and kept him from lurching into the water.

Getting him aboard was a trick. She snubbed the boat closer and once he slipped and she had to take most of his weight and I heard her grunt with the effort of it. We got him below and she turned on a light and we got him onto

the bunk. She took off his shoes and picked the knot free in the white shirt, exposing his heavily haired brown chest, sweat-headed in the light.

She slapped him sharply twice, saying, "Ralph! Ralph!" He didn't stir or make a sound. He was out.

She blocked the narrow space between the hunks. She looked at me in the light and something had happened to her face. It wasn't good to look at. A sort of gloating. A sort of evil freedom. And she turned out the light.

My eyes were not used to darkness and I thought she was going topside until I felt her hands on my shoulders and she thrust herself heavily against me, missing my mouth with hers, then nuzzling and finding it. She was young and husky and she levered us toward the other hunk so that I lost balance and we toppled awkwardly onto it. Her intentions were unmistakable, but any desire I had felt for her was destroyed by the circumstances. I did not wish to be made an instrument of revenge for petty cruelty and too much humiliation. She sensed quickly that I was trying to get free, and she took her eager arms from me and lay still in darkness.

"Do you want to go to some other place?" she asked in too cold and conversational a voice.

"No."
I left her there. He had begun to snore. I went topside and leaped up onto the dock and walked away. My face was sweating. I could smell her insect-repellent on me. I felt like a prude. Yet I knew that had I guessed it was that way in the beginning I would have gone along with it—not there, but in my place. But I had guessed the script wrong. And I had liked my script better.

Then I thought of other ports and other nights and of how many times she had perhaps taken her revenge, and I felt full of virtue.

BUT I did not sleep well. I woke up in the morning and thought of her, thought of how it would be like picking up the thirty dollars on the dark table. I wanted them to stay over another night. But when I walked out to the docks I saw the *Go Girl* outside the entrance and saw her leap forward into full speed, beeling sweetly around the channel marker to drone down the bay to the Summer Gulf, and as she went out of sight I thought I saw her standing on the bow, coiling a line.

Russ spat into the water. It was a comment. "How was Mr. Barrow this morning?"

"The son of a bitch. That child bride of his didn't jump fast enough and he cuffed her across the back of the neck and damn near knocked her overboard. Hope he never comes back."

Of course, he never has and he never will because it was that month that the big one came grinding up out of the Caribbean and the search boys lost it for a while. It didn't cover much of an area but it had winds of maximum intensity. The town boarded up, but it wheeled out again and missed us and hit the Texas coast finally with diminished force, dropping a billion gallons of heavy rain. At one point during its random journey, it swallowed the *Go Girl*. There was a piece in the paper. It indicated that Barrow had been an important man in Louisiana.

I thought about the *Go Girl* on the floor of the Gulf, and I thought about



her drowned hair, and how it is always green down there, with pale luminosity where the storms never reach. That should be the end of the story, of course. And it is meaningless, and what happened later may give it some meaning which I have not yet been able to understand.

Kister was drunk one night. Amiably drunk, his big face red and sweating, and we were alone in the bar and he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Been meaning to tell you sometime, Joe boy. You remember that Barrow drunk and the *Go Girl* that got lost, and the

blondie? Well, kid, you were the boy scout and took hubby home, but old Kister got the reward. You weren't on the hall that night, believe me, and let me tell you, kiddo, it was something. It was really some—"

In an almost instinctive reaction, I slapped his hand off my shoulder, turning fist cocked, and I came frighteningly close to smashing his mouth. I don't know what stopped me. Perhaps it was the realization that he looked, under the bluster, embarrassed and perhaps ashamed.

When I dropped my hand he said,

Green Hills of Africa *Continued from page 19*

the forest came close down into the head of the valley.

Pop and Poor Old Mama, my wife, came up. Pop with his big gun and M'Cola carrying mine.

"Droopy will get the tracks," Pop said. "M'Cola swears you hit him."

"Piga!" M'Cola said.
"He snorted like a steam engine," P. O. M. said. "Didn't he look wonderful going along there?"

"He was late getting home with the milk," Pop said. "Are you *sure* you hit him? It was a godawful long shot."

"I know I hit him. I'm *pretty* sure I've killed him."

"Don't tell any one if you did," Pop said. "They'll never believe you. Look! Droopy's got hood."

Below, in the high grass, Droop was holding up a grass blade toward us. Then, stooped, he went on trailing fast by the hood spoor.

"Piga," M'Cola said. "M'uzuri!"

"We'll keep up above where we can see if he makes a break," Pop said.

"Look at Droopy."

Droop had removed his fez and held it in his hand.

"That's all the precautions he needs," Pop said. "We bring up a couple of heavy guns and Droopy goes in after him with one article less of clothing."

BELOW us Droopy and his partner who was trailing with him had stopped. Droopy held up his hand.

"They hear him," Pop said. "Come on."

We started toward them. Droopy came toward us and spoke to Pop.

"He's in there," Pop whispered. "They can hear the tick birds. One of the boys says he heard the faro, too. We'll go in against the wind. You go ahead with Droopy. Let the Memsalih stay behind me. Take the big gun. All right."

The rhino was in high grass, somewhere in there behind some bushes. As we went forward we heard a deep, moaning sort of groan. Droopy looked around at me and grinned. The noise came again, ending this time like a blood-choked sigh. Droopy was laughing. "Faro," he whispered and put his hand palm open on the side of his head in

the gesture that means to go to sleep. Then in a jerky-flighted, sharp-beaked little flock we saw the tick birds rise and fly away. We knew where he was and, as we went slowly forward, parting the high grass, we saw him. He was on his side, dead.

"Better shoot him once to make sure," Pop said. M'Cola handed me the Springfield he had been carrying. I noticed it was cocked, looked at M'Cola, furious with him, knelt down and shot the rhino in the sticking place. He never moved. Droopy shook my hand and so did M'Cola.

"He had that damned Springfield cocked," I said to Pop. The cocked gun, behind my hack, made me hack angry.

THAT meant nothing to M'Cola. He was very happy, stroking the rhino's horn, measuring it with his fingers spread, looking for the hullet hole.

"It's on the side he's lying on," I said.

"You should have seen him when he was protecting Mama," Pop said. "That's why he had the gun cocked."

"Can he shoot?"

"No," Pop said. "But he would."

"Shoot me in the pants," I said. "Romantic bastard." When the whole outfit came up we rolled the rhino into a sort of kneeling position and cut away the grass to take some pictures. The hullet hole was fairly high in the hack, a little behind the lungs.

"That was a hell of a shot," Pop said.

"A hell of a shot. Don't ever tell any one you made that one."

"You'll have to give me a certificate."

"That would just make us both liars. They're a strange beast, aren't they?"

There he was, long-bulked, heavy-sided, prehistoric-looking, the hide like vulcanized rubber and faintly transparent-looking, scarred with a badly healed horn wound that the birds had pecked at, his tail thick, round, and pointed, flat, many-legged ticks crawling on him, his ears fringed with hair, tiny pig eyes, moss growing on the base of his horns that grew out forward from his nose. M'Cola looked at him and shook his head. I agreed with him. This was the hell of an animal.

"How is his horn?"

"What goes?" And he sounded put upon.

"Just drop it."

"Where do you figure? No reason to get sore because—"

"Please drop it," I said, and left the bar and the club.

I went out and sat on my heels on the end of the gas dock. There were a lot of stars that night. I wanted to stop thinking about Kister and I couldn't. I wanted people to come along who would fit the things in my head. But they always came along and were out of focus. You can't tell the knights from the dragons without a score card. ● ● ●

"It isn't bad," Pop said. "It's nothing extra. That was a hell of a shot you made on him though, brother."

"M'Cola's pleased with it," I said.

"You're pretty pleased with it yourself," P. O. M. said.

"I'm crazy about it," I said. "But don't let me start on it. Don't worry about how I feel about it. I can wake up and think about that any night."

On our way back across country to our main camp, I made a fancy shot on a reedhack at about two hundred yards, offhand, breaking his neck at the base of the skull. M'Cola was very pleased and Droopy was delighted.

"We've got to put a stop to him," Pop said to P. O. M. "Where did you shoot for, really?"

"In the neck," I lied. I had held fool on the center of the shoulder.

"It was awfully pretty," P. O. M. said. The hullet had made a crack when it hit like a baseball bat swung against a fast ball and the huck had collapsed without a move.

"I think he's a damned liar," Pop said.

"None of us great shots is appreciated. Wait till we're gone."

"His idea of being appreciated is for us to carry him on our shoulders," Pop said. "That rhino shot has ruined him."

"All right. You watch from now on. Hell, I've shot well the whole time."

"I seem to remember a Grant of some sort," Pop was teasing. So did I remember him. I'd followed a fine one out of the country, missing shot after shot all morning after a series of stalks in the heat, then crawled up to an ant hill to shoot one that was not nearly as good, taken a rest on the ant hill, missed the buck at fifty yards, seen him stand facing me, absolutely still, his nose up, and shot him in the chest. He went over backwards and as I went up to him he jumped up and went off, staggering. I sat down and waited for him to stop and when he did, obviously anchored, I sat there, using the sling, and shot for his neck, slowly and carefully, missing him eight times straight in a mounting, stubborn rage, not making a correction but shooting exactly for the same place in the same way each time, the gun bearers all laughing, P. O. M. and Pop saying nothing, me sitting there cold.

crazy-stubborn-lurious, determined to break his neck rather than walk up and perhaps start him off over that heat-hazy, baking, noontime plain. Nobody said anything. I reached up my hand to M'Cola for more cartridges, shot again, carefully, and missed, and on the tenth shot broke his damned neck. I turned away without looking toward him.

"Poor Papa," P. O. M. said.
 "It's the light and the wind," Pop said. We had not known each other very well then. "They were all hitting the same place. I could see them throw the dust."

"I was a damned bloody stubborn fool," I said.

Anyway, I could shoot now. So far, and aided by flukes, my luck was running now.

We came on into sight of camp and shouted. No one came out. Finally Karl came out of his tent. He went back in as soon as he saw us, then came out again. "Hey, Karl," I yelled. He waved and went back in the tent again. Then came toward us. He was shaky with excitement and I saw he had been washing blood off his hands.

"What is it?"
 "Rhino," he said.
 "Did you get in trouble with him?"
 "No. We killed him."
 "Fine. Where is he?"
 "Over there behind that tree."

We went over. There was the newly severed head of a rhino that was a rhino. He was twice the size of the one I had killed. The little eyes were shut and a fresh drop of blood stood in the corner of one like a tear. The head bulked enormous and the horn swept up and back in a fine curve. The hide was an inch thick where it was cut as freshly as sliced coconut.

"What is he? About thirty inches?"
 "Hell, no," said Pop. "No thirty inches."
 "But he iss a very fine one. Mr. Jackson," Dan said.

"Yes. He's a fine one." Pop said.
 "Where did you get him?"
 "Just outside of camp."
 "He was standing in some bush. We heard him grunt."

"We thought he was a buffalo," Karl said.
 "He iss a very fine one," Dan repeated.
 "I'm damned glad you got him," I said.

There we were, the three of us, wanting to congratulate, waiting to be good sports about this rhino whose smaller horn was longer than our big one, this huge, tear-eyed marvel of a rhino, this dead, head-severed dream rhino, and instead we all spoke like people who were about to become seaskin on a boat, or people who had suffered some heavy financial loss.

WE WERE ashamed and could do nothing. I wanted to say something pleasant and hearty, instead. "How many times did you shoot him?" I asked.

"I don't know. We didn't count. Five or six, I guess."
 "Five. I think," said Dan.

Poor Karl, faced by these three sad-faced congratulators, was beginning to feel his pleasure in the rhino drained away from him.

"We got one, too," said P. O. M.
 "That's fine," said Karl. "Is he bigger than this one?"
 "Hell, no. He's a lousy runt."
 "I'm sorry," Karl said. He meant it, simply and truly.

"What the hell have you got to be sorry about with a rhino like that? God-damn it, he's a beauty. Let me get-



camera and take some pictures of him." I went after the camera. P. O. M. took me by the arm and walked close beside me.

"Papa, please try to act like a human being," she said. "Poor Karl. You're making him feel dreadfully."
 "I know it," I said. "I'm trying not to act that way."

There was Pop. He shook his head. "I never felt more of a four-letter man," he said. "But it was like a kick in the stomach. I'm really delighted, of course."
 "Me, too," I said. "I'd rather have him

beat me. You know that. Truly. But why couldn't he just get a good one, two or three inches longer? Why did he have to get one that makes mine ridiculous? It just makes ours silly."

"You can always remember that shot," "The hell with that shot. That bloody fluke. God, what a beautiful rhino."
 "Come on, let's pull ourselves together."

"We were awful," P. O. M. said.
 "I know it," I said. "And all the time I was trying to be jolly. You know I'm delighted he has it."

"You were certainly jolly. Both of you," P. O. M. said.

"But did you see M'Cola?" Pop asked. M'Cola had looked at the rhino dismally, shaken his head and walked away.

"He's a wonderful rhino," P. O. M. said. "We must act decently and make Karl feel good."

But it was too late. We could not make Karl feel good and for a long time we could not feel good ourselves. The porters came into camp with the loads and we could see them all, and all of our outfit, go over to where the rhino head lay in the shade. They were all very quiet. Only the skinner was delighted to see such a rhino head in camp.

"M'uzuri sana," he said to me. And measured the horn with shiftings of his widespread hand. "Kubwa sana!"

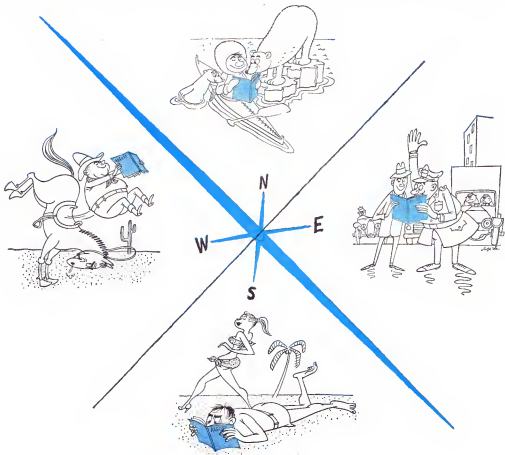
"N'Dio. M'uzuri sana," I agreed.
 "B'wana Kabor shoot him?"
 "Yes."

"M'uzuri sana."
 "Yes," I agreed. "M'uzuri sana."

The skinner was the only gent in the outfit. We had tried, in all the shoot, never to be competitive. Karl and I had each tried to give the other the better chance on everything that came up. I was truly very fond of him and he was entirely unselfish and altogether self-sacrificing. I knew I could outshoot him and I could always outwalk him and, steadily, he got trophies that made mine dwarfs in comparison. He had done some of the worst shooting at game I had ever seen and I had shot badly twice on the trip, at that Grant, and at a bastard once on the plain, still he beat me on all the tangible things we had to show. For a while we had joked about it and I knew everything would even up. But it didn't even up. Now, on this rhino hunt, I had taken the first crack at the country. We had sent him after meat while we had gone into a new country. We had not treated him badly, but we had not treated him too well, and still he had beaten me. Not only beaten, beaten was all right. He had made my rhino look so small that I could never keep him in the same small town where we lived. He had wiped him out. I had the shot I had made on him to remember and nothing could take that away except that it was so bloody marvelous I knew I would wonder, sooner or later, if it was not really a fluke in spite of my unholly self-confidence. Old Karl had put it on us all right with that rhino. He was in his tent now, writing a letter.

Under the dining-tent fly Pop and I

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talked over just what we had better do.

"He's got his rhino anyway," Pop said. "That saves us time. Now you can't stand on that one."

"No."
"But this country is washed out. Something wrong with it. Droopy claims to know a good country about three hours from here in the trucks and another hour or so in with the porters. We can head for there this afternoon with a light outfit, send the trucks back, and Karl and Dan can move on down to M'uto Umho and he can get his oryx."

"Fine."
"He has a chance to get a leopard on that rhino carcass this evening, too, or in the morning. Dan said they heard one. We'll try to get a rhino out of this country of Droopy's and then you join up with them and go on for kudu. We want to leave plenty of time for them."

"Fine."
"Even if you don't get an oryx. You'll pick one up somewhere."

"Even if I don't get one at all, it's all right. We'll get one another time. I want a kudu, though."

"You'll get one. You're sure to."
"I'd rather get one, a good one, than all the rest. I don't give a damn about these rhino outside of the fun of hunting them. But I'd like to get one that wouldn't look silly beside that dream rhino of his."

"Absolutely."
So we told Karl and he said: "Whatever you say. Sure. I hope you get one twice as big." He really meant it. He was feeling better now and so were we all.

We had breakfast before daylight and were started before sunrise, climbing the hill beyond the village in single file. Ahead there was the local guide with a spear, then Droopy with my heavy gun and a water bottle, then me with the Springfield, Pop with the Mannlicher, P. O. M. pleased, as always, to carry nothing, M'Cola with Pop's heavy gun and another water bottle, and finally two local citizens with spears, water bags, and a chop box with lunch. We planned to lay up in the heat of the middle of the day and not get back until dark. It was fine climbing in the cool fresh morning and very different from toiling up this same trail last evening in the sunset with all the rocks and dirt giving back the heat of the day. The trail was used regularly by cattle and the dust was powdered dry, and now lightly moistened from the dew. There were many hyena tracks and, as the trail came onto a ridge of gray rock so that you could look down on both sides into a steep ravine, and then went on along the edge of the canyon, we saw a fresh rhino track in one of the dusty patches below the rocks.

"He's just gone on ahead," Pop said. "They must wander all over here at night."

Below, at the bottom of the canyon, we could see the tops of high trees and in one opening see the flash of water. Across were the steep hillside and the

gullies we had studied last night. Droopy and the local guide were whispering together. Then they started down a steep path that went in long slants down the side of the canyon. We stopped. I had not seen P. O. M. was limping, and in sudden, whispered family bitterness there was a highly-righteous-on-both-sides clash, historically on unwearable shoes and boots in the past, and imperatively on these, which hurt. The hurt was lessened by cutting off the toes of the heavy, short wool socks worn over ordinary socks, and then, by removing the socks entirely, the hoots made possible. Going down-hill steeply made these Spanish hoots too short in the toe and there was an old argument about this length of hoot and whether the hoot-maker, whose part I had taken, unwittingly first, only as interpreter, and finally embraced his theory patriotically as a whole and, I believe, by logic, had overcome it by adding onto the heel. But they hurt now, a stronger logic, and the situation was unhelped by the statement that men's new hoots always hurt for weeks before they became comfortable. Now, heavy socks removed, stepping tentatively, trying the pressure of the leather against the toes, the argument past, she wanting not to suffer, but to keep up and please Pop, me ashamed at having been a four-letter man about hoots, at being righteous against pain, at being righteous at all, at ever being righteous, stopping to whisper about it, both of us grinning at what was whispered, it all right now, the boots too, without the heavy socks, much better, me hating all righteous hasters now, one absent American friend especially, having just removed myself from that category, certainly never to be righteous again, watching Droopy ahead, we went down the long slant of the trail toward the bottom of the canyon where the trees were heavy and tall and the floor of the canyon, that from above had been a narrow gash, opened to a forest-banked stream.

