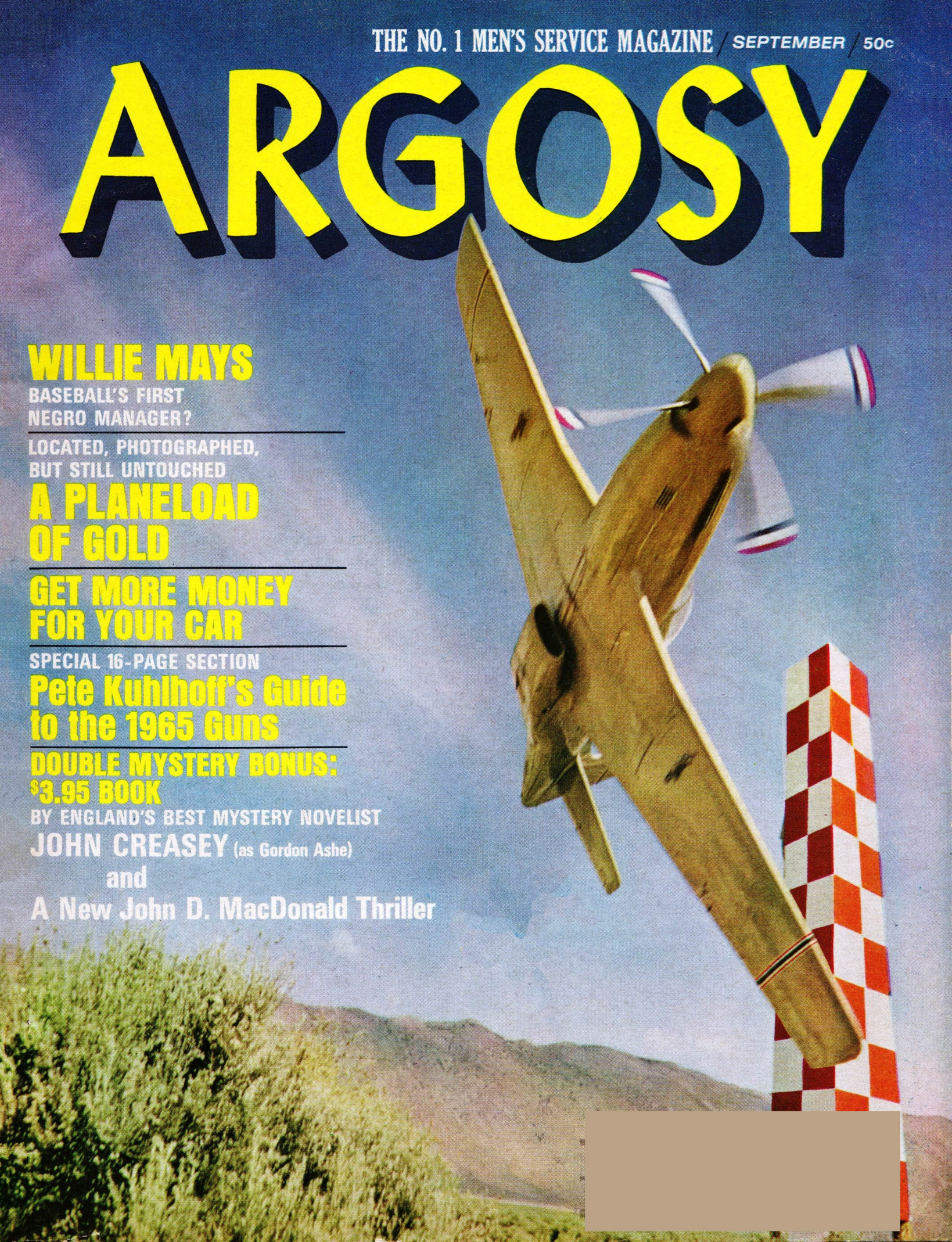
THE NO. 1 MEN'S SERVICE MAGAZINE / SEPTEMBER / 50c

ARGOSY



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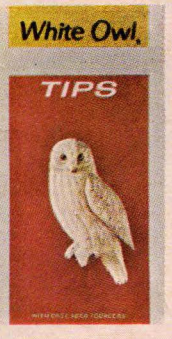
A New John D. MacDonald Thriller

If you're switching from filters, what do you switch to?



We suggest a White Owl Tip.

It has the "feel" of a filter with its clean, white, pliable tip. Sits easy, stays neat to the last puff. And tobacco never touches your lips.

That's reason enough to switch. But there are all these other good reasons, too.

1. Enjoy a White Owl Tip anywhere.

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2. You get tobacco flavor the mildest way.

Cigar tobacco is smoking tobacco in its most enjoyable form. Years of aging make it mild. And because the tobaccos in a White Owl Tip (as in all White Owl Cigars) are costlier, case-aged tobaccos, they give you a degree of mildness seldom found in other cigars.

3. You don't have to inhale to enjoy it.

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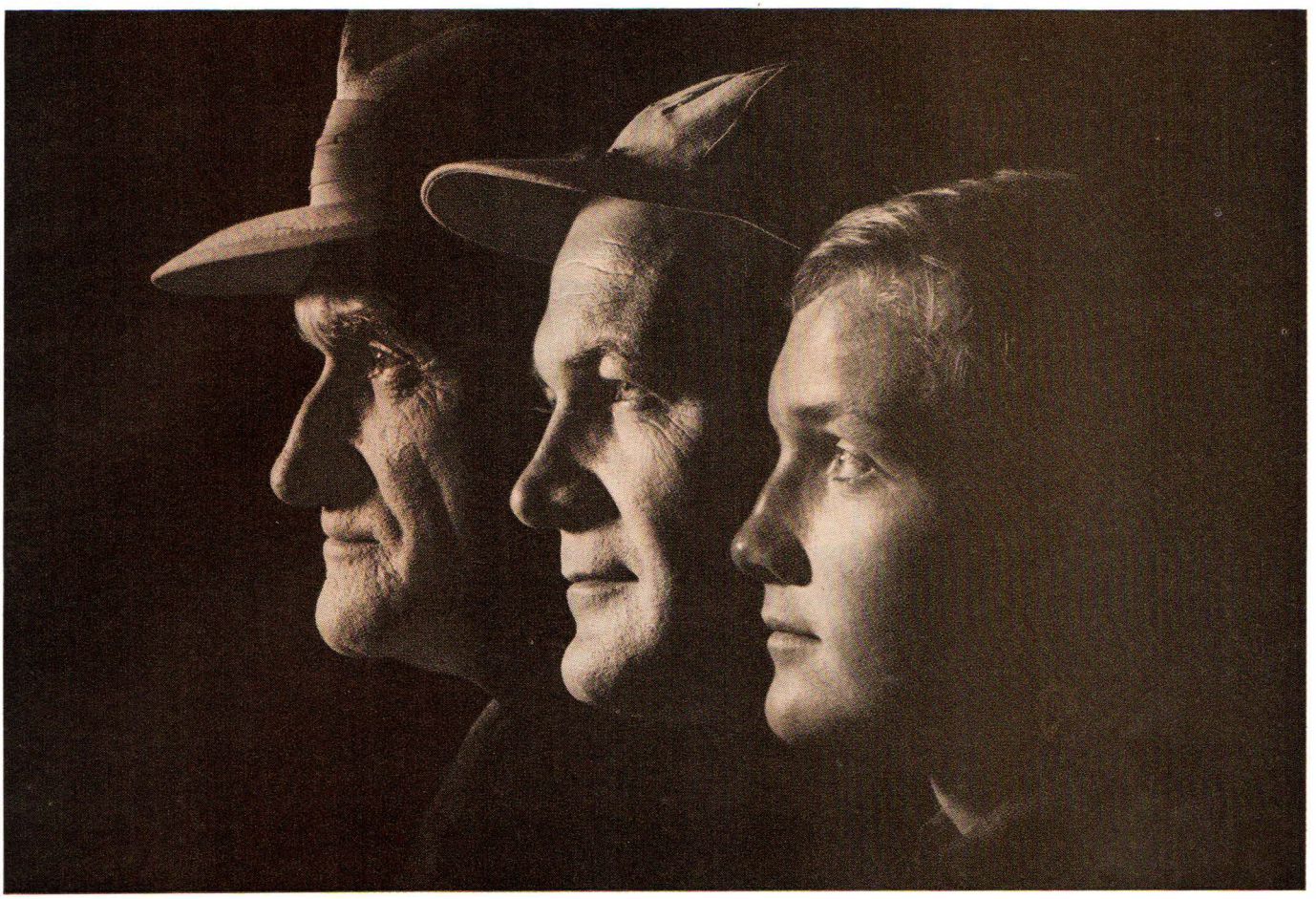
SEPTEMBER 1964/VOLUME 359 ■ NUMBER 3

THE LARGEST-SELLING FICTION-FACT MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARGOSY

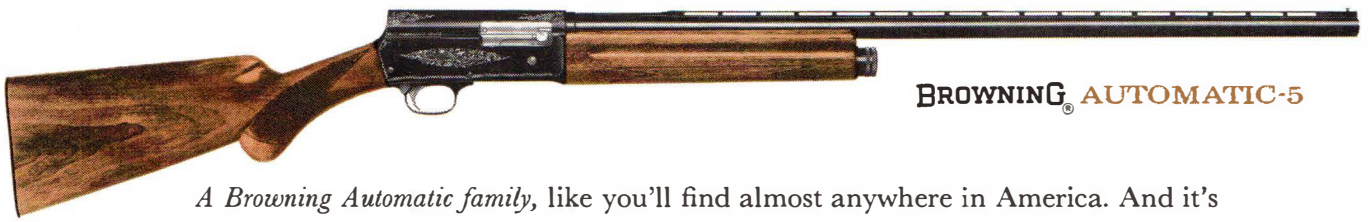
Cover photographed for Argosy by Don Jones



the shotgun that's

MEASURED IN GENERATIONS

...not merely in years



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OCTOBER ISSUE ON SALE SEPTEMBER 19TH

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers should notify the ARGOSY Subscription Department, Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado, thirty days before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. Please enclose your mailing label, which gives all necessary information and enables the Subscription Department to put the change into effect quickly.

1. HONEST ABE CLUB
2. Coming Attractions

BY HARRY STEEGER

1. Some of our readers expressed great surprise when we first wrote about the fur-bearing trout. They seemed to take the attitude that we were trying to foist a tall tale on them, that we had invented the whole idea and were pulling their collective leg.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

As anyone who has had anything to do with the Honest Abe Club knows, we believe everything that anybody in this organization says.

We wouldn't think of telling a lie. We just say what's on our minds and feel sorry for those benighted souls who disbelieve our fishing and hunting tales. We've all caught the largest fish and slain the biggest deer, and the devil take our doubters.

In this vein, we present the following interesting communiqué. It bears indisputable proof that the fur-bearing fish existed at least twenty-five to thirty years ago. Says Robert R. Fraser of Sarasota, Florida:

"Some time ago, I read in Honest Abe a story about the fur-bearing

snake. That brought to mind the following story of the furry fish which I've had for about twenty-five to thirty years:

STORY OF THE HICKEN FUR-BEARING FISH

The discovery of this fur-bearing fish was made while traveling through Glacier National Park during a sudden drop in temperature, following up of which led to "Iceberg Lake." Several hooks were tried, but were broken immediately upon touching the water. Finally one was heated, and when this hit the water, the temperature tempered the hook, with the result that one of the fish was caught.

The water in this lake is so cold that nature has taken care of her own by providing the fish with a thick coat of fur. In fact, the water is so cold that it is beyond the freezing point.

The beazel, a very rare specimen, is found only on Prince Edward Island and lives on the hum of the humming bird. They were found to be the only bait that these fish will bite except in extreme warm weather, when it has been learned that they will bite on "ice worms." Another peculiarity of this fish is that it follows the precept of the poet who said: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." So with these fish, and during this period, if you put a love song on a portable phonograph, the fish will come to the surface, and the quick transfer to

Enter the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic

$100,000 OLYMPIC CONTEST

For each carton entry we donate 25¢ to the U.S. Olympic Fund

SUPPORT YOUR U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

1st PRIZE: A $10,000 SPORTS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

Winner picks a sportsland holiday for two—anywhere in the world. Fly there via PAN-AMERICAN. World's Most Experienced Airline! Select a complete sports wardrobe—including equipment for your sports holiday. Then return home to a THUNDERBIRD HARDTOP by FORD. World's most admired, most respected, most wanted car.

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1,412-5th Prizes:

1,412 ZEBCO FISHING KITS. Fishing tackle at its finest by ZEBCO.

RULES

1. Rearrange the countries listed on the coupon at right according to how you believe they will finish **with respect to one another** in the 1964 Summer Olympic Games. Base your standings on the total number of medals they will win. Only one medal credited to a country when a team rather than individual participates. All medals have equal value. Also—Predict the number of medals the U.S.A. will win in the 1964 Summer Olympic Games. In the 1960 Summer Olympic Games the U.S.A. won a total of 71 medals—34 gold, 21 silver and 16 bronze.
2. Print answers on coupon at right, any entry blank from a Vaseline® hair product carton or on plain paper with the words Olympic Contest. Mail to Olympic Contest, Box 1964, Collingswood, New Jersey.
3. Contest entries must be postmarked no later than Midnight, October 10, 1964. For each entry accompanied by the back panel from any Vaseline hair product carton, Chesebrough-Pond's will donate 25¢ to the U.S. Olympic Fund.
4. Winners will be chosen according to, and in order of, accuracy of answers. A blindfold drawing will prevail in the event of ties. Only one entry per envelope.
5. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by Federal, State or Local Laws. Employees of Chesebrough-Pond's, their advertising agency and Reiter-Ross, the judging firm, and their families are not eligible. All taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the winner.
6. Winners will be notified by mail. List of winners will be on file at Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.

Selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team.

TO: OLYMPIC CONTEST, BOX 1964
COLLINGSWOOD, NEW JERSEY

I have listed the order in which I believe the countries listed below will finish **with respect to one another** in the 1964 Summer Olympic Games.

Australia / Great Britain / Japan / Russia / U.S.A.

❶ _____ ❷ _____ ❸ _____

❹ _____ ❺ _____

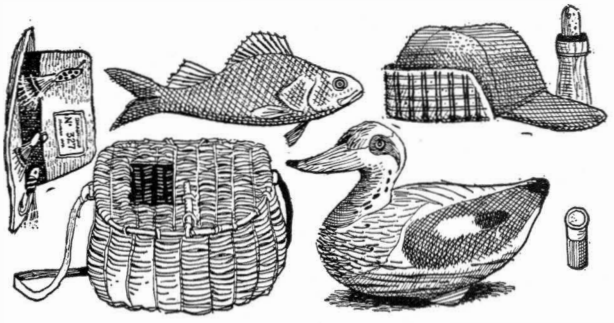
Also, I predict the number of medals the U.S.A. will win in the 1964 Summer Olympic Games as follows:

_____ **Gold** + _____ **Silver** + _____ **Bronze** = _____ **Total**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



HUNTING AND FISHING TIPS

BY GIL PAUST

CARTOON PRIZE: Send in one or more captions for the cartoon below. The funniest will receive a pair of Bristol *Thermoboots* for warm feet while hunting (see New Products below). Entries must be in by September thirtieth. Send to Outdoors Editor, address at bottom of page. May winner of a Browning Arms Company *Silaflex* fly rod is shown on page 86.

HANDGUN KEEPER: When carrying a holstered handgun while hunting, to prevent its accidental loss while climbing over rocks, logs, etc., tie a long leather shoelace to its trigger guard and to your belt. The lace won't hinder your using it. (Carmine Cavallo, New York.)

WADER REPAIRS: When your waders spring a leak, a temporary repair can be made with liquid latex, available by the tube in hardware stores. Automobile tire paint will do as well. Dry spot thoroughly before applying. Latex dries quickly. (Fred Burge, Pennsylvania.)

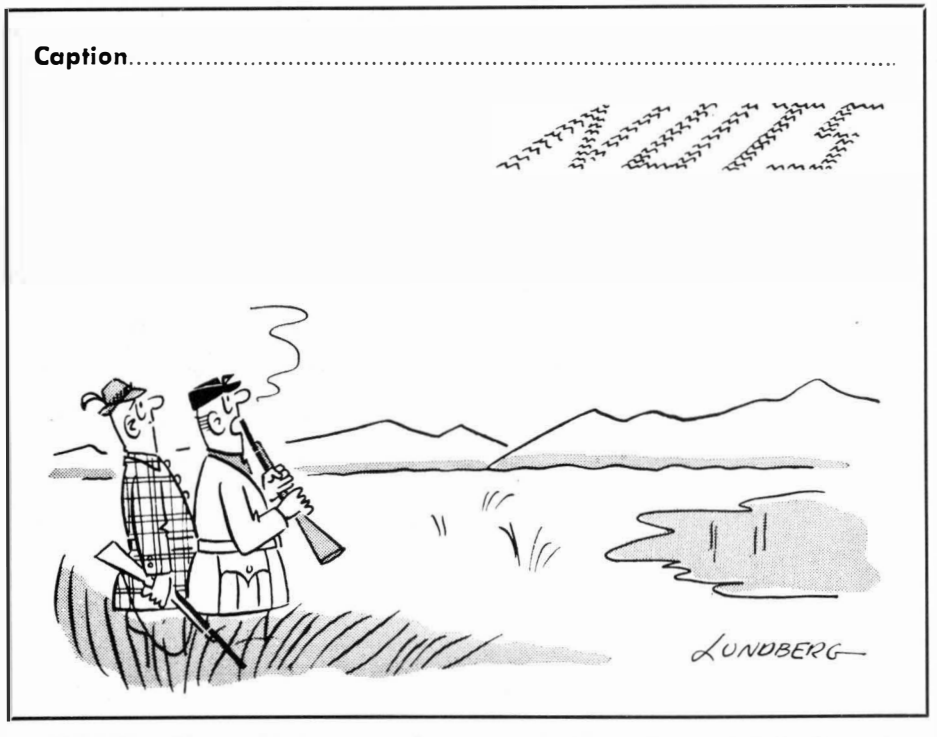
FULL-MOON FISHING: In waters where crawfish are numerous, you'll catch more fish when the moon is full because that's their favorite feeding time. Reason: crawfish grow very quickly at this time, split their shells and are soft and easy to catch. And lunkers just love them.

SHINER PEP: A shiner used as live bait will swim more actively and enticingly if you trim its tail fins so it will have to move its tail faster to stay erect. Cut off slight amount from top and bottom with a sharp knife. The shiner won't feel it.

CASTING LIVE BAIT: A dead shiner is usually too light to be cast effectively and a sinker must be added. Instead of attaching the sinker to the line, insert it inside the shiner through its mouth. It will be easier to cast without tangling, won't be visible to fish.

LIGHTED BOBBER: When you're still-fishing at night (where it's legal) and you have difficulty seeing your bobber, try a West Indian Trick. Catch several fireflies, kill them while they're glowing and fasten them to your bobber with glue.

NEW PRODUCTS: (1) Bristol *Thermoboot*, lightweight, green, guaranteed to keep feet warm at 20 below zero; $16.95. (2) Crosman "38" gas handguns in .22 caliber; resemble real .38-caliber revolvers; rotating cylinders hold 6 pellets; double action; $24.95. (3) Schultz & Larsen big-game rifles in many calibers, imported from Denmark by Norma Precision; extremely handsome; match accuracy, highly recommended; $245. • • •



ARGOSY will pay $5 for every hunting and fishing tip printed in this column. All submissions become the property of Popular Publications. Address: Hunting and Fishing, ARGOSY, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017

a jazz record results in their shaking themselves to death, when they can be picked out of the water.

It has been found that these fish absolutely refuse to bite during the "love" month of June, but as there is always a black sheep in every family, the one caught (picture of which has been taken) disgraced himself before the entire family and suffered the usual penalty.

They make a rare fight in landing them out of the water, due to the fact that nature has provided them with this fur, which ruffles and causes such a resistance that it is practically impossible to land them except under most favorable circumstances. The fur also acts as an accelerator, and when they step on the gas with their tail and fins, their speed is beyond any known fish at the present time. This, in turn, also acts as a brake in reducing speed or stopping, by simply putting the fur against the grain, and is their protection against survival of the fittest.

The change of temperature from this water to atmosphere is so great that the fish explodes upon being taken from the water, and fur and skin come off in one perfect piece, making it available for tanning and commercial purposes, and leaving the body of the fish for refrigerator purposes or eating, as desired, the body keeping the ordinary refrigerator cold for two or three months and no ice required. If the fish is desired for eating purposes, it will take several days' cooking to reduce the temperature to a point were ordinary people can dispose of it.

If the fur is made into a neck piece, it has been found to be a cure for goiter and tonsillitis, the fur stimulating circulation to such an extent that all impurities are removed. The fish has been so recently discovered that information regarding their habits, etc. is very meager, but further details will be given when available.

J. H. HICKEN"

Thanks for the corroboration, Bob. Now nobody can doubt us any more.

It appears almost as if anything that has ever been written or spoken has been written or spoken previously and it's only a matter of how it is said that makes it any different.

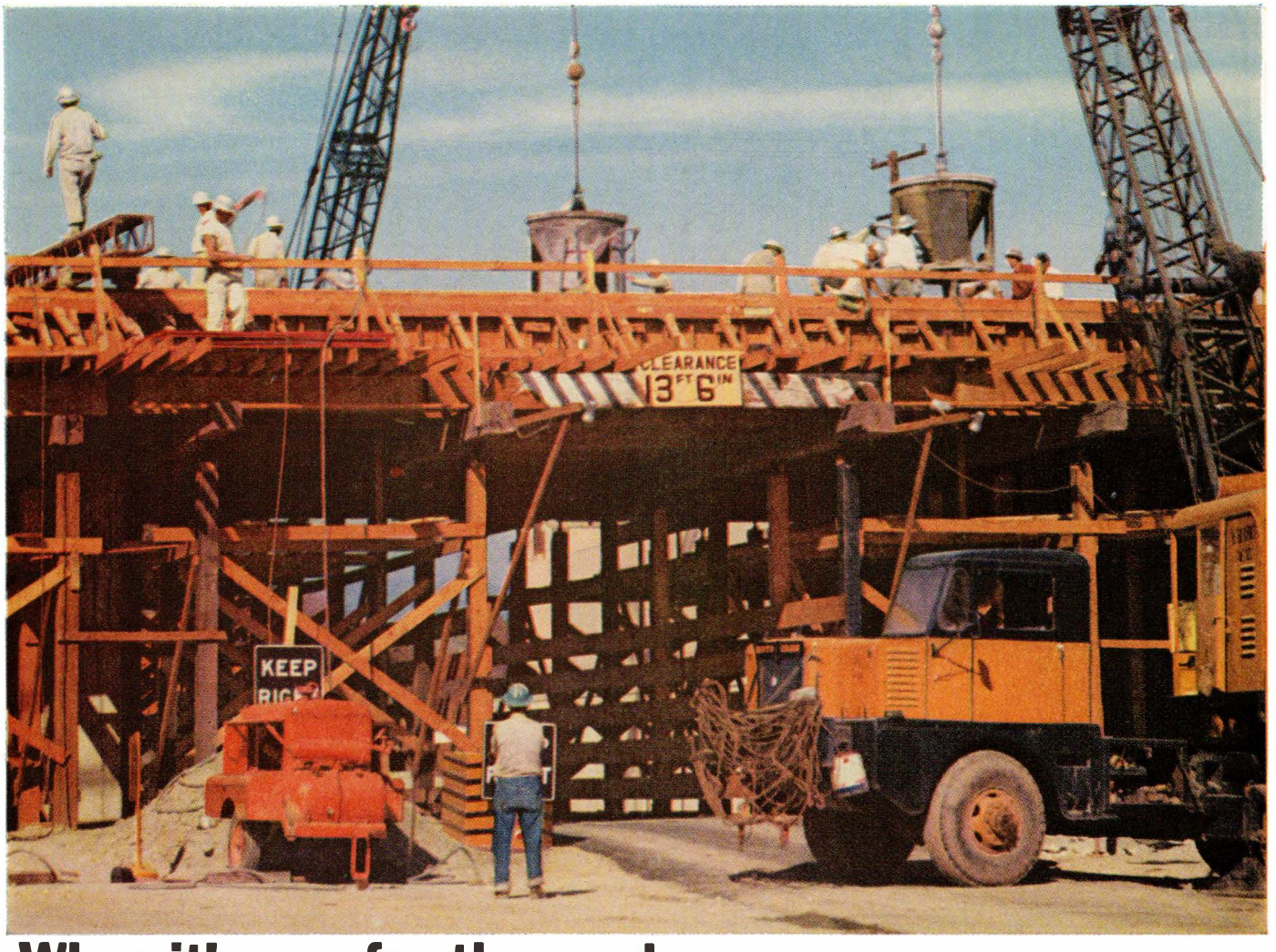
Which brings us logically to the monthly meeting of the Honest Abe Club. Here all our truth-bearing friends compete for the fabulous trophy, the Stuffed Bull's Head with the Winking Eye, which is awarded for the best stories (all of them truthful of course).

The boys all seem anxious to get going, so we'll call first on Charles T. Miller of Taft, California, to start the ball rolling:

"Dear Harry: I'm so thankful for having an honest group of people who will listen to my experience without all that brow-raising and eye-winking. Otherwise, I couldn't tell anybody about a most amazing crow I met in Cuyama Valley.

"On my way back to work one morning, I had a flat and was out changing it, when a large crow flew up and took my watch off a fence post where I had laid it so it wouldn't get broken. I swore at every crow I saw for a week or so and then I forgot all about it.

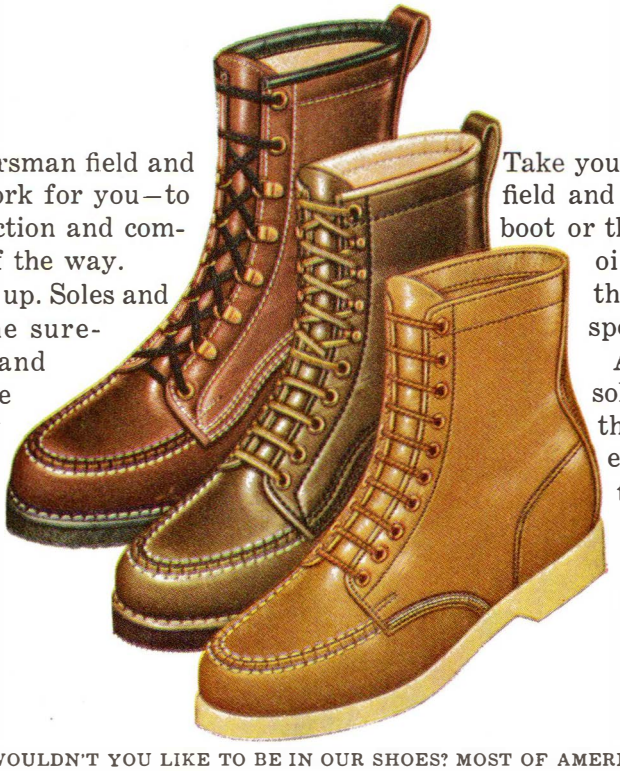
"About two months or so later, I was driving along at (*Continued on page* 104)



When it's one for the road, be sure to make it Outdoorsman.

Whatever your job, Outdoorsman field and utility boots are built to work for you—to give you every bit of protection and comfort you need, every step of the way.

We start from the bottom up. Soles and heels are designed for the sure-footed traction you need and expect. The supple glove leather uppers fit so snugly they feel like they were made especially for you.



Take your choice of many Outdoorsman field and utility boots. Like the 8-inch boot or the 8-inch moccasin boot with oil-resistant sole and heel or the 9-inch moccasin boot with speed lacing.

All with foot-cushioning insoles for extra comfort. Another thing that's comfortable is the easy-going price: from $12.95 to $25.95.

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WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE IN OUR SHOES? MOST OF AMERICA IS.

ARGO NOTES

NEWS AND ANECDOTES ABOUT OUR AUTHORS, EDITORS AND STORIES

HONORS, kudos and so forth go to our contributors. Ken Dixon, author of "The Night of the Knives" (page 32), came into luck along with his first ARGOSY check. He's landed the dream job of being a world-roving columnist for United Features Syndicate. Ken lives with his wife on a bank of the west fork of the Calcasieu River, near Lake Charles, Louisiana. He was an AP combat reporter during World War II in Africa, Italy, Sardinia, Corsica, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany. He finally wound up in the Pacific toward the end of the war. In addition to the Velletri invasion mentioned in our story, in which he was the only correspondent, Ken was present at Anzio, Cassino, San Pietro, and the Battle of the Bulge.

But Ken continued covering the battlefront even after the war. As a columnist and Managing Editor on the Lake Charles *American Press,* he wrote stories which broke up a powerful gambling syndicate. During the resulting trials, he was shot at, beaten up, mobbed, and indicted for defamation. He was cleared and the mob was cleared out. So far, the papers signed to carry Ken's column are: the Memphis *Commercial Appeal,* the Dallas *Times-Herald,* the Charlotte (N.C.) *Observer,* the New Orleans *Times-Picayune,* the Fort Worth *Press,* the New York *World Telegram and Sun,* the Indianapolis *News,* the Trenton (N.J.) *Times,* the Washington (D.C.) *Daily News,* and the Augusta (Georgia) *Chronicle.*

WORD comes to us that Jim Spanfeller, who did the goofy gooneybird illustration for Art Lenehan's story, "The Navy Gets the Bird" (June, 1964) and also the wacky version of the DC3 in "Old Glory Girl" (February, 1964), has been selected Artist of the Year by the Artists Guild and the Society of Illustrators. Official announcement will be made at the beginning of next year.

FROM Keith Leslie of the East Florida AAA comes a complaint—kind of.

"A year ago . . . you ran a Florida traffic piece by Paul Bruun. If you ever have any qualms about your readership, don't. Bruun did a good piece . . . mentioned that he always had good ol' Keith Leslie, AAA, Miami, take care of his routings for him. Well, you know that AAA is a membership organization. We don't exactly pass out routings on street corners. But he didn't make that too clear.

"So, I got letters from dern near every corner of the country . . . Hog's Gap, Eagle Butte, Snake Run . . ."

So, says Keith, please let everyone know that, in order to get a routing from the AAA, you have to join the club. Look in your local phone book for their address. Okay, Keith?

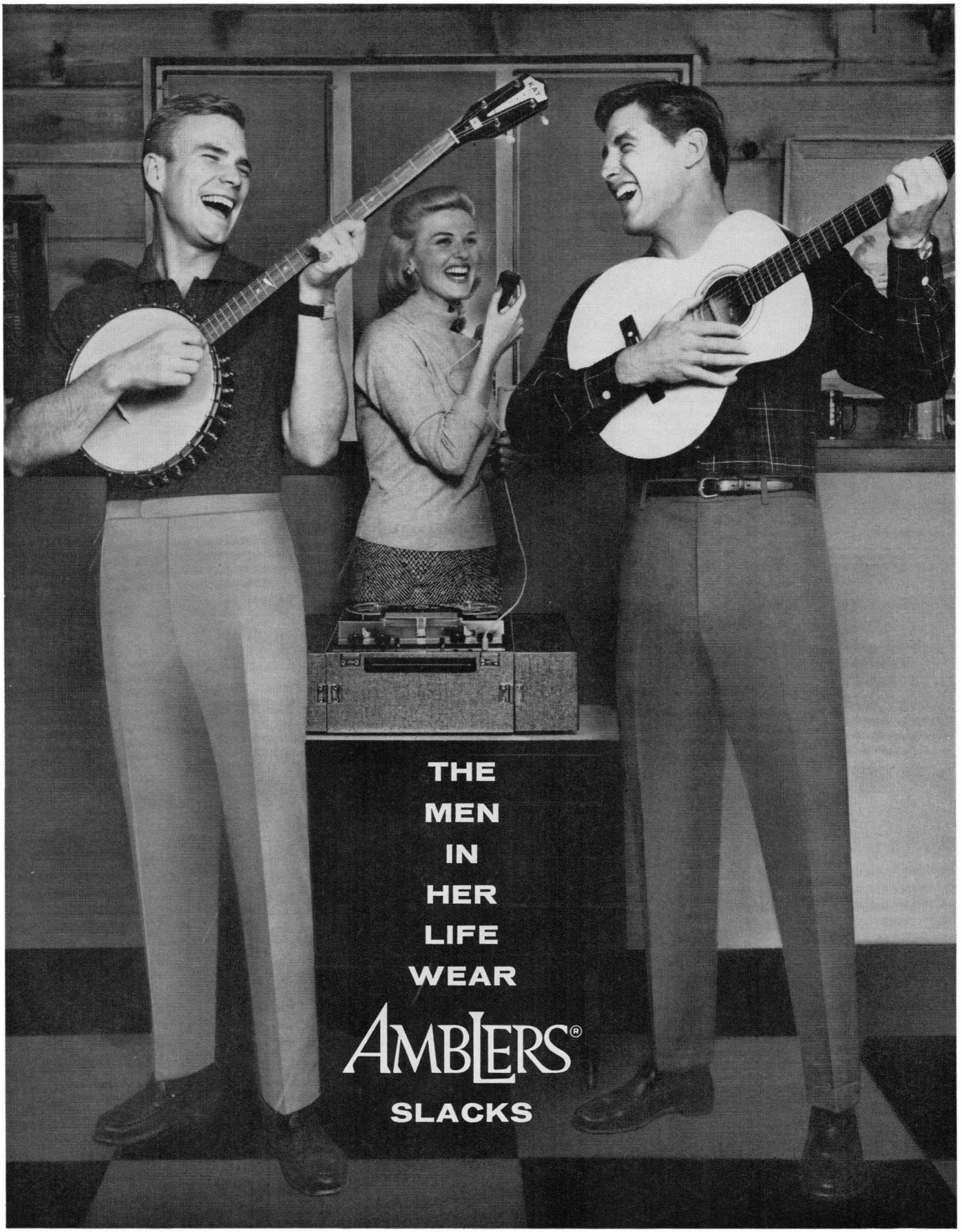
SAM CROWTHER, our car and geography expert, was one of four journalists, representing four sections of the country, who were asked to make suggestions to the National Association of Independent Insurers, concerning traffic and automobile problems, at the Tenth Annual Workshop Meeting in St. Louis, Missouri, recently.

Sam's suggestion: "Work for legislation to protect the sixty-eight million passenger-car owners in the United States from dishonest garages and repair shops (ARGOSY, *January, '63 and April, '63).*"

JAMES Economos, of the American Bar Association, writes that his title is Director, Traffic Court Program, American Bar Association. It had been incorrectly listed in Sam Crowther's story on Justices of the Peace last month. Lillian Banahan, described as a special investigator by Sam, is Assistant Director, Traffic Court Program.

FLYING that Bardahl Special, on the cover of this month's issue, is pilot Bob Love, who ran the plane through its paces especially for our photographer, Don Jones, to give us an advance look at some of the thrilling possibilities of the National Air Races coming up this month. *(See story on page 48.)* *Bob is a Korean War Ace with seven MIG kills to his credit. He will be flying a modified Bardahl Special at the National as part of the Bardahl event, fifty laps around the seven-mile pylon course. The plane Bob is flying on the cover will be flown by Chuck Lyford, III, in the Harolds Club Transcontinental Trophy Race from Florida to Reno, Nevada. The races are being sponsored by the Reno Chamber of Commerce, in honor of the Nevada Centennial celebration.*

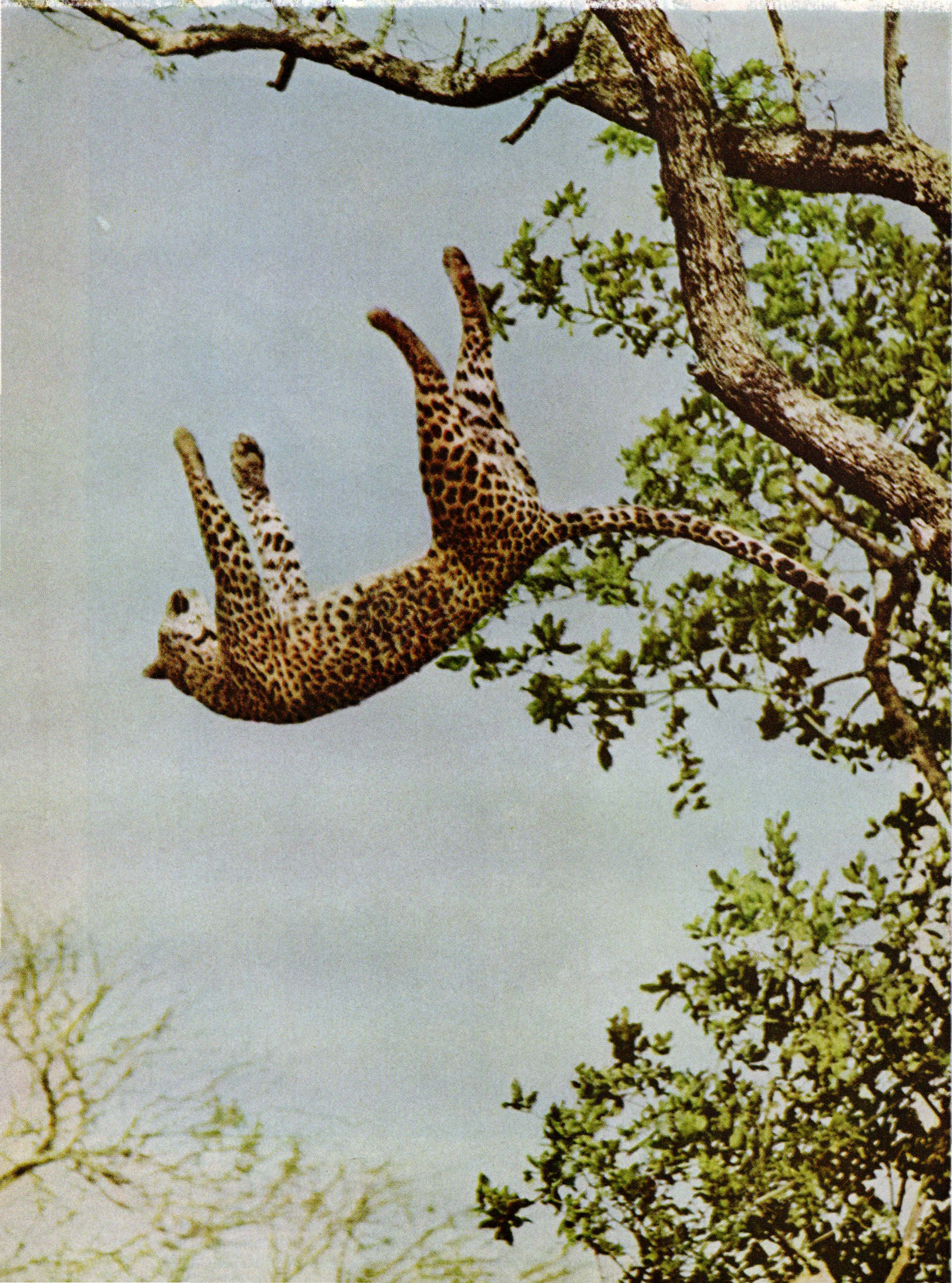
Pictured left is Cliff Henderson, founder of the National Air Races, at his home in Palm Desert, California, with the original Bendix Trophy around which so many legends were woven. Below, in the Jenny, is Cliff in his wilder days, when he got started flying by giving free rides in the biplane to anyone that bought a Nash car from his agency. • • •



WEBCOR SQUIRE at fine music stores everywhere

There she is again... making beautiful music with the men in her life who wear Amblers. Just for the record: the tape recorder is from Webcor. The slacks are of 50% Fortrel polyester and 50% cotton, available in Iridescent Brown, Iridescent Blue Olive, Black, Black Olive, and Covert Tan. Sizes: 28-42. $4.98 at better stores everywhere. Amblers Slacks by Big Yank Corporation, a subsidiary of Reliance Manufacturing Company, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.



"No second shot was needed... this new 300 Winchester Magnum really lays 'em in,"

says David Ommanney, our man in Africa.

This leopard was dropped by one of the new Winchester Model 70s —with the first "free-floating" barrel ever fitted to a production rifle. To field-test and prove our new rifles, we took them all on safari, in Tanganyika. After watching them in action for a month, professional hunter Ommanney summed up their performance as "smashing."

"When I hunt, I aim to shoot deer—not leopards or lions," said one of our customers from Maine. "Just tell me why you felt you had to take the new Model 70s to Africa."

Same new rifle was just as deadly on plains game: wildebeest, kongoni, topi, impala, Grant's gazelle. "Its barrel may 'float'," says Ommanney. "But you can bet your life the bullets don't."

Here's our answer to him.

Our '64 rifles have many design changes. To test their new features thoroughly, we felt we needed a new and different proving ground.

We wanted to go where game is varied—and where liberal game limits would let us do a lot of shooting.

We wanted rough going. Trackless, Land-Rover country that would give these new rifles a good jolting. And plenty of dust to get in their actions —and prove they'd function smoothly just the same.

Tanganyika seemed to provide the perfect test conditions. It also offered us another big advantage. By going there, we'd be able to get David Ommanney's opinion.

Very few men know more about guns than this famous professional hunter, whom we chose to lead our safari.

Most of all, we wanted to hear just what David thought of the "free-floating" barrel on our new Model 70s.*

This new barrel, instead of being firmly bedded in wood, "floats" inside the foreend of the stock. Nothing touches it.

Most top authorities agree that such a barrel is bound to shoot more accurately—because there's no uneven surface contact to affect its *natural* vibration. Yet we were the first to fit a "free-floating" barrel to a production rifle.

This was a bold thing to do. But after a month on safari, here's how our man in Africa summed up:

"I never saw straighter shooting. The combination of 'floating' barrel and 300 Winchester Magnum cartridge gets 'A' for accuracy. And packs a wallop, too.

"It warmed my heart to watch the new Winchesters at work. The way they did their stuff was *smashing*."

While cleaning this Model 70-300 Winchester Magnum, David checks some of its other new features: recessed bolt face; sleeve cap completely enclosing rear of firing pin; rubber recoil pad; wider trigger; removable sights.

WINCHESTER® Western® WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION Olin

*Except on the 375 and 458.

BACK talk !

OUR READERS SOUND OFF

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

OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

Many thanks for the excellent article on the Mai Kai Girls (April). Beauties, one and all! It is, of course, of special interest to those of us living in Hawaii, and frankly, I think these girls beat anything we have here. Sounds like treason coming from a guy who is Hawaiian born and bred, doesn't it?

Charles Moore

If possible, I wish you would publish a front view of the young lady performing the Tahitian dance on page 54. The back view is so enticing that I'm sure the other side must be terrific.

