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ARGOSY

the complete man's magazine

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Jan. 25c



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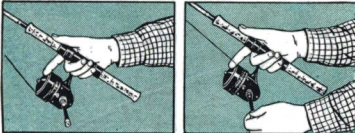
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Photo by Robert Monroe

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Hunting Tales

(MOSTLY TALL)

BY HARRY STEEGER

I knew it would happen! I knew some wise guy would make me eat my words and, sure enough, it's happened. The error I committed was to announce that animals can't read. It was a simple statement in the October issue, but nothing is ever simple where you birds are concerned. I even took the precaution of stating that I expected one of you to send absolute proof that animals *can* read and to mail me a picture of a horse with spectacles looking at a copy of *ARGOSY*.

Well, as it turned out I was wrong about one thing. It wasn't a horse. It was a dog, and as you can see by the picture, a mighty cute little cocker spaniel. His name is Zip and you can check how intelligent he is by his choice of a magazine. Many thanks to reader Earl W. Jorgenson of Dickinson, North Dakota, for the clever photograph.

Zip is not the only one to give me a hard time. In the last two issues I invited you readers to pull up to our imaginary fireplace and swap hunting and fishing stories with me. I thought I knew some pretty good ones, but you should listen to some of the yarns that have crossed my desk.

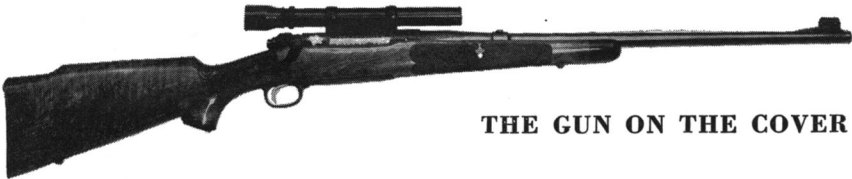
Here, for instance, is reader Henry Sanford of West Monroe, Louisiana, with a new method for getting a goose:

"Here's a story—true, too—about something that happened to me that I can't believe myself.

"A friend and I were fishing one day in September a couple of years ago on the Quachita River just above

Monroe, Louisiana. I noticed some bass schooling across the river near a place where a pipeline was laid. The bed of the river had been dredged out for the line to cross and a pile of gravel from the river bed had been piled up on the bank. My partner and I talked over the proposition of motoring across and trying the spot where the bass were schooling. He was not too anxious to go, as he was fishing for crappie and I for bass. We decided to motor across and put me off on the bank so I could fish for the bass and then he would go on down the river and fish for crappie. . . . He put me off and left and I proceeded to fish.

"After a while, I got tired of casting because the bass wouldn't hit. I laid my rod down and started looking around, enjoying the scenery. After a while I spotted a big snow goose walking along a sandbar about a hundred yards downriver. I studied him a while and then turned back to fishing. Then my partner came back after me and we loaded my gear into the boat. I pointed out the goose to my partner and we decided he was sick or something and that his flight had left him. I walked down to where the goose was, when all of a sudden he gave out a squawk and took off. He flew up the river about a hundred yards and suddenly wheeled about and came barreling back down the river bank about thirty feet high and about thirty feet out from me. When that goose got about where good shotgun range begins, something happened to me. I grabbed up one of those small rocks out of that (Continued on page 91)



THE GUN ON THE COVER

THE MAGNIFICENTLY engraved and gold-inlaid Winchester Model 70 shown on *ARGOSY*'s cover was custom made at the Winchester plant for Mr. Earl V. Snyder of Rochester, New York. Scope is the Bausch & Lomb Balvar.

When hunting dangerous game, life insurance comes in the form of a trustworthy rifle with powerful ammunition having great knock-down and killing power. At present our most potent standard cartridge is the .375 Holland & Holland Magnum, which we borrowed from the British.

A heavier cartridge often is desirable for dangerous game, and larger-caliber, double-barreled rifles of foreign

make usually are used, though many sportsmen prefer a bolt-action, magazine rifle. Now, Winchester-Western are developing a powerhouse of a cartridge for the Model 70 rifle that will equal the ballistics developed by the most-used caliber double rifles.

The new cartridge, called the .458 Winchester, is loaded with a 500-grain, .45-caliber bullet that develops approximately 5,000 foot pounds of energy or striking power at the gun's muzzle. The big-game hunter may soon have available a bolt-action rifle with double the fire power of the expensive two-barreleds.

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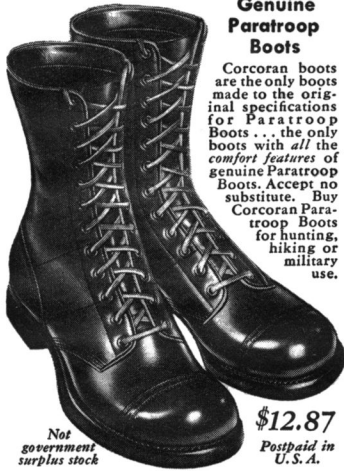


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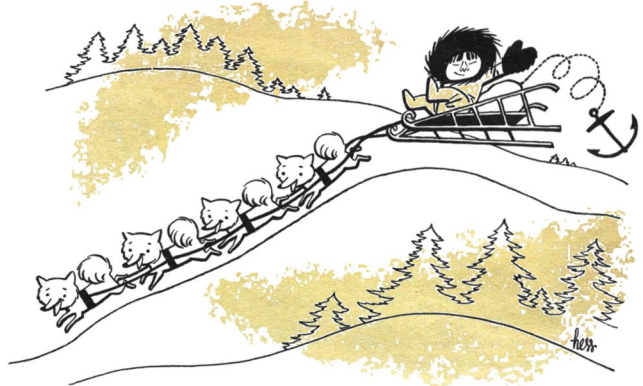
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ASK US ANOTHER



We have been wondering for a long time what the command is to stop a dog-sled team. It is well known that "mush" is the command used to start them, but how do you stop them? Mr. and Mrs. Rex Cleveland, Louisville, Ky.

When stopping a dog-sled team, the most common terms used are either "whoa" or "ho." However, almost every sled contains a braking device situated in the rear. When the brakes are applied, prongs are pushed down into the snow and the dogs feel the strain and stop.

A friend of mine bet me five dollars that the large dollar bills were taken out of circulation during the Roosevelt administration. I said they were taken out before. Who wins? James Blanding, Washington, D. C.

You are correct. In July, 1929 the smaller-size dollar bills were put into circulation and the larger ones removed.

Can you find out where I can buy a perfume with a lovely bourbon odor? To be authentic it should have a wee touch of the smell of Sen-Sen, cloves and wintergreen. I want to soak my clothes with it so my friends won't know I have quit drinking and my dog will recognize me again in the dark when I come home at night. Jim Burns, Rockford, Ill.

Actually, Mr. Burns, it probably would be easier if you made your own than if you tried to buy it. Since you stated the necessary ingredients in your letter, all you would need for the base would be a perfume with a large alcohol content. You may be able to turn this into a profitable business.

We have an argument on Fords. I say the first V-8 came out in 1932, with the four-cylinder called the Model A—and the V-8 was called the Model B. Same body style and

all, except one was four-cylinder (Model A) and the other was V-8 (Model B). Am I right? L. N. Hedden, Sedro Woolley, Wash.

The first Ford automobile with the V-8 engine made its appearance in showrooms on March 31, 1932. It was known as the Ford V-8. Also, there was a four-cylinder Ford in the same year, known as the Model B.

The Model A had a four-cylinder engine and went on sale in 1927.

The V-8 had an all steel body and came in fourteen body styles while the Model A had only twelve body variations.

For what purpose was fringe used on the frontier buckskin jackets and shirts? Jay Alexander, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The fringe found on frontier jackets and shirts was a carryover from American Indian clothing. The Indians used it so that when a skin was sewn the seam wouldn't appear as raw-looking.

I say a sergeant in our present-day 1955 Army draws more base pay than a general of the Confederate Army drew about 100 years ago. My buddy says no. Who wins? Sam M. Harris, Jr., Greenwood, Miss.

The Confederate Congress, on March 6, 1861, set up a pay scale of \$301 per month for generals of all ranks, exclusive of forage, fuel, quarters and traveling. This base pay continued until 1864. On June 10, 1864, the pay of generals according to rank was raised to:

Full General (4-star) \$500 per month plus \$100 for field duty.

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YOU AND YOUR CAR: Imagine a battery cable with no nuts or bolts to fuss with—and one that absolutely won't corrode at any point! Ask your dealer about the new Bowes Tension-Lock Terminal Battery Cable. . . . Ordinary headlights can be converted into fog lights with durable amber lenses made of acetate sheeting which slip on and off easily.

FUN FOR THE KIDS: Spot-A-Car Bingo, by Hasbro Toys, will keep small fry occupied during that long trip. Game is like regular bingo with car models substituted for numbers. . . . Grosset and Dunlap has come up with a set of combination games and books all rolled into one, called Play-Kits. Titles include "Tricks With Magic," "Sewing Is Fun," "Let's Play Cowboy," etc. Outside covers are recessed and contain all the items needed for a particular activity. . . . And there's a game called Stock Market that lets you do all your buying and selling without risk. The colorful box includes thousands of dollars in play money, stock certificates, a quotation board, and other fascinating items. This one comes from Samuel Gabriel Sons & Co.

NEWS IN GENERAL: Adaptability of the common mallard has made it the chief wild duck of the world. The mallard will breed almost anywhere if unmolested, and readily adapts itself to civilization. . . . Scientists now claim that the sea around us will eventually provide most of the food and energy in the world. . . . Steelworkers are safer on the job than away from it, according to company reports on accident frequency. . . . One pound of uranium, a piece no larger than a golf ball, if fissioned completely, could produce as much energy as 2,500,000 pounds of coal.

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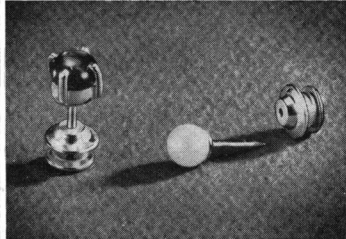
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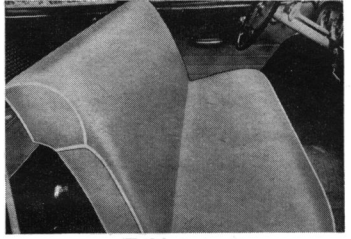
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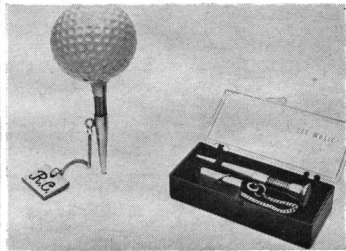
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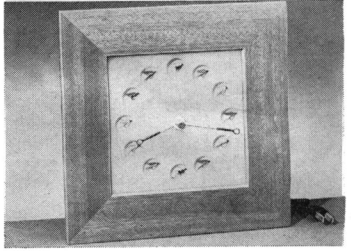
For men who like tie tacks, these are two beauties. One is a black star sapphire, the other a cultured pearl. Both are set in 14 karat gold. The black star sapphire is imported from India and is the only star sapphire not produced synthetically. One in the tack is about 2 karats, costs \$25 ppd. Pearl is imported from Japan, is \$5 ppd. Merrin Jewels, 530 Madison Ave., N.Y.



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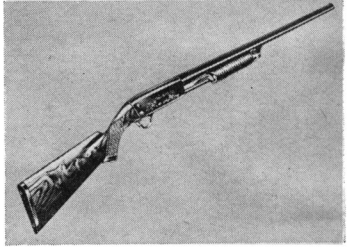
For the golfers in the audience—a new type of tee which has a flexible spring that will allow it to bend 90 degrees, snap back to upright position. Idea is that it will keep you from running around trying to find your tees after every shot. With tag for up to 3 initials (specify), it comes for \$1 ppd. from the Golf Shop, Dept. A-12, 31 West 47th St., New York, N.Y.



An unusual gift for a fisherman, this is an electric clock with trout flies to mark the hours. Beauty of it is that the flies are hand-tied and are authentic. Translucent plexiglas face is set in 9 1/2" square Philippine mahogany frame. Miniature three-color fishing rod tips form the unique hands. Runs on 110 volts A.C. \$27.50 ppd. Bodine's, 444 E. Belvedere Ave., Baltimore 12, Md.



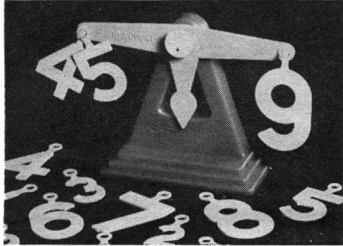
This electric spray gun is a useful unit to have and a fine buy for \$9.95 ppd., from John Surrey, Ltd., 235 East 42nd St., N.Y. Designed to take paint, insecticides, polishes, lacquers, etc., it operates off 110-volt AC current, comes with 3-foot cord. Has push-button control, nozzle that can be adjusted for stream or fog spray, 25-oz. jar and 60-80-pound nozzle pressure.



An excellent repeater, the list price on this "featherlight" model 37 Ithaca shotgun is \$91.16. But Klein's Sporting Goods, Inc., Dept. A-12, 227 W. Washington, Chicago 6, Ill., will send it to you for \$69.95 plus postage. In 12-, 16- or 20-gauge (specify choice), gun is 5-shot model. Features include quick take-down, short fore-end stroke, engraved receiver, select walnut stock.

SHOP

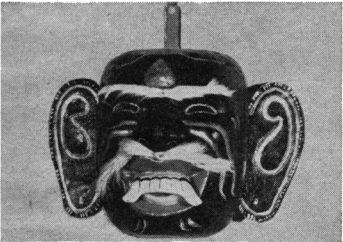
it is an editorial feature



Idea behind this toy scale is that while your kids play with it they also learn how to count. It works thusly; for a 9 on one side to balance, a 4 and 5 must be hung on the other end of the balance arms. Made from unbreakable plastic, scale comes with 14 numbers. Has a red base, blue balance arm and white numbers, \$1.25 ppd. Marwin Co., 7736 N. Marshfield, Chicago, Ill.



The good man who makes these has combined two useful items into one—a stud box and a clothes brush. Bristles are nylon; case is made of lambskin leather, saddle stitched and lined with green velvet. Color is honey-brown, and it measures $4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2\frac{1}{2}''$. Hinged cover has a snap closure. With two or three gold-lettered monogram, \$2.75 ppd. Zenith Gifts, 55 Chadwick St., Boston 19, Mass.



Strange looking object above happens to be a war mask worn by the happy natives of Bali—and it's also made there. Hand-carved mask is painted black, touched up in the proper places by bits of white hair gathered by the natives from, of all things, goats. Mask is 8" high, 9" wide, and if nothing else will make an unusual den decoration. \$10 ppd. Buyways, Box 469, Caldwell, N. J.

JANUARY, 1956

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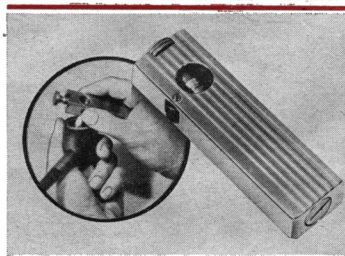
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BACK TALK

ARGOSY, 205 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

• *Mrs. Bennett, you sure raised heck with our readers' blood pressure. Here is more on the foreign wives hassle.*

Mrs. Mary Bennett is correct in saying that few American women picked up foreign husbands while overseas during the last war, but her reasoning is wrong. The sad fact is that few European men would have anything to do with our service women, let alone propose marriage to them. They were known derisively as the "man hunters", not only by the natives in Europe but also by us in the Army, and it was said that the women in the services were those who could not find husbands in the U.S.A. and had therefore joined the Army as a last hope of catching a man in some other country.

Believe me, Mrs. Bennett, if any foreigner had asked those women, they'd have jumped at the chance.

JOHN MC DOWELL

Late U. S. Army
Seigniory Club, P.Q. Canada

• *A young lady from Muskegon, Michigan, reading what we said about Mrs. Bennett's photograph in our September Back Talk, took up the challenge and sent us her picture with this note:*

".....me, too."

VICKI KNIGHT

Her photo is below, together with our original comment, which applies to Miss Knight as well as to Mrs. Bennett.



• *If there are any other "old sourpusses" like this one (see photo above), please send in your pictures right away.*

How dumb can you be? Does Mrs. Bennett think she is the only woman her husband ever wanted. A man is a man and any man enjoys pretty girls, and you can't say that those little Japanese girls aren't cute as hell. I'm a woman who (I think) can control her feelings pretty well, but I couldn't make any promises about being a good girl if I were away from my husband for years around hand-

some men. Come down to earth, girl, we are all human. I'm crazy about the guy I trapped, but men are said to have a lot less will power than us, so you have to realize they can't be too good if you're not around to keep their interest on the dotted line.

Say, that was a pretty sly way to get your picture in a man's mag. I wish I had thought of it first, but I'm too fat. I weigh 110 and am the mother of two daughters.

MRS. PAM MODLE

Salt Lake City, Ut.

First of all, I'd like to say that I enjoy your magazine very much, especially the "Back Talk." Right now I have a few comments on the argument of Mrs. Mary Bennett. I just couldn't let the lady have the last word.

Mrs. B. is the type of American who creates ill-will all over the world. She carries a big chip on her pretty shoulder and feels clearly very superior. Her contention that it is degrading for either male or female Americans to marry foreigners, is irrational and can rouse only protests in the minds of most of her countrymen. She forgets the American heritage of many nationalities whose sons and daughters married and made America the great country it is today. As for "fraternizing with the enemy," maybe Mrs. B. did not learn her history lessons. For her information, the Allies of the last war were enemies in the Independence and Colonial wars and a lot of fraternizing went on in those days. History proved it did not have any degrading effect on Americans. The fact is that foreign marriages and friendships make people understand one another's countries better, and are a step forward toward closer international relationships and maybe lasting world peace.

As for the corruption of American males in the sex mills of Tokyo and other countries, American males degrade themselves just as much in places of prostitution right here in the United States. . . . Why doesn't dear Mrs. B. try her hand at organizing a crusade for higher morals? With her picture on the banner it should be a howling success.

MRS. ELLEN I. KING

Minneapolis, Minn.

I'm not very good at writing letters but I'm pretty good at losing my temper, so after reading Mrs. Bennett's letter in your September issue . . . here blows:

It's quite clear to me that Mrs. Bennett wrote on a subject she knew very little about. I've met quite a few German and Italian war brides. I've never had the pleasure of meeting any Korean or Japanese war brides, but I'm here to make this statement: Everyone I've ever met on the whole make their husbands and our country pretty proud to have them here. They make women, Mrs. Bennett,

like you stand out like a sore thumb. Who are we to judge or be intolerant? . . .

I've never heard of a rule that says a man has to fall in love and marry a woman born in these United States. . . .

Oh, here's a picture of myself to match yours. I was born in the State of Texas. How American can you get?

MRS. CLARA BLEVINS

Santa Cruz, Calif.



• *Some well-stacked arguments, men!*

We of the 1141st Spactron man remote radio sites. We don't live on bases, but in French towns. We are away from all things American for periods exceeding a month. Now, you would think that when we got a chance, we would be dying to see some American women. . . . But here's the heart of the problem: American women, in general, just ain't got it. Before the female population of the states comes rushing over here to tar and feather me, let me explain.

First, they talk too much. Never in my life, have I been as shocked as I was the first time I went back to a base from a site. Man! You should have heard them women babble. They talked the ears off the girls working in the PX, the men standing near them, and they shouted and whined at their husbands. Believe me, a French woman would never chew her husband out in public and probably not in private.

Second, this bit about love. Before I came to France I thought getting married was for people who had spread their wild oats and there was nothing left but marriage. This impression came from the young ladies I went to school with, not my parents. . . . But since I've been overseas I have discovered the true meaning of marriage and a home and children and fried chicken on Sundays. The woman unaffected by deep freezes and dish washers and baby sitters knows a few fundamental things about love.

Third, American women spend too damned much money. A French girl uses taste and buys only necessities.

Fourth, American women are too social. Bridge on Monday; canasta on Tuesday; tea on Wednesday; a rest at the movies on Thursday, etc.

I'm not through, but this letter is getting too long. I would like to paraphrase "Reader's Digest" in closing:

"An English war bride commented on

the fact that she thought that a man's evening was his to spend with his friends. She said that after a hard day's work he deserved this chance for relaxation. An American woman replied, 'Why, yes, I agree. That's why I give Henry one night a week out!'

Voila!

JACK B. THOMPSON

APO Address

ORCHIDS TO SOURDOUGH

Hail to the sourdough biscuit. I got my hash-marks when only eighteen and I'm a woman. I came right out of the Telephone Company and into the Blue Mountains of Oregon's Grant County. There I learned how on a wood stove, and a real old sourdough taught me. A few things he said I'd like to pass on to author Hicks; Always stir your dough with a knife. Freshen it several times a week with the water left over from boiled potatoes. Always stir it when you can with fresh separated milk still warm from the cow. And tell author Hicks I'd sure enjoy a breakfast of venison steaks, fried 'taters, gravy and sourdough biscuits. Anyway next time he mixes up a panful of sourdoughs he'd maybe send me just one.

MRS. JEWEL S. STEFFEN

Vista, Calif.

DEMPSEY ON MARCIANO

• *The Manassa Mauler really bounced against the ropes after his article on Marciano.*

We give you a few excerpts and retire discreetly.

ATTENTION: JACK DEMPSEY:

Jack, I admire you as a great fighter and citizen and I respect your opinion on fighters, but I can't figure out how you can class Rocky Marciano as a second-rater compared to the champions of the past.

Surely, as you stated that you thought Marciano could whip five out of seventeen, he must be more than a second-rater among champions.

To express my opinion, I put him up with all of them. From Burns down. His crouching, rushing and punching power would have stopped all of those slow,* awkward** gladiators. From Williard on its any one's opinion. As for you and Rocky, you both punch hard, fight in close, absorb a lot of punches. Somebody would have went inside of four. I have my opinion and you have yours.

HAROLD KREUTZ

No Address

I would like to challenge Dempsey's estimate of Marciano's ability. Why, in the first place, does the "Manassa Mauler" low-rate the very man who is his prototype in the ring? The answer is that Dempsey is jealous of his prestige and along comes this modest fellow who out-Dempseys Dempsey himself.

Dempsey says Corbett would have won all fifteen rounds against Marciano: I say if Corbett lasted the route, Marciano

*Corbett looked fast against old timers who were really slow.
**Series of Jack Johnson showed me that he would never have caught Rocky's punches with his gloves without getting his hands broken.

JANUARY, 1956



HELL'S ACRES

Hell's Acres was the infamous name by which the little republic of Boston Corner was known a hundred years ago. A wild triangle of 1,016 acres in the Berkshires, it was an isolated fragment of nowhere. Although it was the farthest point in Massachusetts from Boston, as the crow flew, for Boston that wasn't far enough.

Boston Corner is still there, in New York State now, by the spot where the southwest corner of Massachusetts joins the northwest corner of Connecticut.

This little triangle was, until 1855, a district in the township of Mt. Washington, Massachusetts. But the Taconic Mountain range that separated little Boston Corner from the rest of the township was about 2,000 feet high with an impassable western slope covered with forest and underbrush. If a crime was committed in Boston Corner and a Massachusetts law officer came over to make an arrest, he could not take his prisoner over the mountain. He had to go north to the old Columbia County Turnpike in "York" state or south into Connecticut to take his charge back to Mt. Washington. The moment he stepped into another state he lost his authority and found he had merely escorted his prisoner to freedom.

Because of this geographical peculiarity, duellists, thugs, hoodlums, cutthroats, murderers, all the scrapings of the underworld sought sanctuary in Boston Corner. It was known far and wide as a place without law.

Both New York and Massachusetts knew that a change was necessary. The Massachusetts legislature acted, and in May, 1853, the governor signed the Bill of Cession. Massachusetts immediately severed its control when an Act of Acceptance was prepared by the legislature in Albany and signed by Governor Horatio Seymour.

But the Constitution of the United States reserves to the Federal Government the final approval of ceding territory between states. Massachusetts had shed responsibility, but New York was powerless to inter-

fere legally until Congress ratified. Boston Corner belonged only to itself while Congress, busy with the momentous slavery question, postponed the necessary confirmation a year and a half.

During that year and a half Boston Corner became the Wild West of the East. Approximately five miles to the north there was a large inn called the Black Grocery Tavern. It was the rendezvous for the hoodlums who infested Boston Corner. It had a bar that was a honky-tonk, a gaming room (crooked), a grocery store, a blacksmith's shop and numerous other sidelines.

It was a stagecoach stop, where the emigrants traveling west met the ox-cart drivers heading east with supplies for the Hudson River packets. With many people coming and going it made a good listening post for Black Brant, the "reformed" pirate who ran it.

Horses stolen from the gentlemen breeders of the district were run to Boston Corner by Black Brant's gang of horse thieves. There, under Brant's supervision, they were dyed or altered. They were then hidden in a cave in the Blowhole, a narrow gorge leading over the mountain, and later run on through to Connecticut or Massachusetts to be sold or run as ringers at the race tracks.

The first bare-knuckle prize fight for the heavyweight championship of the world, between Ol' Smoke Morrissey, a twenty-two-year-old, brandy-drinking Hudson River bruiser, and Yankee Sullivan, an Irishman from England, by way of Botany Bay, was planned and held at Boston Corner on October 12, 1853, by Black Brant and a Bowery syndicate. According to newspaper reports of the day, Sullivan won the fight, but Morrissey, the local boy, won the championship.

Finally, on January 3, 1855, the Congress of the United States ratified the agreement by which punch-drunk Boston Corner became a respected part of the nearby town of Ancram. Today the community has faded into a twilight that gives no indication of its infamous past.

by HAROLD MONTANYE

would have won rather easily on points. Dempsey says "Fitz would have 'cut Marciano to ribbons': I say Fitz wouldn't have lasted five rounds. Then he claims Willard would have beaten Marciano: My opinion is that if Rocky hit Jess with one half the punches Dempsey landed, Willard would never have seen the end of round one. As for Sharkey, he might have lasted as long as Harry Matthews, and Baer simply couldn't take the constant slugging for more than seven or eight rounds. Actually, only Louis and Tunney may have beaten Rocky at their best.

But all this is personal opinion. What better arbiter is there than the record itself? The following is my rating of the champions according to their won-lost and k.o. percentage. In the case of Carnera, his early fights are suspect and should not be counted. In the case of Johnson, he belongs higher than his low rating of .568 for obvious reasons.

1. Marciano—.931. Beats everybody. Best punch ever.
2. Louis—.849. Lost only one as serious competitor.
3. Dempsey—.796. Who did he ever beat?
4. Jeffries—.789. Never lost as serious campaigner.
5. Tunney—.766 Unpopular but almost foolproof.
6. Baer—.755. Great potential but rarely used it.
7. Johnson—If no inhibitions who knows how good?
8. Willard—.736. Not bad but should have been wrestler.
9. Fitz—.724. Best of the light-heavyweights.
10. Burns—.721. Under-rated. Great light-heavy.
11. Charles—.678. Good all-around but spotty record.
12. Schmeling—.675. Had plenty but too cautious.
13. Sullivan—.639. Brutal but no athlete.
14. Hart—.620. Unsung but good record.
15. Walcott—.597. Improved with age.

16. Braddock—.505. Just barely made the grade.

17. Corbett—.478. Cleverest boxer but unflattering record.

18. Carnera—Not championship caliber.

19. Sharkey—.458. Not championship caliber.

On an off night Greb or Archie Moore might have beaten any of these, but it is consistency that counts.

CARL WICKUM

Rockville, Md.

Thank you for another article in your 1955 September issue, by Jack Dempsey.

Ever since I was a youngster I have admired Jack Dempsey, and anything written by him on boxing is "gospel" to me. Could you please do me a favor and request Jack Kofoid to ask Jack Dempsey to send me an autographed photograph of himself—preferably one that was taken recently?

There are two people in this world I should very much like to meet. One of them is Jack Dempsey, and the other, Charlie Chaplin. Irrespective of all other factors, to me these men represent the ability of man to attain perfection in that particular sphere to which they have dedicated themselves.

In conclusion may I say "thank you" to you and your excellent magazine. Only very occasionally have you failed me in the high standard I have come to expect.

CAPTAIN T. W. BARNES

Durban, Natal

P.S. As a matter of fact I'm sure that Jack Dempsey once acted in a film with Pearl White. Am I right?

Just read your story on Rocky Marciano. What a crack! It just goes to prove, "When you're the best, everybody's against you."

Jack Dempsey was through at thirty-one, Rocky Marciano is just at his peak at thirty.

Dempsey went down a lot more and

easier than Rocky does, as Firpo proved. Not to imply that Marciano was ever hit by anybody like Firpo. But Dempsey went down plenty hard in that fight. How can you, Jack Dempsey, or anybody else, sit back and tell who would have won *if* they fought?

Everybody today likes to throw mud at the guy who sits the highest. They sling ridicule at the Yankees in baseball, at Notre Dame in football and at Rocky Marciano in boxing. It just burns me to see Dempsey running Marciano down. It's easy for Jack to say, "Marciano is nothing more than a second rater." I wonder truthfully, what he would have said afterwards—that is, afterwards, if they ever fought. That is *if* he could talk! You have a swell magazine just the same.

ART HAEGE

Holland, Mich.

Your article by Jack Dempsey about the caliber of Marciano was very interesting, and I bet it will raise a storm of protests. However, it is just possible that he is right. For quite a few years now, I have followed championship fights with a great deal of interest. In the past eight years the heavyweight division has been pretty dull. There does not seem to have been a challenger who was worth watching. Sure the Rock carries a great punch. This cannot be denied. But who has he ever met that presented a threat? Certainly not an aged Louis. Nor did Walcott or Charles really belong in the same ring with him, yet Walcott gave him a bad time. Charles has been beaten twice by Jackson, a man who would be murdered by The Rock. Yes, maybe Dempsey is correct in his estimation of Marciano—a wide-open slugger whom many experts feel could be decked by a real puncher—a puncher that is not present today in the heavyweight ranks, and has not been for some time.

J. SEMLOH

New York, N. Y.

PAGING A PIONEER PUSS

We have one hell of a problem here. There are no females on the island.

Of course I only have to stay here a year, which is bad enough.

But I have a tom cat. This cat is undoubtedly the biggest, meanest and most frustrated cat in the world.

If you have a writer that isn't doing anything right now do you think he could look around for a good healthy young female. (Cat, that is).

She can't be any ordinary cat. It would be best if she had dallied a bit on the road of life. Some one that can take Tom and teach him gently the facts of life. But she must be healthy. Tom is a bit crippled but he still works out every day. It takes at least a dog a day to keep his hooks sharp. I can't take him back to the states the way he is. He would ruin the whole northwest for the rest of the tom cats.

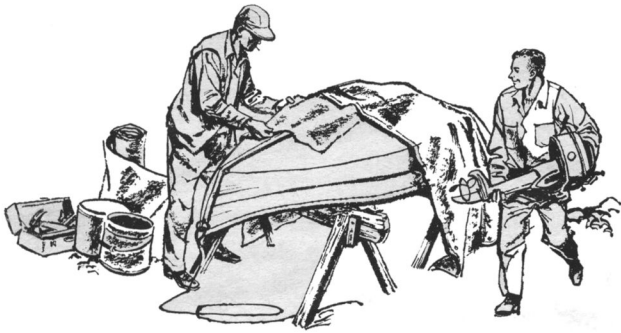
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Army P. O. Address

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BOATING

WITH JOCK KINGDON

HARSH WINTER WEATHER, made up of rain, snow and drastic temperature changes, is hard on most boats. If moisture is allowed to get into the seams of a wooden hull, it will alternately freeze and thaw, making the wood crack or warp. So store your boat indoors if you can. An unheated garage is a perfect place. Either set the boat on its transom and lean it vertically against a wall or place it upside-down across a couple of timbers. If you must keep it outdoors, shut out the weather as best you can. Perhaps you can construct a rough lean-to against one wall of the garage. If not, lay the boat upside-down across several logs or sawhorses to keep it off the ground. Then cover it with tar paper or a tarpaulin, holding the cover in place with tacks or clothesline.

MAKING A PERFECT LANDING at a pier or on a beach requires both practice and common sense. The inexperienced boatman has a tendency to come in too fast. Run in slowly against the wind or tide or current, whichever is the strongest. If you're coming alongside a pier, cut the power just before making contact and fend off with your hands. It's far easier to make an "egg-shell" landing if you're piloting a gearshift outboard with a forward-neutral-reverse transmission. Approach the pier slowly, use reverse to stop the forward motion of the boat, then shift to neutral and dock with the motor still running. If you're going to land on the shore, select a good, sandy beach—preferably where the water isn't too shallow. Keep watching for rocks, stumps and roots. When you *must* come in at a shallow spot, prevent the motor from striking bottom by grasping it at the rear and tilting it until the propeller is almost out of the water. After landing, be sure to pull the boat up on the beach.

PROPER MOTOR TILT is necessary for maximum speed in a planing hull. If the lower end is tilted too far forward, the bow won't rise when the throttle is opened. Besides preventing the boat from going as fast as it should, this can actually be dangerous when running in rough water with a following sea. On the other hand, if the lower end is tilted too far out, it may cause the propeller to cavitate. For best performance, the cavitation plate on the motor should be parallel to the planing section of the boat when operating at full speed. Cavitation occurs when the propeller attracts air or exhaust fumes, forming a pocket around the prop and causing the motor to run wild. Besides improper motor tilt, the conditions that can cause cavitation are too high a transom, too bulky and deep a keel, weeds or foreign matter on the motor's lower unit, barnacles or moss on the boat's bottom, a bent propeller or too small a propeller.

TO INCREASE PERFORMANCE when carrying a heavy load, use a propeller having less pitch than that of the standard prop. This will allow the motor to rev up to its correct operating range, thereby developing its maximum horsepower despite the increased work it must do. In most cases, a one-inch drop in pitch will do the job.

BALANCE YOUR LOAD. Unless your boat is rigged for remote control, you and your motor are going to be in the stern. This puts a good deal of weight back there. For better balance, weight the bow down with gas can, tackle box, anchor, tools and extra gear as far forward as you can. If you have a passenger, put him in the bow. A third passenger aboard should occupy the middle seat. The most important loading rule of all—*never overload*—is also one of the most important safety rules. ● ● ●

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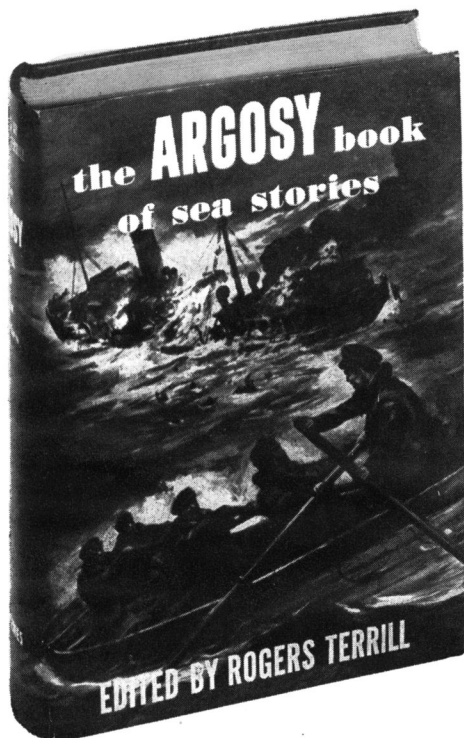
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ARGOSY

JANUARY, 1956

S

LAVERY DOES EXIST- TODAY!

A woman may be bought for one rifle or 40,000 francs in the slave markets of Tibesti. Fantastic? Perhaps. Yet here, for the first time, Argosy unveils the brutal facts behind a human tragedy that has alerted the British Navy, appalled the French Assembly, and brought shocking truth before the United Nations in New York

by **MAURICE B. LONG**

Fill 'er up," you say cheerily, and each time you feed fuel to the old speed wagon you're helping to stock the harems and slave pens of the Saudi Arabian overlords. For fabulous luck has fixed it so that nowhere on earth do oil geysers gush more freely than in the putrid offshore domains and sun-blistered desert barrens of Saudi Arabia. Since 1948, four American companies have been drilling and piping the oil. It's a good thing, too, otherwise the Soviets would have taken over. As things stand, sweet Araby's gushers keep nearly all of Europe's cars running and quite a few of ours.

You want to know about those slave harems? Like so much evil, they are the upshot



Jack Herrick

"No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms."

Article 4, Universal Declaration of Human Rights

"There is no doubt that the status of slavery exists in Saudi Arabia. . . . In some places there are dealers who keep a definite stock of slaves; in others there are merely agents who dispose of any slave whom a person may wish to sell.

"The chief market is in Mecca and the main route for them is to Mecca from the Yemen, to which they are brought from the opposite coast of Africa."

"In Yemen slavery flourishes as it does in Saudi Arabia."

"Of persons remaining in a state of slavery inside the (Aden) Protectorate, only a very small number can have been born outside Arabia. There is undoubtedly some clandestine traffic in women and children which originates in China and passes through Hong Kong on the way overseas."

"In Nigeria the slave trade in children does exist, especially in the kidnaping of children and selling them to people who need agricultural help, in distant places. This is severely punished by law. Nevertheless the law is frequently broken. . . ."

"(In French West Africa) forms of servitude are revealed chiefly in the status of women. . . . Husbands are sometimes known to drive their wives to prostitution for their own profit."

Excerpts from United Nations Economic and Social Council Report Slavery E/2673 9 February 1955

of too sudden wealth. Twenty years ago, Saudi Arabia's king, the late Ibn Saud, had to sell his last nine camels to a sharp Egyptian businessman. Most of his life he had eked out a shabby existence robbing desert caravans and beheading his competitors. He was an ambling arsenal, displaying, aside from a variety of daggers and stiletos, three swords named "The Intelligent One," "The Blood-Loving One," and—used on friends only—"The Cutthroat." Along came the discovery of the oil bonanza and, in 1948, an offer from four American oil companies to go into large-scale production.

"I want one half of everything," said the king, and the American companies hurried to give it to him before Stalin cut in. The king's cut? Roughly \$250,000,000 a year.

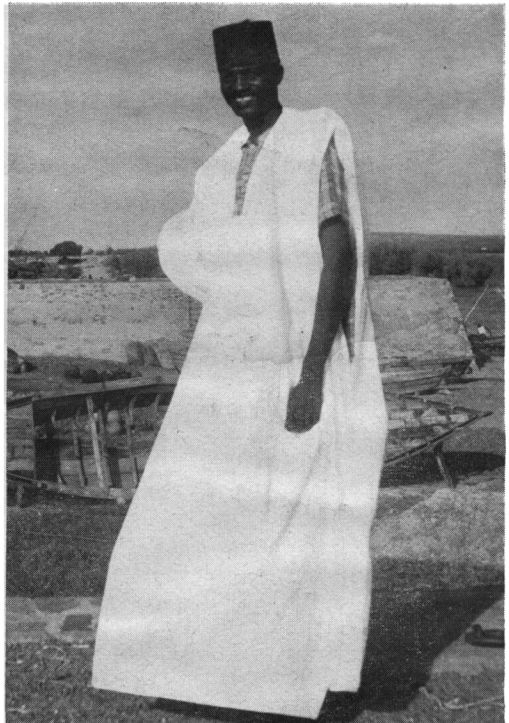
"What do you use oil for?" the king inquired.

"To run cars and planes," he was informed.

"I want cars, and planes, and a railroad," the king said. He got them all, and practically for free.

When the first gold-plated Cadillac rolled up outside King Ibn Saud's palace, he said, "I want fifty like that." He got them. Now that he was rich he put ambassadors in all the world capitals. Their sole job was to buy cars. Gone were the days when a lord's wealth was measured by the number of camels he owned. Now it was the number of cars.

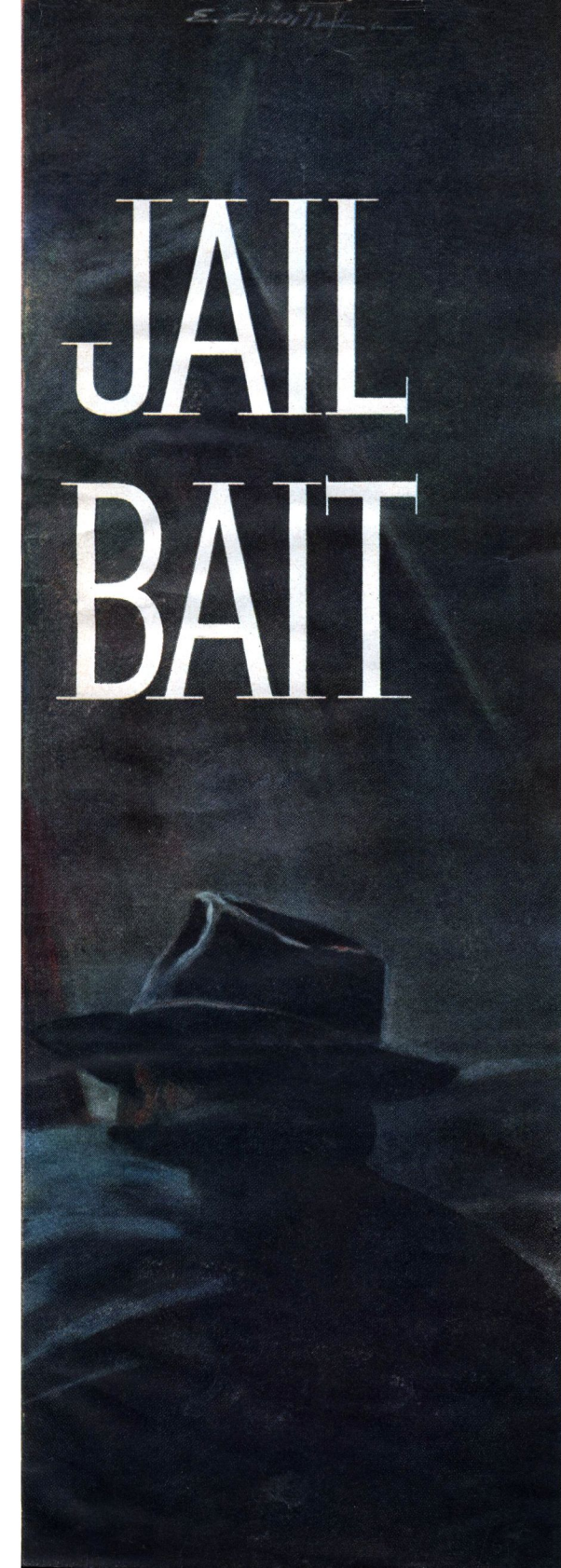
A model family man, the king let his fifty sons and the vast brood of impoverished brothers, uncles and nephews cut in on the Allah-sent oil loot, and they all blossomed out with stables of from ten to fifty Cadillacs. As the bonanza filtered down to the ranks of sheiks, emirs, governors, leaders of the tribes, guardians of the temples and similar dignitaries, Arabia's dusty goat paths became jammed with (Continued on page 54)



Escaped slave, Awad (above), brought shocking plight before French authorities, but former owner went free.

"Woman is a chattel and is classed as merchandise," states U.N. report on problem.





JAIL BAIT

In the clammy recesses of the cement stairwell, she discovered the terrifying truth: she was the patsy, and her role was to die—screaming!

They sat side by side on an upholstered bench that ran the length of the crowded room. The small tables were close together. The lighting was very subdued. There was a raised stage at one end of the room. They had sat through three floor shows. The floor shows were a bit too clever, too brittle, too self-consciously smart. And they had talked too much and too intently. She knew he had brought her here in the forlorn hope that it would please her.

Jane looked furtively at his face. He was staring down at the red plastic swizzle stick, bending it between his fingers. He glanced at her quickly. "Recapitulation?" he asked sourly. "Over it once again? Maybe I'm being dull about this. I just don't see it."

"I'm not good with words the way you are," she said, feeling the quick anger come. "I go by feelings. Howard. I can't just add up and find totals. I don't think about this with a lot of plus and minus signs. Here I am. Jane Bayliss. I was born here. I've been as far away as Cleveland in one direction and New York in the other. I'm twenty-four and I've worked for five years. There was a notice in the paper when I was born. There'll be one there when I get married, if I do. And a final one when I die." She put her hand on his arm, digging her fingers in, looking intently at him, trying to make him understand. "Howard, there's *got* to be more than that. Life *has* to have some glamour and excitement and danger. I just get up and plow through the day and go to bed. You say let's get married now. Sure. It takes me out of one trap and puts me in another—home, babies and all that. There (Continued on page 80)

by JOHN D. MACDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHIRIACKA

She backed into a corner and watched the hand sliding slowly upward on the railing.