WE STOOD now in the shade of trees with great smooth trunks, circled at their base with the line of roots that showed in rounded ridges up the trunks like arteries; the trunks the yellow green of a French forest on a day in winter after rain. But these trees had a great spread of branches and were in leaf, and below them, in the stream bed in the sun, reeds like papyrus grass grew thick as wheat and twelve feet tall. There was a game trail through the grass along the stream and Droopy was bent down looking at it. M'Cola went over and looked and they both followed it a little way, stooped close over it, then came back.

"Nyati," M'Cola whispered, "Buffalo." Droopy whispered to Pop and then Pop said, softly, in his throaty, whiskey whisper, "They're huff gone down the river. Droop says there are some big bulls. They haven't come back."

"Let's follow them." I said. "I'd rather get another huff than rhino."

"It's as good a chance as any to rhino, too," Pop said.

"By God, isn't it a great-looking country?" I said.

"Splendid," Pop said. "Who would have imagined it?"

"The trees are like André's pictures," P. O. M. said. "It's simply beautiful. Look at that green. It's Masson. Why can't a good painter see this country?"

"How are your hoots?"

"Fine."

AS WE trailed the buffalo we went slowly and quietly. There was no wind and we knew that when the breeze came up it would be from the east and blow up the canyon toward us. We followed the game trail down the river bed and as we went the grass was much higher. Twice we had to get down to crawl and the reeds were so thick you could not see two feet into them. Droop found a fresh rhino track, too, in the mud. I began to think about what would happen if a rhino came barging along this tunnel and who would do what. It was exciting but I did not like it. It was too much like being in a trap and there was P. O. M. to think about. Then as the stream made a bend and we came out of the high grass to the bank I smelled game very distinctly. I do not smoke, and hunting at home I have several times smelled elk in the rutting season before I have seen them and I can smell clearly where an old bull has lain in the forest. The bull elk has a strong musky smell. It is a strong but pleasant odor and I know it well, but this smell I did not know.

"I can smell them," I whispered to Pop. He believed me.

"What is it?"

"I don't know but it's plenty strong. Can't you?"

"No."

"Ask Droop."

Droopy nodded and grinned.

"They tack snuff," Pop said. "I don't know whether they can scent or not."

We went on into another bed of reeds that were high over our heads, putting each foot down silently before lifting the other, walking as quietly as in a dream or a slow-motion picture. I could smell whatever it was clearly now, all of the time, sometimes stronger than at others. I did not like it at all. We were close to the bank now, and, ahead the game trail went straight out into a long slough of higher reeds than any we had come through.

"I can smell them close as hell," I whispered to Pop. "No kidding. Really."

"I believe you," Pop said. "Should we get up here onto the bank and skirt this bit? We'll be above it."

"Good." Then, when we were up, I said, "That tall stuff had me spooked. I wouldn't like to hunt in that."

"How'd you like to hunt elephant in that?" Pop whispered.

"I wouldn't do it."

"Do you really hunt elephant in grass like that?" P. O. M. asked.

"Yes," Pop said. "Get up on somebody's shoulders to shoot."

Better men than I am do it, I thought. I wouldn't do it.

We went along the grassy right bank, on a sort of shelf, now in the open, skirting a slough of high dry reeds. Beyond on the opposite bank were the heavy trees and above them the steep bank of the canyon. You could not see the stream. Above us, on the right, were the hills, wooded in patches of orchard brush. Ahead, at the end of the slough of reeds the banks narrowed and the branches of the big trees almost covered the stream. Suddenly Droopy grabbed me and we both crouched down. He put the big gun in my hand and took the Springfield. He pointed and around a curve in the bank I saw the head of a rhino with a long, wonderful-looking horn. The head was swaying and I could see the ears forward and twitching, and see the little pig eyes. I slipped the safety catch and motioned Droopy down. Then I heard M'Cola saying, "Toto! Toto!" and he grabbed my arm. Droopy was whispering, "Manamouki! Manamouki!" very fast and he and M'Cola were frantic that I should not shoot. It was a cow rhino with a calf and as I lowered the gun, she gave a snort, crashed in the reeds and was gone.

I never saw the calf. We could see the reeds swaying where the two of them were moving and then it was all quiet. "Damn shame," Pop whispered. "She had a beautiful horn."

"I was all set to bust her," I said. "I couldn't tell she was a cow."

"M'Cola saw the calf."

M'Cola was whispering to Pop and nodding his head emphatically.

"He says there's another rhino in there," Pop said. "That he heard him snort."

"Let's get higher, where we can see them if they break, and throw something in," I said.

"Good idea," Pop agreed. "Maybe the bull's there."

WE WENT a little higher up the bank where we could look out over the lake of high reeds and, with Pop holding his big gun ready and I with the safety off mine, M'Cola threw a club into the reeds where he had heard the snort. There was a wooshing snort and no movement, not a stir in the reeds. Then there was a crashing further away and we could see the reeds swaying with the rush of something through them toward the opposite bank, but could not see what was making the movement. Then I saw the black back, the wide-swept, point-lifted horns and then the quick-moving, climbing rush of a buffalo up the other bank. He went up, his neck up and out, his head horn-heavy, his wings rounded like a fighting bull, in fast strong-legged climb. I was holding on the point where his neck joined his shoulder when Pop stopped me.

"He's not a big one," he said softly.

"I wouldn't take him unless you want him for meat."

He looked big to me and now he stood, his head up, broadside, his head swung toward us.

"I've got three more on the license and we're leaving their country," I said.

"It's awfully good meat," Pop whispered. "Go ahead then. Bust him. But be ready for the rhino after you shoot."

I SAT down, the gun feeling heavy and unfamiliar, held on the buff's shoulder, squeezed off and flinched without firing. Instead of the sweet, clean pull of the Springfield with the smooth, unhesitant release at the end, this trigger came to what, in a squeeze, seemed metal stuck against metal. It was like when you shoot in a nightmare. I couldn't squeeze it and I corrected from my flinch, held my breath, and pulled the trigger.

It pulled off with a jerk and the big gun made a rocking explosion out of which I came, seeing the buffalo still on his feet, and going out of sight to the left in a climbing run, to let off the second barrel and throw a burst of rock dust and dirt over his hindquarters. He was out of shot before I could reload the double-barrelled .470 and we had all heard the snorting and the crashing of another rhino that had gone out of the lower end of the reeds and on under the heavy trees on our side without showing more than a glimpse of his bulk in the reeds.

"It was the bull," Pop said. "He's gone down the stream."

"N'Dio. Doumi! Doumi!" Droopy insisted it was a bull.

"I hit the damned buff," I said. "God knows where. To hell with those heavy guns. The trigger pull put me off."

"You'd have killed him with the Springfield," Pop said.

"I'd know where I hit him anyway. I thought with the four-seventy I'd kill him or miss him," I said. "Instead now we've got him wounded."

"He'll keep," Pop said. "We want to give him plenty of time."

"I'm afraid I gut-shot him."

"You can't tell. Going off fast like that he might be dead in a hundred yards."

"The hell with that four-seventy," I said. "I can't shoot it. The trigger's like the last turn of the key opening a sardine can."

"Come on," Pop said. "We've got God knows how many rhino scattered about here."

"What about the buff?"

"Plenty of time for him later. We must let him stiffen up. Let him get sick."

"Suppose we'd been down in there with all that stuff coming out."

"Yes," said Pop.

All this in whispers. I looked at P. O. M. She was like some one enjoying a good musical show.

"Did you see where it hit him?"

"I couldn't tell," she whispered. "Do

you suppose there are any more in there?"

"Thousands," I said. "What do we do, Pop?"

"That bull may be just around the bend," Pop said. "Come on."

We went along the bank, our nerves cocked, and as we came to the narrow end of the reeds there was another rush of something heavy through the tall stalks. I had the gun up waiting for whatever it was to show. But there was only the waving of the reeds. M'Cola signalled with his hand not to shoot.

"The goddamned calf," Pop said. "Must have been two of them. Where's the bloody bull?"

"How the hell do you see them?"

"Tell by the size."

Then we were standing looking down into the stream bed, into the shadows under the branches of the big trees, and off ahead down the stream when M'Cola pointed up the hill on our right.

"Faro," he whispered and reached me the glasses.

THERE on the hillside, head-on, wide, black, looking straight toward us, ears twitching and head lifted, swaying as the nose searched for the wind, was another rhino. He looked huge in the glasses. Pop was studying him with his binoculars.

"He's no better than what you have," he said softly.

"I can bust him right in the sticking place," I whispered.

"You only have one more," Pop whispered. "You want a good one."

I offered the glasses to P. O. M.

"I can see him without," she said. "He's huge."

"He may charge," Pop said. "Then you'll have to take him."

Then, as we watched, another rhino came into sight from behind a wide feathery-topped tree. He was quite a bit smaller.

"By God, it's a calf," Pop said. "That one's a cow. Good thing you didn't shoot her. She bloody well may charge too."

"Is it the same cow?" I whispered.

"No. That other one had a hell of a horn."

We all had the nervous exhilaration, like a laughing drunk, that a sudden over-abundance, idiotic abundance of game makes. It is a feeling that can come from any sort of game or fish that is ordinarily rare and that, suddenly, you find in a ridiculously unbelievable abundance.

"Look at her. She knows there's something wrong. But she can't see us or smell us."

"She heard the shots," I said. "She knows we're here. But she can't make it out."

The rhino looked so huge, so ridiculous, and so fine to see, and I sighted on her chest.

"It's a nice shot."

"Perfect," Pop said.

"What are we going to do?" P. O. M. said. She was practical.

burned area of bush. In the ash dust were the tracks of the buffalo as they came down and into the thick jungle of the stream bed. Here it was too overgrown and there were too many vines to follow them. There were no tracks going down the stream so we knew they were down in that part of the stream bed we had looked down on from the game trail. Pop said there was nothing to do about them in there. It was so thick that if we jumped them we could not get a shot. You could not tell one from the other, he said. All you would see would be a rush of black. An old bull would be gray but a good herd bull might be as black as a cow. It wasn't any good to jump them like that.

It was ten o'clock now and very hot in the open, the sun pegged and the breeze lifted the ashes of the burned-over ground as we walked. Everything would be in the thick cover now. We decided to find a shady place and lie down and read in the cool; to have lunch and kill the hot part of the day.

Beyond the burned place we came toward the stream and stopped, sweating, in the shadow of some very large trees. We unpacked our leather coats and our raincoats and spread them on the grass at the foot of the trees so that we could lean back against the trunks. P. O. M. got out the books and M'Cola made a small fire and boiled water for tea.

The breeze was coming up and we could hear it in the high branches. It was cool in the shade, but if we stirred into the sun, or as the sun shifted the shadow while you read so that any part of you was out of the shadow, the sun was heavy. Droopy had gone on down the stream to have a look and as we lay there, reading, I could smell the heat of the day coming, the drying up of the dew, the heat on the leaves, and the heaviness of the sun over the stream.

"Hey, M'Cola," I said. "Beer?"

"N'Dio," he said with great force, and from the chop box one of the natives had carried on his head produced, in its straw casing, a bottle of German beer, one of the sixty-four bottles Dan had bought from the German trading station. Its neck was wrapped in silver foil and on its black and yellow label there was a horseman in armor. It was still cool from the night and, opened by the tin opener, it creamed into three cups, thick-foamed, full-bodied.

"No," said Pop. "Very bad for the liver."

"Come on."

"All right."

We all drank and when M'Cola opened the second bottle Pop refused firmly. "Go on. It means more to you. I'm going to take a nap."

"Poor Old Mama?"

"Just a little."

"All for me," I said. M'Cola smiled and shook his head at this drinking. I lay back against the tree and watched the wind bringing the clouds and drank the beer slowly out of the bottle. It was cooler that way and it was excellent beer. After a while Pop and P. O. M.

were both asleep and I got back the Sevastopol book and read in "The Cossacks" again. It was a good story.

When they woke up we had lunch of cold sliced tenderloin, bread, and mustard, and a can of plums, and drank the third, and last, bottle of beer. Then we read again and all went to sleep. I woke thirsty and was unscrewing the top from the water bottle when I heard a rhino snort and crash in the brush of the river bed. Pop was awake and heard it too and we took our guns, without speaking, and started toward where the noise had come from. M'Cola found the tracks. The rhino had come up the



stream, evidently he had winded us when he was only about thirty yards away, and had gone on up. We could not follow the tracks the way the wind was blowing so we circled away from the stream and back to the edge of the burned place to get above him and then hunted very carefully against the wind along the stream through very thick brush, but we did not find him. Finally Droopy found where he had gone up the other side and on into the hills. From the tracks it did not seem a particularly large one.

We were a long way from camp, at least four hours as we had come, and much of it uphill going back, certainly there would be that long climb out of the canyon; we had a wounded buffalo to deal with, and when we came out on the edge of the burned country again, we agreed that we should get P. O. M. and get started. It was still hot, but the sun was on its way down and for a good way we would be on the heavily shaded game trail on the high bank above the stream. When we found P. O. M. she pretended to be indignant at our going off and leaving her alone but she was only teasing us.

We started off, Droop and his spearman in the lead, walking along the shadow of the trail that was broken by the sun through the leaves. Instead of the cool, early-morning smell of the forest there was a nasty stink like the mess canteen.

"What makes the stink?" I whispered to Pop.

"Baboons," he said.

A whole tribe of them had gone on just ahead of us and their droppings were everywhere. We came up to the place where the rhinos and the buff had come out of the reeds and I located where I thought the buff had been when I shot. M'Cola and Droopy were casting about like hounds and I thought they were at least fifty yards too high up the bank when Droop held up a leaf.

"He's got blood," Pop said. We went up to them. There was a great quantity of blood, black now on the grass, and the trail was easy to follow. Droop and M'Cola trailed one on each side, leaving the trail between them, pointing to each blood spot formally with a long stem of grass. I always thought it would be better for one to trail slowly and the other cast ahead but this was the way they trailed, stooped heads, pointing each dried splash with their grass stems and occasionally, when they picked up the tracks after losing them, stooping to pluck a grass blade or a leaf that had the black stain on it. I followed them with the Springfield, then came Pop, with P. O. M. behind him. Droop carried my big gun and Pop had his. M'Cola had P. O. M.'s Mannlicher slung over his shoulder. None of us spoke and every one seemed to regard it as a pretty serious business. In some high grass we found blood, at a pretty good height on the grass leaves on both sides of the trail where the buff had gone through the grass. That meant he was shot clean through. You could not tell the original color of the blood now, but I had a moment of hoping he might be shot through the lungs. But further on we came to some droppings in the rocks with blood on them and then for a while he had dropped dung wherever he climbed and all of it was blood-spotted. It looked, now, like a gut shot or one through the paunch. I was more ashamed of it all the time.

"If he comes don't worry about Droopy or the others," Pop whispered. "They'll get out of his way. Stop him."

"Right up the nose," I said.

"Don't try anything fancy," Pop said.

The trail climbed steadily, then twice looped back on itself and for a time seemed to wander, without plan, among some rocks. Once it led down to the stream, crossed a rivulet of it and then came back up on the same bank, grading up through the trees.

"I think we'll find him dead," I whispered to Pop. That aimless turn had made me see him, slow and hard hit, getting ready to go down.

"I hope so," Pop said.

But the trail went on, where there was little grass now, and trailing was much slower and more difficult. There were no tracks now that I could see, only the probable line he would take, verified by a shiny, dark splatter of dried blood on a stone. Several times we lost it entirely and, the three of us making casts, one would find it, point and whisper "Damu," and we would go on again. Finally it led down from a rocky hillside with the last of the sun on it,

down into the stream bed where there was a long, wide patch of the highest dead reeds that we had seen. These were higher and thicker even than the slough the huff had come out of in the morning and there were several game trails that went into them.

"Not good enough to take the little Memisah in there," Pop said.

"Let her stay here with M'Cola," I said.

"It's not good enough for the little Memisah," Pop repeated. "I don't know why we let her come."

"She can wait here. Droop wants to go on."

"Right you are. We'll have a look." "You wait here with M'Cola," I whispered over my shoulder.

WE FOLLOWED Droopy into the thick grass that was five feet above our heads, walking carefully on the game trail, stooping forward, trying to make no noise breathing. I was thinking of the huff the way I had seen them when we had gotten the three that time, how the old huff had come out of the brush, groggy as he was, and I could see the horns, the boss coming far down, the muzzle out, the little eyes, the roll of fat and muscle on his thin-haired, gray, scaly-hided neck, the heavy power and the rage in him, and I admired him and respected him, but he was slow, and all the while we shot I felt that it was fixed and that we had him. This was different, this was no rapid fire, no pouring it on him as he comes groggy into the open; if he comes now I must be quiet inside and put it down his nose as he comes with the head out. He will have to put the head down to hook, like any huff, and that will uncover the old place the boys wet their knuckles on and I will get one in there and then must go sideways into the grass and he would be Pop's from then on unless I could keep the rifle when I jumped. I was sure I could get that one in and jump if I could wait and watch his head come down. I knew I could do that and that the shot would kill him, but how long would it take? That was the whole thing. How long would it take? Now, going forward, sure he was in here, I felt the elation, the heat elation of all, of certain action to come, action in which you had something to do, in which you can kill and come out of it, doing something you are ignorant about and so not scared, no one to worry about and no responsibility except to perform something you feel sure you can perform, and I was walking softly ahead watching Droopy's hack and remembering to keep the sweat out of my glasses when I heard a noise behind us and turned my head. It was P. O. M. with M'Cola coming on our tracks.

"For God's sake," Pop said. He was furious.

We got her back out of the grass and up onto the bank and made her realize that she must stay there. She had not understood that she was to stay be-

hind. She had heard me whisper something but thought it was for her to come behind M'Cola.

"That spooked me," I said to Pop. "She's like a little terrier," he said. "But it's not good enough."

We were looking out over that grass. "Droop wants to go still," I said. "I'll go as far as he will. When he says no that lets us out. After all, I gut-shot the son of a bitch."

"Mustn't do anything silly, though." "I can kill the son of a bitch if I get a shot at him. If he comes here's got to give me a shot."