Many thanks for past pleasures derived from a consistently intelligent, high-quality and tastefully produced magazine. Best wishes for the continued success of ARGOSY. *Aloha!*

JOHN JOHNSON

Honolulu, Hawaii

• *We still prefer the* derrière. *But never let it be said that we don't try to please a steady customer.*

SURVIVOR

I was glad to see Clifford Mahoney's letter in April Back Talk. I was a Fire Controlman Third-Class, F. Division, when the "Vinny Maru" went down, and I'm sure I know Clifford Mahoney. The only other shipmate I've kept in touch with is James R. Rouser of Greensboro, North Carolina.

The ship was named for the historical town of Vincennes, Indiana, which seems like a good place for the reunion. Here's hoping we have a good turnout for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the *Vincennes'* last battle.

JOHN L. KELLY

Franklin, Ohio

READER TO READER

I read the June issue of your fine magazine and was particularly interested in the letter from Roger Lewis, of Cincinnati, which appeared in Back Talk.

I also ride a BMW motorcycle and hope Mr. Lewis sees this letter, since I'd like to exchange adventures with him.

In the town of Lemas, there are seven BMW machines. We tour the State of Texas and sometimes go over the border into Mexico.

DOUG CLARK

Lemas, Texas

BEAUTY ON A BUDGET?

For years, I have been a constant reader of your good book, ARGOSY. For years, I have held my tongue (or pen) over certain items, mostly trivial, which I wanted to question.

But now I want the truth! Was your budget a little short when you shot the "Beauties of Baja" and the Lava-Lava piece, or does Kathy Kessler have such a small wardrobe that she has to appear in the same bathing suit for two issues in a row?

H. H. SCOTT

Coral Gables, Florida

• *We appreciate your concern about Miss Kessler, and can assure you that she has an adequate wardrobe. In the Baja story she wore a black two-piece job and a blue and green print. In Lava-Lava, she is shown in a black one-piece suit and a yellow-flowered two-piecer. Our only regret is that space did not permit us to show her in a number of other fetching models. Just don't worry about Kathy!*

JUNGLE MEDICINE

Hal Hennesey's article, "Jungle Cancer Cure," in your July issue, is one of the most rewarding pieces I have read in years. He should have written it sooner!

I know that there are herbs used in this country that will cure sun cancers or Basil Cell cancer. I am a living proof, as I have had several removed by herbs and over a hundred by radiation and surgery. Mr. Hennesey talks of something that would be a thousand times better, and no doubt does exist.

GUNTER B. GRIFFIN

Port Salerno, Florida

If there's an ounce of truth in Hal Hennesey's "Jungle Cancer Cure," I'm deeply disappointed that some group has not gone into it more thoroughly. Surely it wouldn't take too much money to get an expedition into that part of South America, and at least satisfy the author one way or another.

I may be too gullible to see any loopholes in this account, but my feeling is that we shouldn't waste another minute. Let's get the show on the road!

Granted, I haven't any money to donate to the cause, but I always give to the Cancer Fund in our community.

COLEEN STRUBE

Terril, Iowa

Hennesey's article on jungle cancer cure was of great interest to me. I think that lack of "respectability" is the answer as to why cash is so hard to raise for the experiments he discussed. People will give large sums of money for causes, provided they have authenticity and have been accepted universally. And I feel that your article is one of the steps toward giving prestige to jungle medicine.

As you must realize, those in charge of cancer research have almost too much to lose by digging into "quack cures" and witch-doctor medicine. Until the press and the networks establish the respectability of such techniques, the knowledge of the cultures of other people will continue to be discarded.

Yet before condemning conservative management, imagine what would happen if the A.M.A. allowed every new tech-

nique to be turned loose on the public!

A well known cancer researcher remarked several years ago that "unless we found a new approach to the cancer problem, the answer was still a long way off." About all we can offer at present is radiation or surgery.

But in order to find that new approach, we must first jump the hurdle of existing practice to see if it works. Call it quackery or placebo effect, the final test is—does it do the job?

For the time being, however, physicians and philanthropists are going to steer clear of these far-out techniques. Therefore, it's up to the free press to move the line far enough so that we who would like to investigate new procedures can do so without being destroyed.

JOHN DOUGLASS, M.D.
Los Angeles, California

MOTORIST'S FRIEND

Regarding "America's Worst Speed Traps": I have no knowledge of the Eastern states, but here in Arizona we have no JPs who depend on fines for their income. Their salaries are clearly defined by the law and all fines must accrue to state treasury.

The big hazards on our highways are the boobs who have no regard for posted speed limits and don't object to killing people by failure to observe ordinary safety precautions. When an Arizona highway patrolman gives you a ticket for doing ninety miles an hour—brother, you're doing ninety! The Arizona patrolman is one of the most courteous officers in the land and spends a great deal of his time assisting motorists who are in trouble.

Our highways are well striped, but unfortunately, on Highway 66, we have the great Easterner who is carried away by long stretches of open road, where he feels free to travel at any speed he pleases, regardless of whether or not he jeopardizes his fellow travelers.

In the tourist season, Arizona has a Sky Patrol, not to penalize the motorist, but in a sincere effort to reduce the death toll caused by utter disregard of other peoples' rights on the highway. Most of our fatalities on Highway 66 are the result of this disregard, or by people who fall asleep at the wheel and drive over the white line into the path of oncoming cars.

Mr. Crowther's observations seem to be the result of conversations with people who were caught trying to get away with something.

Give honor where honor is due! There is no more efficient highway patrol in the United States than the Arizona Highway Patrol, the motorist's friend.

I hope you will print this letter.

WILLIAM Y. (SCOTTY) MURDOCH
Phoenix, Arizona

I would like to say, in reference to "America's Worst Speed Traps," that a more accurate name for U. S. Highway 66 through New Mexico would be "New Mexico's Worst Death Trap." A disproportionate share of this state's automobile accidents occur on the two-lane strips of that highway. A high percentage of them are due to excessive speed and other traffic law violations by out-of-state motorists. This fact is on record. I have yet to

drive as much as a hundred miles on 66 without having my life endangered by at least one out-of-state car passing me illegally, or injudiciously at excessive speed.

Doubtless, there is some truth in Mr. Crowther's report, but at least a part of the "strict enforcement" on U. S. 66 is due to the honest efforts of New Mexico's well trained and disciplined state police to prevent avoidable death and destruction on the highway.

Sincerely, and with no ill will,

S. Omar Barker,
Member, AAA

Las Vegas, New Mexico

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

I was very much interested in Sam Crowther's revealing article, "America's Worst Speed Traps," and although my gripe is not in regard to speed traps as such, it comes pretty much under that category.

Several years ago, while traveling across South Dakota, I was picked up by a highway patrolman for failing to stop at a stop sign. A fifty-five-mile-an-hour wind had been blowing that day with dust and tumbleweeds obscuring vision on North-South Highway 83. Because of it, I failed to notice the sign.

The patrolman took me to a beat-up courthouse in Pierre where those in charge acted like a bunch of conspirators and fined me $38.95 for an offense which normally brings five dollars at the most.

A letter to the governor of South Dakota brought the reply that the amount of the fines charged was due to the high death rate on the highways. Yet, I'm sure it is no greater than in any other state—at least not in the area I referred to.

The real answer may be found in the shabby appearance of the courthouse in Pierre. They need the money and don't care how they get it. If it weren't for the fact that an ordinary traffic violation is not a crime, I'd say that for South Dakota lawmen, crime sure does pay!

Keep up the good work of letting folks know where so-called lawmen are in the business of "highway-robbing" motorists passing through.

Peter S. Brody

Casselton, North Dakota

OLD MUSTANGS NEVER DIE

Regarding Back Talk letter from George R. Quigley (June issue) on the subject of F-51 Mustangs:

As the owner of two of these planes, I feel qualified to quote on their existence. At this writing, there are approximately 150 privately owned F-51s in the United States—about a dozen in the Chicago area—and most of us know each other since we all have a common bond.

I have been flying F-51s for the past eight years and really have the time of my life. I could never go back to a "Cub" after this baby! These reconverted Mustangs, of course, have nothing in common with the wartime models. My plane, for instance, is 4,000 pounds lighter and has quite a few modifications.

For the man who wants a good, safe, fast two-seater aircraft for the ultimate in business-pleasure flying, you can't beat this one. At 350 (plus) mph, she can go over, around and through almost any weather. She has speed, ability, endurance and the body of a tank for protection.

I'd better stop before I really get carried away!

A faithful reader.

Walter Oakes

Chicago, Illinois

In June Back Talk, I noticed that reader George Quigley refers to Glenn Dick's letter in March, concerning the number of F-51s still flying around the country.

You may tell Mr. Quigley, if you wish, that his "search for the truth" paid off when he came to Argosy with it.

I called Mr. R. L. Pittman, of the Aircraft Records Division at the Federal Aviation Agency in Oklahoma City, and he reports that there are currently a total of 208 F-51s licensed and flying.

In addition, an uncounted number of surplus '51s, unlicensed but airworthy (or nearly so), are for sale around the country. A current issue of *Trade-A-Plane* (an aviation trade paper) lists no fewer than seven of these flying machines.

Joe Christy

Lawton, Oklahoma

On Saturday, June sixth, an F-51 took off from Stapleton Field, Denver, just ahead of our flight.

She was definitely airworthy!

James J. Phipps

Arlington, Virginia

Reference: "Search for the truth" and F-51s, noted in June Back Talk.

If the State of Washington is a typical example, the '51 is far from dead. I know of several in this area.

Paine Field in Everett has no less than three hangared, and I have ridden in one of them. Wally Pederson of Chelan has one which can usually be seen in Yakima or Ellensburg. In addition, I have seen one at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport, which I am told comes from Portland regularly.

"Red" Dodge, of Anchorage, also has one he uses for forest patrol. I have seen possibly five or ten others in my travels, but cannot definitely vouch for their bases of operation.

North American has one of Trans-Florida's rebuilt '51s which their public relations man flies at air shows. Ben Hall and Chuck Lyford (Everett, Washington) put on exhibitions at Northwest Airshows, and many Washingtonians are well aware that the Mustang still flies. It's fuel hungry and consumes from fifty to seventy-five gallons of 100-130 octane gas every hour.

Gary Fancher

Skykomish, Washington

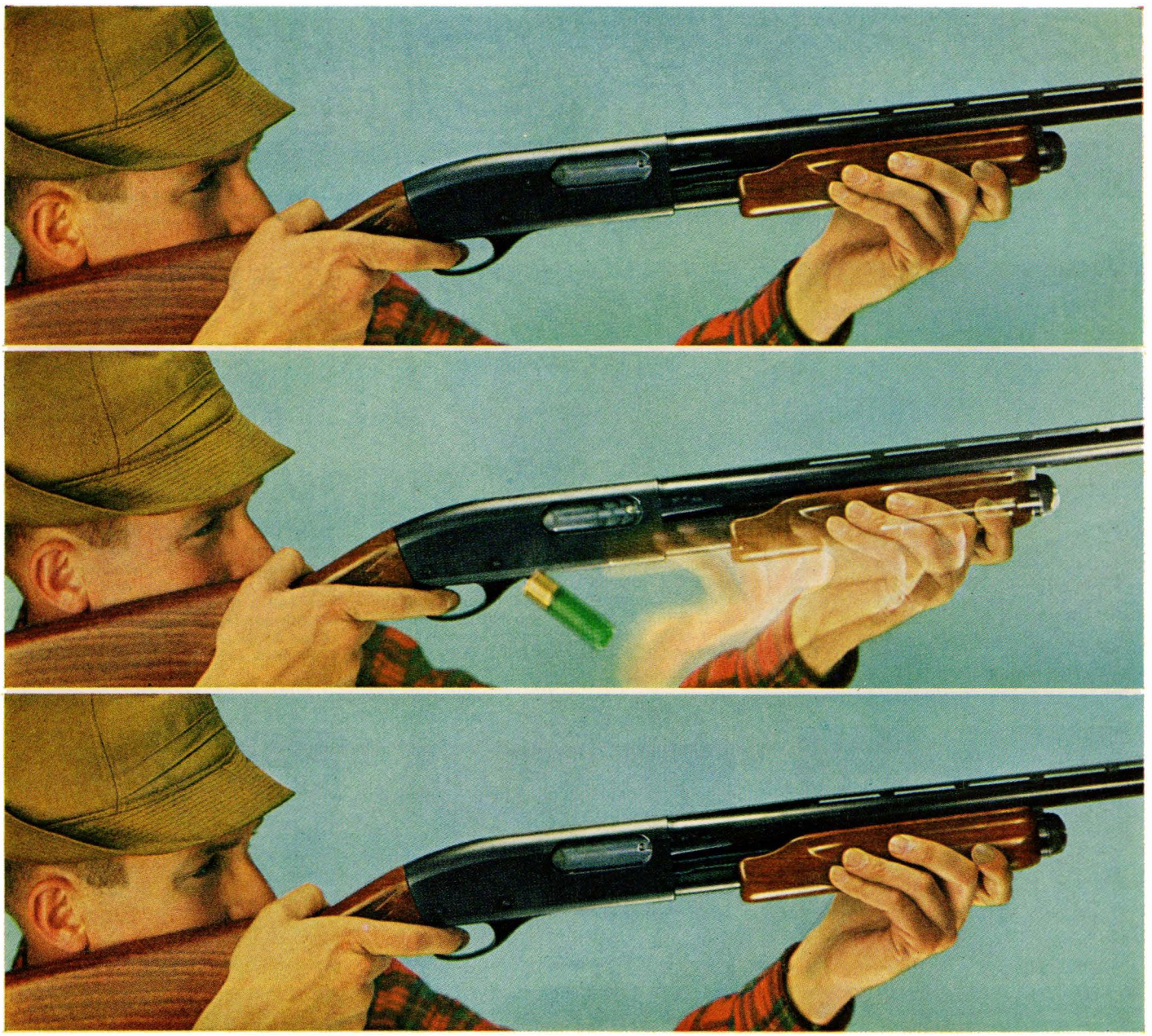
In June Back Talk, reader Quigley commented on seeing several F-51s around the country.

There is one at the Danbury Airport which is painted red—a thing of beauty to behold. And it doesn't just sit there, either! The take-off of this old Mustang is a sound I love to hear.

J. H. Curry

Ridgefield, Connecticut

• *We asked for it, and thanks for the response. Now we know that old Mustangs might outlast all of us.*



Is there any sweeter sound in the whole wide world than the smooth sliding action of a Remington 870?

Shoulder a Remington 870 "Wingmaster". Work the cat-smooth action . . . and hear the soft "shuck-shuck" that tells you the empty shell is long gone and there's a fresh load in the chamber. A sweet sound if ever there was one!

Solid. There's no clatter and rattle with a Remington 870. That's because it has precision-built double action bars that prevent twisting and binding. Shooters tell us that an 870 action feels as if it slides on ball bearings.

Strong. The receiver is machined from a solid block of steel. The breech block locks solidly into the barrel. All the parts of the action mechanism are made for each other . . . work together as a team.

Smooth. It doesn't make a bit of difference what kind of fodder you feed a Remington Model 870. Whether you're pumping a second load of No. 4's for a wide-flaring mallard or sliding home a powerful rifled slug to down a big buck . . . it's smooth and quick.

By the way, the Remington 870 is still at prices that won't make you flinch . . . as low as $99.95*. It's tailored for your particular type of shooting—with over 49 barrel, choke and gauge combinations. Interchangeable barrels, too. Write for free Guns and Ammunition catalog to Dept. BB-9, Remington Arms Co., Inc.

Remington DUPONT

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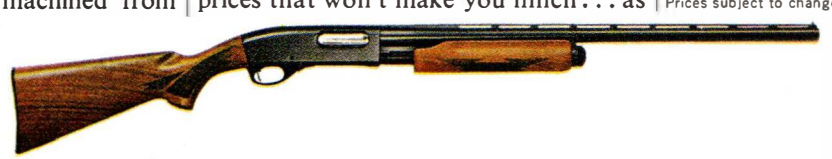
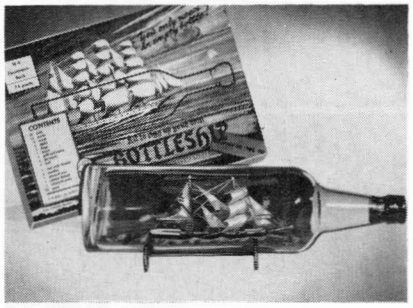
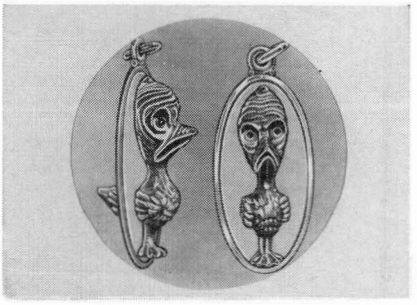


STOP to SHOP

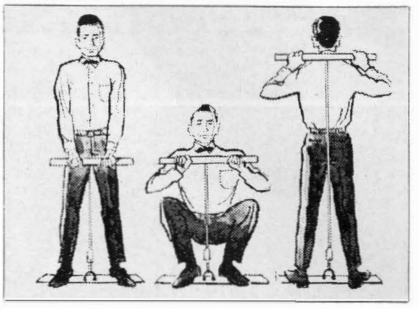
For your shopping pleasure . . . Each month Argosy presents new, useful and unusual items—all available by mail from firms listed.
All merchandise shown has been selected by Argosy. The editorial portion of Stop To Shop is not composed of paid advertising.



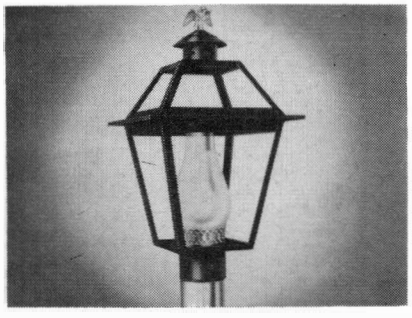
4-MASTED SHIP IN A BOTTLE—Old salts used to make them 40 years ago—now **you** can today from a neat kit imported from Europe that contains all materials (39 sails, 15 "yards," 4 masts, 3 decks, etc.—74 parts in all), and instructions. Great excuse to empty a bottle. $6.95. A.D.F. Co., Dept. AR-9, 125 E. 41st St., N.Y. 17.



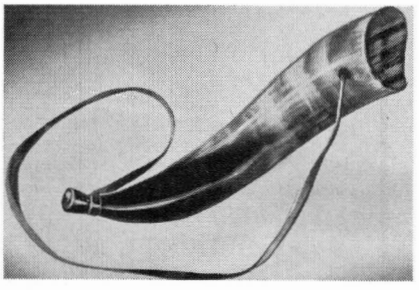
THE "WORRY BIRD" CATCHES THE SQUIRM—Let this little guy take on your worries. Just look at him and laugh it up. In sterling silver: charm, $10; cuff links, $12; tie tac, $5; pendant, $7. Also in 14K gold: $33, $35, $10, $14, respectively. Worry Bird song included. Jamaica Silversmith, Dept. AR-9, 50 Delancey St., New York 2.



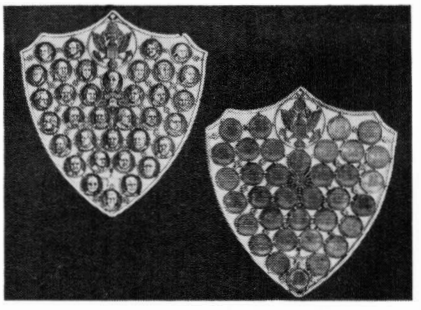
ISOMETRIC EXERCISER is an impressive title and an easy way to help you increase your strength, eliminate flabbiness, develop a trimmer waist, healthy and toned muscles and a generally refreshing, healthful outlook on life. Besides, it's a heck of a lot of fun. $5.95 plus 55¢ handling. A. J. Sales, Dept. AR-9, 415 So. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.



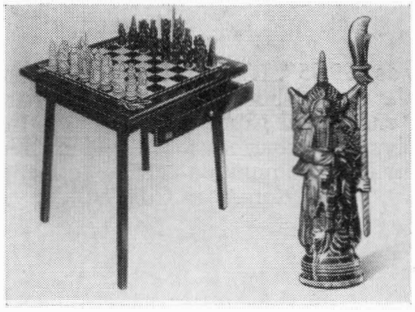
COPPER POST-LANTERN for lawn or driveway. With the American eagle top, frosted glass chimney, this 9½" square, 17" high beauty is wired to attach to outlet. In black or white finish over copper. $14.95 plus $2 shipping. With 7-ft. steel post, white or black, $21.95 plus $4. Alexander Sales, Dept. AR-9, 140 Marbledale, Tuckahoe, N.Y.



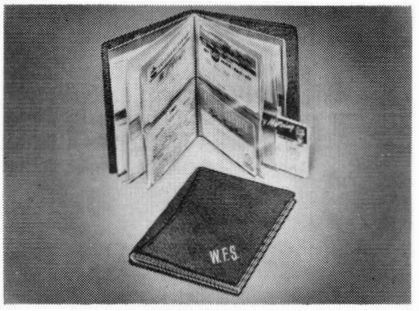
OLD-TIME HUNTING HORN—This genuine bugle-type hunting horn is crafted from select steer horns, hand-polished, and comes equipped with rawhide shoulder thong. This imported beauty—of a type rarely seen today—measures 14" along the curve, has bell-like tone. $3.95. Page Products, Dept. AR-9, Box 304 Gracie Station, N.Y. 28.



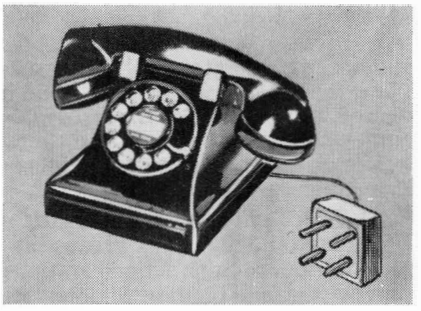
PRESIDENTIAL PLAQUE in 3 dimensions. From George Washington to President Johnson comes an unbreakable plastic plaque with 36 Presidential descriptions. Ideal for school children or for anyone. An educational reference worthy to be a gift. $2.98 or 2 for $5 ppd. In ivory-cameo finish. Sportsland, Dept. AR-9, 274 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.



MANDARIN CHESS & TABLE SET—A replica of a centuries-old museum set, the Mandarin pieces are striking—molded in antique ivory and jade colors. The table (18" x 18" x 18¼") has a hand-rubbed, black lacquered finish, with hand-screened ivory squares and a velour-lined storage drawer with dividers. Handsome! $19.95. Park Galleries, Dept. AR-9, 103 Park Ave., N.Y. 17.



CREDIT WHERE CREDIT "IS DUE" for handy reference. No more fumbling in wallet for credit cards. A genuine pigskin credit-card case and photo wallet, it holds 24 pieces. A pocket holds money. Closed, it's 4" x 5¼". $2.50. With 2 or 3 gold-stamped initials, $2.95. Scott Mitchell, Dept. AR-9, 415 So. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.



STANDARD DIAL PHONES $9.95—Save extra steps and costly rental charges with these sturdy reconditioned Western Electric and Stromberg-Carlson dial phones. Rewired and refinished, this is about one quarter the retail cost. Come with plugs, ready to use. $9.95. 2 for $18.95. Lex Appliance, Dept. AR-9, 380 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17.

FOR MORE STOP TO SHOP ITEMS, TURN TO PAGE 125

This private office (with salary to match) is waiting for you

Will you give a little of your spare time to qualify for it?

MORE easily than you think, you can command a big salary—with your name on the office door—by acquiring specialized training. You can become an expert in the kind of work you like—*and employers will seek you out*. For in today's vastly expanded business activity, there are more key jobs than there are trained men to fill them.

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BACK IN THE DRESSING ROOM. HE'S EARNED A BREAK. IT'S CAMEL TIME RIGHT NOW.

Camel Time is pleasure time!

Time for easygoing taste...honest enjoyment ...choice quality tobaccos. Moments seem to brighten up every time you light one up.

Make it Camel Time right now!

THE BEST TOBACCO MAKES THE BEST SMOKE!

THERE'S A MILLION WAITING ON DEVIL'S MOUNTAIN

AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST WATERFALL LIES A FORTUNE IN GOLD

■ The wreckage of a silvery, single-engined monoplane on a windswept, 8,000-foot-high Venezuelan mountain plateau holds the secret to one of the world's richest treasures. Buried nearby in the soft, tropical earth, atop forbidding Auyan-

BY JOE BROWN
PHOTOS COURTESY THE AUTHOR

The survivors: Jimmie Angel, lighting cigarette, his wife Marie, and Gustavo Heny digging out plane's nose.

Tepui which fearful Venezuelan Indians call "Devil Mountain," is an estimated $1,000,000 in gold nuggets. But that is only a fraction of Auyan-Tepui's horde. Protected by constant thunderstorms, rivers infested with piranha fish and dense jungles alive with deadly *mapanare* snakes, another untouched fortune in raw gold nuggets is scattered along the bed of an elusive river. In the area, too, is what one geologist described as "a king's ransom in diamonds, waiting for someone to take it out." Altogether, it is a geological bonanza that has tempted dozens of adventurers in the past half century.

Famed bush pilot Jimmie Angel, whose bent Flamingo plane has been rusting away on the mountain since 1937, first found the gold and then spent the rest of his life trying to figure a way of bringing it back to civilization. Although he discovered the world's highest waterfall in the process, Angel never cashed in his fortune. He died broke in Panama in 1956. Today, another American adventurer is breathing hard on the fortune. Why, you may ask, hasn't someone walked off with this tempting booty before now? Well, that is a long and rather fantastic story....

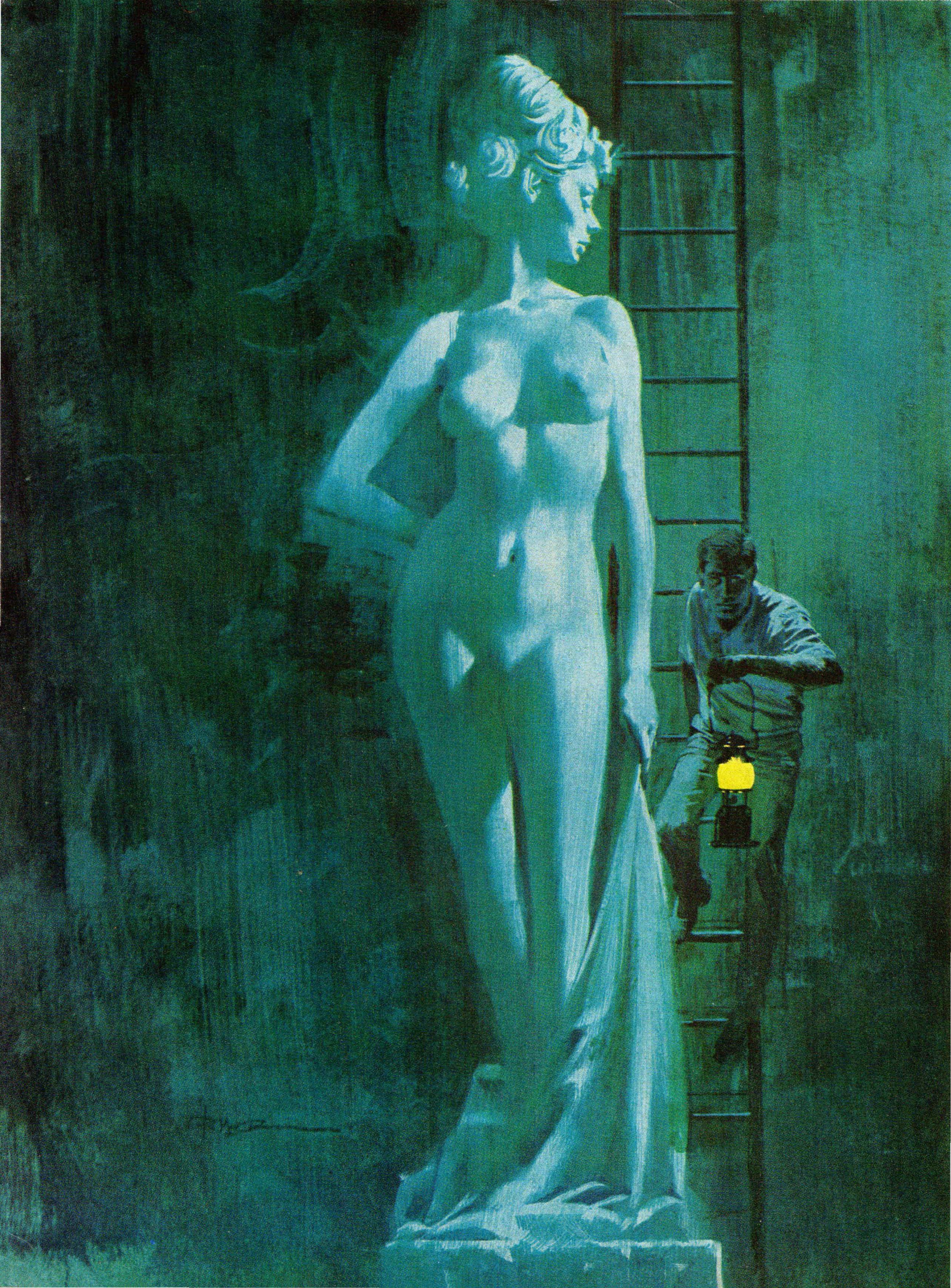
In the cool interior of Panama's Bar Central, James Crawford Angel drained the straight scotch before him and ordered another. Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted the darkly tanned, red-bearded stranger who approached, but made no welcoming gesture. The man was about sixty, and his weather-beaten skin indicated a lifetime in the outdoors.

"You Jimmie Angel?" The oldtimer's voice was warm and sincere, and a calloused hand was extended in greeting.

Angel shook the outstretched hand and nodded.

"My name's McClintock," the stranger said. "Bob McClintock. I'm a prospector and I'm looking for a pilot. I asked *(Continued on page* 76

DEVIL'S MOUNTAIN / CONTINUED



SHE FELL AMONG thieves

■ Our six Trans-Jordan boys were spading back the hard, cindery earth crusted over a formation of flat, snug stones. Either they were uncovering an old, worthless, stone floor or they were uncovering an old, old, sunken, stone roof. Which might mean there was something under the roof. Something of archaeological value. I was sitting on a broken bit of wall just above them, supervising the job. Tanner, my partner, was in his tent with the shakes. He had been suffering from intermittent fever for the past few days. (Continued on page 92)

The strange statue would make them a fortune, but when they tried to steal it, they found themselves not only up against armed border guards, but all the supernatural forces of the ancient world

BY ROBERT EDMOND ALTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McGINNIS

ALONE ACROSS the

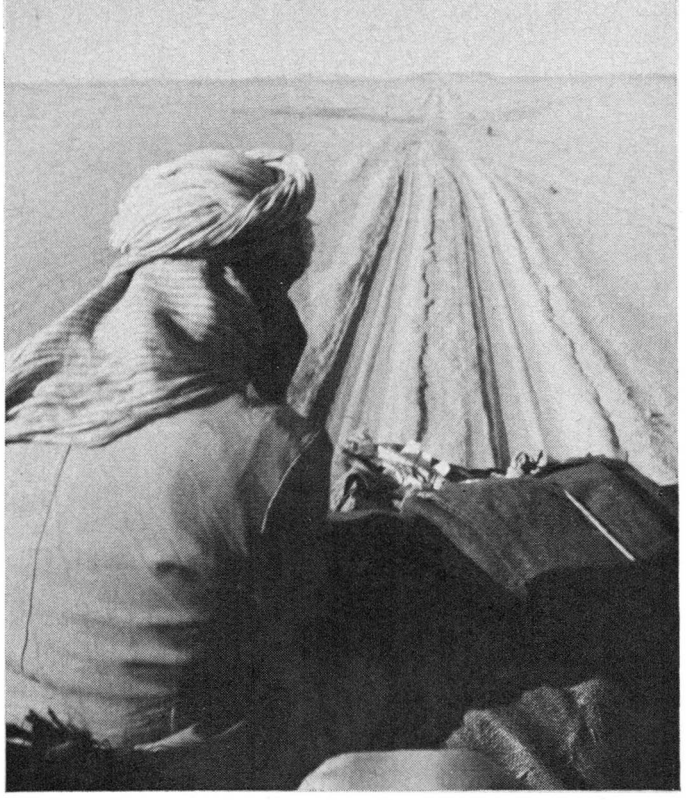
At the end of my first trip through the Sahara—a hard-slogging, 2000-mile motorcycle trek from Algiers to the Niger River—I was so weak I could no longer stand up. My nails were so dry they cracked like glass. One of my eyes had dried up and would no longer open. I had burned a leg on the red-hot exhaust pipe but was too groggy to feel the pain. I was unable to eat; my lips were swollen and sunburnt, and my tongue was like leather. At nightfall, I would drop from the cycle and go to sleep right where I landed. The last morning, I couldn't even stand up, and had to hoist myself onto the cycle from a kneeling position. It felt good, let me tell you, when I skirted one final sand dune and saw the Niger spread out before me. I half-crawled, half-staggered into the water, which was so filthy I had to drink it through clenched teeth to avoid swallowing dirt by the cupful. Even so, it tasted like champagne. ☐ This was in 1947, and I had just made history by being the first man ever to motorcycle across the Tanezrouft, or Land of Thirst. I had done this over the violent objections of the French authorities, who regarded motorcycling in the Sahara (with some justification, I admit) as a form of suicide. ☐ As I wallowed in the muddy waters of the Niger, I promised myself

SAHARA

When the French controlled the desert, it was deadly. But the French treated every trip across as a dangerous mission. Now, with the Algerians in charge, death comes even quicker to the unprepared

by JORGEN BISCH

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY
JORGEN BISCH AND VICTOR ENGLEBERT



▲ *On the way down to Agades, this Arab sits on top of a load of dates that he and his companions will sell in exchange for a northbound load of sheep for the oasis.*

The desert-rescue service operated by the French required a vehicle to file "flight plans" and arrival times just like a modern airliner. These precautions have been abandoned. ▼

ALONE ACROSS the SAHARA *continued*

that I would never, ever, make that trip again. I've kept at least a part of that promise: I've never again made a crossing by motorcycle.

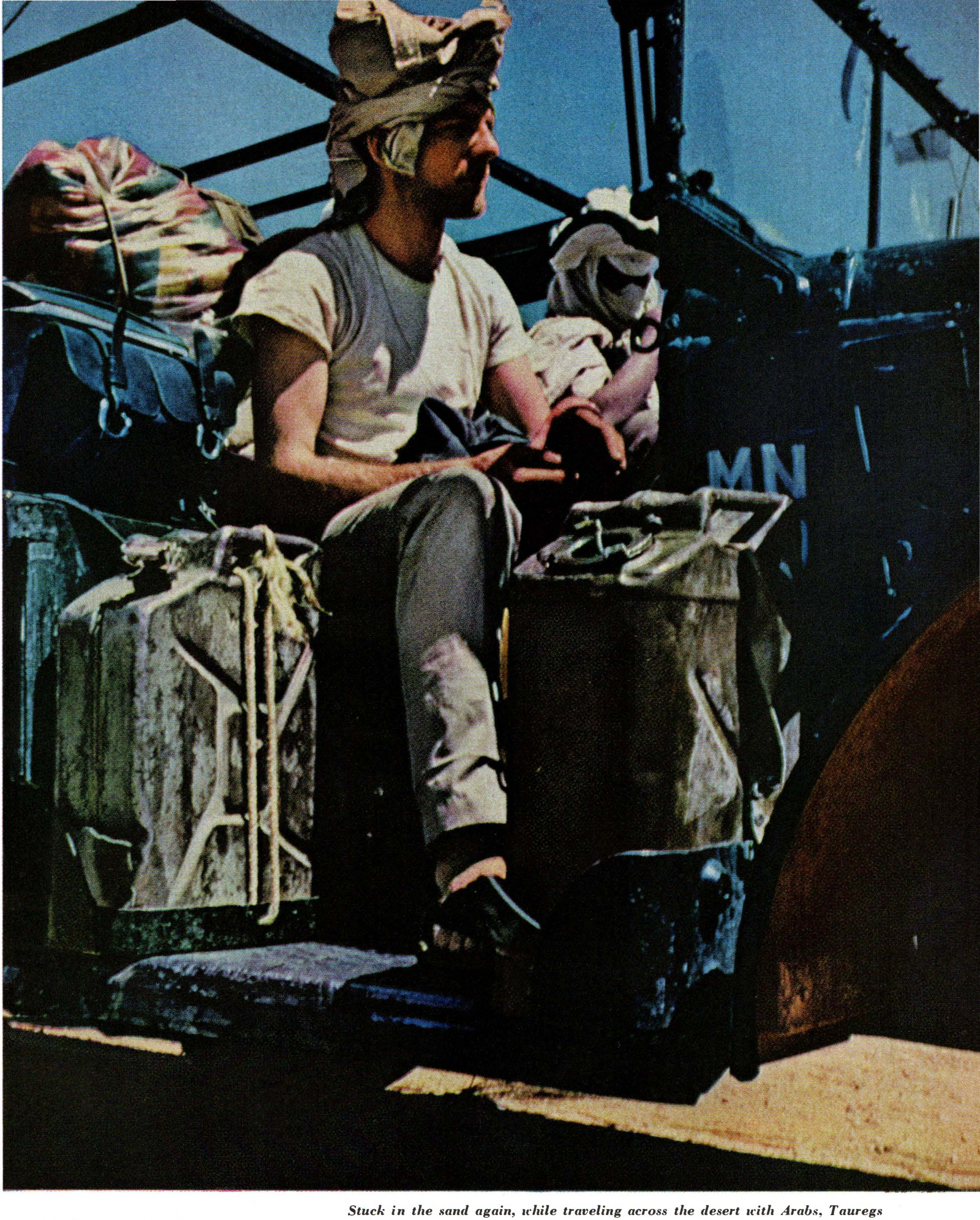
But I can't stay away from the desert. Though I've been to the Green Hell of the Amazon and the interior of Borneo, and have traveled through Arabia, Burma and the vast steppes of Outer Mongolia, the Sahara remains my favorite. I'm in love with the place.

My latest desert venture was touched off by a remark a friend of mine made to me one night at my home in Denmark.

"I wonder what it's like over there since the Algerian independence," said my friend. "I hear it's more difficult than ever to cross the Sahara."

"Let's not talk about the desert," my wife, Inge, put in quickly. "I don't want Jorgen running off on another journey."

But of course we *did* talk of the desert, for hours. We spoke of the hot-air mirage, which the Tuaregs believe is an evil spirit trying to lure travelers to their death. We talked of the sandstorms, the foul, magnesia-tainted water, the quicksands that can swallow a man without a trace. And of the beauty of the desert, too: the



Stuck in the sand again, while traveling across the desert with Arabs, Tauregs and Africans, the photographer who took these pictures wrapped his head in his shirt as protection from the blistering sun and the incredible heat.

▲ *Nobody travels without iron mats. They are the only answer for a vehicle sunk in the sand. Truck may run off mat only to sink over and over again until hard ground is reached.*

The oil company trucks are excellently equipped—strong to start with and carrying plenty of gas, food and water—enough water, in fact, so that the driver can use it to bathe his feet. ▼

ALONE ACROSS the SAHARA

continued

endless vistas, the clear, blue skies, the cool, star-filled nights.

By the time we were through talking, I had decided to go back to the Sahara for one more look.

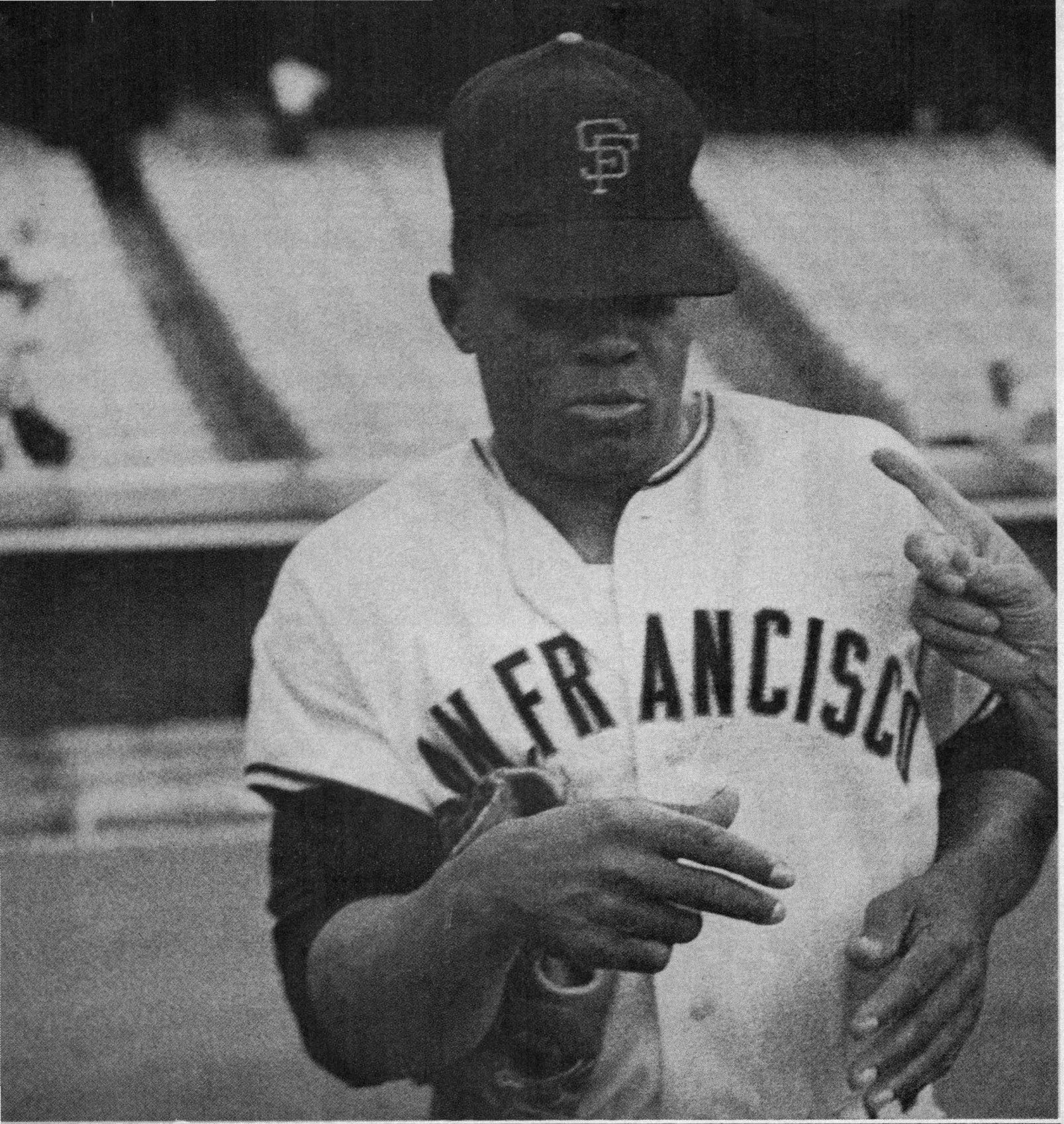
The next day, I went out and bought a second-hand Land Rover with four-wheel drive and a ten-speed gearshift. As I was putting the Rover through its paces on a military test ground, the rear axle and differential both shattered. This was a stroke of luck, actually, since now I could have the drive mechanism put into first-class shape. If the rear drive had gone out on me in the middle of the desert, I would have been a poor bet for survival.