HE TAMES THE WHITE DEATH

Richard Stillman fights one of the most formidable foes in the world—millions of tons of frozen, murderous ice, that can become his shroud in one blinding instant

by **EDSON RICH**



Before U.S. Forest Service started hazard

Stillman examines snow slab big enough to bury a man. It cracked when the snow slide triggered.

FROM RICHARD STILLMAN





U. S. FOREST SERVICE

forecasting, avalanches like this one killed hundreds, blotted out entire towns, cost millions of dollars in damage.

The thermometer read twenty-four below when avalanche hazard forecaster Richard Stillman rolled out of bed that February morning. Before he dressed, he went into the office connected with his quarters, a narrow room with wide windows looking out on 11,000-foot Berthoud Pass in Colorado, and up to the Russell Cliffs looming dourly above. The snow slab up there was building up again. It had never stopped building, for that matter, regardless of the number of times Stillman had “busted” it since the beginning of the snow season in November.

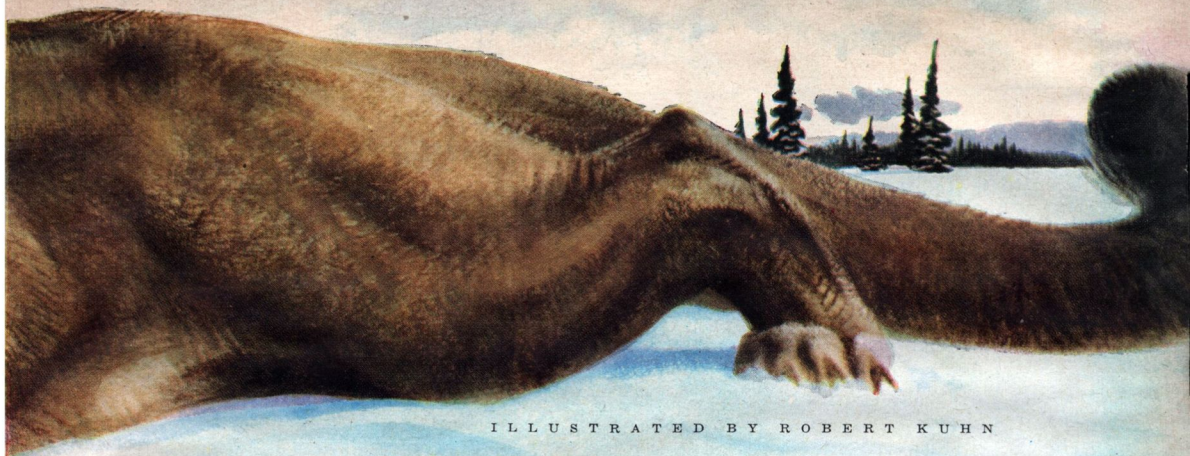
Stillman didn't look up at the Cliffs just then. It was still too dark to see them clearly, and anyway, the

Esterline-Angus could tell him what he wanted to know—what the wind was doing up on top. The instrument stood next to his desk on which was an orderly clutter of charts and reports.

The tracing of the pens on the wide chart of the Esterline-Angus operations recorder could tell him many things. It could tell him from which direction the winds were endlessly transporting snow over the face of Russell Mountain. It could have told him precipitation intensity and snowfall intensity. It could even have told him what slopes were loading up and becoming dangerous or if an avalanche had slid in the night.

Right now there was just one (Continued on page 50)





ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT KUHN

CATS

that hunt men

BY GENE CAESAR

*A killer cat is as dangerous and unfathomable as an insane murderer.
And when you hunt one, never forget—to him you are the prey*

On December 17, 1924, a small group of hunters walked down a shadowy canyon in Okanogan County, Washington. They were not sportsmen, hunting for pleasure and flushed with excitement at the beginning of a day's chase. They walked in grim silence and studied the snow. There, in the whiteness, a story could be read in footprints, scuffmarks and bloodstains. . . .

ON THE day before, at eleven in the morning, a thirteen-year-old boy named Jimmy Fehlhaber had started out to borrow a team of horses from a neighboring ranch. The mercury was shrinking back into the bulb of the thermometer and Jimmy walked briskly along, even ran a few steps as he went down the slope of the canyon, but nothing in the spacing of his tracks indicated that he had any warning of danger.

From the underbrush at the canyon's edge, the eyes of a hunting wild animal watched his approach. This was a long, heavily-muscled cat with a tawny hide. It came to the edge of the cover at a shambling walk, its head tossing from side to side, its tail swinging up and down but never quite touching the snow. Suddenly it backed up one step, (*Continued on page 52*)

THE SECRET OF THE ROPE TRICK

Unveiled for the first time anywhere is a secret more carefully kept than the A-bomb—a secret known by fewer than seventy-five men in the past thousand years. From an aged Hindu fakir with uncanny powers, our author learned the truth. Here it is—and who are we to say it nay?

by **JOHN A. KEEL**

NAGPUR, INDIA

Centuries before Columbus set out to find a short cut to India, the fabulously rich land of fabulously poor people, a legend was blooming there. Early travelers had labeled India "a land of mystery" and they returned to their homelands with fantastic stories about secluded yogis who could work miracles. The greatest of all these miracles was described in incredulous detail and exaggerated out of proportion until it gave the whole of India a mystic reputation.

It was, of course, the Great Indian Rope Trick—a bit of magic which baffled early explorers and blossomed into a legend which has perplexed generations of Western magicians. Described minutely in ancient historical

Classic performance of trick took place at dusk. Young apprentice climbed rope before magician.



documents, the trick has been a center of confused controversy for the past five decades. Its secret has been closely guarded, known by fewer than seventy-five men in the past thousand years.

Yet, before you finish reading this article, you will know it. For I'm going to tell you how to bring this legend to life in your own back yard, how to make an unprepared rope rise upward fifty feet into the clear sky, and how to cause a small boy to disappear after he has climbed it.

The method I'm going to describe is not my own invention. It's the original secret, the one which baffled weary travelers a thousand years ago. Its chief protection from detection, has been its utter simplicity. But this has also been its biggest drawback. There is a strong element of danger to those who climb the rope; an unexpected fall could hurt them seriously, or even kill them. And the methods used may be too simple to deceive a modern, educated audience.

How I stumbled upon the secret makes a story nearly as unbelievable as the trick itself. I came to India, on my way around the world, with none of the foolish faiths which have blinded so many other visitors. As a boy I had an avid interest in magic and I grew up with a homemade wand in my hand. Raised on an isolated

farm, I had little opportunity to practice my tricks on anyone. Eventually I tossed them aside and started writing. First I wrote a weekly column for a nearby newspaper, later I wrote stories for small magazines. Finally, at the age of seventeen, I left the farm and hitch-hiked 400 miles to New York City "to become a writer."

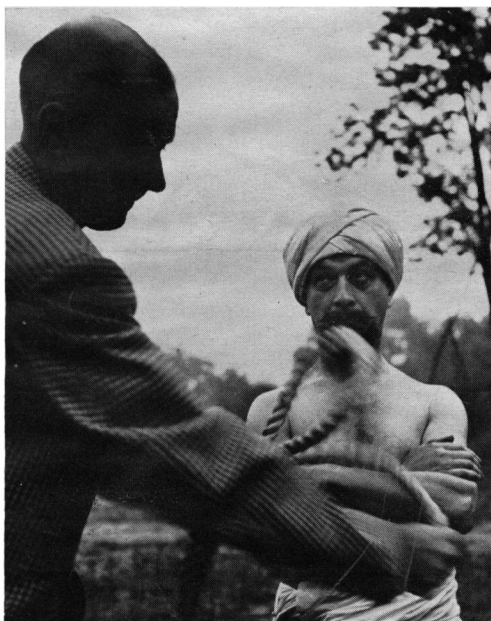
I settled in a traditional garret in Greenwich Village to pick away at a battered old typewriter and to edit a poetry magazine.

Later, after a two-year hitch with the selective service, I found myself in Europe writing radio scripts for the American Forces Network, the Army's commercial-style radio network in Germany. It was a good job by any standards. I had a spacious office overlooking an old German castle. I had a staff of several GI writers and a couple of civilians to supervise, and I had the fancy title of "Chief of Continuity and Production." I lived in a fine, furnished, rent-free apartment, surrounded by good books, sports cars and all the props for good living.

I was then twenty-three years old and I wasn't satisfied. There was a fierce, aching hunger inside of me. The same kind of hunger that had driven me to New York six years earlier. But I couldn't exactly define it.

Then, late in 1953, I flew to Egypt with a team of technicians to write and pro- (Continued on page 64)

PHOTOS FOR ARGOSY BY WILBERT H. BLANCE OF PRANGE PICTURES, INC.



Rope is tested as trick was recreated for Argosy. Ancient crowds were more naïve but even today secret is not apparent.



THE GARDNER

An illustration of two dark horses standing on a rocky outcrop. The horse on the left is facing left, and the one on the right is facing right. Above them are several pine branches with clusters of needles. The background is a light, hazy sky.

No Man's Gun

*She was beautiful and bold and couldn't be bought,
except for one price—a bullet in the back!*

He had heard of a short-cut through the mountains to the West. New country. Not many people in there yet, among those far passes. He had heard about it when the buffalo grass was coming new with the prairie springtime, away back yonder, when he first drifted into Dakota Territory. And now it was summer. Just within the edges of some mountainside timber he lounged easy in the saddle, looking at the country ahead.

From here he could see far down into the depths of a vast canyon, its walls of heavy forest blue with afternoon shadow. And down there, a gleam of water. John Anvers judged that this was the river he was supposed to follow from here on. This was about the way the old-timer had told it to him, away back yonder on an April night in Dakota Territory. Drinking trader's rye, under a smoky oil lamp. That long-jawed, bristly old-timer, a mountain man. And his horn-curved trigger finger an invisible map to the westward on the trader's rough pine bar.

There would be a river just about so, he told John Anvers. From there on you might have to use your guns a bit, he said, reaching for the bottle. Or, on the other hand, you mightn't have to, he said, his stringy old throat working convulsively with the trader's rye. Anyway, from his long-worn cavalry saddle John Anvers could look down now at a distant silver thread of river.

He heard the soft sound of hoofs coming behind him on the mold of the *(Continued on page 60)*

by MICHAEL FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MCCARTHY

"He reminds me of the bank cashier back home," she said, and resting her .44 on her arm, she fired.

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ERNEST WOODMANSEE BEING RELEASED ON PAROLE JANUARY 3 1956 WHILE OTHER FACTORS WERE DOUTLESS TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION BY THE PAROLE BOARD I FEEL THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO OVERESTIMATE THE TREMENDOUS INTEREST GOVERNOR GOODWIN J KNIGHT TOOK IN THIS CASE WHEN HE MET WITH HARRY LUNDEBERG HEAD OF SAILORS UNION OF PACIFIC AND ME IN SAN DIEGO AS DESCRIBED IN YOUR CURRENT ISSUE. GOVERNOR KNIGHT PROMISED US THE CASE WOULD RECEIVE HIS PROMPT ATTENTION. THIS INDICATES THE IMPORTANT PART ORGANIZED LABOR CAN PLAY IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE AND IN STANDING BY ITS MEMBERS WHEN ONE OF THEM IS WRONGFULLY CONVICTED OF CRIME. LUNDEBERGS UNION HAS NEVER LET UP ITS EFFORTS TO GET THE WOODMANSEE CASE REVIEWED AND FOR MORE THAN THREE YEARS HAS BEEN WORKING SIDE BY SIDE WITH OUR READERS. AM HOPING THAT AFTER WOODMANSEES RELEASE WE CAN GET A FULL PARDON BUT AT PRESENT HIS LEAVING THE PRISION WALLS IS A LONG AND MOST IMPORTANT STEP TOWARD VINDICATION. READERS WHO HAVE WRITTEN GOVERNOR KNIGHT ABOUT THIS CASE WILL BE TREMENDOUSLY GRATIFIED TO LEARN THE NEWS REGARDS=

=ERLE STANLEY GARDNER=...

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



Ernest Woodmansee

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We stopped the presses to bring you this telegram, received as the issue was already rolling. The message is self-explanatory.

TOM RUNYON: THE WAY BACK

A short time ago Harry Steeger, Ted Burbank, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Prison Association, and I met in Washington. Our mission was to meet with some of the top brass in the Attorney General's office and discuss the Runyon case.

Before telling you about this meeting, however, I want to take time for a few words about the mission which immediately preceded our meeting. I was one of the group of civilian business men to whom the armed forces made a ten-day demonstration of fire power, or, as the government terms it, "defense capabilities."

At first blush, it may seem a little strange to talk to you readers who constitute the Court of Last Resort about fire power. However, this is something which intimately affects all of us.

I don't know just how many of you folks there are who constitute ARGOSY's Court of Last Resort. From all indications, there are a very great many. Some estimates place the number as high as 3,000,000. We do know that you have sufficient numbers to exert a very great influence on the administration of justice and it has occurred to us that since many of you have sons who have been inducted into the armed services you might like a report on some of the things that are taking place there.

This group of which I was a member was shown a great many things, some of which probably are "classified." I'd like to find out a little more about this because I want to take you folks into my confidence and by next

month I hope I can tell you a little more about what is actually going on in the defense of this country against aggression.

While a person can see a great deal in ten days, it's difficult to digest and interpret all you see, particularly when you're on the go almost constantly, as was the case with us.

Frankly, I'm no military expert. I wouldn't know a military tactic if it walked into the office wearing a high silk hat and morning pants. I think I know something about human nature and I have been associated with some pretty darned good investigators and watched them work.

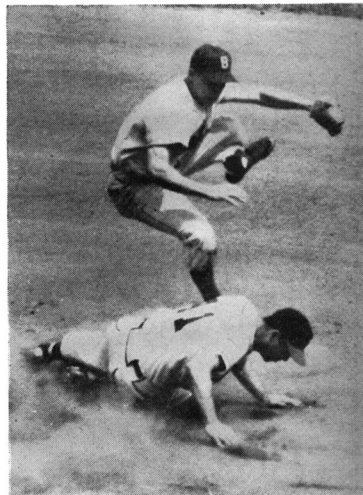
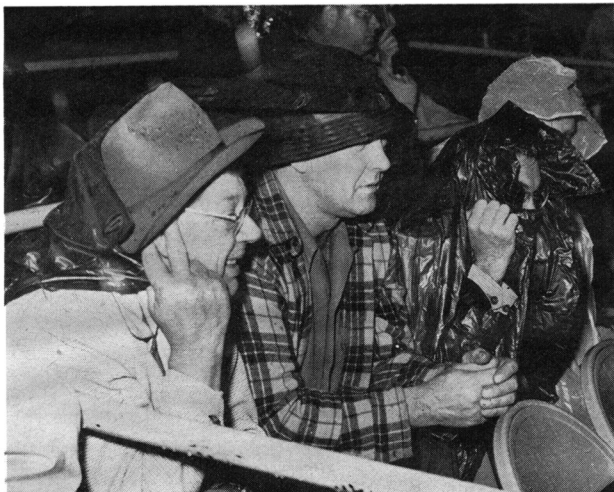
Therefore, when I started out on this trip I made up my mind that the first thing I'd look for would be evidences of waste.

We're pouring a lot of money into the armed services, and after you reach \$35,000,000,000 or so, it's a pretty difficult job to say whether you're giving four or five billion dollars too much or several billion dollars too little. However, there was one pretty good barometer which I felt would indicate what was happening and that was the presence or absence of waste. If there was an attitude of "Pa's rich and Ma don't care," that would be a pretty good indication that we taxpayers could save a little money by tightening up on the appropriation.

Well, I couldn't find the slightest evidence of waste and, believe me, I looked. *(Continued on page 68)*

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER





PHOTOS BY MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Even drenching rain doesn't deter rabid Braves fans. They sat through this game until well past midnight.

miracle in **MILWAUKEE**

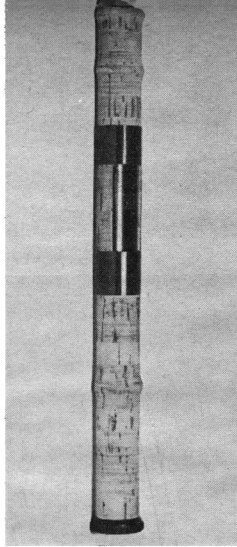
Marquette discovered Milwaukee in 1674. Exactly 279 years later Milwaukee discovered baseball—and the Chamber of Commerce is still arguing over which date was more important

by **QUENTIN REYNOLDS**

Generations of schoolchildren have been taught that Père Jacques Marquette of France discovered Milwaukee in 1674; future generations will learn that it was Louis Perini of Boston who discovered the city in 1953. It was in that year that he persuaded the National League owners to allow him to move his weary and rather dreary Boston Braves to the city. During the two and a half years that have elapsed since, Milwaukee has done more growing up than in the previous 281 years of her history. Before the ball club known as the Braves arrived in town, Milwaukee (Continued on page 74)

◀ Milwaukee stadium holds 43,111 rooters; year's attendance topped 2,000,000.

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2. SHAKESPEARE'S OPEN-FACE SPINNING REEL



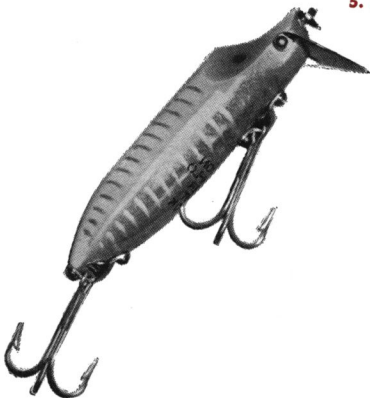
3. MITCHELL CAP WITH ROLLER PICK-UP



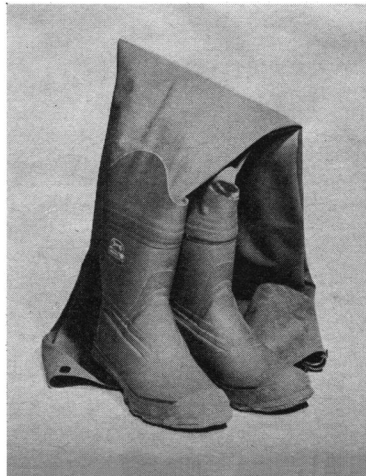
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5. **NEW HEDDON SPOOK** with adjustable lip permits the bait caster to fish the lure either deep or on surface in six depth variations.
6. **INSULATED BOOT-FOOT WADERS** are Servus Rubber Co.'s offering for early trout fishing, fall surf casting or any cold wading.
7. **THE GLASS-FILLED** sinking fly line by Cortland is especially useful for the streamer and bucktail fisherman and all big-water work.

5. HEDDON ADJUSTABLE VAMP SPOOK



6. SERVUS RUBBER INSULATED FOOT WADERS



7. CORTLAND GLASS-FILLED SINKING FLY LINE

NEW TACKLE FOR '56

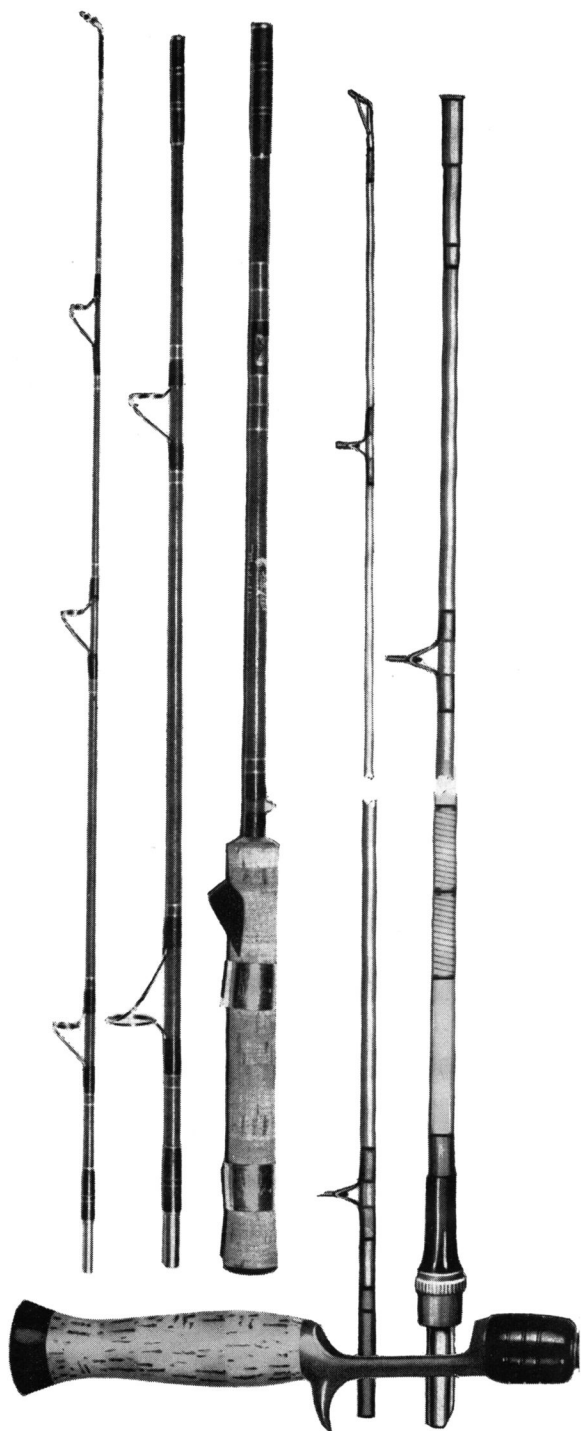
Lures that look like costume jewelry, a portable hollow-glass rod, or an improved reel seat—these are on the new year's market to delight anglers. Argosy's fishing editor reports on them—and many more

BY LARRY KOLLER

PHOTOS BY JOHN LOCKE

Any fisherman, casually browsing in a modern tackle shop, will soon be convinced that the design and manufacture of gear has just about reached its absolute—and confusing—peak. He'll see reels by the dozen, rods by the hundred and lures by the thousand, each ostensibly made with a specific angling purpose in mind. There's special light gear for tossing dainty dry flies over tiny mountain brooks, rugged hauling gear for straining back muscles against the rush of a heavy tuna, and lots of tackle for every need between these two extremes. So what else can be new?

Well, the manufacturers and designers, as well as assorted screwballs who fall into neither of these categories, always have something on the fire for the coming season. A (Continued on page 72)



Trend toward greater portability in rods is shown by the two above. Sila-Flex spinning rod breaks down to three 26-inch sections; South Bend #2430 for both spinning and light-lure casting is 6½ feet long but takes down into three parts.



Block tired of wolves raiding beaver traps. Alaskan wilderness was hunter's Utopia.

DON BLOCK'S PARADISE

You won't forget this haunting story of a man's search for happiness and peace of mind, and of the incredible way he found it in a frozen wilderness thousands of miles from civilization and security

BY JOE MAHAFFEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM DON BLOCK



Block's son, Laine, with part of first year's catch of furs. Father and son trapped fox, marten, wolf, beaver, wolverine.



They built storehouse near lake for provisions. Frost brought prowling bears who tried to forage caches.

Don Block was born to be a cowboy. That's what his father, an ex-cowhand who had driven Longhorns on the old Chisholm and Goodnight trails and who then owned his own little spread in Arizona, intended him to be and that's what he was for the first twenty-two years of his life. But then World War I broke out and Don saw New York and France and Paris and death on the Western Front. When he came back life on the ranch seemed small and dull and he became a restless drifter, roaming from ranch to ranch across the range, always searching for something he couldn't seem to find. And then he found Jenny Pollock and love.

Life was good for the young Block family and Don knew a peace and happiness he never had known before. When Laine was born life was even fuller and richer. And then, after eight years the idyll was shattered. Jenny died.

Huge moose were taken in virgin small-lake country. Bush pilot was only contact with civilization.



For weeks Don Block was plunged in a despair that was a dark and terrible thing, one from which neighbors felt he might never recover. He became a withdrawn, brooding man, but in the darkness of his brooding glimmered an idea that he hoped might show him a way out of the despair that was slowly killing him.

In the early spring of 1930, when Laine was just a week past eight years old, Don sat him up on the gate to their house and looked him square in the eye.

"Son, would you like to go to Alaska, where you and me could kind of forget?"

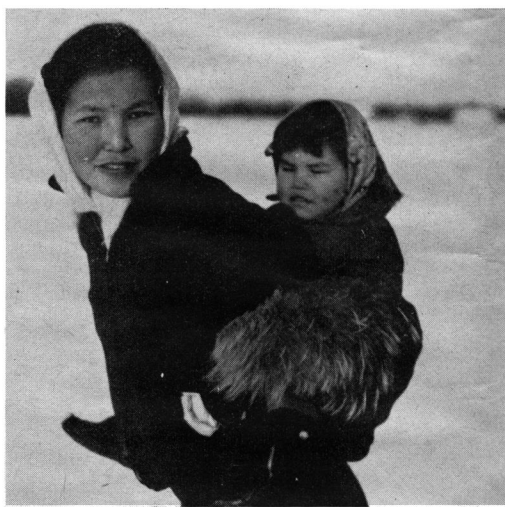
Laine looked right back at him. "Sure, dad. If that's what you want."

"It's going to be tough sledding, son."

"That's all right."

In three days they sold most of their belongings and a week later shipped out of Seattle on a salmon boat heading north for Alaskan waters. At Kuskokwim Bay they headed up through tidewater to Bethel and at Bethel they climbed aboard a rickety Waco and headed for the frontier village of McGrath, deep in central Alaska.

At McGrath they found a cheap room and then Don headed into the town's barrooms. By buying



Block's Eskimo wife (right, with daughter) proved an able hunter. In first summer she downed bear (left).

drinks for hunters and trappers he gradually began to piece together a picture of the north country. There wasn't as much room as he had thought. A trapper, to make a living, needs miles of country, and all the nearby country was filled. Finally he found a struggling young bush pilot who needed business and who needed a drink. Don began to buy. Drink after drink slipped down and then an exciting story began to tumble out of the pilot's lips.

Yes, there *was* a place such as Don hoped to find. Sort of a secret, though. It was the place the pilot had always dreamed of settling in some day.

Another round of drinks was followed hard by another and another.

The place was absolutely unmapped and unsurveyed; matter of fact, no white man had ever been through it. Teeming with fish and game. Only one drawback. Bears. Hundreds of bears. Even the natives dreaded going there. Where was it exactly? Well, it wouldn't hurt saying. Southeast of the Yukon, 300 miles inland from the Bering Sea, way up on the northern slope of the Alaskan Range, up where the big glaciers and big forests were. How do you get in there?



Laine with prize catch. King salmon were too large to submerge in riffles.

Fly, man. Fly. There's a little hidden lake, just below timberline, 2,000 feet long, 1,000 wide.

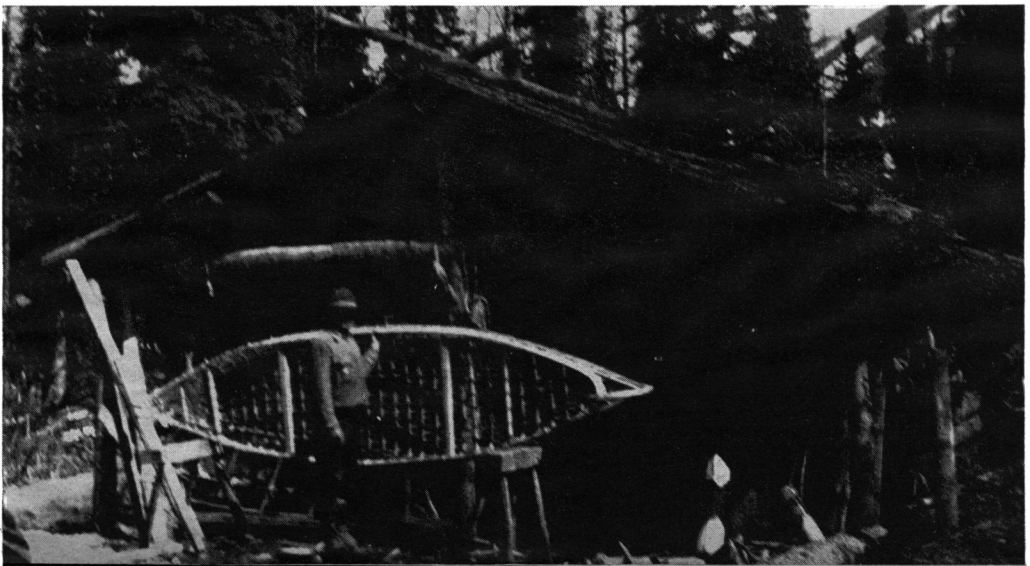
Would I take you in for a hundred bucks? Mister, right now I'd fly to hell for a hundred bucks. Not for keeps, though. That's *my* country. But you better think it over, mister. Mighty rugged in there.

Don grinned and ordered a last toast. They'd be ready to go in the morning.

The plane taxied toward the shore until the pontoons scraped, then Don took in a line and secured her. The pilot waded through ice-cold water helping the man and the boy carry 1,200 pounds of gear ashore.

Included in the 1,200 pounds was a pole axe, adz, shovel, crosscut saw, ropes, tarps, a few hand tools, and seventy-five steel traps. When they had finished unloading, Don double-checked the bedding, cooking and eating utensils, fishing and hunting gear, and the few (Continued on page 92)

Outside of log-cabin home, Don Block works on canoe. All materials came from forest. Canoe was laced with bear gut.





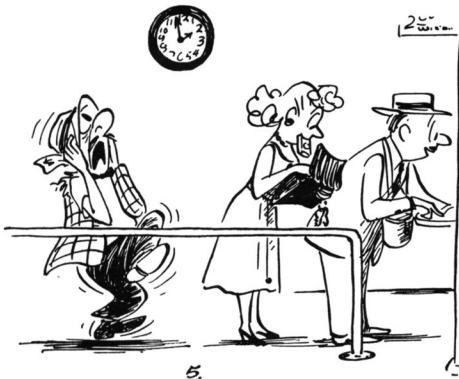
1.

Nothing between me and a winner but ...



2.

a tout with a tip ...



5.

a blabbermouth with time to burn ...



6.

a doll with a bank vault ...

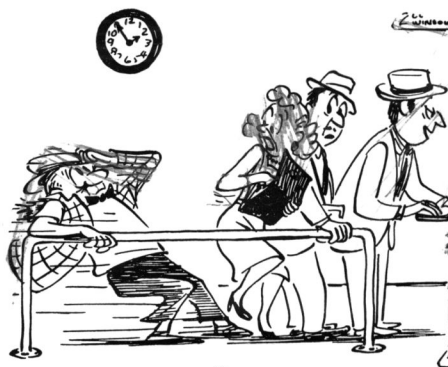
Benny and the SURE THING

There's one good thing about a horse race. Nobody knows who's coming in first—not even the horse

by **EVERETT RHODES CASTLE**
ILLUSTRATED BY SYVERSON



3. **a rube with glue on his feet . . .**



4. **a sharpy with his first dollar . . .**



5. **half a foot of space to the window . . .**



and

I am standing at the rail at Gulfstream eyeing the tote with bitterness.

Everything around me is gala. The little boats with their colored sails are wheeling around in the lake in the middle of the track. The sky is blue. The grass is lush. The flowers are bright. The palm trees are one hundred per cent exotic. The sun is shedding healthful ultraviolet on 18,976 happy, carefree horse players like crazy.

The total attendance is 18,977.

I am the difference. To be frank, I am as gala as a paper hat the morning after New Year's Eve. After one week at this vacationist's paradise I am lush only to the extent of one wrinkled fin. And it is not the sun which is burning me up. It is the closeness by which I miss being happy and carefree which I resent deeply. Inches! For instance, take this third race which is just over. I

pick a sleeper at forty-five to one. A gray gelding named Butter Ball by Cherry Miss out of Lonesome Boy. He comes out of the gate like a cop from behind a billboard. At the half he is leading by three lengths. Coming into the stretch he runs wide but still has a two-length lead. Then the boy on the favorite, Yorkhill, makes his bid. He is getting nowhere until Butter Ball stumbles slightly. The photo finish gives it to Yorkhill by a piece of nose. Instead of coming up with a happy and carefree two hundred clams I sit down heavily on my sun glasses. The broken glass practically cuts the seat out of my best orange gabardine slacks. Maybe I should have been glad I didn't sever an artery.

It has been this way all week. I play five to four in the double and four to five in a shoo-in. I bet the favorite and he places. My place horses (Continued on page 78)



This dog bit ten people, was caught and caged, and died of rabies a few hours after this picture was taken.

MADNESS IN THE STREETS

Sixty people will die of rabies this year—die horribly, needlessly.

Here is what we must do to stamp out this dreaded, terrifying disease

Maybe you've heard the story. The meanest man in a small New England town had been bitten by a mad dog and was expected to die of rabies—hydrophobia. Day after day neighbors saw him at a window of his house, writing. Finally, one ventured in. "Writing your will, Amos?" he asked. "Nope," the man said, "making a list of the people I'm going to bite."

There's only one thing wrong with that story. Human beings have contracted rabies and died—the disease is a hundred per cent fatal—from bites of almost every animal: cows, bears, skunks, monkeys, badgers, wildcats, hyenas and weasels. In Mexico, Trinidad and elsewhere, cases have been traced to blood-sucking vampire bats. But there isn't a case on record of one rabid man biting another.

Rabies is the most dreaded of human disease, as old as history, as deadly as the hangman's noose. It occurs at all seasons and in all climates. As a spreader of terror in any community, it has no equal. In Burke County, Georgia, in 1940, a hound just coming down with the disease bit a fox. The fox escaped to the woods to spread the sickness among his kind. The disease kindled courage in those usually shy animals. They invaded barnyards, infecting and killing hundreds of farm animals. They attacked thirty humans, mostly children.

Rabid animals have no desire to kill, only to bite. A rabid dog may wander for miles over a countryside, biting everything he can reach: chickens, cows, horses, men. Or, they may concentrate action, as one dog did in a California schoolyard. A group of children clustered sympathetically about a sick dog. He turned on them, biting thirty-seven. They got Pasteur's vaccine in time to save their lives. A janitor wasn't so fortunate. He tried to pull the dog off and was chewed so badly about the face and neck—the most dangerous places to be bitten—that he died, despite treatments.

A new vaccine promises to rob the disease of much of its terror. Its makers consider it "the most important step taken toward the elimination of rabies as a fatal disease since the work done by Pasteur." Administered to dogs, source of virtually all rabies, the new vaccine gives one hundred per cent protection. Bitten by a rabid animal, a vaccinated dog will not contract the disease and spread it to others. Thus the chain of spread is broken. How long does this protection last? Present evidence indicates that it may last the dog's lifetime. In a moment we'll see more of the vaccine, but first let's look at the disease.

It is caused by a virus, a microbe so small that it slips through the porcelain filters that trap most bacteria; so small that it cannot be seen by optical microscopes. The dog is its chief victim. Once it gets in a dog's body, usually from the bite of another dog, it travels along nerve pathways to the spinal cord and, finally, to the brain.

When stricken, a dog reacts in two ways. If his infection is overwhelming, he will develop "dumb" rabies. He will lie listlessly, making no effort to bite. Often, he will try to hide. His lower jaw is apt to be paralyzed. As a result, his mouth hangs open. He is a danger only to the person who would be kind to him. In attempting to feed such dogs, people have gotten saliva on their hands. If this gets into cuts or abrasions it can cause the disease in man.

The more common type of the disease is "Furious" rabies, which is what the name implies. The dog's eyes will glaze and often remain unblinking even if touched by a straw. Ears are alert and he salivates profusely—hence the foamy mouths that mad dogs *sometimes* have. Such dogs chew on anything: stones, sticks, wire. When caged, they may break their teeth trying to escape. As mentioned already, they don't stop to fight or kill. They bite and move on. One mad dog in Alabama was traced over a twenty-mile path of destruction. Along the way he bit 200 head of stock, seventeen people!

Most people think the disease occurs only during dog days. Actually, "dog days" have nothing to do with dogs. They are named for Sirius, the dog star, which rises with the sun in July and August. Rabies occurs at all seasons, and is far more prevalent in early spring than in the muggy heat of summer.

Anyone can suspect rabies if he notes any marked change in his dog's personality. If a belligerent dog becomes shy and retiring, it may be the first sign of rabies. Similarly, if a quiet dog becomes agitated and noisy, handle him with care.

Encountering a mad dog, everyone reacts the same way. He wants to kill the animal. This is the worst thing that can be done. The advice may be hard to follow, but the dog should be caught and caged for two weeks. If he has rabies, he will die inside seven to ten days. Laboratory study of the brain will show the presence of rabies. If the dog doesn't have the disease, bitten people need have no further worries. If he does, they are fighting for their lives—and will need daily, or even twice-daily shots of Pasteur's vaccine, for a period of fourteen to twenty-one days.

Rabies has been passed, via dogs, to almost all forest and barnyard animals. Wolves with the disease are particularly fearsome. A third of the people bitten by them die, despite vaccine treatments. Cats also get the disease. When they have it they usually hide in dark places but may pounce and sink their teeth into the face of anyone who molests them. Coyotes have been another problem. A number of years ago there was a severe rabies outbreak among coyotes in two California counties. In one case, a coyote jumped the fence into a feed lot and bit twenty-seven steers! In the course of a year in these two counties, the animals attacked and killed 4,300 sheep and lambs. (Continued on page 95)



Eight-second bareback bronc ride begins.



Staying on man-shy mount is easy as riding tornado.



Judges add to score for extra-wild horse.



Bronc stomped up points but was tougher to spur.

Rodeo Hot Seat

What happens when a stick-to-the-seat daredevil climbs aboard a cyclone? It's too fast for the eye to follow—but this amazing camera sequence gives dramatic answer



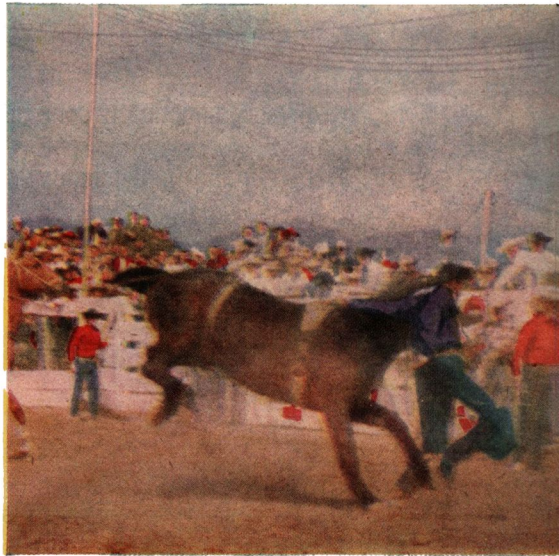
Winning depends on right man-horse combination.



Rider earns his points by spurring bronc.



A second to go. Spooker tries to kick up a spill.

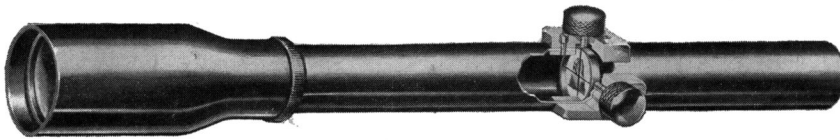


Cowpoke lands on feet, hell ride over.

For bronc-buster Fred Lafley, the wild, breakneck ride above may have paid off in excitement, but not in much else. As a matter of fact, he probably came out in the hole. Fred hails from Burbank, California, and this particular rodeo took place in Tucson, Arizona. For the privilege of competing in this daredevil event Fred had to travel some 500 miles, pay his own daily expenses and fork over an entry fee besides. What did

he hope to gain? If he had come out on top, a good purse and maybe a championship title. But all he got for his eight-second hell ride were some sore muscles and fancy blisters. Incidentally, world's champ rodeo rider Casey Tibbs only split fourth place in this go-around. His prize? A purse of \$38.08, net. To a bronc-buster, rodeo's hot seat obviously is worth more in thrills than in cold cash. ● ● ●

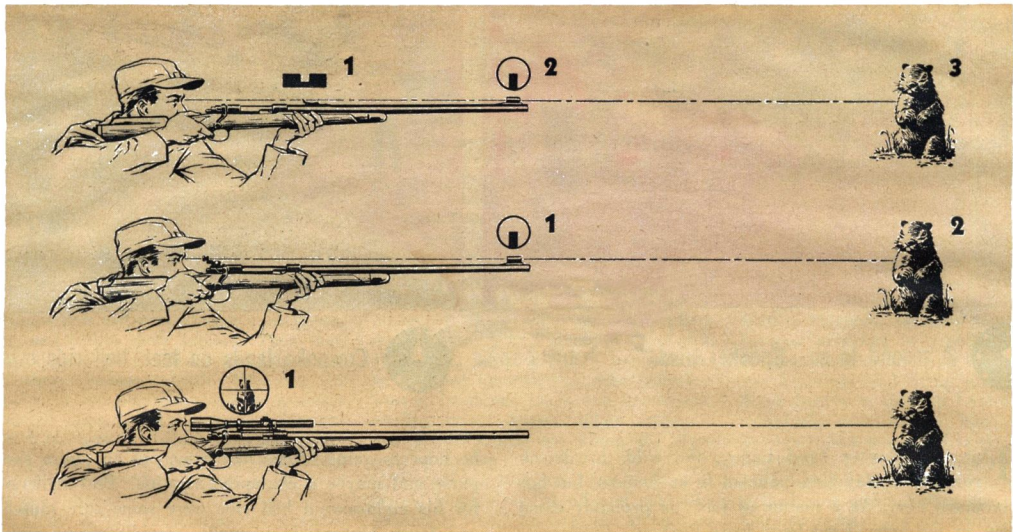
P H O T O G R A P H S B Y H Y P E S K I N



Reticle is placed in scope where a real image is formed.

What You Should Know About Scope Sights

More long-distance shooting is done in the United States than in any other country—yet the average hunter understands very little about the modern telescope rifle sight



Ordinary open sights (top) require eye quickly and continuously to change focus, from rear to front sight, to target. With peep sight (middle) the eye looks through aperture, centers, then focuses between front sight and target. Scope sight (bottom) puts reticle and target image on one plane and simplifies sighting problem to a minimum.

by PETE KULLHOFF

PHOTOS FOR ARGOSY BY ELLIOT CLARKE

The telescope rifle sight was devised as an aid in seeing and aiming at a target.

Twenty or twenty-five years ago, during the early development period of the modern scope, the instruments were so poorly designed that some shooters considered them a hindrance rather than a help for the rifleman. It is true that all were inferior to the very excellent scopes we have today.

Methods of mounting those old hunting-type scopes were impractical. They were set so high above the rifle barrel that it would take an extraordinarily long-necked giraffe to look into one of them and get off a fast, accurately aimed shot.

Since then, we have come a long way. Scopes have been greatly improved in quality and in practicability, and a variety of mounts have been designed that put the scope low on the rifle receiver where it belongs. More telescope sights are in use in the United States than in any other country in the world. Yet, there is in all probability no subject connected with rifles so little understood by the average shooter as the telescope sight.

It seems quite obvious but, just for the record, let me say that a scope sight will not make a poor rifle shot into a good one, nor will it make a poor rifle shot any better. To use a scope to best advantage a shooter must be well grounded in the basic principles of rifle shooting. Training and practice are necessary to become proficient in the business of holding, aiming, trigger control, calling the shot, sight adjustment, wind allowance, and trajectory.

Most of us, at one time or another, have used telescopes in the form of spyglasses, field glasses, or binoculars, which are all optical instruments for making distant objects appear nearer and larger than they do to the naked eye. A scope sight is nothing more than a telescope with reticle or cross hairs placed within the instrument where a real image is formed—either at the point where the image is formed by the front lens (objective) or at the optical focus of the rear lens (eyepiece) where the image is produced by the erector system. Thus, we see the image of the target and field and the reticle all on one plane as though we are looking at a color photograph. This makes it easy for the eye to aim at the target because it has to focus at only one distance.