The fright P. O. M. had given us about herself had made me noisy.

"Come on," said Pop. We followed Droopy hack in and it got worse and worse and I do not know about Pop but about halfway I changed to the big gun and kept the safety off and my hand over the trigger guard and I was plenty nervous by the time Droopy stopped and shook his head and whispered "Hapana." It had gotten so you could not see a foot ahead and it was all turns and twists. It was really bad and the sun was only on the hillside now. We both felt good because we had made Droopy do the calling off and I was relieved as well. What we had followed him into had made my fancy shooting plans seem very silly and I knew all we had in there was Pop to blast him over with the four-fifty number two after I'd maybe miss him with that lousy four-seventy.

I had no confidence in anything but its noise any more.

We were backtrailing when we heard the porters on the hillside shout and we ran crashing through the grass to try to get to a high enough place to see to shoot. They waved their arms and shouted that the huffalo had come out of the reeds and gone past them and then M'Cola and Droopy were pointing and Pop had me by the sleeve trying to pull me to where I could see them and then, in the sunlight, high up on the hillside against the rocks I saw two huffalo. They shone very black in the sun and one was much bigger than the other and I remember thinking this was our huff and that he had picked up a cow and she had made the pace and kept him going. Droop handed me the Springfield and I slipped my arm through the sling and sighting, the huff now all seen through the aperture. I froze myself inside and held the head on the top of his shoulder and as I started to squeeze he started running and I swung ahead of him and loosed off. I saw him lower his head and jump like a bucking horse as he comes out of the chutes and as I threw the shell, slammed the bolt forward and shot again, behind him as he went out of sight, I knew I had him. Droopy and I started to run and as we were running I heard a low hellow. I stopped and yelled at Pop, "Hear him? I've got him, I tell you!"

"You hit him," said Pop. "Yes."

AMAZING THING! *By Cooper*

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TING FOR
TOES SURE
IS A HIT!



"Goddamn it, I killed him. Didn't you hear him bellow?"

"No."

"Listen!" We stood listening and there it came, clear, a long, moaning, unmistakable bellow.

"By God," Pop said. It was a very sad noise.

M'Cola grabbed my hand and Droopy slapped my back and all laughing we started on a running scramble, sweating, rushing, up the ridge through the trees and over rocks. I had to stop for breath, my heart pounding, and wiped the sweat off my face and cleaned my glasses.

"Kufa!" M'Cola said, making the word dead almost explosive in its force. "N'Dio! Kufa!"

"Kufa!" Droopy said grinning.

"Kufa!" M'Cola repeated and we shook hands again before we went on climbing. Then, ahead of us, we saw him, on his back, throat stretched out to the full, his weight on his horns, wedged against a tree. M'Cola put his finger in the bullet hole in the center of the shoulder and shook his head happily.

POP and P. O. M. came up, followed by the porters.

"By God, he's a better bull than we thought," I said.

"He's not the same bull. This is a real bull. That must have been our bull with him."

"I thought he was with a cow. It was so far away I couldn't tell."

"It must have been four hundred yards. By God, you can shoot that little pipsqueak."

"When I saw him put his head down between his legs and huck I knew we had him. The light was wonderful on him."

"I knew you had hit him, and I knew he wasn't the same bull. So I thought we had two wounded buffalo to deal with. I didn't hear the first bellow."

"It was wonderful when we heard him bellow," P. O. M. said. "It's such a sad sound. It's like hearing a horn in the woods."

"It sounded awfully jolly to me," Pop said. "By God, we deserve a drink on this. That was a shot. Why didn't you ever tell us you could shoot?"

"Go to hell."

"You know he's a damned good tracker, too, and what kind of a bird shot?" he asked P. O. M.

"Isn't he a beautiful bull?" P. O. M. asked.

"He's a fine one. He's not old but it's a fine head."

We tried to take pictures but there was only the little box camera and the shutter stuck and there was a bitter argument about the shutter while the light faded, and I was nervous now, irritable, righteous, pompous about the shutter and inclined to be abused because we could get no picture. You cannot live on a plane of the sort of elation I had felt in the reeds and having killed, even when it is only a buffalo, you feel a little quiet inside. Killing is not a feeling that you share and I took a drink of

water and told P. O. M. I was sorry I was such a bastard about the camera. She said it was all right and we were all right again looking at the buff with M'Cola making the cuts for the headskin and we standing close together and feeling fond of each other and understanding everything, camera and all. I took a drink of whiskey and it had no taste and I felt no kick from it.

"Let me have another," I said. The second one was all right.

WE WERE going ahead to camp with the chased-by-a-rhino spearsman as guide and Droop was going to skin out the head and they were going to butcher and cache the meat in trees so the hyenas would not get it. They were afraid to travel in the dark and I told Droopy he could keep my big gun. He said he knew how to shoot so I took out the shells and put on the safety and handing it to him told him to shoot. He put it to his shoulder, shut the wrong eye, and pulled hard on the trigger, and again, and again. Then I showed him about the safety and had him put it on and off and snap the gun a couple of times. M'Cola became very superior during Droopy's struggle to fire with the safety on and Droopy seemed to get much smaller. I left him the gun and two cartridges and they were all busy butchering in the dusk when we followed the spearsman and the tracks of the smaller buff, which had no blood on them, up to the top of the hill and on our way home. We climbed around the tops of valleys, went across gulches, up and down ravines and finally came onto the main ridge, it dark and cold in the evening, the moon not yet up, we plodded along, all tired. Once M'Cola, in the dark, loaded with Pop's heavy gun and an assortment of water bottles, binoculars, and a musette bag of books, sung out a stream of what sounded like curses at the guide who was striding ahead.

"What's he say?" I asked Pop.

"He's telling him not to show off his speed. That there is an old man in the party."

"Who does he mean, you or himself?"

"Both of us."

We saw the moon come up, smoky red over the brown hills, and we came down through the clinky lights of the village, the mud houses all closed tight, and the smells of goats and sheep, and then across the stream and up the bare slope to where the fire was hurrying in front of our tents. It was a cold night with much wind.

In the morning we hunted, picked up a track at a spring and trailed a rhino all over the high orchard country before they went down into a valley that led, steeply, into the canyon. It was very hot and the tight boots of the day before had chafed P. O. M.'s feet. She did not complain about them but I could see they hurt her. We were all luxuriantly, restfully tired.

"The hell with them," I said to Pop. "I don't want to kill another one unless he's big. We might hunt a week for a

good one. Let's stand on the one we have and pull out and join Karl. We can hunt oryx down there and get those zebra bides and get on after the kudu."

We were sitting under a tree on the summit of a hill and could see off over all the country and the canyon running down to the Rift Valley and Lake Manyara.

"It would be good fun to take porters and a light outfit and hunt on ahead of them down through that valley and out to the lake," Pop said.

"That would be swell. We could send the trucks around to meet us at what's the name of the place?"

"Maji-Moto."

"Why don't we do that?" P. O. M. asked.

"We'll ask Droopy how the valley is." Droopy didn't know, but the spearsman said it was very rough and had going where the stream came down through the rift wall. He did not think we could get the loads through. We gave it up.

"That's the sort of trip to make, though," Pop said. "Porters don't cost as much as petrol."

"Can't we make trips like that when we come back?" P. O. M. asked.

"Yes," Pop said. "But for a big rhino you want to go up on Mount Kenya. You'll get a real one there. Kudu's the prize here. You'd have to go up to Kalal to get one in Kenya. Then if we get them we'll have time to go on down in that Handeni country for sale."

"Let's get going," I said without moving.

Since a long time we had all felt good about Karl's rhino. We were glad he had it and all of that had taken on a correct perspective. Maybe he had his oryx by now. I hoped so. He was a fine fellow, Karl, and it was good he got these extra fine heads.

"How do you feel, Poor Old Mama?"

"I'm fine. If you are going I'll be just as glad to rest my feet. But I love this kind of hunting."

"Let's get back, eat, break camp, and get down there tonight."

That night we got into our old camp at M'utu-Umba, under the big trees, not far from the road. It had been our first camp in Africa and the trees were as big, as spreading, and as green, the stream as clear and fast flowing, and the camp as fine as when we had first been there. The only difference was that now it was hotter at night, the road in was hub-deep in dust, and we had seen a lot of country.

IT WAS a new country to us but it had the marks of the oldest countries. The road was a track over shelves of solid rock, worn by the feet of the caravans and the cattle, and it rose in the houlder-strewn unroadiness through a double line of trees and into the hills. The country was so much like Aragon that I could not believe that we were not in Spain until, instead of mules with saddle bags, we met a dozen natives, bare-legged and bare-headed, dressed in white cotton

cloth they wore gathered over the shoulder like a toga; but when they were past, the high trees beside the track over those rocks was Spain and I had followed this same route, forced on ahead and following close behind a horse one time watching the horror of the flies scuttling around his crupper. They were the same camel flies we found here on the lions. In Spain if one got inside your shirt you had to get the shirt off to kill him. He'd go inside the neckband, down the back, around and under one arm, make for the navel and the belly band, and if you did not get him he would move with such intelligence and speed that, scuttling flat and uncrushable, he would make you undress completely to kill him.

That day of watching the camel flies working under the horse's tail, having had them myself, gave me more horror than anything I could remember except one time in a hospital with my right arm broken off short between the elbow and the shoulder, the back of the hand having hung down against my back, the points of the bone having cut up the flesh of theiceps until it finally rotted, swelled, burst, and sloughed off in pus. Alone with the pain in the night in the fifth week of not sleeping I thought suddenly how a bull elk must feel if you break a shoulder and he gets away and in that night I lay and felt it all, the whole thing as it would happen from the shock of the bullet to the end of the business and, being a little out of my head, thought perhaps what I was going through was a punishment for all hunters. Then, getting well, decided if it was a punishment I had paid it and at least I knew what I was doing. I did nothing that had not been done to me. I had been shot and I had been crippled and gotten away. I expected, always, to be killed by one thing or another and I, truly, did not mind that any more. Since I still loved to hunt I resolved that I would only shoot as long as I could kill cleanly and as soon as I lost that ability I would stop.

If you serve time for society, democracy, and the other things quite young, and declining any further enlistment make yourself responsible only to yourself, you exchange the pleasant, comforting stench of comrades for something you can never feel in any other way than by yourself. That something I cannot yet define completely but the feeling comes when you write well and truly of something and know impersonally you have written in that way and those who are paid to read it and report on it do not like the subject so they say it is all a fake, yet you know its value absolutely; or when you do something which people do not consider a serious occupation and yet you know, truly, that it is as important and has always been as important as all the things that are in fashion, and when, on the sea, you are alone with it and know that this Gulf Stream you are living with, knowing, learning about, and loving, has moved, as it moves, since herfore man, and that it has gone by the shoreline of that long, beautiful, unhappy

island since before Columbus sighted it and that the things you find out about it, and those that have always lived in it are permanent and of value because that stream will flow, as it has flowed, after the Indians, after the Spaniards, after the British, after the Americans and after all the Cubans and all the systems of governments, the richness, the poverty, the martyrdom, the sacrifice and the venality and the cruelty are all gone as the high-piled scow of garbage, bright-colored, white-flecked, ill-smelling, now tilted on its side, spills off its load into the blue water, turning it a pale green to a depth of four or five fathoms as the load spreads across the surface, the sinkable part going down and the flotsam of palm fronds, corks, bottles, and used electric-light globes, seasoned with an occasional condom or a deep-floating corset, the torn leaves of a student's exercise book, a well-inflated dog, the occasional rat, the no-longer-distinguished cat; all this well shepherded by the hoats of the garbage pickers who pluck their prizes with long poles, as interested, as intelligent, and as accurate as historians; they have the viewpoint; the stream, with no visible flow, takes five loads of this a day when things are going well in La Habana and in ten miles along the coast it is as clear and blue and unimpressed as it was ever before the tug hauled out the scow; and the palm fronds of our victories, the worn light hulks of our discoveries and the empty condoms

of our great loves float with no significance against one single, lasting thing—the stream.

Africa

Sure, you couldn't make a living. Every one had explained that. The locusts came and ate your crops and the monsoon failed, and the rains did not come, and everything dried up and died. There were ticks and fly to kill the stock, and the mosquitoes gave you fever and maybe you got blackwater. Your cattle would die and you would get no price for your coffee. It took an Indian to make money from sisal and on the coast every coconut plantation meant a man ruined by the idea of making money from copra. A white hunter worked three months out of the year and drank for twelve and the Government was ruining the country for the benefit of the Hindu and the natives. That was what they told you. Sure. But I did not want to make money. All I wanted was to live in it and have time to hunt.

Already I had had one of the diseases and had experienced the necessity of washing a three-inch bit of my large intestine with soap and water and tucking it back where it belonged an unnumbered amount of times a day. There were remedies which cured this and it was well worth going through for what I had seen and where I had been. Besides I caught that on the dirty boat out

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from Marseilles. P.O.M. hadn't been ill a day. Neither had Karl. I loved this country and I felt at home and where a man feels at home, outside of where he's born, is where he's meant to go. Then, in my grandfather's time, Michigan was a malaria-ridden state. They called it fever and ague. And in Tortugas, where I'd spent months, a thousand men once died of yellow fever. New continents and islands try to frighten you with disease as a snake hisses. The snake may be poisonous, too. You kill them off. Hell, what I had a month ago would have killed me in the old days before they invented the remedies. Maybe it would and maybe I would have gotten well.

It is easier to keep well in a good country by taking simple precautions than to pretend that a country which is finished is still good.

A continent ages quickly once we

come. The natives live in harmony with it. The foreigner destroys, cuts down the trees, drains the water, so that the water supply is altered and in a short time the soil, once the sod is turned under, is cropped out and, next, it starts to blow away as it has blown away in every old country and as I had seen it start to blow in Canada. The earth gets tired of being exploited. A country wears out quickly unless man puts back in it all his residue and that of all his beasts. When he quits using beasts and uses machines, the earth defeats him quickly. The machine can't reproduce, nor does it fertilize the soil, and it eats what he cannot raise.

A country was made to be as we found it. We are the intruders and after we are dead we may have ruined it but it will still be there and we don't know what the next changes will be. I

suppose they all end up like Mongolia.

I would come back to Africa but not to make a living from it. I could do that with two pencils and a few hundred sheets of the cheapest paper. But I would come back to where it pleased me to live; to really live. Not just let my life pass. Our people went to America because that was the place to go then. It had been a good country and I had made a bloody mess of it and I would go, now, somewhere else as we had always had the right to go somewhere else and as we had always done. You could always come back. Let the others come to America who did not know that they had come too late. Our people had seen it at its best and fought for it when it was well worth fighting for. Now I would go somewhere else. We always went in the old days and there were still good places to go. ● ● ●

My 26 Hours in the Sea *Continued from page 49*

at least five more hours of daylight. The students would be landing in about half an hour. They would wait 10 or 15 minutes for me, and when I failed to appear they would report the irregularity. In another hour a search would be underway. The searchers would have no trouble locating me since the course I had been flying was on the students' plotting boards. They had only to fly the problem and they would find me at the second turn. I should be back in time for dinner.

I had much in my favor. The weather was fine and showed no signs of changing. I hadn't a scratch to show for the crash, so there was no bleeding to attract carnivorous fish. Best of all, the sea was as calm as milady's bath. I regretted not having carried a rubber life raft, but the Mae West held my head above the water and was equipped with a packet of dye-marker which I would open at the first sign of a PBY.

Meanwhile, I was, like the ancient mariner, "alone on a wide, wide sea."

Or so I thought. Within minutes after the landing, company began to arrive. A seagull winging overhead caught sight of the strange object in the water and swooped down to investigate. As he passed close by and turned his head for a good look, his bill dropped open and he uttered a loud cry of astonishment. I had to laugh, and when I did he darted away in the direction from which he had come. In a few minutes he was back, this time with his gang, a dozen or more gulls which set up a pattern of sightseeing swoops accompanied by a great racket. Other birds came, attracted by the noise, until the scrutiny became embarrassing. I began mimicking their calls and striking at them as they passed. Seeing that I was alive and not edible, they retired to a safe distance to watch and wait, although some of the doubters continued to make occasional passes.

I had become the feature attraction of the day below the surface as well. Several small fish were hovering in the

water around me, and when I peered beneath the surface for a better look I saw dozens more behind them. The fish had no better manners than the gulls but they were more colorful and I made no move to frighten them. Instead I took deep breaths and stuck my head in the water and studied them back. They were skittish, but their curiosity had the better of them and they paraded back and forth before my gaze. For an instant, I thought I glimpsed some distance away a big, gray shape gliding by. I made as thorough an underwater search as I could and did not see it again, but I was uneasy and gave up studying the fish.

It wasn't long afterward that the big, gray shape proved to be no hallucination. A fin appeared, knifing the surface about 20 yards away. My reaction to that blood-curdling sight was normal: my blood curdled, my mind convulsed with fear, and I began yelling bloody murder, yelling at the shark to keep away, yelling at my fellow humans to come and get me out of this. I didn't really expect anything to come of the yelling. It was simply an outlet for the sudden fear and it continued for some time until I could get control of myself.

Alone With a Shark

I had no defense against the shark, no weapon of any sort, and my legs felt 100 feet long, dangling in the clear water. I had heard talk of the natural cowardice of most sharks, but compared to me the owner of that fin was Richard the Lionhearted. Sharks would not, so the talk went, attack a live man unless they were angered or very hungry. I hoped fervently that all of this was dependable and that my shark had been getting enough to eat lately.

I started kicking my feet in the water to allow no doubt to enter his mind whether I was dead or alive. From then on I never stopped kicking for more

than a few seconds at a time. To keep it up I had to part with my 20-dollar, red cordovan shoes, but I sent them to the bottom without a pang. Now that the danger was real, fewer things seemed important. Unfortunately, my socks slipped off shortly after the shoes and my white feet became conspicuous. I kicked all the harder.

So began a private cold war, unknown to a world engaged that summer of 1944 in the hottest war in history.

The fin silently described an endless, clockwise circle in the sea with me as the center. I kept up my splashing show of force and turned slowly with the fin, always facing it. Now and then in his course, the shark apparently came across appetizers, for there would be brief, violent struggles in the water, sending the spray flying, and then the patrolling would be resumed around the main dish. This between-meals eating, though startling, was reassuring; the more he ate the less he wanted, I reasoned. The very sight of the fin became a comfort; it showed me where he was. When it disappeared for even a second my fear ran wild and I would kick furiously and search the water around me until I saw it rise again into the stealthy circle.

The shark never attacked me, nor was there ever more than one fin in the circle. But his inimical presence wound itself into my memory so that when I hear of fliers and sailors who disappear and never come back, I think of small, private cold wars suddenly turning hot and ending in terror.