While mechanics replaced the rear drive and X-rayed the front drive to make sure there were no flaws in it, I fitted out the car with three fans, three compasses, an electric kitchen, an extra oil gauge and water thermometer and a complete assortment of spare parts, including two spare wheels and four spare tires with tubes. I got a winch with a pull of approximately two tons and had it installed on the front bumper.

And finally I (*Continued on page* 96)

ABOVE: The old and the new. Even though the internal-combustion engine has come to the desert, the camel is far from outclassed. Mean and uncomfortable, they are still used.

BELOW: Anything that won't fit inside a truck gets hung on the outside. These chickens are alive and will be killed when needed, though they may die first of thirst and starvation.



will **WILLIE "SUPER-MAYS"** *be Baseball's first Negro Manager?*

It's all guessing so far, but Willie Mays is a quick learner. Here he gets pointers from an expert manager—Leo Durocher.

"TOO IMMATURE," says Jackie Robinson • "GREAT FOR THE JOB," says Roy Campanella

Over the Memorial Day week end this year, Willie Mays, a thirty-three-year-old man who still plays baseball like a boy, proved that he's only human after all. Chasing hell-bent for a humming fly ball, he tried to run right through the new plywood fence in the New York Mets' Shea Stadium—and failed.

To the charter members of the "Willie-can-walk-on-water" cult, an ever-increasing group of zealots with most of its constituents in New York and San Francisco, this "failure" came as a rude shock. It pointed out that while to them Willie (that's his real first name) Howard Mays may be the greatest ballplayer dead or alive, like all flesh-and-blood ballplayers who can't run through fences, he will one day have to retire. For them, we have some comfort. There has been increasing speculation that Willie Mays *(continued on page 100*

by Ray Robinson

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVE SUTTON

The NIGHT OF THE KNIFE

by KENNETH L. DIXON

The Thirty-sixth had to take Velletri, which was tough enough, but they had to take it without bullets, with only the silent knife and the bayonet

Even after twenty years, that gasping, sobbing sound comes back. ■ The rifleman lay doubled up beside the moon-patched mountain pathway, panting and shaking violently. ■ "Nerves," whispered one of the two men holding him. ■ I turned away quickly, slipped on up to the blacked-out shack hidden in the shadows. Inside, the colonel and his key men crouched around the maps, using flashlights to check coordinates. ■ It was their last meeting before dawn, if not their last forever. ■ It was well past midnight when the whispered briefing ended. A junior officer huskily requested to return to his own unit, far to the rear. His reasons seemed valid but his voice shook. The colonel first said no, then looked again and let him go. Then the colonel rasped to the rest of us: ■ "Anybody else who wants out of this war better sound off now!" ■ Feet and gear rustled. Finally the regimental exec drawled, "I'll sound off. No damn mail again today. I'm mad as hell!" ■ The colonel's dark mustached face cracked in a quick grin. He stood up. We stubbed out cigarettes, field-stripped the butts in case a stranger passed by (continued on page 122)

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB HANDVILLE

by MILT MACHLIN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY BOB GRANT

Without expert guidance, you might easily miss some of the most fabulous beauties of the Mediterranean. Here are a few clues

What to see on the Riviera

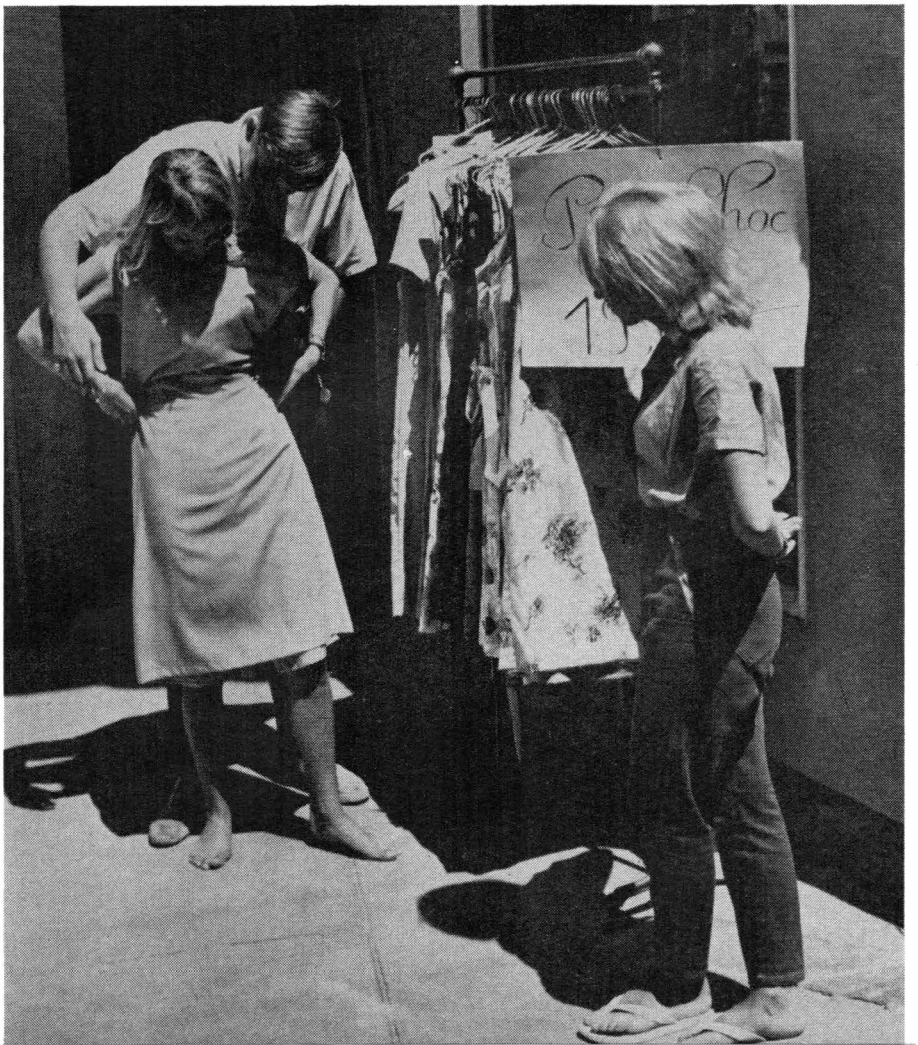
continued on following page

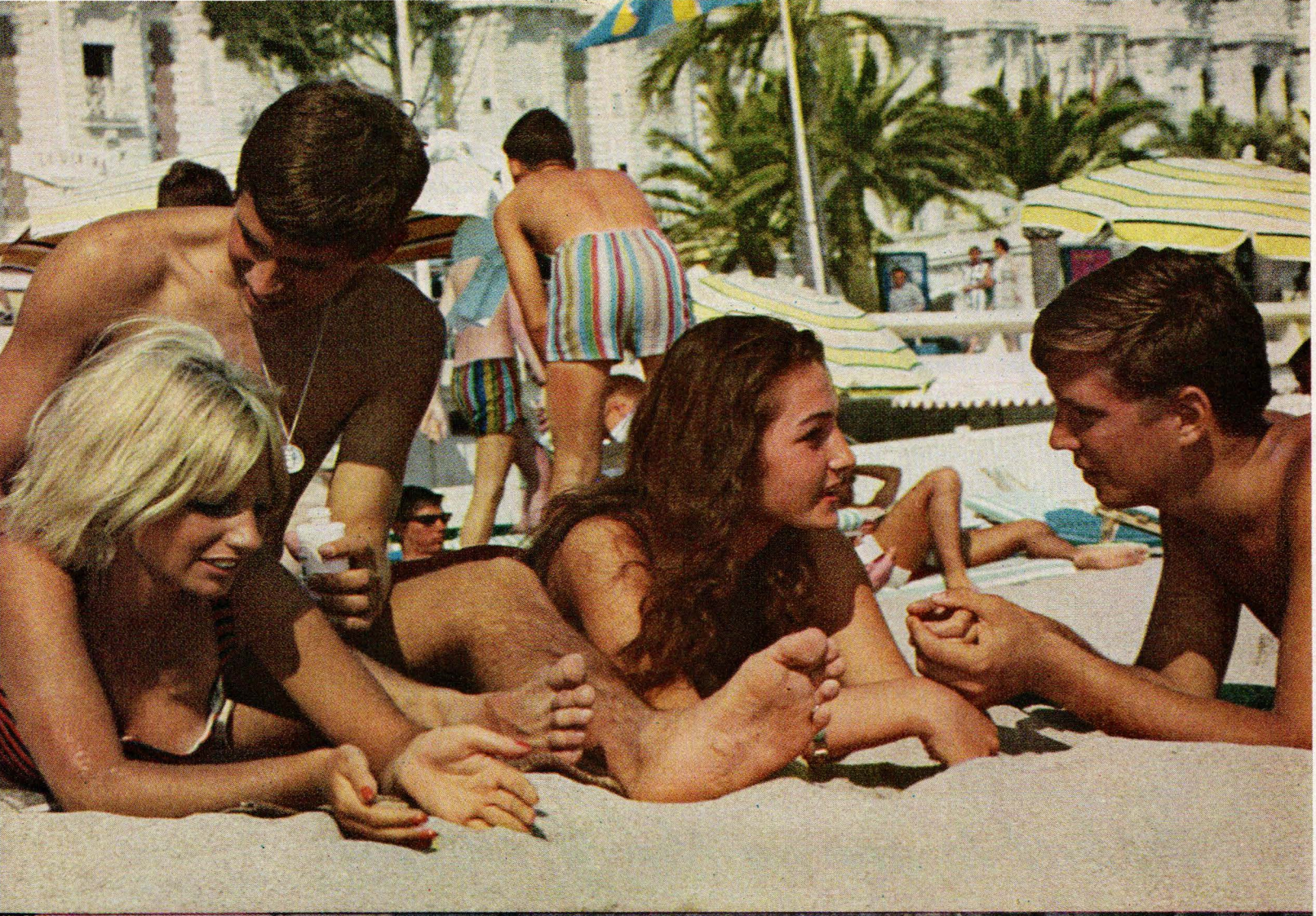
Whatever you do, next time you're in the vicinity of the French Riviera, don't miss seeing the Icon of Sevastopol. This is located in the nave of the Chapelle of Notre-Dame-de Garde. As one of my guide books suggests, "Be certain to see it, and then go to stand on the Groupe Plateau—the view of the cape, Antibes and the harbor is breathtaking."

The three touring Americans shown here have somehow missed the whole point of sight-seeing along the coast of France. Time that could well have been spent, for instance, inspecting some of the magnificently stuffed and mounted specimens at the Musée Oceanographique in Monaco (whose chief sponsor is Prince Ranier) has been wasted lolling about the beach front of Cannes and lallygagging around the old cobblestone streets. This sin of omission is probably due to the fact that our subjects did not consult the proper authorities, without whom it is easy to go astray. For instance, in Cannes, where our three wanderers ran into a trio of young ladies completely without qualifications as guides (Laila from Denmark, Patrizia from Milan and Chantal from Paris), it is doubtful that any of them ever discovered the sublime pleasure of a visit to the Museum of Ancient Mediterranean Civilizations (containing Roman, Egyptian, Syrian, Phoenician and Etruscan relics) located in a marvellous old dungeon, or even dug the view from the Mont Chevalier Tower, which *our* guidebook says is "well worth a visit."

It is unlikely that these three decorative demoiselles could have told our wandering boys that 150,000 cubic meters of new sand have been added to the beach they are scuffing so carelessly,

What to see on the Riviera *continued*





so that, for perhaps the first time in Cannes history, a sizeable expanse of clean, fresh sand is available for sunbathing.

We notice, for instance, that much time was wasted inspecting the local livestock that could have better been used following the advice of that noted travel connoisseur, Temple Fielding, who suggests a cruise to the Isles of Lerins, where one could spend a profitable couple of hours in the fifth-century Monastery of the Cistercians, which was St. Patrick's staging area for his tour of the Irish reptilean haunts. After all, it isn't a monastery any *more.*

Fielding also could recommend that, instead of gawking at passers-by in the narrow streets of the old town, our sextet (may as well take the girls along, since they're already here) could drop out to the Royal Fort on Isle Sainte Marguerite and visit the cell made famous as the temporary residence of "The Man in the Iron Mask."

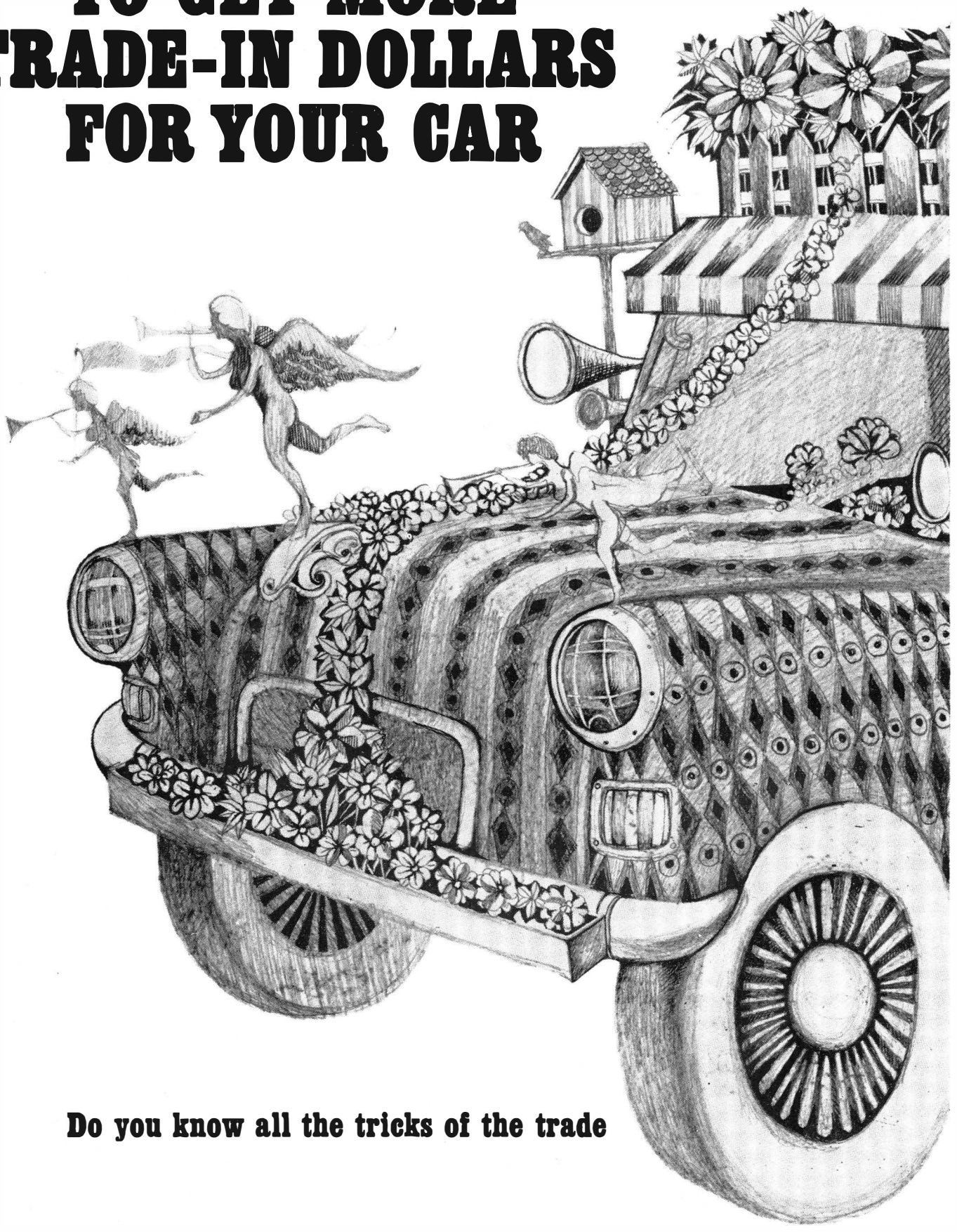
If not properly instructed, our heroes might instead take a boat to a different island—the Ile Du Levant, maybe, where nudists roam around loose and even outsiders are allowed to look at the sights without necessarily stripping down to an item of clothing on which French law insists, called, "*le minimum.*" This consists of a patch of cloth a little smaller than what it is supposed to cover, and is misnamed a "cache-sexe" (translate for yourself).

The point of all this sermonizing? Don't wander around the French Riviera without proper advice and supervision. There's no telling what kind of trouble you might get into! • • •

What to see on the Riviera *continued*

How to get more trade-in dollars for your car

Would you think that a $1.75 wash job could increase the trading value of your car by fifty dollars? It hardly seems to make sense, yet the horse traders on automobile row aren't crazy. Body work on a



Do you know all the tricks of the trade

used car is their big headache. Not necessarily because of the shop cost, but because of the time factor. If your old car has even minor dents or scratches in the finish, they'll have to be taken out before it is offered for re-sale. Otherwise prospective buyers will jump to the conclusion that the car has been banged around a lot and pass it by.

Since the average dealer usually has only one body man who is often tied up with routine work for regular customers, your *(continued on page 106)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES SPANFELLER

that add hundreds to your car's value? by PAUL KEARNEY

HIT-AND-RUN IS A GRISLY CRIME, NO MATTER WHO IS INVOLVED. THIS WAS ONE OF THE WORST, WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL FOR THE VICTIM—AND A BEAUTIFUL GIRL FOR THE DRIVER

Beldon's flight arrived in the city at six in the morning, and by seven-fifteen he had arrived at the beach town named Stoney Cove, where the fatality had occurred. It was a tourist operation, a mile long and not more than three blocks wide, a clutter of motels, restaurants, shops, ranging from glossy to defeated. After Beldon had gone the length of it once in his rental car, he picked a businesslike-looking diner in the middle of town for breakfast and information. | Morning trade was light. The counter girl was a burly and cheerful young blonde with chapped elbows. The tag on her pocket said she was Helen. | When she brought him the eggs and bacon, he said, "Hear you had a lot of excitement around here yesterday, Helen." | "Don't you know it!" she said, giving him a swift and appraising look, seeing him perhaps for the first time. | He had an ironic objectivity about what she was seeing, a young-old man, with a chronic tiredness around the eyes, with that look of having been savaged a few times by life and then released, free to assemble a new set of adjustments and compromises. | "I guess it just has to happen around here once in a while," she went on, "but this was the worst ever." | "Why does it have to happen?" | "Well, the winding road and all, and the mist we get, and they get half stoned and go through here like rockets. (continued on page 116) |

Eyewitness

by John D. MacDonald

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE CLEARY

BY ROBERT CHRISTIE
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB BROOKS

The Prince Edward Islanders are among the world's friendliest and most hospitable people—in perfect keeping with their tiny island

THE FRIENDLY ISLAND

LAST winter, the pains of their New Year frolic scarcely cured, Canadian readers were jolted by a paragraph printed in such an obscure spot in many newspapers as to be nearly invisible. That paragraph shamed some, angered many, perhaps brought satisfaction to a small handful of lunatics, crackpots and chronic agitators.

The single-column item, its sinister overtones muffled by the yak of panty-girdles aching for somebody to wear them, and other invitations of similar importance, was itself terse and pointed.

It announced the arrival in Canada of Scotland Yard security experts "here to assist those charged with safeguarding Queen Elizabeth II during Her Majesty's forthcoming October visit to take part in the 1964 Centennial observances being celebrated this year (*Continued on page* 86)

Canadian Government Travel Bureau

For visiting shoppers, ship models and hooked rugs are a good buy.

▲ *In these waters, you'll haul in more mackerel, haddock, hake and cod than you can carry.*

▼ *No matter where you are on Prince Edward, it is no more than a few miles from blue water.*

AIR RACE

by Don Dwiggins

Fasten your seat belts, the National Air Races are back! Daring pilots are again searing the air around Reno, Nevada, recalling aviation's hairiest days ■ *RENO—Will Saint Christopher, the patron saint of all pilots, please stand up? The National Air Races are back!*

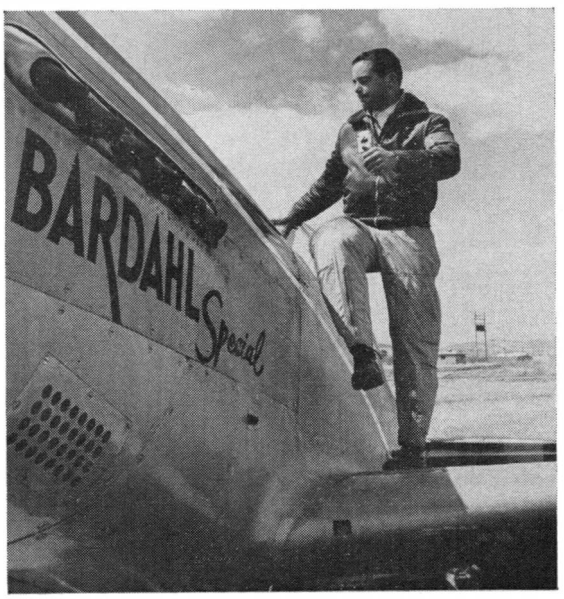
The shrill scream of over-revved propellers . . . the glint of straining wings . . . the sick-sweet odor of burning castor oil will again turn the blue sky into a stage for aviation's greatest carnival of life and death.

At mile-high Reno Sky Ranch, the crowd will once more roar for blood on September 12-20, as it last did fifteen years ago when the original National Air Races were closed on account of death. That was the year—1949—when Wild Bill Odom's horrible performance in Jackie Cochran's clipped-wing Mustang, No. 13, needlessly slaughtered a woman and a child in a Cleveland suburb crash and heaped a great deal of public indignation on air racing.

It was too bad, because Odom, a 'round-the-world, flying-hero type, was not of the closed-course racing breed. His cremation in a Berea, Ohio, basement was a funeral pyre that burned

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY DON JONES OF GLOBE
ILLUSTRATION BY ED VALIGURSKY

The Bardahl racer, also shown on front cover.



AIR RACE

continued

the books of a classic sporting event.

Fortunately, time has healed that scar and once more Federal Aviation Agency sanction has been granted for a new generation of hot pilots and hotter ships to streak around a dangerously small pylon course, perhaps to prove that today's throttle-benders have as much guts as the old, bold ones of the golden era of air racing, the Turbulent Thirties.

The revived National Air Races will be more than an orgy of speed. They will, hopefully, awaken a new generation of youths to the challenge of the sky, and perhaps create a new pilot pool to meet the needs of the military and the Air Line Pilots Association.

Speed records are sure to fall; in twenty-five years, nobody has officially topped Fritz Wendel's 469.220 mph world record for prop ships set April 26, 1939, at Augsberg, Germany, in a Messerschmitt 109R. Out to break it will be pilots like Colonel Howard Olsen, of Midland, Texas, in a Cavalier Mustang P-51D, with a rebel yell and flying the colors of the Confederate Air Force.

The Reno races will feature the fastest prop jobs now flying—Mustangs, Lightnings, Bearcats and Corsairs from the last war—and wonderful homemade crates that poop around the sky in defiance of gravity and all that is common sense.

But there will be a difference; yesterday's heroes, like Jimmy Doolittle and Benny Howard and Jim Haizlip and Roscoe Turner, will be groundbound in the grandstand, snapping their graying heads left to right watching the hot-blooded youngsters scorching past with a big *bah-whoom!*

Concern will line their faces, or maybe fear, for these lads will try to emulate something the early birdmen lived through in a bygone era. And nostalgia. Memories of wild thunder, hot oil, sudden death and blazing victory.

A few former Bendix Trophy Race pilots will be around to watch the first-day wrap-up of the Transcontinental Trophy Dash, 2,500 miles from Clearwater, Florida, the longest and certainly the toughest cross-country course ever flown in the United States.

To the victor will go a chunk of the $10,000 prize money and a handshake from Joe De Bona, the last civilian Bendix winner, who three times battled the Paul Mantz jinx before he picked up the patinaed old bronze trophy others had died to possess. De Bona lost to Mantz by a heart-breaking thirty-one seconds in a slashing Mustang duel from Los Angeles to Cleveland in 1947, and the next year pushed too hard and ran out of gas just short of the finish line.

Finally, in 1949, De Bona nosed out two Mantz Mustangs flown by Stan Reaver and Herman (Fish) Salmon, after an unusual display of sportsmanship when Salmon stayed up all night welding De Bona's ruptured oil tank. De Bona's winning speed was 470 mph, the fastest ever clocked in the Bendix event.

Originator of the National Air Races was a fast-talking young car salesman from Santa Monica, California, who started his flying career by giving away free rides in a war-surplus Jenny to every customer who bought a Nash. In 1928, seeing tremendous possibilities in staging a national aviation show, Henderson leased Mines Field near Los Angeles and invited civilian pilots to compete with the hot Army, Navy and Marine flyers who then dominated the sky.

The first-day crowd was disappointing. Henderson remembered that Charles (Lucky Lindy) Lindbergh was in town and invited him to perform aerobatics with the crack Navy team, The Three Musketeers. The next day, thousands of spectators jammed the grandstands to see the national hero who had hopped the Atlantic the year before, and Henderson was on his way.

"We borrowed chairs from every Baptist church in town," Henderson recalls. "It was a sellout!"

Prior to the National Air Races, there had been the Pulitzer Prize Races, from 1920 to 1925, but they were strictly demonstrations of military might, back in the days of Billy Mitchell. It wasn't until 1929, at the outset of the great depression, that honest-to-God air racing suddenly went ape. On September twenty-first, a tiny civilian plane, for the first time in history, left the military behind to win the initial, tough, closed-course Thompson Trophy Race.

The little red-and-black racer that did this was the astounding Travel Air Mystery Ship, a lightweight, low-wing speedster with an immense, 400-horsepower Wright engine. At first, nobody thought her pilot, Doug Davis, of Atlanta, Georgia, had a chance, but he obviously did. Davis shot around the pylons with such audacity that the service pilots figured, what the hell, the war's over; let's go home.

Davis went on to win the Bendix in 1934. In a low-slung Wedell-Williams racer, and some three days later, Doug Davis decided to parlay his winnings with another shot at the murderous Thompson classic.

Already, three Thompson winners were dead—Speed Holman, Lowell Bayles and Jimmy Wedell.

Davis's ship was No. 44, the same one Wedell had flown to a world landplane speed record of 304.98 mph at Chicago in 1933. With a bigger engine, Davis had hit 306 mph in one trial run over the three-kilometer course, faster than any landplane had ever flown.

For the first seven laps of the Thompson, Davis skidded around the pylons wingtip to wingtip with Roscoe Turner, who also was flying a Wedell-Williams racer. On the eighth lap, streaking down the backstretch at 250 mph plus, Davis cut inside a pylon. He hauled back hard on the stick to pull up and recircle it. The ship stalled, snapped and spun to earth in a sickening, uncontrollable dive. Davis's death was the fifth fatality of the deadly tight Thompson Trophy Race pylon course.

First to die in the Thompson was not a civilian, but a handsome young Marine pilot, Captain Arthur H. Page, who had won the Curtiss Marine Trophy in 1930. Flushed with victory, Captain Page that same year entered his sleek Curtiss XF6C-6 pursuit ship in the Thompson at Chicago, against skilled civilian racing veterans like Jimmy Haizlip, Speed Holman, Benny Howard and Frank Hawks.

Haizlip, who flew a Travel Air Mystery S racer, recalls what happened during that gruelling, twenty-lap grind around the tight, five-mile course: "We flew sharp corners, with less than two miles between pylons, a total of sixty tight turns. About halfway through, my right foot got so numb I could hardly keep pushing the rudder coming out of the turns. I was burning my sponsor's product, Tigerene, and making a hell of a lot of smoke, so I knocked a small hole in the windshield and streaked down the stretch, the grandstand on my right, the pylon on my left, my (*Continued on page* 111)

Pete Kuhlhoff's guide to the new 1965 guns

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BRUCE PENDLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

A first-hand advance report from ARGOSY'S gun expert

Centerfire rifles

PETE KUHLHOFF'S GUIDE TO THE NEW 1965 GUNS/CONT.

Comparatively few of us have the opportunity of listening to the blood-tingling bugling of a high-racked bull elk in a lofty basin of the Rockies, or of watching a humped grizzly near a glacial stream or in a blueberry patch of Alaska and hearing his coughing grunts and huffs as he feeds. Or peering into powerful binoculars at one of the most beautiful sights in the world, a snow-white bighorn Dall sheep, sky-high on a rocky pinnacle, staring right back with his wonderful telescopic eyes—the problem, how to make the stalk. These are rare, exciting experiences. The right to them is our privilege; we should protect it well.

Hunting has always been a tradition in this country. Throughout our

LEFT, FROM TOP: MARLIN MODEL 336, .444 MARLIN CALIBER. MARLIN MICRO-POWER 4X SCOPE. COLT COMANCHE AR-15 SPORTER. .223 REMINGTON CALIBER. REMINGTON MODEL 600 CARBINE. MADE ESPECIALLY FOR MONTANA CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION. WEATHERBY MARK V. .340 WM CALIBER. WEATHERBY VARIABLE 2X-TO-7X SCOPE. BROWNING HIGH-POWER, SAFARI GRADE. .22-250 CALIBER. BROWNING VARIABLE 3X-TO-9X SCOPE. WINCHESTER MODEL 94 ANTIQUE. .30-30 CALIBER. RUGER MODEL 44 RS. .44 REMINGTON MAGNUM CALIBER.

Centerfire rifles

PETE KUHLHOFF'S GUIDE TO THE 1965 GUNS *continued*

Harrington and Richardson Mustang Model 163, .30-30 caliber single-shot.

history—from early pioneer days, through the taming of the West, to the greatest of modern outdoor activities, the hunting of big game—the rifle has been paramount. At times, it has been the sole means of survival.

The standard rifle of our pioneer fathers was the single-shot, first of flintlock, later of cap-lock ignition, and finally, for fixed cartridges as we know them today. During the 1860s, repeaters began to appear on the scene, with the early ones inferior in power to some of the single-shots. Cartridge and rifle improvements were gradual.

Today, in our modern living, the keynote is specialization. Rifles are no exception; our sporting arms manufacturers have kept pace. We have specialized rifles for every sporting purpose and in grades, from plain field to the fanciest de luxe, to meet the desires of every person.

We have tack-driving centerfire target rifles for those who get a bang out of keen shooting competition. We have varmint rifles designed and cartridged for long-range, painless taking of certain creatures designated as destructive pests. We have big-game rifles for hunting in the close cover of woods and brush terrain; others for use in the open and mountainous country of the West, and still others of great power especially for handling huge and dangerous game. Calibers are almost infinite.

Take a look at the photographs. You will see examples of centerfire rifles that range from standard to de luxe. And it is pertinent to say that competition among sporting-arms producers is so keen that you get more than your money's worth in any of the categories.

Colt

Perhaps the most unusual of the centerfires in the sporter class is the new Colt Comanche AR-15 autoloading rifle (see color photograph on page 52). Actually, it is a sporting, semiautomatic version of the AR-15 military rifle. The Comanche is chambered for the .223 (5.56-mm) Remington cartridge, loaded with a fifty-five-grain soft-point bullet, the sporting version of the military cartridge. Ballistics are identical to the .222 Remington Magnum cartridge—muzzle velocity, 3,300 feet per second, muzzle energy, 1,330 foot pounds. When sighted in for 100 yards, drop below the line of sight at 200 yards is 3.6 inches, and 13.8 inches low at 300 yards.

A lot of effort has been put into the AR-15, especially from the standpoint of accuracy, by Colt and our armed services. Factory accuracy requirements are strict. Each rifle must group into less than 1½ inches at 100 meters (slightly less than 110 yards) from machine rest. Technicians at the Colt plant tell me that about fifty per cent of the guns processed will group into an inch or less.

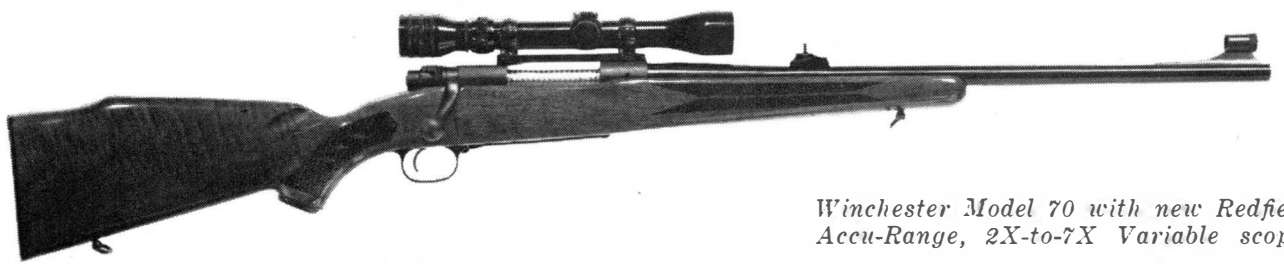
The Comanche is gas-operated, air-cooled, and the action lockup is by a rotating bolt which has seven lugs. The twenty-shot magazine is blocked for a capacity of five cartridges to conform with hunting laws in some areas. The block may be removed for plinking and target shooting.

The front sight is adjustable for elevation, and the rear sight, with quick-flip aperture assembly for short or long range, is adjustable for windage. A three-power scope sight is in development for the Comanche; it secures to the carrying handle and permits the iron sights to be used when installed. When sighted-in for 100 yards, the reticle of the scope can be instantly adjusted for any range up to 600 yards.

Takedown of the Comanche for maintenance is simple and easy. Actually, the action dust cover protects the bolt and bolt carrier and the permanent lubrication of reciprocating parts reduces maintenance requirements to a minimum. Routine care and use of light oil insures long life. Costs $189.50.

Browning

The Browning High-Power rifle is produced for sixteen different cartridges, ranging from the .222



Winchester Model 70 with new Redfield Accu-Range, 2X-to-7X Variable scope.

Remington varmint cartridge to the heavy .458 Winchester Magnum elephant taker, with nine of them magnums—a caliber for every kind of hunting.

The Browning in the color photograph is an example of the handsome Safari Grade heavy barrel, in .22-250 caliber (\$190 list; the Browning Variable 3x-to-9x scope is \$103.50). Safari Grade rifles retail at \$185 and \$190, price depending on barrel weight or caliber. Fancier grades are regularly available, Medalion at \$298 and Olympian at \$525, either grade in any of the calibers.

The .22-250 is interesting because it is a wildcat varmint cartridge that never has been produced commercially. It dates back to the 1930s among handloaders. The cartridge case is made by necking the .250 Savage down to take .22-caliber bullets. The .22-250 can be handloaded to velocities of under 2,000 feet per second to around 3,900 fps for the fifty-grain bullet, to around 3,700 fps with the fifty-five-grain bullet. If demand warrants, the .22-250 cartridge no doubt will be put on the market as quickly as possible.

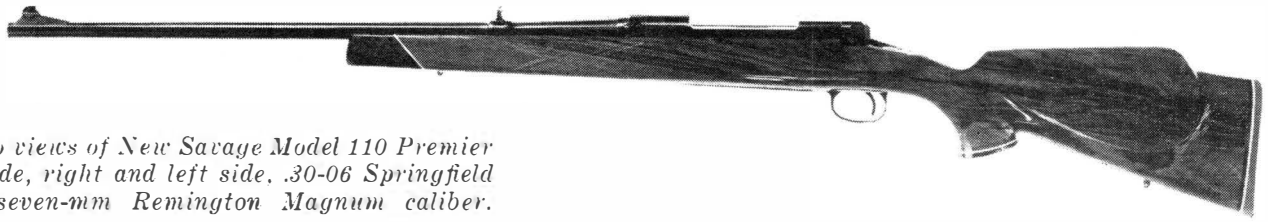
Harrington & Richardson

Harrington & Richardson has come up with a good-looking and inexpensive, takedown, single-shot rifle of .30-30 Winchester caliber called the Mustang Model 163 (see black and white photograph on page 54). It has a twenty-two-inch barrel with Lyman No. 16 folding adjustable rear sight and ramp front sight. Barrel is drilled and tapped for the Weaver No. 60 scope base. Buttstock is straight-grip Western style with recoil pad, and forearm has decorative schnabel tip. Break-action button is at right side of hammer, which is of rebound type. Either fired or unfired cartridges are ejected when the action is opened. It shoots well, although I haven't shot it from the bench with scope. I'm waiting for a mount base. With the open sights, from the sitting position, I got two-inch groups at fifty yards.

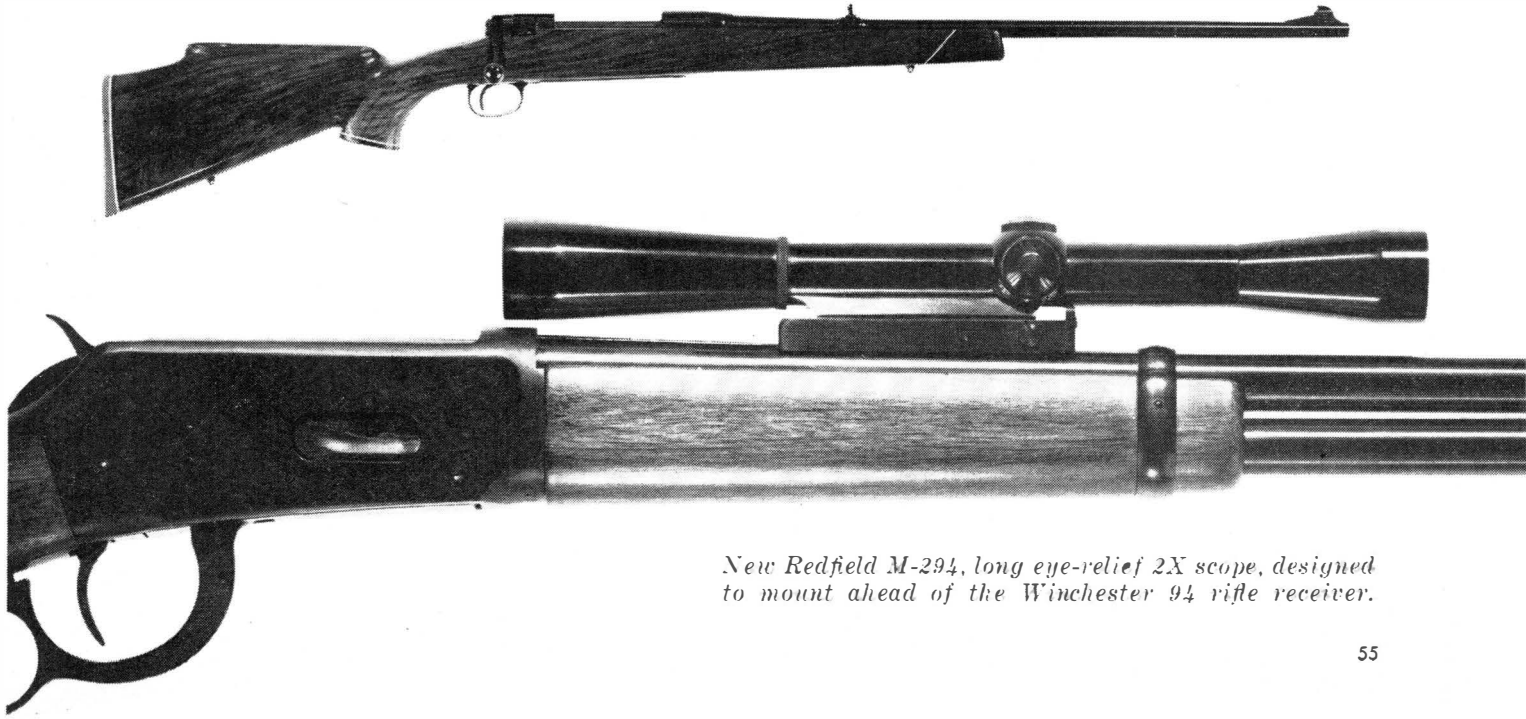
H & R also has the Topper four-in-one gun. You can have a rifle in one of two calibers and a choice of up to three spare barrels—.30-30 or .22 Remington Jet rifle and 20 or .410 gauge shotgun (see black and white photo under shotguns).

Marlin

The latest rifle being developed by Marlin is the Model 336 for the brand-new .444 Marlin cartridge (see color photo) which is produced by Remington. The .444 straight-case cartridge is loaded with a 240-grain soft-point bullet given a muzzle velocity of 2,400 feet per second and muzzle energy of 3,070 foot pounds. That's a lot of energy, higher than practically all of our sporting-rifle cartridges, except the belted magnums. (*Continued on page* 110)



Two views of New Savage Model 110 Premier Grade, right and left side, .30-06 Springfield or seven-mm Remington Magnum caliber.



New Redfield M-294, long eye-relief 2X scope, designed to mount ahead of the Winchester 94 rifle receiver.