Ordinary open iron sights give the eye a tough problem to handle. The eye has quickly and continuously to change its focus from the rear sight, to the front sight, to the target, making a completed picture from memory. This task is easier for young, perfect eyes, but for slightly older ones which are losing their elasticity, or for eyes having certain defects, the job is practically impossible to do with any degree of precision. A lot of quick shots at moving game are missed with open sights because in haste the eye considers (Continued on page 58)



Twenty-five-power target scope sight gives large magnification with a very small field of view.



Four-power scope has large field of view so shooter can quickly pick up target that may be in motion.



Six-power scope shows larger target, smaller field. Improperly mounted base puts reticle off center.



MAGNUM PHOTO

Manuel Rodriguez was known to the world as Manolete. In his eight years as a senior matador he earned \$4,000,000.

MANOLETE'S LAST KILL

For Manolete, death was an art, and a graceful kill the height of his desire. He was a man who knew how to live a legend—and die one

by **KENNETH TYNAN**

Manuel Rodriguez "Manolete" had entered his thirty-first year on July 4th. His birthplace was Cordoba, 190 miles down the Guadalquivir from Linares. Since 1939 he had been at the height of his profession; lean, hawk-nosed, and saturnine, he was dubbed "The Monster," and the national idolatry he commanded was greater even than that accorded Belmonte. The gossips said that the incessant strain of having to be always at his best had lately been driving him to the bottle; Camará, his agent and friend, had confessed that he often seemed a somnambulist, so badly was he weakened by late hours and deep drinking.

On July 16th, fighting unpaid in a charity corrida at Madrid, he had been gored by a Bohórquez bull and, although swaying on his feet, completed the faena and kill before consenting to be carried to the infirmary, where the bull's ears were brought to him. His convalescence took three weeks and meant the cancellation of six contracts. On August 4th, still groggy, he reappeared at Vitoria, cutting an ear. He fought again in the same town on the 5th, and traveled during the next ten days to Valdepeñas, San Sebastian, Huesca, and Gijon; in all four places he seemed ominously shaky. On the 16th he returned to San Sebastian on the same program as Luis Miguel, his most serious rival among the younger men, and cut both ears of his first bull. As the cheers died, he was asked by a radio commentator in the callejón to say a few words. He responded laconically: "They ask of me more than I can give. I would say only one thing, and that is that I wish it were October and the season were ended." He failed in the second bull, and the crowd jeered. That evening he dined with his mother, and then departed for Toledo, where he had a spectacular success on the 17th.

A few days later he gave an interview to a journalist in which he said he had decided to retire at the end of the year. "I am out of temper," he said. "The public expects more of me every time I appear. It is impossible."



"LA FIESTA BRAVA"

At twenty-nine, when he faced his last bull, he was the world's highest-paid torero.

MANOLETE'S LAST KILL CONTINUED

Before a hostile audience in Gijon on the 24th he was lamentably bad, and two days later, at Santander, he heard only mild applause. Meanwhile, the posters were already up in Jaen and Cordoba and the villages of the Guadalquivir valley, announcing the cartels for the feria at Linares. Two corridas had been organized, in the first of which, fixed for the 28th, Gitanillo de Triana, Manolete, and Luis Miguel would meet six Miura bulls.

On the evening of Wednesday the 27th, Manolete left Madrid by car, accompanied by Camará, a bullfight journalist named Bellón, and Guillermo, his chauffeur-cum-sword handler. They arrived in Linares soon after dawn next day, having driven all night, and Manolete went straight to his room to rest. At eleven he rose; the hubbub of a town *en fête* welled up from the streets. He breakfasted lightly on fruit, and received handshakes from a few friends. The fight was timed to begin at five-thirty; around four he put on the suit of lights and, after a few minutes of prayer, rose and faced Camará.

"How are the bulls, Pepe?"

"Fine. Not too big, not too little."

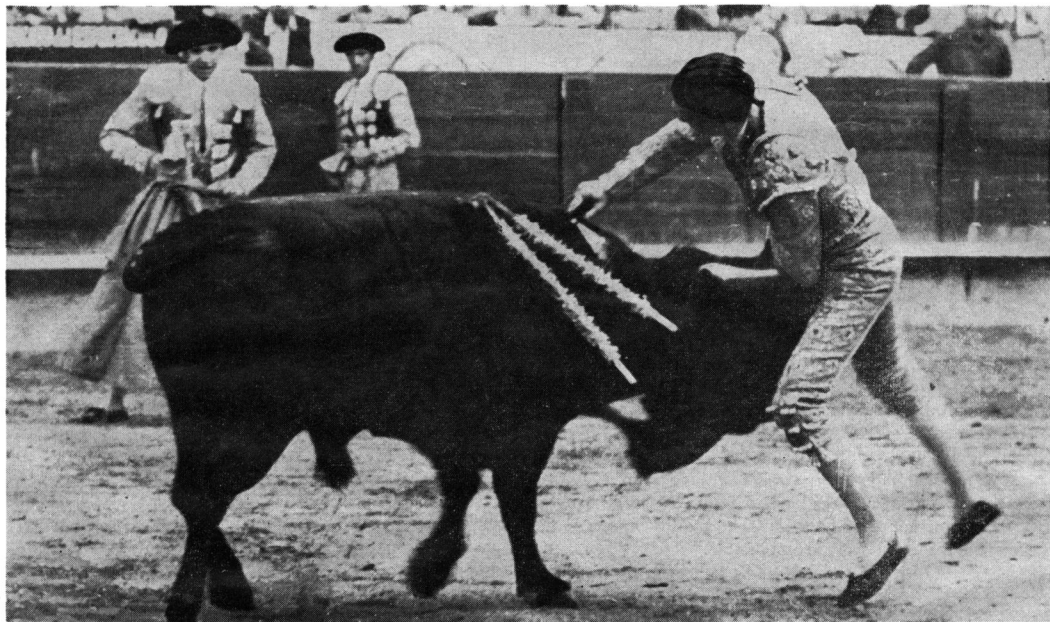
At five-fifteen he was driven to the bull ring, looking as bleak and impassive as always.

The Plaza de Toros at Linares, officially classified as a second-category ring, holds 10,000 spectators. It was full to overflowing. The three matadors were greeted

with an ovation, to acknowledge which Manolete led them out, montera in hand, to the middle of the circle. Gitanillo, a once-brilliant gypsy, two years Manolete's senior and for many years his friend, took the first Miura. It lacked power, but was frank with the capes, and Gitanillo received scattered applause. The second, Manolete's, showed even less caste; he gave it a few *derechazos* in a dangerous terrain and then, seeing that its will was ebbing rapidly, resorted to flashy and meaningless adornos which dismayed the purists in the crowd. He killed with a *pinchazo* and a forward *estocada*—"The bull," says Señor Narbona, "deserved no better"—and the audience gently applauded.

Luis Miguel, eager to outdo the maestro, was lucky in a fine third bull. He put in two pairs of sticks himself and brought off a neat *faena* based on two series of naturals; though he killed less than well, the crowd insisted that an ear be awarded. A slight misunderstanding followed, of a kind all too common in country rings; Luis Miguel's head peon presented him with both ears and the tail. This over-enthusiasm brought noisy protests, and Luis Miguel had to be content with a single trophy. With the fourth bull Gitanillo was uncertain and took no risks. Then came the fifth.

It was small and black, the number branded on its flank was 21, and its name was Islero. It was the 1,004th bull of Manolete's career. During the preliminary rushes



The kill: With perfect form, in grave danger of goring, Manolete comes straight in over the horns to place his sword. "LA FIESTA BRAVA"



"LA FIESTA BRAVA"

A snarling Miura that hooked to right stabbed fifteen inches of horn into Manolete's groin before successful kill.

at the cape it halted menacingly, and disconcerted the banderilleros by a habit of turning suddenly in its own length.

Standing in the callejón, Camará noticed this and nudged Manolete. "Manolo, I don't like him. Keep the cloth low and finish him off quickly."

The trumpet sounded, and Manolete set about coming to terms with the Miura. After a few punishment passes, low down with the right hand, he lifted the muleta for three slow passes en redondo. It was obvious by now that the bull favored its right horn. It was hooking toward the barrera all the time, and some of the crowd were getting restive. Icily proud, he hushed them with a sequence of his own majestic manoletinás. Guillermo, scared by this display of imprudence, hissed from the burladero: "Take it easy, maestro!"

Manolete did not hear. He went in to kill, but not safely, running out to the left of the horns, as most toreros would have done in the circumstances. He lined the bull up in the *suerte contraria*, with its left horn nearer to the barrera, so that (Continued on page 67)

Risky natural pass takes great skill. While bull charges, Manolete stands firmly in path until cape turns beast.

"LA FIESTA BRAVA"



He Tames the White Death Continued from page 21

thing the forecaster wanted to know. How hard was the wind blowing up on top? How long had it been blowing that way? If the recorder showed less than fifteen miles an hour he could stow away his bacon and eggs in leisure. If it showed more he'd eat less contentedly.

Stillman switched on the light over the recorder and read the tracing to the far left. He grunted, "Twenty-three miles." He read the tracings back over the night and frowned. The pen had held steadily, faithfully notching off the hours. The wind had been transporting snow onto the cliffs of Russell Mountain all through the long winter night at the rate of twenty-three miles each hour. Piling it on, piling it up. A dozen power shovels dumping snow on the Cliffs area couldn't have done the job as thoroughly.

It meant just one thing. He was going to have to control an avalanche that day. If luck was with him he could ski it down; if it wasn't, he'd have to use high explosives.

On this minus twenty-four morning then, with winds busily transporting snow over the crest of Russell Mountain, Stillman knew, as well as if he were up on top looking down on it, that snow slab was hanging there like the sword of Damocles. Within a few hours more it could get big enough to scoop down the slope and pile across Highway 40, the artery of travel just beyond the slope. If nothing else, the mass of snow would cost the highway department a round thousand dollars, maybe more, to clean out. More than that, there would be a good chance of its catching one of the giant transports that grind across Berthoud Pass night and day, or a carload of skiers bound for one of the sports areas. Four hours more and he'd be up there alone—to confirm what the instruments predicted.

At approximately the same time Stillman was beginning what he calls "a normal day" at the Berthoud Pass Control Station; the other two stations in the United States undoubtedly were having a day equally normal. These stations are at Alta, Utah, in the Wahsatch mountains where Edward LaChapelle is in charge, and at Stevens Pass, Washington, in the Cascades, where Frank Foto is forecaster. Montgomery Atwater set up and co-ordinates the three.

Atwater is a man dedicated to a cause. He has been ever since a terrible day when his father was caught in an avalanche that came down in the mining camp at Telluride, Colorado, killing nearly a hundred men. From that time, Atwater declared war on the White Death. However, if it hadn't been for the winter-sports virus that began to infect hundreds of thousands in the United States right after World War II, he might never have had his chance.

Up to then nothing had been done about trying to control the furious destroyer. Winter after winter mining

camp of the gold-rush days were wiped out. In the spring when the avalanche gave up the dead, the survivors buried them and doggedly began over again.

But the Empire of the West was building, and fear of the White Death didn't stop a nation's growing pains. Populations grew and industry expanded and the slide hazard became greater than ever. From November to May each year avalanches had a field day. The cost in lives ran into hundreds and the cost in destroyed property into millions. Then the country went ski-mad. Something had to be done.

Because almost all the best skiing in the West is on National forest land or part of it, the Forest Service was told: "This is your baby." Montgomery Atwater was the man they called on to take up the battle. There avalanche-control stations were set up. Of these, only Berthoud Pass is in the high Alpine zone—10,000 to 13,000 feet—where temperatures have been known to fall to zero and below for as many as sixteen weeks in a season. Wind action is very strong.

Stillman's job is no picnic. Most of it is done in the lone-wolf tradition, out in the widely forlorn whiteness of a mountain top where that sixth sense a forecaster develops will tell him better than all the instruments whether there's cause for alarm. Stillman tells of one stint when the hazard at Berthoud was so ticklish he had no time to draw a decent breath for twenty-one straight days.

A forecaster's real worries start with a thirty-five degree slope where matters are apt to become critical at any time. The Russell Cliffs are like that.

To the layman an avalanche is a murderous mountain of snow hell-bent on getting him. To the forecaster it's not that simple. There's the dry or wild-snow avalanche that looks like a cloud of snow dust. If it can't manage to suffocate a victim, it will crush him to death. There's the damp and wet-snow

avalanche, heavier and slower-moving. A smart skier can sometimes outrun one of these, but if it catches up with him, he'll be a lot harder to dig out from beneath his solid icy tomb. And there's the wind-slab or snow-slab avalanche. That's the kind Colorado specializes in—the kind that Stillman was charting now. It often triggers at the least excuse—from a wad of snow trickling gently down on a slope or from the vibrations of trucks on the highway far below.

No snow-loaded slope lets go until something starts it. It has to be "triggered." Stillman once started a slide merely by letting out a medium-sized "hallo."

This morning, though, he was taking no chances. By ten o'clock he was ready to go up. He had checked his rucksack as a doctor checks his bag, to make sure everything was there he might need: all the paraphernalia of both a mountaineer and a scientist; the first-aid kit, clipboard, hardness gauges, density tubes, colored thread, penetrometer. He had waxed his skis, mended the tip of a ski pole, made sure his climbing skins were in good shape, that he had his binoculars.

The weather reports he'd received from both the Bureau in Denver and from Dr. Irving Krick, the cloud-seeder, gave no cause for optimism. Storm moving down from Wyoming. Before he left, Stillman posted the Cliffs at the bottom: *Avalanche Danger: Skiing Beyond This Sign Prohibited*. There would be other signs at the top which he would set out when he got there. Then he stopped at the ski shelter to tell the men of the Ski Patrol where he was going. There was always a chance he might not come back and they would need some idea of where to look for his body. He asked the Patrol, too, to try to round up some volunteers in case he had to bust the slope—volunteers, as the Patrol well understood, who could be counted upon to take orders. Setting off explosions alone is not only forbidden but probably impossible to accomplish, especially on a murderous snow slab.

Finally, bundled light, but warm, he clumped over to the ski lift across the highway and joined the cluster of skiers who had flocked out of the lodge and shelter for the first run of the day. By now the thermometer registered zero.

At the top he climbed from his chair and took a quick look around. Up there it was all the operations recorder had forewarned; the wind was combing the snow furiously. Not too far away a cold front lay like a sullen whale on the sea of mountains that form the Continental Divide. That would be the storm moving in from Wyoming.

He spoke regretfully to the skiers who had not yet fanned out for their favorite runs. "I'm going to have to close the Cliffs for a while." He expected revolt and he got it.

"I stopped over here on my way to



"Tennis, anyone?"

Sun Valley just to ski the Trough," a man said irritably.

That was bad. Winter sports areas in Colorado long to have people stop off to try their runs before going on to Utah or Idaho or California. It sometimes happens they decide to stay.

"I'm sorry," Stillman said genuinely. "I just want to be sure it's safe. This wind—"

"What's a little wind?" the man spluttered. He bent over to adjust his safeties. "I've a good notion to run it anyway."

Stillman could have thrown his weight around. Instead, he laughed. But his quiet voice held a tinge of irony as he said, "We'll be glad to dig you out."

Now the forecaster was alone and on his way to fulfil a mission that must always be dangerous. He stopped briefly to give a professional once-over to the instruments set in strategic spots on the mountain. He decided to take pentrometer readings to determine the strong and weak layers of the snowpack. Through his binoculars he scanned the stakes set out on the slope. Four feet more of snow had piled up on them overnight. That twenty-three-mile wind hadn't wasted a destructive moment.

Stillman sighed and put away the glasses. He stood above the slope, his slight, muscular body leaning against the ceaseless wind. Probably he would have to bust it with explosives.

That would take time. It meant going back down for volunteers. Then they would ride up, go to the powder magazine on Russell and get the blocks of Army Demolition C-3, go back to the edge of the Cliffs to show the men where he intended to place the charge—"out there and down about sixty feet." After that it was up to him.

Out on that blank expanse of white, belayed by a rope held by the volunteers above, a man looks helpless, almost pitifully small. Once he was hauled back and pushed the lever, it would happen swiftly. With a mighty roar the avalanche would break in a great jagged line and begin its slide. A moment after, it would be cascading down the slope like Niagara Falls—a great, foaming cloud that would stop safely just short of the highway.

But all that would take precious time, and maybe the slope was safe after all. True, it didn't look right. Not by a long shot. It looked sulky; it had that sort of dirty gray color slab snow gets when it's fixing to let go. Nothing looked right, including the temperature readings by his dial thermometer. But sometimes all the signs are wrong. And false alarms can ruin a ski resort's business. Stillman decided to take that calculated risk snow rangers can choose every day of their lives. A test run to make sure.

He went out on the slope a little way and cut a dido with his skis, slashing a curve near the top. There is always a certain trigger point where a slide will break if it's going to. Sometimes skiing a slope will touch it off. But you never know for sure.

Stillman went on cautiously. The snow sounded like a bass drum under his skis and he didn't like the sound. Things didn't look right; they didn't feel right. Nothing happened. He kept on skiing. Suddenly came a certain feeling, that sixth sense took over, the feeling the ranger calls "about like flying by the seat of your pants." Stillman spotted a tree, made for it and grabbed it. And waited. Everything was still.

Then it happened. That bass-voiced crack, ominous as the voice of doom.

Stillman looped his arm over a stout branch and clung to the tree as the slithering White Death began sneaking down the slope at sixty miles an hour.

Stillman looked down. His ski-shod boots were dangling six feet in air. The slab had fractured smack under him and a great cavity yawned where, minutes ago, the snow had bonged like a bass drum under his feet.

After the last drift had passed, Stillman dropped to the slope that was now safe. He fished for a cigarette. This one had been closer than many, and even if he was more or less used to it, the sound and the sight of an avalanche was still awesome. Lighting the cigarette, he thought of another time when a slide had let go and things hadn't come out so well. He and a snow ranger were out testing a slope. As usual, they started

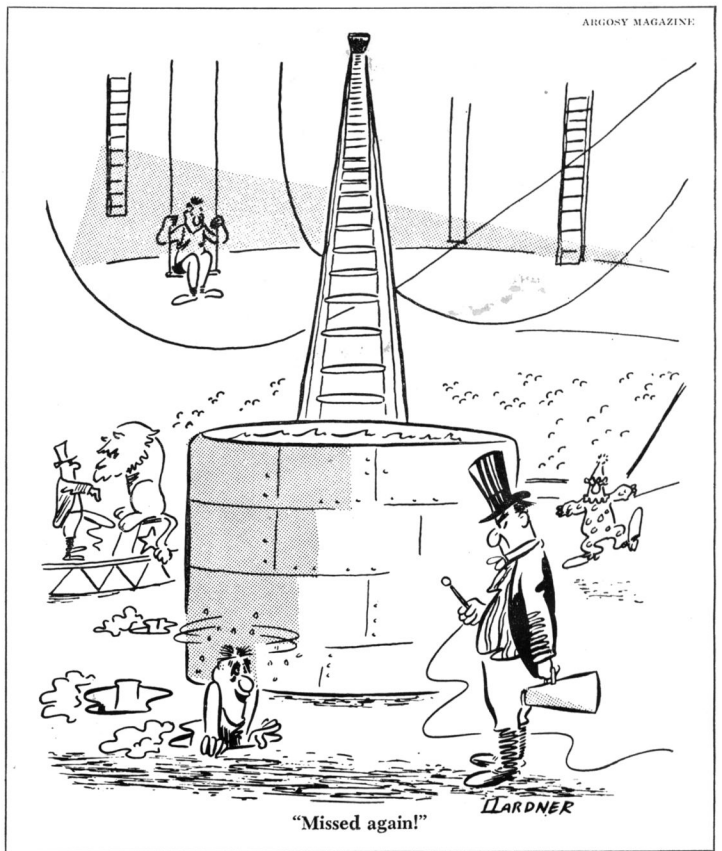
at the top and began cutting a dido. They got across safely and the ranger started back. Stillman went out a little way and then got that inner warning. He yelled to his partner and jumped back to safety. It was too late for the ranger. The slide ran and swept him with it. He would have been all right, for an experienced man learns to "swim" an avalanche, but a jagged tree caught him and ripped him from knee to hip. Stillman could still remember what the man looked like when he got there.

He finished his cigarette and skied down the slope. He was worried about what might have happened down below. The avalanche might not have spent its fury in time. Someone could have been out on the slope in spite of the warnings.

Everything was all right on the highway and the gentleman en route to Idaho was in the cocktail lounge of the Lodge when Stillman found him. His snow tan looked a bit faded in spite of the empty shot glass in front of him.

"I saw that," he said, pointing out the window to the great fracture near the top of the Cliffs. "My God!"

Stillman grinned, wondering if he had seen him hanging in mid-air. "Try the Trough before you go," he said. "It's one of the best." ● ● ●



Cats That Hunt Men *Continued from page 23*

then flattened in the brush. It was without motion now, except for the heaving of the furred flanks. It watched the boy with gooseberry-colored eyes.

It was a puma—a mountain lion or cougar.

Jimmy Fehlhaber was not carrying a rifle. Had he been armed the outcome would most likely have been the same. He was still not aware of the big cat as it hurried across a clearing and crouched at the base of a large pine.

One tremendous bound carried the puma twenty-nine feet through the air. It landed on Jimmy's shoulders, smashed him to the snow and then dug in with fang and claw.

But the boy did not give in to death quickly and easily. With the courage of desperation, he fought the big killer-cat for several minutes. His hat and mittens came off in the battle. He managed to get his pocketknife out and opened. But he was very seriously wounded. Part of his scalp and a piece of bone from his skull were later found at this spot.

Somehow, Jimmy found the strength to fight his way back to his feet. He tried to run, stumbled and staggered more than forty feet, most of the time dragging the full weight of the puma as it sank its fangs into his neck, then ripped and tore at his legs and sides with all four feet. The teeth of the lion, broke the arteries. Blood spurted out to drench the snow. This was the death blow.

Still the boy found the incredible strength to go on another dozen steps and climb into the lower branches of a tree. This was a hopeless attempt, for the

puma is an agile and capable climber.

Most likely, Jimmy was already dead when the lion pulled him down. There was no further sign of struggling. The puma dragged the boy to a dense growth of brush a hundred yards away. There, in seclusion, it fed on the body.

This may seem a normal enough thing for a mountain lion who has just killed a human to do. But the cases where it has happened, throughout the entire reach of American Natural History, may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The government hunters who followed the tracks of the big cat up the mountainside that day in 1924 knew this. They also knew something that made their hunting a matter not of revenge but of urgent necessity. Once a lion successfully attacks a human being he is likely to hunt man again.

The trail of the killer led up the mountain to an overhanging cliff that gave both protection from the icy wind and a view of the death site. The puma had waited several hours here and would have returned to feed again if the boy's body had remained undisturbed. Because of the activity below, it had gone on into the mountains and its trail faded out on the hardened crust.

Citizens throughout the entire state, shocked into action, donated large sums as rewards for the killer-cat. The bloated bounties were paid on a dozen big cats brought in. Although it is safe to assume that the real killer met his end shortly after Jimmy's death, to this day there is some dispute about which was the guilty lion.

The most likely suspect seemed to be a three-year-old cat that a local

rancher found in his coyote trap on January 20th. The stomach of this puma contained a small undigested mass, which proved to be human hair and cloth from blue jeans. The Biological Survey laboratories backed up the opinion that this was the guilty cat.

But a great many were unconvinced, among them the government hunters who had been working constantly since Jimmy's death and who kept on working after the trapped cat had been brought in and publicized. These men pointed out that killer-cats were invariably aged pumas with teeth too worn for deer hunting. A claw had been found at the murder scene and the big cat's tracks had been tinted with red. No claw was missing from the trapped lion. Doubt was expressed that hair and cloth could hold out against a puma's digestive juices for five weeks.

Another likely suspect and one that satisfied the professional hunters was killed near Winthrop a little later. A blacksmith, George Vanderpool, heard children screaming. With the Fehlhaber boy's death fresh in his mind, he grabbed a rifle and ran over just in time to see a puma bounding toward three schoolchildren who stood frozen with fear.

Vanderpool's aim was good. This cat was a starved female, so old that her teeth were mere stubs. This is what men who hunt a killer-cat expect to find. When the Winthrop lion proved to have a claw missing, identical to the one found at the death scene, even the skeptical government hunters believed that Jimmy Fehlhaber's killer no longer prowled the Okanogan Mountains.

On an average of about once a year, someone in this country is reported to have been attacked by a puma. Most such attacks are the result of a frightened person's imagination, not the puma's aggressiveness. And of the cases that are authentic, only a small percentage could be called unprovoked. The great majority of the actual attacks do not result in serious injury, and anyone who examines vital statistics will see just how extreme a rarity a real killer-cat is. Jimmy Fehlhaber's death is the only recorded case in this century where a puma has fed on human flesh.

A puma attack is like a puma scream. Both are so infrequent that many men have insisted they simply do not exist.

The American lion is usually a timid cat. Fear of man rules its life. So respectful of humanity have pumas been that naturalists have often insisted that all killer-cats were products of human imagination. But Jimmy Fehlhaber's death was startling and convincing.

The puma is the best-known of American big cats and its range is the largest, extending from Patagonia in South America to the Peace River and Cassier districts in northern Canada. It prefers the mountains, but it is also found, even



today, in the tropic marshes of the Everglades. It is usually a single color, with variations. Red and brown are the most common, but gray, black, slate-blue and even albino cats have been killed.

The biggest puma on record was killed near Hillside, Arizona, in March of 1917 by J. R. Patterson, a government hunter. It weighed 276 pounds after the intestines had been removed. The next heaviest on record is Teddy Roosevelt's 227-pound cat. But these are freak weights. The weight of a full-grown male probably averages 125 pounds.

These cats are usually extremely wary, fearful and puzzled in their contacts with man. But there have been bold exceptions. One puma swam an inlet to set up its own hunting preserve in the deer paddock of the zoo at Stanley Park, Vancouver. The deer population of the park was steadily dropping until a pack of lion-hunting dogs was brought in.

Another bold Vancouver puma made the headlines about forty years ago. But there was far less humor in the story. Perhaps what made the headlines was the courage of two young children.

Doreen Ashburnham was eleven. Anthony Farrer was eight. They lived on neighboring farms near the little town of Cowichan Lake. One September morning they set out to bridle and bring in their ponies from a meadow pasture.

Grass and ferns had been touched by early frosts and had taken on a red-brown color. Not twenty feet from the children's path, a puma lay in cover, its tawny shape invisible in the browned grasses. Its every move was light, silent and cautious. It drifted like a tendril of fog toward the children, then crouched with its head between its extended forepaws, the end of its tail waving.

Then it burst suddenly from the cover and leaped on the eleven-year-old girl from behind. Doreen went sprawling to the ground and lay there, face down, held beneath the puma's claws as it prepared to feed.

The eight-year-old boy turned and saw. Every nerve and muscle of his body must have writhed with fear; every instinct must have told him to escape. What he did instead I seriously doubt that very many grown men would do. He yelled at Doreen to lie still. Then he leaped on the puma's back, wrapping his arms around its neck, and finally wrestled it away from the fallen girl. She staggered to her feet.

The big cat finally threw Anthony from its back, then struck hard at the boy's head. Claws ripped through his cheek and flipped him back to the ground. Instantly the puma pounced on him to finish him off. Even then, Anthony kept shouting to Doreen to run, to get away while she could.

But the girl had no intention of leaving him. Just as the cat's fangs were closing in on the boy's head, she attacked, whipping it across the face with her bridle. When the cat turned on her she summoned up every bit of her courage and shoved her bare fist into its mouth,

attempting to choke it, while she continued to smash at it with her bridle.

It was at this moment that the lion decided there had to be easier prey somewhere than these two plucky kids. As suddenly as it had come, it turned and disappeared in the cover.

Both of the children were badly cut and bleeding, but they recovered.

The story roused a great deal of interest when it broke in the city newspapers. The government officials in the Department of the Secretary of State of Canada made inspiring speeches when they awarded the two children the Albert Medal of the Second Class for unusual acts of bravery. The men of Cowichan Lake said little, acted quickly. Within

Assignment:

Algeria

DON'T miss correspondent Robert Bridgeport's hard-hitting story of the murderous, undeclared war raging between Moslems and Frenchmen, in a strife-torn, hungry land that has always lived in the shadow of fear—embattled French North Africa. . . . You'll find this report

IN THE FEBRUARY ARGOSY
ON SALE JANUARY 19

a few hours the hounds of a neighbor, Charles March, had run that trail to its end and the puma cat was a trophy.

Strangely enough, in certain South American countries the puma is called by a name that means "the friend of man." Legend has it that the puma follows lone travelers through the jungle to protect them against attacks by jaguars.

There is a basis for this belief. Although killings by puma occur occasionally in the southern half of the New World, just as they do here, they are far less common than attacks by the jaguar. When the district between Montevideo and Santa Fe was first settled, about 2,000 persons were being killed annually by the jaguars. And the puma is the jaguar's bitter enemy. This tawny cat consistently goes out of his way to hunt down and harass his larger spotted cousin. A number of battles between them have been observed and in every recorded instance the puma was the victor. When the puma's hatred for the jaguar is coupled with his habit of following men for long distances out of curiosity, the old Indian belief that he is man's friend and guardian becomes understandable.

It is one of nature's deepest mysteries

that the puma is a jaguar hunter. For the jaguar is by far the heavier and stronger of the two. A full-grown male in the jungles of Brazil will weigh around 250 pounds, and 300-pound cats are not unheard of.

The big spotted cat is a rarity in the United States. Arizona, New Mexico and Texas have reported occasional jaguars. One den was found in California. . . .

The ruins of what was once the Convent of San Francisco can still be seen today. They lie on the banks of the Rio Grande near a place called Pena Blanca, about eighteen miles from Santa Fe. Not too much more than a century ago, the convent was a place of many people and much activity, with several buildings and a large garden, a community within itself.

In the spring of 1825 the river flooded its banks and completely covered the densely-wooded offshore islands, forcing the wildlife to seek higher ground.

On April 10th, a lay brother duifully made his confession and went through his prayers. Then he started into the sacristy and suddenly froze in terror. On the floor a few feet away a giant jaguar lay crouched to spring.

The man had no time to reason that the great cat had jumped the garden wall and that a door to the sacristy had accidentally been left open. The big cat was on him instantly, ripping and tearing at him as it smashed him to the floor, then dragging him to a corner and finishing him off.

The guardian of the convent was nearby and heard the screams. He dashed into the sacristy. Almost before he could realize what had happened, the jaguar was upon him. His shrieks of pain ended as suddenly as had the first man's cries.

A group of people were at the door now, still more puzzled and curious than afraid. They pushed inside, jamming tightly against each other in the narrow passageway. The big cat picked his third victim and killed him quickly.

Other convent people had started in through an adjoining back room. The jaguar bounded back to face this new danger from the rear. One man couldn't quite get back through the door in time. The others, now running for the church, heard his cries of "Save me!," heard them drowned out by the savage roars of the cat. They hid in the church. The jaguar slipped back to wait in the sacristy.

After some time, one of the men found the courage to slip over and bolt the doors, locking the cat in. Fearfully, the crowd approached. Finally, someone thought of boring a hole through the door.

A rifle was slipped through this hole and the shooting started. Even after the jaguar lay still, a great deal of ammunition was blasted into his body before anyone dared unbolt the door. Four men and a great yellow-and-black cat lay in blood that filled the sacristy.

Massacres as vicious as this one have always been unusual. But jaguar and

puma attacks were an expected hazard of frontier life in the early days of this country. Regional histories from nearly all sections of the big cats' range mention these attacks. The tombstone of Philip Tanner in Lewisville, Pennsylvania, has engraved upon it a crude likeness of the cat that killed him.

In any listing of dangerous American cats, one other creature cannot be entirely overlooked—the Canada lynx. Most Northwoodsmen insist that this larger, tuft-eared brother of the bobcat will hunt man if desperate from starvation. Most naturalists will dispute this and insist that an authentic case of a lynx attack has yet to be recorded.

After a talk with Perry Ransom of Traverse City, Michigan, I'm inclined to agree with the Northwoodsmen. Perry was ice-fishing with three companions last winter on a lake near the Algoma Central Railroad, north of Sault Ste. Marie, Canada. The fishing was good that day. When noon came, and with it the

hunger that only outdoorsmen can know, the four were reluctant to leave the lake. It was finally decided that Perry should return to the cabin and get the lunch.

The deep midwinter snows had completely blanketed the earth and the wild was unusually quiet. The snowshoe-hare cycle was in its low ebb, deer were scarce, tracks had thinned out in the forest. Movement was possible only along the railroad right-of-way, and Perry started back on his snowshoes, still carrying his ice-spud.

Suddenly there was a faint noise. Perry snapped his head up. From high on a rocky ledge above him, something was dropping down upon him. He shouted in his surprise, and instinctively swung hard with the ice-spud.

Luckily, the spud was sharp and heavy and his swing well aimed. A Canada lynx, fifty-five inches long, lay dead in the snow. It weighed only twenty pounds, a mere fraction of its proper weight. Starvation had reduced it to a skin-and-

bones ghost of its former self, and hunger had driven fear from its mind.

When this continent was largely an unbroken stretch of wilderness, the big cats hunted man whenever their food supply dwindled. In certain untouched areas, this condition still prevails. Until very recent years, the pumas of the Lake Viedma region of Argentina seemed to have no fear of man. The jaguars in many parts of the Amazon Basin are persistent man killers.

But throughout the greatest part of the range of the big cats, the advent of smokeless powder and flat-trajectory rifles has instilled a deep, biting fear of man that rules their lives. The man-hunting cat of today is an exception, and a rare one.

It must be remembered that the individual variation among wild animals is as great as among human beings. A killer cat of any species is as rare, as dangerous and as unfathomable as an insane murderer among men. ● ● ●

Slavery Does Exist—Today! Continued from page 17

more hooting, clanking, boiling, colliding cars than there had once been goats.

Meanwhile, the American firms spent close to \$700,000,000 in building air-conditioned communities, hospitals, technical schools for the Arabs, lent them money to start bakeries, ice plants, garages and much needed laundries. But one thing the Americans never did: encourage the Arab moguls to install bigger and better harems. When the old King Saud died recently he had one with 300 beauties in it.

If a cartoonist's brain runs dry he can always think up a harem joke. But the real thing is far from being a laugh. Harems are brutal prisons stocked with the innocent victims of organized slavers, raiders and kidnapers in the employ of Allah's sex- and money-crazed sons.

But the jam-packed harems of Arabia are only a part of the new evil—the comeback of slavery. As in the days of old, men, women, young girls and children are again being sold like cattle in slave markets all over Arabia. They stay locked up in some palace or drag their chains in a coffee plantation until illness or age makes them useless. Then they are dumped in the desert and left to die a slow, gruesome death. You can see them by the thousands outside Arabia's walled cities, naked skeletons, eyes pussy with trachoma, delirious from the shadeless heat, sifting the sand with their fingers for something to eat—a beetle or a dead mouse.

Those in the know—such as missionaries or United Nations officials—put the number of chained, locked-up slaves in today's Saudi Arabia at 1,000,000, quite a percentage in a country of 7,000,000 population. In their complexions the slaves range from milk-white to ebony-black.

Should you suspect all this is just somebody's idea of a blood-curdler, there's plenty of proof to disenchant you.

There are the reports of skippers of British cannon boats in the steamy Red Sea, gunning for slavers who run 10,000 fresh human chattels into the Arabian "oildorado" each month. Furthermore, from its glass tower in Manhattan, the Human Rights Committee of the United Nations has put the finger on a bull-necked German, Karl Dieterle, the mysterious boss of the powerful organization behind the flesh traffic.

There is also the story a fugitive slave panted out before Christian missionaries, a story of slave auctions, of slaves flogged to death and harem girls beheaded, at the whim of their masters.

In case you still have doubts maybe this will convince you: When news of the traffic first leaked out in mid-1954, a French Calvinist minister, Emmanuel La Gravière, felt that this was a matter concerning all good Christians. Being also a French Assembly man he summoned his government to do something. When the wine-happy French officials went on dozing at their office desks, the fiery minister hopped a plane in February, 1955, to West Africa. For four months he charged up and down the waterless wastes, by desert truck and camelback, trailing the murderous raiders, recruiters and peddlers who are filling the slave pens of Arabia.

"Everything that has been said about people being dragged off and sold like animals is true," La Gravière announced on his return to Paris last June.

Right now the fighting minister is busy wrapping up his findings for submission to the highest authorities. Before long, La Gravière's report is bound to hit the committee desks in Manhattan's glass tower, as one of the century's biggest shockers.

One of the chief things La Gravière learned on his African jaunt was that up

to 1951 the slave traffic had been a mere trickle. Then suddenly it shot up as a wholesale, organized racket closely tied up with gun-running. Today the slavers have at their disposal gangs of raiders, desert hideouts, a fleet of trucks, ships, connections with Arabian slave brokers, bank accounts, and secret arms stocks. As the kingpin of the organization, covering territory far larger than the United States, emerged the beefy German, Karl Dieterle.

Quite a mystery figure, Karl. In World War II, he was a captain or major in General Rommel's *Afrika Korps*. When the Nazi front in Africa collapsed, Dieterle was captured and tossed in a desert POW camp. But not for long. Powerful Arabs engineered his escape. Dieterle popped up in Cairo, Egypt. His first visit was to The Long Bar in the world-famed Sheppard's Hotel where the snotty barman, Joe Sciallon, received him with the bowings and scrapings he usually reserves for royalty—or top spies.

Dieterle, it turned out, was palsy-walsy with important Arabs from the Persian Gulf to Morocco. Once the war was over he took to riding in a bullet-proof car. He rented offices in one of Cairo's swankiest buildings and hung out a shingle: KARL DIETERLE, COTTON EXPORTS.

Nobody ever caught him exporting enough cotton to make a shirt. But Karl displayed a truly magic touch in finding buried under the desert sands vast arsenals of guns, ammo, half-tracks, air-cooled German trucks, and all remnants of the late General Rommel's arsenal. Thanks to Dieterle's connections and business genius, the instruments of war suddenly turned up in the hands of riotous Moslems all over North Africa, wild to blast out the Christian infidels.

But soon—around 1950—the rebel chieftains found the cost of Dieterle's hardware an unbearable drain. They were lamenting their lack of funds as

much as their Saudi cousins were rejoicing under the weight of their oil-born wealth. It wasn't guns they wanted, but women for the harems. Thousands of women of all sorts, as long as they were streamlined as Cadillacs and hot as the desert sun.

The Saudis needed men, too. Tens of thousands of strong young men to build them marble castles, dig dream gardens out of mountains, drill deep into the desert for water to feed their musical fountains, and toil on their coffee and sugar plantations. The Saudis were clamoring for slaves of both sexes, whole armies of them, which Arabia's sold-out flesh marts were unable to supply.

Dieterle's genius found the ideal solution. He told his enthusiastic Saudi friends he could get them all the slaves they wanted, at the same time sternly informing his North African rebel friends to go on the head hunt if they wanted to get any more shooting irons. The rebels went on the hunt, with Dieterle's technical assistance.

What a territory they had to pick from! On the map of Africa's northern half is the large blank space of the Sahara desert, a sun-blasted wasteland larger than the United States. It's sprinkled with a few oases, where water gurgles out of the ground, enough to support a handful of people living in whitewashed mud huts and tending small groves of date palms. Around the hilly edges of the desert emptiness you find the native villages that attract the slave hunters.

In the north and west, from southern Algeria and Morocco down to where the Atlantic surf beats against Spanish Rio de Oro, live the pale-skinned, frizzy-haired, often blue-eyed Berbers, a proud, fierce race whose women are long-legged and delicate.

Along the southwestern and southern edge of the desert are Negroes who till the humid, tropical valleys, large, powerful and resourceful people—too resourceful, as the slavers were to find out.

To the east, around salty Lake Chad, dwell another mysterious breed, slim, small-handed, blue-eyed Africans, whose women make desirable harem fodder.

The native settlements north, west and south, have been living in dread ever since Herr Dieterle's Arab recruiters started their operations. Coming out of the desert riding fleet camels, they surround a village in the dead of night, set the thatch-roofed huts ablaze with tracer bullets, and hack to death or shoot the too old or too young. By the time dawn breaks they are well into the desert again, driving before them with curses and whiplashes the able-bodied men, women and adolescents of the village.

Catholic missionaries, who from time to time visit these mainly Mohammedan regions, were the first to come across gutted villages and human skeletons picked clean by vultures. The priests only began to suspect the truth when an older man who had miraculously escaped death in a South Moroccan village told them that not all the raiders were North

Africans. Some, he said, had worn the flowing robes and spoken the harshly guttural language of Bedouins from far-off Arabia.

"They brought hip irons and chains with them and shackled all those they took away," the old man said.

A lone white hunter from around Tindouf, last French outpost in southwest Algeria, came back with a story that made listeners wonder if he hadn't had too much sun.

"They're man hunters, I'm telling you," he held forth in a Tindouf wineshop. "They have their camps in the Iguidi sand dunes. They have stockades with watch towers to put the prisoners in.

When they have rounded up five hundred of them they chain them together by their hips and wrists. Then they start out with them into the desert, naked and barefoot, taking them heaven knows where."

A French newsman, Jacques Alain, an old desert rat wise in the ways of the Arabs, once joined a slave caravan. He saw shambling, faltering skeletons flogged along by brutal guards jogging along on their camels. Overhead the screeching vultures keep circling, as the columns trudge on, their chains clanking. Temperatures rise to as much as 125 and at night often drop to below freezing. The marchers' feet blister and bleed. They get barely enough corn mash and water to stay alive. It is the French newsman's conservative guess that only one fourth of the prisoners survive those death marches.

They last three months, sometimes longer, till one day, like a mirage, snow-capped, massive heights rise up in the hot, quivering air: the Tibesti mountains, a jackal-infested wilderness in the very heart of the Sahara. Almost every day a slave safari from some part of Africa arrives at Tibesti, wearily winding its way among the foothills.

Disguised as an Arab, the French reporter Jacques Alain is the only Westerner to have penetrated the mystery of the Tibesti mountains. For weeks he watched the slave caravans come in, and heavy-armed bands streak into the desert on light, fleet racer camels to ambush and murder any French military patrol happening along. Herr Dieterle's orders are to take no chances. For in the Tibesti mountains he has put up a vast fortified trading center, lorded over by a white-robed, black-bearded Saudi.

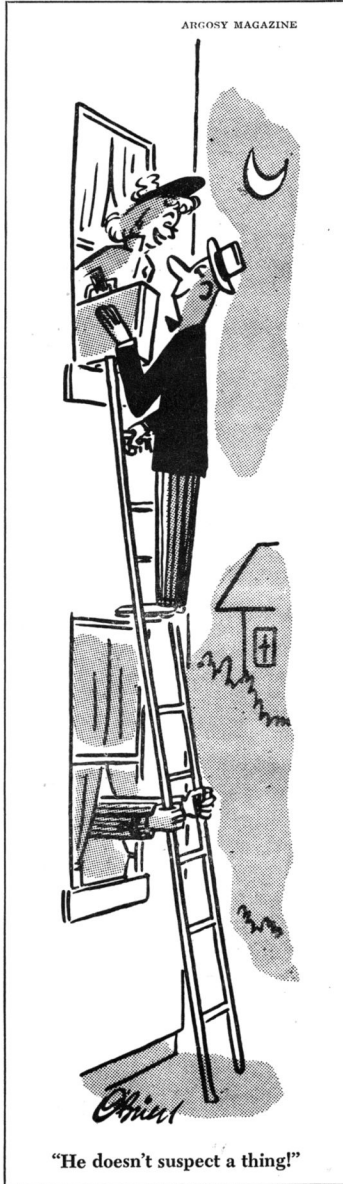
Here Jacques Alain watched the slaves being divided up according to sex, age, looks and muscular build. Payment is in weapons. One rifle buys a girl between thirteen, and eighteen, or two girls between nineteen and twenty three. Women above that age, no longer salable to harem owners, go three for a rifle. A man used to hard work is worth a box of ammunition. A half-starved child can be had for a knife.

The wretched human goods are shown off in the raw. Herr Dieterle's buyers want to be sure they aren't buying anybody feeble or damaged beyond repair.

Once or twice a week long truck convoys come churning up the mountain tracks in huge balloons of dust. The French newsman thought he had seen this make of truck before, in 1942, during the war. They were German.