There were training planes constantly in the area that day, as there were every day. I could hear them all of the time and sometimes see them. A few passed very close to my position, and one, a single-engine float plane, suddenly appeared very low and headed straight for me. I was sure that I had been spotted, but in case it was just a coincidence, I opened the package of dye-marker and a bright, green-yellow slick immediately

begin forming on the surface. I swam to spread it over a larger area and began waving at the oncoming plane.

It passed almost directly over me, not more than 10 feet above the water. I could see the pilot's face clearly, and I screamed at him and catapulted myself half out of the water as he went by. But his head did not turn my way and the plane flew straight on and disappeared into the haze.

Now the fat was in the fire. The dye-marker, all I had, was in the water and would last only a limited time. One more trouble to add to the menace of the shark. Yet such was my optimism at the time, that I accepted the passing of the float plane nonchalantly. If he had come that close, others would, too, and by now the bright slick had spread so wide that I would not be missed again.

About the time I felt that searchers should be arriving, four land planes appeared heading toward me from the west at about 500 feet. The light clouds had broken up and the sky was almost entirely clear. I centered myself in the yellow slick and started waving.

The formation appeared to be passing a little to the south when it banked and began coming directly toward me. I could see each of the pilots clearly as they made their turn and I felt confident that at least one of the four had seen the big stain on the water. But they roared overhead and continued northward, apparently not searching, probably flying the same navigation exercise I had been flying.

The sun was beginning to decline now, and as I watched the four planes growing smaller and thought of the pilots landing soon and walking over solid ground to their rooms to change their clothes for dinner, I began to feel cold and hungry and lost. Under this depression of spirit, the threat of my circling enemy grew darker and I wondered how much longer his patience would last. As for me, my patience had to last.

When I had been in the water an estimated three hours, with about two of daylight left, I heard the first PBY. I couldn't see it, but the heavy rumble of its engines was unmistakable. I could hear it coming and going somewhere north of me and, I thought, gradually nearing. I talked to it and coaxed it and finally I saw it, lumbering beautifully back and forth in its search pattern, coming closer with every turn. Then to the left of it, in the distance, I saw a second one and to the right a third, all three methodically pushing the line of search southward toward me.

I tried to locate my yellow slick but it was nowhere to be seen. The descending sun had paved all the sea the same dazzling yellow. But no matter, the watchers aboard the PBY's would have glasses. They were looking just for me and if they kept coming they would find me. I was overjoyed and with a new burst of energy began waving with one hand and splashing the water into the sunlight with the other.

But the big P-boats did not keep com-

ing. About a quarter of a mile from my position they made their last southward jog, flew a long parallel leg, and then appallingly turned north. I waved and splashed furiously in hopes that some watcher would make a last backward sweep with his glasses. At last I gave up in exhaustion and watched the three planes work their way home as they had come, back and forth, back and forth, until they were out of sight. I listened to their engines growing fainter and clung to the dying sound as though it still held some promise of rescue.

When the last vibration had ceased, the sun had vanished, too, and the eastern half of the sky was darkened. Several float planes came and went in the distance, their red and green navigation lights tracing melancholy paths through the dusk, and when the last of these had droned away the sky was dark, even in the west. The air was still and the sea was silent, except for my incessant kicking, like a faucet left running after everyone in the house had gone to sleep. . . .

As the sky changed from royal blue to black and the stars took their places in greater numbers than I had ever seen before, I could not help being impressed. You do not know the majesty of nature until you have been at its mercy. The line between sea and sky was gone, and the dark water appeared to stretch away to the stars. It was a primeval world, and if I had been

on a raft I would have viewed it with detachment. But immersed to my chin in the water I could think only of my own struggle to survive. If there was to be anything for the searchers to find in the morning, my night would have to be one of vigilance and hard work.

I decided that since I had to keep moving anyway, I would begin swimming shoreward. At best, I was neither a good swimmer nor a strong one, and my strength had been largely spent in the afternoon's exertions. I had had no food or fresh water since before noon. Under ordinary circumstances I would not have been able to lift an arm to swim, but my circumstances were extraordinary and I was, guided by the North Star, toward Pensacola, 60 miles away.

My purpose was not really to reach land, although I did think that I could work myself into closer water where more of the searchers might cross my path. But the big idea was simply to do as much as I could in my own behalf. I had been missed several times in the afternoon and maybe I would be missed again tomorrow. It might be up to me to save myself. I could, at least, give it a good try. God helps those who help themselves, I'd always heard.

I don't know that I moved forward at all during the night; my arms and legs were feeble. But simply moving them in rhythm gave the illusion of strength and that in turn gave the illusion of progress. I alternated between

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surges of elation over the progress I seemed to be making, and surges of depression at the hopelessness of the job. These divided up the unbearable sameness of the hours of the night.

The water was phosphorescent and my strokes were clearly marked by swirling, greenish sparks. I felt like a sea monster, which indeed I must have seemed to the real fish, and I amused myself by making the noises I thought a sea monster would make. But it was difficult to forget even for a moment the sternness of the situation.

In the first darkness, I had been terrified that the shark would come at me now that I could not see him. But in time he became only a nagging worry, subordinate to the cold. During the afternoon, the water had been rather warm but after sundown it chilled quickly. As the time passed, my body heat was drained and I began shivering so badly that I could not control my arms and legs. They floundered without co-ordination, like the limbs of a rag doll. I stopped and floated myself horizontally, so that more of my body could come in contact with the warm air. But I was afraid to stop for more than a few seconds.

My teeth chattered until I thought they would break, and at length I found it difficult even to breathe. I tried artificial respiration by pushing against the lower ribs with both hands, but the shivering was stronger than the pushing.

A Raft That Failed

It seemed that it might end in my drowning then and there, and I decided to try a survival stunt I had once demonstrated. It consisted of tying knots in the arms and legs of a flying suit and swinging it through the air and down onto the water where it was supposed to float by virtue of the captured air. Of course, this meant taking off my Mae West until I had gotten out of the suit, and I hesitated to separate myself from my precious support in the dark. But I did succeed in making a raft, which looked disturbingly like a dead man floating in the water. The suit, however, would not hold its air under my weight and the experiment ended in failure and wasted energy. Strangely, though, when I had put the suit back on I felt warmer, and with the ever-comforting Mae West back around my neck, the shivering abated and I was once again on my way to nowhere.

The thousand vicissitudes of the night were more mental than actual. For while I could see and hear perfectly, there was nothing to see and little to hear except an occasional fish jumping nearby. And so I imagined things. I thought I heard boats approaching, engines throbbing up and down, oars lapping in the water. I thought I saw searchlight beams swinging in the blackness. I heard voices calling and I called back. The sound of my voice was cheerful and I began singing my favorite songs while I relived the favorite parts of my life.

Later I caught myself several times laying my head down in the water to sleep, and I reprimanded myself roughly. From somewhere the strength and warmth of life kept coming and I kept swimming and resting, while I watched the Big Dipper turn to mark the passing hours.

Before dawn a breeze began to blow. The water kicked up around my head, and I found a new becker in the salty black wavelets that danced into my nose and mouth and down my throat without warning.

Hope—and Disappointment

The first light of the new day was a false dawn, and the eastern sky remained sullenly gray while the wind picked up and shifted around to the rear. There was power in the slaps of the waves now, and I began letting them roll over me instead of trying to ride across their flying crests.

The swells deepened and began carrying me forward and then running ahead, leaving me to slide back into the trough until the next one arrived. This back-sliding, together with the sight of the whitecaps rushing northward past me, shattered the illusion of progress and dampened my spirits. Worse than that, I became, at this late date, seasick, and began vomiting last night's accumulation of brine. This I considered an unfair turn of events, but when it was over I felt very much the old salt and faced the new day with confidence and even cockiness.

The sun had been up about an hour and the hard-running sea was sparkling in clear light, when a line of PBYS appeared on the northern horizon stretching east and west to the limits of my vision. I saw them before I heard the engines, for my ears were now filled with the rush of water.

Straight out they came this time, two or three hundred feet above the water, and spaced so that the area between every two planes could be scanned by both. The magnitude of the effort put forth by so many men for the sake of one was inspiring, and I felt that the sea was already giving up its prisoner.

Two of the P-boats were going to straddle the position evenly. I took off the Mae West and held it above the water, turning its yellow surface first to one and then to the other of the nearest planes, while the armada swept on until it was abreast of me and its engines were drowning out the sound of the waves.

I turned anxiously from one side to the other watching for the first flutter of recognition from one of the big wings. Minus my support, I got the worst of the waves and when I had cleared my eyes and regained my breath the line was vanishing toward the southern horizon, and the climax of my night's waiting had come and gone. Still holding up the Mae West, I was left like a peddler whose wares had been refused.

My worst fear—that I simply couldn't

be seen from the air, even when some watcher turned his glasses directly upon me—gawged at the last shreds of my spirit. In about an hour the planes came back and again passed serenely over me on their way home, and I think that if I had been standing at that moment I would have collapsed.

Many planes of all descriptions searched in the area throughout the morning. But except for the moral support lent by their presence, they might as well have saved the gasoline. By noon the sky was deserted and I began to feel that though the search would probably be resumed in the afternoon and continued till nightfall, the searchers no longer really believed in my existence and so couldn't possibly find me.

I knew that I would not survive another night. Hunger and thirst were acute, and my stomach was increasingly cranky about the salt water that constantly drained down to it. The tired lower walls were incapable of retching any more and I hung partially doubled up with nausea. I was too sick even to worry about the shark, and I hadn't seen him all day, anyway.

But a new enemy arrived to pest me out of my lethargy. A school of small gray fish not more than six or eight inches long suddenly surrounded me and, to my amazement, began nibbling at my hands and feet. When I kicked and struck at them they showed no fear but only attacked more viciously. The biting was painless because my hands and feet were numb, but the ugly little mouths were speedily doing away with the soft, water-soaked tips of my fingers and toes.

I fought back at them with a pencil I found in the pocket of my flying suit, but though they were thick around me and I hit them repeatedly, the sharp point only slid along their fat little sides and they pressed their attack unconcernedly. In my fury I shed the first tears of the long ordeal, tears of chagrin at the superiority of the little devils, and of weariness with the whole business.

Despair

Then, as mysteriously as they had come, the fish went away. Why, I don't know. Maybe they didn't like the taste. But suddenly they weren't there any more. They came and went as aimlessly as all the other dangers and torments, and even the rescuers, seemed to come and go. All attempts to save and destroy me seemed half-hearted; only to me did my life and death seem to be matters of urgency. In gathering self-pity, I felt surrounded by men and creatures who were all insane and I thought that I too might lose my mind if something around me did not begin to act sensibly.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, when the sun was back in the position it had held at the time of the crash, the wind died down and the water calmed into a light chopiness. Encouraged by a line of clouds forming in the north, which I took to be an indication of the shoreline, I began swimming again.

Hobby Corner

Argosy's experts answer questions about hunting, camping, fishing, sports, hobbies

But the effects of prolonged exposure to sun and wind and salt were telling on me. Because of the rubbing of the wet suit, salt-water sores had formed on the insides of my elbows and knees and were spreading up and down the arms and legs with every moment. My throat had become sore and felt as though it was swelling shut. The sun and wind had laked my face so thoroughly that my eyes were beginning to close. I could see forward only dimly, and to the sides not at all.

My brain grew feverish and the defects in my vision led me to think that I was entering a harbor. The darkness ahead was the land and the hindlers on either side were the pilings of docks. Intermittently, I began reaching down with one foot to see if I could touch the bottom.

I pictured myself landing on some beach and immediately falling down to sleep. I saw the tide coming in and drowning me in my sleep, and I would come to my senses with my head drooping in the water, and begin swimming again.

There were still periods of rationality. So, when I knew that I was nowhere near land and never would be. During one of these, as I stopped for a moment to rest, I turned and saw a good-sized boat, already past me and going southward. It appeared to be a mahogany-colored cabin cruiser, and on the afterdeck I could see a bright-colored awning with a table and chairs underneath. I conjured up the cool drinks and fancy sandwiches with which the table would be set.

I waved and called until she was out of sight, but no one appeared on deck or heard my calls. For my voice was only a hoarse whisper. With no more feeling now than the petulance of one who has missed his bus, I turned back to the north and began swimming again.

The sun was in its second descent, and though I could scarcely see it now even by looking directly into it, its heat had intensified, as though it were pushing toward the earth. To alleviate the increasing pains in my head, I tore off my undershirt and made a sort of helmet, with holes for my eyes and nose. The device gave remarkable relief. Beneath it I became oblivious of sun and water and seemed to swim with ease and rhythm and great strength of which there seemed to be no end.

I thought I heard planes from time to time but didn't think it worth stopping to look for them. I had become as stern a realist as the sea itself. I renounced hope as the delusion of the weak-hearted and a trick of Sunday moralists. I stopped thinking about God, since it appeared that His will was not the same as my own. Instead, I cheered myself on with the animal determination that drives an abandoned dog homeward until he either makes it or drops. I thought sentimentally about the people I cared for. I would not allow them to receive tragic telegrams. Nor would I suffer the indignity of leaving my carcass to be

● Where can I get a book on raising, breeding and training an Irish-setter pup?

Probably the best book on the subject is "The Complete Irish Setter" (\$4.95), by Davis H. Tuck, president of the American English Setter Association. Another good book, Rowland Jones' "The Irish Setter," costs just one dollar. Both can be obtained from Diffily's Dog House, P.O. Box 81, Clifton, N. J.

JOHN STUART MARTIN

● Is it practical to eat along the road in touring across the country during the summer?

It is not only practical, but so popular with tourists that most states have provided roadside tables, benches and garbage cans. Motorists are usually tired of sitting and welcome a chance to stand up while preparing and eating lunch. I always travel with an aluminum refrigerator for drinks and perishable foods. On long trips you merely restock the larder at roadside stores along the way. However, for those of you who prefer excellent highway diners, read Harry Henderson's piece on the best eateries in America in the July ARGOSY.

RICHARD K. WOOD

● What can underwater swimmers do besides spearing fish for food or money?

In California recently an infestation of giant starfish was decimating the shellfish population, so 300 sport divers turned out and came up with tons of the marauders, giving relief to the crustaceans and providing fertilizer for nearby farmers. Salvage from sighting a lost outboard to an old Spanish galleon, and photography are two exciting and interesting fields. As amateur ichthyologists, the spearfisherman or photographer can supply valuable information to scientists with observations of fish behavior. And for a completely new underwater sport developed by ARGOSY, read the July issue.

BEN HOLDENNESS

● What is the actual meaning of the "f" numbers on a camera lens?

The "f" symbol denotes the relationship of the effective aperture of a lens to its focal length. This ratio is used to express the relative amount of light that a lens permits to pass to a film. The smaller the numerical value of the "f"

number, the more light that stop allows to the film. Thus an f/2 lens passes more light than an f/4.5 lens. To determine the actual relation, square the "f" numbers and divide one into the other. Since two squared equals four, and four-and-a-half squared equals 20.25, an f/2 lens is five times faster. If the focal length is the same, a faster lens is considered more desirable in most instances because it can be used under a wider range of light conditions.

LEO PAVELLE

● I can get all the foreign stamps I want, but I have difficulty getting United States stamps on approval for my collection. Can you give me any suggestions?

It is hard to get U.S. stamps on approval because of the great demand for them, especially the better ones which are not common. The following philately magazines generally include ads offering such stamps and you may find what you want there: Stamps Magazine, 153 Waverly Place, N. Y., N. Y.; Linns Weekly, 119-21 East Court St., Sidney, O.; Western Stamp Collector, Albany, Ore.; National Stamp News, P.O. Box 696, Anderson, S. C.

JACQUES MINKUS

● Since reading your article on a new way to food trout, I've been trying to locate some artificial nymphs without success. Can you help me out?

Actually there aren't many places that handle them. Probably the most extensive line is carried by Angler's Roost, 405 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

LARRY KOLLER

● Assuming that two boats have the same design and power, which will go faster, the craft running smoothly on the surface of the water or the one that is porpoising?

The boat riding smoothly would definitely go faster, although the difference is not apt to be great. Porpoising is considered unsatisfactory, as it is an oscillation brought on by an unbalanced condition of weight distribution, propeller thrust, water resistance and wind resistance. It is similar to wheel shimmy in a car. Power is wasted in overcoming the irregularities and the craft is tricky to handle.

BOB WHITTIER

ARGOSY'S Board of Experts, each a specialist in his field, will answer your queries. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. ARGOSY'S Board includes: PHOTOGRAPHY • Leo Pavelle DOGS • John Stuart Martin SPEARFISHING • Ben Holdenness GUNS, LEATHERCRAFT • Pete Kuhlhoff STAMPS • Jacques Minkus HUNTING, FISHING • Larry Koller SMALL BOATS • Bob Whittier MODEL RAILROADS • Eber Jakobsson CAMPING • Richard K. Wood HOME WORKSHOP • Robert Schartz

fought over by the fish. I threw before my mind the spectacle of my hattered self and my arms grew stronger with the heroism exemplified. Still no land touched my groping toe, and so a little further, a little further . . . come on now, no sleeping till dark . . . just a little further. . . .

In the twenty-sixth hour I thought I heard voices behind me and when I turned, a boat stood in the water at my head, and faces lined the rail, staring down at me. It was the boat that had passed me earlier, not a mahogany cruiser, but a hattle-gray Navy rescue craft that had been looking for me for two days. Homeward bound, its fruitless

search completed, it had spotted me by my white honnet.

A ladder was put down the side and with the helping hand of a smiling Negro sailor I climbed aboard and set my feet on the solid deck.

For all my swimming, I had been picked up very near to the spot at which I had landed. During the three-hour voyage back to Pensacola, as I lay helow in a warm, dry bunk, sipping milk through a straw and listening to the disappointed sea heaving against the bottom of the boat, I had to laugh at myself, and at the same time an embarrassing lump of gratitude climbed into the hack of my swollen throat. It was

good to have friends like the earnest, tireless skipper of the boat and his crew, friends such as all of the searchers had shown themselves to be. It was good to know that no tragic telegrams would be sent. And most of all, it was wonderful to have heaten, however clumsily, so determined an enemy as the sea. • • •

NOTE: Some of the practical results of this survival story and others like it were that, thereafter, Mac West life preservers were equipped with signaling mirrors and whistles and extra packets of dye-marker, and the standing order that all over-water pilots carry rubber liferafts was rigidly enforced.