Rimfire Rifles

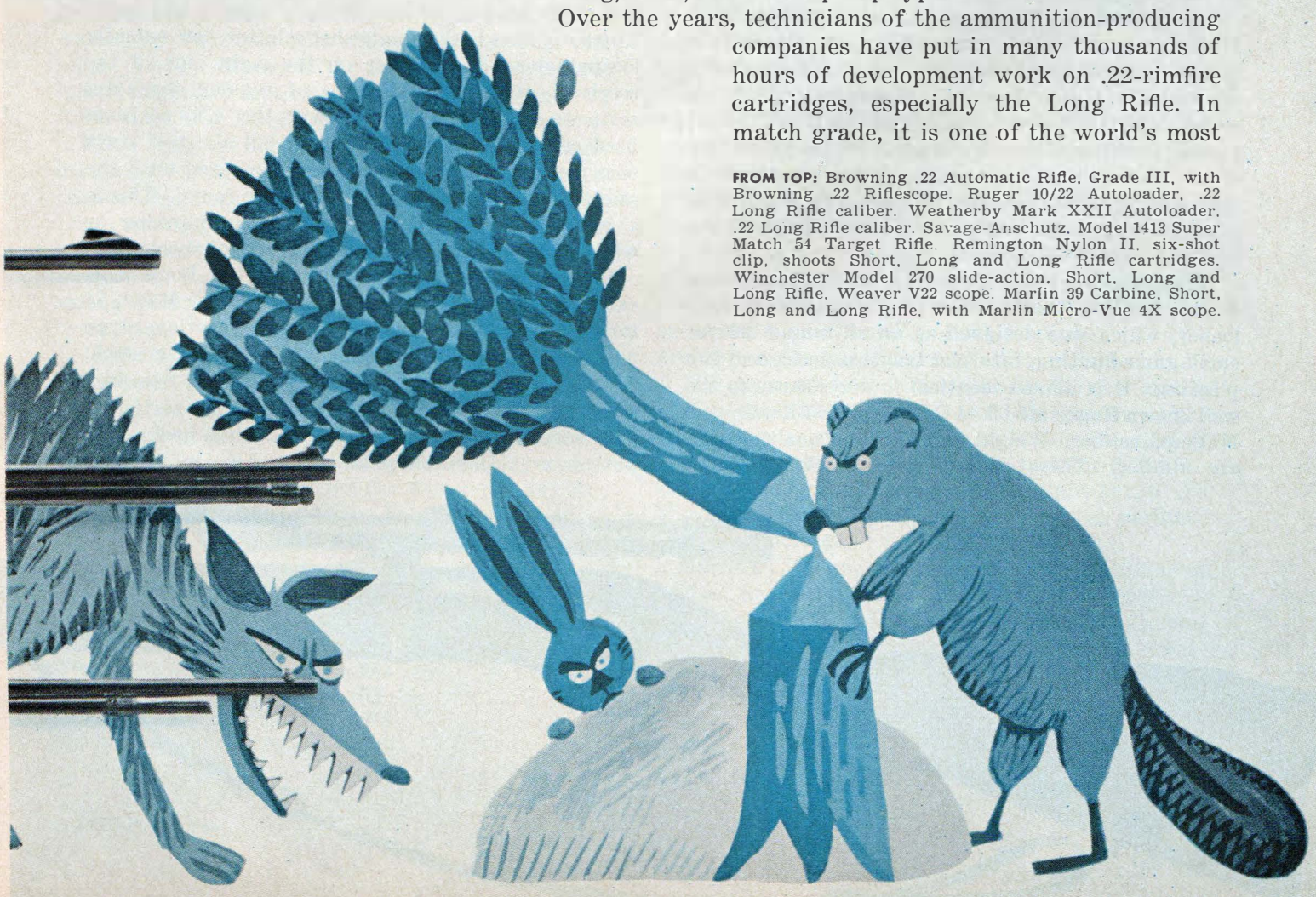
PETE KUHLHOFF'S GUIDE TO THE 1965 GUNS/CONT

When I was a boy, the .22 was called the "kid's" or "hawg" rifle by the ranchers and farmers in our area of Oklahoma. This was because a great many youngsters, both boys and girls, had .22s and often used them, mostly with Shorts, for plinking cottontail and squirrel (they were on the good-eating list) and once in a while on jack rabbits when they became a real scourge, and for slaughtering animals at fall butchering time. The stocks on most .22s were spindling affairs and the caliber was considered puny. Among adults, the .30-30 was king—although there were plenty of lever-action rifles around in .44-40, .32-40 and .38-55 caliber.

Now it's a different story; the .22 has grown up. Stocks are man-size, except on models made especially for young boys and girls, and we have a great variety of .22s in autoloading, bolt-, level- and pump-type action.

Over the years, technicians of the ammunition-producing companies have put in many thousands of hours of development work on .22-rimfire cartridges, especially the Long Rifle. In match grade, it is one of the world's most

FROM TOP: Browning .22 Automatic Rifle, Grade III, with Browning .22 Riflescope. Ruger 10/22 Autoloader, .22 Long Rifle caliber. Weatherby Mark XXII Autoloader, .22 Long Rifle caliber. Savage-Anschutz, Model 1413 Super Match 54 Target Rifle. Remington Nylon II, six-shot clip, shoots Short, Long and Long Rifle cartridges. Winchester Model 270 slide-action, Short, Long and Long Rifle. Weaver V22 scope. Marlin 39 Carbine, Short, Long and Long Rifle, with Marlin Micro-Vue 4X scope.



Rimfire Rifles

PETE KUHLHOFF'S GUIDE TO THE 1965 GUNS *Continued*

▲*Savage Model 6 Deluxe Automatic, .22 rimfire, shown with Savage 4X scope.*

Famous Winchester Model 52D Target, heavy barrel, .22 Long Rifle caliber. ▶

Remington Model 512-X is same as Nylon 12, except that it has an American walnut wooden stock and knob-bolt handle. ▶

accurate cartridges at distances up to 100 yards. In a good target rifle, it commonly will group into about a minute of angle or less at that distance.

Price range is wide among .22s—from under $20 for some of the single-shots to around $100 for regular models.

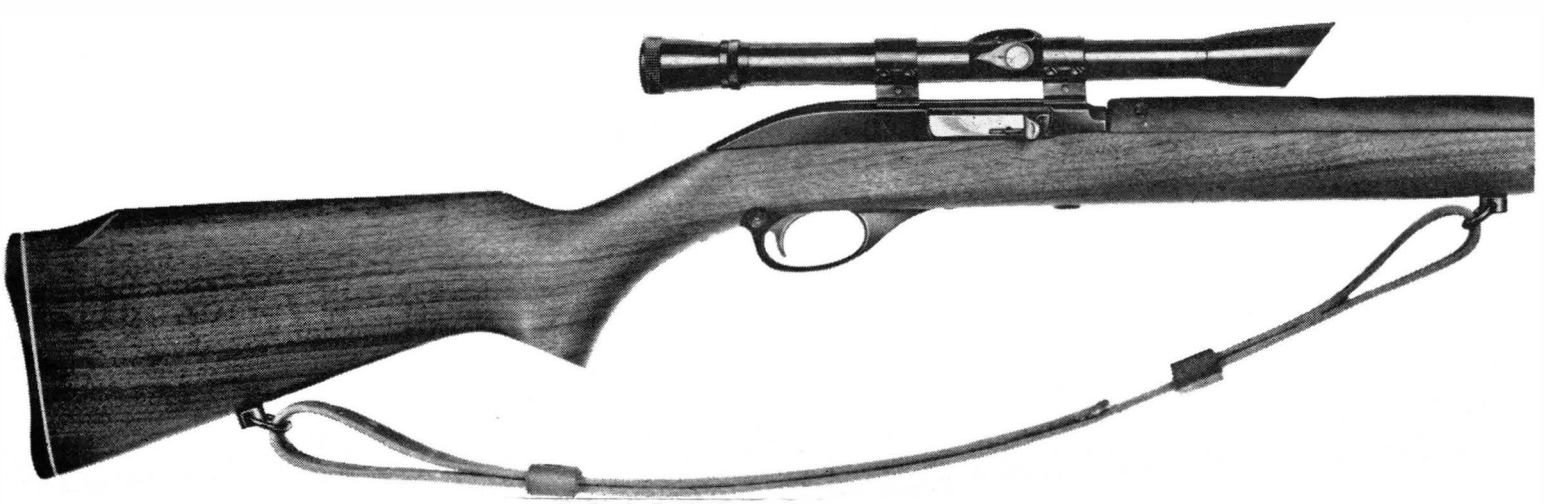
Take a look at the beautiful Grade III Browning Automatic, .22 Long Rifle caliber, shown in the color photo on page 56. Its receiver is deeply hand-carved with dog and game-bird scenes bordered with intricate interlacing scrolls and leaf clusters, then carefully chrome-plated to a soft, satin finish for lasting beauty. The Grade III sells for $195, without scope. The Browning 4X Rifle Scope lists at $29.95, the Ring Groove Mount at $6.45 and the Barrel Mount Base at $3.60, all as shown. The Browning .22 Grade II has less elaborate engraving and costs $110, and the Grade I, with scroll engraving, sells for $82.50.

The Browning .22 Automatic is takedown in all grades, separates to a compact length of nineteen inches (twenty-two inches for the .22 Short model, available in Grade I only). Magazine capacity is eleven Long Rifle cartridges, sixteen in the .22 Short model. Loading is through the port on the right face of the buttstock. All moving parts are contained in the slender, solid-steel receiver, completely closed on top and both sides, with ejection downward as the bolt moves rearward on firing.

Second in the color photo on page 56 is the new Ruger 10/22 ($54.50), .22 Long Rifle caliber self-loader, which was designed as an all-'round .22 for small-game hunting, informal target practice and fun plinking. It is almost identical in appearance to the well known Ruger Model 44 Carbine of .44 Remington Magnum caliber. Weight and handling qualities also are similar. These characteristics make the new 10/22 a perfect choice for the sportsman who uses the Model 44 Carbine for deer hunting and wants a .22 for small-game hunting and off-season practice. An outstanding feature of the new Ruger .22 is the compact, detachable, ten-shot rotary-type magazine which fits into a recess ahead of the trigger guard, with no portion of it hanging out to break up the lines of the carbine.

Next is the new Weatherby Mark XXII ($99.50) semiautomatic rifle of .22 Long Rifle caliber. It was designed and carefully manufactured as a worthy companion to the Weatherby Mark V centerfire model. Each Mark XXII is supplied with two detachable, box-type magazines, one holding five cartridges and the other taking ten. A feature that is especially worthy of note is the single-shot selector, conveniently located above the trigger on the right side of the receiver. It permits a choice of regular semiautomatic or single-shot fire. When on the "SS" position, fired cartridge cases are ejected, but the bolt stays open without a cartridge being chambered until the selector is pushed to chamber the next round. This is a valuable safety feature with group plinking or while instructing a beginner in the art of shooting.

Fourth in the color photo is the .22 Long Rifle caliber, Savage-Anschutz Model 1413 Super Match 54 target rifle ($275, sights extra) of international type with the various accouterments: thumb-hole stock, cheek piece, beavertail forearm, aluminum Schutzen hook buttplate which is adjustable both vertically and horizontally (can be replaced with prone-type buttplate), adjustable palm rest and swivel for loop



shooting sling. The receiver is grooved for the Anschutz micrometer rear sight (adaptable to the Redfield Olympic sight) and the barrel has integral base for globe-front sight, and blocks for a target-scope sight. Trigger is adjustable, three-pound single-stage match type with no creep or slack.

The Model 1411 rifle ($145, sights extra) has identical action and barrel, but with a stock designed for American-type rifle matches Both of these match rifles are available with left-hand stock.

Savage produces a complete line of .22s: autoloading, slide- and bolt-action. See the black and white photo on page 58 of the exciting Model 6 Deluxe Automatic ($52.50) with Savage Model 0420 4X scope ($9.75). It shoots the three length cartridges interchangeably; tubular magazine holds fifteen Long Rifle, seventeen Long, twenty-two Short cartridges.

Fifth from the top in the color photo is the Remington Nylon 12, bolt-action, tubular-magazine repeater. Magazine holds fourteen Long Rifle, sixteen Long, twenty-one Short, and cartridges can be mixed.

The Nylon 66 Automatic was the first of the Nylon series. It was an immediate outstanding success among shooters. Now the Nylons are available in three types of action: the Nylon 66 Automatic ($49.95 Mohawk Brown, $54.95 Apache Black) and the Nylon 76 "Trail Rider" in Mohawk Brown ($59.95) or Apache Black ($64.95); the Nylon 10 ($26.95) bolt-action single-shot, Nylon 11 ($38.95) bolt-action, clip magazine (holds six cartridges, ten-cartridge clip available) and the Nylon 12 ($41.95), as above. The 66 and 76 take Long Rifle cartridges only, the other, all three cartridges interchangeably.

The Remington Models 510-X, 511-X and 512-X (see black and white photo) are similar to the Nylons 10, 11 and 12 respectively, except they have American walnut stocks and knob-bolt handles.

Remington produces a complete line of .22s including the famous Model 40-XB "Rangemaster" ($185.95, standard or heavy barrel with sights), in .22 Long Rifle and some centerfire calibers, the Model 513 "Matchmaster" ($88.95 with sights), and the 521-T "Target" ($59.95), plus the International Free Rifle ($361.05) .22 Long Rifle and some centerfires.

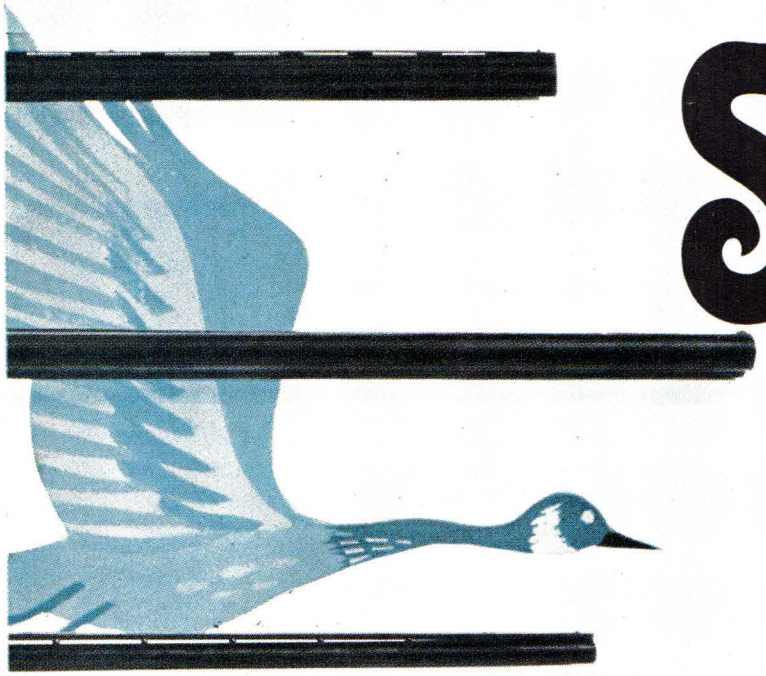
Sixth from the top in the color photo is the Winchester Model 270 Slide Action ($52.95), shown with the new Weaver V22 Variable, 3X-to-6X scope sight ($14.95). This is one of the new 200 series .22 rifles, including the Model 290 Automatic at the same price, and the Model 250 Lever Action ($56.95). All have tubular magazines holding fifteen Long Rifle, seventeen Long, twenty-one Short interchangeably. Just added to the Winchester 200 series are the Models 255 Lever Action and 275 Slide Action ($59.95 each) in .22 Winchester Magnum caliber. Magazine capacities are eleven cartridges.

Winchester's Model 52, .22 Long Rifle caliber target rifle was a pioneer in U.S. small-bore shooting, with the first put into action at Camp Caldwell forty-five years ago. Today's Model 52 D ($145, without sights) is the product of some fifteen patented improvements (see black and white photo). The 52 probably is the best known of all target rifles.

The lower .22 in the color photo is the new Marlin 39 Carbine ($79.95, $89.95 with Marlin Micro-Vue 4X scope as shown). This is a lightweight version of the famous Golden 39—A Mountie—straight-grip butt-stock, slim forearm, tapered, lightweight barrel (all Marlin rifles have Micro-Groove rifling), all designed for fast handling.

Marlin's .22 line consists of fourteen different models, including the new 99 M1 Carbine ($49.95), which has the appearance of the Service M1 Carbine (see black and white photo). Its over-all length is only an inch over a yard. Barrel is eighteen inches long, weighs $4\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, capacity is ten Long Rifle cartridges. The rear sight is adjustable and removable. Receiver is grooved for tip-off scope mounts, and is tapped for receiver sights. • • •

New Marlin 99 M1 Carbine has similar lines to the famous Service M1 Carbine. Shown with the Marlin Micro-Vue 4X scope.

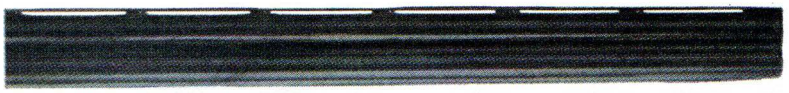


Shotguns

PETE KUHLHOFF'S GUIDE TO THE NEW 1965 GUNS / CONT.

The shotgun may evoke many visions and memories: warm autumn days pleasantly spent with an eager bird dog, tramping the rolling-hill country gaudy with brilliant color; overcast, chilly or downright cold, but nevertheless marvelous, days spent crouching in duck blinds, maybe made of dwarfed willow in the north country, or in a hedgerow in the environs of famous Lake Mattamuskeet, or in an oil-drum blind, sunk in the beach sand of the West Coast. Or the shotgun could cause one to dream of a long run at trapshooting or on the skeet field, with a really powdered target for every shot—and sure "high gun" for the day.

For those who almost helplessly reminisce and daydream about shotguns, we



FROM TOP: Stoeger Franchi Automatic, Hunter Model, 12 gauge. Marlin L.C. Smith, side-by-side double, 12 gauge. Savage Model 30, slide-action, .410 gauge. Browning Special Superposed, Broadway Trap, $2.100 Grade, 12 gauge. Winchester Model 1400 Automatic, 12 and 16 gauge. High Standard Flight-King Brush-Deluxe, slide-action, 12 gauge. Remington Model 1100 Automatic, ventilated rib, 20 gauge.

Shotguns

PETE KUHLHOFF'S GUIDE TO THE 1965 GUNS *continued*

Harrington & Richardson 4 in 1, interchangeable—.30-30 on gun, 20 and .410 shotgun, and .22 Jet rifle.

have a great selection of scatterguns—gauges, types and models galore. And as with rifles, we have specialized shotguns. In gauges, we have 12, 16, 20, 28, and .410—not a 10-gauge gun produced by American manufacturers, but shells for this once-old stand-by are still made in both 2⅞- and 3½-inch lengths. A number of imports are available in the big 10.

In types, we have automatics (autoloaders); slide- or pump-action; doubles, both side-by-side and over-under barrels; bolt-action, repeaters and single-shot; break-action single-shots in inexpensive field models, and Ithaca makes the single-barrel trap gun with prices ranging from $525 to $2,500. We have special shotguns for skeet, trap, upland shooting, duck and goose hunting, and shotguns designed to shoot rifled slugs for deer and bear hunting. We have automatics by Browning, Harrington & Richardson, Remington, Savage and Winchester; slide-action by Harrington & Richardson, High Standard, Ithaca, Mossberg, Noble, Remington, Savage and Winchester; double-barrel by Browning, Noble, Savage and Winchester; bolt-action by Marlin, Mossberg and Savage.

Pictured are examples of every type of shotgun.

At the top of the color photographs on page 61 is the Franchi Automatic, Hunter Model with lightweight ventilated rib, 12 gauge, also in 20 ($212). Other models, from standard to Imperial Grade, range in price from $158 to $1,200. Extra interchangeable barrels are available. Stoeger has Franchi side-by-side doubles, 12, 16 or 20 gauge, from $325 to $1,200, and over-and-under models, 12 gauge —field, skeet, trap or magnum style—all having hard chrome-lined barrels with ventilated rib and selective automatic ejectors and they are priced at from $295 to $550.

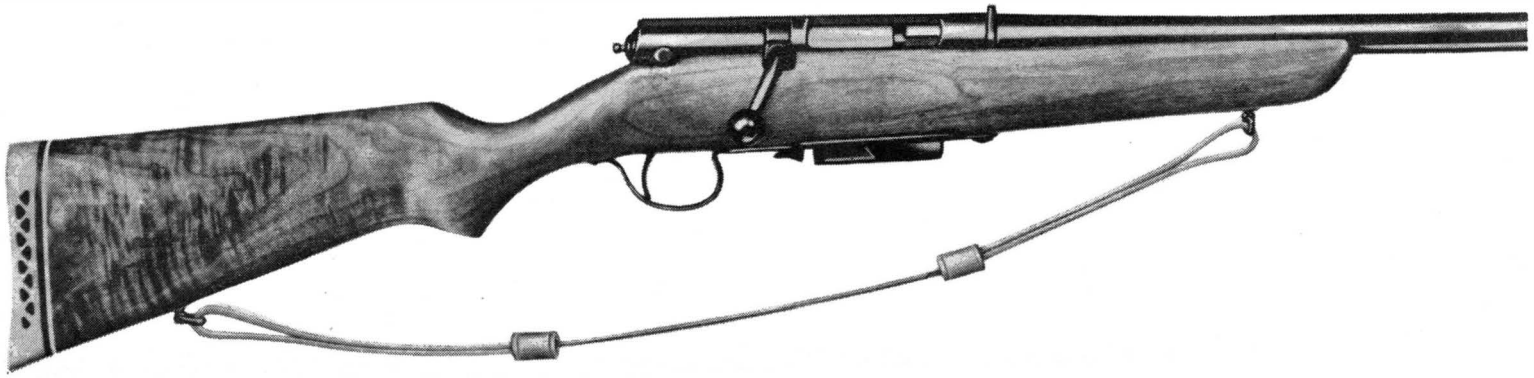
Second is the L. C. Smith (Marlin), side-by-side double, which has not been in production for a number of years. Now Marlin is in engineering process to reintroduce the famous L. C. Smith double—first in Field Grade, 12 gauge. I have examined some of the newly manufactured action parts, and technicians at Marlin tell me that these parts, as well as other components of the new production gun, will be stronger than those of its predecessor. Also, the new line of parts may be used to repair older L. C. Smith shotguns. The new L. C. Smith should be availabe in 1965 and the retail price should be approximately $185.

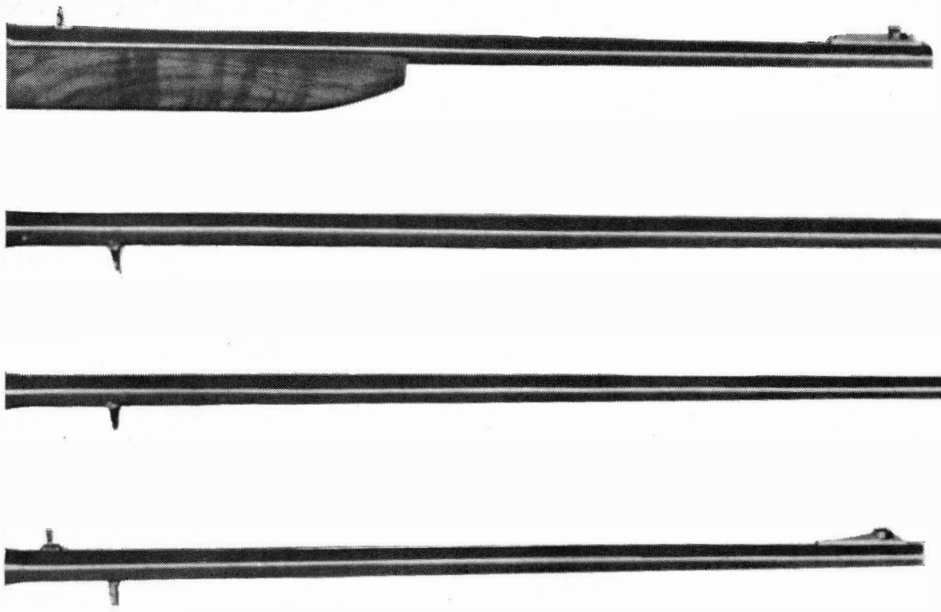
Marlin's present line of shotguns are bolt action. The Goose Gun ($49.95) has a thirty-six-inch barrel for an extra-long sighting plane to aid in precise pointing of the gun. It handles both 3-inch Magnum and all 2¾-inch 12-gauge shells and capacity is three. A leather carrying strap with sling swivels and rubber recoil pad are standard. Approximate weight is 7¼ pounds.

The Marlin 55 Hunter with Micro-Choke ($44.95), 25½-inch barrel, weight about seven pounds, otherwise similar to the Goose Gun, but without carrying strap. The 55 Hunter ($44.95) is offered in 12 and 20 gauges (3-inch Magnum or regular 2¾-inch) and 16 gauge for standard 2¾-inch shell. Barrels are full choke—twenty-eight inches in 12 and 16 gauge, twenty-six inches with 20 gauge.

The Marlin Swamp Gun ($46.95) has an extra-short 20½-inch barrel for fast handling in close cover. It is equipped with Marlin Micro-Choke—sixteen different settings from full choke to improved cylinder, a degree of choke for every kind of shooting. The Swamp Gun (see black and white photo on page 62) takes three-inch Magnum or regular 12-gauge shells. Weight is about 6½ pounds. As with the above Marlin shotguns, capacity is three shells, and all are tapped for deer-slug receiver sights.

The Marlin 59 shotgun ($29.95), also bolt action, is .410 gauge, 2½ or (*Continued on page* 84)





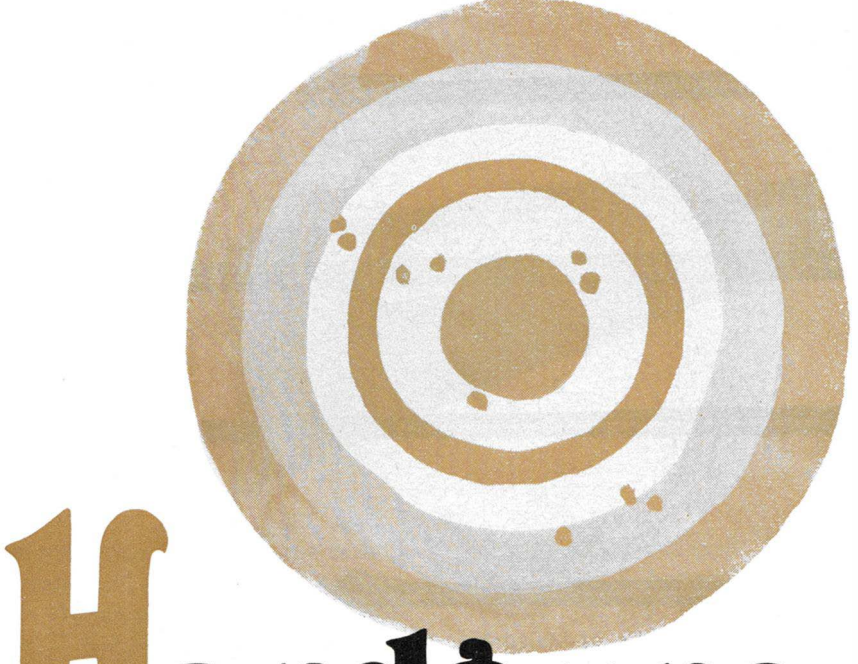
▲*New Winchester Model 1200 pump-action shotgun is available in 12 and 16 gauge.*

▲*Remington Model 11-48, available in all five gauges, with or without ventilated rib.*

▲*Mossberg Model 500 pump-action shotgun.*

◀ *Marlin Swamp Gun, 12 gauge, with Marlin Micro-Choke.*

New Federal "Champion" target shell has two-part Pellet-Protector wad column, extra-hard shot. ▶



Handguns

PETE KUHLHOFF'S GUIDE TO THE 1965 GUNS/CONT.

There has been an accelerating interest in hunting with the handgun during recent years. The trend started back in the mid-1930s with the development of the .357 S & W Magnum revolver cartridge, and was speeded up with the comparatively recent introduction of the .44 Remington Magnum, which also was first made as a revolver cartridge. To complement the big four-four, three small-caliber high-speedsters, the .22 Jet and .221 Fire Ball, both by Remington, and the .256 Winchester Magnum, were designed especially for varmint hunting. Now Smith & Wesson has introduced the Model 57 revolver chambered for a new Remington cartridge, the .41 Magnum.

Along with the engrossing interest among sportsmen in hunting with the handgun, there has been a healthy increase in the number of good citizens who enjoy developing their skill in shooting on paper targets, blasting away with both rimfire and centerfire, target-type handguns.

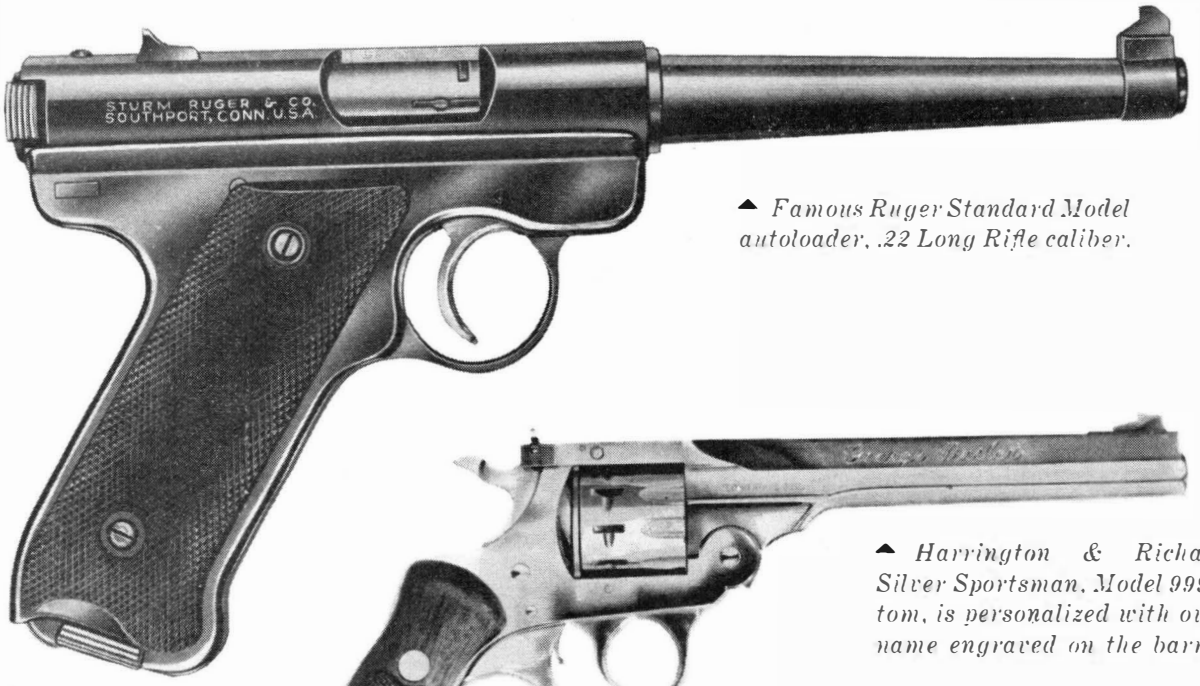
Rifle shooters know that the telescope sight puts the crosshair and the target on one plane to permit more precise aiming than with open-iron sights. But most rifle scopes have a fairly short eye relief (eye distance from the scope), at best, from three to six inches. It doesn't take a mathematical genius to figure that this puts the scope too close to the eye for use with a handgun. A few experimenters tried some of the longer eye-relief rifle scopes on their handguns, but this didn't work out too well. Then the Bushnell Phantom, 1.3X scope ($29.50) with eye relief of six to twenty-one inches, and the Nickel Supra handgun scopes in 1-, 1½- and 2-power (1X, $49.50; 1½ and 2X, $56) with eye relief of ten to twenty inches, became available. Our long-range handgun shooters really went to town.

Now the Phantom 2.6X ($34.50) is available. The eye relief is just about right for shooting from the sitting position. Existing 1.3X Phantoms can be modified to 2.6X for $9.95. Write D. P. Bushnell, Bushnell Building, Pasadena, California, for a brochure on this new scope and other Bushnell products.

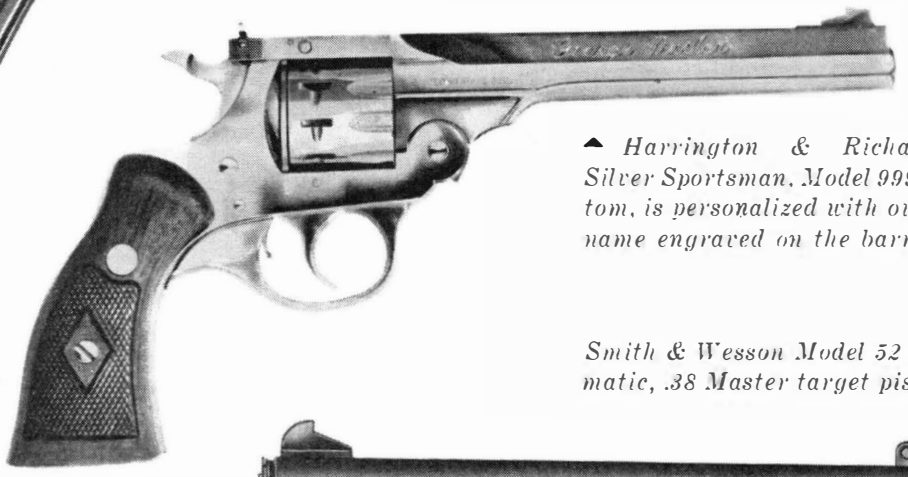
Also, the new Leupold 2X scope ($39.50), with eight- to twenty-inch eye relief is now available. This scope was made for mounting ahead of the receiver on the Winchester Model 94 rifle; it works well for me on a handgun, when shooting from knee-braced sitting position. Write Leupold Scopes & Mounts, Portland, Oregon 97213, for brochure.

At the top in the color photo on page 65

FROM TOP: Remington XP-100, single-shot, .221 Remington Fire Ball caliber. Browning Challenger Automatic, Target, .22 Long Rifle caliber. Smith & Wesson Model 57 revolver, .41 Remington Magum caliber. Ruger Bearcat revolver, .22 Short, Long and Long Rifle caliber. Stoeger Llama Deluxe Engraved, Chrome, automatic, in .22, .32 or .380 caliber. Ruger Super Singer-Six Convertible, .22 rimfire, extra cylinder for .22 Winchester Magnum Rimfire. Browning Gold Medalist Automatic, Target, .22 Long Rifle caliber. Standard Derringer, Presentation, 22-carat gold-plated, .22 rimfire or .22 Winchester Magnum Rimfire caliber.

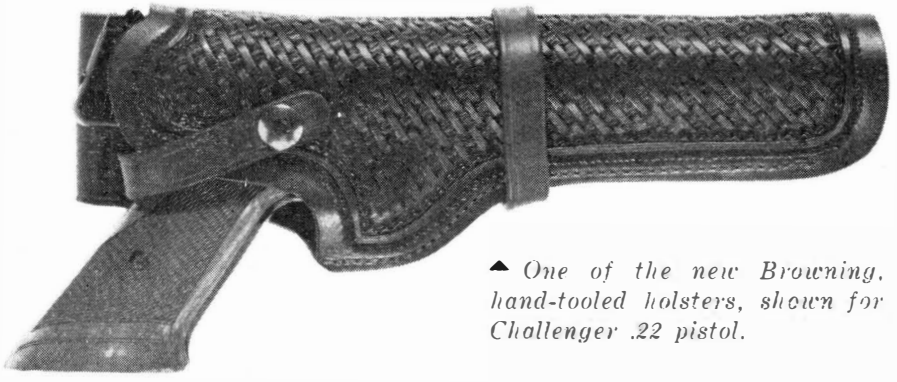


▲ *Famous Ruger Standard Model autoloader, .22 Long Rifle caliber.*



▲ *Harrington & Richardson Silver Sportsman, Model 999 Custom, is personalized with owner's name engraved on the barrel.*

Smith & Wesson Model 52 Automatic, .38 Master target pistol. ▼



▲ *One of the new Browning, hand-tooled holsters, shown for Challenger .22 pistol.*

Colt New Frontier Single Action Army, Model P-4, has adjustable rear sight, ramp-type front sight. ▶

New Police Python .357 Magnum with six-inch barrel, made by Colt.

Handguns

PETE KUHLHOFF'S GUIDE TO THE 1965 GUNS *Continued*

is the Remington Model XP-100 ($99.95, including zippered carrying case), a super-accurate, long-range model that shoots the .221 Remington Fire Ball cartridge. This cartridge has a fifty-grain, soft-point bullet given 2,650 feet per second muzzle velocity from the 10½-inch barrel of the XP-100—that's more power than given by the .22 Hornet in a rifle barrel. Mid-range trajectory for 100 yards is less than an inch. I have used this pistol with the Phantom 1.3X scope, mostly on paper targets, but was lucky enough to take two crows (the only ones shot at) at between seventy-five and 100 yards. The fifty-grain bullet did a job!

Second from the top in the color photo is the Browning Challenger automatic pistol with 6¾-inch barrel ($64.95). This target pistol is of .22 Long Rifle caliber, the magazine holds ten cartridges, it weighs twenty-nine ounces, and has the usual fine Browning quality and performance. The high-grain Gold Challenger ($197.50) has gold inlay on the frame, slide and barrel. See the black and white photo of the new Browning holster (page 66), with basket-weave design ($6.75; plain saddle leather, $5.75), for the Challenger. Browning offers a line of hand-molded, carefully crafted holsters of selected, heavy, top-grain saddle leather, designed especially for the various Browning automatic pistols. They also fit most other semiautomatic pistols of the same caliber, barrel length and general type. Prices are from $2.65 to $6.75.

Second from bottom, page 65, is the Browning Gold Medalist target automatic ($245), with gold-inlay decoration. The Medalist also is offered without decoration ($120). Either model of this .22 Long Rifle caliber, ten-shot pistol comes in a handsome, presentation-type carrying case, with barrel weights, screw driver and sixty-capacity cartridge block. The Medalist, designed for serious target shooting, has the famous and unique dry-fire mechanism integral with the thumb safety. It permits unlimited dry-fire practice without burden to mechanical parts. The trigger let-off is identical to actual firing and the pistol is on full safe throughout a practice session. Write to Browning Arms Company, Department 597, 1706 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri 63103, for the elaborate, fifty-two-page catalogue, giving complete details on all Browning guns and accessories. It's free. This catalogue contains a lot of very valuable shooting and hunting information—shotgun, rifle and scope sight. Don't miss it.

Third on the color page is the new Smith & Wesson Model 57 ($140) for the new .41 Remington Magnum cartridge.

The .41 Magnum cartridge is made in two loadings, "J" for jacketed bullet and "L" for lead bullet. There is quite a difference between these loads. The bullets are of the same weight—210 grains. The jacketed bullet is soft-point. Muzzle velocity from the 8⅜-inch barrel is 1,500 feet per second—right on the heels of the .44 Magnum—with energy at 1,049 foot pounds. Mid-range trajectory for 100 yards is approximately 2½ inches. The lead bullet, sometimes called semi-wadcutter or Keith type, is given a muzzle velocity of 1,150 feet per second, with energy of 515 foot pounds. This puts it between the .38 Special and .357 Magnum in the energy department. As near as I can tell, recoil effect with the jacketed bullet is below that of the .44 Magnum. With the lead bullet, maybe about the same or a bit more than the .38 Special in a thirty-one-ounce revolver. The weight of the Model 57, .41 Magnum, is forty-eight ounces with six-inch barrel.

All this indicates that, with the soft-point bullet, the sportsman has a potent hunting load capable of putting down almost any game animal found on the North American Continet, providing the shot is well placed. With the lead *(Continued on page 108)*

The fellow wielding the rake wears an Arrow World Traveler turtle-necked, wash-and-wear, knit shirt of all Creslan under a cardigan sweater of equal parts Creslan and mohair by Catalina. His sturdy, plain-front slacks are Leesures by H. D. Lee, and his furry-feeling Creslan gloves have soft leather palms. His assistant with the basket is lightly dressed in a collared Arrow knit shirt of all Creslan and a pair of Asher Creslan slacks specially treated to retain their crease. The guy setting the blaze wears a long-sleeved checked sport shirt in autumn colors by Donegal. It's made of fifty per cent rayon and fifty per cent Creslan. His cushioned sport socks, by Esquire, are seventy per cent Creslan.

by JOE WOLFE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER RICHARDS

If you place a premium on comfort in your clothes, and if you like durability and wrinkle resistance, too, check out these items before you choose your

Back-to-Fall WARDROBE

The gleam in Thomas Alva Edelson's eye told me that we were in for another fantastic invention. Thomas has been my buddy for a long time, but frankly, when he gets wound up on ways to make a fortune, I find him pretty hard to take.

I keep saying over and over to myself, "Suppose *you* were named after a great inventor in an era when there's almost nothing left to invent in one's attic? Would *you* become inspired with the search to build something new?" And my answer to myself is always the opposite of Thomas Alva Edelson's. But Thomas' own namesake, Edison, anticipated guys like me when he said that genius is ten per cent inspiration

and ninety per cent perspiration. And the only time I ever sweat it out is when Edelson, perspiring genius that he is, gets that get-rich-quick look in his eye.

"What are we up to this time?" I asked.

"We're going to invent a man-made fiber," Tom said.

"What the hell for?" I demanded. "I've been doing my back-to-work wardrobe shopping and there are dozens of man-made fibers on the market. So many, in fact, that they ought to arrest you for trying to add another name to the pile. Who can keep up with all those polyesters, modacrylics, acetates, triacetates, acrylics, rayons, nylons type six and sixty-six, nytrils, olefins, spandexes, vinyons, vinyls and the whole bunch?"

"Because," said Tom triumphantly, "the public likes them very much and I know how to make a new one."

I waited for more explanation. No harebrained inventor was going to pull the acrylic over my eyes.

Tom ripped out a folder upon which was written, "Creslan Acrylic Fiber—Technical Information for Textile Classes." Hurriedly, he found a complex diagram of the production flow that is behind the making of Creslan and spread it out on the work table.

"You'll have to begin this project with me by admitting that we're starting out with a pretty good basic formula." Tom pointed out.

I stared at the symbolic reactors, separators, polymerizers and crimpers on the production map. I said they meant nothing to me. (*Continued on page* 83)

Back-to-Fall WARDROBE

continued

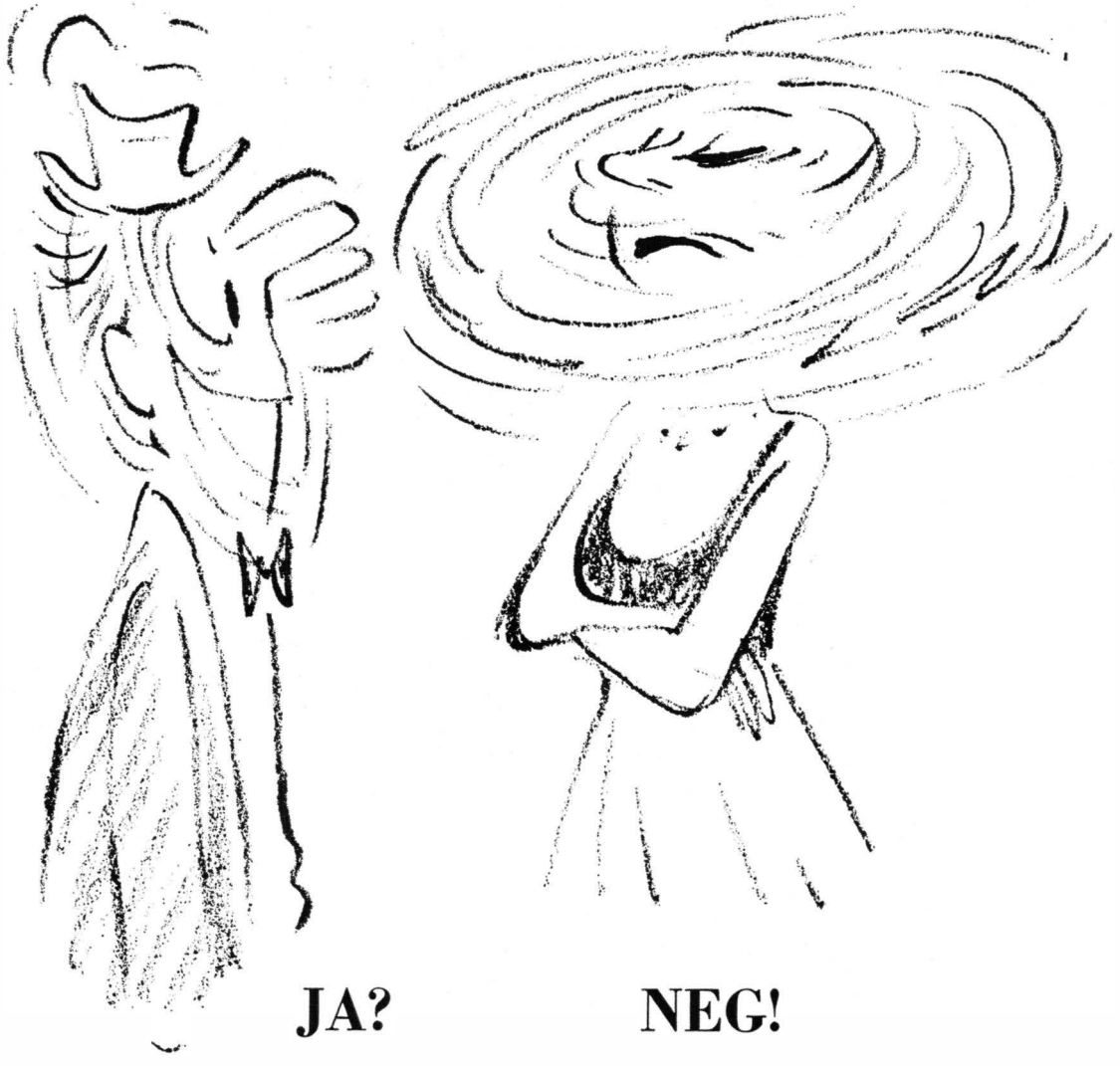
An autumn week end in the city is a good way to put this rugged, vinyl-covered Samsonite Streamlite two-suiter to use. One compartment accommodates suits, the other takes shirts and accessories. Elastic bands and metal rod hold ties in place. The striped Donegal sport shirt is a Creslan-rayon blend with long sleeves and a button-down collar; it comes in autumn colors. Creslan wrinkle-resistant ties are by Beau Brummel and Regal. The tartan-plaid bathrobe, half Creslan and half combed cotton, is manufactured by Sea Island.