And so are the drivers, their blond hair burnt to straw, their faces dark and cracked like old shoe leather. Like the trucks and their boss, Dieterle, they are remnants of General Rommel's beaten army.

The trucks haul guns and bullets to Tibesti. On the return trip they carry slaves with their Arab guards. Rolling east night and day, the German drivers soon cut from the French Sahara into the



Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, another waterless barren. British-led patrols on camelback police the area, but somehow the German slave drivers always know the schedules and dodge them. The 2,000-mile truck jaunt comes to an end in some god-forsaken cove on the Red Sea.

After nightfall a ship will loom up in the mist, signal, and a truck will flash its headlights in a coded answer. Earlier that day, British officials in steamy Port Sudan or Massawa will have checked the vessel's papers and cargo, and found everything in order. A short detour, a stop along the flat shore—it's a cinch to dump the slaves aboard. Some 150 miles across the darkness is the equally flat, dreary coast of Arabia. But the long voyage of despair is far from over. There are certain risks involved in sailing the Biblical red-tinged sea, risks to both slaves and slavers.

One of the two British cannon boats patrolling the narrow waters may easily shoot up out of the dark, flash a stop signal and send a search party aboard. But so far the conscientious British have yet to find a single shivering slave among the loads of hides and gumwood. But nearly every month the searchlights of a cannon boat focus on a blood-chilling sight—club-swinging brutes pushing clumps of squirming bodies overboard. The heavy chains drag the slaves down fast to the murky bottom, in most parts 7,000 feet below. By the time the gunboat has come up alongside all is peaceful again aboard the Arab trader.

Lieutenant Commander George Percival Kaye, the highest ranking Royal Naval officer in the area, is doing an excellent job of getting the goods on the slavers. He has ferreted out their offices in Cairo, Mecca and Port Sudan; their bank accounts in Kano, Jidda and Khartoum. His reports have nailed Karl

Dieterle, and thanks to them the United Nations now knows all about the phony cotton exporter. But the two cannon boats under the command of the alert British officer are not enough to blockade 600 miles of shoreline.

Slave ships that get through safely first dump their human bootleg freight on an out-of-the-way beach in the southernmost part of Arabia, then head for a legitimate port. But the slaves march for another month, through the red sands of the Asudi desert. Those to be used as beasts of burden are sent directly to the slave markets. Half-grown girls and well-shaped young women are handed over to a thin-lipped, cadaverous-looking Armenian woman who is known to the Jidda business world as an importer of French perfumes. Her real job smells less good. Under Dieterle's orders she operates the world's only school for slave girls. Hauled in by truck at the dead of night, the future joys of the oil moguls are locked up in narrow cells. Aside from the art of love, the pupils are instructed in mastering the virtues of silence and obedience. They will need both. The method of teaching never varies. Each girl is bullwhipped several times a day. She graduates once she can take the thrashings without a whimper of pain. This usually takes a month. The biggest slave market for harem women is right in Jidda, though there are slave markets in all Arabian cities, the American oil centers excepted.

The largest markets—one outdoors, and three in large, stench-filled halls—are fifty miles south of Jidda, in Mecca, Islam's Holy City, barred to Christian infidels on pain of death. But some Moslems, or brave, disguised non-Moslems, have come from Mecca to tell us about it. It's a city of grandiose shrines, sprawling junk bazaars, narrow streets oozing sewage and carpeted with dead rats, where you keep stumbling

over cripples ballyhooing their sores and deformities, the only place where everything is for sale publicly—Allah's grace, child virgins, and even the shadow cast by a wall for a beggar to squat in. Slave trading is brisk in the Al Suweika market, a stone's throw from the Mosque, the most sacred of the Islamic churches.

Mohammed the Prophet was not in favor of enslaving fellow men. According to Islam's holy writ, the Koran, he said, "It is righteous to set slaves free," and he damned those who "force slave girls to whoredom." As he had few illusions about his wily countrymen, he ordered them to set a slave free as a penalty for murder or for remarrying one's divorced wife.

Today's neon-lit, motorized Arabs interpret the Prophet's words like this: It's fine to have slaves as long as you let one of the wretches loose. It has become a recent fad to combine slave-freecing with the pilgrimage to Mecca.

After prayers at the Mosque, the pilgrim hustles to a slave market. After much screaming and gaggling, he buys some half-demented, toothless disease carrier. Back at the Mosque the devout one tells his purchase gravely: "I'm freeing you. Allah be praised. Go wherever you want to."

The ex-slave hasn't shambled farther than the nearest corner when the lurking flesh peddler yanks him back to the shop to sell him to the next sinner who comes along.

Medina, Arabia's other holy city, is the slave shopping center for the king's household, for his brothers and sons, several hundred uncles and nephews, and chieftains the king splits his oil royalties with—in fear of assassination.

Not all of sweet Arab's serfs are dragged from their native villages by Karl Dieterle's raiders. Many are brought in each year as personal servants by rich Moslems pilgrimaging to Mecca.

"Human travelers' checks," crusading minister La Gravière tagged them. On arrival in Arabia, the servants are put on the block as slaves to pay for their masters' devout safaris. Though this has been going on for years, it took a lucky break to bring the facts into the open.

In July, 1954, rumors about an escaped slave were heard around Dakar, tropical capital of French West Africa. A Catholic weekly, *L' Afrique Nouvelle*, traced the buzz to the district seat of Bamaco. A local stringer for the paper, the Catholic missionary David Traore, spent several weeks searching in vain for the nameless, probably non-existent ex-slave. Then one night an old woman grabbed him by the sleeve.

"People are afraid to tell you where you can find the slave," she whispered. "He's hiding in the last house down the road."

Father Traore hurried there. The ex-slave was a gangling black boy not much over twenty, a Moslem like almost everybody around there. His name was Awad El Jud. Awad said he would be glad to tell the padre his story.



Work had started for him when he was only nine.

"I'll keep your wages for you," his employer, Ali Ag Attaher, told him. "You're too young to be given money."

One doesn't argue with Ali Ag Attaher: He is powerful and rich, leader of his tribe, chief of the county, and Officer of the French Legion of Honor. For seven years Awad drudged away just for his keep. Then the master told him a big trip was in the offing, a pilgrimage to Mecca. Awad's coming along would be a good way of using up the accumulated wages.

Ali Ag Attaher hired Awad's friend, Banassa, to come along as a servant, too. He hired a young married couple with a baby, and a beautiful sixteen-year-old girl, Nama, as his wife's maid.

We traveled east by camel, truck, train and ship," Awad told Father Traore. "As my master stopped to visit friends en route, it was a year before we kissed the holy Black Stone in Mecca."

After a few days in the Holy City the boss sent Awad to work at the palace of Prince Abdallah Feisal, in Jidda. "I'll keep your wages to pay for your return trip," Ali Ag Attaher informed him.

When Awad arrived at Prince Feisal's—he is the son of the governor of Jidda—he realized there would be no wages. He was put in the slave quarters. To be broken in he was whipped daily for weeks. He had been sold into slavery.

First Awad worked as a stable hand, then as a car polisher, rubbing away all day at the prince's thirty-seven Cadillacs and dozen assorted sports cars. Only when the prince went to the Paris horse races or Riviera play resorts was there a let-up in the work.

Toward his slaves, the prince was a cruel Oriental master. Once he didn't like the way a gardener had banked a flower bed. Grabbing a *koorbash*, a cowhide whip heavy as lead, the Prince Charming of the gay Riviera set flogged the wretch to death.

No one ever escaped or even tried to, but two slaves who looked as though they might be dreaming about a break were flogged to a pulp.

Awad had been four years at Prince Feisal's when the overseer sent for him. "You're too scrawny," he was told. "You're no good. The prince is selling you."

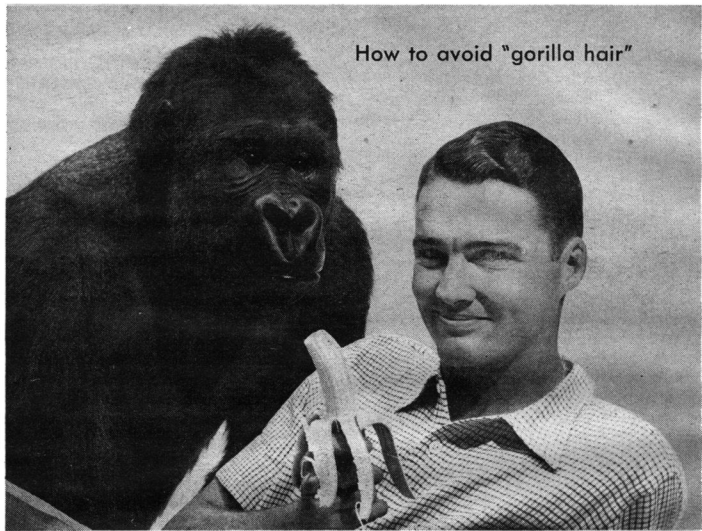
The overseer took Awad to one of Jidda's slave markets. It was a large, murky hall with slaves of all shapes and ages and skin hues, including a half-dozen white girls and two white men.

The sellers pushed and screamed and whirled around like dervishes to plug their sales. They would slap a buttock to demonstrate its sturdiness, and in similar ways point up good features of the female form.

"It was just like a camel fair," Awad told the priest.

"How much do they charge for the slaves?" Father Traore asked.

"A man like me sells for a pinch of gold dust." That wasn't much—about fifty dollars.



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But huskier men sold for several times that amount; good-looking girls for as much as \$1,000 in gold or silver.

But Awad didn't find a taker even at the rock-bottom price. Being such a bag of bones he was left over with the rest of the blind, sick, drooling dregs—and a good thing it was for him. The guards found the remnants hardly worth watching. When a quarrel started among the guards, Awad slipped away and ran.

Soon police with drawn sabers were beating the town for him. He kept on the move all night, ducking in and out of hideouts. On three sides of Jidda spreads the desert. The only escape is by sea—maybe.

In the morning Awad groped his way to the harbor. The docks were fairly crawling with cops examining the departing travelers. Joining dockhands loading a ship, Awad picked up a bag of Arabian coffee and trudged up the gangplank. That night when the ship put in at Port Sudan, he stumbled down the gangplank shouldering the same bag of fragrant beans.

"It took me four months to get back to Bamako," Awad told Traore. "Twice I didn't eat for a week. I tied a rag tight around my stomach; it stops the pain. Sometimes I could go with a caravan or ride a truck for a stretch."

"What became of Ali Ag Attaher's other servants?"

"Sold—all of them. The married couple and the baby were torn from each other. I know the wife, Sitalker, was sold into

the harem of Seybi. Guardian of the Keys to the Mosque in Mecca. My friend Banassa was bought by Prince Feisal, who gave him to his sister. She sold him to an Egyptian."

And Nama, the beautiful sixteen-year-old girl went for seventeen pinches of gold to Kuduss, the prince's secretary.

"I'm going to write an article about all this," the priest said.

"No—no," Awad blurted. "They'll kill me if they find out I've told you everything."

"Who are 'they'?" the priest asked placidly.

"All the big shots. The French judges and police, and my own people. They're all in on it together. They don't want anybody to know what's going on."

Awad told how he had gone to the police, the D.A. and the governor's office, and everywhere there had been shrugs and vague promises of an investigation that never came off. Meanwhile, Awad was being trailed by cops, chased from job to job, hideout to hideout. And one night turbaned Moslem goons sidled up to him. They threatened that if he didn't stop talking they would bury him in the desert up to his neck, for the vultures to peck at his eyes and tear the flesh off his face.

"They won't dare lay hands on you if I write your story," the priest said.

Awad thought this over. "If people read it, maybe it will do good to others

who are still suffering in Arabia." And then the gangling, scared boy, who had never been in school a day, said quickly, "I want you to write a letter for me. The slaves in Africa are talking about a country across a big water where all people are free—America. Help me to write a letter to the President there."

Father Traore told Awad that the United States President was a very busy man, getting hundreds of letters a day. The best way to let him and the world know that there are still slaves would be to give the facts to a newspaper.

Awad looked out of the window. The sun had dipped low. He knelt on a piece of carpet, prostrated himself, facing east—toward Mecca. Dusk is the time when all good Moslems pray. When Awad had finished he said to the padre, "Bon, bon, write up the story for your paper."

The article came out August 18, 1954. *L'Ariquet Nouvelle* is only a small, struggling weekly, but its voice was to

carry far. It was picked up in Paris by Calvinist Minister La Gravière. He shook up the Assembly the next time it met, November 18th.

"Saudi Arabia has brought back wholesale slavery," he thundered. "The victims are recruited through murder, kidnaping and trickery, in foreign lands. Some of our officials are accessories to this crime by keeping silent. And a crime it is, an international one. A few years back all civilized nations signed a pact outlawing the traffic in human beings. Did Saudi Arabia sign? Of course she did. The document is on file at the United Nations in New York."

The clergyman told his hushed audience he had gone into this still farther. Smiling Arab diplomats, nearly all close relatives of King Saud, keep assuring U.N. officials in New York that slavery has long ceased in the Saudi kingdom. But every time a written inquiry is sent out, it goes unanswered. Noting this fact,

U.N. bulletins made public in 1954 reports from such honest witnesses as the Englishman, Colonel Gerald de Maury and Elson Rutter. Both, after spending a lifetime in Arabia, had left, angrily denouncing the new age of slavery the king's sharp oil deals had brought on. Wasn't it time, La Gravière asked, to get rid of this monstrous evil?

For three months La Gravière pounded desks, but the officials behind them never stopped slumbering. Unable to get action, he went to Africa on the four-month jaunt to see for himself. He found everything confirmed that had been said about the workings of the slave organization.

"What I saw and heard calls for a world crusade," he told newspapermen.

When he was down in Bamako, Father Traore had taken him to see Awad. He's fine, except the cops are still trailing him. Also he again wears a rag tied around his stomach. There are no jobs for a talkative ex-slave. ● ● ●

What You Should Know About Scope Sights *Continued from page 45*

only the front sight and the target, almost completely ignoring the open rear sight. When the sights are not properly lined up with the target a miss is certain.

With the aperture or peep sight, the eye problem is lessened by one-third as there are but two elements with which to contend. The eye looks through the aperture, automatically centers itself with no conscious effort, and focuses back and forth between the front sight and the target. This kind of sight is second only to the scope.

On the other hand, when a shooter puts his eye to a scope where the reticle and target are on one plane, the sighting problem is simplified to a minimum. It becomes a matter of putting the cross hair at the proper spot on the target. This condition is ideal as far as rifle sighting is concerned, and anyone who can see can use a scope effectively.

The ideal all-purpose scope would be one with high magnification, a very large field of view, and with great light-gathering power so that we could see into deep shadows. Unfortunately, fundamental principles of optics make such a rifle scope an impossibility.

Magnification is the first item we think of when we pick up a scope. Other things being equal, the more the target is magnified the more accurately it will be possible to aim at it. But other things definitely are not equal. Any gain in magnification automatically cuts down on illumination and area of the field of view. This is serious when we consider a scope for any kind of game hunting. We must have good illumination, for we may be hunting under poor light conditions, and we must have a large field of view so that we can quickly pick up a moving target and put the cross hairs on it. So, according to natural laws of optics, a practical hunting scope must be of comparatively low magnification.

It has been considered that a magnification of 8 is the maximum for a hand-

held instrument, and even with this, vision is greatly improved by resting the instrument on a firm support. This means that for offhand shooting in the game fields a 6-power scope is just about maximum and one of 4- or less power is better.

We can readily understand that from the standpoint of magnification alone, scope sights tend to fall into three classes. Big-game-hunting scopes with low magnification and a large field of view are of 2- to 4-power.

Where big-game-hunting conditions require very long-range shooting, such as in the high mountains and treeless plains where shots are most often taken at standing game from prone or other rest position, scopes with power as high as 10 are sometimes used.

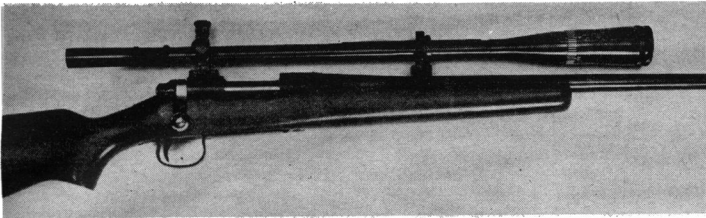
Small-game scopes need more magnification because of the size of the game, and they require a fairly large field because the little creatures are mobile. The happy medium for this kind of shooting is a glass of from 4- to 6-power. More often than not, big-game scopes are excellent for small-game hunting. However, when we mention small-game scopes we usually refer to those little, low-cost instruments that are made for use on .22 and other light-recoil-caliber rifles or to the lower-power gallery or target-type scopes. Instruments such as the Weaver B series (B4, 4-power, \$9.75 and B6, 6-power, \$12.50, mounts included) and the 4-power scope made by Mossberg (\$9.95 with mounts) have internal adjustments for windage and elevation and are fine scopes for the money. They are suitable only for low-recoil rifles because of the very short eye relief afforded by the inexpensive lenses of their optical system. In order to see the field of view, the shooter's eye must be located about two inches from the end of the scope which, with a heavy recoil rifle, would injure the shooter's forehead.

The gallery or target-type scopes (as well as some for big-game hunting) have fixed cross hairs or reticles, with adjustments in the mounts that move the whole scope for zeroing when sighting in the rifle.

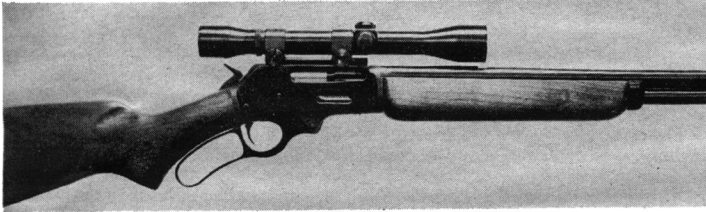
Target shooting is a horse of a different color. The bull's-eye or aiming point never moves, so we do not need a large field, but we do need as much magnification as we can use. Also, we need good illumination, and this means great light-gathering ability with excellent definition of the image. For prone shooting with sling, where the rifle can be held very steady, we often see scopes of as high as 20- or 25-power being used. When shooting from four positions (prone, sitting, kneeling and offhand) lower-power scopes are in order, with the range running from 20- to 10-power or less, depending on the shooter. Bench-rest shooters ordinarily sight with scopes of from 20 to 30 magnification.

Varmint hunting is a highly specialized sport and varmint hunters are unpredictable. The individual may use any power scope up to 30, depending on his own ideas about the subject.

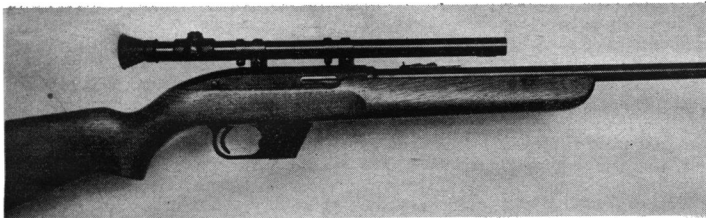
Here are a few points to remember about a telescope sight: Light-gathering power is controlled by its aperture, which is defined as the diameter of the beam of light which can enter the instrument. The front or objective lens first receives the light from the external field. Naturally, the larger the objective, the larger the beam of light it can accommodate. This is important with any kind of telescope, and especially so with a rifle scope, for we must have enough light coming into the scope so we can clearly examine the target under all hunting and shooting conditions. Maybe I can explain what happens. Say we have a scope that gives us an image that is magnified 10 times what we see with the unaided eye—in other words, a 10-power scope. It has to gather 100 times as much light as the



Lyman super-target spot 25X scope mounted on .244-caliber Remington Model 722 rifle for testing extreme accuracy and for extra long range varmint shooting.



Weaver K4 hunting-type scope in quick detachable mounts and Marlin Model 336, .219 zipper rifle make excellent combination for shots on running varmints.



Inexpensive scope, such as the four-power Mossberg, and accurate, but low-cost Winchester Model 77, .22 rifle make for great sport in the small game fields.

naked eye can gather, or the image in the scope will be dimmed.

So, we need a large objective. (Perfect large lenses are more difficult to make and so are much more expensive than small ones. The glass alone in some of our better scopes costs as much as \$30.) Now, with good light-gathering power due to the large objective, we have to get that light to the eye. It passes through the other lenses and on out of the eyepiece to form the exit pupil behind the scope. The light enters the shooter's eye at the exit pupil.

Expanded to its largest opening, the pupil of the average eye is very seldom larger than a little over eight millimeters, or about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch—and that probably would be under conditions approaching total darkness. In daylight, the pupil never is open nearly that much. I have tried to measure the pupil of one of my eyes in dim light and it seems to open only to about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch (between 3 and 4 millimeters) and it seems to be quite a bit smaller in bright daylight.

The diameter of the exit pupil of a scope will be the clear aperture of the objective lens divided by the power of magnification. If we have a 4X scope with a 33-millimeter aperture, we have an exit pupil as large as the maximum opening of the pupil of the eye. Under

practically all hunting conditions, the eye pupil never is open that much. Without some thought on the subject, we might come to the conclusion that the objective is unnecessarily large and we are wasting a lot of light and also money for that large objective lens. However, with a hunting scope sight we want the exit pupil as large as we can get it and we want it located far enough back of the scope to eliminate danger of injury to our eye or forehead when the scope moves back with the rifle through recoil.

When a scope has a small exit pupil, the eye has to be almost exactly in line with its optical axis or the image blacks out. If the exit pupil is large, it is comparatively easy to place the pupil of the eye anywhere within its area to pick up the target quickly and get off a fast, aimed shot.

The location of the exit pupil is the eye point, and the distance it is behind the eyepiece of the scope is the eye relief or eye distance. As I said, the eye relief has to be a fair distance behind the instrument (about two inches for .22 rim-fire and three to six inches for big-game rifles) to avoid recoil injury. Long eye relief necessitates a large eyepiece lens. Sometimes, to keep the eyepiece at a reasonable size or diameter, it is necessary to reduce the field of view of a scope.

From all this you may gather that a scope sight is made up of a bunch of compromises. That is just about the answer, and accounts for the necessity of having various kinds of scopes for various kinds of shooting. A scope planned and made for one purpose ordinarily will not be suitable for another kind of shooting. For example, it is beyond the realm of feasibility to use successfully a high-power, target-type scope for big-game hunting in brush or heavy timber.

The scope should be mounted in position on the rifle so that, when the gun is quickly brought up and cheeked, the eye is at the exit pupil back of the scope and in line with the axis of the optical system of the instrument.

Many rifle stocks are designed for use with iron sights. Scopes ordinarily have to be mounted slightly higher above the axis of the barrel bore than iron sights. So, with such a combination, many shooters find that with the rifle in battery the eye is looking at the lower edge of the scope without a chance of seeing the target. The remedy is to build up the comb of the stock or have a stock made of proper dimensions for the individual. For fast, accurate shooting it is absolutely necessary that the eye immediately see the whole field of the scope when the rifle is brought into firing position.

Before we get into the subject of selecting a scope, let us briefly consider the advantages and so-called disadvantages of such a sight.

The most important advantage of a good scope is that it improves the shooter's ability to see and quickly aim at the target. In the game field this means positive identification of the target, elimination of the possibility of mistaking a human being for game, and more accurate shooting with less chance of a wounded animal getting away to die a lingering and painful death. A good scope permits effective aim on game at about double the distance of the best metallic sights.

The majority of the alleged disadvantages of scope sights can be discounted. For instance, some folks have the idea that scopes are of very delicate construction and have to be handled with extreme care. Actually, they are as sturdy as most metallic sights.

Several years ago I had an experience which gives an idea of what some of these instruments can take, and still come up in usable condition. I stumbled and fell down the steep, ice-covered side of a small cliff. About halfway down, I dropped my Model 70 Winchester rifle which had a Bausch and Lomb Balvar scope mounted on it. The impact of the fall was taken on the housing of the scope's eyepiece. When I picked up myself and the rifle, I naturally figured that the scope would be ruined and that I would have a long hike back to camp for another rifle. To my surprise, there was nothing more than a dent in the rim of the eyepiece, and I later found that the

rifle's zero was unchanged. I have seen metallic sights badly bent out of shape as a result of less severe mishaps.

Another bugaboo about scope sights is that they are easily made useless by rain, ice or snow. Lens covers will protect the glass from these elements. Once at a very inopportune moment I found the uncovered lenses of my scope completely covered with frozen rain. With comparatively warm fingers, I cleared the glass well enough to use the scope successfully.

In very cold weather, scopes brought into a warm cabin will condense moisture with the possibility of interior fogging. Almost all modern hunting scopes are said to be fog-proof—but I never take a chance, especially if I have but one rifle on the trip. I just leave the rifle and scope outdoors; neither will be injured by water or rust as long as the temperature is below freezing.

A scope does add a little weight to a rifle.

I have used scope sights for more than twenty years, and after careful consideration I do not think any of the disadvantages charged against them are worth serious consideration.

Before buying a scope, it is important to make a careful list of your requirements.

Will you use it for small game on a .22 or other low-recoil rifle? If so, the low-cost Weaver and Mossberg scopes may do the job for you. For something better, examine the various big-game scopes and pick one that is in sharp focus at fairly close range. Many hunting scopes are adjusted for focus at 100 yards or over.

If you wish a scope for small game and for target shooting, one of the lower-power target type scopes may be best.

A great variety of big-game scopes are available. In recent years I have used and experimented with seven different kinds made by Lyman, five by Weaver, two by Bausch and Lomb, three by Koll-

morgen, one Leupold, two Weatherbys, two Supra (Continental Arms), and two Kahles (Stoeger Arms). All are very desirable scopes, when used for the purposes for which they are intended.

When making your requirement list, determine the range at which you normally get most of your shots. Do you hunt in brush and timber country where dim light may be expected, or in open terrain with brilliant light, and so on?

Next, write to all the scope companies, requesting complete specifications of the various scopes that may meet your requirements—and study them thoroughly.

Now, unless you are sold on a particular scope, locate a store that handles all or a large majority of the ones that interest you, and examine them carefully.

Parallax, clarity, field of flatness, and degree of color correction usually may be checked fairly well at the scene of purchase.

First, the eyepiece of the scope should be focused, according to the manufacturer's instruction, for the individual's eyes. This takes care of any degree of far- or near-sightedness and puts the reticle in brilliant focus.

There are quite a number of reticles available. Definitely avoid those with sharp-pointed posts or any that hide too much of the exact point of aim or too much of the field.

Medium to heavy cross hairs have worked out best for me for a hunting rifle, and I prefer medium to fine cross hairs in target scopes.

When examining a scope for visual characteristics, be sure to support it firmly on some solid object.

Parallax is apparent movement of the reticle away from the aiming point within the field of the scope if the head is moved from side to side or up and down while looking into the scope.

Strictly speaking, parallax can be completely removed for only one specific

range for a given setting of the objective. In low-power scopes the objective is not adjustable, so actually the scope is entirely free of parallax for only one specific range. Considerable deviation from this one range is possible without disturbing parallax in a big-game scope which in most instances is parallax-free at some particular distance over 100 yards.

If you wish a big-game scope for small-game hunting, one should be selected that has the least parallax at the nearer distances where these animals are usually taken.

Clarity of image is important to the big-game hunter at ranges of from 50 to 200 yards or more—depending on where he is hunting. The small-game enthusiast usually needs clarity of image at closer ranges. Actually, a scope sight should be tested under conditions simulating those of the shooter's favorite hunting fields.

When checking an instrument for definition, be sure you do not blame the scope for haziness which is not the fault of the glass—such as poor atmospheric visibility. I once listened to a fellow complain that several scopes were hazy. He was looking at images being formed through a dirty windowpane.

Flat field and good color correction are very desirable, but to a certain extent they are not important to the hunter. However, if you notice that the field appears the least bit spherical or the reticle distorts or changes shape by any amount when you move your head from side to side when looking into the scope, or if you are conscious of rainbow colors at the edge of the field, you'd better look at another scope.

All of us like perfection. The more nearly a scope approaches perfection, the more it costs to produce it, and in most instances the more we have to pay for it.

Remember, the scope (and I mean the proper one for the job at hand) is the finest rifle sight we have today. • • •

No Man's Gun *Continued from page 27*

forest floor. And then the woman was there beside him, the theatrical playing woman on her tall, bright-bay horse. Looking down at the river, too, with her light, clear gaze. The rope which led the pack horse was slack in her hand, and the pack horse stood behind with drooping head. John Anvers watched the woman's face sidewise from under his brows which were bleached a little by the suns and weathers of past campaigns. For all their long travel together—under his carefully indifferent protection—she was still unknown and a mystery to him. In his best and most experienced judgment, he considered her a dangerous woman. In fact, a deadly one.

A stray shaft of sun burned smoothly on her red hair as she turned her head to look at him. "You said there'd be a river here."

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I think this is

near where I promised to bring you, right soon along here somewhere."

The same shaft of sunlight touched the old ivory and silver handle of the Florentine knife which—quite unnecessarily, as far as he was concerned—she wore in a sheath between her breasts, with a long silver chain around her neck. His hard, unshaven lips changed grimly, as he remembered the laconic innocence of their campfires, across the prairies and into the mountains.

He signaled her now with a motion of his head and they rode out of the timber and into the open, their horses' hoofs clicking on the granite. Something like an uneven bumblebee went by with a high, thuttering whine a foot in front of his face—a crude-cast lead slug—and in that same second, from a spur of dark timber to the left, came the massive thump of a big buffalo gun, like some nitwit slamming a heavy door on an

empty room. And its powder smoke bloomed white at the edge of those early-shadowed trees.

"Bushwhacked, 'y God!" John Anvers said in his slurred ex-Confederate's voice, but she probably didn't hear him. Because he was already on his way, his horse's hoofs scrabbling on rock to pick up speed, toward the now drifting powder smoke against that promontory of black firs. And then her tall bay horse came reaching up alongside his gallop, with longer stride and more exact clatter, and Mrs. Harrington had her bone-handled .44 in her hand, as he had his big hog-leg cavalry revolver in his own.

Their two horses crashed into the brush together, and they went through that belt of timber like a pair of cavalymen, watching the thickets ahead, each on his own front. The woman, riding easily at smashing gallop, ducked the boughs and hit the thickets like the men

he had ridden with in war. Better than some. But instead of the long, terrible cry of the Rebel charge, her face was white and silent above her green riding habit.

It took them time to beat through those woods and when they came out on the far side they saw a long, rocky ridge, leading off to the southwest. Halfway along the ridge, already nearly out of range, a small hunch-shouldered man was heel-kicking an Indian paint horse in a hard run, but riding badly—not part of the pony's cat-backed speed among the rocks. This little man was flapping in a ragged blue Union Army blouse, and the long barrel of an old buffalo gun stuck up awkwardly slantwise. They could not see his face because he was going straight away, but this little man had ginger-colored whiskers which stuck tuftily out in front of his large, pale ears. He had a big head start, and if he got into the timber beyond, at the farther end of the ridge, they could never find him again.

John Anvers was sliding off his horse in a moving spray of dust, hauling his oily-worn old cavalry carbine out of its boot. His horse would not stand to gunfire, and these English-made carbines brought in by blockade runners to the Confederacy always carried considerably to the left, for some reason. But he made all the allowances he could, and squeezed off a shot. Sure enough, he had allowed too much, because a spurt of rock dust came up just ahead of the running paint horse.

You know," Mrs. Harrington said, standing in front of her motionless tall bay, "he reminds me of the bank cashier back home, in New Hampshire, when I was a young girl. Nephew of the bank president, he was. He had whiskers just like that, seen from behind." And using her forearm as a rest for her .44 at an extreme elevation, she shot. "Married an older friend of my sister," she said. "Not this man, of course."

She did better than he did; for the small ugly-shouldered man winced suddenly sidewise in the saddle, and used his heels more fiercely on the bunching flanks of the paint horse. They had time to get off another shot apiece, and then they watched him out of sight.

Blowing meditatively across the smoking muzzle of her .44, Mrs. Harrington said, "You know, he thought that if he got you, he'd have all our traveling equipment. And a woman at his mercy."

"So he thought, so he thought." John Anvers' voice was faintly stifled.

Riding slowly back for the life-resigned old pack horse, they both were thinking of what they had been told along the way: that somewhere in these mountains a band of renegades were hiding out. Mostly ex-Civil War hard cases, who needed refuge and to disappear for a while; some, from their Indian-conning doings in Dakota Territory; some who had ranged as far south as Texas cattle country.

People along the way—freighters, an

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Army lieutenant, a creekside-ranch settler—had told them that the bad ones had ganged up in some fold of the mountains and were living mostly off the country, holding the raw, new settlements in terror.

Mrs. Harrington picked up the rope of the lead horse and they started down through the deep, soft woods into the canyon. The river, fast mountain water, was white like a crumbled chalk line far below, and John Anvers was thinking in mild wonder about Mrs. Harrington.

He had met her while she was staying in a frame hotel on the one mud-rutted street of a new town in Dakota Territory, across a shallow, mud-colored creek from an Army post. They had both been there for two or three weeks before they permitted their eyes to meet, except to bow slightly as they passed each other in the barren hallway of the hotel. He was on his way West, but in no hurry. It was the trader who brought them together. Mrs. Harrington, a widow, was looking for a way to get far to the westward, into these unmapped mountains, to join the man she was to marry. He had passed this way the summer before, with the intention, she said, of opening some mercantile opportunity in the remote new country. John Anvers was a painfully courteous man, and well-seasoned. Mrs. Harrington eyed him doubtfully but with a certain clear-judging approval. After all, it seemed the only way that a respectable single woman could get that far to the westward.

Nevertheless, it was another ten days before she decided to go, under his solitary protection. Ten days of cautious, genteel conversations in the cramped red-plush parlor of the hotel. Smoothing her wide, stiff, gray skirts with a formal and delicate gesture, she told him she had been upon the stage—mostly in touring companies, although she had had parts in theaters in New York and Washington during the War. That was about all she told him of herself.

But he could imagine, in his dry listen-

ing, a very clear picture of her: tall, with her smooth, heavy red hair so rich in the illusory floating light-motes of the oil footlights. Her husband-to-be, she said, more briskly, was a land speculator; she had met him in Cincinnati. He had left for Dakota Territory where there were very large likely profits in Indian lands, now that the Army had apparently a strong grip. She expected that the name George Gallion would be written large in future chronicles of the West. He had departed for fortune in the sunset lands of the Sioux, while she played one more season on the road. In a St. Louis theater one of his letters, weeks on its overland way, told her that he had left Dakota Territory to push still farther westward. He gave her the name of a settlement in a wide river valley of the mountains.

John Anvers thought that she and Gallion were a pair of adventurers who would do well on the frontier. Through those afternoon talks in the hotel parlor, she made up her mind that it would be safe to travel with him, in the weeks ahead. But she wouldn't have supper at the same table with him in the dining room. They were not sufficiently acquainted. It would not have been respectable. Not in company.

Dropping down through the piny silences of the canyonside this afternoon, he said, "You shot very well, back yonder. Better than I did."

"My first husband, Mr. Harrington, taught me to shoot," she said formally. "At one time it seemed advisable for me to know how." And that's all she did say.

They had lost the sun as soon as they started down, and by the time they reached the brawling little high-western river on the canyon's floor they were in early twilight. The flashing water was blue-white against its worn boulders and somewhere back in the timber a horned owl spoke deeply of hunting. They went downriver three or four miles, the horses

sometimes splashing and slipping through singing shallows, and with the first star in the deepening sky he stopped at a gravel bar and, chopping up some whitened driftwood, he built a false fire, a decoy campfire, for any who might be trailing.

Then they went a hundred yards into the thick cover and, tying the horses to boughs instead of hobbling them, they stood looking at each other for a moment, until she smiled a little, slowly, with a wordless understanding. When he started to unlash the small tent to pitch it for her as usual, she stopped him with a gesture.

"We both had better be in the open tonight," she said.

They had a cold supper of leftover cornpone and bacon, and unexpectedly their eyes met again, wavered, and then steadied in a long, silent gaze, touched with a kind of slow wonder. John Anvers was leaning against a tree, with a cup of mountain water in his hand. His jaw tightened suddenly and he was the first to look away at the darkening forest.

By the time it was full dark, he was a little way upriver from their cold camp, prowling the timber in starlight. Two or three times during the early part of the night he put more driftwood on the false campfire. It was near midnight when he heard them coming.

A splash somewhere upstream, the soft, startled snuffle of a horse. John Anvers started drifting toward these sounds.

When they dismounted he was near enough so that he heard a brief mutter of voices, a creak of saddle leather. Another long minute of waiting under a black bough, and the woods all around him were alive with the cautious stirrings of men on foot. He drifted with them toward the fire. It was maybe two hundred yards to go. By listening selectively, he made certain of four men, spreading wide to take the campfire from three

sides, and moving slowly. One man was to his right, three to his left. John Anvers moved to the left.

He saw the first man almost too suddenly. Burly shoulders, a head of thick hair silhouetted briefly against an open patch of starshine. John Anvers rose up from behind, and the starshine glinted on the worn metal butt of a hog-leg cavalry revolver as it swung in a solid unerring arc, for just behind the ear. The crack of revolver butt on bone and hair could have been a fir branch breaking, and the thud of the heavy body falling on the forest mold could have been merely a man stumbling in the blackness of the night.

From startlingly close to the left, not more than thirty feet, someone said, "Ssss-sshh!" John Anvers took a big Union Army model revolver from under the fallen, meaty hand, silently hid it in a thicket, and moved to the left again. The fire was now only a hundred yards ahead.

The second man was harder to come by. From maybe twelve feet away John Anvers got one fairly clear glimpse of him against the sky—a tall, easy-slouching Texas-looking sort of fellow. John Anvers had deep respect for Texas fighting style, having seen and heard Hood's death-thinned regiments in battle. This man went into black fir shadow and became invisible; and frontier-wise, he was moving so silently that Anvers, even this near, lost him.

Swiftly raking around with his fingertips, John Anvers found some fine gravel at the massive, gnarled roots of a tree. From his pocket he took his thin, old silver tobacco box, emptied the tobacco out, and put three inches of gravel in it. Then creeping closer to where he hoped the man was, he suddenly whirred the tobacco-box in his left hand. It sounded like a big night-hunting timber rattler—enough, at least, for a man whose nerves would already be stretched pretty tight in the darkness.

The man whirled, not only making a

startled rustle but also showing a gleam of white shirt and a less distinct blur of face. It was all John Anvers needed to go on. The man, perfectly motionless and half-stooped, was trying desperately to peer at the ground, and he never saw what struck him. With regret, John Anvers was afraid he might have killed this one, the way the long narrow head snapped sideways, with the hat falling off.

From his left came a hoarse, strangled whisper: "Hey, what are you doing? Come on."

"I'm right with you," John Anvers whispered back just as hoarsely. All men's whispers sounded alike in the dark.

This stalk was easier. Apparently it was a heavy man, very confident. John Anvers could hear him breathing, before he exactly located him. But by now the embers of the false campfire were too near, not more than twenty yards away. And John Anvers didn't want to shoot, not with another unknown man away off to the right somewhere. That could make things dangerous.

There wasn't much time left. With four quick steps he leaped from close to the ground like a lean-running mountain lion at a figure seen plain against the red-gold haze of light from the embers beside the singing river.

But in this rush he didn't have the mountain lion's usual massive-striking luck. In fact, it was downright ungraceful. The man was just starting to turn, surprised but not alarmed—thinking it was the Texas fellow—and in the last split-second he winced into a dodge, so John Anvers missed with his gun butt. But with the impact of collision the man stumbled and went down, and John Anvers was right with him.

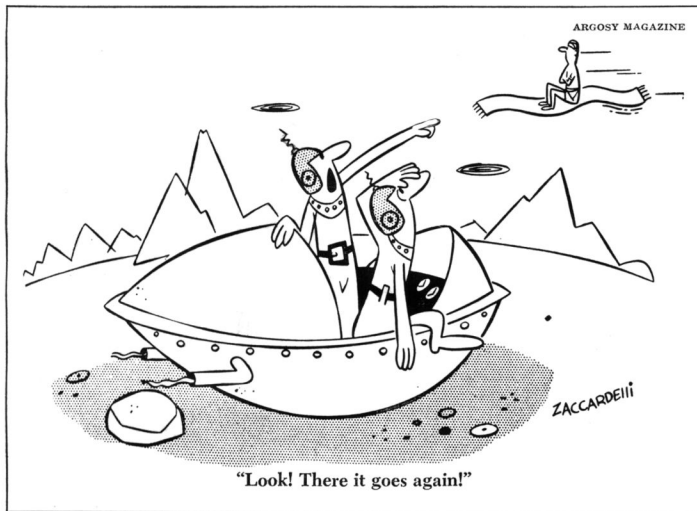
With the spinning shock, they rolled twice in an unholly, thrashing scramble but by the time John Anvers was on top again his wiry, booted legs had the man's arms pinioned and his thumbs were locked on the man's throat. But no cavalry trumpets would sing after this fight, and there were no flags.

"Tryin' to jump me in the dark, 'y God," John Anvers growled indignantly.

His thumbs tightened. Enough. "Turn loose of your gun." The man's hand relaxed, and with a swift motion of one foot John Anvers sent a heavy revolver six or eight feet into the brush, to be picked up later. He loosened his thumbs a little. Enough for a breath. From the necessity of using both hands, without shooting, in the rolling fight, he had lost his own gun. He had learned tough, silent fighting in a hard school where the only graduation was if you were still alive.

He suddenly sprang clear. With a couple of swift, raking motions he found the big hog-leg about where he knew it would be. "All right, stand up now and let's have a look at you," he drawled in a soft undertone. "Tryin' to cat-foot into m' camp, hey?"

As the man heaved himself painfully onto his feet, to the round unswerving O of the slick-rubbed old cavalry pistol's muzzle, John Anvers saw a vague, smooth



movement in the darkness beyond, and Mrs. Harrington was standing there. The dim firelight gleamed almost imperceptibly on the silver and ivory of the Florentine knife at her breast, and on its thin silver chain, and she was holding her .44 in her hand. But she was staring at the thick-shouldered, golden-mustached man who stood swaying on his feet.

"Why, George—George Gallion!" she stammered. "I—There's been a terrible mistake. Why, George—you—you came to meet me!"

The man swallowed. You could hear it, the thick dry click in his throat. But he said quickly, in a rich caressing baritone, "Yes. Of course, my dear. Naturally I would. What else did you think?"

John Anvers felt his eyes go sick, and his heart. A strange, slow sickness. And then with a sort of dawning awfulness, Mrs. Harrington said, "But—but you couldn't have known. There was no way to let you know when I left Dakota. George, what are you doing here?"

John Anvers was listening. As if words, the shape of a voice, could mean so mortally much. But his head had turned, ever so little, toward the campfire. The fourth man, the man from the far right, had shown up.

And Mrs. Harrington's eyes, after one swift glance at John Anvers' face, had followed to where he was looking. Beyond the embers was the little man with ginger tufts of whiskers in front of his ears, and his crooked shoulders were hunched nursingly over the long outthrust old buffalo gun. In the haze of dying light, he wavered in timid deadliness, scared because he had come out first, and found no one there.

"Oh," Mrs. Harrington said. "So." And for the only time that night, a gun spoke; simply and flatly. It was Mrs. Harrington's .44. That instant dry slam had a crispness of fury to it. It was a remarkably placed shot. It would have been remarkable anywhere, by anybody. The buffalo gun pitched to the ground, as if hurriedly jerked aside, and the little man reeled, clutching his right arm. And Mrs. Harrington strolled out into the firelight to throw the buffalo gun into the river and collect her prisoner.

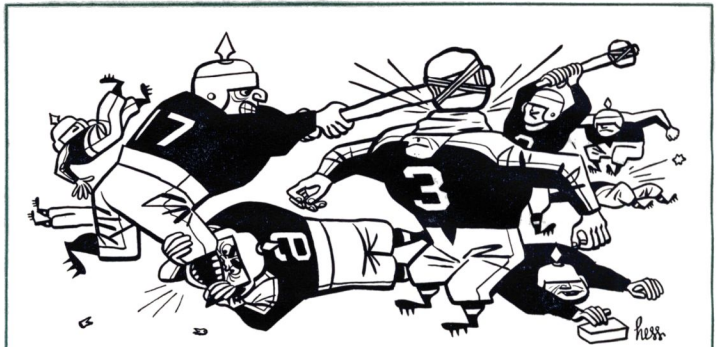
John Anvers said gently to Gallion, "You stand still."