The Arctic's Strangest Story *Continued from page 37*

the minister praise her as a very good woman. It surprised the boy, for he knew that their hut was the poorest and the dirtiest in the whole village. It was only because his mother had been too sick, of course, and unable to work in the house or the garden. And she would never put aside their meager food, supplied when his father and friends got their pay and found courage in the bottle. Then they would come roaring into the kitchen and rob it of all that could be eaten. Guolna's mother would only smile and later on cry a little, wipe her eyes and smile again. And now she was dead.

Guolna and his father became even closer once they were alone.

The villages are few and far between in Finland and people are poor so far in the North. If some of the farmers have a little money, it is only because they never give out a penny if they can avoid it. The laborers have nothing to lose. Guolna's father made a little money working in the potato fields in fall. During part of the summer, he could make a pretty penny at the sawmill. But during the winter he refused to work for money.

There were foxes and other game in the woods, only waiting to be killed. Why should he slave for others, take orders and work around the clock? They said, of course, that all the animals in the forests belonged to the great Czar, but he lived far, far away. Besides, he was a Russian and had no right to Finnish soil. A few Russian gamekeepers would turn up now and then, but they were friendly and they did not care too much for the Czar themselves. A Russian is always easy to get along with as long as his boss is not around.

You could have a wonderful time hunting and even make a lot of money. But the money didn't help much during the year since he had to go to the city to sell the furs, and the storekeeper had liquor for sale. He kept an inn where Heikola, Guolna's father, turned up every spring with his furs. This was the great day of the year. The storekeeper would walk up to Heikola's table, bowing and scraping, offering a drink on the house. In return, Heikola would give the man a beautiful fox.

"That's for your girl friend, if you have any," he would say. "If not, you can always give it to your wife!"

Heikola laughed at his own joke and the spectators would roar. One is apt to applaud a man with a haul of furs on his back. And Heikola was known as the greatest hunter in Finland.

When hargaining began, Heikola only planned to sell a couple of furs. He would be smart, only offer a few at a time, then go to the next storekeeper and sell a few more, trying to get better prices there. But every year it was the same; somehow he never got further than the first inn.

It Happened Every Year

Since he never had any money, the furs would have to pay for the grandest meal the inn could serve and the best wine and liquor in the storekeeper's cellar. As the evening wore on, every guest in the inn became Heikola's friend and drank with him. For every new bottle they emptied, Heikola would bring up a few furs as payment until at last there was not another fox left in his bag. When they reached that stage, Heikola was drunk and weeping by himself in a corner. He was thrown out in the snow and the cold cleared his head a little. He looked for his bag and found it next to him, with all the furs gone. His friends from the inn were lying around him in the snow—but the furs were in the storehouse. Every year it was the same. Heikola went to the inn on purpose to prove to himself that he could resist temptation—and he always ended up in the snow.

After the usual futile struggle to get back some of the furs, came the humiliating return to his wife and Guolna. When he came home he stayed in bed two days and two nights. At last the coughing of his sick wife woke him up and she gave him some hot porridge. She had even saved some coffee for this occasion. She never complained; she only told him how wonderful it was to have him back from the woods again. She had been scared and lonely all winter long while he was away. The good

woman always smiled and told Guolna that his father was the best man in the world and the most famous fox hunter in Finland.

Guolna often thought that, after all, they only knew a small part of the country and that there might be someone equally good somewhere else. In any case, he wished that his father, with all his fame and ability, would bring home a little more food. But he knew that his father had been a soldier far, far away in the world and nobody dared to speak badly about him. Only when he was very drunk did anyone have the courage to abuse him or heat him up.

Now that his mother was dead, Heikola told Guolna that every word the minister had said was true. She had been the best woman in the world and she was the only one who had ever understood that Heikola was not a man to live so far north in the world. But what can you do when you are only a Finn—and a Lapp at that?

Heikola told his son not to feel badly any more. Guolna was a big boy now. He could come along to the big forests this winter and go hunting with his father. There was nobody else in the woods. There you could dream in the dark nights. The fire would make the strangest figures and shapes and give you thoughts which you could not understand yourself. That was why he always longed to go back to the forests. When he came down again from the woods, he was sick from his dreams and crazy from loneliness. He would want to forget it all and start drinking to try and be a great man, if only for a few hours. When he ran out of furs, the shameful ending came with Heikola's heaten up in the snow. But up in the forest there was no heaten, only the hunting with your life at stake. There were the Northern lights which cut their way right into your soul.

This year Guolna should come, and all through the winter Heikola could talk with him so he would not have to drink when they came down to the village again. Once they had money, they would make their way to the city and look at the big houses and buy all sorts of clothes, listen to music all day long and

get their hair cut by a man in white clothes. Just you wait, little Guolna, you'll see what it's like coming home again in spring.

Heikola had to spend his last penny as payment to the minister for the beautiful words he had spoken over the grave of Guolna's mother. When they finally left, his equipment was even poorer than before, but this time the boy was alone. He would teach the boy the tricks of fox hunting. They would have a wonderful time together.

It was a long, long way to the wild forests. Guolna was sometimes so tired at night that he could not fall asleep. His father would make an open fire and they ate what they had been able to catch in the woods. Heikola made traps and caught grouse so they had plenty of meat. It was only the pain in his feet which kept Guolna awake at night. He would lie staring at his father's face, thinking that the features looked different from anything he had ever seen there before. Sometimes his father would look like a bear or a wolf. Then again he might look like a bird or a lemming. The flaming fire would throw its weird shadows and make a stranger of his father.

Heikola had to carry Guolna across the rivers and through swamps and sometimes Guolna's short legs could not keep up the pace. That was nothing to worry about, Heikola said. They wouldn't say anything about it when they saw other boys. "We'll share many secrets which nobody will know or understand. You don't have to be ashamed if I have to carry you once in a while!"

Guolna didn't know how far they had gone when Heikola finally said that they had reached their goal. The wind was too strong on the barren mountain, he said. But by the edge of the woods he knew of many caves and old huts where they could settle down comfortably for the winter.

A Secret Shared

They made themselves at home and waited.

At first Guolna did not know just what they were waiting for, but his father told him that the Lapps were taking their herds of reindeer this way just before the snow became too deep. The reindeer would be hungry. They couldn't be kept in a flock. Heikola knew how to attract them. He would gather heavy bunches of moss which he hung up in the trees close by. The animals would smell the moss from far away and come running for it. Then Heikola would go into action. He carried a long knife which he would plunge deeply into their throats as they stretched their necks for the moss. The reindeer would give plenty of meat—some of it for eating, some for trapping foxes. This was the great secret which nobody but Guolna knew—for he was a big boy now, and his mother was dead, and Heikola had nobody else to share his secrets with.

They sat by the fire together, cutting traps for the foxes. They had to make

very sharp wooden pieces to keep the meat in place in the fox traps. Guolna learned how the traps had to be set up and how to erase all his tracks when he left the traps in the snow. The fox was the smartest animal in the world, his father told him. Heikola showed him how to skin a fox and soon Guolna felt that he knew all there was to know in the world. It seemed quite senseless for him ever to go to school again with a teacher who only made the boys and girls sleepy.

Heikola told his son many other strange things—like how he had been horn on the other side of the border, on the Swedish side. In Sweden there were policemen who wanted to put Heikola in a big dark house because he hadn't wanted to be a soldier. A soldier was the worst thing in the world. He was forced to wear boots every day—so hard that they made holes in your toes and heels and ruined your feet so you could never go hiking in the mountains again, even with the softest of "komager."

A Father's Dreams

Heikola had been a prisoner but he had escaped and now he could never go across the border again. When he was a young man, he had lived in the mountains with the reindeer keepers. It had been a wonderful life with plenty of food and more money than they could count.

But misfortune had struck his family and his life had been one of poverty ever since.

"But I'll teach you how to become a great man with plenty to eat and with heavy clothing of the thickest wool, Guolna, my boy. You shall never have to wear leather pants, and your shirts shall be white and they shall be washed just as soon as they get dirty. There is nothing in the world I won't do for you. You are the one who is always in my dreams when I am alone."

That night Guolna stayed awake for a long time. He thought that his father was a very great man for he was fighting with other people to get reindeer for his traps. Guolna had heard a lot about reindeer thieves, but it had never struck him before that the thieves were in constant danger and had to be very, very clever and smart to carry on year after year.

His father made skin for them as soon as the snow came. As long as the weather was clear they could not look for reindeer. The men they were waiting for had stolen the reindeer themselves, and could only cross the border during a heavy snowfall which would cover all tracks. They were dangerous people, the reindeer thieves. They knew they were hunted. They were desperate in their defense and quite merciless.

One evening Guolna asked his father about the war. He would like to know if he had shot many enemies and what kind of people they were.

"I have never been in the war," said Heikola. "That was only something I told people to make them afraid of me.

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But I have been a soldier and there were many of us who had been in the war. They were admired and respected. When I ran off, I had to keep away from people until I crossed the Swedish border. Since then I have always had to be careful not to cross over to the wrong side of the border again. But I have been living up here during the winter and I have trapped many a reindeer which the Swedes would otherwise have stolen from Finland."

The following night Guolna didn't sleep much either. He saw his father in an entirely new light. He thought that he was a greater and more wonderful man than before. He was fighting single-handedly against a whole people. He had to use his own head—that meant much more than going to war where you only did what the general said and shot the people you were told to shoot.

Finally, one day winter arrived with a tremendous gale. It had been snowing once in a while before, but now the wind was screaming and the snow whipped right through them. Heikola told Guolna to curl up in the little hut and promised him that they would soon have the softest of fur for a cover instead of their miserable leather pieces. Soon they should be stuffing themselves with glistening meat and they would go to bed sucking the marrow bones. This was the right kind of weather for chasing a herd of reindeer across the border, but Heikola would be out there, too!

Guolna begged his father to be taken along, but he was told that he had to wait until the first few herds had gone by. Then Heikola would teach his son how to fool beast and man. The men had to be made scared of the mountain ghosts, the police and the rightful owners. At the same time you had to make the animals believe that they were being chased back to their own herd again. That was why you had to be alone and not let a partner ruin your chances.

Thus Heikola set out—and that was the last Guolna saw of his father alive.

Once he was alone, Guolna soon fell into bed and let the screaming storm lull him to sleep, dreaming of meat and fat tallow soup and furs to sleep in without ever feeling cold any more. He had no way of telling how long he had slept when he finally woke up, but since Heikola was not back yet, he just turned around and fell asleep again.

Soon hunger woke him up and he discovered that the hut was full of snow. The fine flakes had fallen through the holes of the roof and the cracks in the door. Now they covered Guolna and everything in the hut. Guolna didn't let it get him down. He saw that the storm was over so he swept out the snow as best he could. He thought it strange that his father wasn't back yet. He had probably caught so many reindeer that it would take him quite a while to skin them all and hide the meat. It was much better that way than if he had come home as soon as the wind had died down.

Guolna couldn't sleep any more. He just sat there in the hut, looking forward to all the meat they were going to eat. He made up his mind that he would eat the tallow first and while the meat was boiling he would suck out the fat marrow which he could never get enough of.

Soon it was night again and still no trace of his father. Guolna had seen a touch of daylight in the horizon to the south so he knew it had been day. He didn't want to cry, though—his father would notice it at once, and Guolna didn't want him to think that he had been scared.

Guolna's Search

The following day Guolna didn't think he could live through another night. He didn't know what was going to happen. Wolves might come and there was no protection against mountain ghosts when he was alone. One had to be two to be able to look both ways at the same time. Ghosts disappeared when one looked at them, crossed oneself and read the Lord's prayer.

Somehow he managed to live through the night and at last he could glimpse a faint shimmer of light again. Finally, he decided that he had better go out and meet his father. Heikola must have such an awful lot of meat to carry that he would certainly need some help. Guolna remembered how his father always helped him in every way; now it was his turn to help his father.

He walked on and on until he reached the open mountain, but there was nobody to be seen. Guolna realized that his father must have lured the reindeer into the woods and killed them there. That would have been the wise thing to do since he could not be seen among the

thick trees while he skinned the animals.

But when he came down to the woods again, there was no sight of Heikola. He must have gone to the little hut then, and they had missed each other. Guolna had the true Lapp's instincts for finding his way, but when he was back at the hut again nobody had been there. He was tired now, and very, very hungry. He was glad, though, that he was more tired than hungry since he didn't want to eat until his father returned. He felt sure that he would be wakened by his father, standing in the door with a heavy load of fresh meat which he would throw to the floor. Then his father would laugh and say he was sorry he was so late.

It was a miserable little Guolna who woke up finally. He had had nothing at all to eat for three whole days. He couldn't think any more; he only wandered around in a daze looking for his father. He realized by now that Heikola had been unlucky. The thieves must have discovered him and that was the reason why he had to hide in the woods now. But let the thieves catch sight of Guolna, then they would be scared and run away. Boy, oh boy, how Guolna and his father would laugh! And then they would eat.

In the evening he felt no hunger any more. He was only sleepy and very cold, but he managed to walk back to the hut to make sure that his father wasn't there all by himself, eating all the good meat.

The moon was out and showed him his way when he left once more. He knew that his father would do anything in the world to help him. He also knew that he would freeze to death and starve without his father. He had to find Heikola. Maybe his father had met some friends who had offered him liquor. He might be drunk, might have fallen asleep some place. Guolna had to find him and wake him up. You can sleep on and on until you die if you settle down in the snow with your mouth in the open air.

When he reached the spot where he knew that his father had gathered a heap of moss, a fox suddenly ran past the boy. Without thinking, without even feeling miserable because of his loneliness, he followed the track of the fox. This was how he found his father.

Heikola had been dead for a long time. He was partly covered by snow. He was completely stiff and frozen all over. But the worst thing was that the foxes had



nibbled away quite a bit of his father.

At first Guolna couldn't think, couldn't even stand up. His legs were like soft wool stockings. He had to sit down in the snow for a long, long time. Later on he began to cry. The crying didn't mean anything; he didn't feel like crying. The tears just came by themselves. After a long while he suddenly remembered that now he was all alone here in the bare mountains. There was no possibility of getting down to people again at this time of the year.

Alone in the Forest

He didn't quite know why he went back to the hut. He had nothing to do there, nobody to help him. But he had covered the long way back to the hut before he realized how foolish he was. What should he do? He wondered for a long while, then cried when he got tired of thinking. Every time he realized how helpless he was, he could only think that he had to talk to his father about it. It was wonderful to have such a wise father. But he isn't here any more! And Guolna had to cry again.

In the morning it was clear to him that he simply had to find food. You had better eat, he told himself aloud. But he had to laugh right away for there was not a thing to eat in the hut or anywhere else. There is no use crying, he scolded himself.

He had seen the fox by his father's body. A fox could be eaten. He had to go after it. It was a good thing that his father had taught him how to set the traps. When he came back to the hut he would show his father what a good hunter he had become.

Stupid thoughts! He had to pull himself together now! He trudged all the way up to the corpse of his father and he could see at once that more foxes had been nibbling at him. They had dug a little tunnel through the snow down to the body. Where the snow was firm, just where they jumped in and out of the tunnel, Guolna set his trap. Then he erased his own tracks as he left, as his father had told him to do.

Thus he got his first fox. With his knife Guolna skinned the animal on the spot. Back in the hut he cooked the meat and it tasted like a dream of all the best things in the world.

Guolna felt like a different person

when he had finished his meal. He made himself a more comfortable bed with pine branches and the fox fur and then he slept for a long time. When he woke up, he finished the fox and then he sat down to consider his future.

Guolna told himself that there had never been anything in the world his father would not have done for him. There was no reason for him to ask for permission to set up the fox traps by his father's body. The dead man would help his son as he had done when he was alive. Guolna felt quite happy at the thought as he retraced his steps and set up two more traps by his father's body. In the evening he got another fox. It was large and fat, fortunately, and it kept Guolna going the next two days when it was snowing so hard that he could not go outside at all.

By the time it had cleared up again, he had had an opportunity to consider his situation. He had realized by now that he was utterly alone in the world. He cried a little as he made his plans, but not as much as he had expected. He was too busy with the task of keeping himself alive. And now he also set himself another great task. He would bring his father down to the village again in spring and have him buried by the minister. He should rest right next to Guolna's mother, under the beautiful cross which Heikola had made and carved with her name, her date of birth and resurrection!

He had to get food to keep alive. Food meant foxes and there was no shadow of doubt left in Guolna's mind—he knew that his father would agree to let him use his flesh for bait in the traps.

It was rather dreadful to cut up his father's flesh, his dead body, but it was so dark that he couldn't see himself and had no chance of feeling ashamed. Besides, he had no choice.

Soon it became a habit. Every time there was a fox in the trap, or when a fox had gotten away with the bait, his father would have to give of his own flesh. But he was glad to give—Guolna knew his father better than anybody had ever known him. Other people had not understood what a great man he was, how he had always been victorious. Now he had finally met bad luck. A knife had killed him. Guolna had seen the wounds and knew there had been a hard fight.

Every time Guolna went up to his father, the body grew smaller. He had

to serve his son as bait. There was nothing else for Guolna to do. If he were to die himself, he would never be able to bury his father in Christian ground and Heikola would become a ghost of the mountain. Guolna had to keep on living and he could only do it with his father's help. The great Heikola, the good and strong Heikola, who was his father. But . . . but there he was! As he trudged heavily along on his skis on the way from his hut to his father's body, he kept thinking of the funeral he would give Heikola. Afterward the two of them would go away together and spend all the money they got from the furs . . .

Oh, dear God! Heikola was not his father any more! He was only a dead man who would never come back . . .

Guolna skinned the foxes very carefully, dried the furs and soon he had a whose bag full of them. The sun was beginning to appear by then, a little bit more of it every day. Foxes were getting rarer and the grouse were coming back. One day he noticed a drop of water in the sun and he knew it was no use going after the foxes any more—they wouldn't go in the trap.

By this time, the head was all that was left of his father, but Guolna was used to it by now. He didn't mind it any more that his father was getting smaller and smaller. He even thought that it was typical of his wise father not to run out until he was not needed any more.

The Journey Home

At long last Guolna could begin the trek back to the village. The snow was melting and he had a hard time moving on his skis. He walked day after day and when he was able to catch an occasional grouse, he ate it raw because he didn't want to make a fire. Once in a while he was close to people, once he heard a dog barking and saw sleigh tracks in the snow. He didn't know why he was reluctant to meet anybody. Perhaps he was afraid that they would take the fox furs away from him. Perhaps they would ask about his father and then he was sure he would have to cry. He did not want to cry.

Soon he couldn't use his skis any more. He left them behind and continued on foot with his two bags across his shoulder. In the one he had all the fox furs; in the other the head of his father which



was waiting to be hurried next to his mother. The head would have to be placed in a coffin, and over the grave the minister should tell about Heikola's great life, how he had been a soldier and shot the enemy. All the world would understand that one of the heroes of Finland was being buried.