The commuter with the newspaper gives the nod to a trim dacron-cotton raincoat with slash-through pockets (which enable him to reach his billfold or his handkerchief without having to unbutton the coat), a tab collar for extra-tight closing against the rain, and a furry, solid-color, zip-in winter lining of Creslan pile. The coat is by Plymouth, the Creslan shirt is by Arrow, the Creslan tie by Beau Brummel and the wash-and-wear slacks, seventy per cent Creslan and thirty per cent worsted wool, are by Asher. The chap toting the Samsonite Streamlite vinyl-covered companion case wears a raincoat of kodel and avril gabardine with flapped pockets, a standard collar, fully lined sleeves and a Creslan zip-in winter lining in a smooth-finished, bright plaid by Danville Windbreaker Company. His slacks are the Sansabelt model by Jaymar Ruby and feature a heavy-duty, wide, elasticized waistband.

These old grads cheering on their team keep warm against the stadium blasts with wind-resistant Alpine Guide jackets from M. Rubin. The chap waving the pennant wears a jacket whose outer shell is rain-resistant quilted nylon insulated with bonded dacron. The multicolored plaid lining is 100-per-cent Creslan and serves to make a colorful collar when the hood isn't up. It has a heavy-duty double zipper and extra-large pockets. The Seven Seas slacks are pleatless and beltless and have neoprene patches inside the waistband to keep shirts in place. A blend of Creslan, vibrel rayon, and acetate, the slacks are made by Moyer. The other Alpine Guide jacket has nylon for an outer cover, dacron for insulation, and a lining of orlon pile. It also has a heavy-duty double zipper, deep pockets, and a hood that converts to a collar. The beltless Creslan and wool Leesure slacks, by H. D. Lee, have a plain front and a continuous foam strip inside waistband to prevent shirts from pulling out.

PARLAY-YOO EUROPEAN?

by KEN MORGAN



A no-sweat guide to foreign lingo which shows how to get anything your heart desires in five different languages

They converse in sign language, and for this, you have to go to ballet school.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SYVERSON

Most people anticipating a trip to Europe realize that they can get along without learning a foreign language. so long as they stay and eat in a Hilton hotel and hire an English-speaking guide. They have a sneaking suspicion, however, that once out from under the protective wing of the tour master, they will be (1) irretrievably lost. (2) forced to sleep in the gutter and (3) doomed to a slow death from starvation.

This is nonsense. I have friends from Brooklyn who live and work in Europe, and they can't even make themselves understood in England. It *is* handy. though.

There's no point in ordering water as a drink.

The gesture is vital.

Remember not to get constipated in Germany or Sweden.

The only outlander who might find difficulty ordering coffee in Europe is someone from Boston.

The places where the waiter doesn't speak English usually have only one dish anyway.

PARLAY-VOO EUROPEAN?

continued

Simply look uncomfortable. Someone will immediately point the way to the nearest facilities.

I have friends from Brooklyn who live in Europe, and they can't even make themselves understood in England.

It takes more effort to be polite in Sweden than anywhere else.

Let us suppose you wish to go to a night club . . .

to be able to signal one's desires in the native tongue. The service is much quicker, for one thing. For another, the populace warms up to you more readily, and for a bachelor, my friends, this can mean a great saving of time.

One great obstacle to learning a foreign language is what might be called "Berlitzism." In the Berlitz system, the student comes upon such phrases as "Please, sir, would you be so kind as to direct me to the nearest place where I can purchase a postcard showing a view of Mount Etna in active eruption?" The reply in Italian is several paragraphs long, but it is delivered in 1.6 seconds. This immediately discourages the prospective tourist who feels that seven days in Italy hardly warrants seven years of language study. (Actually, only those Italians living on the same block understand each other. The Milanese have no conception of what the Neapolitans are talking about. They converse in sign language, and for this, you have to go to ballet school.)

Another mental barrier against attempting a foreign tongue is the memory of high-school French, with all those incongruous irregular verbs, masculine and feminine nouns and weird accent marks. After four years, one could possibly read "Little Red Riding Hood" without too much difficulty. But as far as speaking the language, or even pronouncing it correctly—much less comprehending a Frenchman in high vocal gear—one might as well attempt a literate conversation in Swahili.

Well, friends, (*Continued on page* 90)

The Nordic girls are more approachable.

How to speak European in ten easy lessons.

THERE'S A MILLION WAITING ON DEVIL'S MOUNTAIN

Continued from page 23

around, and they tell me you're the best in Central America."

A thin smile caused the heavy scar on Angel's right cheek to wrinkle up. He nodded again. "Thanks. I get along."

"Then will you fly me?"

"That depends on where you're going and how much you can afford to pay."

"Name your price," McClintock said, "because if you fly me to my destination, I'll have all the money I need for the rest of my life. And there's enough to make *you* a rich man, too."

The two things that piqued Jimmie Angel's curiosity most were money and the prospect of a flying assignment that offered risk or adventure. Now that McClintock had hinted at both, the plumpish, round-faced American pilot was indeed interested. He decided that even if the old man turned out to be a crackpot fortune hunter, he at least might brighten up an otherwise dull afternoon.

"They say you can land a small plane on a spot no bigger than a baseball diamond," McClintock went on. "For this flight, you've got to be that good—or better. And you've also got to take off from the same field and fly out, a round trip of a thousand miles, without refueling."

Angel nodded. "With extra fuel, I could do that. But what in the hell is this mysterious destination of yours?"

"Venezuela." The old man drew a grease-stained map from a hip pocket and spread it across the bar. His finger touched a point on the map which Angel knew indicated the east-central section of Venezuela, an area which, in 1930, was still largely unexplored. "Right here," McClintock said, "there's a mountain. Eight, maybe nine thousand feet high."

Angel stared at the place on the map. It was blank. No mountain was indicated. He started to speak but McClintock cut off his words with an upraised hand.

"You don't believe it, I realize," he said. "Nobody does. But that mountain is there. I've been on top, and that's where I want you to fly me. The Indians call it Auyan-Tepui, and to them it means 'home of the devil.' Last time I went there, it took me better than two months, hacking my way through the jungle. Everybody knows that in the Caroni and other rivers of central Venezuela, there's enough gold to fill a dozen mints. I figured that if there's that much stuff down low, then there must be a mother lode up high in the mountains, where the rivers start."

McClintock finished the beer he had ordered and bought another. "Jimmie, the top of that mountain is like a table," he continued. "In places, it's all sliced up with deep canyons and chunks of rock. But most of it is flat and I think a good pilot could set a plane down there."

McClintock told Angel he had prospected around Venezuela for about ten years. "I found a lot of color in the Caroni, but nothing really hot. But on the mountain, I hit it big." Accompanied by two Indians of the Camarata tribe, he went on, he managed to hack his way to the summit of the mysterious, uncharted mountain to which he now attempted to entice Angel. "You wouldn't believe it unless you were there, but I found a lode as fantastic as any in the world."

And the Indians?

"Well," McClintock drawled, a queer look in his eyes, "they must have been thinking the same thing I was. Gold does odd things to people. To those Indians, the gold meant very little, but from the way I must have acted, they apparently sensed that it was damned valuable."

For two days, McClintock related, he forced himself to stay awake, figuring a way of climbing down the mountain without a poisoned dart in his neck.

"But if you found gold, where is it?" Angel asked.

From another pocket, McClintock drew a tiny cloth sack. He watched Jimmie's expression, loosened the drawstring and gingerly dumped the contents on the bar.

Angel's eyes widened in disbelief. Spread before him were a dozen of the choicest gold nuggets he had ever seen.

The old man, watching him intently, grinned and started returning the gold to the sack. "That's just a sample, Jimmie. Now, will you fly me?"

Danger had been Jimmy Angel's co-pilot ever since he learned to fly as a teen-ager. Now thirty-one, he had flown as a fighter pilot over France in World War I, and became an ace the hard way. After the war, he went to China. In 1923, he helped organize Chiang Kai-shek's first air force. Not content with merely training pilots, however, Jimmie often flew in combat against the Japanese, never considering that, as a civilian, he could have been shot if caught at it. After a stint of flying trophy races in the United States and as a movie stunt man, Angel, restless and never tiring of adventure, went south to Mexico where he helped organize that country's pioneer air-mail system. He never returned to the United States, except for brief intervals when he needed capital to finance his flying ventures in Latin America.

He was adventurous, yes. But he was also a hard-headed businessman.

"I accept your offer," he said finally to McClintock, "for five thousand dollars, cash in advance."

The old man stroked his red beard and grinned. "Sounds fair enough," he said, to Angel's surprise. "When can we start?"

Two days later, Angel and McClintock were off on one of the wildest adventures in Angel's career. Angel at that time owned a Curtiss biplane he had nicknamed the *Tin Goose*. Hopping from one small jungle airstrip to another in the craft, Angel found himself a week later in Ciudad Bolivar, a tiny way station in the Venezuelan jungle 290 miles southeast of the capital at Caracas. "The mountain," McClintock said at last, "is due southeast of here, about a hundred and fifty miles. This is our last stop."

They loaded the aircraft with a minimum of supplies—a miner's shovel, a gold pan, some canned beans and ten five-gallon cans of gasoline—and took off. From Ciudad Bolivar, they zigzagged south over some of the most fantastic country Angel had ever seen. Most of the area below was jungle, but the mass of dense green was broken here and there by savannahs—wide meadow-like plateaus devoid of all vegetation except knee-high scrub brush—meandering jungle rivers and an occasional canyon with walls of solid granite plunging downward out of sight.

Suddenly, ahead of the plane, Angel

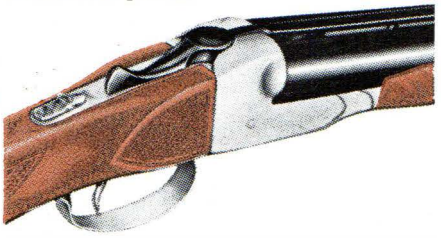
"We'd better go back in, General—your wife looks a little mad."

Why is the double gun the overwhelming favorite of experienced sportsmen?

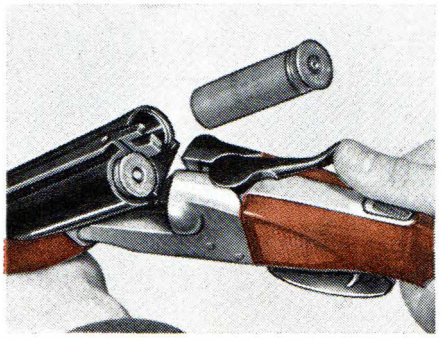
Fox B-DE

No other gun gives a sportsman as much satisfaction for upland game and waterfowl as the double barrel shotgun. When the shooting is fast, nothing beats a second barrel already loaded and instantly ready to fire a long range pattern. For a full day in the field, it's light to carry, never burdensome. Fine balance makes it quick to point, fast-swinging. It's the most dependable action made – your second shot is fast and sure. The double gun is equally noted for its beauty of design, its compactness and graceful lines – qualities that make it a showpiece in any gun rack. It is indeed the traditional American sporting gun – the gun that mature, knowledgeable sportsmen prefer.

In double guns, the name Fox is synonymous with value. It's made by America's only major producer of double barrel shotguns. It's the only gun that gives you so many custom-quality features at such a moderate price.



Take this Fox model B-DE. You needn't look twice to see it's a gun you'll be proud to own. The stock is selected walnut, with checkered pistol grip, side panels and beavertail fore-end. Has satin chrome, decorated frame; gold plated trigger and safety. Proof-tested barrels have ventilated rib – standard on all Fox models, usually a costly extra. And now with automatic ejectors! This fine-gun feature automatically ejects the fired cases and extracts unused shells. Makes unloading and reloading easy and quick. Available in 12 and 20 gauge; choice of barrel lengths and chokes. This prestige model B-DE is an unbeatable value at $149.50.



Fox B-ST, with many features of the B-DE, has beavertail fore-end, plated single trigger. In 12, 16, 20 and .410 gauge, popular barrel lengths and chokes. Nothing like it at $117.50.

Fox B, similar to the B-ST, with European-style fore-end and two triggers, permitting split-second selection of choke for close or long shots. Same choice of gauges, barrel lengths and chokes. Only $107.50.

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saw the mountain. It climbed straight out of the jungle into the sky, its flat top so high it was shrouded in clouds.

"That," McClintock shouted excitedly over the engine's roar, "is Auyan-Tepui, Devil Mountain. That's where my gold is!"

Angel's eyes followed the vertical slabs of granite that formed the mountain's walls. "You're trying to tell me you climbed *that*?"

"It wasn't easy, pardner," the prospector shouted back. "But there are places you can get in, if you're careful."

Angel glanced at his altimeter. It read 9,000 feet, and still the little plane was below the rim of Auyan-Tepui. Approaching the mountain's walls, heavy winds created a turbulence Angel wasn't used to. Beads of sweat broke out on his forehead as he fought to control the craft, and his knuckles whitened on the stick.

"How much farther?" he shouted to McClintock, who seemed not to notice that the Curtiss was bucketing fiercely.

"Just get this crate over the rim and fly south," the prospector ordered. "And I'll tell you when."

Once Angel had urged the plane over the lip of Auyan-Tepui, the turbulence ceased. Below was a landscape such as Jimmie imagined the surface of the moon might look like. The plateau atop Auyan-Tepui, never before seen from the air, resembled the ruins of some ancient city. Here and there were rain-fed lakes and streams snaking through pinnacles of sandstone and granite. The mountaintop was barren and treeless except for leafless white shrubs that might be mistaken for the bleached bones of animals—or humans. As they flew further south, they passed over a gigantic canyon which divided the southern portion of the mountaintop.

McClintock suddenly leaned forward and made the signal. "There it is!" he bellowed. "That little clearing over there!"

Angel banked sharply and studied the tiny, barren patch of ground. It *looked* safe enough, he decided, but what if he overshot the landing and plunged instead into the rocky canyon which lay beyond? But that alternative was academic; with Bob McClintock's $5,000 tucked in his pocket and visions of the old prospector's story of a fortune burning in his brain, Angel had already made up his mind.

"Hang on!" he yelled. "We're going in."

Fish-tailing and side-slipping, Jimmie somehow managed to clear the rock obstacles which reached out for the little craft, and bounced along the clearing. Today's average small plane probably could not make the same landing, but the oversize tires on the lumbering Curtiss, plus Angel's unerring skill as a pilot, brought the craft to a safe stop just inches from a clump of ironwood trees at the end of the clearing.

McClintock was out of the plane and bounding toward a thicket before the propeller stopped. Watching him go, Angel caught himself chuckling out loud. But the sight that greeted his eyes thirty feet away quickly wiped off the smile.

There, ripe for the picking, lay more gold in nugget form than Jimmie Angel had imagined possible. Most of the lumps were the size of wheat grains, but sprinkled among them were pieces as big as walnuts. Forgetting everything else, Angel flung himself to the ground. Within minutes, his hands were so full of nuggets that they could hold no more. He stuffed the gold in his pockets and when they were full, he ripped open the top of his shirt and crammed more nuggets inside. Then he began filling a mail sack he carried in the Curtiss.

Angel was unaware of how much time had passed until he heard an explosion of laughter behind him. Still on his knees, he whirled around to face McClintock. The old man just stood there, feet wide apart, hands on his hips, his head laid back between his shoulder blades as he roared with amusement. At McClintock's feet lay three sacks bulging with nuggets. Angel felt a pang of uneasiness, remembering that, after all, his role on this venture technically was simply as a pilot.

The old man must have read Jimmie's mind. "Forget it, Jimmie," he chuckled. "There's more here than I could spend in a lifetime. Help yourself, and then let's get the hell out of here before dark."

Angel soon understood McClintock's anxiety. Ugly black clouds had suddenly welled up above them and a misty rain had begun to fall. They would have to take off in a hurry, or their impromptu airstrip would be reduced to a quagmire.

Angel surveyed the plane's landing gear, found it had suffered no more damage than a few scratches in the landing, and prepared to take off. The landing had been worriesome enough, but getting off the mountain was enough to give a man a heart attack. A normal man, that is. For Jimmie Angel, it was, like everything else in his life, a mere calculated risk.

"If I can get off the ground," he explained to McClintock, as both peered down into the canyon beyond the clearing, "I'll have a ready-made mile of airspace beneath me in that hole down there."

In the fading light of early evening, the little Curtiss lurched hesitatingly along the clearing, its engine straining to get the weight of the craft and its passengers airborne in the thin mountain air. Finally Angel coaxed the craft high enough to clear the tops of the ironwood trees, and a second later, as he had predicted, they were flying over a mile-deep canyon. Despite the blackness of the night that soon engulfed them, they managed to reach Ciudad Bolivar safely.

In one hair-raising afternoon, Jimmie Angel had literally gone from rags to riches. He sold the nuggets, the product of twenty minutes "work," to the Venezuelan government for a cool $27,000. McClintock, after treating Jimmie to a three-day binge to celebrate, cashed in his, too, and took the first plane back to his home in St. Louis, Missouri.

"Got some business to take care of, Jimmie," he explained. "But stick around. I'll be back."

To Jimmie Angel's everlasting dismay, it didn't work out that way. Days later, he received a wire from McClintock's relatives in the States. The old man, they reported, had reached the end of his prospecting days. Within hours after reaching St. Louis, he had been stricken with a fatal heart attack.

McClintock's death was a crushing blow to Angel. Twenty-seven thousand dollars, he realized, must be a drop in the bucket compared to what fortunes must be hidden on the mountain, and it was McClintock who had led him to it.

Ever the businessman, Angel resisted the temptation to blow his quick wealth, and instead used the money to buy three airplanes: a tri-motor Ford, a Hamilton and a Fokker. He planned to use these as the nucleus of a flying business, utilizing the profits to finance a return trip to Auyan-Tepui. And at the same time, he made a silent vow: no matter how long it took, he would find the treasure of the mysterious mountain.

With that began one of the most fantastic personal adventure stories ever to come out of the wild jungle country of Central and South America. It is a story of persistence and dogged determination that would have withered and discouraged a weaker man. To profane, adventure-loving, sentimental Jimmie Angel, the gold on Auyan-Tepui had become more than a mere earthly goal; it was a purpose in life. For the next quarter of a century, he invested every spare dime and every spare minute of time in his search.

Without McClintock, however, Angel found his task a staggering one. "I'll get my gold," he once confided to a friend, "if I don't go broke or die first."

It was an ominous prediction. Whenever his money ran low, Jimmie Angel did one of two things. He would return to the United States and wheedle banks out of needed capital, or he would accept extra-risky flying assignments in the Central American bush country—for a fat fee, of course. Either way, he managed to scrape up enough cash to finance one expedition after another to Auyan-Tepui in his quest for riches.

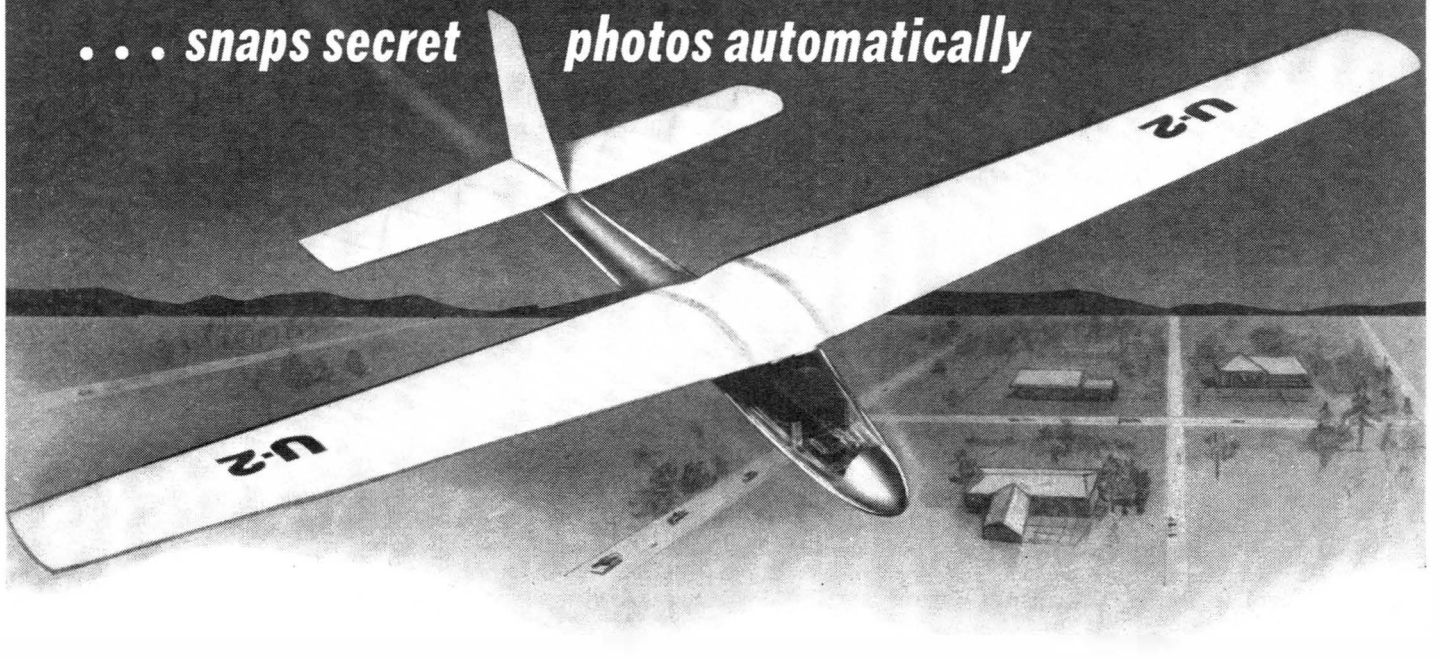
Angel talked little about what he found, or didn't find, or of his periodic disappearances into the Venezuelan jungle. But whenever he needed a new airplane or equipment in his business, he seemed to have the money, and his associates suspected that he didn't get it by ordinary labor.

Angel's prowess as a bush pilot, meanwhile, was becoming almost as legendary as his reputation as a fortune seeker. Among the dozens of men who sought out his acquaintance was a skillful, highly respected mining engineer named L. R. Dennison. Angel and Dennison first met in Paviche, a small jungle village on the

The first working model ever developed for civilians to fly!

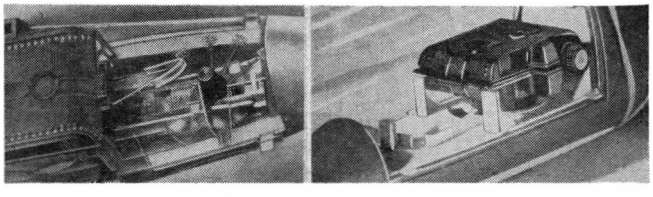
New GIANT U-2 SPY PLANE

Takes off, soars through the air on tremendous 5-ft. wings, . . . snaps secret photos automatically



• A COPY OF THE MILITARY U-2s • $50,000 PRODUCTION TOOLING • FUSELAGE OVER 2½ FEET LONG • POWER-FREE FLIGHT • WINGS AND TAIL ADJUSTABLE FOR FLIGHT CONTROL • ASSEMBLES IN 3 MINUTES • COMPLETE WITH CAMERA, AUTOMATIC TIMING MECHANISM AND ROLL OF STANDARD NO. 127 FILM.

You've probably read about the remarkable feats of American U-2 photo reconnaissance planes that soar to incredible altitudes and photograph piercingly all that lies below them. They perfected the art of aerial photography. Now, you can do much the same thing (on a smaller scale, of course) with this giant, neatly-engineered model. When you catapult it into the air, it soars and banks on thermal currents while its pre-set automatic timer ticks away until it snaps the shutter and takes an "in-flight" photograph of whatever is below it.

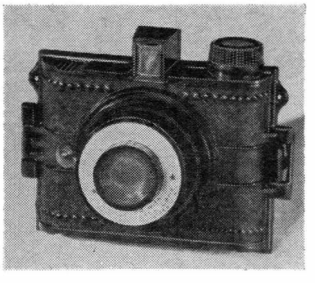


You set the timing mechanism to trip camera shutter up to 40 seconds after launching. The imported camera sets into the nose of the U-2, can be removed and used without the plane as an ordinary camera. Takes standard No. 127 black and white or color film easily available, and photographs are processed in the normal manner.

PLANE DESIGN

The tremendous 5-foot wings are strong but amazingly light, made from a chemically-created synthetic "foam" plastic. They mount on an equally light fuselage about half their size, 2½ feet long. Both wings and tail can be adjusted for a prescribed flight course. Camera and timing mechanism set in under the clear front canopy, photographs through plane's underbelly. It should be hand-launched by rubber catapult (supplied) into the winds, but with its phenomenal "lift" can also be launched like a kite. Its height ceiling is determined by both your pre-setting and by the thermal currents, but the camera will faithfully click off its photo at any height.

A WORKING U-2— NEW . . AND FUN!



This exciting U-2 Spy Plane is new, and if you can't think of a dozen ways you can have fun with it (fly it over a sports contest, at the beach, with your children, see what your neighbor's having for dinner etc.), we'll be surprised! Complete with all parts, camera and film, $14.95 ppd., and worth it!

This is the palm-size midget camera shown in approximately ½ scale. Takes standard film, can be used in or out of plane.

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Caroni River in early 1935, and in March of that year, Angel took the engineer on a flight over the Auyan-Tepui plateau.

Dennison, a scientific man to whom proof was in the seeing, wrote later that he had doubted Angel's accounts of the "mountain in the sky" until, strapped tightly in the bucket seat of a high-winged monoplane, he was treated to a hair-raising flight across the entire mountaintop. The surface of Auyan-Tepui greatly impressed Dennison, as it had Angel on his first flight there many years before. He described it as a "cold, stony, desolate place which resembled the ruins of some Inca city. Solid blocks of stone, cruelly carved by the elements, resembled parts of old castles which had been tumbled down. Not a single green tree. . . . Only dwarfish shrubs with leafless white branches that looked like . . . bleached bones."

Dennison, who had hired Angel to fly him on mining-survey flights, also verified Angel's suspicions that Auyan-Tepui, and the hundreds of square miles of jungle that sprawl at its feet, are a potential bonanza in gold and diamonds. "Millions of ounces of gold, and a king's ransom in diamonds lie in the bed of the Caroni River waiting for someone to take them out," he wrote. "The source of the diamonds is undiscovered. Possibly Auyan-Tepui is responsible for the generous supply."

Dennison made several flights with Angel to Auyan-Tepui, and though he later led a ground party through miles of jungle along the Caroni River and up the mountain's sheer walls to its flat summit, he apparently never found the vast deposits of gold and diamonds he was convinced lay there.

Once, returning to the airstrip at Ciudad Bolivar from a flight over Auyan-Tepui, Dennison and Angel realized that in the darkness they could not tell if the strip was clear enough to land on. The plane's lights had malfunctioned, and no one on the ground had remembered to ignite the lanterns which served as runway lights.

"Why don't you buzz the field so someone will hear you?" Dennison suggested.

Angel, to whom the thought had also occurred, swung the craft low over the landing strip at full throttle.

If it was action they wanted, they got it. Dozens of sleepy Cuidad Bolivar villagers, aroused from their slumber by the cacophony of the plane's noisy engine, bolted from doorways. One of them, unfortunately, was the town's *jefe civil*, the local equivalent of the chief of police.

"I am deeply sorry, *señor*," he apologized minutes later, after the plane touched down safely. "But the mayor is very angry with what you did. I will have to put you in jail."

Though Dennison later admitted he had pangs of uneasiness at the prospect of rotting away in a jungle calaboose, Angel took the setback in typical fashion.

"Sure, pardner," he said jovially to the *jefe civil*. "I know you have a job to do."

And with that, the two were led off to Ciudad Bolivar's local lockup, where they spent the next two days. Time might have hung heavily except for the fact that the *jefe*, obviously an admirer of Angel's, thoughtfully provided ten liters of iced champagne to help while away the hours.

In the next few years, Angel ventured ten times into the Venezuelan jungle surrounding Auyan-Tepui, using his limited funds to hack out a series of small airstrips. Stocking these with aviation fuel, food, parts and other supplies, he planned to use them as base camps for a final assault on the mountain.

"This time," he remarked one day in mid-1937, "I am going to succeed. I am going to find the gold and bring it out. Then I'm going to get the hell out of here for good."

One morning in October, 1937, Angel took off from an airfield chopped out of a savannah near the base of Auyan-Tepui, circled several times to gain altitude and set a course for the mountaintop. Accompanying him on the flight, in an eight-passenger single-engined Flamingo aircraft he named the *Rio Caroni*, were his wife, Marie, and a Spanish geologist named Gustavo Heny. A fourth, Felix Cardona, an explorer, was scheduled to accompany them but elected to man a radio at the base camp instead. "That way," he explained, "I can relay any messages if something should go wrong."

Angel spotted a small clearing atop the mesa, three miles from the northern perimeter of Auyan-Tepui, and brought the heavy Flamingo to a halt after a kidney-jarring, skidding landing on the rock-strewn makeshift airstrip.

At this point, the account must rely largely on conjecture. Until the day he died, Angel said nothing about finding any gold atop Auyan-Tepui on that trip, nor did Marie Angel or Heny. Perhaps they had made a silent vow together not to discuss what, if anything, they found there, in the wild desolation on Devil's Mountain. But this much is history:

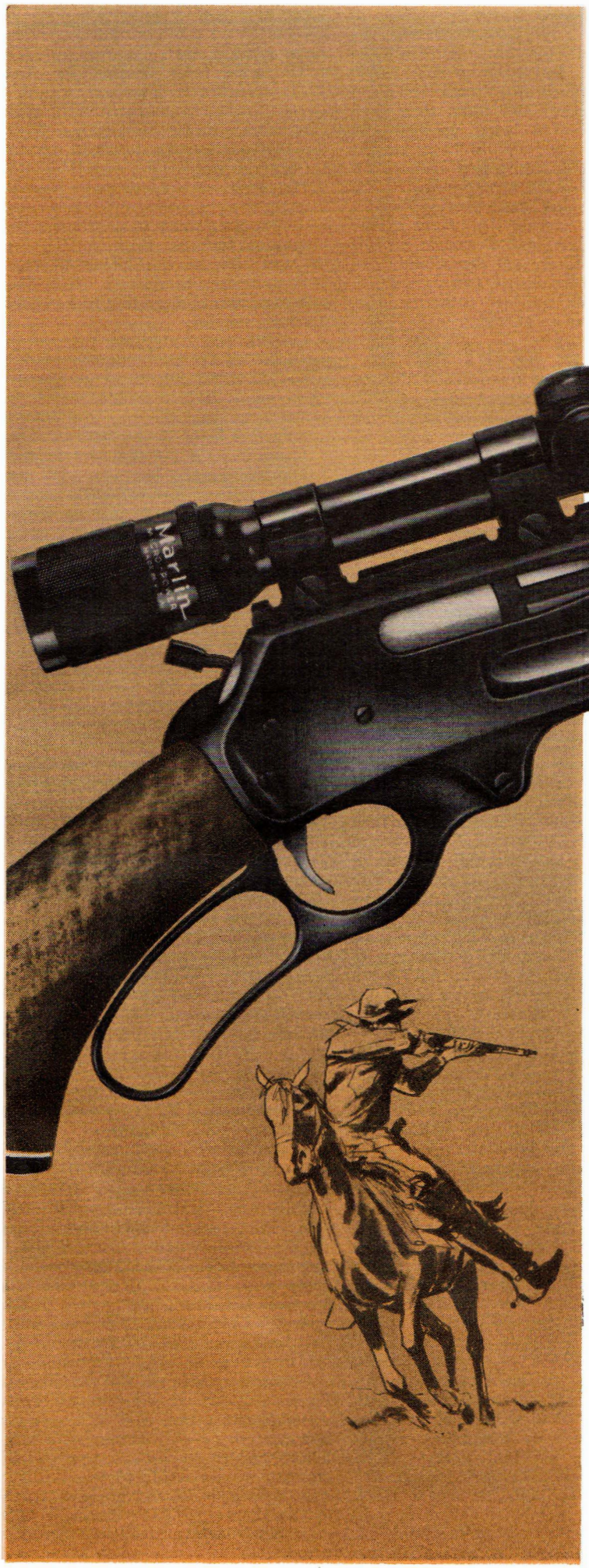
Shortly before noon on October 9, 1937, Angel prepared to take off from the clearing. He made two warmup runs along the tiny strip and then, utilizing every spare inch of the length available, sent the Flamingo roaring at full throttle toward whatever Fate awaited it. The Flamingo was not exactly the world's easiest aircraft to operate. It was heavy and cumbersome, almost too much for one man to manage. Halfway along the clearing, Angel realized that to continue meant a certain crash. It was the point of no return. Angel, unwilling to gamble, yelled to Heny to assist in applying the brakes. One wheel brake grabbed harder than the other, and the Flamingo swerved off its path into a rain-filled mud bog at the side of the clearing.

As its wheels sank hub deep in the slime, the plane nosed forward, ramming the nose cowling and propeller into the earth. There it remained, a crippled bird trapped hopelessly atop a windswept mountain fifty miles from any sign of civilization.

Fortunately, no one aboard was injured, but the ordeal that faced them now seemed insurmountable. Ahead lay three miles of walking, across jagged rock and around deep chasms, to the northern lip of Auyan-Tepui. Beyond that was the descent, a task that many times before had discouraged others far better equipped. The Angel party had provisions for only ten days. And from the base of the mountain to the airstrip at Hacha Falls, there would be miles of steaming jungles, crawling with snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, electric eels and a dozen other hazards, and rivers infested with deadly piranha.

But somehow, in sixty torturous days, the three emerged alive and virtually none the worse for wear. It seems incredible that they made it at all. Even more in-

"There's nothing wrong with you, Miss Collins, that getting married right away won't fix."



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credible is what Marie Angel had to report later, in recalling the incident:

"Jimmie seemed more angry at himself for what had happened to the plane than worried about how we would get off Auyan-Tepui. He was obsessed with gold fever. We might have made it out sooner except that he insisted on stopping every so often, *to pan for gold!*" (Angel reported later that he found "good indications of gold" and iron ore along the route. These he marked, but before he could return, the jungle had erased all trace.)

A hero's welcome awaited Angel when he returned to Ciudad Bolivar, where most citizens had predicted gloomily that he had perished on the mountain. But Angel, still obsessed either with the notion that a fortune rightfully his had eluded him, or—as is now disclosed here for the first time—that he had *found it,* heard none of the cheering. "I've got to get back up there," he muttered over and over.

By now, in the late 1930s, Auyan-Tepui had suddenly found itself a headline item in newspapers the world over. Ironically, it was not the fortunes in gold and silver, however, that accounted for all the clamor. It was something else that Angel had discovered quite by accident on one of his many flights into the Venezuelan wilds.

"I found a waterfall that you wouldn't believe," he said one day upon returning to Ciudad Bolivar. "I'm not so sure I wasn't dreaming myself. But it's there, two, three thousand feet high. Why, that water drops so far it almost disappears in mist by the time it reaches bottom."

Only a few believed Angel's breathless account of discovering the falls. But as the Venezuelan jungle frontier was pushed back, the find was verified. Today the falls, bearing Angel's name, are recognized as being the world's highest. Spouting from an underground river that leaps into space 200 feet below the northern rim of Auyan-Tepui, several miles deep into Churun canyon, the falls have been called the "Eighth Wonder of the World." The title is apt. Angel Falls is fifteen times higher than Niagara, twice the height of the Empire State Building. The water spills first 2,648 feet to a slight ledge on the face of Auyan-Tepui, continuing another 564 feet downward, for a total of 3,212 feet.

The discovery of the falls naturally began attracting the attention of scientists the world over. But at least two well-heeled expeditions, at a cost of about $250,000 each, could not reach the rugged, moon-like plateau atop Auyan-Tepui which Angel and his party descended in 1937. It wasn't until late in the 1930s, in fact, that Auyan-Tepui appeared on any map, a phenomenon which might be compared to finding a mountain higher than Everest today. It is little wonder that Angel's ability to survive not one, but several trips, into this forbidding, trackless wasteland is a tribute to his courage and determination.

One final personality enters the story here. One day in 1945, a swarthy, good-looking, twenty-five-year-old Californian named Marvin Grigsby was introduced to Angel at an airport in Compton, near Los Angeles. The two had much in common. Like Angel, Grigsby was a flyer. Born in Escondido, near San Diego, California, he had flown with the Army Air Corps in World War II, had taken on risky jungle flying jobs, mostly for South American fishing companies, and more than once had come close to being smashed into oblivion by tropical storms, Latin bandits or other perils of his trade. Perhaps his closest call came in 1959 when Grigsby was forced to land on a deserted Panama beach. It was during the height of the Panama rebellion and a strange aircraft landing on a beach was immediately suspect. Grigsby languished two days in jail before he could convince authorities that the landing was accidental.

Grigsby had heard fragments of the Angel story. He knew about Angel Falls and Angel's lifelong quest for riches atop Devil Mountain. The two men talked for an entire afternoon, and by day's end, Grigsby had been smitten with the same fever that had obsessed Angel fifteen years earlier.

Grigsby moved his flying operations to Central America, founded an association of bush flyers called the Jungle Pilots, who volunteered their services on mercy flights, searches and rescues, in the steaming bush country, and at the same time began plotting how he could share in Auyan-Tepui's fortune.

But Fate at last grounded Jimmie Angel. On a return trip from Venezuela in the summer of 1956, Angel was landing at David, Panama, for entry clearances. The plane groundlooped and crashed. Angel, seriously injured, was rushed to Gorgas Hospital in Balboa, Canal Zone. There, at fifty-seven while still in a coma, he died on December 9, 1956.

On Grigsby's shoulders fell the task of fulfilling one of Angel's last wishes: that his cremated remains be scattered by air over his beloved falls. After months of red tape, Grigsby finally received permission from the Venezuelan government to perform the ritual. On July 2, 1960, Angel was laid to rest amid the spume and thunder of his historic discovery.

But the story doesn't end there.

Late the same year, in December, 1960, Grigsby, traveling with only a Venezuelan Indian as a guide, succeeded in accomplishing what dozens of others had failed to accomplish. He scaled Auyan-Tepui and reached the wreckage of Angel's wrecked Flamingo on foot. The photographs published with this article are the first closeups ever taken of the plane since Angel crashed there in 1937.

What's more, Grigsby discovered that Angel's Flamingo had not been empty when it began its ill-fated takeoff from Auyan-Tepui that year. Crammed far back in the fuselage, still sacked up and intact after twenty-three years, was *gold.* Grigsby had no way of weighing them, but he estimates the sacks contained nearly a ton of nuggets altogether, worth roughly $1,000,000. On foot, Grigsby could not tote even a fraction of that amount, so he pocketed a few sample nuggets and buried the rest nearby. The exact location, naturally, he kept a secret.

"But finding a million dollars in gold and putting the money in the bank are two different matters," he says. "It's one thing to find it at the source. It's quite another to lug a ton of rock fifty miles or so to a place where you can cash it in."

The gold helps account for Angel's 1937 crash. The Flamingo was a big aircraft, designed to carry eight passengers, which meant that with a load of three, plus the normal weight allowance for baggage and freight, Angel might have gotten away with 1,000 or so pounds of nuggets. But he loaded twice that amount, an action that seems inconsistent with his reputation for cool thinking. This, plus the fact that he was taking off from a bumpy airstrip in thin air more than a mile high, would mean that he had pressed his luck too far.

Grigsby, now forty-four, has made two attempts so far to bring the gold out. After his initial pilgrimage to the Angel crash scene, he returned a second time, in 1963, to scout the area and determine a method of flying the nuggets out.

In addition to the obstacles mentioned before—the jungle, the rain (350 inches a year, making Auyan-Tepui's plateau a year-round quagmire in places), the eerie psychological enemy of thunder crashing off Auyan-Tepui's sheer granite walls—there are yards and yards of red tape to cut, politicians whose favor must be curried, staggering expenses to meet for equipment, mining fees and supplies, and the constant risk that someone else will get there first.

On his second trip, Grigsby took along an experienced parachutist. The plan was to drop the second man by air onto the plateau. The chutist would then hack out a small airstrip, a task Grigsby estimates would require "about a week of time and a bucket of sweat." A small plane would then be flown in and the gold airlifted out, a small amount at a time. Venezuelan mining law allows the federal government eight per cent of the value, and the remainder must be sold to the government for the standard gold price.

The last venture of Grigsby's failed, too, when the parachutist backed out at the last moment. "I couldn't really blame him," Grigsby acknowledges. "Jumping onto that mountain, with its canyons and hazards, is like jumping straight into hell."

Right now, turbulent Latin American politics have thrown a new roadblock in Grigsby's path.

"Traveling by small plane from the States to Central America looks easy on the map," he explains. "But actually flying the route is a monumental proposition. Pilots used to island-hop through the Caribbean, stopping first at Cuba, but Castro put an end to that. Now we go the other way, through Mexico. But since Panama suspended diplomatic relations with the United States, I've been warned that to fly over that country would be at my own risk. So I'm stymied."