When she brought the little man, cringing and twitchy-faced, his right sleeve soaking black, Mrs. Harrington said, almost negligently, "All right, George. I understand."

"Now look," Gallion said in a large but shaken manly voice. "This is—I've had temporary reverses in business—purely temporary, my dear. A misunderstanding with the Army—an officious busybody of a colonel, prying into my affairs—over certain Indian matters. Certain commercial transactions with the Sioux. I can explain—"

"Enough already, George," she said.

John Anvers cleared his throat almost apologetically. "Now, those other two, back yonder in the brush," he told Gallion, "they'll wake up after a while. I



DEADLY GAME

The Polish Weekly *Poprostu*, published by the Communist party for university students, recently described for the benefit and enlightenment of its readers, the American game of football:

"Facing each other along a white line, two rows of barbarians dressed in steel helmets jump up and down. Suddenly there is a whistle. With a wild scream such as was probably uttered by the first cavemen as they crushed the heads of their enemies with stone axes, the two armored rows rush against each other. One can hear the breaking of bones, the dull thudding of steel helmets, and see the heavily soled boots crush the hands and feet of opponents into a pulp. Again the shrill whistle sounds. Twenty-one armored robots stretch their arms, but the twenty-second lies motionless on the ground. The man with the whistle calls for a stretcher and the figure on the ground is hurried away to the hospital or the morgue."

by Cyril Clemens

truly hope so. It remains to be seen, of course." He glanced at Mrs. Harrington and the little ginger-tufted man whom they had first seen on an Indian paint horse. With a dry twinkle, John Anvers asked her, "And is this the home-town bank cashier?"

"Please don't try to be funny, just because one of them turned out to be George. This one's no bank cashier that I know. I told you," Mrs. Harrington said coldly, "a mere passing resemblance."

"All right, mister, go get your horse and keep right on passing," John Anvers said. "Keep passing, far and fast. To the eastward, maybe, because I'm headed west."

"And that's from me to you, too, George," Mrs. Harrington said, and turned away on her booted heel. John Anvers, out of a reasonable amount of human experience, considered it to be the most final gesture he had ever seen a woman make.

She walked off into the darkness, and with a curt nod to the crumple-faced Gallion, John Anvers followed her, in thoughtful silence. He picked up Gallion's gun, and on their way back to their horses he picked up the other men's guns in the brush. Both men were breathing,

He listened especially over the Texas fellow. It had worried him a little.

Their horses were still saddled and he put the pack onto the lead horse again and they rode all night, following the river down the widening canyon. At dawn he saw far blue peaks ahead, range after range, melting into mystery and mortal distance. So far he had come. Beyond here, nobody had told him the way. He would have to find it for himself.

When the first lances of sunlight were coming through the woods, the man and woman were riding past a deep backward-eddy pool of the river, under the dark hills. In the sand at the water's edge, were a deer's prints, so fresh that they were just beginning to fill gradually with water. From his saddlebag, John Anvers took one by one the captured guns of the renegades, and one by one threw them into the deep pool.

The woman rode up beside him, and reined in her tall, restless, bay horse. With a slow, strange smile, she unlooped the thin silver chain from around her neck, and took the Florentine knife in its sheath from her breast. She tossed that into the pool, too. Then she looked John Anvers full in the face, and held out her hand.

The Secret of the Rope Trick *Continued from page 25*

duce a special Halloween program from inside the Great Pyramid of Giza. Egypt fascinated me immediately. Here, I told myself, I will find peace.

Soon after returning to Europe I quit my job with AFN, filled with confidence that I could earn a living as a free-lance writer for magazines. For the past year I have done just that.

Going back to Cairo, I settled down to study archaeology and to write about some of the more bizarre aspects of Egyptian life. A childhood interest in herpetology led me to the snake charmers and I spent weeks living among them, learning their secrets.

After exploring Egypt thoroughly, I traveled to Beirut, Lebanon and on to Damascus, Syria, and finally, after visits to Baghdad, Kuwait, Persia and Pakistan, I arrived in India, in Bombay. I planned to go on a *shikar* (tiger hunt) and to visit some of the more isolated cities. Of course, I was familiar with the rope-trick legend and, as an ex-magician, had some natural curiosity about it. But I had no hope of seeing it or learning its secret. I knew that it hadn't been officially seen in India for over fifty years.

In the colorful, ancient temples of India, and in the rolling green hills, I found some of that peace I was seeking. But I also had the fantastic encounter which resulted in my learning the most sought-after secret in history.

After I'd learned it I went back over the old documents and compared their descriptions with the method. Suddenly the whole spectacle of the fabulous feat unfolded and the answers were clear.

One of the best of the early descriptions of the trick was written by the Arab traveler, Ibn Batutah, in the first part of the Fourteenth Century. He claimed to have seen the feat, not in India, but at a party given by a wealthy man in Hangchow, China.

"That evening," he wrote, "one of the Khan's jugglers threw a wooden sphere filled with holes into the air. It went out of sight into the darkness but he continued to hold a strap which was attached to it. Then he ordered a confederate to climb up the strap and when this was done he called out to him three times but there was no answer. Taking a knife in his hand, the juggler also climbed the strap and went up out of sight. Next there were sounds overhead and then the arm of the boy dropped out of the sky, followed by a severed foot, a head and so on. The juggler then descended, covered with blood, and gathered the scattered pieces, stamped on them and they became whole again and the boy stood erect."

This description introduces several things which are to be found frequently in later accountings of the trick. The ball with the holes attached to the end of the strap or rope is mentioned also in Yue's "Marco Polo." Although it appears useless, it plays a vital role.

Numerous other reports of the trick appeared up until the end of the Nineteenth Century. It was observed in many districts of India by thousands of travelers, officials and local natives. All of the reports were basically the same.

The trick was generally performed at dusk or after dark in an open field or a large courtyard. The rope never always had a wooden ball on the end of it, and the audience was always from twenty to fifty feet away from the magician.

He would hurl the ball upward "until it was caught by something or someone" and pulled up into the sky. Many reports said the end of the rope went completely out of sight or disappeared into the clouds. After the rope stopped ascending, a young boy (usually no older than six or seven) would climb up on it, quarreling loudly with the magician as he went. The latter would finally feign anger and climb up after the lad with a knife in his teeth.

When the pair were nearly out of sight in the darkness overhead, severed limbs would begin to fall, and the boy would scream with pain. After his head bounced bloodily to earth, his butchering master would descend, gather up the remains and reassemble the boy again.

In some cases, it was reported that the boy just climbed the rope and disappeared into thin air. Sometimes the boy would fade into the darkness overhead and the magician would suddenly pull down the rope, the boy having vanished completely.

After the turn of the century, reports of seeing the trick dwindled. Apparently the Indian magicians were no longer performing it. The famous American magician, the late Howard Thurston, toured India, combing isolated areas, searching specifically for this one feat and offering a reward to any fakir who could perform it. There were no takers.

Others followed in Thurston's footsteps. Various magicians' clubs and societies put up money for a prize to anyone who could do the trick. And the legend was launched. Many claimed the trick never existed at all, or that it was an hypnotic illusion.

During the 1930s the rope-trick controversy reached its zenith when one Dr. Alexander Cannon, an English psychiatrist, announced that he had viewed the feat in Indo-China. Later he declared he knew the secret and could do it himself.

"I can produce the rope trick in the Albert Hall, London," he announced. "However, I shall require a large quantity of sand from a certain area, certain lighting, as it were from the sun, certain heating arrangements and, under these circumstances, everyone can see the phenomenon."

Immediately several English magicians offered to help secure those things if he would perform the trick. Dr. Cannon discredited himself forever by replying: "Providing you are willing to lay

down enough money to bring over a shipload of special sand, to heat up Albert Hall to tropical temperature and to produce my own tropical lighting—and also to place with a bank £50,000 or \$250,000 to be handed over to me as soon as I have produced the phenomenon, I will do it."

So ended Dr. Cannon's brief moment in the limelight.

After having created almost as much controversy as the flying saucers, the rope trick seemed doomed to legend and eventual oblivion. Speculative articles on the subject now appeared less often in the press. More and more famous magicians came to believe that the trick was just plain impossible.

When I started my own casual search for it, I was inclined to agree with them.

I asked quite a few government officials about it and they either scoffed or told me: "I've never seen it, but if you go to Hyderabad you can find magicians there who can do it."

In Hyderabad, officials would recommend that I look in Madras. In Madras, I would be referred to Bengal. In Bengal, they'd suggest I visit Ceylon, and so on. Many travelers before me had ridden the same merry-go-round. It was obvious that the trick had not been performed in recent times and there was no chance at all of anyone seeing it.

Shortly after I'd reached this conclusion, destiny guided me directly to the only man in India who held the answer. In one brief afternoon I succeeded where thousands of others had failed, but the whole episode was so strange I hesitate now to tell it.

The fact is that I have always been a complete skeptic. I delight in exposing phony mind readers, fortune tellers, spiritualists, etc. But my fellow-skeptics will think I've failed them when they hear how I learned the secret of the rope trick. . . .

India is a very extraordinary country with a history and a culture outdating the Bible. Nearly 400,000,000 people live here and they speak 300 separate languages. Indian yogis and fakirs are famous for their religious intensity, and even the best-educated Indians believe in spiritualism and black magic.

In such a country a feat like the rope trick is not only possible, it is inevitable. In such a country the following experience is not at all unusual.

I had left Bombay and traveled to Poona, then to Hyderabad, where I had heard there was an old fakir who seemed to possess some miraculous healing powers. He was curing hosts of sick natives daily without charge, using only water which he blessed with some potent prayer. One morning I set out for the hills surrounding Hyderabad, following very sketchy directions given to me by a dour Englishman I'd met in the plush club at Secunderabad. . . .

It was a bright, cloudless morning and

quite cool. I walked for several hours without tiring but I couldn't locate the old fakir. Finally, around one o'clock in the afternoon, I reached the summit of a high hill overlooking the city. An old man was sitting there on a large rock but he seemed to ignore me. I sat down near him to rest and look out over the glistening domes and minarets of the city.

The old man was dressed in the typical gauze-thin gowns of India with a clean little cap on his head and a short gray beard jutting from his chin. After several minutes of silence I started to leave.

Suddenly the old man spoke my name. I was startled, naturally; then I remembered the picture of me which had appeared in the *Times of India* the week before. He'd probably seen it. (This was the skeptic in me reasoning.)

He called me to him and, speaking in a soft British accent, asked me to sit beside him. Then began the strangest conversation of my life. He knew *everything* about me. He told me the contents of a cable I'd received from my agent the day I'd left Bombay, he named women who have passed through my life.

He did all this in a casual, conversational way. And when I pressed him for an explanation he offered none. He parried all my questions with more puzzling remarks about my past. But he wouldn't venture any predictions about the future. That wasn't his sphere, he said.

"You seek the rope trick," he finally remarked flatly. "I can show you how it is done. You have earned the answer."

His dark, somber eyes focused on me and I felt a thrill. He placed great emphasis on the word "earned." I leaned forward, filled with awe and excitement.

During the next few minutes he quietly sketched the secret of the trick in the dirt and patiently answered my excited questions. He had done the trick in his younger days, he said, but now few people knew the secret. It was dying, just as "old" India was dying.

"I have been waiting for you for a long time," he said cryptically as I scribbled the details in my notebook.

At last he fell silent and I left him sitting there in the hot afternoon sun. I left him without knowing his name or where he lived, and realizing that few people would ever really believe the story of this strange meeting.

I left him with an exhilarated feeling. Finally I had the secret of the Great Indian Rope Trick. A secret so simple I could never have figured it out myself. I'd always regarded it as the greatest secret on earth but now I realize there are other, greater secrets which will never be mine. Secrets still possessed by an odd old man on a hill overlooking Hyderabad.

There are still many mysteries in India for future travelers to explain.

A feat of magic doesn't have to be complex to be effective. Magicians agree that the simplest tricks are usually the best. And the Great Indian Rope Trick is probably the simplest of all. It *had* to be simple. It was first performed thou-

sands of years ago when magicians had few mechanical devices at their command. They had to use their wits, common, everyday material, and they had to rely on what is known as "misdirection"—the business of diverting the audience's attention from what is really going on, making them watch the left hand while the right hand really does the dirty work. Fortunately, audiences in those days were far less skeptical, uneducated and easy to deceive. In fact, here in India the people believe the magician possessed special magic powers and they didn't look for a "trick" or a "secret" in the things he did. They considered his feats inexplicable.

Even in modern times a kind of legend has grown up around Harry Houdini. He was the man who could escape from any bonds! He was the man who could walk through a brick wall! Actually he was just a clever showman with a flair for inventing unexpected effects.

Similarly, a legend has grown up around the rope trick. It's supposed to be a lost secret, a miracle performed by the ancient fakirs. A lot of people have the theory that the trick was done by only one especially clever yogi centuries ago and that the legend was launched then, that the trick hasn't really been seen since.

Such theories are bunk. The trick hasn't been seen often in recent years for a variety of good reasons. First, climbing the rope is dangerous. Second, the risk of detection is very great. Since the secret is so simple, modern audiences can quickly see how the trick is done. Third, the secret has always been jealously guarded.

I have already given you enough clues to work the trick out for yourselves. Fit them together properly and you can do it in your own back yard, without importing two boatloads of special Indian sand à la Dr. Cannon. The secret does not lie in the ground but in the air.

Wires hold up the rope. In ancient times the magicians used a length of thin, strong line made from black hairs woven together. Remember, this trick was introduced when "invisible" ropes and wires, now a standard magician's gimmick, were completely unknown. The reason it was always performed at dusk was because horsehair ropes weren't *totally* invisible so the magicians didn't take chances on giving their demonstrations in daylight.

But, you reason, the trick was performed in open fields, not under trees or other possible supports for the invisible ropes. How was this possible?

The terrain of India is the answer. The rope trick was usually done in mountainous regions or hilly areas, never in desert country. The site of the performance was always in a valley between two hills, two rocky knolls.

The "invisible" wire was stretched from the summit of one hill, across the valley, to the summit of the other hill. With higher hills in the background, even ordinary wire is almost invisible.

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(Observe telephone lines strung along the countryside. They seem to disappear where there are trees in the background, and are most visible against the open sky.) With the added advantage of dusk or darkness, there's little chance that the wire can be seen *because it's human nature to think that the rope's support must be vertical, not horizontal.*

When the trick was demonstrated in villages or palaces, the wire was strung between two high palm trees or buildings. This horizontal suspension wire is the key factor in the secret.

There is a simple explanation for those cases where the boy is reported to have "climbed into the sky until he disappeared from view, then the rope fell to the ground—empty." The boy merely climbed up the rope out of range of the meager torchlights on the ground, and when he reached the end of the rope he traveled hand-over-hand along the suspension wire to conceal himself in the palm tree or palace turret to which it was fastened.

How do you get the rope up to the suspension wire?

A thinner wire or rope hangs over the horizontal wire, with one end trailing to a concealed spot where an assistant could pull it. A small hook is fastened to the other end of this ascension wire and hangs near the magician.

The rope itself was always unprepared except for the wooden ball on the end. This had two purposes. It gave the end of the rope weight so it could be thrown upward, and the holes in it held the hooks used in the trick.

These were almost all the preparations necessary for the performance of the trick. The magician would begin his show toward sunset. He would locate his audience about ten yards, or further, from the spot where he intended to do the rope trick. Thus they would get a view of the general background, those hills which helped to conceal the suspension wire.

At the beginning of the rope illusion he would toss the weighted end upward—and it would fall back to the ground, inert. This failure would be repeated several times, serving to relax the spectators, boring them just enough so they wouldn't see the ascension wire when he finally connected it to one of the holes in the ball. Then, at last, his assistant would jerk the thread, and the rope would begin to rise. By this time it would be fairly dark, the magician's chatter and repeated failures would have lulled the audience, and the stage would be set at last for the great illusion.

To the observers on the ground, it looked as if the rope were climbing into the sky without support. Because darkness exaggerates distance, the rope would appear to be two or three hundred feet up when actually it was only fifty or sixty feet in the air. This apparent great height also served to stagger the spectators' senses, making them even more susceptible to deception.

After the rope had reached the sus-

pension wire, the magician would call his young apprentice forward and order him to climb it. The apprentice was always very young and very small, so that the thin ascension wire could bear his weight.

The boy would appear reluctant to make the ascent and the fakir would argue with him, even threaten him. Finally the boy would start to climb, hurling violent abuse at the magician as he did so.

After the boy reached the top, he pulled a hook from his pocket and fastened the ball more securely to the suspension wire.

It was then ready for the magician, who shouted up to the boy and received an insult for an answer.

Apparently enraged, the magician

ARGOSY MAGAZINE



"I see Ahab got one of those little foreign jobs."

would clutch a big, wicked-looking knife in his teeth and start up the rope. When he reached the cursing, kicking boy, they would grapple while the end of the rope swayed in the dark sky. The illusion of height, the darkness and the lad's small size served to conceal what was going on. Besides, the audience was so enthralled by this time that they were half blind to what they were really seeing.

While cursing and struggling with the boy, the magician pulled from various sections of his clothing parts of a freshly butchered animal (usually a large monkey) wrapped in cloth similar to what the boy was wearing. He would drop these, one at a time, while the boy screamed in simulated agony.

Suddenly the cries would stop. A head wrapped in a turban would strike the ground and bounce bloodily. Assistants hurried around, collecting the hacked-up pieces, creating a fuss while putting the remains into a large basket. ("Where's his other arm, Bhusan?") The spectators would be misdirected for a moment.

But a moment is all the boy required to climb inside the baggy clothing of the magician, slipping his arms and legs into a special harness which the latter wore.

Then, with the boy pressed flat against his body and well-concealed, the magician descended.

Back on the ground, he looked sadly into the basket—while his tiny apprentice slipped out of his robe and hid behind it. Then, grabbing the rope, the magician would shake it until it fell to the ground, misdirecting the spectators while the boy climbed into the basket.

Or the basket could be omitted entirely. The magician's assistants might collect the bloody pieces and, after the magician descended again, cluster in a group and appear to be carefully arranging the parts on the ground. Actually the boy stretched out in the dim light, concealed partly by the assistants, and they simply slipped the pieces of butchered monkey into their robes while apparently putting them on the ground. Then the magician gave the boy a kick and he sprang to life.

American magicians used to perform a similar trick when they seemingly chopped off an assistant's head and put it several feet from his or her body.

Indian magicians were (and are) most adept at misdirection because, as stated earlier, they have few mechanical gimmicks at their disposal. Most of them are pure sleight-of-hand artists. Fortunately, Indian audiences are very imaginative and they exaggerate what they see. This exaggeration on the part of the audience is primarily responsible for the growth of the rope trick legend.

Of course, every magician who did the rope trick must have had his own special variations. Those who risked performing it in daylight must have used dangerously thin ropes and wires. According to historical descriptions, some seem to have simplified the trick by having the boy merely vanish into thin air after climbing the rope. The explanation of this is as simple as the rest.

The magician performs the trick near some large bushes or a rock formation. The rope ascends only fifteen or twenty feet, then the boy climbs it while the magician explains carefully that he intends to make him vanish. Suddenly there's a rumpus of some kind behind the spectators. Perhaps a drum suddenly beats. The audience naturally looks back and is briefly misdirected. When they look at the rope again the boy is gone, having flung himself into the arms of an assistant waiting behind the bushes or rocks. Later he might reappear by running into the crowd as if coming from a great distance.

All of these methods are old, having been developed in days when magicians relied on their own chatter and skill at misdirection to perform seeming miracles. In their skill lies the real credit for the rope trick legend. For the quickness of their hands and the glibness of their tongues was the real secret of the greatest feat of magic in history. ● ● ●

Manolete's Last Kill *Continued from page 49*

his escape would be the perilous way, out to the middle of the ring. It is said that Manolete's determination to outshine Luis Miguel was mainly responsible for the mighty volapié which followed. I prefer to think that he needed no spur to kill as he did. It was an estocada in slow motion. The bull stood twenty paces from the tunnel through which the paseo had entered the ring. Manolete drew back his shoulders and advanced inch by inch on the horns. Almost languidly, he pushed the sword home into the right place, up to the pommel.

In that instant Islero raised his head, and stabbed his right horn, the bad one, into the upper part of Manolete's right thigh. He whirled up on the horn, spinning round on the point, which jabbed deeper into the wound with half a ton of Islero's weight behind it. He flew up and landed between the bull's forehoofs. David, Manolete's head peon, took the horns away with his cape.

Guillermo was the first to run out to the stricken man's aid; after him Camará, and then the other peons, Cantimplas and El Sevillano.

Meanwhile Islero plodded over to the fence, and died. It was exactly forty-two minutes past six in the evening. "What happened afterward in the bull ring in Linares," says Señor Narbona, "is no concern of history's."

The cheers pursued Manolete to the infirmary, but he was already insensible, and did not hear the last ovation of his life. When the doctors were completing their examination, David burst into the room with the ears and tail of Islero, which had been won so purely. Swarms of well-meaning onlookers filled the air with cigar smoke, and a jug of water had to be brought to moisten Manolete's lips. Blood was spurting from his leg in irregular gushes, and a transfusion was urgently required. The first volunteer was Juan Sánchez Calle, a police officer and close friend of the torero.

While the operation was taking place, wooden chairs were being arranged in the bull ring for the film show which had been announced for later in the evening, and a silent crowd gathered around Manolete's great blue car, which stood empty in the courtyard outside. A medical report was posted outside the infirmary. It said baldly that Manolete had been injured in the groin, and that the wound had taken three trajectories, inward, upward and downward—the result of the brief moment in which he had spun on the horn. The femoral artery was badly damaged, there was extensive hemorrhage and violent traumatic shock. "Outlook very grave." This was signed by Dr. Carrido and has been much commented on. Medical opinion now holds the view that Manolete was killed not by the wound itself but by the traumatic shock which it induced.

After a short conference, the doctors decided to summon the help of Jiménez

Guinea, the Madrid bull-ring surgeon, who was spending the summer at El Escorial, some 200 miles to the north.

At eight o'clock Manolete regained consciousness. His peons were at his bedside, together with Camará, Gitanillo and Luis Miguel. He murmured to Cantimplas, "Aye—but my groin hurts."

The peon mumbled a few words of comfort. Manolete turned toward Camará and asked, "Is it in a bad place?"

It was in the worst place, but no one spoke. He then asked for water, and Luis Miguel poured a little through his arid lips. At eight-thirty a second transfusion was performed. His resistance was still very low, but he revived enough to grip the hands of those around him, saying, "Move my leg a little. That's better. It was hurting me."

It was now agreed that he should be transferred to the municipal hospital in Linares. They carried him out of the infirmary on a stretcher. The crowd in the streets heard him utter two words. "Hurry!" he said. And again: "Hurry!" But the hospital of San José was a good distance off, and twenty minutes passed before he was on the operating table.

Meantime one of his peons telephoned the diestro's mother in San Sebastian.

"What has happened?" she said. "Listen," he said, "Manolo has been caught in the leg. Yes, it's a cornada, but nothing special."

"Go on," said his mother. "Well, he cut the ears and the tail. Pay no attention to the papers and the radio—you know what they are. All that stuff about arteries and so on! It isn't important. Don't alarm yourself."

Just after ten-thirty, one of his mother's friends, the impresario Pablo Martínez Elizondo, spoke to Camará by telephone from San Sebastian and heard the worst. As casually as he could, he suggested to the señora that she might like to be at her son's side. "Not that it's very serious, but he would be pleased to see you."

At eleven they left together for Linares.

By this time word of the goring had spread across the whole country; in Madrid, Seville and Barcelona no one talked of anything else. At midnight a third blood transfusion was performed and Manolete was removed from the operating theater to a hospital bed. He asked for a cigarette, but could not smoke it.

He sighed, and said to Alvaro Domecq, the equestrian bullfighter. "This is a bad feeling."

Professional pride revived for a moment, and he asked, "Did I kill the bull with that estocada?"

They told him he had killed it. "And—didn't they give me an ear?" Camará replied that they had given him both ears and the tail. He smiled.

A few minutes later, he whispered, "How my mother will suffer!"

At four a.m. he began to grow terribly

pale. He was able to recognize Domingo Ortega when the latter arrived, but could do no more than make a feeble gesture of apology. Shortly afterward, Gitanillo, who had driven like a madman, drew up with Dr. Guinea in the blue car. Guinea examined the dying man and discussed the situation with Dr. Tamames, whom Luis Miguel had called in. They decided not to move him.

"Don Luis," said Manolete to Dr. Guinea, whom he knew well, "what can you do for me?"

Guinea told him to close his eyes and rest. To limit the circulation he then applied tighter bandages to both legs.

Minutes passed, and Manolete said faintly, "I can't feel anything in my legs, doctor."

After a while he said, "I can't see you, Don Luis." His eyes were open.

Guinea said, "Close your eyes and don't worry. All is well."

There was no hope. A few minutes before five the hospital chaplain administered extreme unction. When this was done, Manolete called suddenly for his oldest peon. "David . . ."

His lips went on moving, but the words were lost. At seven minutes past five a brief convulsion took place, but with it no great agony. Then Manolete's head slumped to the right, so that it faced a picture of the Virgin of the Macarena which stood by his bed. Dr. Tamames, who was taking his pulse, announced that he had given up his soul.

In the hospital chapel, the first mass was celebrated in his memory. A little after ten o'clock his remains were taken to Cordoba, where they are now buried.

Deaths such as this have their echoes. All of Spain mourned Manolete, and with some members of his profession his mischance became a morbid preoccupation. On September 14th, just over two weeks after the disaster of Linares, the Mexican bullfighter José González López, known as Carnicerito de Mexico, was gored in the Portuguese bull ring of Vila Vicosá. He was forty years old, competent with the cape and muleta and an acknowledged maestro with the banderillas. His second bull, a difficult manso, came treacherously to the faena, and caught Carnicerito high up in the right leg, severing the femoral artery.

As he was being carried to the hospital, half a mile away, he said, "Don't leave me. Take care of me. My cornada is like Manolete's."

He was convinced that he had been chosen to relive Manolete's anguish, and he even mouthed Manolete's words: "I can't feel anything in my legs, doctor . . ."

At half past six next morning he called for extreme unction. Two hours later he began to sink, and Conchita Cintrón, the rejoneadora, bent over to decipher his last words.

"Watch me," he said. "I am dying like Manolete." ● ● ●

Tom Runyon: The Way Back *Continued from page 29*

When we were billeted in barracks I looked at the sheets, the pillow cases and the towels to try and determine how many times they had been sent to the laundry, whether there was an effort to get all the wear out of them that had been built into them. When we were out in the field, I stepped up owlishly to pieces of complicated equipment, acting as though I knew what they were all about. Actually, I was looking for evidences of neglect.

An army has to leave its equipment out of doors in all sorts of weather. Sad experience with my own personal equipment has convinced me that the slightest neglect under circumstances of this kind will produce rust and corrosion.

The equipment I looked at—and I looked at a lot of it—was kept up to the minute, and everywhere there seemed to be a feeling that government property and equipment were pretty sacred.

I remember the time when a spell of hot weather gave place to the first unseasonable cold snap. The wind shifted and all of a sudden it turned downright chilly.

This shift in the weather couldn't have been anticipated. It happened during the midst of some very interesting military maneuvers. It was the first cold snap of the season.

Within what seemed a matter of minutes, military trucks were rolling up loaded with overcoats. I made it a point to look over those overcoats. They weren't new overcoats. They had been cleaned and stored from the preceding season. They had been stored carefully and there was just that nice odor of moth balls which showed they had been carefully cared for.

I found that the linen had been sent to the laundry many times and that the laundry had been careful. I found that morale was wonderful, that the leadership was excellent and that property was being well cared for.

As a citizen, I was very much interested in this Army, Navy and Air Force of ours. We saw marines, airplanes, submarines, artillery, etc. In short, we saw the works.

Some of you folks who have sons in the armed services are, I know, anxious to understand just what they're doing and just how they're being backed up in their efforts to keep this country free and invincible.

Without divulging any secrets, I can tell you that they're being backed up by lots and lots of fire power. When our men advance, you can be certain that every obstacle ahead of them has been ironed out as effectively as human ingenuity and human equipment can do the job.

Years ago, I knew officers in the armed services who were dogmatic, somewhat arrogant and who had a habit of hiding behind their gold braid. This time I encountered officers who had young minds despite their mature years. Men who were open to suggestion, who were up on

their intellectual toes and who were fully competent to cope with the rapidly shifting military tactics of today.

I went down in submarines, I was flown in jet planes, I looped the loop, I saw field maneuvers, parachute drops and I saw men—lots of men—enlisted men, non-commissioned officers, majors, colonels, generals, admirals, and all the rest. And everywhere I saw an effort being made to protect the lives of our boys by giving them an adequate cover of fire power.

All of which brings up the one place where we *may* be weak.

That is, our citizen fire power.

Just as the armed forces protect their men by giving them a cover of fire power, so do we citizens have to protect our armed forces by giving them an adequate cover of citizen-co-operation fire power.

There are lots of things that can go wrong with our concept of national defense. For one thing, we can let our guard down. For another thing, we can let our armed forces be dragged into the political arena and used as a partisan football.

If those things happen, we're going to find our boys are out in the front lines without adequate fire power to protect them.

It may seem a far cry for you people who constitute Arcosy's Court of Last Resort to concern yourselves with citizen fire power, but when you come right down to it that's a part of what we're working for. If we can't keep this country free, independent and powerful, it isn't going to do any good for us to have a fine concept of justice. When you come right down to it, the administration of justice we've worked so hard over is founded upon our ability to safeguard our freedoms. Regardless of what anyone may tell you, safeguarding our freedoms depends on fire power.

So I'm going to try and get certain things cleared with the Department of Defense, and next month I'd like to tell you folks a few things about citizen fire power and how you can furnish a cover of citizen thinking that will back up the physical fire power of the armed services.

In the meantime, there have been rather important developments in this case of Tom Runyon. The Texas Law Enforcement Foundation is really rolling along. That idea is catching on like wildfire and there should be a lot of news within the next few weeks.

Members of the Foundation flew out to my ranch in California. From there we went to Los Angeles where we had a session with the executive heads of the police, then we flew to Fresno where Chief of Police Henry Morton and his staff gave us some material on police training, law enforcement, etc. We went to Carson City, Nevada, where a couple of prison inmates who had previously indicated a desire to talk with us on a man-to-man basis, gave us the benefit of their

experiences, trying to analyze the causes that swept them up when they were kids and left them human derelicts on the wrong side of the law.

Most of you readers will remember that Tom Runyon is a bank robber who is serving a life sentence in Fort Madison, Iowa. Eighteen years ago I would have looked at his record and said Tom Runyon was just about hopeless. He had a bad record when he was convicted and he had a bad institutional record after his conviction.

Most of you readers know that I admire Warden Percy Lainson's achievements and have the greatest respect for his ideas in the field of penology (I understand he has just been voted an award as the outstanding warden of the year at a recent meeting of penologists).

Lainson tried to help Runyon find himself, and some twelve or fifteen years ago Runyon began the long comeback trail. Runyon decided he wanted to learn to write and, looking over his early efforts, you can see that that ambition was about the same as though a mud hen had suddenly decided he wanted to chase grasshoppers for a living.

In short, Runyon had no natural aptitude as a writer. However, Runyon is a hard worker, a dogged, determined cuss, and Percy Lainson gave him an opportunity to work.

Some of us in your Court of Last Resort became interested in Runyon's writing. Several years ago I wrote to him giving him a pat on the back, just as one writer to another, telling him that I had noticed in his published writings a very consistent degree of improvement.

That started a desultory correspondence. Finally I took it on myself to ask Runyon how much time he had and Runyon wrote me that he didn't want to discuss it, that he was in for life and, in his case, that meant life.

Subsequently, I found out that he was one of the few men who had been convicted in a State court, sentenced to life, then sentenced in Federal court to another life term to begin in case he was ever released on parole or by pardon.

I corresponded with Percy Lainson, the warden of Fort Madison Penitentiary, and learned that in his opinion Runyon had gone a long way toward making himself a new man. (Later on, Lainson wrote me that in his opinion Runyon was completely rehabilitated.)

There is one thing wrong with our penal system today and just about all the penologists admit it. We need more emphasis on rehabilitation and we need to do more to encourage rehabilitation. That means that when a man makes an effort to rehabilitate himself, society should make a lot more effort than it is doing at the present time to meet him halfway.

Some of you people will remember that we wrote the Pardon Attorney of the U.S. Attorney General's office about Run-

yon's sentence and about trying to do something about Tom Runyon—and we had our ears slapped back for our trouble.

So we started looking around and found that quite a few people were interested in Tom Runyon. Some of the newspaper editors who had been publishing Runyon's stuff had become interested in him. A professor of criminology had been watching Runyon's progress and had become interested in him. Several other people had begun to watch Runyon with a friendly interest.

When we told you folks that the *Presidio*, the prison newspaper printed at Fort Madison Penitentiary, ran quite a bit of Runyon's stuff and that it also had a monthly page written by Warden Lainson discussing some of the problems of modern penology, a whole avalanche of subscriptions from you readers began to pour in to the editors of the *Presidio* at Fort Madison. These letters were accompanied by one-dollar bills, the price of a year's subscription, and the *Presidio* began to enjoy the distinction of having one of the largest "outside" subscription lists of any of the prison magazines.

However, we were still faced with a wall of definite hostility at the Attorney General's office.

So we wrote Governor Sherman Adams, President Eisenhower's assistant, and told him how we felt.

That's one advantage in living in a government of this sort. A man who is sincere and earnest can get thoughtful consideration by those in office. Governor Sherman Adams is a busy individual with more on his mind than any one human being should be carrying, but he took time enough to take the matter up with James V. Bennett, Director of Federal Prisons, and one of the outstanding penologists in the country. He asked Bennett to meet with us and to look into this Runyon case.

And then something happened which changed the complexion of the entire situation. Reed Cozart was appointed as Pardon Attorney by the Attorney General of the United States.

These other persons with whom we had been dealing had been acting pardon attorneys. The Attorney General was looking around for just the right man for the permanent job and he found him in Reed Cozart.

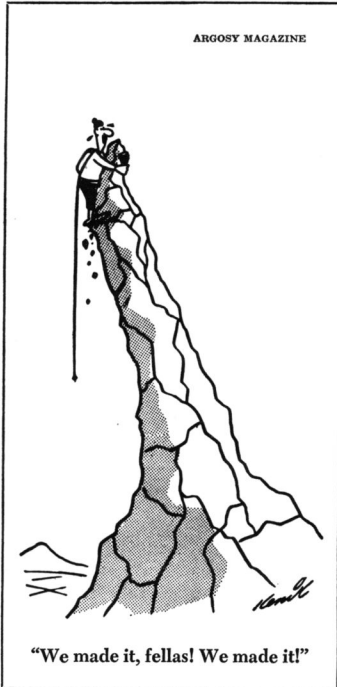
Cozart is not only an attorney, but he's an outstanding penologist. Probably a good many thousand of you readers read his article in the October 8th issue of the "Saturday Evening Post," entitled, "Our Prisons Need Not Fail." Many of you readers will also remember that Reed Cozart was the man they called on to straighten out the Angola Prison in Louisiana after that prison had become a complete stench in the nostrils of decent citizens. Cozart not only did an outstanding job but he laid down principles of prison administration which are destined to have a long-range effect on penology.

So yesterday we had our Washington meeting, a friendly, informal discussion

with some of the top brass in law and penology, and it was a discussion that was thoroughly constructive, predicated on the modern concept of rehabilitation. The persons with whom we discussed our mission were open-minded, sympathetic and friendly.

There were several of the top men in the Attorney General's office, a member of the Federal Parole Board, the Director of the Federal Prisons, the Pardon Attorney himself, and a representative from the White House.

It was interesting to realize that these men all took their time out of a busy day to spend several hours discussing the case of Tom Runyon, the bank robber



who is trying to make good on the come-back trail. It shows that if a man wants to make the effort he can have lots of backing.

Runyon represents a technical problem. The Federal Government doesn't want to grant executive clemency to a prisoner who is not in Federal custody. It would like to have Runyon in a Federal prison. Some of us who are interested in Runyon are very much concerned lest a change in environment and the more strict regimentation of a Federal prison would throw him off his stride in his writing.

If this happened, I for one think the results would be disastrous. By that I don't mean that I think Runyon would become a custodial problem or that his rehabilitation would be impaired, but I do think that some of his self-confidence would be destroyed and this would have a very adverse effect on his writing.

Runyon's writing represents the ladder on which he is founding his career.

I'm darned if I know why it is, but whenever a writer gets a jolt it is very, very easy for that jolt to start off a whole chain reaction which keeps him from doing his best work.

If I knew just what causes a writing slump I could quit writing myself and make a fortune out of telling other writers how to avoid the slumps which almost inevitably occur somewhere along the line in the writing game—even with the best of them.

Sometimes an unexpected rejection will start a slump, sometimes it's just the opposite. A series of several acceptances in a row which build up the beginning writer's ego too rapidly will tend to make him a little careless, then the flood of rejections which follow his carelessness will throw him for a loss.

Some persons have the flash of genius which enables them to start writing successfully and stay with it, but most of us have had doggedly to persevere through the most bitter discouragements a human being can suffer until we have found our particular forte in the writing field.

When you put all of your creative fire into stories that come back time and again with rejection slips, you are faced with a discouragement that all too frequently creates self-doubt.

Tom Runyon is at the moment forging steadily ahead, his writing showing constant improvement. We who are interested in Runyon and in that improvement are very much concerned that nothing happens to throw him off his stride.

But the one thing that we want to get across to all of you who read this is that whenever anyone tries to do the right thing there are pretty apt to be people who are ready to do all they can to help. I don't care who the convict is or what he's in for. If he wants to put in years of effort developing himself, trying to make over his character, and doing such a good job of it that he wins the respect and confidence of a warden who has been watching the entire process of rehabilitation, there is a group of citizens who will start fighting for him.

We've seen it in the Runyon case and we'll see it in any other case where similar conditions exist.

A man may get himself in prison by fighting society, but by the same token he can go a long way toward getting himself out of prison if he tries to fight his way back up.

And on behalf of Arcosy's Court of Last Resort, our congratulations to Honorable Herbert Brownell, Jr., Attorney General of the United States, for his vision in appointing a man who is not only a lawyer but an outstanding penologist to the position of Pardon Attorney. Believe me, that's going to make a big difference.

Next month, if we can get a clearance from the Secretary of Defense, we'll be you telling you a little more about citizen fire power, and we'll keep you posted on Tom Runyon.



Confronted with the unaccustomed chores of the housewife, Ewell wreaks well-meaning chaos.

THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS

This rollicking situation comedy has been tailored to fit the talents of droll Tom Ewell and luscious Sheree North. Based on the misadventures of a writer who follows his WAF-enlisted wife on her tour of duty, the story provides the perfect framework for Ewell to display his comic skill, and Miss North her usual array of charms. As the civilian husband of a female Air Force lieutenant, Ewell finds himself embroiled in a series of events which shift the burdens of housekeeping to his shoulders, put him in competition for his wife's affections with a handsome jet ace, and involve him—much to his confusion—with an assortment of predatory and well-stacked females. These happenings are a bit unsettling, but Ewell manages to overcome his harassments nobly. How he accomplishes this is more than we can go into here, but his methods, we can safely predict, will have you in stitches for most of the picture's running time. Besides the two principals, the cast also features Kathy Marlowe, Rita Moreno and Sylvia Lewis—each of whom decorates the scenery nicely.

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



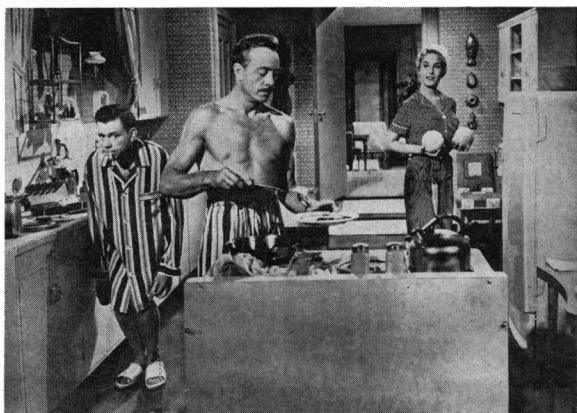
Former air hero Ewell is recalled for service, then rejected.



He is jealous when pilot pays court to wife, Sheree North.



Wife re-enlists in WAF. This beautiful blonde is superfluous.



Ewell visits his literary agent when wife goes overseas.



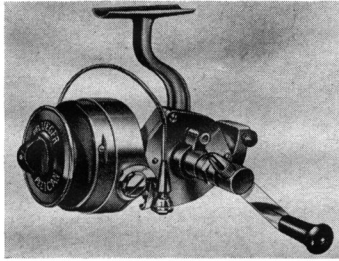
Friend is cute, but Ewell misses wife, joins her at base.



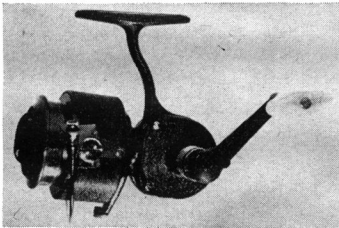
Here Ewell is trying to drive wife crazy. See film for rest.

New Tackle for '56 *Continued from page 33*

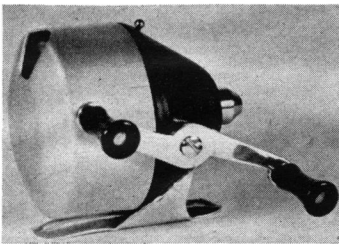
quick trip through the Manufacturers Tackle Show recently revealed a goodly supply of new items to further harass the tackle merchant for the year 1956. Some belong in the crackpot class but a good many others have real merit.



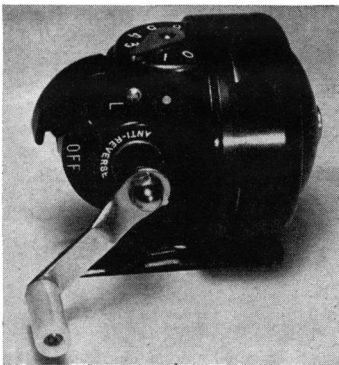
New Pfeuger Pelican is of large capacity for saltwater casting, has good drag controls.



Langley saltwater model weighs only 14 oz. but holds 250 yards of 10-lb. line.



Horrocks-Ibbotson top-of-rod reel gives good control, since thumb touches line.



Johnson Century, also made for top-of-rod use, can be used as normal spinning reel.

In the first category are many of the so-called new lures for spinning which have a design smelling strongly of costume jewelry. How some of these "lures" can masquerade as fish takers is beyond the scope of a tried angler's imagination, but apparently anything that glitters spells appeal for fish to a certain class of tackle buyer. So much for the dross.

The spinning-rod group has been enhanced by the addition of a couple of ideas, one new, the other a revival. For example, I can well recall one of the first American-made spinning rods I owned. It was a little three-piecer of bamboo made by Gene Edwards—a delight in the hand on a trout stream, and a dream to pack in a car trunk, a duffel bag or a suitcase. Then, in an unusually soft-headed moment, I lent it to a friend who was about to embark on a pack trip into the High Sierras for golden trout. During this safari my late friend's packhorse, a skittish palomino having all the instability of the normal blonde, decided to buck off the whole outfit. The little rod ultimately found its way to the bottom of a deep canyon or crevasse or whatever. Anyway, it never came back, so for the past decade I've been trying to bend long rod cases into short trunks, duffel bags, etc., with relatively poor and infuriating results.

Now, with the recent arrival of a delightful little three-piece, hollow-glass spinning rod by Sila-Flex, I'm in business again with a really portable rod. In fact, within the next hour or two I'll be dropping this in a suitcase to take off for Montana on a combination big-game hunt and fishing trip, so this neat little package, twenty-six inches overall in its aluminum case, will be riding with me on plane and horseback to the remote interior of the Bob Marshall Wilderness area, where the elk and goat play, as well as some big cutthroat and rainbow trout.

This new Sila-Flex rod is extremely light but has a surprising amount of punch. Lee Harter tells me that a West Coast angler landed a twenty-six-pound shark on it while fishing for lesser game with very light monofilament.