It took him a long time getting home this way. He didn't want to go by the shortest route where he risked meeting people. The minister should be the first man he would speak to.

At last he came to his home village. His plans had been made very carefully. He would not take the fox furs along to the minister, who would only think that they were meant for him. The furs had to be sold to get money enough for the long trip that Heikola and Guolna planned to . . . No, there came his crazy thoughts again!

When he came close to the minister's house he could see that it was a Sunday. There were lots of people outside, but all the men were inside as usual. The minister would give them a schnapps to keep warm on the return trip, maybe a cup of coffee even. Guolna hesitated a moment before he decided that this was a good opportunity to let everybody know that Heikola would never be seen again. Guolna felt as if his father only died at this moment when he knocked on the door and stood in the minister's house.

He felt sorry now that he had not stayed in the woods with his father. Nonsense, he told himself. He couldn't have done that. He had to hurry him in consecrated ground. But Guolna could no longer remember what he planned to say to the minister. He stood rooted to the floor without saying a word.

"Hello," said the minister and gave

him his hand. Guolna noticed how dirty and ragged he was now that he stood next to the minister.

"You are Guolna, aren't you?" asked the minister. "Heikola's son?"

Guolna didn't answer. Of course, the minister knew him since he had spoken such beautiful words over his mother's grave. Now he was going to find other words in the Bible to say over his father's grave.

They stood there for a long time staring at each other, the minister and the boy. But at long last it had to end.

"What do you want? Do you have a message for me?" asked the minister.

"Yes," said Guolna. At last he could speak. For the minister had said the right thing, had mentioned just what Guolna was there for.

"It's this way, you see," he told the minister. "I have just come down from the mountains because I want to make a funeral for father."

"Your father? But is he dead?"

All of a sudden Guolna wanted to cry again. He was scared and he felt that all the thoughts he had had in the mountains were unimportant, they counted for nothing now when he faced the minister who was such a learned man. Guolna was terrified when he saw all the many hooks on the shelves. The judgment was pronounced in those hooks, all men were sentenced there. That was why he lost his voice suddenly. He could not say a word.

"When did Heikola die?" somebody asked. But everything was in a haze now. "Where have you put him? Shall we bring him down from the mountains? Did you bring him along?"

Oh, dear! All the questions they fired at him. Couldn't they stop? This was not the way he had planned it. Guolna

wanted to leave them again. But when should he go? Now he could see how wrong it had all been. He should not have taken his father down. One of the farmers should have gone up there with a wooden coffin, then he could have been carried down and Guolna could have sat on top of the coffin. But there was nothing left to put in it—only the head!

At last he thought the questions came closer. But he had to shout to make them hear him. "I have him right here," he cried at the top of his voice.

"The boy is impudent," scolded the minister. "He shouts when he should be quiet. Perhaps there is not a word of truth in his story. Heikola was a most unreliable person. His son is surely like the father."

Everything went black in front of Guolna. He took his bag from his shoulder and opened it. He let his father's head roll out on the floor. The next thing he knew they were all screaming.

He fainted and nobody wanted to touch the boy who had eaten his father's body in the mountains and now brought the head down for a funeral.

When the screaming subsided and the minister had asked the Lord for strength to endure this terrible thing, the women were let in. They had heard all the noise and didn't want to miss anything. They all talked and explained, remembering old and terrible tales.

At last one of them said they had to do something with the boy, even if they did not want to touch him.

"What wickedness and sin I am witnessing in my congregation!" complained the minister who had recovered sufficiently at last to say a few pious words.

Guolna was beginning to come to again. He wanted to get up but somebody kept him down. He was not to be allowed to stand up again and run away. They had sent for the sheriff. They would keep him down until he arrived and took Guolna along to prison. Yes, they would all keep him down. . . .

Guolna's Scarves

Yes, I bought all Guolna's scarves. I wanted to bring them along to Greenland and let the Eskimo girls enjoy their strange figures and patterns. I knew they would make me a popular man with the Eskimos.

Alas, they never came to Greenland. On my way home I had to go to Stockholm where three young ladies caught sight of my scarves. Two of the scarves could be turned into the loveliest blouse.

I got back to Denmark at last, but the girls at home were even worse. There was nothing I could do once they had seen my scarves. A house made from Guolna's scarves was seen on the stage of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. The costume was praised in the newspapers. "What an artist that weaver must be!" they said to me. "And what an incredible sense of humor he must have!"

I managed to save two of the scarves and brought them with me to Greenland. I believe the stewardess on the local steamer is still wearing them. ● ● ●

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cell. The handcuffs and restraining belt are removed. He's locked in.

It is here, under constant surveillance, that Big Red will spend a long and final night on earth.

Two of the death watch stay with Big Red; three of the remainder go back upstairs for Henry.

Henry is huddled on his cot.

"It's time to go, Henry," the lieutenant says.

"Go? Go where?"

"Downstairs."

"Why?"

"You have to go, Henry."

"But I don't want."

They help Henry to his feet. One on each side grips a shoulder and elbow to support him. In this way, his head bobbing on a rubbery neck, his feet dragging, they walk Henry to the bird cage.

The condemned look up to see Henry go by. On their headsets Bert Solitaire is spinning the brassy Kay Starr record of *Comes Along A Love*. Then Solitaire says brightly, "For our brainbuster today we asked: 'How old was Joe when he kicked the bucket?' The answer's eighty-four." (Solitaire and his juvenile voice and his juvenile trivia and his jump records—and the Death Row and Big Red and Henry and the mechanics leading up to a "legal execution.")

In the sergeant's office the death watch has to change Henry's clothes for him. Henry has gone limp; he hables and his face is puffy from shock.

Big Red catches a glimpse of Henry as the latter is walked by his cell and placed in the adjoining one.

"Don't look like my partner's doin' too good," Big Red observes.

Right at this time the five-o'clock news from San Francisco is being broadcast. Most of the condemned have their headsets on, listening. Red must die with Henry, says the newscaster. He has lost his legal action and his request to the warden to be executed at nine a.m. instead of ten, to avoid dying with Henry, has been rejected because, according to the newscaster, the California Attorney General has declared that the wording of Big Red's death warrant won't permit it. "I got kids of my own, Warden," Big Red had told Warden Teets earlier. "If I die with this other guy there'll be a lotta bad publicity, on account of what he did. So can't you let me go an hour earlier?"

With Big Red and Henry brought downstairs, the death watch settles into its long-established routine.

This last night belongs to the condemned man. The death watch caters to his reasonable wants or requests. He can listen to programs on a radio outside the cell or have recordings played for him on an electric record player available to those waiting to die. He's kept supplied with tobacco and steaming-hot, freshly brewed coffee. He's offered the traditional "hearty" meal. Reading material is furnished if he requests it, or a deck of cards with which to play solitaire. During the evening the warden and other prison officials may visit him to pass along legal or other news. He may write a last letter

to a loved one. He may be visited by a chaplain of his faith who will pray for the salvation of his soul. He may brood or talk or curse or sleep or pace the floor. Such as it is, the choice is his.

Big Red talks and smokes and eats and listens to hillbilly records. The warden comes in and tells him he and Henry will have to die together; the courts have turned him down. Big Red still clings to the hope that a final plea by his attorneys will stay his execution. He kids with those standing the death watch on him. He sleeps for a few hours, thinks back on almost 40 years of life.

Henry lies on his mattress, staring blankly at the wall. He spends the night like that, saying nothing, a picture of what naked fear can do.

Inevitably, morning comes.

"Care for some breakfast?"

Big Red looks at the tray of food and his appetite deserts him. He forces down a few mouthfuls of food, smokes a cigarette, drinks two cups of hot, black coffee. *Death is a tough proposition. Death is a funny feeling, a tightening in the belly; it's a creeping numbness. Death is something too big to understand.*

Ten o'clock draws near. Big Red is informed that all hope for a stay is gone.

Then Henry gets a stay. His attorneys have prevailed on a judge of the local superior court to stop his execution and to require the warden to show cause why he shouldn't certify Henry as being legally insane and hence not liable for execution until his sanity is restored. Guards swiftly remove Henry from his cell, return him to the Row.

The Final Minutes

9:50. Big Red puts on the white shirt they give him to wear. He smokes a last cigarette. "Maybe I shoulda played crazy," he says. He grins crookedly. He doesn't blame the men who will put him to death. With them, it's just a job. It's too late to fix blame; it's too late to protest. But still there is something wrong with all this. Big Red feels the wrongness. He wonders: "What'll they gain by killin' me?" He knows he did wrong, but he remembers what a grammar school teacher once told him: Two wrongs never make a right.

Ten o'clock!
"All right, Red," he's told. "It's time." The cell door is unlocked, opened.

Big Red hesitates an instant. Then he picks up his picture of Ike. (Ike is someone to believe in.) He takes the picture with him. He's marched around a bend in the hallway to the door of the gas chamber. There he stops and hands the picture to a surprised guard.

"Here," he says, "take this. I don't want to take Ike in here with me."

The guard's embarrassment is obvious as he accepts the picture. Big Red enters the chamber. He's quickly seated in one of the two metal chairs, strapped down. One end of an electric stethoscope is taped to his chest. A guard pats him on the back, says, "Good luck." In turn, Big Red quips; others before him—

those who didn't curse or pray or remain angrily mute—have done the same.

10:02. The guards hurriedly exit. One of them twirls the spiked wheel that seals the chamber door airtight. Official witnesses stare at Big Red through the thick glass windows of this squat, infallible chamber of death.

His face an expressionless mask, the warden signals the executioner. The executioner swiftly operates his levers.

Big Red hears the *plop, plop, plop* of the deadly cyanide "eggs" as they drop into the acid pan beneath the chair. The chemical reaction is immediate; hydrocyanic acid gas generates, swirls up, envelops him in an invisible fog.

Big Red sniffs tentatively. His nostrils twitch at the pungent, sickening-sweet odor of peach blossoms. He gulps a lungful of the deadly fumes; his senses reel giddily, then swiftly, terrifyingly dim. As consciousness recedes into a final darkness, he strains once desperately at his straps. His eyes glaze. They no longer see; they will never see again. His head falls forward grotesquely, but he's wholly unaware of this. He has fallen into a black and bottomless pit; for ten minutes the process of dying goes on. His body jerks, convulses. Once. Twice. Three times. His heart races, pounds like a sledge hammer; then it slows and slows—and finally stops.

The attending physician stationed outside the chamber takes the stethoscope from his ears and gestures to the warden.

Big Red is irrevocably dead.

The witnesses file from the presence of death into a sparkling Indian summer day. The motors behind Big Red whir; blowers drive the lethal gas upward through a pipe and release it into the air high above the chamber. A frankish breeze, coming off the bay, waits a few molecules of the gas toward the Row, giving its keener-nosed occupants the faintest whiff of things to come. Henry crouches in his cell, the caricature of a man.

More than an hour after he has been pronounced dead, a special crew removes Big Red's body from the "green room" and takes it to the prison morgue.

But Big Red is oblivious to all of this. His spirit has flown, and for a few editions after its flight he is rather good newspaper copy, with his keenly felt political views, his taking the picture of Ike to the door of the gas chamber and his getting his wish not to die with Henry as a sort of consolation prize. Yet Big Red's news value cools almost as fast as the prison morgue's icebox cools his cadaver. The public promptly forgets him, turning its attention to the fate of living, breathing condemned men, or those on trial for their lives, or those wanted for murder and other crimes.

Condemned Row grows broodingly quiet for a time.

Big Red reminds you of your own plight, and your cell grows smaller in front of your eyes. The walls have a way of closing in. You light a cigarette and you think, The image that forms in your mind is stark and vividly clear. ● ● ●

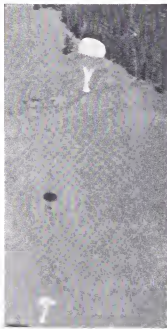
BEAVER AIRLIFT

by PAUL COREY

When Idaho beavers get bothersome, conservation officers transplant them to the wide open spaces—by parachute

THE old Travelaire, with its cabin door removed, came in over the mountain meadow at about a thousand feet. Scotty Heter snapped the parachute cord to the static line, shoved the perforated, oblong box into the doorway of the plane and quickly removed the temporary tie rope at the top.

Gliding down to about 500 feet, the plane circled the meadow. As the cabin tilted, banking on the turn across the lower end, pilot Bob Fogg waved his arm. Instantly Scotty heaved out the pine box. The static line jerked the



CHUTES designed for 140-pound loads carry two beavers in a box.



PAIR OF BEAVERS is placed in shallow box with air holes. Box is made of two sections which break open when the chute lands.

chute from its pack and it burst open. "Beavers away!" Scotty shouted.

Before the orange bloom of the chute had wilted on the ground, the two halves of the box snapped open. The pair of brown animals inside scrambled over the sides of the box and headed for a nearby stream.

Last summer, 70 beavers were parachuted down upon the almost inaccessible, high mountain meadows in the rugged Chamberlain Basin by the Fish and Game Department of the State of Idaho. And Scotty Heter is the man who dreamed up that trick.

The State of Idaho protects the beaver as a fur-bearing animal. However, notoriously "eager" beavers can become very unpopular in civilized communities.

It was possible, in many cases, to haul beavers to new homes in pick-up trucks. If the distance beyond the last stop of the truck to the beaver site wasn't too far they could be transported to it by pack animal, but this method is expensive.

Virtually every stream in the Chamberlain Basin heads in a meadow offering ideal conditions for beaver life. Many of these meadows were once full of beavers but over-trapping has cleaned them out. Scotty Heter figured that if beavers could be brought into these remote spots their habit of damming streams would be invaluable.

But how would he get the beavers up there?

The Conservation Department had been restocking inaccessible lakes and streams with fish by plane for several years. The success of this scheme gave Scotty an idea. With the help of Bob Fogg, an expert bush pilot for the Johnson Flying Service, Scotty made a special crate for the job.

It consisted of two shallow boxes, 30 inches by 12 inches by 8 inches, made of one-inch lumber, drilled with

air holes. The two sections were placed face-to-face and bound with bridle rope, the rope nailed securely to the bottom of the crate on each side of the joint, forming hinges. Then the ropes were brought up the sides, run through holes near each of the upper corners and enough length left to extend two feet above the box. The parachute was attached to these rope ends.

On the bottom of the crate, alongside the rope hinges, Scotty tacked a pair of rubber bands cut from truck inner tubes. When the crate was closed, these bands were under about five pounds tension.

Scotty and Bob figured that the moment the crate struck the ground and the tension from the chute lines ceased, these rubber bands would pull the crate open wide enough to let the beavers out.

When dropping beavers, each crate carries a pair, and is checked for weight so that it doesn't exceed 100 pounds. The chutes are army surplus cargo chutes designed for 140-pound loads. The leeway in weight insures a soft landing for the animals.

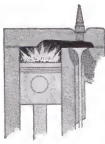
The first trial drops were made with dummies in the crates. Then they changed to live animals for test drops. One patient and long-suffering beaver, called Geronimo, was dropped, recaptured and dropped again several times.

As a reward for his test service, Geronimo was scheduled for the first regular drop in the Chamberlain Basin. After the crate had landed and opened, Scotty watched one of the beavers wander around in the grass, then climb back into the crate. It stayed there several minutes, then got out again and headed for the stream.

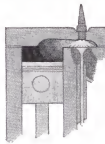
"We laughed a lot around headquarters about that," says Scotty. "We liked to think it was old Geronimo who got back into the box. He just figured that he might as well get ready for the next trip."

The Truth About the Gas You Buy

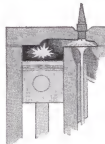
Continued from page 27



PRE-IGNITION is one cause of knock. Gas, ignited by hot spot, explodes before the spark plug fires.



NORMAL Combustion. Gas, ignited by plug, burns in smooth flame front, giving down-thrust to piston.



DETONATION also causes knock: gas, ignited by pressure, explodes after plug fires, wasting power.

guy I usually deal with. He eyed me suspiciously.

"Cards musta' been good to you last night. What's the idea?"

"I'm going on a long trip. Better play it safe with high test."

"You're nuts," Bill said. "A long trip is just when you don't need high test."

"The hell you say," a guy shouted down from the cab of a truck. "Put in the high test, bud."

I did, but my confidence was a little shaken. Was I doing the right thing or not? I wanted good gas, but I also didn't want to throw my money away when I didn't need to.

Then out on the highway I began hitting the billboards.

Are you 100% Climate-Controlled?

I looked at the sky ahead. It was clouding over and it also was getting colder. Probably run into snow when I hit the hills. Was I climate-controlled? God, I didn't know. Was I?

TCP, TCP flashed by in giant letters. Something new they had there. One of those additives. I'd heard about that. Supposed to be real good. For what, I wasn't sure.

*Anti-stalling
Quick Starting
Total Power*

I thought of the '46 Pontiac I was pushing along. She had always stood me well, but had taken to stalling a little bit recently. Didn't get away as fast as before, either. Maybe I was using the wrong gas. Maybe that was the answer.

Out around the foothills of the Alleghenies I began running low on gas and started looking around for a place to fill up. Traces of snow lined the road and I began thinking about that 100 per cent climate-controlled gas. Maybe I ought to give that one a whirl before I really got up in the hills. Then again, the car probably would start knocking like-crazy. There was that stuff that was

supposed to really do a job on knocking. Then, of course, that guy in the diner had said it also gummed up the spark plugs and could really raise hell with the motor.

I drove past one station after another, each with a sign that looked bigger and more promising than the next. Every time I got my mind made up I found I had rolled by the station and I had to start looking ahead for another one. In the end I wound up filling up with the same old gas I always used. After all, it had gotten me this far.

Late that night I reached the home of one of my old friends and we sat around having a nightcap before hitting the sack. He was what we call a car guy, always had the latest model, spent half of his weekends either shining it up or improving the model in some way.

"What are the guys talking about?" I asked him.

"Ah, the usual. Some politics, cars, sports, games, gas. You know, just like always."

"Gas?" I asked. "We never used to talk about gas."

"We didn't?" my friend said. "Well, anyway, everyone's talking about it now. All those additives and stuff. The gas companies are really raising hell with each other: got a real war going. Read the ads. Right now I'm a Blue Sunoco man—but I don't know, I might just switch..."

"Look, do you mind changing the subject? Right now I'm so bleary-eyed with gas I never want to hear the words octane rating again as long as I live."

In the morning, however, I had calmed down. Here was this subject of gas. Everyone used it; outside of food and rent it was probably the biggest single item in a family's budget, and no one seemed to know a thing about it.