Chances are, though, that Grigsby won't be stymied long. He'll find a way to reach Auyan-Tepui again. And he'll spend the last dollar he owns and his last ounce of energy looking for Jimmie Angel's golden treasure on Devil Mountain. That's the way it is with those who have touched Auyan-Tepui's riches, only to have the mysterious mountain snatch it from their grasp. • • •

BACK-TO-FALL WARDROBE

Continued from page 70

"Forget the formula on the chart," Tom suggested. "You're familiar with Creslan? You know it is sound? You know it can be used in dozens of final products?"

I did know that. During my fall back-to-work shopping tours at the men's-wear department of one of our largest stores, I had seen Creslan in many different forms, from bulky knitted sweaters to smooth-as-silk neckties. I had noticed it as an ingredient in slacks, shirts, as a pile lining in all-weather coats, as the basic ingredient in socks, in rugged gloves and genteel robes. As I left the store, I even spotted a Creslan sign in the carpet department.

"Markets," said Tom. "All waiting for the next variation. All we have to do is study this formula—it's all here from beginning to end—make a switch the American Cyanamid people haven't yet thought of, and we're one step ahead of Creslan!

I have it all set up," Tom went on, "I've spent all night making variations in the formula they issued so I could set up in the kitchen. After all, they don't fool me with that jargon. 'Wet Processing' indeed! That means, run it through water in a deep pot. Lots of things like that."

"And the basic ingredient?" I asked.

"Acrylonitrile," said Tom. "I bought a pailful from the American Cyanamid. They make the raw product. The Creslan people are unwittingly aiding their next competitor! And you, sir, will be my lab flunky, using your spare moments to gather a full resource list of Creslan users by looking through all the fashionable newspapers and magazines in that pile there. When we know whom we're dealing with, I'll give you a title in this firm of ours that befits a man who doesn't understand the basic formula—sales manager." He began playing with tubes, burners, etc.

I quickly decided to read a description of Creslan and other acrylics in a reference book I keep on the subject. It didn't take me long to realize that Tom should be informed of what he was up against.

"Tom," I shouted, over the bubbling liquids in pots and tubes, "shut that thing down a moment and let me tell you what you'll have to come up with if we are really to be competitive."

I began reading the section on Creslan. "A man-made fiber largely of a chemical substance called acrylonitrile. In the United States, American Cyanimid pioneered acrylonitrile as a component of synthetic rubber during World War II . . ."

Tom was only mildly impressed.

I read further. "Creslan is characterized by its lively touch, resilience, bulky texture where bulk is required, smooth texture when manufactured as a filament. It is ten per cent lighter in weight than wool and twenty-five per cent lighter than cotton, rendering it a superb insulant. The fibers absorb little moisture and are therefore easy to dry at a rapid rate with a minimum of wrinkles. The acrylic fibers are strong, safely resistant to other chemicals, including dry-cleaning solvents, take dye excellently and blend with ease with other fibers such as cotton, wool, worsted, rayon and nylon.

"A characteristic of Creslan is its thermoplastic quality . . . the fibers can be softened by heat, then heat-set for long-lasting pleats, shaping, stability, etc. The fibers, when woven alone or in blend are notably soft to the touch, running the gamut from crisp suitings to furlike piles. Creslan is notable for such laboratory phenonema as low specific gravity, high tensile strength, good elongation recovery, excellent dimensional stability . . ."

Tom held up his hand. "I'm undaunted," he said. "Stick to sales management and get out of the kitchen—I mean laboratory. As president of the Edelsonlon Company, I'm expecting a complete marketing report before I pull the final switch. From my calculations, we should be producing a ton of Edelsonlon an hour by nightfall."

Galvanized by the possibility of a warehouse problem, I picked myself up and raced dizzily to a strip of great mens-wear shops and counters in mid-town Manhattan.

Hours later, I returned to Edelson's attic, my arms laden with the fall men's wardrobe I had always dreamed of buying. This time the purchases were in the interests of market research. I had even managed to pick up a secret gift for Tom, now hidden under a pile of terrific Creslan-worsted slacks.

"Everything is ready," said Tom, eyes gleaming. "I'm sure that my own special secret ingredient will out-Creslan Creslan."

"And this secret ingredient?" I asked.

"Guard this with your life—carrots."

"Diced or Julienne?"

"Stop joking," Tom said. "My calculations show that carrots contain the basic chemical that makes our Edelsonlon virtually indestructible. Your report, please."

I began unwrapping packages, demonstrating the examples of that Creslan market we were out to pirate. The boxes and sacks stood before me like a mountain.

Breaking my acquisitions into categories, I held up each item in a garment group for Tom to see. In the shirt group, for example, I ad bought a Donegal shirt of Creslan and rayon with long sleeves and bright, large checks in the blue family. An Arrow knitted turtle-neck shirt was next for show. All Creslan, it was chosen in heather. I had also purchased a Rob Roy boy's shirt, an all-Creslan "Caribou" plaid, which would fit my nephew.

Two attractive sweaters caught my eye during the shopping tour. The first, by Catalina, was a wonderfully shaggy cardigan in yellow with the softest "hand" I had ever encountered. It was made of Creslan and mohair and it was as bulky and warm as any sweater need be for the colder days coming. For my nephew, I had gotten a Pickwick pullover of 100-per-cent Creslan, featuring an attractive brown jacquard design.

I never could pass a tie rack, and this time, with unlimited funds, I had a ball ferreting for Creslan neckwear. I finally chose completely wash-and-wear models, breaking them down in this fashion: foulards, little regularly spaced designs on a solid beackground, from Regal Ties; rep stripes, one of the finest assortments I've come by in many months, by Hut Neckwear, and a beautiful, and vivid group of solid ties by Beau Brummell, whose sophisticated cravats have consistently commanded my attention.

A neat plaid Creslan robe, blended with cotton, was next in the market-research parade. It was made by Sea Island Sportswear. Socks containing Creslan included two brands combining Creslan with stretch nylon in a seventy-five-twenty-five ratio: Renfro Hosiery and Reliable Knitting.

Then, I presented Tom with a gift, a tied box with air vents.

Tom gingerly opened the box. In it were contained two Angora rabbits.

"Double-duty gift," I told Tom. "If we're on the road with Edelsonlon, we can experiment with a new blend of Edelsonlon and Angora wool. Nothing like it on the market. And if we lose . . ."

"We can't," said Tom. "But go ahead and tell me your plan."

"If we lose, we'll breed Angoras."

"Have no fear!" Tom bellowed as he stepped up to throw the "output switch." "Edelsonlon is about to be born. Creslan, you have found your better. Gentlemen will please remove their hats. . . ."

. . . And put on your helmets, should have been the end of that sentence. For, as the switch was pulled, a great puff of smoke and a gigantic clatter, culminating in a tiny tinkle, ripped the room. And when the smoke cleared, we sat on the floor where we'd been blown and watched the fantastic Edelsonlon Machine in a shambles as a mess of gunky stuff exuded across the floor. I noticed that Tom had a tear in his eye.

Suddenly, from under the spattered, bombed-out pile of Creslan apparel crept the two Angora rabbits. Slowly, they advanced toward the scene of the holocaust, noses twitching ten times a second. They stopped at the goo line, bent their heads and tasted Edelsonlon. Then they began to eat furiously. As they gobbled, their eyes glistened, their Angora coats began to shine healthily and the growth of their hair was visible to the naked eye.

"We're in business!" shouted Tom.

"Angora raising?" I asked excitedly.

"Rabbit-food business," shouted Tom. "And you're the sales manager. Get out there and research, man!" • • •

SHOTGUNS *Continued from page 62*

three-inch shells, has twenty-four-inch full-choke barrel.

Third in the color photo is the Savage Model 30 slide action, .410-gauge repeater ($92.50). It is chambered for 2½- and three-inch shells. Barrel is twenty-six inches in either full or modified choke. All Savage M-30s have ventilated ribs. This is a nice-handling little shotgun, and Joe Sullivan broke 100 straight targets with it—the sixth time such a feat has been done with a .410 on the skeet field at the Hartford Gun Club.

The Savage Model 30 ($92.50) is also available in 12 and 20 gauge with three-inch chambers. Barrels are: twenty-six inches in improved cylinder, twenty-eight inches in modified and full, thirty inches (12 gauge only) in full choke. The Model 30-AC ($97.50) is the same gun but with 2¾-inch chamber and twenty-six-inch barrel, having the Savage Adjustable Choke. The Model 30-L is a true left-hand action shotgun, 12 gauge in 2¾-inch chambering. This is the first production shotgun made especially for the southpaw shooter. It is available with a variety of barrel lengths and chokes.

This slide-action shotgun also is made in special trap versions, the Model 30-T, 12 gauge, chambered for 2¾- and three-inch shells, thirty-inch full-choke barrel. Buttstock is straight Monte Carlo type. The 30-T also works well for waterfowl shooting with three-inch Magnum shells.

The Savage-Stevens slide-action Model 77 ($77.50) is a field gun made in 12, 16, 20 and .410 gauges, chambered for all 2¾- and three-inch shells (2½- and three-inch in .410) with full variety of chokes and barrel lengths. The 77-AC ($82.50), 12, 16 and 20 gauges, has Savage Adjustable Choke and recoil pad.

Savage also produces a complete line of side-by-side doubles. Prices range from $78.50 to $149.50. Gauges are 12, 16, 20 and .410. Savage-Stevens bolt-actions are available in 12, 16, 20 and .410 gauges. And break action, by side lever, are made in 12, 16, 20, 28 and .410 gauges.

At the center of the color photo is the Browning Superposed BROADway Trap Model, 12 gauge, full-choke in both barrels, which is available in five grades, priced at from $410 to $1,095. However, the example shown is a "Special" with fancy engraving and inlay work, costing $2,100. The BROADway Trap Model has a ⅝-inch ventilated rib, giving a wide, flat, thirty-two-inch-long sighting plane.

The Superposed is produced in 12, 20, 28 and .410 gauges, in several models and with extra sets of barrels being available in certain combinations. Prices are from $360 for Hunting Models in standard 12 and 20 gauge with three-inch chambers, to $1,095 for the BROADway in Midas Grade. Ventilated rib is standard but a solid raised rib may be had on special order.

The Browning Automatic-5 holds the record for long-time production. It was our first successful autoloading shotgun and probably is the most universally popular automatic ever produced. The Automatic-5 is available in seven versions, including 12, 16 and 20 gauge, with a full variety of choke and barrel lengths, with or without ventilated rib. Prices range from $154.75 to $184.75. Extra barrels list from $49 to $75, and within a gauge are easily interchangeable without fitting. One of the exclusive features of the Automatic-5, which often is overlooked in the telling, is the magazine cut-off. It is unnecessary to empty the magazine in order to remove or replace the shell in the chamber. A flip of the cut-off latch locks the shells in the magazine, permitting the one in the chamber to be ejected without disturbing the others. Thus, loads can be changed quickly, such as the substitution of a goose load for a duck load, while still retaining a full magazine. The cut-off also allows the shooter to keep the gun safely on stand-by, with the chamber empty, but with the

magazine fully loaded. By reversing the [illegible] from the magazine is instantly and automatically chambered for firing.

The 12-gauge Browning Double Automatic ($164 to $190.50) was designed to have the weight and recoil characteristics of a lesser gauge, and yet retain the advantages of the 12-gauge, including the great variety of 12-gauge loads that are available. For instance, the Twentyweight Double Automatic in hunting or skeet models weighs about six pounds; add two ounces if with ventilated rib. The Twelvette model weighs about seven pounds with thirty-inch barrel. The usual variety of barrel lengths and chokes are furnished, and interchangeable barrels are available. The Double Automatic has a capacity of two shells. If a hunter needs more, the gun is very quickly reloadable.

Third from the bottom in the color photo is the brand-new Winchester Model 1400 Automatic ($134.95). It is being made in 12 and 16 gauge, capacity is three 2¾-inch shells. The 1400 is gas-operated and has a self-compensating valve in the gas chamber that automatically adjusts for standard or magnum loads. Lock-up is unique in a shotgun—front-locking rotating bolt. The heat-treated bolt slides forward and twists, its four lugs locking directly into the barrel—not the receiver—for a strong, rigid mating at the breech. This type lock-up permits the use of modern, rustproof aluminum alloy for the receiver without chance of any loss of strength. Weight is 6¾ pounds with twenty-six-inch barrel.

The new Winchester Model 1200 slide action ($96), made in 12 and 16 gauges, has a five-shot capacity (black and white photo). The 1200 also has the front-locking rotating bolt, but it is actuated by the slide action of the forearm. Weight is 6½ pounds with twenty-six-inch barrel. Both the 1400 and the 1200 have inverted-type, custom-design checkering at the forearm and pistol grip. Barrels available on these guns are: 12-gauge—thirty-inch, full choke; twenty-eight-inch, full and modified; twenty-six-inch, improved cylinder. 16-gauge—same excepting thirty-inch. And they are interchangeable (within model and gauge) without factory fitting. A rubber recoil pad is standard.

The Model 1400 Automatic does not supersede the Model 59 Automatic ($149.95). This model, with its revolutionary, Win-Lite, fiberglas barrel will continue in the Winchester line.

In case you are a trap shooter, the Winchester Model 101 over-and-under shotgun, introduced in 1963, is now available in a special trap model ($264, Trap; $249, Field Grade). All 101s have fine-grained, finely finished and checkered French walnut stocks, engraved frame; ventilated rib, chromed bore, automatic ejectors and single selective, gold-colored trigger.

Next to the bottom in the color photo is the High Standard Flite-King Brush-Deluxe, side-action, 12-gauge, designed especially for accurate aiming when using rifled slugs; works well for close-cover bird hunting. Comes with leather carrying sling. High Standard produces a complete line of pump guns, 12, 16, 20 and .410 gauges; automatics, 12 and 20 gauges, including magnums.

The lower gun in the color photo is the Remington Model 1100 Automatic, 20-gauge with ventilated rib ($174.95). The 1100, originally introduced in 12-gauge, is now also made in 16 and 20 gauges, with skeet models in 12 and 20 gauges, magnum models (three-inch, also shoots 2¾-inch shells) in 12 and 20 gauges, and trap model in 12 gauge. Prices are from $149.95 for plain barrel models in any one of the three gauges, to $1,050 for the super-de-luxe, highly decorated F Grade.

Remington offers a complete line of pump guns in the Model 870 "Wingmaster" (12, 16 and 20 gauges) with prices starting at $99.50. The Remington Model 11-48 (see black and white photo) is the original streamlined automatic shotgun—available in 12, 16, 20, 28 and .410—priced from $134.95 to $189.45.

Mossberg has just announced the Model 500-AR (a version of the 500) in 12-gauge, chambered for 2¾-inch shells, with ventilated rib and hand checkering, at under $100. Barrels are: thirty-inches, full choke; twenty-eight inches, full or modified; twenty-six inches, skeet. The Model 500-AMR is similar, but chambered for three-inch Magnum shells, with thirty-inch, full-choke barrel only; the 500-AKR is 12-gauge, 2¾-inch shells, twenty-six-inch ventilated-rib barrel, with Mossberg C-Lect-Choke; the 500-CKR is 20 gauge, 2¾- and three-inch shells, twenty-six-inch barrel with C-Lect-Choke. The 500 is made in several other versions.

I have been shooting the new Harrington & Richardson Deluxe Golden Squire ($41.95) 12-gauge shotgun with both Remington and Winchester target loads. This single-shot gun has a thirty-inch, full-choke barrel (also made in 20-gauge, twenty-eight-inch, full), is of break-action with pushdown release button on top of the frame near the hammer. Weight is about 6½ pounds. Stock is straight grip and forearm has schnabel tip. We have practice traps set up for shooting clay targets at various angles. So far, I have missed but one target—very good for me!

Harrington & Richardson produces a line of revolvers, rifles and shotguns (see black and white photo of the four-in-one on page 62). The price is $76.50. Write Harrington & Richardson, Incorporated, 320 Park Avenue, Worcester, Massachusetts, for their new catalogue.

In connection with shotshells, Bill Horn of Federal Cartridge Corporation, has just given me the word that the new Federal "Champion" Target Load (see black and white photo) is now in full production. This 12-gauge shell, with paper tube, is made in 2¾- and three-dram-equivalent loads. Shot sizes are 7½, eight and nine. The new "Champion" shell features the plastic "Pellet Protector" wad column and Federal's extra-hard shot. The wad column consists of two polyethylene plastic parts which nest together to do the job of sealing against the powder gases, cushioning against the violent shock of powder ignition, and protecting the shot charge from abrasion as it speeds through the barrel. I will give you more info about the Champion loads, as well as about the new Federal plastic shotshell, just as soon as I have a chance to give them a try. •

 Continued from page 46

throughout all of Prince Edward Island."

Since Prince Edward Island runs earliest Eden a close second for tranquility, why, so many months before Elizabeth's arrival, were the peculiar talents of some of the Yard's best men required? The answer lies in Canadian apprehension roused by the Kennedy assassination and by the treats leveled at the Queen's person from a corporal's guard of Quebec extremists who see her visit as a challenge and an affront to "our French nation."

"If the English queen wishes to die," ran one such anonymous warning, "let her put foot in Canada."

Never in Canadian history, consequently, have security precautions been so thorough and extensive.

They are the only gritty note in a gay and otherwise carefree wing-ding marking the 100th anniversary of a momentous meeting in Charlottetown—the Island capital—that in 1864 laid the foundation of the Canada the world knows today. Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by her husband, Prince Philip, visits the Island October sixth and seventh for the dedication and official opening of the Fathers of Confederation Memorial Building—a $5,600,000 shrine to the sires of a nation whose motto is "From Sea to Sea."

The visitor, Scotland Yard's high-powered gendarmerie notwithstanding, need have no fear that his own good time will be meddled with. Prince Edward Islanders rate high among the world's friendliest and most hospitable people, and they'll go to the limit to see that their guests stay long and come back soon. Figures show that the Island has been remarkably successful, year after year, in holding the affection of a great number who wouldn't holiday elsewhere.

Reasons for this devotion are easy to find, for the Island is a vacationer's horn of plenty, loaded with something for everyone. What you take out of it is up to you—hunting, fishing, sailing, camping, horse racing, golfing, or swimming and snorkeling off its miles of superb beaches.

Prince Edward Island, scarcely a postage stamp larger than tiny Delaware, is by far the smallest of Canada's ten provinces. For every square mile it can count—a mere 2,184, fenced in by 1,100 miles of coastline—the rest of the big country can count 2,000. Let it not be supposed, however, that arithmetic of this kind causes the Island to feel like a mouse among lions.

The Islanders' attitude of healthy self-assurance is cousin to that of the English broadcast in which the British Broadcasting Corporation announced that "the Continent is isolated tonight by heavy fog." An elderly farmer, asked to comment on the claim that Prince Edward Island is the core of the universe, said, "Don't know I'd go *that* far—far as to call the Island here the belly-button of all creation." Then he paused. "But it's close, all right. Yes, sir, that ain't bad reckonin'."

Shaped like a new moon into which deep inlets, coves and bays have been nibbled, it floats contentedly in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Northumberland Strait puts nine to thirty miles of Atlantic water between it and the mainland where, in the Island view, odd occurrences are triggered from time to time by still odder people. "Those Canadians!" is a common exclamation in which tolerance, humor and bafflement meet in about equal parts.

Though the summer influx of visitors—currently increasing at the rate of ten per cent each year—virtually triples its 108,000 population, the Island remains uncrowded and unspoiled. Indeed, it resembles nothing so much as a well-tended garden taking the sun as it cocks an ear in the direction of its friend, the sea. (One is never far from blue water because, though 140 miles long, the Island is only forty miles across at its widest, narrowing in places to four.) With as much truth as southern gallantry, a former governor of Mississippi called it "a wave-washed, wind-swept, sun-kissed, air-cooled province—the most beautiful I have ever seen."

The governor, perhaps without knowing it, was in agreement with Jacques Cartier, likely the earliest of the great European explorers to make a landfall here. Sighting what he mistakenly took to be the mainland in the third week of June, 1534, the St. Malo seaman later wrote that "all the said land is low and plaine and the fairest that may possibly be seen, full of goodly meadows and trees.

Well, the meadows and trees, the red earth and the sea, are still here. But what the Island is fullest of today are opportunities for full-scale vacation fun at prices that don't leave your wallet whipped and whimpering. There is no charge whatever for its freedom from ragweed and the haven it thus offers those who suffer from hay fever.

If a man doesn't mind being limited to twenty trout a day, some of Canada's finest fishing is to be found here. Numerous small streams, mill ponds and tidal rivers afford trout-breeding grounds as prolific as any existing on the Atlantic Coast. One of the chief joys is that an angling expedition doesn't have to be an expensive, time-consuming, four-star safari. The fisherman is seldom as much as an hour's drive from a rewarding stretch of water. Ordinarily, his time is likely to be nearer fifteen minutes.

Rivers such as the Mill, Kildare, Murray, Montague and the Brudenell offer fine sea-trout fishing. Normal catches range upward from pan-size to hefty five-pounders. Besides salt-water trout, there are brook, rainbow and German browns that are most interested early in the morning or in the evening.

The Parmachene Belle and the Dark Montreal are the most popular flies locally, though many resident Waltons prefer the Mosquito and the Stone Fly. The most sporting fishermen rely exclusively on the fly from the beginning of July onward. However, spinning tackle has become increasingly popular and effective. Tackle that works elsewhere in the United States or Canada will do its job here, too.

Native salmon are to be found in many of the Island's rivers, though not numerous until the fall months.

The license fee for nonresidents is three dollars, and the visitor is allowed to take home with him the equivalent of two days' lawful catch—forty trout.

Some of the finest fun, for which no license is required, is deep-sea fishing off the Island's north shore. Boats for charter are captained by experienced commercial fishermen, all of whom hold temporary Master's certificates. Minimum trip prices are ten dollars. If one of a group, the most you will be charged is three dollars, a figure so modest it is hard to believe that it also includes tackle and, for the inexperienced, readying the catch for the pan.

HUNTING AND FISHING

WINNER OF SILAFLEX FLY ROD FOR MAY

George Lindquist, 250-32 39th Road, Little Neck, Long Island, N.Y.

"... but it's in Siberia!"

Four or five miles offshore, an abundant and varied assortment of finnies wait in the Gulf waters—haddock, mackerel, hake, codfish. The odds are that even the greenest and most inexperienced are likely to haul in more than the ordinary creel can hold.

Most blue-water fishing here is done with hand lines of about 180-test. But growing in popularity is the spectacular pastime of going for mackerel with a fly rod. This game, tough and resourceful fish runs to five pounds, and is at his battling best in September and October.

The boats used are sturdy Cape Island craft, running to forty-five feet in length, carrying seven to ten persons, and weighing anything from seven and a half tons to eleven for the largest. A folder listing certified captains is offered by the P.E.I. Travel Bureau, Charlottetown, and will be sent free on request.

Though the Islanders are a relaxed and delightfully casual lot, about as formal as an old flannel shirt ("Oh, sure, we go to church when the wife has a new hat!"), there is nothing casual about them when it comes to horses. The Island, sometimes called "the Kentucky of Canada," supports a greater proportion of horse-mad people than any other spot it is possible to name. Here, anything with a mane and four good legs is as respectable as you can get.

Were Prince Edward Island a country, harness racing would be the national sport. One of Canada's finest racing ovals is the Charlottetown Driving Park, and there is another splendid track at Summerside. The horses race from June until October, the pari-mutuels playing a jingling accompaniment for the standardbreds, their sulkies whirling fast, to hammer along by.

"Middle of every August we have what we call Old Home Week," a P.E.I. man said. "Idea is folks who've left come back then to visit relatives and friends." He shook his head. "Don't work that way at all. They come just to see the horses!"

The horse has always been an object of sentiment here. The Island today has 3,000 miles of highways and roads that make driving easy, pleasant and scenic. It wasn't always so. Until 1914, automobiles were prohibited because "the damn-fool things scared the horses." Even then, the twentieth century was not altogether allowed its own way. Cars could be driven along the red, dusty roads only three days a week, and on those frightful days, the human and equine elect haughtily remained at home.

Yet it was Prince Edward Island that had Canada's first automobile, unveiled June 24, 1866, by its white-collared owner and designer. A *whooshing* contraption, powered by steam, it was built by one Father Belcourt, the parish priest of the north-shore village of Rustico. Father Belcourt, despite this early blow at the horse, died peacefully many years later, having done so much good that his "steam carriage" was held against him by neither man nor horse.

Unlike its nine sister provinces, Prince Edward Island has no great natural resources. Canada's "million-acre farm," its living is supplied by the land—P.E.I. potatoes are famous wherever potatoes are known—and by the teeming sea around it. Its Malpeque oysters and Atlantic lobsters earn plaudits from gourmets, the consequence being that quantities of these seafoods, in addition to heavy catches of cod, hake and mackerel, are shipped to the United States and other parts of Canada.

The majority of Islanders make a modest living by big-city standards. But, as a Charlottetown businessman told me, "Seventy-five hundred a year gives you more mileage here than twenty thousand in, say, Montreal or Toronto."

With no mines to produce wealth or wells to spout oil, you hear it said, "The beaches are where we mine our gold." Though this sounds as fey as something out of "Brigadoon," its truth is literal. For what, above all else, brings the visitors?

Better than 1,000 miles of beaches ring the Island shoreline—roughly a mile of sand, shimmering startlingly pink or white, for every ten inhabitants. These beaches, because they are so numerous, expansive and ubiquitous, are never crowded, even at the season's height. Someone else's elbow in your beer is unknown. Moreover, it's no trick to find a sheltered cove of one's own.

It would be easy to throw a book of flattering adjectives at the Island's beaches. Quite simply, they are magnificent.

Those who persist in thinking of Canada as Our Lady of the Snows will perhaps be astonished to learn that here, with the water averaging seventy degrees Fahrenheit, is the summer's warmest salt-water bathing north of Florida.

Many beaches at low tide are 1,000 feet wide, and are still generously broad when the tide comes in. The shoreline's gentle and gradual slope makes for the utmost safety—a consideration for both the uncertain swimmer and for families with young waders.

Seaside resorts with every facility are located on the north shore along the National Park—a twenty-five-mile stretch that includes Dalvay, North Rustico, Cavendish and Brackley. Hotels, motels, cottages and farm-tourist homes exist to cater to the visitor. Or he can make his own camp.

Rates range from as low as two dollars a night to motel charges of twelve dollars a day for two. A number of lodges, with swimming, golf and trout fishing nearby, offer complete accommodations (including meals) for fifty dollars a week during the season. Prices decline substantially after October first.

For the man who likes to take his home along with him, Prince Edward Island offers the camper any number of unexcelled sites for tent or trailer. One can make camp near his favorite beach—pitching his tent virtually where it pleases him—or take advantage of the facilities and trailer hookups in the National Park and the two dozen provincial parks and campsites. There is a charge of one dollar a night for trailers and seventy-five cents a night for tents in all parks administered by the province. In addition, there are twenty privately run campgrounds, many with laundry, canteen and shower facilities.

Those who don't want to join the fun of a Sunday baseball game in the small towns and villages, or who aren't much interested in tennis, horseshoes, bowling

on the green or water skiing, can golf. The Island possesses a number of golf courses in sight of the sea. Fairways are good, the various courses have their own pros, and the clubhouses welcome guests.

One of the finest eighteen-hole courses in Canada is at Green Gables where fees are two dollars a round, three dollars a day and, for the fanatic, an unbelievably low twelve dollars a week with no extra charge for week ends. Clubs can be rented and professional instruction obtained. That birdie is up to you.

With its fine coastal water, its hundreds of coves and inlets, the Island, of course, offers sailing as a popular pastime, and there are many fine craft. Some resorts have their own sailboats, and arrangements can be made to take them out. Perhaps the visitor's surest bet is to call on the yacht clubs in Charlottetown and Summerside, clubs whose ardent members are more than willing to take a fellow spirit sailing. The shore village of Montague is another good spot for either the canvas or power enthusiast.

The gunner comes into his own on P.E.I. from October first to December seventh, the hunting season when the flat cough of shotguns can be heard from one end of the Island to the other. The fine fall weather, in combination with great numbers of geese and ducks beating south along a major flyway, lure hunters from elsewhere in Canada and from the United States. Off-season rates and the premium on the American dollar provide an extra inducement for those who come up from south of the border.

Though the partridge population has for some reason suffered in recent years, Wilson's snipe, Brant and woodcock abound. If one wishes, guides and dogs can be hired locally. Hunting licenses—thirty-five dollars for the nonresident—can be secured either from the Prince Edward Island Travel Bureau or at any Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachment.

There are other less strenuous amusements, notably such colorful spectacles as the military tattoos (customarily a martial tableau), with their pomp of uniforms, marching men and the drums in soft, rhythmic thunder to stir recollection of ancient glories. The Musical Ride of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, all in scarlet, with horses groomed to a gleam, is a sight to behold whether one is an old cavalryman or not.

Should, luckily, your name be Cameron, Campbell, Fraser, Macdonald or Macmillan —any borne by the auld clans will do— racial memories will be stirred by the Highland Festival. Tartans gaily aswing, the bands march to the old fighting airs shrilled by the drum-backed pipes and kilted dancers whirl through intricate steps.

Every year is a good year in Prince Edward Island, but 1964 is a special one because of history. On September 2, 1864, a group of men took their seats around a long table in Charlottetown—the Island capital named after Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, the king who, it may be recalled, lost an important popularity contest with the Americans in 1776 —to discuss the unification of the provinces of British North America into a federal entity, running from coast to coast.

It may be said that here Canada was born in the historic Council Chamber of the Provincial Building, a gracious, tall-windowed room whose white and gold woodwork was lighter by far than the earnest, whiskered gentlemen in their long, Victorian frock coats.

Seldom in history can political midwifery have succeeded so well in such a rollicking atmosphere. Contemporary records establish that these nation makers found it impossible to prolong their deliberations beyond three each afternoon. At that hour, a start was made on oiling frictions to smoothness with heavy infusions of whiskey, champagne and cordials. The silk-hatted delegates at one point waved good-bye to decorum by playing leapfrog, and on their final night in Charlottetown, stayed up in a whoopee mood until three a.m. They then rolled aboard the S.S. *Queen Victoria*, the entire conference Halifax-bound for further discussion and a touch of cleansing sea air.

The same men met again at Quebec City the second Monday of October, 1864. It was here and at this time that actual arrangements were made for the government of a new nation. The Canadian leaders, persuaded that the United States had been hurled into the Civil War over States Rights, sought a formula for a strong federal government.

But 1864 did not see Confederation. That was not to come for another three years. Even then, Prince Edward Island, prosperous largely because of its thriving American trade, did not enter the new federation. It waited until 1873 when, in the words of Lord Dufferin, then Canada's Governor General, it did so "under the impression that it had been the Dominion that has been annexed to Prince Edward Island."

The Island, bantam though it may be, reminds many of the icicle that soberly claimed it was wearing the Empire State Building. Some may be reminded in this Centennial year that such independent sturdiness so angered one Irish Father of Confederation that he warned the Islanders, "Don't be too boastful about your little island or we'll send down a tugboat and draw you up into one of our lakes!"

The tourist will be charmed by the Islanders, a soft-voiced people who, for all their clannishness, are genial hosts and fine, hospitable friends. Because they are likely to pity you for not being one of them, they will do whatever they can to make up that disadvantage. They display a certain irreverence when it comes to the clock, refusing to be pushed around by a sweep hand. Above all, perhaps, they have time to be kind. They are fine story-tellers who spin their yarns easily and with humor.

Gaelic-speaking Highlanders and Acadians weren't the only people to make the Island their home. Many Loyalists, fleeing the American Revolution, settled here, among them one William Schurman of New Rochelle, New York. Schurman brought his slaves with him. One of these was a man, Bill, and another was a young woman called Sook. Bill, much in love, wanted to marry her. There being no sign of an approaching wedding, the Negro was finally asked if the trouble was that Mr. Schurman wasn't willing that it should take place. Bill's mournful answer has long been an Island proverb: "Ev'body willin' but Sook!"

Prince Edward Island has always had its share of characters, true originals. One farmer, having grown an enormous pumpkin, came out one morning to find it had been destroyed by a neighbor's pig. The pig, himself a blue ribbon specimen and winner of many prizes, got a fatal bullet for his trespassing.

The farmer, suddenly realizing that perhaps he had gone too far and knowing that his neighbor would have blood in his eye over this death in the family, wondered what he might do to destroy the evidence against him. His solution was a neat one and did honor as well to his victim. He buried the pig in the local cemetery, secure in the knowledge that his neighbor, furiously looking everywhere, would not think to search hallowed ground.

Prince Edward Island, with its amiable people and leisurely ways, is a haven from a more restless and hectic world. Best of all, it remains fresh and unspoiled. It is easy to get to. Ferry crossings, for those traveling by car, bus or Canadian National Railways, frequently make the Northumberland Strait passage from Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick. There is another crossing from Caribou, Nova Scotia. From Moncton, New Brunswick, to Charlottetown, is a forty-five minute flight by Eastern Provincial Airlines. Connecting lines fly in and out of Moncton from and to points in the United States and Canada.

The aboriginal Micmac Indians had two names for the Island. One was *Abegweit*, meaning "cradled in the waves." More commonly, they simply referred to it as *Minegoo*, a word which translates into "*the* Island"—the implication plain enough that there is but a single island in the whole world of waters.

Times have changed little. An Irishman, too game to display his ignorance, said, of course, he knew what the letters P.E.I. stand for—"prettiest earth innywhere!"

No Islander would disagree. But with the Micmacs he, too, would say "*the* Island"—it not occurring to him for a moment that there could possibly be another than his beloved Prince Edward. • • •

ARGOSY WORKSHOP

BY BRUCE CASSIDAY

Giant Hooks

FOR HELP in hanging heavy hardware items in the garage or workshop, Stanley Hardware has come up with a line of giant-sized steel hooks. Made from hexagonal, heavy-gauge wire, these hooks are perfect for hanging lawn mowers, ladders, lengths of hose, bicycles, power and hand tools wherever you want them.

The hooks come in two shapes and six different sizes. You need no tools at all to install them. You merely slip them over a one-by-four-inch board nailed horizontally to your workshop or garage studs.

Made in sizes from two to six inches, they come in single, double, curved-end and straight-end shapes. You can purchase them in hardware stores or building-supply outlets.

A MULTI-PURPOSE cutter has come out featuring slip-resistant, serrated blades which cut straight lines or curves Called Metal-Wizz, the cutter can be used on baling wire, flashing, electric cord, screening, vinyl tile, asphalt, rubber and dozens of other materials. It has molded vinyl grips and a thumb-operated latch which holds it closed when not in use. Metal-Wizz is manufactured by J. Wiss and Sons, is nine inches long, and costs $2.99.

IT'S SEPTEMBER again, and time to think about sealing up the house for the winter. Before you worry about insulating and filling in around the window frames with caulking compound, think about one more important thing: How are you fixed for shingles?

The sad thing about a roof is that it never advertises its leaks before rainy weather. You really have no way of telling whether you're in for a dry winter, or a long, wet one indoors. The best way to have winter without trauma is to search your roof for leaks before the rains come.

It never hurts to do a once-over-lightly while the weather is with you. Wear tennis shoes or shoes with soft rubber soles when you're on a peaked roof. Don't roof-walk in wet weather or on a windy day; gusts can be tricky. When you get up on the roof, face the peak at all times and don't stand up straight.

If the cant of the roof is too steep and you don't fancy yourself a mountain goat, hook a section of ladder over the peak, securing it at the top with ropes dropped over the opposite side of the house and anchored to something solid.

First look for asphalt or asbestos shingles which have bent or curled upward, or for nails which have pulled out of the sheathing. Apply asphalt-roofing cement to loose shingles, pressing them back flat. Pound loose nails into the sheathing, and cover their heads with roofing cement. With wooden shingles, never nail down curled edges. The nail will pull out again and you'll get a leak through the nail hole. Replace broken wooden shingles. Nail them in with rustproof nails.

Cracked or broken asphalt shingles will give you a lot of trouble if you don't attend to them right away. Your best bet is to replace torn shingles if you have extras available. To remove and replace an asphalt shingle strip, first lift the shingles in the second course above the damaged shingle. Pull out all the nails, then lift the shingles in the first course above the damaged shingle. Withdraw all the nails. Remove the damaged shingle. Insert a new strip of shingle the same size and style as the old. Secure the edges of the new shingle with asphalt cement to keep it from being torn up again by the wind. Nail the new shingle strip down, using six nails. Renail the overlapping shingles.

If you don't have replacement shingles, slip a sheet of galvanized iron, copper or aluminum under the defective tile. Be sure the metal goes all the way in under the next row of shingles.

With shingles out of the way, check your flashing. It can pull away from vents, chimneys, dormers or in a roof valley. If the flashing looks cracked or punctured, brush on a heavy layer of roof cement or roof coating after cleaning the old dirty surface of grease and dust. Now put a piece of roofing felt over the flashing, and brush on another coat of roofing cement over that.

You should have a tight fit by now.

If you have a flat roof, or one which is sloped only slightly, you may find that blisters have developed in the asphalt-impregnated felt layers. These blisters may be caused by a number of things: the roofing material may have started to dry out; nails may have popped up against the covering, or the roofing may not have been applied properly to begin with.

A simple blister may be repaired by cutting an X in the center of the blister with a knife, removing all foreign matter from the incision, forcing roofing compound under the blister with a putty knife and then nailing down the flaps with roofing nails.

If the blister is in the midst of a section of roofing which is completely worn out, you'll have to remove some of the paper and patch a larger section.

First lay a piece of roofing felt on top of the bad section and cut around it so that the cut goes down through the roofing paper, too. Apply roofing cement to the sheathing below and put in the cut patch. Nail it down with roofing nails. If you need an additional layer or two of felt in order to bring the surface of the patch flush with the roof, add as many as you need, and nail each. Then cut out a patch which is several inches larger in all directions. Apply this with roofing cement over the outside of the smaller patch, and nail it down. This should do the trick for the rainy season.

In the meantime, have a good, dry, warm winter. • • •

PARLAY-VOO EUROPEAN?

Continued from page 75

be of good cheer. There is no need to struggle, no cause for sweat, so long as we accept certain fundamental truths. First of all, there is no possibility of your understanding anything said to you in a foreign tongue. So don't waste time trying. In other words, don't ask questions that require answers. Perhaps, after living in a country for a year or so, the general gist of a conversation may begin to penetrate. However, we're concerned here with the average tourist on vacation. For him, we've already removed half the problem. Isn't that wonderful? The other half is concerned with making oneself understood.

For this, it is best to ignore verbs, adjectives, adverbs, prepositions, pronouns, participles and all other linguistic impedimenta. The big thing is the *noun*. If you want a martini just say "martini." There is no need to Berlitz it up with "My companion and I would be very happy should you choose to bring each of us a martini." (However you say it, you won't get a martini; you'll get a glass of sweet vermouth. So perhaps you'd just better stick to scotch.)

The next thing to remember is that the way the nouns are spelled is of no importance. Correct pronunciation is the clue to success. Forget that the French for women is "dames" the same as in America. Ask the head waiter for "dames" and he'll send over a box of cigars. The pronunciation is "dom." Ask for "dom" and he may send over a bottle of Benedictine—but at least you've got a fifty-fifty chance.

It behooves us then to pick out the nouns that answer our basic requirements, learn how they sound, and use them with appropriate gestures. The gesture is vital. "Signora," said with a shrug of the shoulders to the concierge in Rome means, "Where the hell is my wife?" When the word is followed by the blowing of a kiss, it means, "My room has a double bed and I'm only using half of it."

The choice of nouns depends on what we intend to do. If we're not planning to drive an automobile, there's no use boning up on "gas station," "tire pressure" and "grease job." If we don't anticipate train travel, why bother with "porter," "dining car" and "Who stole my bags?" (No, I am not departing from the noun principle by the use of a phrase. The universal word is "baggage," accompanied in this case by a waving of the arms and an expression of abject horror.) Let's just pick a few basic nouns and let it go at that. An infant learning to talk gets along perfectly well by pointing at what it wants. If the object isn't in sight, it soon learns to say "ice cream," "cookie," "lollypop" and "toy." And we can just as easily learn to say "Canadian Club," "steak," "cigarette" and "girl."

When we get right down to it, there are only five languages to worry about, assuming that we're staying outside of the iron curtain and that we're not from Brooklyn. These are French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish. (The Dutch understand German, the Greeks understand French, the Portugese understand Spanish and all Scandinavians understand Swedish.) To make things really simple, the following tourist nouns are the same in all five languages, with some minor variations.

Taxi	Restaurant
Whiskey	Police
Cigarette	Hotel

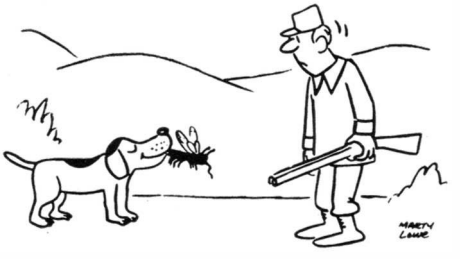
(There's no point in arguing with me that the Italians persist in calling a hotel an "albergo." They know perfectly well what a hotel is.) With these six nouns, ninety per cent of one's needs are fulfilled, even if the words are pronounced with a Georgia drawl.

But we had better get down to brass tacks about the other ten per cent, since this is essentially a language lesson.

LESSON ONE: Let us suppose you wish to go to a night club.

English	Night Club	(Nite Klub)
French	Cabaret	(Kabaray)
German	Nachtklub	(Knockedkloob)
Italian	Cabaret	(Kabaray)
Swedish	Nottklubb	(Notekleub)
Spanish	Club Nocturno	(Kloob Noctoorno)

You will say this word to the hotel concierge, or perhaps to someone you meet on the street. Now, depending on whether you frown and depress the palms as though pushing a shovel into the ground, or turn the hands up with a gesture of "Ooh la la," you will be directed to a small *bòite* with a string quartet or a place about to be raided by the police.



LESSON TWO:

English	Lavatory	(Lavatoree)
French	Lavabo	(Lavahboe)
German	Toilette	(Toylut)
Spanish	Retrete	(Ratretuh)
Italian	Gabinetto	(Gabeenaytoe)
Swedish	Toalette	(Toelute)

There's no point in memorizing any of the above. Simply look uncomfortable and gaze around in any restaurant, night club, or hotel lobby. Someone will immediately point the way to the nearest facilities and your troubles will be over.

LESSON THREE:

English	Girl	(Gurl)
French	Fille	(Fee)
German	Fräulein	(Froyline)
Spanish	Señorita	(Senioreeta)
Italian	Signorina	(Senioreena)
Swedish	Fröken	(Fruken)

The point to be made here is that some people consider the *fröken* to be better in Scandinavia. Or, to put it another way, they feel that the Nordic girls are more approachable. The thing to remember when in Sweden . . . but I digress. Back to order, gentlemen. We have a long, long night ahead, and a great many languages to learn.