Airex is also building a neat hollow-glass spinning rod in this same three-piece design for 1956, so apparently the howls of traveling salesmen, as well as the standard type of angler, have been heard in the right quarters.

Second of the new developments in spinning rods is the new reel seat designed by Orchard Industries for their better Actionrods. Someone, sometime, had to come up with a spinning-rod reel seat that would hold the rod firmly to the grip, without giving you a set of sore fingers after a few hours of casting. The new grip ingeniously clamps the reel plate flush to the outlines of the cork grip, leaving the surface normally held by your hand free of bulky rings, knurled sleeves and the usual tricky devices that

hold the reel all right, but without too much regard for the angler's comfort. Actionrod has also gone along with the new portability idea in spinning rods in their new three-piecer. Undoubtedly there will be more of these by other makers soon.

South Bend makes further concessions to the light-lure caster with two new designs in a so-called combination spinning-casting rod. Rods are 6 and 6½ feet long, with detachable, locking grip. They're designed, of course, for use with South Bend's closed-spool reel which is a good light-lure model, but this shouldn't discourage the owner of the light, conventional casting reel or open-face spinning reel. Both are fine for use on these new light-action rods. Further note on portability: the 6½-foot rod has a two-piece tip section; a new S. B. Salmon spinning rod in 9-foot length also breaks down into two equal-length sections that should go into a car trunk. New also in the South Bend family of casting rods is a hollow-glass model which breaks down into a two-piece tip section having a detachable handle. Again the idea in this rod is portability, aside from the fact that the rod is of new hollow-glass design. Prior to the birth of this #2430, all South Bend casting rods were of solid-glass construction.

The reel picture for '56 is not greatly changed. The most important new designs are obviously influenced by the die-hard casting-rod fishermen of the middle northern states, who have never given spinning, as such, the time of day. The manufacturers have given up the attempt to wean these plug and spoon casters away from their short rods, but have now given them a reel that has the advantages of most spinning reels and can be used on top of the regular casting rod. This is not a new idea, but the maker who had such a reel some years ago had a cluck model that demanded much more than a touch of genius to keep it working. It has been off the market, fortunately, for some time now.

Two new models in this top-of-the-rod, spinning-type reel are offered by Bronson and Denison-Johnson. Both have a good thumb-control device and the Bronson has a star drag similar to those used on conventional saltwater and large fresh-water reels. This Spin-King model comes filled with 100 yards of 6-pound monofilament. The Johnson Century model has an added feature of either right- or left-hand retrieve and can be used on top of the rod or in the normal spinning-reel position. It incorporates a dial for pre-setting drag to any desired tension. Both makes of reel are, of course, non-backlash. Similar to both these reels and with the same intent in design is a New Horrocks-Ibbotson which differs only in that the angler's thumb actually touches the line to effect full control of the cast. This #1915 reel is backlash-free, of course, like all spinning reels,

and it comes filled with 100 yards of 6-pound nylon line.

Pressure by the West Coast steelhead drifters has forced out a couple of new models in the in-between class of spinning reels. For this fishing the steelheader generally dislikes the great bulk of the regular saltwater-type spinning reel which is great for surf-casting for big strippers, channel bass and larger saltwater species. Nor is the conventional freshwater size of reel, with one or two exceptions, of large enough line capacity for the speedy and powerful sea-run rainbow. Thus new reels are born to fill the gap. One by Langley weighs only 14 ounces and has a capacity of 250 yards of 10-pound test line. The Plueger new saltwater model is of the same general size, and both reels are fine for all light saltwater fishing, surf-casting for blues and the like, as well as good salmon and steelhead reels.

Two minor developments in the field of freshwater spinning reels are by Airex and Garcia. The new Airex Astra is also called a Mastereel and has all the major features of the well-known Mastereels. In addition, it can be used as either left- or right-hand model. A hundred yards of line is already wound on the reel spool, a new plus which Airex is offering this year on most of their models. The new Astra is in the medium-price range.

Garcia's excellent CAP reel is now being furnished with a manual pickup in addition to the regular model with full bail. The price is, of course, lower.

Shakespeare has added an open-face spinning reel to their line. The new #1785 is extremely simple to operate, since it has no finger or roller pickup, which leaves the housing clean, further eliminating any chance of fouling up the line. This model has a super-smooth drag which is adjustable while fighting a fish and comes filled with 200 yards of 6-pound line.

Development of new lines for '56 is certainly not startling, but actually the needs of fishermen have been so thoroughly met during the past few years that it's difficult to anticipate how much further the line braiders can go to bring out something new. Cortland has a new glass-filled "sinking" fly line which is a fitting companion for their most excellent "333" non-sinkable fly line. If the new model—designed for wet-fly, nymph and streamer fishing—does as good a job of casting and sinking as the "333" does in dry-fly work, no angler in his right mind can make a complaint. The sample line tested casts with real authority and should handle with great ease in windy weather. New also with Cortland is a special nylon line for archers who prefer to spear their fish with arrows rather than take them on rod and reel. This braided line is extra strong and very smooth, both qualities that the bowmen like to find in a line for archery-angling. For adherents of braided spinning lines—and there are many among the plugcasters—Gudebrod has brought out a braided line of Dacron, their G-6, which they assure us is univer-

ly kink-free and almost completely eliminates line stretch. Both are desirable and, thus far, unachieved qualities in spinning line.

A new idea and a good one is now a part of the Newton Line Company's setup for '56. It has forever been a problem with spin-fishermen, when getting ready to put a new line on the spool, to figure out how much backing should go under the line to fill the spool properly for best casting efficiency. Most freshwater reels hold more than 100 yards of line but few will hold a full 200 yards (depending on the test). One solution has been to buy 200 yards of line and keep laying it on until the spool fills up, then discarding the remainder, which is a loss of both line and money. Most anglers will settle for the 100-yard length—which is normally a great plenty—then fill up with old line, tape, string or whatever's at hand to fill the spool level. But this is always a cut-and-try method requiring time and patience unless you have a spare spool for measuring. The Newton Fitzit package is designed to just fill the spool of your reel, no matter which test or type of their line you want. You buy exactly enough to fill the reel so there's no waste. How this will work out for all reels I'm not yet prepared to say, but it's a good idea to save the angler time and trouble.

A new and handsome line of hollow-glass rods has appeared on the '56 tackle scene. (We didn't have enough?) But these rods by Fenwick Products Company, Kent, Washington are really outstanding in appearance, action and price. There's a wide selection in fly rods, spinning rods and steelhead and salmon numbers, finely fitted and finished, of high-quality stuff and at remarkably low prices. A dainty, 2¾-ounce, 7-foot dry-fly model goes for less than a double sawbuck and the top-priced number is not much more than this.

The Korean conflict touched off some frantic research in building footwear that would keep GI toes from freezing in the bitter weather of the Korean mountain winters. The result was a foam-rubber insulation which has been adapted to various types of footwear, including boots, leather hunting boots and even socks. The latest is a product of the Servus Rubber Company in the form of a foam-rubber insulated wader that should be great for wading opening-day trout streams as well as dodging in and out of the surf in the chill weather of late autumn, when the big blues and strippers are on the move. And if you're a marsh gunner lacking the luxury of a retriever, these chest-high waders should be just the medicine for the raw, chilly mornings you'll spend in the duck blind. Only the feet and ankles are insulated and the whole rig is a heavy-duty outfit. They're by no means light, but they're built for rugged service, with heavy, cleated soles. One advantage is that you'll buy these in exact foot size, since you won't need to crowd them full of wool socks to keep your feet warm. This means there should be less chafing

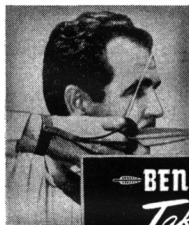
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than with the regular type of wader.

Good new lures for '56 are far from numerous. One of the cleverest, which should be of great interest to the West Coast trout and salmon fisherman as well as the hordes of New York's Catherine Creek anglers, is an imitation salmon egg which looks, feels, smells, perhaps tastes, just like the real thing. Hank Roberts of Boulder, Colorado, will supply these in clusters, single eggs or strung in threes, already mounted on gold-plated egg hooks. This should be some relief for the vaseline eggers who go to no little pains to shape an imitation and then keep it on the hook.

Heddon's contribution to new lures is a concession to the gadgeteer who loves to tinker with his plugs. They've forestalled some of this tendency with a new lure patterned on the well-known River Runt Spook. The new bait has an adjustable lip which can be set to any of

six different positions, which in turn convert the action from shallow diving, through deep diving, to surface popping. A good combination lure if you have a turn toward experimenting.

Curvature is a whacky-looking design of plug lure that created a sensation when first tried in midwestern waters. It's a diving bait which starts along the line of some conventionally shaped lures but ends up with a side curve unlike anything you've ever seen in the water. It has an extremely erratic, non-conventional action and should provide interesting moments of experimentation in bass and pike waters.

In the gadget line there are a couple of interesting devices—a magnetic flashlight which you can lay anywhere on your metal tackle box, outboard motor or any other steel object and fix it in the position you want. This Magna-Beam light has a hinged head that can be anchored at any

angle. All in all, a very good fisherman's light.

For trollers, the new Tac-All line guide looks like a practical, low-priced device for keeping your trailing lines from fouling in the outboard prop or among themselves. Working somewhat like an outrigger, it clamps to the gunwale—one on each side—and keeps lines about three feet away from each side of your boat's stern. The arms lift up when you're coming alongside to dock.

In general, the most noticeable new trend for '56 tackle will be higher prices. Apparently the makers have decided that the boom in tackle sales is a healthy indication of the fisherman's economy and are willing to risk a bit of a price squeeze for the coming year. We doubt, however, if this will have any serious effect on lessening the amount of assorted fishing gear that the Missus will be kicking around in the hall closet. • • •

Miracle In Milwaukee *Continued from page 31*

was content to accept the patronizing evaluation of most Midwesterners who referred to the city as merely a suburb of ninety-miles-away Chicago. The citizens went to Chicago to attend concerts and the theater, to shop, and to watch the Chicago Cubs play ball.

Today Milwaukee is a vigorous, lusty, proud, big-league city in every way, glad to accommodate the busloads of Chicagoans who come to watch the Milwaukee Braves play baseball in what is just about the most magnificent ball park in the land. This is a city that achieved major-league stature overnight, and any resemblance between the solid, cautious, thrifty, slightly apologetic community of yesteryear and the city of today is purely accidental.

The story of how the city took its baseball team to its heart in 1953 has been told and retold; equally well circulated is the story of how the team reciprocated by playing far above its head these past two years. Few expected that this phenomenon of mutual mass hypnosis would be a continuing one—but the 1955 story is evidence that the exciting and pleasant miracle has come to stay. During the spring of this year the team was going poorly. During one stretch in late May the Braves lost eight out of nine, but during the same stretch the fans continued to pour into Milwaukee County Stadium in such numbers as to exceed the attendance figures of a year ago when the boys were battling for first place. They braved wind and storm and rain and thirty-eight-degree weather to see their team play, and showed that their cumulative affection did not vary in proportion to the standing of the team.

During their first year, the Braves drew 1,826,397 fans into the stadium to establish a new National League mark. Last year, 2,131,388 paid to see the home games of the team. The only remaining attendance record in major-league ball left standing is the 2,620,627 figure set

in the 80,000-capacity Cleveland Stadium. Milwaukee fans say stoutly that even this mark can be broken, even though the capacity of the local stadium is only 43,111 (it will mean that the ball park will be eighty-nine per cent filled at all games). They hit the million mark this year on July 4th, long before any other major-league team drew that number of customers.

A one-day visitor to the city might come away laughing at the unbridled enthusiasm and hysterical devotion accorded to the Braves by the traditionally phlegmatic burghers of a city never noted for exuberance. The one-day visitor would completely miss the economic, communal and spiritual significance of the metamorphosis which in three brief years has made Milwaukee into a Big City.

To begin with, the people of the city have learned the spine-tingling pleasure of spending money, an art never before associated with a city which has often been called Old Lady Thrift. Milwaukee was always a good-natured old gal, but when she had saved a few nickels she was likely to tuck them carefully away in her stocking.

Wages have always been high in the industrialized city, but the citizens never supported a night club or a theater, and merchants depending upon the sale of luxury items usually ended up by investigating the unhappy statute known as 77-B. There wasn't a horse or dog track in the whole state of Wisconsin; the gambling urge was satisfied by small-stake card games of Skat or Schafskopf. Milwaukee never was able to support a symphony orchestra, and its two art galleries were hardly the kind one would expect of the thirteenth largest city in the nation. The people, predominantly German and Polish in origin, liked to bowl, picnic in the city's fifty-eight beautiful parks, and join such singing societies as the Maennerchor or the Lieberkranz—pastimes guaranteed not to strain the pocketbook.

Paradoxically enough, this thrifty city

threw caution to the winds when her heart was touched by charitable appeals. Then Old Lady Thrift would dig into her stocking and give unstintingly. But she wouldn't spend money on herself. Until the Braves came to town.

Today Milwaukee is on its third annual spending spree and loving every minute of it. One slight but authoritative bit of evidence to support this trend is the way the paying customers go for the ice cream, beer, hot dogs, hot chocolate, coffee and soda pop which are sold at the Stadium.

Last year the people of the city (always traditionally serious in their approach to eating or drinking) spent \$1,413,120 on food, drink and souvenirs purveyed by the concessionaires during the games. The ordinary fan at the Yankee Stadium, Polo Grounds, Cleveland Municipal Stadium or any other major-league ball park spends an average of fifty cents on each visit. Milwaukeeans in 1954 spent exactly \$1.07 each time they went to see their Braves in action, and this year the average promises to be higher.

The whole state of Wisconsin seems to have caught the pleasant contagion. A survey conducted by the city's Economic Research Bureau revealed that last year 639,416 out-of-town visitors came to watch the Braves play their home games, and a questionnaire sent out to thousands of them indicated that the average visitor from Waukesha, Sauk City, Beloit or Janesville spent eleven dollars each time he came to Milwaukee. (This brought \$7,033,576 into the city in 1954).

During the first two years of the Braves' existence, municipal fathers estimate that at least \$8,000,000 has trickled into the coffers of Milwaukee restaurants, retail stores, hotels, gasoline stations and taxicab companies. The attraction that the city now has for people not only outside the city but outside the state is reflected in the increased convention business; during home games the city's

twelve hotels are usually bulging with men and women wearing badges of one kind or another. Part of the usual convention routine is a visit to the stadium.

"We first thought that enthusiasm for the Braves would be a one-day wonder, quickly forgotten," William G. Brumder, president of the First Wisconsin Bank, chuckles when you ask him what impact the coming of the team has had on Milwaukee's business. "But we were wrong. It seems obvious now that this is a pleasantly chronic fever which has infected us all. I can't think of one business or industry which hasn't been directly or indirectly helped by the coming of major-league baseball. We of course, do business with banks all over the state. Today we get some four hundred requests a week from their officers asking for tickets. I've had to assign George Kaston, one of our vice presidents, to handle these applications. We're suddenly in the baseball business. Now when these out-of-town bankers come to Milwaukee they drop in to see us. We have a personal relationship with them we never had before. That's a valuable if intangible asset in the banking business."

Four years ago Joseph E. Rapkin built the Southgate Shopping Center on the outskirts of the city. It was an expensive and, most businessmen felt, a risky enterprise. But the big shopping center was on Highway 41, one of major traffic arteries leading to the heart of the city from southern Wisconsin.

"Since the Braves came," Rapkin laughs, "traffic on this highway has doubled. Thousands of visitors en route to or from the game stop to make purchases at our center. We've had such a phenomenal success that we're building another shopping center on Highway 100 which is used by people coming from the state capital and from the great farming and industrial communities of northeast Wisconsin. This would scarcely have been possible without the Braves."

Charles Zadok, General Manager of Gimbel Brothers department store, agrees that the coming of big-league baseball has engendered a healthy economic climate in the city. "People have become stoutly loyal to Milwaukee. Once they went to Chicago to shop, now they shop here. Of course, like all merchants in Milwaukee we've had to install radios all over our store so that shoppers can keep track of the score."

It has long been the custom at Gimbel's to import a movie star to highlight their annual fashion show. This year they asked Laraine Day (wife of Giant manager Leo Durocher) to preside. Over the years the average attendance at the show has been 200. Laraine attracted 600 women who ordered dresses and then got down to the real purpose of their presence; for an hour they bombarded Laraine with questions about her husband and Willie Mays and Sal Maglie.

Edward A. Miller, president of Spic and Span, largest dry-cleaning establishment in Wisconsin, has, like most Milwaukee businessmen, gone all-out in pro-

moting his organization through tie-ups with the players on the team. One day he advertised with one brief television announcement the fact that two of the players would be on hand to sign autographs at one of his branches (in the already mentioned Southgate Shopping Center). Twenty thousand youngsters and many of their parents, police estimate, showed up to almost mob the two players.

Of course it has helped business enormously," young Eddie Miller says. "It could have been merely a ninety-day wonder, but one happy if unexpected factor has made this relationship between the Braves and the community a solid and, I think a permanent one. It happened that the players and their wives are all decent, appreciative men and women. These are not the illiterate Ring Lardner type of ball player—they are without exception the kind of men you'd welcome into your home as guests. Had they been cynical about their initial amazing reception, or had they taken advantage of it, the enthusiasm would have died down. But we present four of the players and their wives on a half-hour TV show every Monday, and now the people know these players and their wives. They like them. The families of the boys have become integrated into the community. When these players aren't on the field you'll find them at hospitals cheering up kids; you'll find some of them, like Billy Bruton, actually serving as guest preachers in our pulpits; you'll find Andy Paiko and Bobby Thomson talking to boys' clubs. Baseball has put Milwaukee into the economic big leagues, but frankly it's done a great deal more than that."

The Spic and Span company sponsored a contest, the prize a ten-day Florida vacation for two. Contestants were asked to write fifty words on "What the Milwaukee Braves Mean to Me." There were 25,000 who sent in entries, but the judges picked that of Mrs. Frank Grassy. She wrote, "I bless the Braves for pulling our middle-aged marriage out of the rut and into the groove. It's sure fun to be going steady again, dating for games, and having something to talk about besides the kids and the mortgage. We haven't been, such close companions since our courtin' days."

Baseball has actually become an integral part of the life of most of the 800,000 citizens of Milwaukee. You can't walk into any of the city's big industrial establishments without immediately becoming baseball conscious. As you enter the huge plant of the Robert A. Johnston Company, one of the country's largest manufacturers of biscuits, candies and chocolate, you are greeted by a sign:

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fact that his plant turns out 7,000,000 cookies a day. "Of course," he says slyly, "we fall way off on opening days and on the days the Braves are playing the Dodgers or the Giants. On those days those of us who can't make the games have small radios with us. We have eleven hundred employes here and I bet half of them have those pocket radios with them. That, incidentally, goes for me, too. I don't want to sound pretentious, but the coming of the Braves has made us into a happier community. My men here have organized a baseball league of their own. This has happened in dozens of the big plants. I doubt if there's a city in America where labor-management relations are on such a friendly basis as right here in Milwaukee. Our mutual enthusiasm for the Braves gives us a common meeting place which we lacked before. Let's face it—we've all become better neighbors and better friends since the Braves arrived."

One of Fretz's employes, a twenty-year veteran of the plant, agreed. "On the roof of this building," he said, grinning, "we got one of the biggest darn electric signs in America. It's one of those signs that flashes on and off. Early in the season the Braves weren't hitting well in night games. The boss sat behind home plate one night, and after Eddie Matthews had struck out twice he noticed that the flashing of our sign might have bothered him. It's half a mile from the stadium, but it's clearly visible from home plate. The next day the boss had a gang of workmen fixing the sign so it didn't flash. Cost him a lot of money, but," he added proudly, "Gene Fretz is a good Braves fan."

Erwin C. Uhlein, president of the Schlitz Brewing Company, agrees that the impact on the community is just about the healthiest thing that ever happened to the city. "Salesmen from Milwaukee firms go out from here and find that doors are open to them which have been closed

up to now. People all over the country have heard of our little miracle here and want to ask about it. But forget the business advantages which have accrued to the city and consider something else. Milwaukee always had an inferiority complex. We had a small-town complex. Now, overnight, that feeling has disappeared. When the Braves defeat the Giants we're showing that we can battle the world's greatest city and sometimes beat it. The Braves defeat teams from Cincinnati, Chicago and Pittsburgh, and we, the people, feel proud that we are part of the picture. In three brief years we've become a big city in every way. The team is a symbol of our new status."

Soft-spoken Mayor Frank P. Zeidler gives an interesting explanation of the enthusiasm the people have shown for big-league baseball. "We have long, hard winters here," he says. "When spring comes the people who have been cooped up all winter look for an outlet—they have found it going to ball games. At first it was a novelty, but now it has become a sort of permanent carnival. The stadium is easy to reach and there is plenty of parking space. The industrial worker needs to blow off steam after eight hours of tough, confining work. Now he has the night games to look forward to. We're a happier city because of the Braves."

Police Chief John W. Polcyn tells you that all of Milwaukee either watches the games or listens to them on radio (there is no televising of the games). "We could almost literally let our whole police force go home while a game is being played," he says. "Police calls drop by seventy per cent during the game. Even law-breakers are too occupied with what the Braves are doing to think of house-breaking. When these enormous crowds began to jam the stadium we put a special detail on the job to look out for pickpockets. To date, more than four million people have watched the Braves play at home, and we haven't had one

complaint that any of them lost anything. We haven't even had a case of simple assault among those four million."

Although the national juvenile delinquency rate has risen about eight per cent in the past two years, Milwaukee seems to have developed a strange immunity from the national trend. Juvenile delinquency during the past two years has decreased two and a half per cent in the city. The answer?

"It's the Braves," Captain Michael Wolke, Chief of the Youth Aid Bureau of the Police Department says cheerfully. "We've organized knot-hole clubs (we even have a girls' organization of more than five hundred), and every season take about twelve thousand youngsters to the games. They're so busy rooting for, or worrying about, the Braves that they have neither the time nor the inclination to indulge in petty crime. The fathers in this city are taking their kids to the games, and they're finding that they have a common language—baseball. They are discovering each other—kids and fathers—and that's about the healthiest thing that can happen to a community. These kids are growing up with a feeling of pride in their city. They don't envy the kids of New York or Chicago. They're big-city minded."

Hal Goodnough, a retired New England schoolteacher, was hired by the Braves to act as a good-will ambassador to sell the team to that part of Wisconsin outside Milwaukee. Since 1953 this brilliant speaker has traveled 35,000 miles and visited more than 220 towns and cities in the state. His car, painted fire-engine red with a big sign, "Thank you, Wisconsin," is the best-known automobile in the state. He has, he says, the most unnecessary job in the world—Wisconsin doesn't have to be sold on the Braves.

"I'll tell you what it's like," Goodnough says in his staccato delivery. "I'm approaching a little town. There's a sign on the road that says, 'Amherst—140 miles to the Home of the Braves.' I hit a town called Portage and went to get a haircut. There is a sign outside the barber shop that reads, 'Can't stand it any longer. Closed for next three days. Have gone to the ball game.' In Beloit, the big Fairbanks Morse Company advertised for workers from out of town. As an added inducement they say, 'Remember, we are only ninety minutes from Milwaukee Stadium.' In towns three hundred miles from Milwaukee you see roadside taverns advertising not hamburgers but 'Braveburgers.' All of Sauk City wanted to go to a Braves game, so the railroad arranged to have the first passenger train in twenty years back up to take care of the special party in a twelve-car train.

"Take a town like Lannon with its three hundred and eighty-five population: One night the whole town, five hundred and two strong, hired buses to attend a game. I don't know where they dug up the extra hundred and seventeen people. I parked my car one day in a small place called Shawano. I went and talked to a local group and when I came



"That wasn't cricket!"

back I found that an old man had been feeding the parking meter nickels in my absence. 'I just wanted to do something for the Braves,' he said. It's like that all over the state. Men used to take their wives to New York for a vacation. Not now. They take them to Milwaukee. As far as people in Wisconsin are concerned, New York is just another whistle stop now; Milwaukee is the Big Town. The other day a woman sued for divorce here in Wisconsin. She said that she and her husband had been attending all home games these past two years but that this year he only bought one season ticket. They've been married since 1922, but this was too much to take. She sued on the grounds of cruel and unusual treatment and the court indicated that the divorce would be granted. Now another thing...

If you don't walk away from persuasive Hal Goodnough you are apt to find yourself completely under his spell.

Churches of all denominations have been enthusiastic in their support of the Braves. Of course, occasionally someone like Father Adams of a Milwaukee Catholic Church will have to chide his congregation by saying, "I like the Braves as well as you do and I want you to support them, but remember your church, too; our collections have fallen off recently." This past spring, Rabbi Herbert Friedman of Temple Emanu-El announced from his pulpit that two very important events were taking place the following night. "There will be a game between the Braves and the Dodgers, and we will hold confirmation services in the Temple."

The players on the team, many of them big-league veterans who have played for other clubs, accept the adulation they are tendered with commendable humility. When they had a celebration honoring Louisiana-born Joe Adcock, the big hard-hitting first baseman of the team, the fans presented him with a \$5,000 automobile. Called upon to express his thanks, the big Southerner could only gasp. "Ten years ago I was picking cotton for a dollar a day; tomorrow I'll be driving a Cadillac. No wonder I love Milwaukee."

Bobby Thomson was with the Giants in 1951, and it was he who on the closing day of the season hit a home run (with two out in the ninth inning) which beat Brooklyn and put the Giants in the World Series. There are millions of ball fans who insist that gave them the greatest thrill of their lives. It was a thrilling moment for Bobby, too, and for his attractive young brunette wife, Winkie.

"Then in 1954 I was traded to the Braves," Bobby says thoughtfully when you discuss it with him. "I broke my leg in spring training. I felt pretty bad. These people are so wonderful to you, and all I could do was to lie in bed listening to the games on radio. So finally the leg mended and one day Charlie Grimm, our manager, sent me up to pinch-hit. It just happened to be against the Giants, my old team. I hit a single that won the game. The stadium was crowded that day and they all went wild, even wilder than the crowd went at the Polo Grounds that

day I hit the big one. I looked up at the stands and darned if I didn't find that my eyes were filled with tears. Winkie was the same way. It will never show up in the record books, but that single was the most important hit I ever made. I love this city—it's really big league," Thomson said.

His wife had been listening as we talked. She nodded thoughtfully. "Bobby is right. This city is a place you like to think of as your future home. They don't look on a ball player as a freak; they look on him and his family as human beings. If they like you they give you all-out affection. Bobby and I have a baby, and you know the Golden Dairy sends us all its dairy products free? I come from Plainfield, New Jersey, but I never tasted milk like we get here. Why, the cream is three inches thick on the bottle."

Warren Spahn, the great Braves left-handed pitcher who had joined us, nodded agreement. "We come back from a road trip," the slim dark-haired hurler said, "and maybe we haven't been going too well. We land at midnight and there are more people there to greet us than there used to be in Boston to see us play. You have to love these people."

The peculiar quirks of baseball law have made ball players little more than fairly highly paid serfs; they can be sold to another team 11,000 miles away, at the whim of the club owner. Professional baseball has absolutely nothing in common with the principles which govern our system of free enterprise. A player dissatisfied with his lot or with his salary cannot quit the employment of the corporation which quite literally owns him, to offer his services on the open market; there is no open market in baseball. The established American principle that man cannot be a chattel has never been followed by owners of baseball teams. This has had the result of making many, many players cynically-minded, for they know that when they start slowing up they face the axe as surely as does a turkey at Thanksgiving time. Some of the game's biggest stars have nothing but contempt for the fans who lavish affection on them and the owners who pay them. It's different in Milwaukee. It's the only city I know where the players themselves are fans; they are fans of the city and of the people who come to see them play. Not one of the current members of the team is Milwaukee-born; every one of them is a booster for the city and most of them want to make Milwaukee their permanent home.

Win, lose or draw," Bobby Thomson says almost in awe, "these people here are for you one hundred per cent. We all play better than we know how because we don't want to let them down. They'd watch us play in a snowstorm. That goes for the baseball writers on the local papers. They're not constantly second-guessing you, or telling Charlie Grimm how to run the team. They pay us the compliment of treating us like professionals who know our business."

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taurants, and by six-thirty on the evening of a night game every one will be filled. The amount of sauerbraten and potato pancakes consumed at Mader's German Rathskeller, the sheer weight of the *kielbases* (sausage) served at the Polish restaurants, the tureens of New Orleans crab gumbo inhaled by diners lucky enough to get into the Juneau Restaurant, the pounds and pounds of sirloin steak served at the small but important bistro known as The Casino, and the quantity of liquid refreshment imbibed by everyone concerned is something to consider with awe. Everyone heads for the game, well-fed, well-contented, but not well-oiled, for although Milwaukee is a city of drinkers, it is not a city of drunkards.

No one in the city seems immune to the virulence of Braves worship. I saw otherwise sane, intelligent men react in a most bewildering fashion to Brave wins (or losses). The legend that Brooklyn fans are the most devoted of all baseball fanatics is a spurious one; it is true that they are loud, raucous, and badly behaved, but they desert their team in adversity and become bored if the Dodgers are way out in front of the pack. (A cursory perusal of the attendance figures at Ebbetts Field during the wild surge which brought the Dodgers twenty-one victories in twenty-three games this past spring will reveal what manner of fan the Brooklynite is.) And a slight cloud across the sun is apt to send the Brooklyn fan scurrying to the shelter of a Flatbush

Avenue tavern. It's different in Milwaukee, and I speak from bitter experience.

Cold and rain were daily visitors to the city late this past spring. One night the then sixth-place Cincinnati Reds were scheduled to play the Braves. I was to go to the game with two apparently civilized businessmen, Dave Herman and Ben Barkin. It had rained all day, but we dined at "Mokie" Friedman's rather fabulous Juneau Restaurant. At seven it was still pouring, but my two friends insisted cheerfully that we start for the stadium. The restaurant began to empty.

"Only two inches of rain has fallen this afternoon; no reason why they can't play if it clears up a bit," Mokie Friedman said casually.

My friends agreed. So did most of the diners, who started for the door. As we emerged from the restaurant to be greeted by driving rain, a stocky, good-looking, dark-haired man greeted me. Before I could say more than "Hello, Birdie," my two friends has hustled me into a car.

"Who was that man you met?" Ben Barkin asked curiously.

"That was only Birdie Tebbets, manager of the Cincinnati team." I said bitterly. "He's in that nice warm restaurant, ordering dinner, because he knows his team can't play in this weather."

"Poor guy," Barkin shook his head. "He just doesn't know any better. He better get to the ball park because we play in any weather here."

There were at least 3,000 fans at the stadium, huddled in raincoats. The game

was officially called off at 7:45 when a thunderstorm and real cloudburst hit Milwaukee. The rain departed the next day, but by game time that evening the temperature was down to thirty-eight degrees—not too bad for football or skiing, but hardly conducive to baseball. Nearly 25,000 fans showed up, most of them lugging blankets, wearing woolen socks, heavy coats, and the kind of gloves made to combat Wisconsin winters. The game was played and the Braves absorbed bad beating from the Redlegs. On the way out of the stadium I ran into the scholarly president of Marquette University, Father John O'Donnell.

"You are going to write a story about the impact the Braves have had on Milwaukee," he said through chattering lips. "Why don't you write a story on the impact Cincinnati had on the Braves tonight. It was very sad, wasn't it?"

It would of course take an experienced psychiatrist to explain the miracle of Milwaukee. No mere layman can ever come close to it. Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong was in Milwaukee for a personal appearance while I was in the city. After three days of living in the baseball-charged atmosphere, Satchmo shook his head helplessly. "I don't dig it," he said. "They are just plain happy-crazy here in this town."

That about sums it up. But if their beloved team should ever win the National League pennant, they'd be just plain crazy-happy—and it couldn't happen to a nicer city or to 800,000 nicer people. ●

Benny and the Sure Thing *Continued from page 39*

show. In consequence I am no longer being impetuous. This horse I am watching on the tote was thirty-five to one in the morning line. A plater named Misty Cloud. He opened at twenty-five to one. At the moment he is nineteen to one. This is interesting, but with my luck it is not conclusive.

"Benny!" a voice says.

I swing around. For the moment I forget Misty Cloud. I take it big. The last time I see Pop McCabe was ten years ago at the Fairgrounds in New Orleans when he tries to promote a ten-dollar loan. At this time his assets are three things he calls horses and a second-hand stop watch.

The stop watch ran.

I can't believe my eyes. Instead of a baggy pair of checked pants that you couldn't give away to the Goodwill Industries I am staring at a pair of charcoal slacks. Pressed! Instead of cracked black-and-white shoes so dirty you can't tell which part is black and which part is white I glimpse a pair of shining black oxfords with straight heels. A clean shirt and a black knit tie. No imitation diamond even!

"Pop!" I gasp.

"Well, well, well," he says as he shakes hands. "Long time no see. How is the big operator?"

"Swell," I inform him. "Down here for a little rest and relaxation." I grin.

"You look as if you had been doing pretty well yourself."

"I ain't the kind to cry with a loaf of bread under my arm," McCabe says with a broad smile. Instead of a mouthful of coffee-colored choppers his jaws are dazzling white. "At my age you don't ask for much, Benny. A fifteen-cent cigar after dinner and three fingers of good bonded bourbon before you go to bed. A little bridge fishing now and then and a picture show three times a week. Three square meals a day and a soft bed with clean sheets. That's living it up for old Pop McCabe."

The bugle calls them for the fourth race.

"Incidentally, who do you like in this one?" I ask McCabe carelessly.

"Psychology," he tells me earnestly.

"You're looking at the wrong race," I inform him. "This is the fourth. And nothing named Psychology is going in it."

I point to my program.

"That only proves you can read," Pop asserts. His face is as round and as well fed as a baby's in a food advertisement. "But names don't mean anything in a horse race, Benny. It took me twenty years to find that out. Neither do the horses, for that matter. It's the horse players that count. They're the reasons why you can't beat the racket. When I finally realized that, I sold my stable and got out."

"You got out!" I repeat in astonishment.

"Nine years ago," McCabe says proudly. "Got two grand for my three horses. And I was lucky, at that. Paid fifteen hundred down on a little service station in Miami. It didn't amount to much. Not enough traffic. But I was green and in a hurry. But Florida is a wonderful place Benny. Growing like a young cold. Before I could go broke the land was needed for a big, new supermarket. I got enough money for the real estate to make a down payment on a real fancy station. Right on Route One. Then I found me a smart young man with lots of drive to help me run it. He's my partner now and we're thinking of taking on another station down at Hollywood. It's mighty nice knowing where your next meal is coming from, Benny. Sometimes even now I wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat thinking it is all a dream. In the nightmare I never met the tout or put the bet on the horse. A narrow escape like I had stays with you, Benny. You can't forget it in a hurry."

The loud-speaker suddenly blares out the fact that post time is only three minutes away.

Over Pop's shoulder I note that Misty Cloud is now fifteen to one.

"Be seeing you around," I say hastily. "Wait a minute," McCabe says, taking me by the arm before I can get on my

bicycle. "You haven't heard the most important part."

Misty Cloud is down to twelve to one. The bookie dough—the wire money—is coming in and I am standing around listening to an old goat who is so far out in left field that his back is practically up against the bleachers!

"Let me guess," I suggest impatiently. "By a miracle the tout gives you a winner. You lay part of your two Gs on him and clean up big. Now—"

"You may be able to read but you can't think," McCabe informs me reproachfully. "The horse wasn't named Psychology. He wasn't even a he. He was a she. A filly named Corabelle. Out of Coraline by Texas Star. And she didn't win. She came in a poor seventh. Furthermore, I didn't have the two grand at that time. I only had ten bucks. And I put it on her nose."

The horses are now coming out on the track.

"What you lose on the peanuts you make up on the bananas," I say with a shrug that is practically a flying mare. But I can't get back my arm. I explain why I am in a hurry.

"Misty Cloud!" McCabe muses with a sad smile. "Don't be a chump, Benny. Corabelle was forty to one in the morning line. I was standing at the rail just the way we are standing here now. The sun is shining—"

A weather report, I ponder, slipping out of the sleeve.

"This tout was standing next to me," McCabe goes on speaking with desperate earnestness. "A big, hearty, expensive-looking man. He asks me who I like in the next race and I point to the tote. Blue Bottle is three to five. Short of breaking all four legs he can't be beat. I so inform this character."

Misty Cloud is now down to thirteen to one.

"Hear me out!" Pop begs as I am almost out of my sleeve. "You will be grateful to me all the rest of your life. This tout accepts my opinion with a laugh and a shake of his head. He admits that Blue Bottle has the speed for the distance. But the race is a fix! The smart money is going on a filly named Corabelle. The character has this information straight from the owner of Corabelle who is an old friend of his—"

I almost make it. But not quite. The horses are parading in front of the grandstand.

"It gets you," McCabe pants. "It got me, too. After twenty years around tracks and horses I knew better. But I was powerless, Benny. Not at first. In the beginning, as you might say, logic and reason were still with me. Thank God, they didn't get the better of me! I was indignant, too. Him taking me for a mark. But luckily that passed, too. Then the odds on Corabelle began to drop. It only takes a few tickets to knock down a long shot. You know that, Benny. In this case a coincidence, maybe. Maybe? I still wanted to laugh in this character's face. But I didn't be-

cause I began to hear little noises in my head. Like the clatter of telegraph keys sending smart money to the track. The odds on Corabelle dropped again. The ten dollars in my pocket began to itch. I remembered all the times I had been sold off a fifty-to-one hunch by knowledge and experience. I could feel the sweat forming on the palms of my hands. The—"

I make it then. I can barely hear the rest of what McCabe is telling me because of the noise the ripping sleeve is making.

I get up from the concrete leaving Pop still holding the sleeve and start running for the five-dollar windows.

I know it is going to be a photo finish. The horses are practically at the gate. I carom off a fatso who is watching the horses through a pair of glasses. He is full of angry repartee but I am on my way to see a man about a horse named Misty Cloud.

The windows are still open when I skid up. There are three lines of horse players. Obviously I pick the shortest one. There are four people ahead of me. I have my fin in my hand and I sigh loudly with relief.

"The horses are at the post!" the loud-speaker reports.

The woman in front of me reaches the window. I am in! But a few seconds later I realize bitterly what this poet means when he says that women are the root of all evil.

She wants three tickets. When they come at her she starts fumbling with her pocketbook. She buries her arm in it up to her elbow and begins to fumble.

"Lady!" I scream. "Bury yourself," she sniffs indignantly over her shoulder, which is bare, brown and ample.

Then she comes up with her scratch. A fifty!

While the glue-fingered moron behind the window is counting out her change the bell rings!

I am closed out.

Everything around me is still gala as I walk back to the rail. The little boats with their colored sails are still wheeling around in the middle of the track. The sky is still blue. The grass is still lush. The palm trees are still one hundred per cent exotic. The sun is still shedding healthful ultra violet on 18,976 happy, carefree horse players.

M McCabe is nowhere in sight. Which is just as well for him because I am sometimes impetuous.

Misty Cloud is the winner. In fact, he comes in laughing. But, as I reflect later, this is not entirely Pop's fault. When Lady Luck takes a powder on you there isn't much you can do about it.

But it is ironical, as they say, that instead of losing this one by inches I am missing it by seconds.

Just those few seconds I spent sitting on the concrete looking up at McCabe with my sleeve in his hand while he tells me that he had been suckered into betting on his own horse!

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hasn't been enough *happened* to me, Howard. I haven't lived at *all!*"

The swizzle stick broke between his fingers and he put the two halves in the ash tray. "If you feel like that, it's not much use then, is it?"

"Not much, I'm afraid."

"I wish I could think of some way of giving you a taste of this glamour and danger stuff you talk about, Jane. Just one time the feeling that somebody is doing his damndest to kill you. I've had that happen to me, and it wasn't pleasant. I want *nothing* to happen. I want a home and love and you."

She touched his hand. "I could lie. I could pretend. Honestly, Howard, isn't it better to say what I think?"

He looked beyond her at the people at the next table. He stared for a moment and took her wrist and said in a lower tone, "Don't look around."

It took a great effort for her to keep from turning around. "What is it?"

The table next to theirs was pushed out of the way. A man bumped clumsily against her shoulder as he got up and went out, a second man close behind him.

"What was it, Howard? What was happening?"

"Did you notice those two men at that table?"

"Just when they went out."

"The one furthest from you was holding a knife on the one nearest you. The light happened to catch the blade just right. It was below the table level. The one near you had his hands flat on the table and the other one was going through his pockets with his free hand."

The two men were just going out,

walking close together, the smaller one to the rear. The man in the lead looked back over his shoulder expressionlessly—yet Jane thought she detected despair in the glance. The light from above slanted against his white face, accentuating the fragile bone structure.

"Could we follow along and see what kind of car they have?"

"Darling, I'm not Mike Hammer, and people who use knives are not pleasant people. I'm going to wait about twenty seconds and then tell the management, who can then call the police. If you want a man who is going to bust up a private disagreement between a pair of rough characters, then you'd better get yourself another boy."

"But if one man was being robbed?"

"Don't look at me with such haughty scorn, honey. They knew each other. They came in together. They talked a long time. They ignored the last floor show. You stay right here."

She was ten feet behind him when he went out into the bar. She was beside him when he asked for the manager. He glanced at her with disapproval.

The manager came out of some hidden recess. He was a short, bald man with bored eyes and a hairy sports jacket.

"Having trouble, folks?"

"No trouble. I wanted to report something. Two men just left. They had the table next to us. One was holding a knife on the other."

The bored look was gone. "Are you positive?"

"I saw the knife. He searched him first. He held the knife below table level."

"Where were you?"

"At one of the tables along the side."

"Barney, get me Jake on the double." Their waiter came hurrying up. "You had these people?"

"Yes, sir. I gave them good service—"

"Two men at a table next to them. Just left. Know them?"

"I never saw them in here before, sir."

"Did they seem to be quarreling?"

"They were doing a lot of talking. I came up to change the ash tray and heard one of them call the other a dirty name."

The manager said, "Suppose you give me your names, folks, in case anything comes up." He waved the waiter away and wrote down their names and addresses. He thanked them again and left.

In the parking lot Howard said dryly, "Was that enough excitement for a dull evening?"

"Howard, it isn't that it's dull being with you."

"It's just that nothing ever happens. I know."

"We can't talk about it, I guess."

"I guess we can't."

He drove her back to her apartment in moody silence. She sat as far from him as she could. He parked in front and walked her to the outside door, took her key and opened it for her, held it open.

"Thank you, Howard."

"Be a hypocrite and say it was a lovely evening."

"Please don't say things like that."

"When will I see you again?"

She looked up at him. "Let me have a month, Howard."

His mouth hardened. "Take a month. Take two." He grabbed her roughly there under the lights and forced his mouth down on hers. It took her breath away. He released her. She opened her eyes. She stood on trembling legs and watched him walk quickly to the car, slam himself in and roar away.

The small elevator climbed sadly up through the sleeping building. She tiptoed down the hall and let herself in. Usually the small apartment felt crowded. Her roommate was a rawboned brunette named Betty Alford. Betty had been away for a week and would be gone for at least another three. Her kid sister was having a second baby and Betty had gone down to Wilmington to keep house for her. And somehow with her gone, the place seemed dreadfully big.

Sunday was a dreary day of rain, low clouds, traffic hissing on wet streets, lights on in the apartment. She did her hair and her nails, altered a skirt, wrote two letters, paced restlessly, and finally curled up in the big chair in her lime-green corduroy robe, cigarettes at hand, Sunday paper discarded, looking through a haze of boredom at the frantic efforts of a television comedian.

She was half asleep when the buzzer sounded. She pushed the button that unlocked the inner front door, hooked the night chain with automatic caution and stood, leaning against the wall, yawning



"I've been looking over your return, J. B.!"

When there was an authoritative knock on the door she opened it a few inches and looked out at the two men who stood there. The older one, dumpy, with a face like putty, stared at her out of dull, colorless little eyes. The younger one was tall. He had a weather-reddened face, flame-orange hair. He was almost grotesquely ugly. A sharp snowplow chin jutted up, and a beaked nose curved down. Both men were drably dressed.