I cut short my visit to Kittanning and ever since that time I have been hearing down on representatives of America's top

oil companies. I have spent hours with automotive engineers and petroleum chemists asking each one of them why his company's gas was good or best and why it was different from other gas. I studied curving graphs, charts, reams of tables and crammed my way through technical papers and laboratories. Finally I talked to experts in buying gasoline, men to whom a tenth of a mile difference in performance can mean a big bundle of cash, and at last found out how you can test gasoline yourself.

"Fresh" Gasoline

All along the way, I might add, I picked up little bits of practical information on gasoline and its marketing. For instance, a friend of mine reported that in the Midwest he often saw this slogan: "Buy Fresh Gasoline—Fresh from the Refinery." Initially, I put this down as probably a superstition. However, it turns out that there is something in this. For one thing, the volatility, which determines rapid acceleration, is apt to be affected. The most volatile components of a gasoline come from what engineers call the "light ends" of the gasoline stock—and these are the most susceptible to evaporation, which may occur during storage.

However, there is a more serious problem. Gasoline, if stored for long periods, tends to form gum. This causes gum deposits in the engine, sticky valves, and faulty performance. Years ago this was a severe problem, although today, by use of chemical stabilizers, it is relatively insignificant. Gasoline and automotive engineers told me that your best protection along these lines is to use a buy service station. As one engineer put it, "If you hit one of these seldom-used gas stations, your gasoline has probably been standing for some time. Look for a place with a big turnover. It's your best bet against gum."

To get back onto the main track, let me say that at the moment gasoline quality happens to be one of the hottest, most controversial subjects in America. The end of Korean fighting and general relaxation of war tensions has, among other benefits, made the gasoline buyer the most wooed man in the country. The oil industry, after years of extending itself to meet both civilian and military needs, is now engaged in a hot, competitive fight to sell their production to the public.

As part of this fight, Shell began marketing in June, 1953, a premium gasoline with "TCP"—tri-cresyl phosphate—added. Shell backed TCP with the most powerful advertising campaign in gasoline history. Calling tri-cresyl phosphate "the greatest advance in motor fuel in 31 years," (meaning since the discovery of tetraethyl lead's anti-knock characteristics), Shell's aggressive drive dislodged what had been a relatively stable market structure. By November, 1953, according to the National Petroleum News, it had taken away so much business from other companies that the others were beginning to use additives and

the impact of Shell's TCP campaign has been the reaction of the Ethyl Corporation. It sells its tetraethyl lead. "Ethyl" anti-knock compound, once the mark of premium gasoline, to nearly all major producers. By July, 1953, it had raised its octane requirement to 90—which means that no Ethyl gas can have less—"to protect the trademark" and last December announced it would begin marketing a new "ignition control" additive. First announced as "ICC," at the time this is being written Ethyl has not yet revealed just what, chemically, this additive is.

At the core of this competitive fight is the fact that a real problem exists. The problem is that our new high-compression engines, which have jumped maximum horsepower ratings from 150 in 1946 to 210 by 1953, generally require high-octane gasoline to prevent knocking. Knocking causes the engine to overheat, damages spark plugs, wastes fuel and is accompanied by power loss. Average compression ratios have risen from 6.5 to 1 to 7.5 to 1; the highest standard ratio is 8.7 to 1. Moreover, GM's experimental automotive engines carry still higher compression ratios—12.5 to 1. This is why the battling is going on in the high-octane premium gasolines.

In the great lizzards of publicity and advertising, with their vast claims, that accompany every turn of this competitive situation, poor John Q. Public, whether he's driving an old Pontiac like me or a brand-new 1954 Cadillac, hardly knows where to turn when he considers gasoline quality.

What's more, if he tries to find out, he's apt to drown in the sheer technical complexity of the subject. I spent days reading technical papers on hydrocarbon-molecule shuffling via thermal and catalytic cracking, and talking to engineers.

Even with what is considered a scientific background, I often thought I was going down for the last time.

Before going on I had better explain that it is impossible to take a sampling of each gasoline, run a few tests, and say, "Bo-Bo's Buhhle Gas is best." There are roughly 275 companies making gasoline. No one, not even the American Petroleum Institute, knows how many brand names there are. Except for Texaco, no company sells its product in all 48 states, and in some instances companies market their gasoline in one area under one name and in another area under another name. In some areas there are powerful but small independents. For instance, roughly 25 per cent of the gasoline sold in the Detroit area, the automobile capital, is "Speedway," a gasoline unknown elsewhere.

It is not unusual for any company to sell its gasoline to a bulk dealer or wholesaler under the stipulation that its name cannot be used on it. This often happens in the western coastal region when tankers are due from the Gulf of Mexico refineries and the big companies want to empty their storage tanks for the fresh gasoline. This contributes to price wars, which are generally to be found any place where water transportation or refineries are to be found. This is why New Jersey, where I have seen gasoline selling for 11 cents a gallon, has intermittent price wars; it has both water facilities and many refineries. In the trade, Jersey is often referred to as "the Gettysburg of the gasoline industry."

Even the same brand of gasoline varies, depending on the weather and geographical location. The most extensive and exhaustive tests of gasoline quality, outside the industry itself, are

those made by the U.S. Bureau of Mines office on Forbes Street, Pittsburgh.

The Bureau of Mines tests are based on some 4,000 samples drawn from representative gas stations in gasoline marketing areas. The tests cover nine points; gravity, corrosion, gum—which I explained earlier—tetraethyl lead content, octane number, Reid Vapor Pressure, which shows the tendency to "vapor lock," and finally a series of distillation tests which show at what temperatures certain percentages of the gasoline evaporates. The most important of these tests to the motorist are the octane number tests and the distillation tests, which determine volatility.

Volatility is the characteristic of gasoline which determines its starting ability, "warm-up" time, and ability to provide rapid acceleration.

Evaporation and Quick Starting

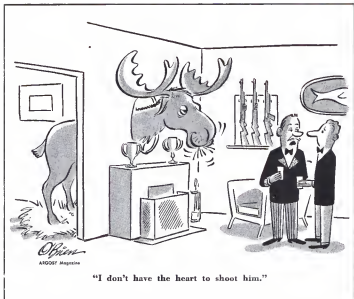
A "quick-starting" gasoline, to a petroleum engineer, is one which evaporates rapidly at a low temperature. They consider the temperature at which 10 per cent of the gasoline will evaporate as the true indication of its starting ability. If the gasoline won't vaporize rapidly except at very high temperature, the engine will not start easily. As one top automotive engineer puts it, "The lower the ten per cent point temperature, the easier an engine can be started."

The 50 per cent point is the temperature at which 50 per cent of the gasoline will evaporate. The 50 per cent point governs its ability to accelerate rapidly. The lower the 50 per cent temperature, the faster the acceleration.

Obviously, a highly volatile gasoline is needed in winter to provide quick starting and warm-up. But this volatility must be reduced as the weather grows warmer. In the summer, a too volatile gasoline will cause bubbles of evaporated gasoline to clog the fuel line or carburetor. This is called "vapor lock." The hooker is that volatility is directly related to ability to accelerate rapidly, something motorists demand all year 'round.

The major gasoline companies attempt to handle this problem by altering their gasoline, increasing or decreasing volatile components within certain areas at their local refineries, as the weather changes. Esso, for example, divides the 18 states in which it sells into 9 areas, depending on its refineries' locations, and it changes its gasoline 16 times a year, depending on what past average temperatures have been in those areas. Texaco, which markets in all 48 states, obviously has the biggest weather problem of all. To meet this problem, Texaco divides the country into 25 areas and bases its volatility changes on 40-year weather and temperature studies. Hence, it advertises "climate-control."

However, with the weather still beyond man's control, everybody humps his head once in a while. Volatility controls are based on average temperatures, and an unusually warm day in midwinter in



"I don't have the heart to shoot him."

New York City can produce vapor-lock in many cars and taxis. In summer, the Long Island parkways are often clogged, particularly on the approaches to Manhattan, with vapor-locked cars. The danger of vapor-lock increases in the early spring—when you may, if you do not drive much, be caught with the highly volatile winter gasoline in your tank. It may also happen during very hot weather when the margin between the volatility needed for acceleration and the point at which it vapor-locks becomes very narrow.

The hell of vapor-lock is that if it stops your car, nothing can start it—and all you can do is wait for the gasoline to cool off. I have had the experience only once, on a very hot day when climbing a steep hill in Westchester County. I kept fussing with everything under the hood until I gradually realized my problem was vapor-lock. I let the car roll down the hill backwards into some shade—and it still took 45 minutes to cool off enough to start again. When this happens in traffic-congested city streets it is aggravating enough to make you throw rocks at that shiny but useless automobile.

Your best protection against vapor-lock during the spring and summer is to buy gasoline at a busy station so that you are sure that it is being kept in line with temperature changes.

Knock and Octane

Most people believe that high-octane means high-powered or high-speed. This is not true—except in a backhanded way. If your engine knocks badly, it will over-heat, damage the spark plugs and piston rings, and reduce your power or speed. But it cannot increase your power or speed if your engine does not knock. If your engine does not need it, why pay extra for high-octane gas? The ASTM manual on the significance of tests is quite clear on this point. It says: "While severe knocking may result in injury to the motor, and loss of power, improvement of the fuel beyond the point necessary to eliminate knock involves unnecessary expense since it has been conclusively shown that such improvement does not increase the performance value of the fuel." This is why high-octane gas is generally uneconomical for high-speed, over-the-road driving where distance is the aim.

This is important because, while high-octane prices have been rising, according to "National Petroleum News," regular grade prices have been falling in many areas.

Whether you use premium gasoline should be determined primarily by whether your engine knocks. If it knocks badly, the answer is yes. But if the knock is mild or occasional or if you have not steep hills to conquer, your engine generally can get along with regular grade gasoline. A study of the Co-ordinating Research Council, which brings the automotive and petroleum engineers together, published in 1952,

shows that 6 out of 10 cars on the road can be satisfied on 84-octane gasoline. Another study, published in the SAE Journal, by H. W. Best of Yale University, H. J. Gibson of Ethyl Corporation, and H. E. Taylor of Gulf, confirms this. For most eastern states, the big gasoline-consuming area, this is regular-grade.

However, the vast sampling tests of the U.S. Bureau of Mines show significant differences between octane ratings in different areas. In short, one grade of gasoline will have one octane rating in one area, and another in another area. For instance, all along the East Coast the octane rating of premium gasoline averages 92.5. In the Midwest it drops to 90. In the Rocky Mountain area it drops still further to 88. Then it rises sharply on the West Coast to 92. (However, the spread between regular and premium is 10 octane numbers in California, while in the East it is only eight.)

These differences are caused by various factors. In the East, the major gasoline market, there is furious competition, goaded by the fact that Sun's Blue Sunoco, a regular grade gasoline, is of very high quality and octane rating. Then there are bills which are a factor, because it is when an engine is laboring—say, up a New England hill—that it is apt to knock. In the Midwest, where the country is flat, octane numbers are lower because knock is less of a problem. In California there are both bills and competition and higher octane numbers.

However, in the Rocky Mountains, you can use a lesser octane because the higher the altitude, the less likely is knock. The Ethyl Corporation, whose whole business is anti-knock, reduces its octane requirements for gasolines sold at altitudes over 3,000 feet. This includes Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, and parts of Arizona, western South Dakota, Oklahoma, Nebraska and Texas.

Many engines—particularly late-model high compression jobs—may develop knock somewhere between 3,000 and 10,000 miles because of carbon mineral deposits inside the combustion chamber.

These deposits increase the engine's tendency to knock. Part of these deposits come from the gasoline, but their primary source is the burning of motor oil, according to a number of Esso studies. The oil works its way up past the piston rings and is then burned. These deposits become red-hot during combustion and cause knock. (Esso claims it has created the equivalent of four or five octane numbers by finding a mineral-base motor oil which will leave less deposit. Its engineers claim considerable success with this approach to the suppression of knock.)

Wilbur G. Perriguy, one of Esso's top engineers, told me that you can actually hold down the deposits by periodically giving your engine a hot-foot. "These encrustations are flaky in character and apt to break off," he said. "If you get your engine thoroughly warmed up, and get out on the road where you have a long, fairly steep hill,

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NEW! OIL MIST SPRAY!

3-IN-ONE's Spra-Gun protects tools with fine mist of oil! Press button for penetrating oil spray! It's so easy to use!



"3-IN-ONE" OIL

it is not a bad idea to put the accelerator to the floor. Under a load, during the combustion process and under the impact of any knocking that may occur, some of these carbon deposits will flake off, be pulverized and blown out of the exhaust manifold."

This method would particularly seem to be effective if your car gets relatively light duty normally. Two duPont petroleum engineers, J. J. Mikata and W. E. Bettoney, have reported the reduction in octane requirements of four or five octanes by these methods. *In short, you can reduce your engine's tendency to knock by periodically giving it a short period of high-temperature, high-power treatment.*

When knock was first observed, it was generally blamed on battery ignition. Charles F. Kettering, the inventor of the self-starter and General Motors' Research genius, says, "I was vitally interested in this knock business because I was blamed for it. When I put the self-starter in automobiles along about 1911 or 1912, this necessitated taking the magneto off and putting on battery ignition. Some self-styled experts said that's when I put the knock in motors."

Working under Kettering, Dr. Thomas Midgley discovered in 1921 that by adding a little tetraethyl lead—about one teaspoon per gallon—knock could be made to disappear.

Tetraethyl lead was a miracle worker which raised the octane number of any gasoline from eight to twenty points. General Motors and Standard Oil of N. J. set up the Ethyl Corporation, with DuPont supplying the chemical manufacturing of tetraethyl lead. (Today duPont makes and sells its tetraethyl lead independently.)

Then it was discovered that tetraethyl lead, the miracle octane raiser, did other things that weren't so good. It combined with carbon in the combustion chamber, creating carbon-lead deposits which fouled up the spark plugs. Ethyl's chemists then found that by adding two more chemical compounds—ethylene dibromide and ethylene dichloride—this disadvantage could be considerably reduced. Ethylene dibromide and ethylene dichloride were called "scavengers" because, in the chemical processes taking place in the combustion chamber, they scavenged the lead—and took most of it out the exhaust pipe.

Yet some lead always remained, and in time these accumulations of carbon-lead deposits can cause spark-plug trouble. However, tetraethyl lead is still the cheapest and easiest way of raising octane numbers—and today nearly all gasoline sold, including the regular, contains it.

The only major exception to this is Amoco, which the American Oil Company markets in 18 eastern states. It is the only unleaded gasoline widely available. Its high-octane rating is obtained by refining processes and the absence of lead produces changes the composition of the deposits. For instance, studies of combustion deposits by duPont chemists



J. J. Mikata and W. E. Bettoney show that by weight only 15 per cent of the deposits are carbon. The remaining 85 per cent is made up of lead salts, ash from oil additives, iron from engine wear, and sandy grit from the air. Obviously, an unleaded fuel eliminates a major contributor to deposits—lead salts.

Other studies show that carbon is the first layer of deposits to be laid down and that it adheres very tightly to the metallic surfaces of the chamber. The carbon material seldom reaches the glowing-hot point of incandescence. This is something the later layers of lead salts do quickly and easily. They also flake off easily. Many engineers believe that knock from pre-ignition is apt to be caused by a glowing flake of deposits tossed into the "end gas" by the turbulent pressures inside the chamber. Amoco engineers boast that their unleaded gasoline cannot produce pre-ignition.

The Shell engineers tackled this lead-deposit problem in a different way and they boldly call their solution "the greatest advance in motor fuel" since the development of the use of tetraethyl lead:

tri-cresyl phosphate, or TCP. The development of tri-cresyl phosphate stems from aviation problems. When the B-36 bomber was developed as an inter-continent bomber, it was found that the plane was "hardly an inter-state bomber," as one engineer put it, because the spark plugs—nearly 80 per engine—fouled within a very short time. Prior to this, spark-plug fouling had been recognized as a major maintenance problem by 27 airlines.

Asked to solve the B-36 spark-plug problem, Shell engineers found that most plug fouling in aviation engines was due to lead deposits resulting from the use of excessive tetraethyl lead. These lead deposits, forming on the ceramic core of the plug, and even across the plug's electrodes, caused short circuits in some cases. In others the electrical discharge wandered down the side of the deposits instead of sparking across the gap between the electrodes.

At first, Shell's engineers tried to increase the scavenging action of ethylene dibromide by stepping up the amount used. However, this yielded very little increase in the removal of lead. Finally, after hundreds of plug tests with various scavenger combinations, they began trying phosphorus compounds.

They soon found that tri-cresyl phosphate increased the running time of plugs. It combined with the lead in such a way as to render the metallic deposits non-conductive to electricity. The result was that instead of plugs running about six hours on laboratory engines, they ran about 62 hours. This was an increase of more than 1100 per cent!

Simultaneously Shell applied its discoveries to automotive tests. According to R. J. Greenshield, director of Shell's Wood River, Illinois, research laboratory, spark-plug fouling was found likely to occur in new high-compression automobile engines when they are put into high-speed operation after a short period of city stop-and-go driving. They concluded that the fouling of plugs in cars was the same problem as encountered in aviation engines. According to their tests, tri-cresyl phosphate doubled the life of automotive spark plugs.

"Moreover," Greenshield says, "pre-ignition had been reported on a number of these cars when in normal service before the tests. This same phenomenon was noted in the laboratory engines wherein pre-ignition was recorded in several engines running on regular leaded fuel. The pre-ignition disappeared after changing to a fuel containing TCP, and again returned when changed to regular fuel."

Pre-ignition occurs when either a deposit or a rough burr of metal, left by incomplete machining of the cylinder, gets red hot. It then explodes the vapor in the combustion chamber prior to the spark ignition, causing knock. It should not be confused with the major cause of knock.

On the basis of its research, Shell launched its TCP campaign. Although competitors were quick to respond via

also do a great deal of killing. And there must be economy. In this business, with sixteen hundred cabs, even a tenth of a mile difference in mileage per gallon can be important."

Assuming the mechanical condition of the engine is good, Wuerz told me, "The most important thing for stop-and-go driving is volatility. However, you may have knock and if you do that must be taken care of first. That is simply a matter of finding what octane rating your engine requires. Once knock is out of the picture, volatility comes first in our book."

In a laboratory next to his office in the mammoth Checker garage, Wuerz and his assistants regularly run complete tests on various gasolines. "We look for a gasoline that will satisfy somewhere between ninety and ninety-five per cent of our engines. The remaining five per cent are simply operating inefficiently and uneconomically."

"We watch our volatility tests closely. If our gas is too volatile, an unseasonably hot day could knock out many of our cabs with vapor lock. In the taxi business vapor lock can really tie you up."