LESSON FOUR:

English	Coffee	(Kawfee)
French	Café	(Kafay)
German	Kaffee	(Kafee)
Spanish	Café	(Kafay)
Italian	Caffé	(Kafay)
Swedish	Kaffe	(Kaf)

It should be obvious by now that mastering any number of European languages is far easier than falling off a log. The only outlander who might find difficulty ordering coffee in Europe is someone from Boston.

LESSON FIVE:

English	Laxative	(Laxativ)
French	Laxatif	(Laxateef)
German	Abführmittel	(Ahbfyoormitel)
Spanish	Laxante	(Laxahnta)
Italian	Purga	(Poorgah)
Swedish	Laxerings-medel	(Loxeringsh-maydle)

If you've learned nothing else from lesson five, remember not to get constipated in Germany or Sweden.

LESSON SIX:

English	Ham and Eggs	(Hamanegs)
French	Oeufs et Jambon	(Oofsay-shambaw)
German	Schinken und Eier	(Shinken-undeyer)
Spanish	Huevos con Jamon	(Waveus con Whamo)
Italian	Garetta con Hova	(Gareta con Wova)
Swedish	Fläsk och Agg	(Flaskokog)

As far as food is concerned, there is no possibility of learning the names of all the soups, meats, fish, vegetables, salads, fruits, pastries and deserts in five different languages. The places where the waiter doesn't speak English usually have only one dish anyway. The above lesson is appended only for use in a dire emergency, to keep you from dying of starvation in a provincial village.

LESSON SEVEN:

English	Water	(Wawtuh)
French	Vin	(Vaa)
German	Wein	(Vine)
Spanish	Vino	(Veenoh)
Italian	Vino	(Veenoh)
Swedish	Vin	(Vin)

You can readily see from the above that the European word for water is wine. There's no point in ordering water as a drink. If you want it for a bath, simply turn on the tap.

LESSON EIGHT:

English	Scotch & Soda	(Scotch & Soda)
French	Scotch & Soda	(Scotch & Soda)
German	Scotch & Soda	(Scotch & Soda)
Spanish	Scotch & Soda	(Scotch & Soda)
Italian	Scotch & Soda	(Scotch & Soda)
Swedish	Scotch & Soda	(Scotch & Soda)

I think we have now simplified things as far as possible where nouns are con-

cerned. If you need additional ones for special purposes, Berlitz puts out a small vest-pocket language guide for each of the above countries, with an English-Foreign dictionary in the back.

You have now learned everything you need to know to speak European. The advanced student, however, may wish to spread his wings a little and dabble around in parts of speech other than nouns. It behooves me to indicate, therefore, that there are certain conventional phrases of greeting and politeness that serve to make the world go round. These are by no means necessary, but they provoke smiles and give everyone a feeling of camaraderie. Also, they save you money. In the first category they are:

No, you crook.
Get lost.
Drop dead.

Fortunately, these can all be expressed with a downward gesture of the thumb and require no vocabulary drill. The second category consists of welcome and farewell sounds.

Hello.
Good morning.
Good day.
Good evening.
Good-bye.
Good night.
See you around.

These also require no mental exercise and can be expressed with a wave of the hand. When we come to the phrase "How much?" we are on more delicate ground.

LESSON NINE:

English	How Much?	(How mutsh)
French	Combien?	(Calmbyaa)
German	Wieviel?	(Veefeel)
Spanish	Cuanto vale?	(Kwahntovala)
Italian	Quanto costa?	(Kwahntocawsta)
Swedish	Hur mycket?	(Hermiket)

The use of "How much?" serves to indicate that you're not about to be taken to the cleaners. When the clerk quotes the price, in whatever store you've been lured or dragged into, it won't make any difference anyway, because you won't understand a thing he quotes. Whatever he says, look as though it were out of the question, and walk out, dragging your wife behind you. The phrase is chiefly useful for the sake of showing these Europeans that *all* Americans aren't suckers.

Certain self-styled experts have stated that it is impossible to consider oneself proficient in a language without learning the basic words "yes" and "no." I fail to see the logic in this, since they can be communicated by a nod or a shake of the head. However, it has been pointed out to me that in the case of a conversation between a boy who is anxious and a girl who is reluctant, the bobbing and shaking of heads could result in vertigo. For this segment of the population, I include the following lesson:

LESSON TEN:

English	Yes?	No!	(Howa-boutit?	Scram!)
French	Oui?	Non!	(Wee?	Naw!)
German	Ja?	Nein!	(Yah?	Nine!)
Spanish	Si?	No!	(See?	No!)
Italian	Si?	No!	(See?	No!)
Swedish	Ja?	Neg!	(Yah?	Neg!)

On second thought, head waving might be preferable to such nonsensical dialogue as Weenaw, Yahnine, Seeno and Yahneg.

The final lesson concerns itself with the words "please" and "thank you." These are necessary only if one is traveling with children, when it is important to set a good example. Otherwise, a smile will convey the same thing.

LESSON ELEVEN:

English	Please. Thank you	(Pleez. Thank U)
French	S'il vous plàit. Merci	(Seevooplay. Mairsee)
German	Bitte. Danke	(Beatuh. Donkuh)
Spanish	Por Favor, Gracias	(Por Fahvor. Grahseeus)
Italian	Prego. Grazie	(Praygo. Grahtzie)
Swedish	Vor snall ach. Tach sa mycket	(Vorsnalahk. Toksamiket)

As you can see, it takes more effort to be polite in Sweden than anywhere else.

Now that I have subjected you to all this grinding mental exercise, I feel it only fair to tell you that I have driven the length and breadth of Europe innumerable times without having to speak a foreign word. It is only necessary to point like the infant and everything comes your way. The rest is just window dressing. If it pleases you to say *allo, halá, hallo,* or *holla* to the elevator man, instead of just plain hello, you go right ahead. Be a suave Continental snob for all I care. ●

 Continued from page 25

It was an old complaint with him. He'd had malaria in Cambodia. But that was before I knew him.

Twilight was flowing over the ironbound Jordan hills and the first fat drops of the long-awaited rain were just beginning to splat on the bone-dry dirt. They were widely separate at first, each silvery pear-shaped drop striking the earth like a tiny ripe fruit. I wished the boys would hurry—before the rain turned to buckshot.

The headman, Hassin, straightened up and grinned at me. He was very thrifty with his English words. If a grin would suffice, he always had one ready.

"Very good," I said.

They had uncovered the total area of the stone flooring or roofing. The stones formed a rectangle of, say, twenty by fifteen. I hunkered down for a closer inspection. The light was dimming rapidly.

It was a roof, all right, formed by overlapping courses of masonry crowned by hewn capstones. Couldn't be any doubt of it. So—was it possible that we had uncovered the first room of a lost city, or was it merely an old cellar? One way or another, the long-gone artisans who had laid this roof had put it together to last. to endure through centuries of dust-submerged oblivion.

Why? What was housed in the space under the old roof?

"Good," I said to Hassin. "Remove one of the cornerstones."

He translated the order and the Arabs went to work with crowbars, prying up one of the fair-sized slabs. A rectangle of black, hollow space appeared.

"Bring the ladder and the flashlight," I said.

Waiting for them, I fished out a stub of candle and lit it. A cold, black, unwholesome odor rose from the hole in the roof. I tested the air with the candle, to insure against poisonous gases. Then the boys sank the ladder in the opening and Hassin handed me the flashlight.

"You and the men stay up here," I said. "Understand? Give them cigarettes."

He grinned and nodded.

Tanner had taught me not to trust them. What they saw, they talked about, and Tanner was the type of digger who preferred to keep his findings to himself—unless they were the usual run-of-the-mill artifacts. I started down the ladder.

The place itself was not truly clammy. It was the cold, dark air that gave the suggestion. I started to shiver. The pregnant raindrops followed me down the rungs.

I played the torch over the old stone walls, seeing here and there a faint white filigree of mold. The flooring was the earth itself and it was as black as sin.

The figure of a naked white female stood in the halo of light.

It took me so by surprise, that for an absurd moment, I almost blurted, "Excuse me." Then I had to laugh at myself. It was only a life-sized marble statue. It glowed, pale and cold and glorious, like moonlight. I went closer.

It was the most remarkable statue I had ever seen. The detail of the female was astounding. Her hair, eyelashes, fingernails, everything. She stood with her legs slightly apart, her torso turning at the hips, her head looking back over one shoulder.

It was the expression on her face that held me. It was enigmatical. Was it surprise, horror or ecstasy? At what strange sight was she staring? Involuntarily, I threw a mechanical glance over my own shoulder. Stupid!

Who had been the sculptor? How had the statue come here? How long ago? Excitement beat in my ears, slopped and slushed around in my brain like warm, heady wine. I was dead certain that I had made an exceedingly valuable discovery. I went up the ladder and dismissed the work crew. Hassin grinned at me as he turned away. Had he seen? Had he peeked through the roof?

I hurried through the rubble of our digging to Tanner's tent. The rain was coming down like wet bayonet points.

"You've never dreamed of a statue like this," I told Tanner. "She—she's beautiful! And that's a weak word. The look on her face. That enigmatic expression!"

Tanner grunted and threw a quinine pill into his mouth. He was a squat, powerful man. Bald. He was a free-lancer. Had to be. There wasn't a reputable archeological group in the world that would touch him with a ten-foot pole. His methods were shady.

The Mexican Government was down on him for smuggling artifacts out of Yucatan; he had been run out of Cambodia for the same business, and the Greeks threw up their hands in horror at the mention of his name. I was new in the game and this was my first jaunt with Tanner. I didn't especially like the man, but I admired his professional knowledge. It seemed to me that I could learn quite a bit about the financial end of archeology—the rewards—from a man like Tanner.

"I didn't think you could find statuary of this kind in this region," I said.

Tanner trembled with his fever and smiled wryly. "Neither did I—not the way you describe her. But there could be a hundred reasons how she came to this place. Let's have a look."

In raincoats, with topees on our heads, we went out into the rain-lashed night. It was turning torrential. On our left, we heard it machine-gunning the dark, salty surface of the Dead Sea.

Tanner took one look at the white statue and went into a spasm of trembling. "G-god, she's f-fantastic, Miller! Ge-get the Coleman lit."

I ignited the two meshy little bags and raised the lantern for another look at the statue. Tanner prowled around her like an Arab chieftain contemplating a marketable female slave.

"Fantastic! The exquisite d-detail of her!" He shivered violently, hugging his upper arms. "She's old, old, old. My boy, you have no idea how old. She's not Greek or Roman. Hell, even their greatest sculptors couldn't capture a facial expression like that. L-lord, you can practically see the pores in her skin!"

Her face had me again—that enigmatical backward look. What had she seen? I pulled my eyes away.

"Look at her coiffure," Tanner demanded. "The sculptor used a Jewess for his model. Miller, I'll stake my reputation she dates back to the Old Testament."

I wondered to which reputation he was making reference. Then I found out. He turned to me and, in that sepulchral place, with that pale, cold female standing by us, his fever-bright eyes looked wild.

"Miller—do you have any idea what

"They said they were from 'Candid Camera' so I thought I'd go along with the gag. . . ."

she's worth?" he asked, his eyes greedy.

I shook my head, staring at him, knowing what was coming.

"She's worth the thirty years I've spent grubbing in this business. Twelve times, I've tracked around the world searching for her—without even realizing that she, or something as magnificent as she, existed! This"— he gestured toward the glowing female object— "is the treasure hunter's dream. This is the bonanza!"

I said, "You have more to say."

"Oh, yes. Oh, my God, yes! Much more. There's thousands in her, Miller. I know the right people. Two of them are in Paris. No questions asked. No mention of our names, ever. Nothing on paper. And no taxes. Right down the middle, boy. Fifty-fifty. If . . ."

"If I help you smuggle her out of the country," I said.

He laughed, his eyes leaping from my face to her face.

"There's no other way to work it. You know there isn't. That greasy governor of this district is as grabby as a fish net strung with hooks. We're damned well lucky if he'll let us keep the worthless potsherds and beads we turn up. Do Hassin and the boys know about her?"

"I don't think so. I came down here by myself. But who ever knows about Hassin? He might have peeked when my back was turned."

Tanner nodded, shivering. "If he knows, he'll run right to the authorities. Not a doubt of it. Miller, we're getting her out of here tonight. Now."

I argued with him. Sure. For a minute, half-heartedly. But I was already caught by the infectious aura of his excitement. And we both knew it. I would be rich. Or, if Tanner failed to turn up the right buyer, I would at least be famous.

"You're certain of her age and value?" I'd accept any assurance.

"I know my business, don't I? She's not listed in any catalogue, I know. Her true worth will be any connoisseur's guess. But you can leave that part to me. All you have to do is help me get her out."

"To where? And how?"

He was sweating now.

"To Israel. That's the first move. I know an influential Jew there who'll help us for a little payola. Let's see. . . . We'd have to find and steal some kind of craft to cross the Dead Sea. And those damned Arab patrol boats would probably catch us halfway over. No. We'll take the truck and follow the shore down to Ein Hatseva. The barbed wire ends about fifteen miles below Sodom. All right?"

I nodded. "Right."

We had to rig up the block and tackle to get her out of the pit. She was heavy, but not as heavy as I thought marble would be.

"What do you think she is—chalcedony?" I asked as we hauled and shoved and strained in our own sweat, with the blinding torrent of rain pouring down on us. "You notice how she seems to have a certain sparkle about her in the light?"

"Could—could be just the moisture," Tanner grunted. "After eons of dampness down in that cellar."

Maybe. But the cellar had seemed as hermetically sealed as King Tut's tomb.

We swayed her up into the rain and the dark and Tanner said, "Get the truck. Hurry! For God's sake hurry!"

Our vehicle was an archaic old wreck, with tall, metal sides around the bed and an open top. I backed her up to the opening and trotted around to drop the tailgate. Tanner, holding onto the swaying statue in the tackle, watched me balefully. The gate came down with a rusty screech, like an ecstatic banshee busting loose. Cold, black water gurgled out of the bed. Tanner was shivering so violently that his teeth actually chattered.

"All right. G-get her h-by the sh-sh—*n-not by the head*, man! G-good God, be careful! B-by the shoulders!"

Grunting, heaving, shoving up, we jockeyed the gleaming woman-sized statue into the truck bed, Tanner hissing like a frantic boa constrictor. "Easy n-now! Careful! D-don't chip her!"

She was in, on her back with the rain peppering her body, her head slightly turned over her left shoulder, staring with that strange, fixed expression. At what? I slammed up the tailgate.

"I'll d-drive," Tanner said, and he gave me a shove.

Frowning with apprehension, I squelched around to the passenger side and climbed into the cab. Tanner slammed the door on his side, and for a long moment, he clung to the wheel with the shakes.

"My God, Tanner. You're in no shape for this. You'll kill—"

"Shut up! I've been through worse than this in Brazil and Cambodia. And for less—far less. W-what you want me to do? Crawl into my tent w-with my pills for a week? And let that damned governor snatch her away from me! I'll be all right, I tell you."

He turned her over and dumped her in gear and we jolted out of the mud with a tire spin and a neck-snapping leap and went lurching for the road.

"*Easy!*" I yelled.

"Shut up!" he snapped.

The old truck slid onto the road, careening slightly, found traction and went rolling into the gold-streaked blackness.

Outside, it rain, rain, rained. Inside it dribbled, the moisture seeping around the door frames and the seams of the windshield. The truck skidded, swerved, slewed around, the tires treading for the ground, finding it, digging in and going forward again, and Tanner shivering and chattering and hunching down over the wheel.

And suddenly it all seemed crazy to me —this pellmell race into the night, down a muddy, nameless road, in a blinding rain, the fever-ridden, obsessed man clutching the swerving wheel at my side, and that pale, cold, wet female statue riding behind me, with her head turned over her shoulder and staring, staring. . . .

"Tanner," I said. "This is all wrong."

"Shut up! Damn it, Miller, shut up! Can't you realize what I've got in the back of this truck? It's my life. My entire life! Thirty years of searching and dreaming. Never honestly believing that she or anything like her would actually appear. And now she has. She has! And I've got her, and I'm going to get her out, and there's no power on earth can stop me!"

His heavy usage of the first-person possessive concerned me: *I've, I'm, me, my. . . .* Did he still consider me his fifty-fifty partner? Was it the fever or the statue that was destroying his rationality?

A crystalline white eye materialized ahead of us, far down the road and coming on. It brodied around to a static, knifing stop and then a second, smaller light appeared and began to wigwag at us.

"That's a motorcycle," I said. "Someone signalling us with a flashlight to stop."

Then I realized that Tanner meant to drive right over the man and his cycle.

I slashed at his brake foot with my left boot. "You fool! You can't kill him!"

The truck went into a mad skid, the rear end skittering halfway around in a muddy pivot.

"Goddamn you!"

"Will you, for crapsake, take it easy!" I yelled at him.

A rain-coated Arab was picking his way toward us, slipping in the muck. He was one of the shore patrolmen and he carried an old World War II machine pistol in the cradle of his arm. He came up to Tanner's side and tapped the muzzle of the weapon against the streaming window. Tanner silently rolled it down.

"Your identification," the Arab said. "Where are you going?"

We dug out our wallets and showed him our ID cards. "Al Mazra," Tanner said in a quiet, almost dreamy, voice.

"You can see we're archeologists," I said. "We move from place to place, searching for Dead Sea scrolls."

"So?" the Arab said. "Let me see your permits, please."

"You have them," Tanner said. "They're in our wallets."

"Yes? And what are you carrying in this truck?"

"Only our equipment," I said.

"So? We will have a look."

Tanner reached down between his legs. The gesture had no meaning to me at that moment. I was in a panic to get out my door and meet the Arab at the back of the truck. I knew these people. They could be bribed.

The rain hit me like a break in a dike. I squelched to the back of the truck. The Arab came around the other end.

"Open up," he ordered.

The truck bed must have been like a bathtub. Rainwater was pouring out of every crack and hole. I put my hand on the right-hand bolt and smiled at him. "Look here . . ." I started to say.

Tanner's silhouette appeared behind the Arab and I saw his right arm swing up. The wrench literally bounced off the Arab's head and the machine pistol roared *ba-bap bap* straight in the air as the senseless man dropped into the mud.

"*Tanner!* You crazy idiot! We could have bribed him!"

Tanner said nothing. He threw the wrench aside and yanked the machine pistol free of the Arab. Then he said, "Drag him into the *karoo* shrub. Hurry!"

I stooped over the prostrate man, but in the night and the rain, I couldn't tell how badly he was hurt. He didn't seem right to me, though. Not at all.

"Tanner, he's badly hurt or dead."

The muzzle of the machine pistol tapped me coldly, jarringly, under the chin, then retreated. When I looked up, Tanner was aiming at my chest.

"Drag him into the bush."

"Tanner, listen to me. What if he's not dead? What if he's badly hurt? We can't leave him out here in—"

"Get him into the bush."

It wasn't necessary for him to say "or." I knew where I stood. Either I dragged the sad-apple Arab into the bush, *or* I joined him in the muddy road.

"You drive," Tanner said. And there were no ifs about that, either. Not with that gun aimed at my navel.

He herded me around through the passenger side and followed me into the cab. I released the brake and put her in gear and started to ease around the parked motorcycle. Tanner kept the gun at my right side.

"We could have bribed him, Tanner," I said again.

"No. He knew about us," Tanner insisted. "The governor sent him."

"Damn it, he *didn't* know about us! You hit him for no reason!"

"Shut up and drive!" The barrel nudged me in the ribs.

I was scared—sick-stomach scared. I could still hear the *bappity-bap* of that gun ringing in my ears. Those slugs would plow through me like darning needles through warm butter. I shut up and drove.

It poured rain. Tanner went in and out of the shakes. We passed through the district of Moab, then through sleeping Al Mazra. In less than an hour, we skirted Khinzirah and headed for As Safiyah. Another ten miles and we could cut west and aim for Beersheba, in Israel.

Tanner was starting to mutter to himself. ". . . so old she might go into the reckoning of millenniums. Tell you, she's of no known period. Might even belong to Abraham's time. Seems impossible, and yet . . . and yet . . ."

And yet, she lay back there in the bouncing truck bed, alone in the wet night, as we droned on through the pouring darkness.

It never let up, the rain, not for a moment. It seemed to cover the night land as Noah's deluge had once done.

Tanner figured we were past the barbed-wire barricades which separated Jordan and Israel, and he said, "Take the first turnoff west." He was burning up again. When I looked at him, he was swabbing sweat from his face with his left hand.

Maybe I could have slammed the brakes then and jumped him as he spun off balance. Maybe I could have gotten that gun away from him. But I didn't. I don't know why not. I didn't. I just drove on.

Tanner was wrong. The Arabs had extended the Jordan line. The road we were on ran us smack into a frontier outpost. We were on top of it before I could do anything about it.

The white-and-red barricade was down, stabbing across our path, and an armed sentry was waving us to halt with his torch. There was a guardhouse, and an officer came through the door swathed to his eyes in a khaki-colored *cheche*.

I hit the brakes and we went into a mud-creaming skid. Tanner said one very old, very short Anglo-Saxon word and swung up the machine pistol. I grabbed at the barrel in a panic.

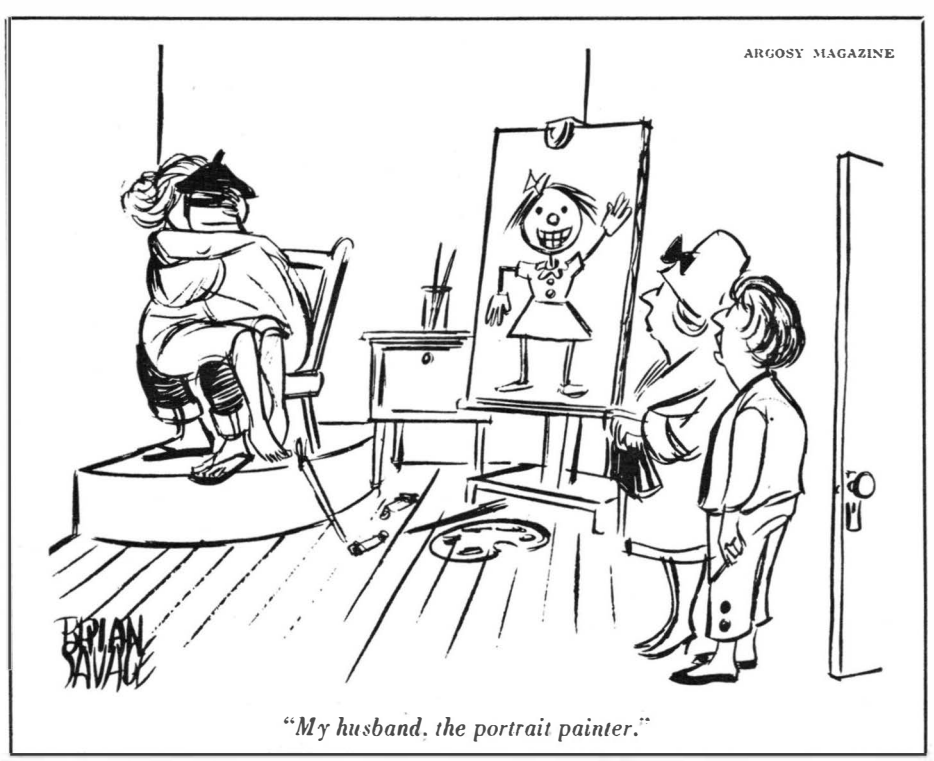
"Don't! There's a whole guardhouse of them. And look over there!" I pointed to the south of the sentry box.

Tanner hesitated, staring. Barbed-wire entaglements coiled off into the murk on either side of the road. A sandbagged sap squatted on top of the shallow bluff where the road curved down into No Man's Land. We could see a three-man crew hunkering around a light machine gun. The nest commanded the road.

"They'll cut us to shreds," I said.

Tanner sucked his breath as the armed Arab officer came squelching noisily through the mud.

Tanner relaxed with a soul-weary sigh. "I had it," he muttered. "I had the an-



"My husband, the portrait painter."

swer for at least one man's purpose of existence in this stupid damn world. And now . . ."

The officer, followed by the sentry who carried an old Lebel rifle, came up on my side and the sentry swung the barrel of the Lebel toward me significantly. I rolled down the window, still clinging tightly to the barrel of Tanner's gun with my right hand.

"*Bism' Allah,*" I said to the officer, a lieutenant.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"We're American archeologists. We want to cross over to Beersheba."

"From where are you coming?"

"Upper Moab."

"Why didn't you cross at Sodom?"

Good question. I tried a bluff in assimilated anger.

"We're sick and tired of bribes. We thought if we came far enough south, we could cross over without having to pay tribute to every son of Allah who stood in our way with a gun at our heads."

The lieutenant laughed.

"You thought that, eh? What are you carrying into Israel?"

"Nothing."

He turned slightly without taking his eyes from me. "Keep your rifle at his head while I check the truck."

I stared blankly at the aimed Lebel rifle while my world turned slowly upside down. It wasn't just the trouble we would be in for trying to smuggle the statue out of the country; it might also be murder. Which would mean a firing squad.

I turned and looked at Tanner. He was trembling again and his eyes were sideslipping in his moist face, like a ferret caught in a trap. He still hadn't quite made up his mind.

"Don't," I whispered. "We'll never get through alive."

His sick eyes looked into mine.

"She's mine," he said hoarsely. "They can't take her away from me. I'd rather die than give her up!"

Then he snatched the barrel of the machine pistol from my hand.

The Arab lieutenant came slogging back.

"All right," he said. "You may pass." I stared. Then I said, "Thank you."

Tanner looked stunned. He gawked at the lieutenant. I put the truck in gear and let out the pedal and we shivered forward a few feet. Another sentry worked on some sort of gear in the dark and the white-and-red pole rose slowly into the raining sky.

I pressed the gas and we rumbled through the barricade and into the waiting blackness of No Man's Land. I didn't get it. I couldn't understand. True, I hadn't heard the tailgate drop, but surely the Arab officer had looked into the truck bed. Certainly, he had climbed up on the rear bumper and investigated the back of the truck with his torch.

So why hadn't he seen the statue? Why hadn't he arrested us as smugglers?

"Stop the truck," Tanner said.

"What?"

"Stop! I want to look back here. Something's wrong."

"No," I said. "Not here. We're only a hundred yards from the Israel barricade. At this point, they can both see us."

"But something's wrong, Miller! What?"

"Wait! Damn it, can't you wait? The Jews are right ahead."

The armed Israelites came out from behind their barricade to meet us. I stopped the truck. This time it was a Jewish lieutenant who stepped up to the cab window.

"Who are you and what are you bringing into Israel?"

I don't know why I said it but I did. "Nothing. We're American archelogists."

"We'll see," the lieutenant said. "You realize that if you enter Israel now, you will not be permitted to re-enter Jordan?"

"That's all right by us," I said.

"We'll have to check the back of your truck," he said.

Tanner was already out his door. I shot out mine. The three of us met at the back of the truck.

The lieutenant looked at us with raised, wet eyebrows. "Something wrong?"

"That's what we want to find out," I told him.

Tanner and I unbolted the tailgate and let it drop with its usual screak. We stared into the rain-whipped truck bed. Water poured out of it like a miniature Niagara.

That's all there was—draining water. Nothing else.

"Stolen!" Tanner screamed. "My God, they stole her!"

"No!" I grabbed at his arm. "They didn't have a chance. We would have heard the tailgate. The Arab lieutenant was only back there for a few seconds by himself. He *couldn't* have gotten her out by himself. She weighs far too much."

"Then where?" Tanner wailed. "Where's she gone to? Oh, my God! *She's dissolved!* The rain! The filthy rain!"

He turned away from the open truck bed, away from me and the bewildered-looking lieutenant. And he started to laugh. The high mounting rocking laugh of insanity. He sat right down in the mud and roared with laughter until his breath failed him, and then he went into hiccupping, giggling sobs.

"Very nice," the lieutenant said to me. "Very nice what you've brought us. As if we didn't have our fair share already. All right. Let us get him into the infirmary. We'll have to strap him down."

The lieutenant and I left Tanner with a Jewish medic. We went outside and over to the barbed wire to have a smoke. The rain had petered to a sullen mist. I had nothing to say. I had only one question and it wasn't anything the lieutenant could answer.

Where had she gone? How? And when?

The medic came out and accepted a cigarette from the lieutenant.

"I gave him a shot to calm him down," he told us. Then he looked at me and jerked his thumb back at the infirmary shack. "Religious fanatic, eh?" he said.

"Who? Tanner? No. Why?"

"Because he keeps raving about Lot's wife," the medic said. "About how she looked back at the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah even though God had warned her not to. And so she was turned to a pillar of salt."

ALONE ACROSS THE SAHARA *Continued from page 30*

Truck driver stops to cook meal in shade of shelter made of flattened petrol cans.

wired in a NERVUS unit from an electric fence. This upsetting little gadget would give anyone touching the car from outside a 3,000-volt jolt—not dangerous, since the amperage was close to zero, but one that would certainly keep off thieves and would also give the shock of his life to any dog who lifted his hind leg against my car.

Two days after the Land Rover was ready, I was on my way. As I arrived in Algiers on the boat from Marseilles, I had my first brush with the new Algerian authorities. They are even more proficient than the French in red tape; it took me a total of nineteen hours to get myself and car ashore and through customs.

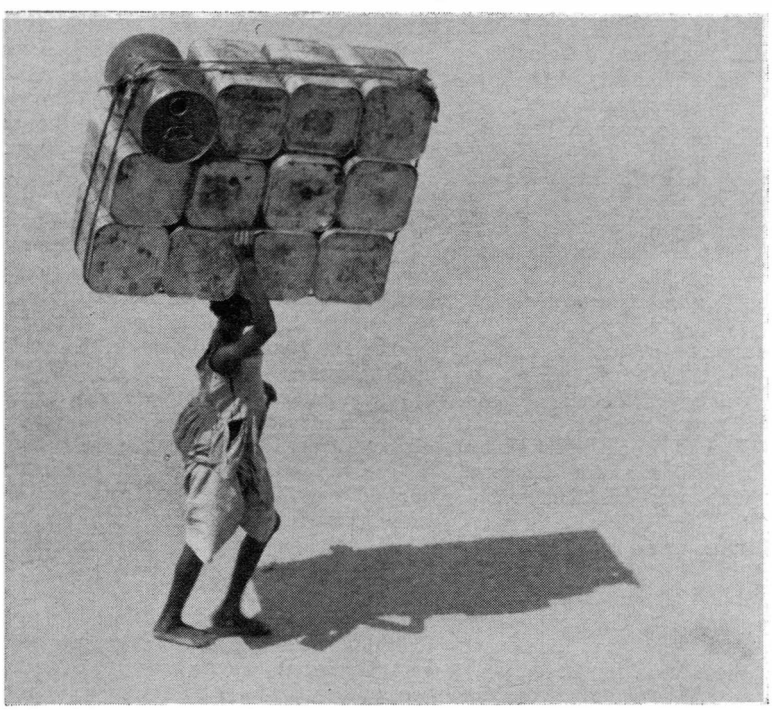
When the French were in charge, cars bound for the Sahara had to be inspected and pronounced fit for the desert, and each car was obliged to carry a full complement of spare parts, plus heavy loads of extra gas and water. The French had a Security Service, to which each motorist had to report the route he was taking and his time of departure. If a motorist did not turn up on time at the next military station, the Service would begin an immediate air and ground search for him. Even so, many Sahara crossers died.

But under today's Algerian Governent, there is no red tape at all about crossing the Sahara. Any damn fool with any kind of crazy vehicle can enter the desert—and does!

I talked to a number of people in Algiers about conditions in the desert. Everyone said it was now impossible to drive all the way across. Five years ago, there had been a "bus service" crossing the desert a few times each winter, but today, I was told, I would find only local traffic, and very sparse at that. One talkative old gent, a fiercely-mustachioed ex-bus driver, tried to frighten me off by telling me about two young Englishmen whose car had broken down only fifty miles from an oasis a few months before. They had used up all their water rations and had drained and drunk the water from the radiator. After they had been stalled there ten days, a truck carrying supplies from In Salah had come upon them. Though they were still alive, they were dying and could not be saved. Their terrible thirst had led them to drink a can of poisonous brake fluid.

But I hadn't come this far in order to turn back. There are two roads (trails, really) through the Sahara: the Ahaggar route via Tamanrasset and the Tanezrouft route through Colomb Bechar, Bidon Five, and Gao. I decided to try the Ahaggar route this time. For the first 900 miles, this is a relatively good tarred road with not too many chuck holes or obstructions—fortunately for me, since during most of this stretch the road was hidden by a sandstorm. The smoothness of the road seemed to call for high speeds, but I forced myself to drive slow, because every fifty miles or so, I came upon a high dune of soft sand lying across the roadway. Smacking into one of these at fifty-five mph is not my idea of adventure.

Already, in this northern part of the desert, gasoline was getting scarce—and expensive. I passed a couple of filling stations which were closed and then came to one which was open but, according to the attendant, dry. He directed me to a shopkeeper down the road who, he said, had a store of gas for his own personal use and "might be willing" to part with some. He was willing, all right—at $1.50 a gallon. After this experience, I tried always to have enough gas so that I could afford to pass up these "dry" filling stations. And oddly enough, I found that once I was not hard up for gas, the filling stations were eager to do business with me at standard prices.



African girl carries load of empty oil cans to sell for water storage.

After the road ended and I was driving through naked desert, I discovered what my main car trouble was going to be this trip: other people's cars. They were a real problem. The first disabled car I met was another Rover in which some Frenchmen from Tamanrasset were trying to get to Algiers. They had only one good tire left. I helped them patch up one of their tires and gave them two of my four spares, but as I got under way again, I began to wonder what I would do the next time I met a car that needed a tire.

As it turned out, the next car I met needed a water pump. I had one, but by this time, I had decided to hang onto my spare parts rather than run the risk of getting stuck myself. There were three people in this car, and I took them on to the nearest oasis, a distance of some 200 miles. I didn't relish the extra weight, nor the fact that, since they were out of water, we all had to share mine. If anything had happened to my car at this point, we would have been in bad shape.

Desert oases are usually described as things of beauty, with bright green palm leaves waving softly in the breeze and wells that gush water clear as crystal. Actually, most oases I have seen have palms that are grayish and dust-covered, with leaves that make a continuous and rather repulsive sound like that of crumpling paper. The water is apt to have a nasty taste of salt and magnesia. These were the conditions I found in Ghardaia, El Golea and In Salah. Only in Tamanrasset, in the heart of the Sahara, did I find anything resembling the storybook description. The Tamanrasset palms are the finest and the greenest I have ever seen. And the water isn't bad, either.

I had intended, after Tamanrasset, to take to the open desert and make my own way by compass, avoiding the trail and the broken-down cars. It's all very well to help people, but if I tried to save everyone I might soon be dead myself.

But in Tamanrasset I met a Dutchman. He asked me for a ride. I refused. He

cried, begged, pleaded. I refused. He offered to cut off his left hand and give it to me. I refused even more emphatically. But after he had told me his sad story, I finally gave in and took him with me.

Eight weeks before, he and his two friends had got stranded with a burnt-out generator about 500 miles south of Tamanrasset. They made their way to In Guezzam which, while well marked on the map, consists of five palm trees, a mud hut, a well and a gasoline depot which is usually empty. Two weeks later, a truck came through with gas and supplies for the depot. One of the Dutchmen, my hitchhiker, went on to Tamanrasset with the truck. From there, he had hitched a ride to Algiers on a military aircraft. From Algiers, he flew to Holland, got a new generator, then back to Algiers and Tamanrasset, where he had been waiting several days when I picked him up.

When we arrived in In Guezzam, the other Dutchmen were so happy to see him again that they all cried. We had a feast, complete with toasts—in water, since there was nothing stronger. Then we tried to put in the generator. Instantly, all gaiety vanished: it was the wrong model! I can still see those Dutchmen in their agony.

I was in trouble, too. Could I drive away, or was it my duty to help them? And if so, how? We could swap batteries, for instance. My car could run on its generator while charging up their dead battery, and their car, without generator, could run a couple of hundred miles or more on my fully charged heavy-duty battery. But their car was not too well equipped for the desert, and worst of all, they evidently had little knowledge of desert driving. The safest thing for them would be to drive with me in convoy, so that I could carry them if they broke

On foot, without water, it is only a matter of a few days until death comes.

Even the French-operated rescue trucks were not impervious to the soft, drifting sands of the Sahara.

down again. But if they *did* break down, they, their food and their heavy-water supply would constitute quite an overload for my car, and overloading a car in the sand is a risky business.

I didn't confide these thoughts of mine to the Dutchmen. *You've got to stop helping people,* I kept telling myself. It seemed to me that the smart thing to do would be to give the Dutchmen enough of my food so that they could stay alive for a month, and then get the hell out of there.

But somehow I couldn't do it.

The next morning, some Tuaregs came by and told us that a truck heading for In Guezzam had broken down and was now standing twenty miles to the south. This sounded like the answer to all our problems. If I could get the truck running again, then the Dutchmen could swap batteries with it, and the two vehicles could convoy each other back to Tamanrasset, quite a stretch of ground, but easier to drive than the southerly route I was taking.

The four Algerians in the truck were happy to see me and pleasantly surprised at how ready I was to help them. Their fan belt had gone. They had tried to patch it, then to replace it with leather straps and pieces of rope, but nothing would hold. Fortunately, I had some sharp cutting tools in the Land Rover, and we succeeded in making a usable fan belt from one of their spare tires. I even made them a spare.

We brought the truck back to the Dutchmen's car, switched batteries, and then the two vehicles took off for Tamanrasset. The Dutchmen were singing and waving. Soon they disappeared behind the sand dunes, and I continued on my solitary way to the south.

I kept to the trail at first. Under the French, the trail was marked with iron poles every twenty-five miles, but now most of these markers have vanished into the sands. There has been no attempt to replace them; the Ben Bella Government has more important things on its mind.

The trouble with following the trail is that you can't really drive on it, or even close alongside it. The heavy trucks and desert military vehicles have churned up the sand and made it soft and uneven. And once a trail is spoiled, it is likely to remain that way for the next fifty years. You have to drive some distance to the side of the trail, therefore—the further off the better, because virgin sand usually offers a harder, smoother driving surface. But if you go too far off, say ten or twenty miles east, you won't know if you're following the trail or not; it doesn't keep to a straight line, but often bends its way around sand dunes and rocks. You may even cross the trail without knowing it, because in some places the sand is so hard that there is no trail at all.

And if you think you're on the eastern side when actually you've crossed over to the west, you'll probably continue to go west until you're hopelessly lost.

Driving in the desert, especially far from the trail, has one more danger. When you're doing fifty and steering with two fingers on a surface which seems as smooth as a superhighway in all directions, you'll suddenly come upon a ditch which you may not even see because of the harsh light, a ditch from one to three feet in width and as deep as it is wide. These ditches are made by the rain—yes, it does rain in the Sahara, though maybe only once in ten or fifteen years. These small water channels and the deeper *wadis* are the greatest hazards in desert driving.

In some areas, the *wadis* consist of quicksand, and even if they won't swallow a whole vehicle complete with driver, as some alarmists claim, your car will certainly sink down to the axles, maybe even to the driver's seat, if you fall into one. Getting out again is quite a job. Sand mats of wire, canvas, or plastic are worthless in this situation. They will either be torn to pieces or else uselessly swept aside by the spinning wheels.

The only thing that will get your car out of a really soft *wadi* is a sand ladder made of heavy steel tubes linked together. You'll have to dig the car completely free of sand, put the ladder under the wheels, and then slowly inch forward the length of the ladder. At this point, you bring the ladder around to the front of the car and repeat the process. You repeat it maybe fifty, maybe a hundred times, until you reach an island of hard sand. Here you will have to maneuver the car to the edge of the sand island at its longest width, so that you can accelerate to a speed which will allow you to continue when you reach the soft sand.

Driving in soft sand is quite an art, but an experienced desert driver can go for amazingly long distances without getting stuck. The trick is to keep to the right speed if you go too fast, the car will turn over broadside if you have to swerve to avoid an obstacle. And if you drive too slowly, you get bogged down. Accelerating has to be done with extreme caution; if you do it too quickly, your wheels will spin and dig themselves into the sand.

Gear changes are tough to make, because even a momentary loss of traction can get you in trouble. If the soft stretch is a short one, you can often sail into it in high and count on your momentum to get you to the other side. But it is safer to enter the soft stuff in a lower gear, keeping a hard and heavy foot on the accelerator, even if your car begins to act like a nutshell bobbing in the sea. It is better to punish your motor by keeping it in a too-high gear (hoping all the while that it won't die on you) than to try to shift down. If you feel you *must* shift down, do it fast; this calls for double-clutching, even with a fully synchronized gearbox.

The worst stretches of desert are the ones where sand and rocks occur together. If you don't drive fast, you'll bog down, and if you do drive fast you're liable to hit a rock and wreck your car. Here, you settle for the lesser of two evils and drive slowly. If you do get stuck, there will be plenty of rocks to shove under the wheels.

Sandstorms are frequent, but just remember that they seldom last more than two or three days. *Don't* try to make a desperate run for the nearest oasis. Just keep to a sensible speed. When you can't see where you're going any more, stop and sweat it out. Tie a cover around the radiator—and around the motor, too, if it

isn't too hot. Then get inside the car and roll up the windows so you won't have to breathe too much sand. But whatever you do, *don't* go to sleep in the car: you may wake up buried under tons of sand. If the sand starts to rise above window height, open a window and climb out. Take a sleeping bag with you and get into it head first to keep the sand out of your face and nostrils. And don't forget your shovel; you'll have to dig the car out afterwards.

If you're stuck with a seemingly unrepairable breakdown, try using your imagination. Even the wildest idea will sometimes work. If your fuel pump goes out, you can improvise a gravity-feed system by fastening a gas can to the hood or the fender and running a plastic tube from the can down to the carburetor. If there's a crack in your crankcase, you can patch it with a mixture of soap, water and crushed bread or flour; the oil won't dissolve it. (You carry spare oil, of course.) If your radiator starts leaking, throw in a raw egg or two and some flour or finely crushed bread, and it will hold water for several hundred miles.

You can even drive a car on three wheels if you have to. I did once. I had ruined the rims of both my rear wheels on rocky ground. I put the spare on one rear wheel and my off-front wheel on the other. Then I tied the rear spring opposite the missing wheel and piled as much luggage as I could into that corner of the car. In this way, I was able to limp a long for 300 miles.

If you're really stuck and can't get your car going again, stay with the car and dig in. Make a hole in the sand under the car, lie there in the shade, and wait to be rescued. You should put a flag or a gas can, or some other conspicuous object on top of the nearest sand dune—but don't do this during the daylight hours; you'll sweat too much and lose precious water. Never try to walk to the next oasis unless it's only a few miles away, and you're absolutely certain of the direction. Stay holed up under the car. When your drinking water runs out, drink the water from the radiator. When that runs out, still stick to the car. Even if you think you're dying, stick to the car. A car is a whole lot easier to find than a man, and all authorities on desert survival agree that a stranded motorist's chances are 100 per cent better if he stays with his vehicle.