"Miss Bayliss?" the redhead said. "We're police officers, miss. I'm Detective Sergeant Sam Dolan. Can we see you a minute?"

She closed the door, unhooked the chain and let them in. The redhead beamed. "Take off your hat, Moe. Joe Friday always takes off his hat."

"Funny man," Moe said. He sat down in the big chair and put his hat on his knee and watched the television show.

"What's this all about?" Jane asked.

The banter was gone. The blue eyes were quick. "A woman phoned in at daylight this morning and said as how there was a body in her yard, that she found it when she was setting out for early Mass. We went over there. She lives practically under the new Expressway Bridge. You know, it's got those places where you can pull over out of traffic if your car quits. If they'd tossed him over the railing a hundred feet further along, he'd be floating down the river right now. But instead he lands in her yard and some fancy knife work has been done on him. He's wearing clothes from the West Coast. His wallet is gone. No keys, no address. Nothing. In the side pocket of his coat we find a book of matches. Fingers are stained and two matches gone. They're from the Taffeta Room."

"That's where we—"
"I know. You and your boy friend, Saddler, last night. We got the manager out of the sack and he went down and opened up and got your addresses for us. He gave us the waiter's address and the doorman's, too. By then we had glossy prints of the body. The manager didn't recognize the picture. The waiter thinks the picture is of one of the two men. He gave us a meager description of the other one."

"One was taller and—"
"Take a look at these." Dolan took out two glossy prints. They were of the man's head. Death had ironed the face to a ritual blankness. She shut her eyes and saw in memory the man's quick backward look at the roomful of people. She shivered and handed the pictures back.

"That was the man."
"Would you mind coming along to look at the body to make doubly certain?"

She swallowed hard. "I guess I wouldn't mind."
"Now try to remember as clearly as you can. Take your time. What did the other man look like?"

"Shorter. Heavier through the shoulders. Broader. He made the tall one look frail. They both wore dark suits. They both had dark hair."

"Would you recognize the other one?"

"I never did look directly at him."
"Your boy friend is going to be the best bet."

"Yes, Howard looked right at them."
Dolan said that if it was convenient, they would wait down in the car for her while she dressed. She did so, hurriedly, looked out at the rain and put on a transparent raincoat.

The police car was a black sedan. Dolan started up, and it shambled around corners, bounced violently over slight irregularities in the pavement. It took fifteen minutes to get to City General, where the body lay. Jane spent three minutes in the basement and came out on unsteady legs. She felt gray-green.

"Okay now?" Dolan asked solicitously. "I guess so."

A tall boy walked over toward them. He had a sideways gait, like a puppy. He wore a porkpie hat with a feather, damp raglan topcoat in a herringbone tweed reaching almost to his knees, and soiled white buckskin shoes.

"This on the John Doe knifing, Red?" he asked Dolan, jerking his head toward Jane.

"Don't call me Red. Yes, this is on it. Miss Bayliss, this is Walker Locatta of the *Journal*. Don't tell him a thing—yet."

Locatta gave Dolan a sour look and turned and gave Jane a smile of searching approval. She realized at once that the boyish look was a cover; the face was hard. The lean throat was wattled. Fifty perhaps. He could be sixty.

"Know who he was, Miss Bayliss?"
"She won't talk until I say she can talk," Dolan said. "And I'm off on Friday and I like the card at the Arena."

"Venality, Miss Bayliss," Locatta said softly. "Degenerate minions of the law. Will ringside be good enough, Red? Or do you want me to get you a bout?"

"Two ringside."
"I hope she identified him."
"She doesn't know him, but there could be a nice little story in it, Loco. She and her boy friend sat next to the deceased and saw the murderer hold a knife on him and walk him out of a joint last night. No one else saw it but this lady and her guy. Worth the tickets?"

Locatta pursed his lips and looked at the far gray sky over the city. "It will have to do, Red."

He took a stenographer's notebook out of the side pocket of the topcoat and wrote down the details. Her name and address and where she worked. The same with Howard Saddler. What time it had happened. Then he crossed the street, unlocked the trunk compartment of a gray coupé and brought back a cumbersome-looking camera. He smiled his aged smile at Jane.

"Never could find a photographer when I wanted one. So I had to learn how to do it myself. Now just relax. Pretty girls sell papers."

He focused on her and then said casually, "Red, I don't know why I waste my good time giving these publicity hounds a break. I've taken more pictures

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of featherheaded, stupid young females lately."

Jane gasped and stared at him and the bulb popped. He lowered the camera.

"Just what do you mean?" she demanded.

"Sorry, Miss Bayliss. I wasn't getting enough expression. Now I've got it. Outrage, indignation, incredulity. Thanks."

She relaxed. "That's a rough game."

"I guess. This used to be a rough business. Too many rules now. Stop around, Red. I'll leave the tickets at the desk in an envelope."

As they drove back, Dolan talked about Locatta. "Loco misspelled Moe's name once and Moe is still sore at him."

"What is your name?" Jane asked.

Moe spelled it. "W-a-s-t-a-j-i-v-e-t-s-i."

"He put in an extra 's,'" Dolan said.

"Right after the 'v,'" Moe said. "It's in the book. He could have looked it up."

"It was important to Moe," Dolan said. "His first citation."

"For what? Is that like a medal?"

"Sort of. Moe went into a hotel to bring out a D and D. There were three of them and three guns and a bowling-ball bag full of dough. They shot him and he lost his temper."

"Oh," said Jane.

"Imagine putting dough in a bowling-ball bag," Dolan mused. "Here you are, Miss Bayliss. Thanks a lot. Look, you may want to go with me to the fights Friday?"

"Well, I—"

"I'll give you a ring."

CHAPTER TWO

ON MONDAY morning Jane bought a *Journal* at the newsstand near her bus stop. She found herself on the first page of the second section. She was gazing right into the camera, frowning in an ugly way and looking mad as a hornet. It was hideous.

Beside her picture was a picture of the Expressway Bridge with the usual dotted line extending from the parapet down into the front yard of a rather grubby-looking house. There was a fat woman in the yard of the house, a tiny figure pointing at the big maltese cross at the end of the dotted line.

GIRL SPOTS KILLER, the headline said. She felt indignant. That wasn't fair. Howard spotted the killer, if anybody did. She'd had one good look at the victim. The article hardly mentioned Howard.

She read with interest that the victim had a real name now. Walter Fredmans. Age, thirty-six. Resident of Los Angeles. He had served two terms in prison, one for auto theft and one for burglary. He had left the small apartment hotel where he lived about two weeks ago, checking out for good. He was driving a blue Kaiser sedan. Occupation, unknown.

Jane got to her office at nine. She worked as one of the secretaries in the claims department of an insurance company. Mr. Stoller, her boss, arrived at five after. He gave her his usual grave good morning.

She was hard at work on the bi-monthly summary when the phone rang. It was Howard.

"Oh, hi," she said.

"Jane, did you see the headline in the paper? GIRL SPOTS KILLER. You know what it sounds like? It sounds as though you could give a positive identification. There's a pretty good chance there's a man in this town who would dearly love to see you as dead as Fredmans!"

"No!" she whispered, realizing in horror that it was true.

"I don't know how you go about getting anybody put in protective custody, but I'm going to try. In the meantime, use every precaution, hear? Don't go to

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lunch. That guy, if he can read, knows where you work. Wait for me tonight *inside* the building. I'll be around as soon as I can make it."

"I can get home."

"You do as I tell you!"

"Now you're roaring at me!" she said icily and banged the phone down. As soon as she did, it rang again. This time it was a long-distance call from a magazine. The editor said he wanted to send a staff writer and photographer to write up her experience with the murderer—and he wondered if she had any objection to being photographed in a bathing suit. She told him she wasn't interested. Another man phoned and said he owned a place west of the city and he wanted to know if she could sing. She hung up on him. A woman called and said they were equipped to make a professional screen test of her at a nominal cost. A young man phoned and asked for a date. Jane phoned the switchboard and told them to please tell everyone that she had taken the rest of the day off.

After that she finished the report without difficulty, eating lunch at her desk.

At thirty seconds before five she swept her desk clear, centered the roller on the typewriter, thumped it down into its well, snatched her purse, and, at the stroke of five, put her hand on the doorknob and said good night to Mr. Stoller.

The elevators were crowded going down. When she got down to the lobby floor she looked anxiously around for Howard, but could not see him. She moved over into a far corner beyond the directory board and stood with her back against glossy, artificial marble and watched the elevators emptying the building. She looked so long and so anxiously for Howard that she kept imagining she could see him as he came sideways through the people hurrying in the opposite direction.

At five-thirty there was a less determined flurry of exits. Jane began to bite her lip. She began to feel conspicuous.

The October dusk came quickly. The lobby seemed bigger than before, gloomier. Jane was glad of the presence of the girl operator. There was a buzz and the girl pulled the doors shut and worked the lever that sent her upward. Jane hunched her shoulders, purse tucked under her arm, elbows in the palms of her hands. She shivered. Car headlights went by in the street. It was the time of day when traffic thinned.

A stocky figure appeared outside the glass doors, silhouetted by the street lights. Jane dropped her purse. It made a great crashing sound in the marble stillness. The figure shoved the door open and came in and it became a strong-looking old woman who turned and waited for a companion. Cleaning women, Jane guessed. She picked up her purse.

The women went through a heavy door that said "Fire Exit." Once they were gone, Jane hauled the door open cautiously. It was far too dark and creepy in there. Dim lights on the landings. Concrete stairs with metal treads. She let the door swing shut.

The elevator came down and a portly gentleman glanced at Jane and walked toward the night. The glass door swung shut behind him. The elevator operator looked at Jane.

"Face it, honey. You been stood up," she said.

"I guess I have," Jane said. "Do you know where I could phone?"

"Right down on the corner, honey, in the drugstore."

"I mean, inside the building."

"Get in, honey. There's a phone in that crummy little dressing room they give us girls."

The girl ran her up to the second floor. "Go all the way down there just as far as you can go and it's the last door."

Jane came to the door at the end of the hall and opened it. She found the light switch and turned it on—and let out her pent-up breath. Two sides of the windowless room were lined with gray steel lockers. The rest of the space was used for plumbing. The phone was on the right, with numbers scrawled on the wall on all sides of it—hundreds of numbers and comments. The dreary phone book hung in dejected tatters. The room seemed haunted by broken slip straps, worn girdles, and cheap perfume.

She phoned the cab company that ad-

vertised radio cabs, remembering that it was supposed to be safer because the driver could always call in case of trouble and his dispatcher could call the police. She gave the address and a voice told her the cab would be right along.

Jane turned out the light, shut the door, clacked back down the echoing hall. The elevator girl ran her down to the main floor. It wasn't long before her cab pulled up in front of the building. "There it is," the elevator girl said.

Jane paused with her fingertips on the door. The driver had reached back and opened the back door. She took a deep breath and shoved the door open violently and scuttled across the sidewalk, feeling far too conspicuous. She pulled the door shut behind her as she plunged into the cab and dropped with a sigh into the back seat. She gave her address and, as the cab started up, she looked through the rear window. The street seemed empty. Two women walked together. But she could not be certain. There were too many patches of darkness.

As they were approaching the apartment house she said, "Would you please drive around the block once? It's that place on the left."

"Anything you say," the driver said. She was pleased not to have to invent an explanation.

He went by the apartment house slowly. Most of the rooms were lighted. A woman was coming out, leading a small black dog. Jane had seen her before. There was no one else. The driver went two blocks further and swung around so that he could let her off directly in front of the door. She stayed in the cab while she paid him and tipped him, and had her key in her hand when she hurried for the inner lobby door.

When she was inside with the door shut behind her, she was tempted to lean against it and close her eyes. She walked back to the self-service elevator, closed herself in, and, for the first time, sat on the little bench in the corner while the elevator crept upward, sighing as it reached its assigned floor.

She went down the corridor, sorting out her apartment key, and heard the dim sound of her phone ringing. She jabbed the key in the lock. The stubborn lock didn't seem to work properly; it felt loose and made a grating noise. She made it work and pushed the door open and swung it shut and trotted toward the telephone in the dark room.

Halfway across the small room she kicked against something bulky and soft, and fell clumsily across it. She rolled quickly into a sitting position facing the unknown horror, and scuttled backward until her back was against the wall just beside the kitchen door.

The phone rang three more times and stopped. She felt as if something had her by the throat. She stared toward the warm softness until her eyes felt swollen.

She held her breath and listened. She could hear the horror breathing. She tilted her head a little and distended her nostrils. There was a faint something in

the air. She could almost identify it. The odor did not seem to have bad associations. There was a certain astringent tartness about it. . . . Shaving lotion that . . .

She gasped and scrambled awkwardly to her feet and turned on the kitchen light. She ran to him and turned him over. It was Howard. His underlip sagged. On top of his head, right in the middle, just forward of the crown, was an angry lump the size of a plum.

She remembered the young doctor on the third floor, the thin one who worked in a private clinic and made occasional broad passes at her. Began with an H. That was it. Halstead. She looked in the book, hands trembling. He answered on the first ring.

"This is Jane Bayliss, Doctor. Upstairs. I've seen you in—"

"Ho! The Rita Hayworth type. I memorized your apartment number off the mailbox in case you ever came down with—"

"Please, could you come up right away? Someone is hurt."

"Right away," he said in an entirely different voice.

He came in and gave her a casual glance and got down on his knees beside Howard. He took the pulse first, then thumbed up Howard's eyelid and shone a light into the pupil. He gingerly fingered the skull around the area of the angry lump, then appeared to feel the temperature of Howard's hands.

He sat back on his heels and looked up at Jane. "A lusty thump on the noggin. And don't try to tell me he tripped. Were you being unsocial?"

"I found him here. I just got home."

"From the look of that lump, and the amount of discoloration, I'd say he's had a nice long sleep." He got to his feet and headed for the phone. "An ambulance for this boy."

"Is it bad?"

"He'll have a thorough headache. I don't suspect a fracture. Concussion and shock. A little bed rest is indicated."

Howard moaned and opened his eyes and stared dully at the ceiling. Jane knelt beside him and took his hand in hers. "Darling! How do you feel?"

He turned his head slowly and looked at her. "What are you doing here?"

"I live here!"

"What am I doing here then?"

"What's the last thing you remember?" the doctor asked.

"I was supposed to pick you up and take you to dinner, honey. I thought we might go to the Taffeta Room later and—"

"That was Saturday!" she cried. "This is Monday." She looked up at the doctor. "What's wrong with him?"

The doctor grinned. "Don't scare the patient. A bump like that often results in temporary amnesia. It will probably go away in a few days. Hey, don't get up."

"I got to," Howard said earnestly and doggedly. "I'm going to be sick."

They helped him up and the doctor led

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him away to the bathroom. When they came out Howard looked a luminous blue. He sat in the big chair and shut his eyes.

"I think I can walk him down to my car," the doctor said. "Come on, pal. Let's see if we can make it. What's his name, Miss Bayliss?"

"Howard Saddler."

"Okay, you notify the police and whoever else Howard here would want you to tell. Come on, now. Upsy-daisy. And I wouldn't touch anything, Miss Bayliss. Somebody gave this place a good going over."

She walked them to the elevator. As soon as it started down she raced back to the apartment, shut the door and put the night chain on it. Then she saw the apartment more clearly. The bureau drawers, the cosmetics, the medicine cabinet was bad enough. The final straw was in the kitchen, where flour, sugar, coffee, rice and less identifiable substances had all been dumped out on the counter top and had spilled over onto the floor. She wanted to cry.

She phoned and asked for Detective Sergeant Sam Dolan.

"This is Jane Bayliss. Could you—could you come over?"

"What's wrong?"

"Somebody hit Howard on the head and turned my apartment upside down."

"Don't touch anything. Be right there."

Dolan arrived in eight minutes, accompanied by a uniformed officer, two lab men and the *Journal* reporter named Locatta.

Dolan listened patiently while she told what had happened. The lab men took her fingerprints. They began to go over the apartment. After the first five minutes one of them came over to Dolan and said, "Waste of time. Doorknobs, catches either smeared or clean. The joker wore gloves. Two strangers off the outside knob is as good as we'll do, but odds it wasn't him or them. Knock off?"

"Jerry, take these boys back. Loco here will give me a lift if I ask him nice." He turned to Jane. "You have anything valuable here?"

"No."

"Who is the other girl? Tell me everything you know about her."

Jane gave him a complete report on Betty Alford. Halfway through he began to look bored. Before she had finished he was roaming around again, whistling tunelessly. He stopped and scratched his red head. "These things have a smell. If you can find where they left off, then the odds are they found what they wanted. This guy didn't leave off. He kept looking."

"There's nothing here to find, that's why."

"Fill her in on developments, Red," Locatta said in his thin, boyish voice. "Maybe she can make things fit by remembering something."

"A couple of other things have happened. We don't know if they're related or unrelated. Somebody broke into the Taffeta Room last night. It was a pro-

fessional job of breaking and entering, but it stopped being professional right there. They wore gloves. They stood at the bar and had a drink of the best scotch in the house and went out the way they got in. The only thing they didn't do was leave a tip."

"That sounds crazy."

"Like drunk college kids doing it on a dare," Locatta said.

"Item number two. This will be on local news tonight and in the paper in the morning. The Los Angeles Police tried to find out who Fredmans was running around with. They got a line on a girl friend. They shook down her place and didn't find anything that meant anything except a ring. That ring disappeared along with a bunch of unmounted stones in Savannah about eight months ago. A salesman for a diamond wholesale house was slugged. He had



his locked case chained to his wrist. They cut the chain with what was believed to be a heavy pair of snips. It was well planned.

"The girl was scared, and she talked. She told them Fredmans was in on the robbery. She didn't know who else was. He gave her the ring. It was a common type of setting and a pretty fair half-carat stone. Apparently Fredmans never noticed the initials inside the band. The girl did, but she didn't realize those initials could be dangerous, and so she didn't throw it away. She said she hadn't seen Fredmans for two weeks. But she said some men she didn't know had been asking her about him. She said they acted sore. She couldn't give an adequate description."

Jane looked at Dolan and then at Locatta. She shook her head. "I don't know why you should think all that should mean anything to me. It just confuses me."

Locatta held up a snapshot Betty Al-

ford had taken of Jane at the beach the previous summer. She had on the bathing suit that always made her obscurely uncomfortable when she wore it. "Do I have your permission to use this delectable thing in our miserable newspaper?"

"You do not! Where did you get it?"

"There's a lot of them in that drawer, and some on the floor under the table."

"Give it here!"

Locatta handed it over reluctantly and shrugged.

"Who hit Howard, Mr. Dolan?" Jane asked.

"Some burglar, I guess."

CHAPTER THREE

LOCATTA and Dolan left. Jane replaced the chain on the door. She was hungry. She managed some sandwiches in the ruin of the kitchen. Then she changed to old clothes and started in on the apartment. She saved the kitchen until last. She got to that by eleven-thirty. At quarter of one she straightened up by painful degrees, digging herself in the back with her fist. She looked at the gleaming little room.

"Adventure," she said sourly. "Romance, excitement, suspense. Phooey!"

Just before climbing into bed, she went over to the front windows. She pulled the edge of the drapery away from the window frame and looked down at the street. A taxi, roof light glowing, hurried by and turned down the next street with the faint complaint of tires. She looked up. She could see stars beyond the city mist. She looked down again, ready to shrug off her fears.

And felt as if she were about to scream.

It was a darkness across the way, a pocket in the night; you could not see into it. But something moved. A tiny red coal that came up in a slow arc and stopped, flared brighter for a moment, and descended in the same slow arc. It was a cigarette held in someone's hand, lifted slowly to unknown lips.

She worked in darkness. She built a high precarious tower of most of the pots and pans from the kitchen. She built it in the sweating darkness, built it so that it touched the front door. If the front door should open, even an inch, the tower would fall thunderously into the dishpan. Someone had once brought her a Samoan war club. She found it in the back of the closet and took it to bed with her. She lay and strained her ears for an interminable time before exhaustion overtook her.

A great banging, clattering, tinny sound brought her out of her sleep. She jumped from the bed, blinking at the morning sunlight, clutching the war club.

"Who is it?"

"Me. Dolan," came the answer. "For God's sake, what's going on in there?"

"Just a minute."

She got her robe and put it on, and released the chain and opened the door.

Dolan looked at the litter of pots and pans. "Got something cooking?"

She knew she was blushing. "I got nervous in the night. I made a pile of

them. So they'd fall over if anybody tried to come in."

"I didn't even try. I just knocked. A thing like that can upset a man."

"I'm sorry, but there was someone standing across the street last night, watching this place."

Dolan stared at the object on the bed. "What's that thing?"

"It's a Samoan war club. What are you doing here, Mr. Dolan?"

"Thought I'd check up on you on my way to the mines. And show you a copy of this morning's *Journal*."

She gave a quick look and sat down hurriedly. "But this is awful. He gave it back."

"And kept the negative."

"That's stealing!"

"I like the caption: *'Beauty sought by killer. Apartment rifled. Boy friend struck down.* Today the slayer of Walter Fredmans, international jewel thief, roams the streets of—'

"I'd really like to get dressed, if you don't mind," she said frigidly, and he left, grinning.

She was at the hospital early, to see Howard. He was in a six-bed ward on the second floor in the east wing. Two of the beds were empty. The head of his bed was cranked high and he was reading a magazine. He put it aside and grinned at her as she appeared.

"Howard, what a little bit of a bandage thing that is! I thought you would be swathed in stuff. Like a fortune teller."

"I know it's there, all right."

She pulled the chair closer to his bed so she could hold his hand. "What happened?"

"There isn't much to tell, really. You sounded sore over the phone when I called you yesterday morning. I wanted to be sure you'd wait for me, so I phoned again later. They told me you had left for the day. I was upset. All I could think of was somebody phoning you and pretending to be somebody else, just to get you out of there."

"But I didn't leave! I had to tell the switchboard to say that because I couldn't get any work done."

"I worried about you."

"You remember everything now?"

"Oh, sure. I went to your place and got there a little after two. I pushed your button but I didn't get any answer. I hung around, wondering what to do. I pushed a bunch of other buttons and pretty soon the door buzzed and I went on in. I took the elevator up and went down to your door and knocked on it. The second time I knocked, the door swung open. That puzzled me, so I walked right in. Then I was looking up at you. No memory of being hit or of falling. That's still gone. I just remember walking through that door."

"When can you leave here, Howard, and go back to work?"

"I can leave tomorrow and go to work Thursday if I feel okay."

The nurse came rustling up. "You're Miss Bayliss?"

"Yes, I am," said Jane.

"There's a phone call for you in the phone booth in the lobby, Miss Bayliss."

"Thanks, Howard, I'll be back this evening. Okay?"

"You don't have to. Suppose I give you a ring when I'm ready to leave. Maybe you could bring my car around. I put it in that lot around the corner from your place. The claim check is here in this drawer."

"All right. See you later, Howard."

She hurried down the corridor, down the wide stairs and along the main-floor corridor to the lobby. There were two booths. In the second one the receiver stood on the little shelf by the phone. She closed herself inside the booth.

"Hello. This is Jane Bayliss. . . . Hello? . . . Hello?"

A silence, yet somehow not the silence there is when someone has hung up. It was a listening silence. She could hear no breathing. The impression was vivid. Her hand felt cold and shaky as she hung up. She looked across the tan tile of the lobby and saw a familiar figure standing at the desk, porkpie hat at the remembered jaunty angle. She turned and took the receiver from the hook and dialed without putting a coin in the slot, pretended to carry on a conversation. When she risked another glance, Locatta was no longer at the desk. She saw him go through the far archway that divided the lobby from the main-floor corridor.

Jane walked in the other direction, out the main doors and into an afternoon that was turning colder. She kept thinking about the phone call. If it was not her imagination, then it meant that someone knew she had come to the hospital.

She wondered if she should go into a drugstore and phone Dolan and tell him. She remembered his skeptical attitude, his comment about its being some kind of burglar who slugged Howard. She was a girl with a strong will, well accustomed to taking care of herself, with no inclination to yell for help or have attacks of the vapors.

She began to window-shop. She made no effort to look behind her, or find a window that would reflect what was in back of her. After she passed West Adams Street, she walked more slowly, spending more time on each window, trying to remember the exact location of the shoe shop she liked over on Walden, the avenue that paralleled the boulevard. It was very close to the middle of the block. Clarissa's was the name of the shop. She found a small dress store on the boulevard which, she hoped, was practically back to back with Clarissa's. She studied the window for some time and then went in slowly.

The clerk came from the rear of the store. "May I help you?"

"I thought Clarissa's shoe store was right along here somewhere."

"Oh, no, miss. That's right over on West Adams, just about opposite here," the clerk told her.

Jane made a rueful face. "All the way around the block. I don't suppose there's any way I could cut through, is there?"



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"You could go out through our rear door and across the alley and in through their rear door, but—"

"Oh, thank you so much. Right out through here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The rear entrance to Clarissa's was a narrow door that opened into a passageway piled high with cartons and littered with scraps of paper. She passed a storeroom and pushed open a swinging door and went into the shop proper. The clerk she liked saw her and said, "Hi, Miss Bayliss! New way to come in. Say, you've really been in the papers, haven't you?"

"Margaret, how would you like to be a dear and forget you saw me in here? I'm in a terrible rush and I'm trying to duck someone. I'll be back and tell you all about this business later on."

"Sure. You run on, Miss Bayliss. And come back soon. We've got some new things in your size."

Jane went out the front door and turned right on Walden, going back in the direction she had come. She remembered the old hotel on the corner of West Adams and Walden and hoped there would be a cab stand there. There was a stand with one cab waiting. She got in quickly and sat well back in the corner of the seat and told the driver to take her to the center of the city. She paid off the driver, and walked rapidly east. She knew the place she wanted to go. It was a quiet apartment hotel with a limited number of transient rooms. It was not far from the airlines terminal, the place to which the limousines brought passengers from the airport.

The sky was now much darker. The wind had increased. The first chill, hard-driven drops of rain began to fall when she was thirty feet from the entrance. She ran the rest of the way, went into the small, dark, sedate lobby flicking droplets of rain from the shoulders of her coat. An elderly man serviced the desk. He said mildly that he had a room. She signed, in an abnormal backhand, "Mrs. Howard S. Alford" and gave Betty's family's address in Wilmington.

She said, with a show of indignation, that there had been a mixup about her luggage, that it seemed to have gone on the wrong flight. The elderly man was sympathetic. She said she would be happy to pay in advance. He told her that would hardly be necessary. She said she was tired and would like to take her meals in her room, if that was possible. The clerk rang the desk bell and another man who looked like his twin came out of the shadows. He took the key and they clattered upward.

The room had high ceilings, a gilt radiator, a tasseled lampshade, a tiled bath, a Gideon Bible, and some hand towels as soft and absorbent as roofing paper, stamped in faded blue with the name of the place—the Farrington.

The room was gloomy. Jane turned on the tasseled lamp. The bulb seemed dim; it merely accentuated the gloom. She sat on the bed and felt small and forlorn

and forgotten. Rain made a thin, wet sound across all the world. This was a crying time. She wanted to cry and could think of no special reason.

It was certainly impossible to sit on the edge of this bed indefinitely. She thought about the office, and wondered what they thought about the fact she hadn't even phoned in to tell them she was ill or something. She wished Betty Alford was back from Wilmington. That would make it so much simpler. She sat, mentally listing friends and acquaintances, discarding them one after the other. One was too nosy, another too careless, another too busy. Suddenly she thought of someone she could trust. She'd been thinking of her own friends rather than of Howard's. Howard's friend, Dave Miles, would be perfect. They had often double-dated with Dave and his girl, Connie Evis. Dave worked at, and owned a small piece of, an automobile agency. With luck she could catch him in before he left for the evening.

She looked up the number and phoned. In a few minutes Dave came on the line. Jane was worrying about the elderly clerk downstairs listening in on the conversation. She took a chance by saying, "Dave, you know who this is, don't you?" "Hi, Jane! What's the word about Howard? I phoned the—"

"Dave, I wonder if you could drop over and see me right away, no questions asked, please. I'm at the Farrington. Room 818. Just come right up, Dave."

"Sure, but—"

"Thanks a lot," she said and hung up quickly.

The knock on the door came twenty minutes after she had phoned. Dave came in and stared around the room curiously and said, "What goes on?" He was a thin, dark man with nervous mannerisms, a ready grin, a co-ordinated way of handling himself.

"Did you read about me? About us?"

"Sure did. I tried to get you at the apartment. Most of the time the line was busy and when it wasn't, nobody answered. I phoned the hospital and they said Howard was okay. What in the world are you doing in this old creep factory?"

"I'm pretty sure I was being followed. And somebody did break into my apartment. I got scared, so I found a way of getting away from them and I registered here under the name of Mrs. Howard Alford of Wilmington. I want to just sit tight for awhile."

"If you can identify a murderer, I don't see why they haven't given you police protection," he said.

"They haven't. I guess they don't believe in it or something. I wondered if you would do an errand for me?"

"Sure, Jane."

"Howard thinks I'm going to visit him at seven-thirty tonight and he also thinks I'm going to meet him with his car in the morning when they let him out. I want to stay right here. I want him to come to me. I'll be more comfortable that way. So I want you to take this parking-lot

claim check to the hospital and give it back to Howard and tell him where I am and why, and so forth. Otherwise he's going to worry. Tell him to come here tomorrow. Any time. I'll be here. But before you go, Dave, could you please go down to the corner and get me a toothbrush and something to read?"

"Sure."

She gave him a detailed order, added other items, forced the money on him when he tried to refuse it. He was back in fifteen minutes. He reassured Jane that he would do just as she said.

CHAPTER FOUR

AFTER Dave had gone Jane summoned the elderly bellhop and gave her dinner order. It was a full fifty minutes before the meal arrived. It was tepid food, indifferently served. When the man came to take the cart away, she asked if she could have a radio.

Ten minutes later when she opened the door he came staggering in under the weight of a mammoth and venerable table model, a thing of aged walnut, with mysterious lights and bands and tuning eyes. He plugged it in and turned it on. Many portions of it lit up. They watched it anxiously. Nothing happened. The bellhop turned dials at random and finally located a faint voice. He turned up the volume. The voice could almost be heard across the room. It was quarter to eight and the station identification announced that it was one of the major local stations, the one with the greatest power. The rest of the dial was silent. The old man asked if one station would be enough. She said it would have to be.

She listened with part of her mind to the news broadcast while she leafed through one of the magazines Dave had brought up. She came to abrupt focus and gave the program her full attention when she suddenly heard her own name.

"... Jane Bayliss by authorities for further questioning in the knife slaying of Walter Fredmans last Saturday night. Miss Bayliss visited her fiancé at City General Hospital this afternoon and has not yet returned to her apartment. This situation became known when Deputy Chief of Police Vernon Patricks requested station WBBO, seven-forty on your dial, to broadcast hourly appeals to Miss Bayliss to get in touch with police headquarters. A city-wide search is being conducted. Though there has been no official statement of alarm over the safety of Miss Bayliss, John Aarons, Fusion candidate for mayor in the coming elections, interrupted a formal speech given by him earlier this evening to the Galton County Women's Club to ask why the present Commissioner of Public Safety had not made certain that Miss Bayliss had a police guard or that she had been taken into protective custody. Miss Bayliss, if you are listening to this program, you will be performing a public service by going to the nearest phone and calling police headquarters immediately.

"Today the residents of . . ."

Jane turned the dial quickly. Just as she reached out and started to lift the

phone there was a knock at the door. She froze, replaced the phone with great caution, tiptoed toward the room door.

"Who is it, please?"
 "Jane, it's Dave again."

She unlocked the door and he came in, looking apologetic. He had his hat in his hand and he turned it around and around as he talked. "I got there just a few minutes after seven-thirty, Jane. There were a couple of policemen by the desk. I went up and asked if I could see Howard. The policemen moved in on me and wanted to know what for. I got sore and told them I was a friend and I'd been a friend for years. They made me show my driver's license and identification. They asked me if I knew where you were. I said no. Then they let me go see him. There was a cop in his room, too. Howard was worried sick about you. He wanted to get out of there and go look for you. They wouldn't let him. I tried to catch his eye and calm him down. I couldn't talk to him with the policemen there; you said not to let anybody know. I thought I could get the idea across by winking at him, but he didn't tumble. He just said, 'This is no time for corny jokes, Dave. See if you can make them give me my clothes.' Then I took a look at the parking check. Here it is."

Jane took it from him. She stared at it, turned it over, studied it. It was on heavy stock, orange-colored, roughly the size of a dollar bill, and folded once. She opened it up, read what had been written on the dotted lines.

She stared at Dave, her mouth open. "Why, it's a pawn ticket for a mandolin! Why in the world would Howard give me that? He can't even play a mandolin!"
 "Look, I don't know where he got it. All I know is, you aren't going to get a car out of a parking lot with it."

"I'm awfully sorry, Dave. I've put you to a lot of trouble."

"That's okay. Any other errands, girl? I'm a little late for a date with Connie."

"No. Good night, Dave. And thanks." After he left she studied the pawn ticket again. It was from the Ace Loan Company on lower Harrison. It was date-stamped for the previous Thursday. The mandolin had been pawned for four dollars. She wondered how that ticket could have gotten into the drawer of the night stand beside Howard's hospital bed.

Again she went to the phone. As she touched it, it rang. She smiled. There seemed to be a sort of conspiracy to keep her from phoning the police.

"Hello? . . . Hello! . . . Hello!" There was no answering voice, but she heard a soft click as a phone was replaced on the cradle.

She hung up, trembling. She was sure that, by now, the elevator was clattering slowly upward to her floor.

The wind, which had died for a time, returned with refreshed fury, and through the sound of it she thought she could hear the creak and grinding of the old elevator. The high old door looked frail to her. She reached for the phone again, snatched her hand back. She

picked up her purse and went to the door.

She unlocked the door and opened it and looked out at the shabby, empty hall. She eased her way out. Looking down the hall, she could see the elevator doors, the tarnished bronze arrow above them. The arrow was climbing. She watched it move. It looked as though it were at about five. Down the hallway in the other direction was the red bulb that meant temporary safety. She ran to it, strained to pull the heavy fire door open. It hissed as it closed softly behind her. She stood on a concrete landing. Concrete stairs spiraled angularly down, encircling a square airshaft. There was a steel hand rail, and steel treads on the steps. The fire escape seemed to be much newer than the rest of the Farrington.

She started down the steps, sliding her hand along the railing. The shaft had a damp, chill flavor about it. Her heel caught on the steel tread and the sound was loud in the echoing shaft. Above that sound she heard other sounds. She stopped suddenly. The other sounds came from below her—a measured tread that seemed to be coming closer.

Jane looked cautiously down the air shaft. She saw it there, about three floors below, illuminated by the bulb at each landing, moving through the deceptive shadows between the landings—a thick hand that slid slowly up the guard railing, moving as though by itself, as though it were some small, pale, thick animal, tufted with black hair, that climbed methodically.

Jane lifted her foot and snatched off one shoe and then the other. She held them tightly by the straps and went swiftly up, passing the eighth floor and the next and stopping at the tenth to peer down. The small creature still moved up the railing. She fought to breathe quietly after her burst of effort. She tightened her hold on the railing as the sliding hand approached the landing for the eighth floor. There it disappeared. She felt faint with relief. The next step would be easy: wait until the eighth-floor fire door had swung shut behind the stealthy climber, and then go down the ten floors as fast as ever she could.

She strained to hear the sound of the fire door, but none came. Then an odd little scratching sound began. It came at regular intervals. It seemed familiar. Suddenly she identified it as the noise the wheel of a lighter makes. The sound stopped. Then there was a sharp clink as the lighter was snapped shut, and she saw a huff of pale gray smoke come out into the airshaft from the eighth-floor landing. Then a man's pale gray felt hat and thick dark shoulders appeared as he bent forward to look down the shaft.

She moved sharply back—and one of her shoes hit against the railing, pulling the strap free from her fingers. The shoe fell down the shaft. She barely managed to quell the instinctive reaction to lean over and look down after it. It fell through a vast silence, and startled her when she heard it hit far below.

The man below her called out. Con-

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verging echoes blurred his deep words. Jane turned and pushed the fire door open, eased through it and let it shut.

She did not know if the man two floors below has seen the shoe fall by him or not. She hoped he had merely heard the noise and seen nothing.

The tenth floor was a dismal replica of her own. She hurried to the elevator. The arrow was frozen at eight. She reached toward the button and hesitated. The elevator might come up. But it might come bearing more than a harmless elderly bellhop-elevator operator.

She turned and looked at the silent doors along the corridor. There would be a phone in each room. She went quickly to the nearest door and knocked. A tall, hollow-chested man looked out.

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry to bother you. I wonder if I might use your phone."

"There are public phones in the lobby."

"I realize that, but I'm in trouble. I don't want to go down there. If you won't let me use the phone, will you please use it to call the police and tell them where I am? I'm Jane Bayliss?"

"Are you someone the police are after?"

A sharp feminine voice called, "Who is it at the door, Joseph?"

"It's a girl who wants to use the phone, dear."

"Then let her use the phone, Joseph, instead of standing there bleating at her. Come in, dear, whoever you are. Show her the phone, Joseph. It will cost you fifteen cents, dear. It goes on our bill. We've been meaning to get a private phone in here for years, but we've just never gotten around to it."

Jane followed Joseph into the apartment. He pointed silently to the telephone table. The voice had apparently come from a dark bedroom. The door was ajar. Joseph sat in a chair and picked up a newspaper and held it in front of his face. Jane put her purse and shoe down and lifted the phone.

A dry, familiar voice—the desk clerk's—said, "Yes, please?"

"Give me the police, please. Immediately."

"The police? Yes, ma'am. Right away. Hold on, please."

Jane frowned. The clerk had sounded nervous. She tapped her stockinged foot impatiently. She rattled the lever. The silence on the line was oppressive. Far too oppressive, she realized suddenly. And the clerk had been too nervous. A picture came into her mind, a picture of a faceless man leaning over the desk clerk's shoulder, listening in on the conversation, then demanding to know what floor the call had come from.

She banged the phone down, scooped up her bag and shoe and scampered for the door. She pulled it open. She heard the crackling of the newspaper behind her as Joseph lowered it to stare at her.

The hall was empty. She banged the door shut behind her. The bronze arrow had begun to move upward. She turned back and tried the door she had just

closed. It had latched behind her. She ran for the fire escape, put her hand on the cold door handle, turned and looked behind her.

She could hear the elevator. The arrow was almost at ten. She yanked the door open and went out onto the concrete landing. She held her breath and listened. There was no sound. Inch by inch she moved forward until she could look down the shaft. For a moment she saw nothing. Then a familiar wisp of blue smoke drifted out into the shaft two stories below her.

As she turned to climb higher she heard a fire door open below her. She heard a man's low voice. Echoes blurred it so she heard but a few words. "Phone . . . up to ten . . . got past you." She heard the mumbled response. Then door swung shut down there.

CHAPTER FIVE

JANE began to climb again, her heart thudding heavily, painfully. She risked a glance down the shaft. The hand was sliding upward again. She looked up. There were three more floors above her. That was all. She wished there were dozens. She felt as though they were driving her into an ever-narrowing space.

She tried to estimate how many of the hunters there were. There was at least one at the desk. One in the stair well. And probably two who had come up to her room. They had been in her room when she sent the call down from ten. And one of them had gone immediately to the elevator to check ten and the other one had alerted the man on the landing.

She hoped that beyond that last lighted landing there would be a dark flight that would lead to the roof. She kept climbing. The stairs ended right there, at the landing. A bulb hung from a cord and there was a skylight above it.

The sound of falling rain was clear up here. She tried the door cautiously at first, and then with greater effort. It would not open. She pulled so desperately that her hand and shoulders hurt. She had lost track of the number of floors. This could be twelve, or thirteen. If it was twelve, it meant that she would have to return to the landing directly over his head in order to get out onto the eleventh floor. She looked down. She could not see the hand. She waited.

Then the lighter made its scratching noise, then clinked loudly, and she saw the smoke, two floors below. She looked across the shaft at the stairs she would have to go down in order to get to the eleventh floor. She computed the man's angle of vision. In order to get to the landing directly over him, she would have to pass where he might see her.

She sat down, trembling violently. She was sitting on the top step. This was a nightmare variation of hide and seek. She wanted to get up and hammer on the locked door and scream until there was no breath left in her.

She looked at her purse. She knew they would find some quick way to silence her once they caught her, and then they would take her quietly down the concrete

stairs and away. And if she was taken this way, all the rest of his life Howard would never know exactly what had happened to her. Nor would she ever have the chance to tell him that she had changed her mind. He was enough for her now. He was all the mystery, all the glamour, all the excitement she wanted from life. It was suddenly important to find some way of leaving word for him.

She dug into her purse and found the stub of a yellow pencil, laid it aside and began to look for something to write on. She found a reddish piece of cardboard that was blank on one side. She had to write small.

"Please see that the police get this note. It is to be shown to Howard Saddler. Darling, they've found me here in the Farrington. I guess they are the same ones. I'm hiding but they'll find me soon. I love you. I talked nonsense. Please forget it. I didn't mean it. Jane."

She hitched herself closer to the fire door. She glanced at the other side of the piece of reddish cardboard.

It was a parking-lot claim check, the Safety Parking Lot, just around the corner from her apartment, and the date stamp was for Monday afternoon.

She stared at it, and several things began to make sense to her for the first time. Howard had given her the right ticket. She had given the wrong one—the pawn ticket—to Dave. But the main question was: How had a pawn ticket gotten into her purse? Someone must have hidden it there. The lean, dark man who had been marched out of the night club with a knife in his back? Her purse had been lying on the bench beside her that night. The lean man had evidently anticipated violence, and had slipped the pawn ticket in her purse and snapped it shut. He had obviously intended to regain the ticket later. But he had been stopped from doing that.

Then his murderer, finding he was not carrying the ticket, had broken into the Taffeta Room to hunt for it, reasoning that the lean man had perhaps hidden it there.

With the ridiculous story of Jane in the paper, the killers had reconstructed their theory a bit. The ticket might have been slipped into her purse. The newspaper article had made it easy for them to locate her. They had broken into her apartment and searched thoroughly. Howard had walked in on them, and had been sapped. Jane remembered now that Howard's pockets were turned inside out as he lay unconscious.

How they had located her at the hotel, she could not guess. They may have followed Dave back, after picking up his trail at the hospital. Anyway, however it had been done, here she sat, huddled on concrete stairs with no escape. She pushed the note she had written on the parking ticket under the fire door, until it was entirely out of sight.

All of a sudden she passed from the bottom level of despair to the beginnings of indignation. After all, this was a civilized country. And here she was prac-

tically in the middle of the city, in terrible danger, and unable to find any way out.

Then, sitting there trapped and waiting, she did a thing which is like the donning of armor, or the sharpening of a lance. She took out her lipstick and unscrewed the cap, and held her mirror and made for herself a new red mouth, smooth and brave and almost bold. Though her hands were shaking, she applied the lipstick neatly. And as she recapped it, the top slipped from her fingers.

She made a frantic grab for it, but couldn't reach it. It hit and bounced with a small musical note, a little shiny golden cylinder, and hit again and rolled with painful slowness out along one last step and then tumbled to the landing. With the uncanny perverseness of all inanimate things it rolled diagonally along the landing, choosing the shortest distance to the next short flight of stairs, and disappeared from Jane's view, bounding, clinking, falling.

When all was still she sat with her fists pressed tightly to her cheeks, waiting in breathless tension. There wasn't long to wait. Just a few moments of silence. Then the slow trudge of feet on the steel treads of the concrete stairs. She could picture the thick hand sliding up the bannister railing.

The sound stopped. It began again, higher, coming close. In a final gesture of defiance, she opened her purse and found the pawn ticket and shoved it under the door beside her, pushing it all the way out of sight.

She looked back and saw him then, below her and diagonally across the airshaft. He was looking up toward her. He wore a dark hat. The light shining down from above made a shadow across his face.

Jane got quickly to her feet and backed into the corner beyond the door. She could see him no longer. She didn't see him until he rounded the last turn and came up the final short flight. She saw the dark hat first and then the hard jaw, the thick dark-clad shoulders, then the hand sliding upward on the rail.

She took her shoe by the toe and hurled it with all her strength directly at his face. He moved his head to one side. It was a quick, practiced motion. He didn't move it any further than necessary. The shoe hurtled by him and struck the wall and fell to the landing below. She had seen other men move like that, on the television screen, tiny figures who danced and tried to hit each other and seldom dodged more than was necessary.