Tests such as Wuerz runs are a financial impossibility for the average car owner. "I think," Wuerz told me, "that the average fellow should simply consider his own engine as his laboratory and run his own tests. The engine should be in good shape because otherwise no gasoline means anything. Let him set up his own tests. . . . Let him try regular to see if he can do so without getting knock, which gasoline gives him the best start with the quickest warm-up and the best acceleration. In short, my advice would be to play around, and judge them by performance and economy."

Wuerz's suggestion is not only practical, it is scientific. Every car engine is different from the next one, even if they came off the same assembly line. The Co-ordinating Fuel and Equipment Research Committee of the CRC made tests on 303 post-war cars of 10 makes to determine their octane requirements. Their findings, reported last July in a complex book of charts, tables and graphs, indicated higher octane average requirements for the latest cars. (Included in the study were 1952 Buick, Cadillac, DeSoto, Ford 6, Lincoln, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, and 1951 Cadillac, Studebaker, and 1950-51 Chevrolet and 1951 Chrysler.)

However, the most significant item I found in this report was that in 28 cars of one make, there were wide differences in octane requirements—that some cars were satisfied with relatively low octane ratings while others required very high octane ratings. This means that while the gasoline industry must worry about satisfying most of the cars on the road, you have to worry only about your engine's anti-knock requirements, which might very well be low enough to permit you the economy of regular-grade gasoline.

All the engineers I talked to agreed that this difference in engine exists and that the logical thing to do is for each driver to test his own with different gasolines.

I asked W. G. Ball Jr., the author of "More Mileage to You," and an automotive engineer, to give me a test procedure which any motorist could apply. Here's what he said:

"First, when the tank is about empty, put in at least ten gallons of premium grade gasoline. The 'premium' is rec-

ommended at this filling in order to eliminate "knock" or "ping."

"Second, have your car tuned up and its ignition timing set for maximum power and economy."

"Third, after the tune-up, check ease of starting, smoothness of acceleration, freedom from fuel knock (a series of sharp, metallic clicks when you accelerate suddenly, or climb a hill)."

"Fourth, when the tank is practically empty of premium gasoline, fill it with regular grade gasoline. If you now notice harder starting, less power, or hear the sharp, metallic "ping" of fuel knock, it will probably pay you always to use premium grade gasoline."

"Fifth, remember to compare gasolines correctly. Your engine must be tuned up to take advantage of premium gasolines. A great many motorists have tried a tankful of premium gasoline without detecting much difference, simply because their engines were tuned down for regular grade gasoline."

"Sixth, the octane requirements of cars vary widely even among those of the same year, make, and model. So, as a general rule, have your engine adjusted for maximum power; then use the brand and type of gasoline that will satisfy the needs of your engine for your type of driving."

The gasoline companies constantly make performance tests of their gasoline, using as guinea pigs large fleets of either employees' cars or trucks. They report that drivers, without being told of changes in the gasoline, can generally detect these differences through performance. Therefore, you should have little trouble in finding out which gasoline works best in your engine.

Fill 'er up and find out. ● ● ●

1,000,000 Campsites for Sale *Continued from page 35*

roughing it and they claim there's no more beautiful country in the world.

My spot is closer to civilization. Took me seven years to track it down, but I've got a honey of a lakefront property now, not more than an hour's drive from New York City.

But once you get away from the city, suburbia and dense farm country, you won't find land plastered with "for sale" signs. The land is not going to go hunting for you; you've got to be the hunter.

Learn how to look for land, where to look, what to look for, and it's every man to suit himself.

Suppose, for instance, you've always yearned for a shack up in Maine. Get away from the famous-name resorts like Bar Harbor and Orchard Beach (same holds true in any state you pick). You might run across something like Camden, population 3,000, sitting astride exquisite hills covered with spruce saplings. Here, in a bundle, is real outdoor living. Ocean fishing. Lake fishing. Stream fishing. Swimming. Skiing. Woods for hunting. A good highway gets you there and there's even a summer theater.

A fortune to buy? Not according to the experts. Around Camden, whole farms, including improvements, buildings and plenty of land, can be had for a song, if you can sing to the tune of \$2,000. Undeveloped property runs even lower. (And remember the good old American financing custom: down payment now, balance later!)

Prefer the smell of ocean spray and year-round warmth? Consider an island—like Ocracoke, some 30 miles off the coast of North Carolina. You might not see it on a road map and you can only get there by ferry or your own boat. But it nudges a huge sandhank, has some of the finest channel-hass fishing and small-boat sailing waters in America, ready electricity, and you probably won't have to dig more than a couple of feet to get your own fresh water. Lots right on the waterfront have been selling for as little as \$300.

Scoot across the map to the Pacific Northwest. Take the land about 60 miles from Seattle. It's literally pockmarked with fishing streams, lakes and hunting acreage. Prices? About \$20 an acre for

leftover timberland, \$150 or so per acre for cleaned-up land. Take your pick.

"How do you know where to find good land?" This is one of the questions I put to H. Irving Miller, a v.p. of the Strout Realty Agency, which sells more country property than any other organization in the world.

"First," he told me, "you have to make up your mind what kind of land you want. Second, decide what area or state you'd like to have it in. Then start looking. If you can, go out there. If you don't have time to explore on your own, you can write to a country real estate man in that area, tell him exactly what you want and how much you're prepared to pay. Even if he hasn't got such land listed, he'll go looking for it."

Actually, the Strout agency itself has a unique land-hunting tool. It's a catalogue of country property. From it you can get an excellent idea of property offerings and values in just about every section of the country—everything from an acre boasting an income-producing

gas pump in the Adirondack hinterlands to a mammoth Montana ranch.

Miller told me that ARGOSY readers can get this catalogue free simply by sending a two-cent postal card to the Special Services Department, Strout Realty, 255 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y., asking to be put on the catalogue mailing list.

But a hot lead doesn't have to come from a catalogue or agent. Say, one Sunday, you take a short-cut home, spot a stretch of woods that tempts you. Is part of it or all of it for sale?

You May Get a Bargain

"Every square foot of land is recorded somewhere," says Robert Armstrong, one of the nation's leading land economists. "And just about all of it is on the tax rolls, too.

"So go to the tax assessor or the clerk's office of that town or county, tell him where the land is located, and chances are you'll find the owner's name and address a matter of public record." In fact, he added, real land bargains have been picked up by some lucky souls who dropped into a tax assessor's office when choice sites were up for sale because of tax delinquencies.

Armstrong also recommends that no one buy property until he has had an expert appraise it; and in case you want to know yourself what an appraiser is often guided by, you can get the land expert's bible. It's the "Underwriter's Manual," an FHA publication, covering just about everything from methods of land and dwelling valuations to construction principles and costs. The price is \$2.25 and you can order it from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.

Another incomparable tool for checking land details in any given area is a map. One of Armstrong's favorites is available from Washington for 35 cents. It's the so-called "quadrangle map," and is published by the United States Geological Survey in the Department of the Interior.

These amazingly detailed maps generally cover an area about seven by thirteen miles square and have contour lines for every 20 feet of land. Chances are you can get one of your own backyard. But the way to do it right is to first ask the U.S. Geological Survey for a key sheet. It's free. The key sheet marks off specific areas and tells you just which map to order. Then send your 35 cents for each one you want.

Before you rush into buying any land, here are some tips the experts say you ought to keep in mind at all times:

1. **Taxes.** Make sure you know what the taxes will be when you buy the land and after you put up your cabin.

2. **Zoning codes.** Look into the local zoning and building ordinances. You might find yourself putting up a one-room lodge when the local law decrees that you can only erect a house with a minimum of three rooms. A complex

zoning code can cause you a lot of grief. Make sure you know it in advance.

3. **Restrictions.** Make sure, especially if you're buying in a growing area, that the man who buys the property next to yours can't set up a glue factory or dump his garbage into a stream flowing onto your property. In other words, there are certain restrictions that can protect as well as hinder you. Find out what they are.

4. **Hidden rights.** Next to accidents, more land-battle cases clog the courts in America than any other type of legal feud. A man who has been walking across the property for years, without anyone protesting, has gotten himself what the courts call an "easement." Even if you buy the land and don't agree to his right to the easement, you're going to get stuck with it. He may sue you if you try to stop him. An innocent-looking hole might be someone's easement to a supply of sand or gravel on your property.

5. **Title.** Get the best possible title to the land and get it insured. Most experts insist on warranty and sale deeds. It means you're getting a guarantee from the owner that, if the property he sells you is not free and clear of title, he is personally liable to you. You can sue and collect. If a seller offers only a "quit-claim" deed, it means he makes no guarantee of any kind to you and you had better have another talk with your lawyer or pull out of the deal.

6. **Options.** Above all, remember that you don't have to buy property outright. A convenient approach is to take an option on the land. You agree to pay the owner after a certain amount of time has elapsed. Meanwhile, you get a chance to check every detail of the property. You may find, for instance, that it's too tough to get to, or that the source of water is too far away. Should you change your mind, you lose what you've paid for the option, but it's much less than you'd stand to lose if you got stuck with the property for good.

Government Land

If you've got the soul of a pioneer, the instinct of an adventurer, no special craving for green grass and rolling hills or a lake in your back yard, you can get land from a landholder with the world's finest title. It's Uncle Sam.

Under the Small Tract Act, a Federal law virtually ignored by the press and unknown to countless millions, you can rent and often buy outright certain lands now owned by the U.S. Government. Eligibility for the land depends on the age, citizenship and marital status of the applicant, with priority given to veterans of World War II. If you qualify, you can get as much as five acres, plus additional acreage for every member of your family over 21.

The rent comes to only \$5 a year per tract. On top of a flat 10-dollar filing fee, your total cost for a minimum lease of three years usually comes to \$25. In built-up areas it may be slightly higher.

The land itself is scattered remnants of the vast public domain. It's found in about 26 different states and Alaska, but much of it is concentrated in the 11 western states. None is available in the original 13 colonies. The land is supervised by the Bureau of Land Management in the Department of Interior. BLM officials claim that much of the land now available is tough to make liveable. So before you get carried away by the low price tag, make sure you're the kind of person who'd enjoy a long trek and some initial hard work. If the call of the wild is for you, you may find that trail-blazing is the ticket to a fine vacation hideaway.

First step is to write to Washington for a general explanation of the small-tract program. Address a request to U.S.

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Two men can erect our fabulous ARGOSY DESIGN CABIN (see page 30) in a single weekend at a cost of less than \$500. Designed especially for our readers by Workshop Editor Robert Scharr, this building can be your hunting and fishing lodge, sking cabin, studio and workshop, weekend retreat, or guest house. To get complete construction plans just mail in the coupon below with \$1.00.

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CITY ZONE STATE

Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, and simply ask for "Facts on Small Tracts." It's free.

Study this booklet closely. It's a valuable guide. It will tell you, for instance, that the BLM is a completely decentralized agency, with seven regions administering land for the government. You deal directly with the regional chief, who is responsible for the states in his territory.

Don't write to the regional land manager for the location of small-tract land in his territory. It has to be classified first. Here's how it works:

A BLM land expert goes out to the site and makes a field inspection. He will classify any public land that he believes is suitable for a cabin site or homestead that will serve your health, recreation or vacation needs. That starts the wheels turning. Then Washington announces a land "opening." The announcement will describe what sort of land is available, how much of it and where. Now's your time to apply for a lease.

But don't expect a public fanfare for the event. Best way to learn what land has been opened is to check the announcements in the "Federal Register." Every BLM small-tract classification is published there immediately, and since most university, public and large private libraries subscribe to it, you can check the publications several times a month. If you've got your eye on one particular state, a monthly letter to its regional land manager may work as well.

I made an intensive fact-hunting trip to Washington recently and have come back with information that may pay off handsomely for ARGOSY readers.

I learned that you don't have to wait for a land opening. There is an obscure provision of the law that makes it possible for you to actually go on an exciting land hunt, find what you want and be absolutely certain of getting it.

Start on your vacation—or holiday trip—by visiting one of the regional land offices. Find out where the unreserved, vacant public lands are located. Then go out there and look around until you find what you're after. You may spend some time at this since much of the property is pretty remote, frequently in poor condition. Patience pays off, though.

That's why C. D. Allyn, a State Department employee in Washington, takes month-long vacation trips to Florida. He went on a land hunt, found just what he wanted on the Gulf of Mexico, asked for—and got—BLM Classification, and put up his own three-room vacation shack. "It's right on the most beautiful piece of white, sandy beach in the world," Allyn told me. It was worth holding his breath while he waited for the land to be opened.

Your next step is to get an accurate description of a tract that doesn't exceed five acres. A plan of survey picked up at the regional office will help you here.

At the BLM office request an application to have the land classified as suitable under the Small Tract Act. Now you sweat it out. It may take weeks or months, but sooner or later a field investigator will look the property over.

If he agrees with your application, a public opening is announced, and your persistence is rewarded. In return for land hunting and for initiating the classification, you get absolute priority to a parcel of land, even if there are a hundred applicants for every available parcel.

The land-hunt idea has worked before and it can work again, for anybody, any time, veteran or non-veteran. As of about June, 1953, more than 30,000 Americans were holding small-tract leases to over 140,000 acres of public domain. And at latest count, at least 1,478 sales have been made, covering nearly 6,000 acres.

If you get a lease you invariably get

a one-year option clause to buy. Essentially, the legal gobbledygook in the option means this: If you have put up a shack or cabin that gets BLM approval, any time after the first year of your lease you can apply to buy your land at a price that is already stipulated in the lease.

This is the "fair market price" that's put on the property when it's first opened. By the time you execute your option, the value may have gone up four times its original worth, netting you an extra bargain on the deal.

On the other hand, if you're the kind that likes to rent—never buy—Uncle Sam has an equally intriguing offer for you through the Department of Agriculture's Forest Service.

Rental—\$25 a year

You can actually rent land in a national forest and put up your own hunting or fishing camp—either on a year-to-year lease, or one that might run for 20 years. Minimum rental (usually covering about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an acre) is \$25 per year, but if you happen to get a lot that is adjacent to a major highway, giving easy access to your land, the rent may run as high as \$50 a year.

Right now some 16,000 Americans hold land leases in the national forests. Most of them are in the West because about nine-tenths of the available rental land is there. But you may, depending again on your choice of location, have to join a long waiting list.

Each national forest has its own supervisor. He's the only one who knows whether any rental land is available, and if so, how much of it can be rented. He's the one to advise you how to make your application.

Write to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., enclose 25 cents (cash) and ask for a pamphlet called "National Forest Vacations." It will show the location of each national forest and provides a list of all the supervisors and their respective headquarters.

However, if you only rent land, privately or from the government, you'd better have the cash to build the cabin you want. Most lending agencies won't let you have a dime unless you can show them a good title and deed to the land.

And if you're after some of Uncle Sam's land, better act fast. There's talk in Washington of giving much of the public domain to the states, even though traditionally, and perhaps legally, it has always belonged to all the citizens of America. If this happens, you may find yourself out in the cold, unless you happen to have the good fortune to live in a state where the land won't be turned loose for a handful of land grabbers who will undoubtedly set up some neat legal fences to keep you out and get their friends in.

In any case, go after the land you want. When you're sitting in that cabin gazing out at the view you picked, you'll agree with me that it's worth the effort to make that dream come true. ● ● ●



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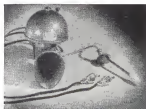
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MY MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE

I WAS A HUMAN ANCHOR

by JAMES KEVIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. VAN DONGEN

TO THIS day I'm not sure how it happened. I'd used the free board hundreds of times without mishap. A free board works just like water skis, except you have one board instead of two. You hold onto a rope that is attached directly to the moving speedboat. The board rides free in the water, guided only by the pressure of your feet.

Maybe my grandfather's warning to me had made me try too hard to prove that you could do almost any trick on a free board and get away with it. "Burn that damn free board," my grandfather said. "Or one of those smart alects you bring up here weekends will kill you with it."

All I knew at first was that I had spilled and I was in the water, trying to find which way was up. I relaxed to let natural buoyancy carry me to the top. I moved upward. I *thought* it was upward. But I didn't break into the air. Instead I hit bottom. I realized with horror that I was being dragged along underwater, near the bottom, and feet first at that. The rope I'd been holding had somehow tangled around my feet. And the boat was still pulling me.

I had a little air left, but I panicked when I saw what was happening. I tried to battle my way to the surface, but the pull of the boat kept forcing me to the bottom. I tried reaching for the rope around my ankles but the pressure of the water against me was too great. Then I tried riding it out. That was all right until my head banged the bottom. Then my back scraped over a log. I was literally being dragged along the bottom of the lake like a big, inefficient anchor. I finally just prayed.

Without warning, my forward motion slowed. My foot was still in the rope, but the pull had slacked off. I rose

toward the surface. When my head broke water, I looked wildly around for the boat. It was about 50 feet off, slewing to a halt. My friends were finally standing up and looking around for me.

I shouted and waved. One of them saw me right away. He spoke to the guy at the throttle and the boat started a wide circle back to me. But as soon as the boat started up, the rope pulled me under again.

I was being dragged again, scraping over rocks, logs, mud. It was a nightmare, a crazy dream I couldn't break out of and that had the taste of death to it.

There was one gamble I could take. They didn't know they were pulling me. They knew I had fallen off the free board but they didn't know I was being dragged by its rope. The next time I rose to the surface they would come for me again, figuring they had miscalculated my position. I would go under once more and I knew I couldn't stand another dunking. I had one choice.

The next time I stopped—if there was a next time—I had to stay down and give up the air I so desperately needed to go to work on the knot once more.

At last I felt myself slowing and rising toward the surface. This was it. I ached for the air that was just above me. But maybe the breath I took would be my last. The thought steeled me, and deliberately, though it literally almost killed me, I refused the air I needed. I pulled my head down and reached for my throbbing ankle. I found the rope. It was in a hopeless snarl. I tried to move fast, but it was as if my fingers were immersed in molasses. I picked at the knot, but nothing gave. My lungs were coated with fire. I started to breathe in water. I seemed to be jelly inside, no longer sure whether I was alive or dead.

Then I found a loop that gave. I yanked. Another loop moved. The knot came loose. I arched to the surface, thrusting my head into the air. I gulped and gulped. I want to tell you, nothing ever tasted sweeter. Now that I think back on it, I guess I was a pretty funny sight, when I surfaced. As it happened, no one on the spot could see the humor of it, especially me. My helpful friends in the boat looked as if they'd never smile again.

I didn't make them swim home, but as soon as we got back, while my grandfather watched smugly, I assembled them all on the dock. With a drink in my hand and my bandaged ankle on a stool, I supervised as my hand-dog friends sawed the free board in two, and with bold red paint made up two huge signs reading: GRANDPA DON'T ALLOW NO FREE-BOARDING AROUND HERE. • •

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