He stopped at the landing level, five feet from her, facing her. He held his hand out. The golden cylinder lay on the white palm, glinting in the light.

"You drop this?" The voice was husky.

"Don't come near me!"

"You come on down quiet."

"Don't come near me!"

As he reached for her she screamed. It rasped and hurt her throat. The airshaft enclosed the scream, dampening it, muting it, smothering it. It died quickly

into echoes. She drew breath to scream again the thick hand closed on hers in a deft, practiced way, shifted quickly and found position, then seemed to squeeze ever so gently. The gentleness sent a barbed shock of pain through her, a pain so clean and pure and distilled that it was as though someone had driven an icicle through the back of her hand. It turned the impending scream into a shocked whimper. It made her knees sag and the light waver.

"You come along nice," he said.

He stood beside her, his arm under hers, his hand holding hers in a mockery of affection. He tried the door. They went together down the stairs, side by side. As they passed the door to the eleventh floor she wondered if she could twist away from him and get through it. Even as she thought of it and knew she couldn't, some tension must have warned him. He pressed her hand again.

They started down to ten, circling the shaft, going down from landing to landing. He pushed the door open a few inches and put his eye close to the crack. He pushed it open the rest of the way and walked down the hall with her. A man stood by the elevator. He was tall. The elderly bellhop stood inside the elevator. A short, thick man stood in the hallway and watched them approach.

The short man stepped forward and took her purse. He started to look through it and the tall one took it away from him. They all got into the elevator. The man who held her moved her back against the wall. The tall one went carefully through her purse. The short one said, "All the way down, pops."

Jane said, "You can't—" and stopped and her lip as the gentle pressure started again. Evidently they could and they would.

The short, thick one said, "Better-looking than in the papers, eh?"

"Shut up," the tall one said.

The hand enclosed hers. It was a special indignity, this indignity of pain; peculiar humiliation. She realized that she should be looking at them closely, remembering things about them so she could identify them later if need be—or if she was lucky. But she could see nothing about them to remember. Just their general sizes and their subdued clothes. They all had hard, closed faces. They could have been, each one of them, twenty-five or forty.

They moved out into the lobby. The tall one turned back to the operator. "Pops, shut yourself in that thing and go up and park it between floors for fifteen minutes. Move!"

"Yes sir," the old man said. He banged the door shut hurriedly and the arrow pointed steadily upward.

They moved across to the desk. A fourth man was behind the desk, standing next to the old clerk. The clerk's face was ghastly. It looked like oiled chalk. The man turned the clerk around roughly and shoved him into the small room behind the desk, pulled the door shut and locked it. He came out and the five of

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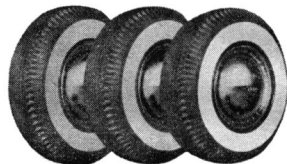
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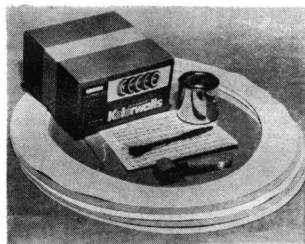
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them walked the remaining steps to the outside door. Jane walked with two ahead of her, one beside her and one behind her.

"She have it?" asked the one who had been behind the desk.

"Shut up," the tall one said. "Take a look outside, Boats." The short, thick one went out first. He looked in each direction up and down the dark road, ducking his head instinctively against the driving rain. He looked back and nodded.

They moved out quickly. The wet sidewalk soaked Jane's stocking feet. Rain cut at her legs. The car was across the street. They hurried to it. She was as shocked as the ones with her seemed to be when the bright headlights behind them and ahead of them went on suddenly, pinning them there in the glare, and a monstrous and demoralizing voice, boosted by amplification to gigantic authority, said out of the darkness, "Don't move. Don't move a muscle."

The tall one cursed softly and turned and dived toward the protecting darkness. A shot kicked his legs out from under him. Jane heard the sick sound as his head hit the pavement. He lay there on his face, still in the lights, rolling his head back and forth and saying, "Aaaaah!" Quite softly.

"Want to try for two?" the great voice roared. "Both ends of this street are blocked and the alleys are blocked and there are twenty-five armed men watching you. Now, hands high, children."

For a moment the heavy hand still encased hers. Then it relaxed and went away and she stood apart from him. She saw him put his hands up. She felt as if she should, too. There was that much authority in the voice.

"Miss Bayliss, please walk toward the curb and turn to your left on the sidewalk. Thank you."

She walked as she was told. She felt small, wet-footed and humiliated. She felt as if half a world watched her. She walked into darkness and into arms that were at once familiar, that held her there in the rain in a dear and remembered way, walked into lips that pressed against damp hair and said things she had never listened to closely enough before all this, and would listen to much more closely from now on.

"What are you doing up?" she demanded.

"Hush, honey. Tilt your head up to be kissed. Lord, you've shrunk!"

"No shoes," she sighed happily and presented lips to be kissed, curling her wet toes against the dark sidewalk.

CHAPTER SIX

THIS was no traditional morning office of the law, with its scarred golden oak, its yellowed pictures of the pistol team. This was a big room, done in pale, efficient green with many gray steel desks in military array, with banks of gray filing cabinets, with men who worked at the desks and used the telephone a great deal, with girls who walked briskly and found things in files.

Jane and Howard had to wait nearly an hour in the small fenced-off waiting room until a girl came and got them and took them to Sergeant Dolan's desk somewhere in the middle of the big room. Two chairs had been placed near his desk. They sat down at Dolan's terse invitation. Jane felt humble and a bit silly.

Dolan hung up the phone and smiled at them. "How is it going, kids? Tired of making statements?"

"Do you need *more!*" Jane exclaimed.

"No. We got all we need now. I could be official and mysterious and tell you to read all about it in the papers."

"Please don't!" she said.

"Well, it goes this way. We knew the killing was clean and professional, and

first to look around. He spotted something funny going on. He came out and gave me the word and I put in the call and got help. We were about to come in after you."

"I guess I was pretty stupid," Jane said.

"You got your name in the papers," Howard said.

"Please! Sergeant, what about that mandolin?"

Dolan grinned. "It's just a real good mandolin."

"Please."

"Fredmans had the entire loot from the robbery in Savannah. Quarter of a million dollars' worth of flawless blue-white diamonds in the right sizes to peddle—from one-half to two carats. He didn't like the size of his cut. He knew he couldn't hope to get away with the whole thing. He wanted to bargain. So he bought a used mandolin, poured hot melted wax through that hole under the strings where it would run down and solidify around the diamonds he had dropped in there, so they wouldn't rattle. Then he hocked the mandolin. Safest place he could think of. Then he got hold of his group and told them where he was and asked them to come around and talk business. He knew all of a sudden they were going to be too tough. He planted the pawn ticket in your purse. Look, kids, I got things to do. Thanks for your co-operation."

Howard touched the top of his head gingerly. "You're welcome."

They said good-bye to Dolan. They walked on out through the big room and down the long corridor. This was a well-washed day, bright and new and promising. She held his arm tight as they walked down the corridor.

"Sure," she said, "I had my name in the paper."

"Want it in again?"

"Mmmmm. When I get married."

"Figuring on getting married soon?"

"Mmmmm."

"I hear it's kind of like a trap. You know—kids, cleaning, drudgery. A real trap."

"You know something?"

"What, darling?"

"I could be trapped."

They walked toward the sunshine at the end of the corridor. She smiled up at him. They walked in step.

"Howard," she said, making a serious mouth, "honestly that's all I want. Really and truly."

"I believe you. No more headlines."

"No thanks."

They started down the steps. She looked ahead and gasped and stopped and grabbed his arm.

"What's wrong, dear? What's the matter?"

She relaxed and sighed heavily. "Come on. You'll soon find out."

They walked toward his car parked diagonally at the curb, toward the oddly boyish-looking Locatta who leaned against the car, and smiled as he watched them approach.

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we suspected that the body was that of a known criminal. We had that hunch. We didn't know him, so he was from out of town. I talked to Locatta and got him to agree to go along with playing it stupid. Girl can identify killer. All that. I felt I could do it because I've got good men and I knew I could cover you every minute of the day. You were bait. You even spotted one of them outside your apartment. So imagine how I felt when you wiggled off the hook. That was a neat trick, that shoe-store stunt, and on account of you, three good men took a peeling they'll never forget."

"But how did they find me? Not your men. Those others."

"They had a man at the hospital to pick you up if you came back. You lost them the same time you lost my people. After Dave Miles saw Howard here, the man wondered if Dave came from you. So he followed him back to the Farrington and asked some casual questions at the desk and got the right answers. Then they moved in on you."

"And then you showed up."

"Only because your friend Dave is a nice guy and has some confidence in us. On the way to his date he took the time to stop and phone us and tell us where you were. He was afraid you wouldn't phone. Fortunately we sent a man in

Hunting Tales (Mostly Tall) *Continued from page 4*

pile and wound up and let fly with it. "Now, Harry, you won't believe this, but that rock flew straight as an arrow at that goose and hit him just in back of the head, and that goose folded up as pretty as you please and hit the ground with a thud. Well, my partner and I were dumfounded for a couple of minutes and then we started to worry about how to get him home, for the goose season doesn't open here until November. Well, to make a long story shorter, we got the goose home all right but we couldn't tell our story to anybody because, first, the season was not open, and second, no one would believe us because of our past stories and we were afraid we would be branded for life with this one.

"Harry, you're the first I'm telling this to, so you should be honored. Besides, I'll swear it's true if you should print it, because for five bucks they can call me anything.

(Signed) HENRY SANFORD

"P.S. You think if Casey Stengel heard about this he might sign me up?"

You see what I mean? Henry is even willing to swear it's true. My only comment, Henry, is that if Casey Stengel had signed you up the Dodgers might not have won.

Listen to this one from Bernie Dubois of Quebec, Canada:

"Congratulations on a fine article in November *ARGOSY*.

"I am rather hesitant about writing this letter because it seems to me you are asking for nominations for a liars' club. If my observation is correct, please don't print this letter because I am an honorable man and would not like my name associated with a falsehood.

"The experience I am about to tell you happened on a recent and almost unsuccessful hunting trip in the Laurentian Mountains.

"After two days without even sighting a track of a deer, we were ready to pack up and leave, when a young hunting enthusiast with us, on his very first hunting trip and with a very new rifle, decided he wasn't going back without at least firing his new weapon.

"He took a tin can to a nearby lake and threw it out about twenty yards, knelt and squeezed off a shot. He overshot the can about eighteen inches, but—and you'll never believe this—that round ricocheted across the small lake and dined a fine buck right behind the ear. Up until this time the animal had remained unnoticed and we were lucky to see him fall.

"Needless to say, my young friend was quite happy and proud.

(Signed) BERNIE DUBOIS

This will be the death of me yet. Please notice that Bernie says he does not want his name associated with a falsehood. Gosh, Bernie, we're all honorable men and wouldn't dream of telling a false-

hood, particularly if there was nobody else around to see the thing happen.

If you have a cast-iron stomach, swallow this one from Chuck McBride, who lives in Gas City, Indiana:

"I just read your article, 'Hunting With Horseshoes' in the November issue. I believe every word of the 'true experiences' you tell about in this article, and it is good reading. I could read this over and over 'til I knew every word by heart; so could other readers. But I don't see any sense in doing that, even though it is an interesting story. So I would like to hear other readers' experiences, too.

"What I really am getting at is: I would like to tell of an experience I had when I was a lad about nine or ten years old. A boy friend of mine and I were on our way to a favorite swimming hole in an abandoned gravel pit. This was a fairly good-sized lake—I'd say about a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It had numerous little islands in it, overgrown with willow trees. Our favorite swimming hole was among these little isles, about a quarter-mile off the highway, so there were no beach rules to obey. We could wear a one-piece, two-piece or no-piece bathing suit, and no one objected. But on this particular day our favorite swimming hole had been occupied by a fisherman in search of bluegills, crappies or anything that would bite on minnows. But he had no luck and decided to go home. He asked me

and my friend if we wanted the rest of his minnows (a dozen). We accepted them, putting them in an old rusty bucket. As was our custom, we were carrying fishhooks in our caps and we proceeded to rig up a fishing line out of twine string, a hook and willow pole. We started fishing in our swimming hole. I don't know if it was luck, fate, or just our aptness at fishing, but we immediately pulled out a couple of crappies, then a couple more, etc. We had approximately sixteen or eighteen crappies, all caught on a dozen minnows, when, by an unfortunate mishandling of our stringer, my boy friend threw his line, stringer and all, out in the middle of our swimming hole, and it disappeared. Well, no fish, out of bait—and nothing but the memory of a lucky fishing episode. But the fish were soon forgotten that day while we proceeded to do our swimming.

"We told of our luck that evening and no one believed us. So the next day we caught some minnows and went back to our swimming hole to try our luck at fishing again. At our first retrieve we didn't only pull in a crappie, but five stringers of crappies which had become entangled together—a total of ninety crappies. Where did the other stringers come from? We never did repeat our experience, how we caught eighteen crappies with twelve minnows, only to lose our stringer, for we knew that at least four other fishermen had had the same experience but were too shy to tell of it.



So why should we? Why not? There was a limit as to how many crappies we could take home. We tried our luck several times after that but didn't catch them by the stringerful any more. I thought you probably had not heard of anyone doing this before, and we don't believe it is common practice to catch fish already on the stringer—or is it? All ninety crappies were very much alive, too—no crap!

(Signed) 'CHUCK' McBRIDE"

I wish the rest of you would observe that Chuck displays the proper spirit. He believes every word I wrote. I believe every word of your story, too, Chuck, even if you had made it 900 crappies. As

long as you buy copies of *ARGOSY*, I'll believe all your stories.

Well, fellow scientists and nature lovers, we haven't room for any more true stories today. Join us again next month and really suffer. At the rate these experiences are coming in, we'll have a rare collection. To show that we ought to have our heads examined, we'll pay five bucks for every one published. These checks make nice souvenirs to hang on the wall of your den along with the stuffed deer head, and saves both of us the bother of cashing them.

Also on the agenda for next month is a surprise we've been preparing for almost a year. *ARGOSY* has had a team of special investigators working quietly on

the biggest racket in America today. Believe it or not, it's liquor, and it's a subject that affects every one of us who takes a drink. Just to give you a slight taste of what's ahead, one out of every three drinks you pour down your throat during the next twelve months will be illegitimate.

I think I can promise some pretty genuine thrills as we bring you along on the raid of a large still, and then in future months as we wear the benign mask from the face of the undercover liquor traffic, the most gruesome monster in our daily life. How much it affects you, personally, will come as a penetrating shock. Begin this fascinating series in the February issue of *ARGOSY*. See you then. ● ● ●

Don Block's Paradise *Continued from page 37*

odds and ends he had believed to be necessary. The few small sacks of staple groceries looked dangerously inadequate. He laid the two .22s aside, loaded Laine's .35 Winchester and his own .405, then buckled on his .45. The pilot stood expectantly while Don coiled the rope.

"You didn't say when you wanted me to come back and pick you up."

Don handed the half-coiled rope to him. "Nope. Guess I didn't."

The pilot looked puzzled. "You want me to come back, don't you?"

Don grinned. "What for?"

As the plane roared down the lake into the wind and barely cleared the treetops the pilot dipped his wings in a final farewell. For the first time, Don had doubts and felt a sinking at the pit of his stomach. He wondered if he had done right. If anything happened to the boy, there was no way out except through 300 miles of unknown forests and mountains, afoot, with the boy on his back. If anything happened to him, the boy would surely die or be torn apart in this wilderness. Don resolved then and there always to go slow and keep the boy forever by his side. He looked at Laine.

"Well, son?"

The boy's eyes were gleaming. "Gee, dad, isn't this swell?"

They carried their gear to the fringe of the forest and there Don threw up a rough lean-to, cut boughs for a bed and cooked a supper of Dolly Varden trout.

The next morning they packed a light lunch, hoisted all their equipment into trees so bears couldn't get at it, and headed west into the timber, following a creek bed that emptied into the lake.

Two and one-half miles upstream from the lake they heard the warning slap of tails on water. The forest opened out into a meadow and beaver dam. Don, swatting at mosquitoes, examined the mud of the shoreline of the pond. There were bear, moose and caribou tracks, and tracks of smaller animals and birds.

Three hundred yards back in the forest he found a spring. Straight young pole trees grew thick, striving to reach up through the foliage of giant spruce. As he looked back toward the dam, spruce and hemlock leveled off to cotton-

woods, cottonwoods to quaking aspen, aspen to willows. Between the trees there were dense thickets of dwarf birch. Don sat down on a deadfall.

"This will be our home, son."

The battle now was against time. It was July, and warm, but a home had to be built before the black, killing frosts of late August and early September set in, and it had to be a home solid enough to endure the weight of tremendous snows, icy winds of hurricane force and cold so intense it had been known to split boulders. They received one bad blow.

On the way back to the lake to begin packing in supplies Don shot a black bear, cleaned and quartered it, hung it in a tree and then planned to pick up the needed meat in the morning. The next day he found the bear shredded and torn. Eagles had stripped the hams, small animals had ruined the hide and knocked down much of the meat, which wolves had devoured. Before a house could be built they needed a strong, effective cache for food and meat.

They had a good break. Near where they planned to put up their cabin Don found four trees forming a nearly perfect quadrangle. Fifteen feet up they laid base logs at the crotch of limbs and, using this as a platform, began building the floor of the cache. For a floor Don used long limbs which protruded well out beyond the trunks of the trees, so that even climbing bears would have a hard time getting out around the floor and into the cache. Laine was put to work trimming the four tree trunks and then peeling off the bark so there would be no claw holds and Don thought of the last refinement—a flimsy pole ladder that would be just strong enough to hold a man but too weak to hold a bear. Then they started on the cabin.

While Don began digging and laying a stone foundation, working against time with a zeal and fury that only a deep-seated respect for the savage whims of the North could cause, Laine was put to work digging out the spring and lining it with rock, and below that, digging a pool for bathing and washing clothes. If

they were to survive, Laine had to learn to work with all the discipline of a man. It hurt Don to see the boy fall asleep over his dinner but it made him proud the next morning to see him crawl out of his bedding ready to go to work before the sun was fully up.

The pilot had been right about animal life; the forest teemed with it. Even while working on the cabin, Don was able several times to shoot passing moose and bear and Laine caught heavy Dolly Varden trout. The meat was cut in strips and hung in the sun to dry; hides were dried high in trees.

The keystone of the cabin was the fireplace. The firebox had to be huge, for through the coming winter it must provide light, heat and cooking facilities. As the stone fireplace went up, so did the walls, the log ends being embedded into the stone masonry for greater strength.

Raising the upper portions of the walls was a bitter, trying task. Each log had to be inched up a log ramp by Don while Laine stood by helplessly. The roof was a problem that stymied Don for days and he began to wish desperately that he had brought along nails.

They laid small poles tight together and notched them into the side walls from the eaves to a stout ridgepole. At every seventh roof pole they notched and pinned a ceiling joist, to keep the walls from pushing out, and to truss the roof to. They cut strips of young spruce bark and shingled over the poles. The shingles were held in place with a layer of clay mortar. Over the clay they shingled again, so the clay wouldn't wash off in the rains. The top rows of shingles were held down with overlaid poles that were laced together at the peak with thongs cut from hides, and bound at the eaves with a laced pole running lengthwise.

August turned into September and still the first real frost had not come. The dull-green dwarf birch turned into a flaming scarlet and the brilliant colors blended with the yellows of the quaking aspen leaves. Don and Laine, with the signs of winter all around them, pushed themselves harder. Besides building, they had to take whole days off to blaze trails for their trap lines.

They trapped and shot with their .22s some of the smaller fur-bearing animals, even though the furs were not in their prime, to make their winter clothing. They shot brant on the beaver pond and spruce hens in the forest to change their diet. They took their pails out and picked blueberries, squawberries, and cranberries, and when it rained they gathered mushrooms. What berries they didn't eat fresh they cooked down in sugar and stuffed into fresh-boiled moose gut. These they hung up in the shade.

While they were resting, they soaked hides in a solution of ashes, dried and rolled and pounded them into a semblance of softness and sewed the small ones into parkas and mittens. Boots they fashioned out of moose hide. Don had found that bear gut made a tough cord and when rolled fresh in the fingers produced a fine, strong thread. They pitched the seams of the boots and rubbed in bear grease and they shaped split birch into snowshoe frames and bound and webbed them with bear gut.

In the first week of October Don hewed out a door and two shutters for the windows and then he went to the woods and cut fresh spruce boughs for the bunks which he covered with bearskins. On the floor he spread bear and moose hides and in the fireplace he piled good dry wood.

After dinner the two of them, father and son, stretched out on the bear and moose rugs before the fire and drank in the deep luxury of a fire in front of them, good walls around them and a roof overhead. While they lay, thinking how fortunate they were, they heard a soft sifting and scratching at their shutters.

"Son, take your gun and see what's scratching out there."

The boy went outside and squinted hard into the night. Cold rushed in through the open door.

"Dad," he said, when he turned back inside, "it's snowing."

Winter had hit the North. More snows came and the temperature dropped so that zero weather was considered good weather. Don and Laine watched with fascination the herds of caribou, thousands upon thousands of them, streaming out of the highlands to the warmer lowlands of the Bering Sea coast. And they watched the pelts of little animals turn from reddish-brown to white. When they saw their first white weasel they knew it was time to set out their six miles of trap line. By December, as they made the snow-deep rounds of the line, both Laine and Don felt they could never remember a time when they didn't walk on snowshoes. All their sets were buried in snow. It became necessary to hack through the crust covering them with an axe and then shovel them out with a snowshoe. Some of the sets were empty, others frozen solid, and others had stiff carcasses that couldn't be skinned until they were taken home and thawed.

It was on a trip home with a load of frozen animals that Laine, by the code of the woods, became a man. Early in November, when the freeze had set in,

Don had ordered all weapons cleared of oil and Laine had faithfully followed orders. Now they were standing on a rise above their cabin when Don spotted a grizzly, almost lost in the deep, late-afternoon shadows.

"Think you can do it, son?" he asked. The boy nodded.

Laine aimed, carefully, although his hands were shaking, and fired. The bear crashed over the brow of the hill.

"You missed. I'll get him," Don shouted and as he ran clumsily forward a second grizzly jumped out of a thicket right in front of him. Reacting blindly, Don fired. The bear stumbled and rolled and then came to its feet—roaring and charging at him. Don struggled furiously to throw a new shell in his .405. Nothing gave. The rifle was frozen solid.

Don grabbed the rifle by the muzzle. Maybe he could club it out, but in his heart he knew it was hopeless. The crashing of the bear froze his body into a state of paralysis. Then the blast of a rifle at the side of his head nearly cracked his eardrums and he saw the great bear paw the air and fall near his feet. Trembling, he turned to look at his boy.

"Gee, Dad, I was scared."

"Scared? My God!"

He dropped his rifle in the snow and picked the boy up and kissed him. The boy was eyeing him accusingly.

"Dad," Laine said, "you didn't wipe the oil out of your gun."

Near the end of the winter they saw their first human being since they waved good-by to the pilot. He simply walked out of the wilderness and stood, quietly watching Don skin a marten. After a few moments of mutual distrust the two men, with that mystical intuition of brotherhood that happens when one good man meets another, became friends. His name was Evonga and he was an intelligent

Indian who spoke fluent English. When he found the Blocks had no dogs his eyes widened with surprise. How were they going to get out with their furs when the break-up came in the spring? Then Evonga said:

"Over there, twelve miles, is Stony River. Thirty-five miles down the Stony from here, as the eagle flies, is Hungry Village, the home of my people. It is ninety miles by foot, if you can find a way. If you come out by the time of the break-up we will take you down in our boats."

The Indian picked up Laine's new .35 and looked it over with admiration. "This is a good gun," he said and then walked back into the forest.

The snow had begun to thaw and Don estimated it was three weeks before break-up time when they began scraping the bottom of their cache. Laine no longer could bear to force down the remnants of dried fish and porcupine and jerky. One morning, as a treat, Don heated up the last of the berry jam sausage and made hot cakes. By nightfall the boy was sick. His forehead was hot to the touch, his cheeks a flaming, unhealthy red, his eyes stared brightly ahead seeing nothing.

This was the moment Don had secretly been dreading. Who was he to think he could break all the laws of nature and bring a child into this wilderness? In his selfishness to forget, he was murdering a child. In a panic he thought of Evonga. The women in his village would know what to do. He would bundle up the boy, make some sort of frame to carry him on, and take him to Hungry Village.

But when he went to the door and peered out, the world was trapped in a blanket of white. Blizzard had struck.



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All that night, while outside the storm raged against the cabin making it shudder, the boy inside raged and moaned, fighting for life. The father heaped wood on the fire to fight the stinging penetration of cold and he put two buckets of red embers beneath his son's bunk.

Don today doesn't know what blind animal instinct for survival guided him to do what he did. With no plan in mind he went out into the blizzard and began desperately clawing in the snow for a cache of moose marrow bones he knew were there. When he found them he brought them inside and began gouging out the marrow which he threw in a pot of boiling water. Then he mixed the last of their flour into dough, made bread, and burned the bread into charcoal. He mixed the charcoal with the marrow and thinned the mess out with boiling tea.

The first mouthful Laine vomited, but Don forced him to eat more and more, praying to God he was doing the right thing. When the boy could eat no more he piled extra hides around him, re-filled the kettles with coals, and then sat beside him, holding his hand. Outside, he could hear the crack of tree limbs crashing down, and snow, blown from trees, thudding off the roof. In the early morning—had he slept?; he doesn't know—he was startled by the stirring of Laine's hand in his. Suddenly great beads of sweat broke out on the boy's head, and then there was the soft sound of his deep, regular breathing. Slowly Don removed his hand from the boy's and tucked the hides close around his shoulders. He would live.

Three weeks later, Don and Laine floated on a raft down the Stony River into Hungry Village, where Evonga and the Indians welcomed them and fed them savory foods, the like of which they had almost forgotten existed. The boys of the village introduced Laine to tough games but when Laine held his own they eased off. They liked Laine and he liked them wholeheartedly.

The Indians went south down the Kuskokwim to Sleitmut and when prices for pelts weren't high enough continued to Crooked Creek. While Don's pile of pelts looked meager when compared to the natives' he still had thirty mink, thirty-seven marten, two wolves and twenty-one beaver—all prime number one. Next year, with more traps, he would do better, Don promised. He looked at Laine and then thought—if there is a next year.

Together father and son went down to the waterfront and watched the people come and go and the river boats glide by. As the boy's eyes eagerly darted left and right, drinking in the excitement of life and people, Don spoke slowly.

"Son, do you want to stay up here another year—another winter? Or wouldn't you rather go back to the States?"

The boy looked up at his father with honest surprise.

"Gosh, Dad, I want to stay here. This is home."

For eleven years they trapped the

country they had first learned to fear, then to master and finally to love. Each year they improved on what they had done before. Dog teams were flown in to them and they learned to master the rivers in a moose-hide canoe. The second year they had two hundred traps and seven years later they had five hundred and had blazed one hundred and fifty miles of trap line. They built a chain of provisioned line cabins, eleven in all, and established cabins along important streams and rivers. The lake where they had landed became known to Alaska bush pilots as Block's Lake and the huge region was Block's domain. The fame of their operation spread across Alaska and even outside, so that fly-in hunters, in summer and early fall, began to ask permission to come in and have Laine and Don guide them through their wilderness paradise. Through the hunters Laine kept in touch with the world outside.

And then came the spring of 1942. Don and Laine loaded two canoes with bales of furs and as they moved down the Stony River they began hearing rumors about war with Japan. At Crooked Creek the rumors were confirmed. At Bethel, citizens scanned the skies for signs of Jap planes. Men were needed badly.

While in Bethel, as Don was enjoying the luxury of a haircut, Laine slipped away. Hours later he found his dad in a bar quenching a long winter's dryness. Laine ordered a drink, something he had never done before, and then put his arm around his father's shoulder.

"Dad," Laine said, "we better make this one a toast. I just enlisted."

As it had when Jenny died, Don Block's world fell to pieces once more. His purpose in life was gone. He had lost the last of his family. For days he wandered the streets of Bethel and kept hearing Laine's words as they parted on the dock:

"Dad, if you do go back, take someone with you. The woods is no place for a man to be alone."

If you go back. Those were the words that stung. He would never go back now. The paradise he had found with his son in the wilderness was dead.

For the second time in his life he was an aimless, restless drifter, searching again for something he couldn't find. And for the second time—he fell in love; not suddenly and completely, as with Jenny, but subtly and slowly and oddly.

It was a strange way to start a love affair.

He sat in a dance hall drinking, as he had been doing too much of late, not seeing the dancers around him, feeling alone and a little ridiculous.

"You not happy," her voice said. She was a young girl with light skin and dark eyes and very beautiful dark hair.

"No," he said, "not happy."

"Me not happy, too."

Her name was Deveevic, she was sixteen, her father was the chief of a village at Paimiut, and she had been sent from the village to Bethel to work and to go to school. She longed for the wilderness life she had known.

He had not meant to talk but he began telling this girl of his far-off home and of Laine and of the bears and of his sadness. And as he talked he began to realize that this Eskimo girl was understanding him, the way none of the old-timers he had spoken to could. And he kept talking and she kept smiling, until finally he said: "How would you like to go back to the woods with me?"

She studied his face through her long lashes. "Me good woods woman," she finally said.

It was that simple. They were married and there was no romance to it. It was an obligation and a contract. Now Don would go back to his beloved wilderness and try to work out the void left in his heart. It would be good to have a person to sew and cook and even, once in a while, to talk to. A few days later they flew to the woods.

For just a girl Deveevic was a good planner. She made Don spade up a garden and she put him to work making some much needed improvements on the place, ones that only a woman would notice. Once he asked her why she didn't plant corn and she looked at him with a knowing smile. "No honey bees, silly. Corn no ripen. I learn about cross-pollination in school." Don wrinkled his brow studiously. He could remember seeing wasps, bumble bees, hornets and yellow jackets, but nary a honey bee. He looked at Deveevic with a new respect.

All through the fall, when he heard the crack of Laine's .22 in the woods, he would be startled, thinking Laine had returned, but then Deveevic would come in with some small game she had shot and he would go back to his brooding. One evening, when the first snows had fallen, Don came in from a trap-line check. Deveevic had a wonderful dinner for him and after dinner she shyly presented him with a new parka, boots and mittens. They were soft and warm and gave him a freedom of movement he had never known in the harsh hides he and Laine had worn. And then she changed into her new parka and boots. They were beautifully assembled and made of ermine, mink and sable which shone with a soft lustre and variance of color.

The boots made her feet seem tiny as she whirled over the rocks of the floor, and the parka seemed to caress the curves of her slender, freshly matured form. When she finished pirouetting she ran and knelt at Don's chair, her cheeks flushed and her sparkling black eyes asking for just a little bit of praise.

Don smiled at her and put his hand on her head and then let it slide down the sleekness of her hair and stroke the softness of her neck. Something struggled within him but a fear held him back from expressing the turmoil inside. Every time he loved something it was taken away from him. That must never happen again.

"Come on," he said brusquely, "I'll help you with the dishes."

It was spring once more in the Arctic. The bald eagles had come back—first, as

always—and warm winds thawed the frozen earth. All that morning Don had missed Deveevic and he worried about her. Her moccasined tracks led to the edge of Block's Lake.

For a long time after he had broken out of the darkness of the forest into the sun along the shore he stood and drank in the heady exhilaration of sun and warm winds. There was a movement on a willow bush and when Don went to see what it was he found Deveevic had left her clothes hanging on the limbs. Beyond the bush, along the sand of the shore he saw her. She was dancing, a solitary, strange and lovely dance, a ritual to the pulsing of life in the spring.

Don watched, and a lump came in his throat. With all his years here he didn't remember the sun sparkling on the ripples of the lake, nor the depth of the color of new buds and burgeoning leaves. His clothes irked him and he took them off, then felt his way over the hard coolness of the rocks to the softness of the sands. The warm air was soothing, and he wanted to turn handsprings, but instead he ran, and as he ran he whirled and waved his arms as he had seen Deveevic do. Then he trotted to Deveevic who had turned and was laughing at him. He took her hand and together they ran along the beach. He laughed with her, and the years fell away from him. He took her in his arms and softly kissed her on the mouth.

That winter, when snow lay several feet deep outside the cabin and Don and Deveevic were frozen in from the rest of the world, their first baby, Jean, was born. And born anew in Don Block's heart was a reason to live. Each day his love and admiration for Deveevic grew and he marveled that he could not have seen before the things he found in her now. That spring was even more beautiful than the one before and each spring grew better. And then Leeta was born, adding to his happiness.

In the winter that Leeta was three years old Don witnessed the coldest weather he ever had known. For five days he waited for the cold to break, but it held. Im-

patiently he paced the cabin, feeling trapped, and finally determined to go out and make a tour of his lines. When Deveevic tried to stop him, even shielding the door with her body, he flung her aside in anger. It was their first quarrel.

Outside, even while he put pack saddles on his dogs, he knew he was wrong but he doggedly and stubbornly went ahead. He would show Deveevic that he knew what he was doing.

Trouble began from the start. The dogs wouldn't handle, a snowshoe gut snapped and he froze his hands trying to repair it, a twig snapping his face felt like it would shatter the bones, a moose crossed his path and he couldn't shoot it because his trigger finger was too frozen. Somehow he made his tour but a great anger welled in him as he headed home; anger at the dogs, the moose, the cold, the branches, and mostly at himself because Deveevic had been right and he had been stupid. He had done what no man can afford to do in the Arctic: he had been impatient with nature.

Crossing a ravine a limb got in his way. He cursed savagely at it, yanked it, and plunged through ice into water up to his right thigh. He knew he should stop and build a fire but he plodded ahead. Mile after mile he dragged a leg that had lost all feeling, his muscles above the thigh crying out from the pain of compensating for useless muscles below. Cold began possessing his body, except at his temples which throbbed with the heat of near madness. He had to keep going and as he did he cried aloud with rage and pain. Instinct alone drove him on, the same instinct that caused his dogs to desert him, because cold had robbed him of his senses.

In the clearing of the cabin, hopping pitifully on one snowshoe and dragging the other, he saw his dogs and raised his rifle to kill them. Then he floundered in the snow, too weak to shoot. Above him loomed a face he knew well. It was Evonga, come, he believed, to take his mate while he lay dying.

"I'll kill you," Don screamed, and with a strength born of madness he rose and lunged at the Indian.

When consciousness returned he was aware of the painful throb of life in his leg and the body of Deveevic lying over it, thawing the frozen tissues with the warmth of her flesh. For days they lay this way, broken only when Deveevic brought him bowls of broth until life returned to his leg and sanity to his mind. "Did I kill him?" were the first words he asked.

"He was too strong for you," Deveevic said and he felt a hatred for him in her voice.

Primitive minds cannot understand the subtleties of madness and temporary insanity. He knew he could not explain. Deveevic and Evonga felt that what happened revealed the true, inner spirit of Don Block. What they had seen of him had been ugly.

For a month he lay in his bed, not speaking, each day strengthening his leg secretly until he knew he was ready. On a day in late March Don took Laine's rifle down off the wall and lifted his .45 from its peg. Deveevic looked at him with dread and fear. The ugliness was back again. For a long moment he stood in the doorway, looking at Deveevic as she tried to shield the baby from him. Then she heard his shouts and the whine of runners.

On the afternoon of the fifth day Don pulled into the yard, uncoupled the dogs from the sled, and threw them half a salmon apiece. He stood in the doorway waiting to catch the eyes of Deveevic.

"I apologized to Evonga," she said loudly and slowly. "I gave him Laine's rifle which he always loved. He didn't want to take it, but I made him. Evonga and I are brothers."

Deveevic ran to him and knelt and grasped his knees.

"Oh, my Don. My great, foolish Don," she cried, and then Don lifted her to her feet and they kissed each other with a love neither could conceal.

Few men ever find a paradise like Don Block's. He is one of the lucky ones. ●

Madness in the Streets *Continued from page 41*

Foxes are a problem in many localities, particularly since the fox population is rising rapidly. New York, Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama have had epidemics within the past few years. There were a number of deaths. A Blaney, South Carolina, boy stooped to examine a sick fox in a farm yard. The animal snapped, the boy died. A man in New Brockton, Alabama, was attacked by a fox in a chicken yard. Recently Henderson County in East Texas had a similar outbreak. A fox jumped on a farmer's back, biting him severely. In all, forty-seven Henderson County people were bitten by foxes, had to take a long and painful series of rabies shots.

Each year, about 30,000 United States citizens are bitten by animals suspected of being rabid. Not more than sixty will

die, thanks to the Pasteur treatment.

Since Pasteur's day, his vaccine has been improved, but it is still a long way from being a bargain. Shots are large and painful. Usually made in the abdominal region, they cause great, lumpy welts an inch or more in diameter. Second, the shots cause occasional paralysis which is sometimes transient, sometimes permanent. Third, a few people become sensitized to the shots and react violently enough to cause death.

But, bad as they are, the shots are better than risking rabies. Anything is better than that. The disease may develop in as little as ten days after the bite. Or the virus may take a more leisurely course, working its way along nerves and toward the brain. There are cases where the disease took a year to develop.

Once the disease strikes, rabies presents a terrifying aspect. The victim has no chance of surviving, and he knows it. He is restless, runs a high fever, and may suffer uncontrolled excitement. Throat muscles go into painful spasms and the victim fears to drink the water he craves—hence the name hydrophobia, or fear of water. Presented with such a patient, a physician can do but one thing: load the victim with morphine and hope death will come with merciful swiftness. It usually does, in three to five days.

You can see the wreckage left behind by polio and other diseases. But you can't with rabies. Its victims are in the graveyard. Thus, there has been little to prod the public to action against the disease. In cold fact, it is a national shame that we have rabies at all. England long

ago stamped out the disease by enforcing a strict quarantine of all dogs, and killing all strays. Dogs were kept penned up long enough for any latent rabies to develop. At the expiration of the quarantine they were permitted to go free. England also required that any imported dogs stay in quarantine for six months.

Such regulations would be difficult or impossible to enforce in America—hence the importance of the newly developed dog vaccine. The older vaccine, developed by the Japs in 1921, had a number of severe drawbacks. Made from the brains of horses infected with rabies, it caused a number of reactions. Dogs frequently got abscesses at the spot where the vaccine was injected, and a large number became paralyzed. On top of these things, the protection given by the vaccine was short-lived—at most, no more than a year. Further, the old vaccine worked only eighty to ninety per cent of the time.

As is usually the case in medical research, the story of the latest vaccine starts a long time ago—in 1938. That year a patient of Dr. Harold N. Johnson of the Rockefeller Foundation recovered virus from the brain of a thirteen-year-old girl who had died of rabies. Her name was Flury, and the virus became the Flury virus. To keep it alive, Johnson shot it into the brain of a chick. Then, each ten days he drew virus from the sick chick, shot it into a well one.

In 1946, he gave a sample of the virus to two researchers at Lederle Laboratories, Pearl River New York—Drs. Harold R. Cox and Hilary Koprowski. Cox, forty-three, is baldish, chunky, a great fisherman and a great hunter. On top of these things he is one of the world's

top virus researchers. He invented the typhus vaccine given millions of soldiers during World War II, and the vaccine against Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Polish-born Dr. Koprowski, a piano player of near concert rank, spent a good portion of his professional life fighting yellow fever in Brazil for the Rockefeller Foundation. He joined the Lederle research staff in 1944.

This team had a brilliant hunch about the Flury virus. It had been grown in chick brains. Why wouldn't it be simpler to grow it in fertile eggs? After all, such eggs contained embryonic chick tissue. If this could be done, virus for vaccine could be produced easily and cheaply, without the bother of infecting horses, and dissecting brains and spinal cords when they were dead. Further, there was a chance that an egg vaccine would cause fewer reactions, give longer-lasting immunity.

With these ideas in mind, the two researchers started work. Virus grew beautifully in eggs. The next problem was how to use the virus produced. Should it be killed—say with phenol—before being shot into dogs? Or should it be weakened, and diluted, but with a flicker of life still there? The latter would be the more desirable, since it would produce stronger immunity. At the same time, there was a chance that live virus would cause rabies in vaccinated dogs. Still, Cox and Koprowski decided to take the chance, using experimental dogs, of course.

Tests with the new vaccine got under way in three areas: two in New York state, one in Georgia. Dogs shot in the flank with the vaccine showed no untoward reactions. The number vaccinated

passed 1,000; still no reactions. Then it passed 3,000 and 5,000 and on up to 15,000. Like good scientists, the Georgia workers followed the histories of each of hundreds of dogs. Solemnly, they reported five dog deaths after vaccination. Two animals were killed by automobiles, one was hit by a train, one was shot in a neighborly quarrel, the last by its owner for derelict behavior; the dog took up egg-sucking! But there wasn't a single unfavorable reaction traceable to the vaccine. No abscesses. No paralysis.

Fine, so far, the workers all agreed. But there was still no answer for the sixty-four-dollar question. Did the vaccine protect against rabies? A year after vaccination, twenty-five dogs were selected for testing. Into their bodies the Lederle workers injected great, walloping shots of rabies "street virus"—taken from the brain of a dog recently dead of the disease.

Not one of the twenty-five had any ill effects whatsoever. Here was one hundred per cent protection.

As things stand at the moment, no one knows how long this protection will last. But since it is so high at the end of one year, two-year protection would appear to be a highly conservative estimate. Privately, some people express the guess that the vaccine will confer life-long immunity.

So, the door is now open for the final conquest of rabies in the United States. The scientific weapon against the disease is now available. All that is needed is the will to use it. Recently Memphis had a preview of how we might go about it. Plagued by a rabies epizootic—animal world talk of epidemic—Memphis took aggressive steps. It set up seventy vaccination stations about the city. In six days 23,000 dogs got shots—and the epidemic dried up. And that, remember, was with the older, less effective vaccine.

If we could project this idea on a national scale we could eradicate rabies. The job may sound difficult, but it wouldn't be as difficult as vaccination programs for children, aimed at eradicating smallpox and diphtheria.

What about forest animals? How could you persuade skunks and rabbits to come in for vaccination? You couldn't, of course. Yet there are no very great problems here, according to the Fish and Wildlife Service. To stamp out rabies in any forest animals, it is only necessary to reduce numbers by trapping and hunting. It is not necessary to exterminate any species. One Alabama county demonstrated this a few years ago when professionals destroyed 1,000 foxes. Chances of the disease spreading among remaining animals became negligible, and fox rabies disappeared.

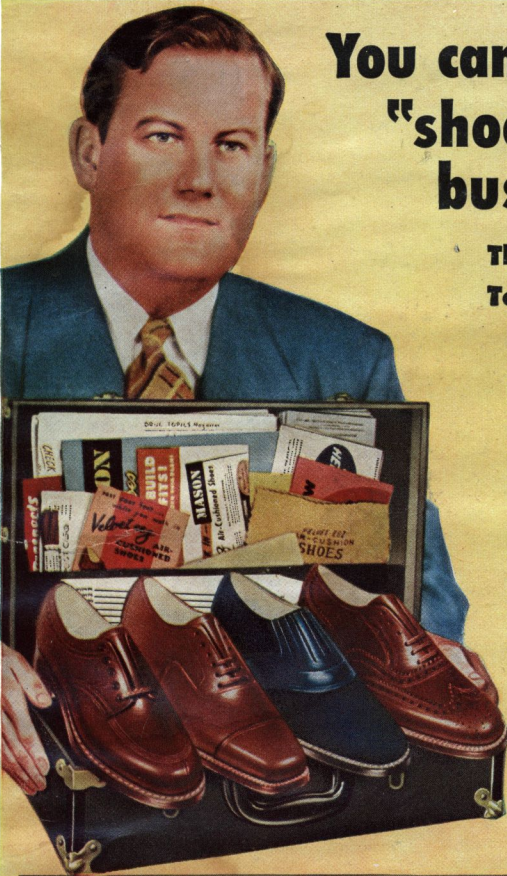
In the United States we have done a magnificent job controlling animal world diseases: tuberculosis, Bang's disease, foot and mouth, and others. It's time rabies got the same treatment, time we said good-bye to an awesome sickness which we never should have had in the first place.



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