As I continued south from In Guezzam, I veered further and further away from the trail until I was 100 miles or more beyond it. I wanted to avoid the bumpy, spring-snapping route through the mountains, and I did not mind the soft sand. I knew how to handle it, and my four-wheel drive was still working perfectly.

This was the pleasantest part of my trip. Ploughing on and on under a pitiless sun through that seemingly endless wasteland, I felt a sense of solitude that was somehow exhilarating. There's nothing I know of to compare with it except perhaps the feeling one gets when skiing through virgin snow fields above the timberline.

But suddenly, in this trackless expanse, I came upon traces of other human beings. I stopped the car and got out to investigate. Someone had stopped here recently to eat, judging from some empty food cans in the sand. One of the cans had a little meat in it that was still slightly moist. This meant that people had been here within the last twelve hours or so. And after eating, they had continued—but in an easterly direction! The tracks were of a narrow car with small tires. A Volkswagen, I guessed.

Who on earth would be driving a Volkswagen into literally the middle of nowhere? There was nothing to the east—no people, no water. Only death could await a traveler there. Obviously, the people in the Volkswagen had lost their way.

The desert to the west was flat, and I could see a spot a few miles distant where the sand was disturbed. The VW had probably bogged down and had been dug out again. I followed the easterly tracks, and after ten miles or so, I found another place where my VW friends had got stuck—and I mean really stuck! They had had to move several tons of sand to get the car going again. It seemed to me that two or three men doing that much work would have to drink at least a gallon of water each to keep up their strength. And they were heading in a direction in which they would find no further water—ever!

I was hoping that they were only a short distance away, that I might find them behind the next sand dune. But I did not. I followed their tracks for 100 miles, then had to turn back toward the south. I was running low on gas.

I returned to the main trail, carefully marking the spot where I re-entered it, so that the VW could be found by following my own tracks. When I got to the next oasis, I told the Niger Republic authorities there about the lost VW. One Niger official had seen the car a couple of days before. It had passed through the oasis with three men in it—Germans, he thought. The men were planning to stay on the main trail and were confident that a truck would pick them up if they got stuck.

What they didn't realize is that trucks are rarities in this part of the desert, and that a truck may well take a route 100 miles to the east of the trail, or 100 miles to the west, or anywhere in between. A wrecked car could stay out there for months, even years, without being found.

But since I had seen the VW's tracks out in the virgin desert, it would be easy to trace. The Niger authorities promised to send a patrol out after it first thing in the morning. I hope they did.

A week to the day after I entered the desert, I was sitting in an air-conditioned bar in Kano, Nigeria, drinking glass after glass of ice-cold lemonade.

A drunken fat man at the next table was watching me curiously. "You're the thirstiest man I ever saw," he said. "Where did you get such a thirst?"

"In the Sahara," I told him.

"How is that dirty old sand pit?"

"Dry," I answered, turning away.

The ugliness, the dryness, the dangers were fading from my mind. All I was thinking of now was the rolling sand dunes, the blue horizons, the endless plains, the unforgettable sunsets. Already I wanted to go back.

What could a drunk understand about my desert!

• • •

WILL WILLIE "SUPER-MAYS" BE BASEBALL'S FIRST NEGRO MANAGER?

Continued from page 33

may become baseball's first Negro manager. Whether or not such speculation is justified can only be determined by a good look at the man and his career.

In his thirteenth season of big-league play, Mays plays center field for the San Francisco Giants with the same unaffected joy he once demonstrated in the garbage-strewn streets of Harlem, where he was an honored guest in the kids' stickball games.

When Willie began the 1964 season by hitting close to .500 for six weeks, baseball fans were tuning in their radios each morning to find out what Willie did in the night game and to check on his swollen batting average. When he went off on a twenty-game hitting streak, his name was as big on TV as Lyndon Johnson's beagles. And for a while, if you were nostalgic, it sounded like 1941 all over again, when Joe DiMaggio, another great center fielder, amassed a fifty-six-game hitting string that had the country forgetting how close we were to World War II.

Naturally, nobody expected Mays to keep it up. And he didn't. But he had the math wizards projecting his average, home runs and runs batted in, based on his early-season playing, and it sounded like the box-office figures for "My Fair Lady."

Naturally, too, Willie's six homers in his first six games, his twenty homers by mid-June and his usual buoyant all-around good play had the San Francisco fans cheering him to the point of hoarseness. But this, strangely, was a relatively new development in the city beside the Golden Gate. For Willie, undisputedly the best piece of ballplaying flesh rampant, has always had a hard time winning the support of his San Francisco fans.

They didn't like the idea that he had made his name and fame originally in New York and they preferred to think that Joe DiMaggio, a home-town boy, was a better center fielder.

So, while the rest of the country roared its appreciation of Willie, most San Franciscans sat on their hands. This odd state of affairs moved Frank Conniff, the newspaper columnist, to write several years ago: "San Francisco is the damnedest town. They cheer Khrushchev and boo Willie Mays."

This year, when Willie was reminded of how he was now being cheered in a city that once seemed to reject his talents, he just shrugged and said, "You hit .500 and they'll cheer you, too."

The one-man reign of terror that Willie launched on National League pitchers this year also launched one of the biggest field days for the amateur psychoanalysts, who are usually more content to brood over Dick Nixon's hostility or Liz Taylor's colorful syndromes.

Everyone was trying to figure what exactly had gotten into Willie. Sure, they always knew he was great. But he had now become too good to be true. While Willie played tag with a possible .400 batting average, the first in the majors since Ted Williams did it back in 1941 with a mark of .406, the brain-watching tyros went on a binge. Their suggestions for Mays' success ranged from the fact that he now had a San Francisco banker handling his money affairs to the unforgivable hint (made by a usually astute New York journalist) that someone on the Giants—probably Coach Herman Franks—was stealing signs and relaying them to Willie.

"There are people willing to concede that Mays is capable of batting .400," this reporter stated, "but when it's closer to .500, then suspicion rises that perhaps more than Willie's great talent is involved."

However, the Warren Commission was not summoned to investigate this plot. When Willie's average plummeted to superman, second-class level, the ugly suggestion was soon discarded.

When someone took the roseate view that Willie's freshet of homers and base hits were due to the new, gracious attitude of the National League hurlers, who were no longer using Willie's head as a target for their fast balls, Mays himself provided a rebuttal to that one.

Standing bare to the waist in his hotel room, with a religious medal dangling from his neck and red pajama pants covering his muscular legs, Willie threw back his head and laughed cheerily when the question was asked: "Do the pitchers throw at you?"

"*All* the time," he answered. "But as long as I don't get hurt, I don't care what they do."

A few days later, Willie was reminded that, in some dugouts, a new formula had been devised to stop his assault.

"Only way to get Willie out," said Larry Bearnarth, the hard-working, college-bred relief pitcher for Casey Stengel's Mets, "is to hit him in the back, then pick him off first base!"

Willie did admit that he was sleeping better in 1964. Maybe, confided the would-be doctors and psyche probers, that is what had relaxed him more than ever before.

"Yes," Willie acknowledged. "I've been taking one of those pills (seconal) before going to bed. They help me go to sleep in a few minutes. The next morning, after a real good night's sleep, I wake up, wash my face, and I'm all ready to play."

In truth, Willie has always been ready to play. He was probably the real-life inspiration for Leo Durocher's ode to a hustling player: "The man came to play."

Durocher has always been Willie's firmest supporter. He was Mays' first big-league manager when the awed and frightened youngster, just nineteen, reported to the Giants back in 1951. The first thing Willie did then was tell Durocher he didn't think he could play big-league ball. Leo talked the boy out of it. It was the best filibustering he has ever done.

Today, when asked, Durocher insists Willie is the greatest he's ever seen. "Willie can run, throw, field, hit, and hit with power," he says. "Only one other player of the modern era is equal to him. That's DiMaggio."

Willie has played for other Giant managers—Bill Rigney, Tom Sheehan and currently Al Dark—but Leo's strident charms seemed to reap the most from the ballplayer. From the start of their relationship, Durocher always treated the boy from Westfield, Alabama, as a long-lost son. When Willie simply couldn't beg or borrow a base hit in his first few games in a Giant uniform, Leo reaffirmed his faith by keeping him in the line-up.

"You're my center fielder," he told the befuddled rookie. And Willie, as everybody now knows, responded by becoming the best center fielder around.

This year, in late May, Alvin Dark

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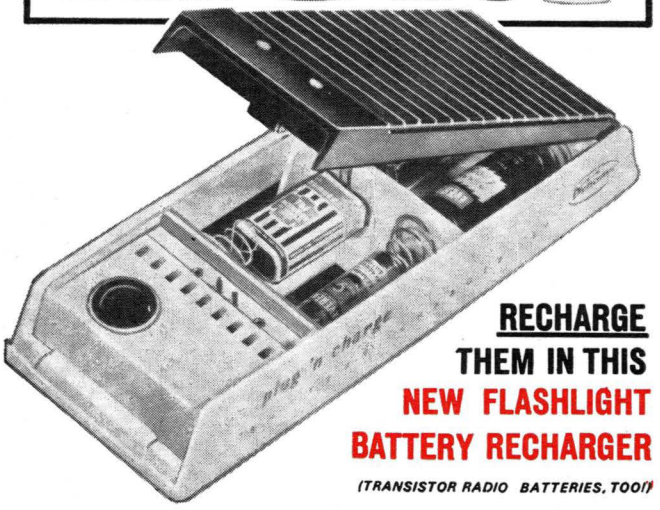

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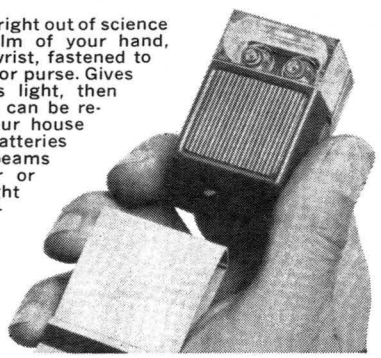

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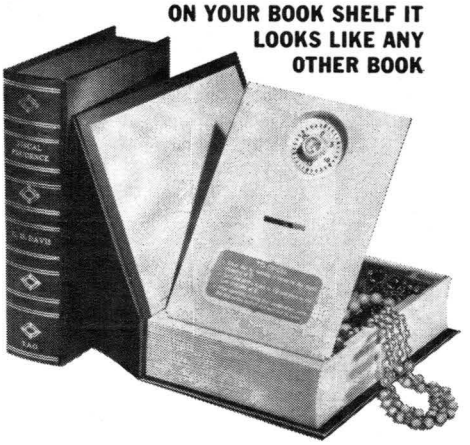

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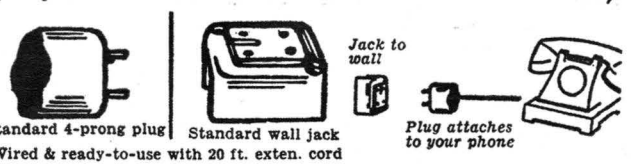

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took a lesson from the early-vintage Durocher. He named Mays as team captain of the Giants, a post that hadn't been occupied since Dark himself had the job back in 1956. The appointment set off rumors about Willie's potential for managerial duty, in some five or six years.

The responsibilities of the captaincy are not conducive to giving any player sleepless nights, even a Willie minus pills. Generally, a captain does little more than drag his legs to home plate to deliver the line-up card to the umpire prior to the game. For this, he receives an extra $500. It's like an honorary degree. However, in Willie's case, it may amount to something more. First, he is the only Negro in the majors ever to have been named a captain. And second, Dark has insisted that he attaches "great importance to the job."

Then Dark also said something that raised plenty of baseball eyebrows: "He's a team leader without ever opening his mouth. He's not expected to manage, though I consider him managerial material."

Whether Alvin, a man who likes to win as much as Durocher ever did, was trying a little tenderness to get the most out of his star, or whether he was being sincere, is not too clear at the moment.

Some speculate that the Dark approach conforms neatly to the Durocher philosophy. When Monte Irvin, a Giant power hitter of the 1950s, who was Willie's first roommate and mentor, heard of the appointment, he thought it was a shrewdly inspired move.

"Willie has to be continually shown affection," said Irvin. "He wants to be appreciated, especially after a good day or night. It means more than money to him. I remember Leo used to call Willie in to his room and show him a mohair sweater or a good-looking sports jacket. 'How would you like one of these?' he'd say to Willie. Then before Willie could answer, Leo would say: 'Well, it's yours!' And Willie would squeal with joy."

While Irvin may regard Willie's appointment to the captaincy as a possible step towards his becoming the first Negro manager in the game, as well as a good psychological move, Jackie Robinson, the articulate and embattled ex-Dodger who paved the way for the Mayses of the future with his own indomitable spirit, has a slightly different view of the matter.

"Yes, it's a step in the right direction," says Jackie, "but it doesn't really have any impact. It merely means Willie is the oldest player on the club in terms of service."

Nettled because Mays has never shown much of a public interest in the struggle of the American Negro, Robinson takes a jaundiced view of Willie's chances at managing.

"He'll *never* become the first Negro manager," says Jackie, flatly. "He's personable and has great talent, but he's never matured. He continues to ignore the most important issue of our time. He's never really had any decent guidance in these matters and probably keeps looking only to his own security as a great star. It's just a damn shame he's never taken part. He doesn't realize he wouldn't be where he is today without the battles that others have fought. He thinks it's not his concern. But it is."

On the other hand, Robinson's exteammate, Roy Campanella, who was a brilliant catcher with the Dodgers until he was crippled in an automobile crash in 1958, takes a more optimistic view.

"I know Willie quite well," says Campanella, "and if he wants to manage, it couldn't happen to a nicer guy or a better athlete. I managed him on some of those post-season barnstorming tours, when he was still a kid. But he's a grown man now. He knows the game and is a keen student. I think if he wanted to manage, he'd be successful, because he'd have harmony among his players.

"He'd be a great drawing card, too, as a manager. Keeping a fellow like Willie in baseball after his career as a player is over would be a smart move for both baseball and Willie."

Willie is now by far the favorite player on the Giants, after a couple of years in which San Franciscans somewhat perversely took first baseman Orlando Cepeda to their hearts. He is a warm, decent and thoroughly approachable human being, unlike some of the more removed and petulant stars of baseball's past and present. When his neighbors expressed their displeasure at a Negro—even a Negro making over $100,000 a year—moving into their hallowed suburb, Willie was truly shocked and dismayed (no pun intended). So he packed up and transferred his lodging to another community, the Forest Hill area, where his house is reported to be worth his year's salary.

The San Francisco Forest Hill Property Owners Association wanted Willie even before he moved in, and told him so. Now divorced, after a disquieting marriage that close friends warned him against, Willie leads a rather lonely existence. But during the winter, Michael, his adopted son, comes to live with him, and he enjoys this relationship. He hopes the boy will become a doctor. But so far, Michael wants to become another Willie Mays.

Mays seems truly fond of youngsters. He is mobbed by kids wherever he goes. Several times a year, he throws ice-cream parties for the children in his Forest Hill neighborhood and he seems to get as much fun out of it as the kids do. Once, a photographer, who was tipped off about one of these sweet-tooth orgies, hurried out to Willie's house to shoot pictures of the event. But Willie wasn't around. He was a couple of blocks away, loading up on more ice cream for the kids.

Willie, much in the tradition of that other sainted baseball figure, Babe Ruth, has often taken time out to visit sick kids in hospitals.

After the aforementioned Shea Stadium event, 55,000 fans in the park thought Willie was seriously hurt. When Willie's left foot was trapped under the fence, everyone in the Giant bullpen rushed to see exactly what damage Willie had done to himself, plunging headlong—back to home plate—after Frank Thomas' sizzling line drive.

"I thought when he stayed down he was hurt bad," said Manager Dark.

"I was scared, real scared," admitted Willie later. "But I shoulda had that ball. I figure anything hit in my area I should get. I shoulda got that, too."

Despite the fright, shock and near injury, Willie was up early at the Hotel Roosevelt the next morning to keep a breakfast appointment with two important personages, boys of eight and ten.

The youngsters found a "Don't Disturb" sign on Willie's door. But when it comes to kids, Willie can always be disturbed. The kids were ushered into the presence of their hero, who was zestfully attacking a huge breakfast.

One of Willie's New York friends, an elderly Negro, was sitting in a chair across from Mays. He was reading about how Willie had almost stopped Al Dark's heart from beating the night before.

The ten-year-old boy asked Willie if he was hurt. Willie broke out his best grin and assured the young man he was fine: "Not a scratch."

The phone rang. It was Dark calling to make sure that his meal ticket was alive and kicking.

"The boss man wants me to go out to the park with him," said Willie, when he hung up the phone. Obviously, Dark wanted to be convinced his captain was

still in one piece. As writer Leonard Shecter has commented, "Dark is a Southerner and still has a lot of Southern attitudes . . . but Mays has always been special to him."

The two youngsters told Willie they were glad he wasn't hurt.

Willie's friend nodded his approval. "A hundred million people are happy today, 'cause Willie's all right," he said.

In the next few minutes, Willie signed a half-dozen vagrant scraps of paper, old pictures and bubble-gum cards. If the kids had handed him blank checks, he would have gladly signed them, too.

"What else can I do for you boys?" he asked.

"Are you gonna keep hitting the way you have been?" the ten-year-old asked.

Willie laughed. "I just wanna play good enough to make the All-Star team."

Naturally, he did, for there hasn't been a National League All-Star team invented in the last decade that could be without him. Including this year's game, Willie has played in fifteen All-Star contests, and he has starred in most of them, as he did last July.

This, then, is the human side of Willie Mays. He may not be crusader enough to please Jackie Robinson, but he is ballplayer enough to please Al Dark and millions of fans all over the country.

If there is a single inscrutable element remaining in the Mays story of 1964, it is connected with the strange season-end collapses he suffered on the diamond in both 1962 and 1963. In 1962, during the stretch drive for the pennant, Willie fainted in the dugout in Cincinnati. Out for four games, which the Giants managed to lose, he returned to the line-up to lead the Giants to a flag, in a play-off win over the Los Angeles Dodgers.

Again, in 1963, while batting in a Labor Day game against the Cubs, he started to swoon from sheer exhaustion and Dark and the doctors sent him to the hospital for a brief rest.

Following each collapse, Willie played with new verve and increased brilliance.

Doctors who examined him could find no physical reasons for his mysterious collapses. Mays, who plays with an intensity visible to the naked eye—in the way he runs to and from his position, in the way he grips the bat, in the way he quickly gets off the ground after escaping from a close pitch, in the way he runs around the bases after tagging a homer that doesn't necessitate running—was, seemingly, just another victim of the pace of our modern society. Full of tension and battle fatigue, so said the doctors, Mays was a man who needed a rest every now and then. Keyed up to the point of exhaustion, they said, he could conk out if his employers didn't treat him with more intelligence.

"Every once in a while," said Willie to Charlie Einstein, a San Francisco writer, who has ghost-written Mays' official autobiography, "I can use a breather. Seems like it's just what I need."

Taking the hint, Manager Dark has been cooperative, even if it hurts. He knows Willie's presence is a must in the Giant cause, yet he also knows that Willie might be hurt irreparably without occasional rest periods. Early this year, Dark actually gave Willie a day out of action—and the Giants won! This marked one of the few occasions in thirteen years that the Giants have won a ball game in which Willie Mays did not squirm into the box score.

Despite collapses and dizzy spells, Willie Mays does not let up. One afternoon, we watched him as he hit a ball deep to the right-field corner in Shea Stadium. It was a legitimate triple. But as the ball came in from the outfielder on a relay, Roy McMillan, an old pro at short for the Mets, bobbled it ever so briefly. That's all the encouragement Mays needed. He turned third, went for home and slid across the plate, away from the late throw from McMillan to catcher Jesse Gonder.

Pronounced safe by the ump, Mays jumped to his feet, hopped toward the Giant bench and clapped his hands in open glee. How many great players have you ever seen do this? Most are too jaded. Not Willie. He still gets a kick out of his own talents. And so do the fans.

Many word slingers have tried to describe Willie's unquenchable spirit. But one of the most fitting spontaneous remarks I ever heard came from a Cincinnati radio announcer, who was describing Willie running out a three-base hit.

"Here he comes," yelled the announcer, "sliding into third." Then as the dust cleared, the announcer added: "Willie surrounded that base like he was kissing it."

That's the way Willie plays baseball.

If 1964 was the year that everyone rediscovered the greatness of Mays (who has won the National League's Most Valuable Player Award only once), it has also been one of Willie's oddest seasons. For instance, on the week end he helped to attract over 150,000 fans to four games with the Mets in New York, he *didn't* hit a single home run. What's more, he ran into the fence twice.

To top it off, Al Dark sent him to shortstop for three innings in baseball's "longest game," the twenty-three-inning affair that lasted seven hours, twenty-three minutes. In the longest game, Willie singled his first time up, then his bat was silenced nine straight times by Mets pitchers. Then, on June third, in a night game at Pittsburgh, Willie dropped a simple-aspie fly ball hit by Donn Clendenon. There he was waiting for the ball to drop into his glove for one of those typical basket catches—and it popped out. The statisticians insisted it was the first fly ball Willie had dropped in ten years, or since he flubbed one hit by Ernie Banks of the Cubs in 1954 at the Polo Grounds. In May and June, Willie went on a thirteen-game batting streak. But in the first twelve games, he managed to get just one hit in each game. That's the type of streak Willie can do without.

If freedom from off-field worries really gave Willie the peace of mind he needed this year to concentrate on baseball, and nothing but, then the same cure should be suggested for those money-happy sluggers who are more involved with bowling alleys, drive-in restaurants, gas stations and open-air movies than they are with hitting and pitching. But then, there's only one Willie Mays. And he'd rather hit than eat, anyway. • • •

HONEST ABE CLUB

Continued from page 6

a good clip, when I topped a rise and there, in the middle of the road, was a large crow taking a morning snack on a ripe rabbit. Had I not hit my brakes and swerved, he would have joined the fate of his breakfast. I was a mile down the road before I realized I had passed up a chance to get even for my watch.

"I forgot all about it until the next morning. As I came over that same hill, there on a post was the same crow with something in his bill. I stopped to look and sure enough—as you've guessed—it was my watch. I wouldn't have the nerve to tell this to anybody but you trusting club members, but that watch was still right on time.

(Signed) CHARLES T. MILLER

The moral of that story, Charlie, is that if you're going to have your watch stolen by a crow, pick a smart one!

Most adventures with snakes could be termed unpleasant, to say the least. However, Glen Blackwell of Salem, Missouri, has one to relate that was just the opposite for him:

"Last year, when it was time for making hay down on the farm, I cut and baled the hay on a field that has a creek running through it. My baler is the kind that rolls the hay into round bales. As it was late when I finished, there wasn't time to haul the hay out of the field.

"That night, we had a rain that was a real toad-strangler, and as I lay there in bed listening to the downpour, I knew the creek would get out of its banks and float the bales of hay away.

"The next morning, when I looked out over the field, sure enough, the hay was all gone. But looking closer, I discovered the bales of hay were all up on the hill out of reach of the water.

"Going out to check on it, I found that there was a hoop snake rolled up in each bale of hay and, when the water got close, the snake just rolled farther away—until all the bales—and snakes—were up on the hill out of reach of the water.

(Signed) GLEN BLACKWELL"

Those hoop snakes were probably so tired from all that exercise, Glen, they stayed right in the bales to sleep it off. Lucky for you they didn't decide to vacate their cozy beds while the water was still high and let the bales roll back down the hill.

It's the accepted procedure for a hunter to take a dog hunting, but not many fishermen can boast of having the services of a cat to get the big ones. Donald Dow of Medfield, Massachusetts, however, can do just that:

"Although I have greatly enjoyed the Honest Abe Club in the past few years, I have become a little tired of hearing so much about canine capers and so decided to put in a good word for us cat lovers.

"Any of you readers who own or have encountered a true-bred Siamese cat will have to admit that they seem to possess some sort of mystical property. I had always thought this to be a superstition attributed to their appearance until one spring when my blue Siamese acquired a liking for fresh fish.

"Cats are hunters by nature and usually bring their catches home to win their master's praise. And so I didn't think it strange when Blue Bell, my cat, brought home a large brook trout, figuring that she had made a lucky catch in the stream behind my house. But when she brought home four more in five days, I knew something was amiss.

"The next day, I kept her in the house until evening and then followed her as she headed for the woods. Sure enough, she went straight to the stream and crouched by the bank. When I discovered her method, I had trouble believing it myself.

"She would stay low until an unwary trout swam near shore, then catch its attention and stare it into hypnosis. After this, she waded daintily into the water and, before the fish recovered its senses, had it on shore.

"As I am a devout fisherman, I decided that I would have to break her of this habit, so I visited a friend who is a taxidermist and had him stuff a large brookie which I planted in her favorite spot. She got so frustrated trying to outstare that fish that now she even gets squeamish when she looks at a goldfish.

(Signed) DONALD DOW"

Too bad you had to ruin such a gift, Don. You might be sorry some day, when you can't land a fish yourself.

No matter how many different methods of bagging a deer the boys come up with at these monthly tale fests, there's always someone with a new one—as witness Richard Ward of Cumberland, Maryland:

"First of all, I would like to say how much I enjoy your magazine, and your feature is the very best. Well, I have always wanted to be in your club (who doesn't) and get your treasured Stuffed Bull's Head with the Winking Eye. After going over my many adventures, I thought I'd send this very true one in to your club.

"Once when I was deer hunting with a friend, I decided I wanted to shave. There was a huge oak nearby with a peg on it. I hung my mirror on the peg.

"As I was preparing to shave, my partner called me away from camp to the nearby creek. I suppose I was gone about ten or fifteen minutes and, upon my return to camp, there was a large two-point buck with its antlers stuck in the oak. The way I figure it, the buck must have seen himself in the mirror and, thinking it was another buck, charged right into the tree, getting his antlers caught.

"Since I hadn't gotten my bag yet, I naturally shot the buck—the biggest buck shot all season.

"Since that happened, I always carry four or five mirrors with me when I go hunting and hang them on the bigger trees. Now, I'm always first to get my deer.

(Signed) RICHARD WARD"

You'd better be careful, baiting so many trees at once, Dick. I can just picture a warden appearing when you have four or five deer doing a hula under the trees.

Here's Mike Mochary of Shadyside, Ohio, to relate a bear scare his ingenuity brought him through unscathed, though perhaps a bit shaken:

"While fishing in Canada one year, I cut through a thicket in order to get to the lake on foot. Halfway there, I came eyeball to eyeball with a bear who was eating blueberries. I picked up some stones and began to throw them at him, hoping he'd move so I could get past. For a moment, he looked me over and I was scared. Then he came forward and I hightailed it for the nearest tree.

"As I climbed the tree, I took off my shoes and threw them at him, one at a time. This slowed him down a little, but he kept on climbing after me.

"Having my fishing coat on, I reached into the pocket and pulled out a wire leader, tied onto the leader a fishing line and my cigarette lighter, which has a loop welded on the end (made especially for fishermen). I then lit the lighter and maneuvered the light so as to contact the bear on the rump. He let out a groan and fell to the ground. Then, getting up, he gave a rhythmic movement much like a rhumba. Next, he shifted into high, holding his south end and going north at full speed—right through the blueberries.

(Signed) MIKE MOCHARY"

Some days, Mike, when you start out with a fishing line, you just don't know where it might end up.

Last, we'll hear from Clifford A. Johnston of Grand Forks, North Dakota, with one of the strangest little tales to come our way in a long time:

"Over the years, I've gotten many a chuckle from some of the tall truths sent into the Honest Abe Club, and I've never once doubted their authenticity. This prompts me to relate a strange experience of mine which I know will be believed by all fellow sportsmen.

"Many years ago, when I was a young lad, I had the good fortune to be in Darkest Africa—twenty miles north of Bismarck, North Dakota—where I heard of a very strange curiosity piece.

"It seems a Sioux squaw had, from time to time, awakened to a quiet whistling noise. Every time this happened, she would find that the hides she had been working with the day before, to make teepees, were already stitched together. This happened often and the poor woman was beginning to fear an evil spirit.

"About this time, I happened along, and heard of 'the case of the stitched hides.' My curiosity was aroused. I went to try to find out the cause.

"One night, I gathered up all of the necessary goodies—a twelve-gauge shotgun, a flashlight and the latest issue of that delightful magazine, ARGOSY. I was ready to solve the case. About midnight, I heard a faint, rustling noise. My body tensed. I raised the shotgun. My one hand held the flashlight ready. Then the strangest wee beastie appeared before my eyes. It was a North Dakota saber-toothed mouse. Evidently, this little animal had a cavity straight through one of its fangs. It had managed to get some thread tangled in it and every night, when it came to chew on the hides, it automatically stitched them, whistling through its tooth as it worked.

"Being a biology major at the University of North Dakota, I am quite sure that this animal is even rarer than a horned Texas jackrabbit. Perhaps you'll agree and send me the five dollars.

(Signed) CLIFFORD A. JOHNSTON"

We have to agree with you, Cliff. Your little stitcher-whistler is about the rarest thing I ever heard of. . . .

Now that we've gotten all that truth off our chests, we can fold our tents and steal away in the night. Just be sure that's all you steal, though. And also be sure to find your way back here next month.

Keep sending us your ever-truthful hunting and fishing tales and we'll keep sending you our ever-truthful five-buck check for each letter published, together with the most sought after trophy of the world of sports—the Stuffed Bull's Head with the Winking Eye.

Those of you not fortunate enough to have earned this fabulous trophy can still hold your heads up among true sportsmen by wearing the handsome Honest Abe Tie for only two dollars. Send for yours today. There's a coupon in the ad on page 98 for your convenience in ordering.

2. Coming Attractions

It has been traditional in America for candidates and politicians to pose with strings of fish, trophy heads, bathing beauties, or other symbols of their great interest in sporting life: but in this respect, Lyndon B. Johnson is as shy as a violet.

Yet this gangling six-foot-four Texan is the first real "outdoor" President we've had since Teddy Roosevelt. He can ride like the best part of the horse, rope a calf or handle a gun with the nonchalance of a man who has done it all his life.

Next month, Bob Brister, our loyal Texas correspondent, delivers the first detailed story on the President's outdoor activities, including anecdotes on his hunting and fishing experiences, from LBJ's closest camp buddies.

For those of you who like All-American drinking, ARGOSY has detailed a crack reporter to dip his nose into the question of the only *official* by-act-of-Congress American liquor—straight bourbon. Bourbon is 175 years old this month, and we enjoy taking the opportunity to wish it a happy birthday and a long life. If you want to know the legends, jokes, anecdotes and recipes that helped establish bourbon's place in America, read "Happy Birthday Dear Bourbon," in the October ARGOSY. Between sips, that is, suh! • •

HOW TO GET MORE TRADE-IN DOLLARS FOR YOUR CAR

Continued from page 43

used car may be hung up for a month before it can be put on the sales line. And it is depreciating in value every week it stands out back. Consequently, if a coat of road grime and dust hides the real condition of the finish, the smart appraiser is going to arbitrarily knock fifty bucks off the price just to be on the safe side.

The same thing applies to a necessary repair, even if it is minor, if the shop has to wait for a replacement part. And to some extent, it applies to soiled and beat-up upholstery or shabby-looking carpets or floor coverings. It isn't the ten dollars that may be involved; it's the ten days or more they may have to wait before the job can be squeezed in.

Obviously, this is one of the strongest arguments for having seat covers installed in your new car immediately. Even cheap ones that have to be replaced later will more than return the investment at trade-in time. Lacking this, the upholstery should certainly be shampooed once a year. And if you're the type of gent who fraternizes with the type of women who wear those damned spiked heels, by all means add floor mats!

Appropos the matter of finish, it is pertinent to note that the 1964 owner's manuals of GM, Ford, Chrysler and Rambler all advise polishing to preserve the finish. This is contrary to the advertising pooh-bah, direct or implied, which accompanied the introduction of the new "miracle" lacquers a few years back. A car still needs a good waxing at least once a year.

When you get your new car, it is also smart to buy a tube or jar of the proper color paint for retouching nicks, scratches or stone bruises. If ignored, these slight blemishes can lead to later rust damage.

Two other moot questions about late-model cars concern oil changes and lubrication. Most manufacturers are recommending an oil change every 6,000 miles or sixty days, *whichever comes first.* But most of us overlook those last three words. The American Petroleum Institute points out that the average family car is driven about 800 miles a month. Hence the sixty-day time interval elapses long before the prescribed mileage. This is why most oil experts recommend *eight* oil changes a year—every thirty days in winter when temperatures are at freezing or below; every sixty days for the remainder of the year. It is also wise to change the oil filter whenever the oil is changed. All this may run you ten dollars more a year. But as the engineers say, oil costs nothing considering the costly damage it prevents.

As for lubrication, stick to the instructions in the owner's manual and forget what the local garage mechanic says about installing conventional grease fittings. Frequent greasings may dilute the special chemical ingredients in modern heavy-duty, long-lived lubricants. And the addition of fittings may allow water or dirt to get in after the special sealing plugs have been removed.

Actually, the best time to begin maintaining the value of your car is the first day you drive it home. The moment you sign the contract, you lose $500 or more, for the first year's depreciation is the highest. And while the dealer's guide later will be the Red Book listing of your model's market price at any given time, anything you can do—or avoid doing—that will keep it "like new" will be money in the bank when trading time comes around. To be sure, dealers perform miracles in grooming a tired-looking car until it looks as if it just arrived from Detroit. But the less they have to do, the better for you. As knowledgeable an authority as George A. Culp, vice president of CIT Service Leasing Corporation, said recently: "A clean, well-kept car can command a sales price up to fifteen per cent higher than the car which has had only *routine* care. Conversely, cars with less than average care may lose several hundred dollars in market value at resale time."

In trading, most of us overestimate the importance of whether the mileage figure on the odometer is high or low. After all, one driver can wreck the transmission in his car in 10,000 miles or less. In contrast, another man can put 50,000 miles on the odometer and still have a car that is good for another 50,000 trouble-free miles. And the quicker he racks up that mileage, the better. Because, by the very nature of the gasoline engine, the slow, once-a-week driver is doing his car no kindness; he's just gumming up the engine with carbon.

This open-throttle approach begins the first time you take the new car out on the open road. With modern engines, the weeks of tedious "break-in" at turtle speeds are a dismal memory. In fact, old-timers are surprised to find engineers now recommending short periods of relatively high speed as *beneficial* to the new engine, although they advise against maintaining such speeds at first.

Ten years ago, they recommended that you not exceed fifty mph for the first 200 miles, sixty for the second 200, and not over seventy for the third 200. Today, the manual for my 1963 car says:

"For the first 250 miles, avoid sudden, hard stops wherever possible. The brake will seat more uniformly if you make slow, gradual stops from various speeds.

"Avoid fast starts at wide-open throttle. After you start a cold engine, drive slowly until it warms up. Otherwise, reasonable speed within legal limits is permissible.

"From 250 to 500 miles, deliberately vary the speed from fast to slow and back again, if traffic conditions don't do it for you automatically. Any steady, unchanging speed during this period tends to cause uneven wear of precisely fitted parts. Accelerate up to sixty mph when you can; in fact, short spurts at legal speeds above sixty mph for a mile or two are fine.

"From 500 to 2,000 miles, any legal speed short of wide-open throttle is all right. Keep away from top speeds until you've driven the car at least 2,000 miles."

In short, you don't have to be a Mr. Milquetoast and baby your car in order to keep it at par resale value. Nobody could pin the Milquetoast label on American

Motors engineer Ray Viland, winner of five victories in five starts in the Mobil Economy Run. This is as rugged a measure of everyday driving skill as there is. For no matter how finely tuned the engines are for this test, it's the driver's foot —and head—that tells the final story.

In a recent interview, Viland made an observation that could well be taken to heart by the tire-squealing, gravel-throwing young bloods, not to mention a lot of old goats who try to act young. "The day is gone when the ability to wheel a car with abandon is taken as a mark of driving proficiency," said the Economy Run champ. "Today, the really skillful driver is the one who can blend his car into traffic patterns smoothly and without abrupt stops and lane changes. This sounds simple. But in modern heavy traffic, it takes lots of savvy and alertness to cultivate this kind of roadcraft."

If you question this, try driving the Los Angeles or Detroit Freeways.

Don't think we've wandered off the subject. We're right on the beam. For this statement of Viland's suggests three unerring clues to the way your driving habits are affecting your car's ultimate trade-in value. These are:

1. The tank mileage you normally get.
2. The tire-tread life you get.
3. The brake-lining life you get.

Those who "wheel with abandon" will be at the foot of the class on all three counts. For the jack-rabbit starts, the dime stops, the screaming curves not only devour gas, rubber and brake linings, they age every moving part of the car long before its time. All of which means far more to the appraiser than the odometer reading.

For your own guidance, compare your performance in these three categories to reasonable averages, not perfection. The automobile fan magazines, as well as the two leading consumer periodicals, give pretty precise figures on tank mileages for all new models as they are tested. As for the other items, your car dealer can give you a pretty fair idea of what to expect from the tire treads and the brake linings on that particular model. And the more you can improve on these averages, the more your car will be worth.

As a matter of fact, there are a lot of things the car itself can tell us about what's going on, if we only pay attention. For example, the *type* of tread wear you're getting can be most revealing. So it is smart to keep a sharp eye for any evidence of odd or uneven tread wear, which your tire dealer's serviceman may readily diagnose as: front-wheel misalignment; worn and loose bearings; worn bushings; loose steering connections; bent axle; wheel assemblies out of balance, or other mechanical irregularities. Since smart appraisers know these signs, too, it is foolish to bring in a car showing these telltale symptoms. It is just as foolish to substitute a set of junk tires for a fairly good set just because you're about to trade. You'll pay through the nose for that misguided economy, for those old tires may indicate troubles which your car really doesn't have. (And the dealer will have to put on better tires anyhow.)

Another tip your car can give you is the way your brakes behave. Some brake troubles are obvious; others aren't. If your brakes squeal or chatter or pull to the right or left, they need expert attention right away. In a new car, squealing usually means that the linings are too hard and should be replaced because they're not doing the job expected of them. In an older car, the same sound indicates that the linings are worn enough to make expensive damage to the brake drums imminent—if it hasn't already started. And, of course, you're not getting anywhere near the stopping power you should have.

Brake pull is something you may not notice until you suddenly have to apply the brakes hard in an emergency. And if the pavement should be slippery then, you're out of luck. A good way to check for this trouble when it's young is to slow down on some quiet stretch to about ten miles an hour, lift both hands about an inch off the wheel, then slam on the brakes. If the car deviates at all from a straight line, take it to the service station.

There are other brake troubles that can sneak up on you. The "soft" pedal can develop so gradually that you aren't aware of how far down you are pushing the pedal before getting results. No pedal should go closer to the floor than an inch and a half. So, every time you start out in the car, you should consciously test the brakes to see how they feel.

A leak in the hydraulic line can also be very stealthy unless you make a point of checking for it at intervals. You can do this any time you do downhill by pulling off on the shoulder, stopping the car, then holding it with the foot brake for a minute or so. If the pedal starts to go down to the floor, you've got a leak. Have it fixed at the earliest possible moment.

Incidentally, you should make it a habit to have the fluid level in the master cylinder checked frequently when you're getting gas. And if it should need replenishment, for heaven's sake don't fall for that Brand X stuff because it's cheaper. A Chrysler survey in the Detroit area revealed that twenty-eight per cent of the brake-fluid brands on the market there were of dangerously inferior quality. Your best hope is to deal with a man you can trust, and to insist upon a heavy-duty fluid of the SAE 70 R type, preferably 70 R 3. The top grades will withstand temperatures over 400 degrees; the inferior stuff boils at less than 200.

All this is extremely pertinent here, for brake failure is one thing that can suddenly reduce the value of your car to about ten bucks, long before you're ready to trade. And repeated safety checks indicate that at least one-third of the cars on the road have defective brakes.

As with tires and brakes, the behavior of your steering wheel can also warn you of troubles which should not be ignored. A good synopsis of these signs and portents is given in the AAA handbook, "How to Drive," together with the admonition that no driver can afford to neglect bad-steering symptoms such as:

Too much play: If you can turn the steering wheel two or more inches before the front wheels start to turn, an adjustment is needed.

Hard steering: This can be caused by

unequal or underinflated tires, inadequate lubrication, improper wheel alignment, or worn or improperly adjusted steering parts. Have all checks made.

Shimmy: If the steering wheel shakes rapidly from side to side, check tire inflation and wheel balance. If neither solves the problem, have a mechanic tighten connections, correct wheel alignment, replace worn parts, or balance the wheels.

Wandering: If your car wanders from side to side, or pulls persistently to one side, it can mean unequal tire pressure or poor wheel alignment. Replace worn parts, or balance the wheels.

A substantial proportion of needless depreciation in cars stems from ignoring these warnings from the tread rubber, the brakes, the steering wheel until the damage has extended beyond the more or less simple point of origin. This also applies to noises. Hence the prudent driver is just about as alert to any new or different sound in his car as the veteran pilot is with his plane. A brief glossary of some of the common "automotive warning signals" follows, for prompt attention to these telltale noises can also help maintain your car's value by keeping little troubles from becoming big ones:

A rapid hammering sound, usually between acceleration and deceleration, or as the motor switches from pulling to drifting, indicates loose bearings or lack of oil or water. It requires immediate attention.

A light tapping, keeping pace with the engine speed, but most evident at idling speeds, generally indicates that the valve tappets need some kind of adjustment.

A loud, metallic tattoo, showing up on a pull but tending to disappear as the load on the engine lessens, is a sign of warped or high valves.

A high-pitched, rythmical noise may be caused by a dry fan belt or by lack of lubricant in the generator bearings.

A clunking cowbell note indicates that the bushings in your shocks are worn and need prompt attention.

Engine ping while going up grade or during fast acceleration may mean that you have the wrong grade of gas for your engine. If the fuel is correct, then have the engine checked for timing or for carbon.

Thumping in the chassis may indicate any one of several things: lumps or blisters on a tire; a bad roller in a wheel bearing or the pinion bearing; a dry universal joint bearing.

Unfamiliar or excessive exhaust noise is a pretty reliable symptom of a damaged muffler or exhaust pipe.

Incidentally, any strange noises during a cold-engine start are not significant—unless they continue after the motor is warmed up.

So far, we have seen that smooth driving and preventive maintenance are two mighty important factors in enhancing the trading value of your car. A third factor is as simple a thing as good housekeeping. The prevalence of such vexations as road tar, winter salt, flying bugs, bird dung and tree-sap drippings make regular car washings a must, else these stains may become permanent. And no matter how good you are at this chore, a periodic trip to one of these mechanical car-wash places is sound economics because they get steaming hot water and detergents all over and under the body. This goes double during the winter months when snow-removal chemicals take such a heavy toll. And if you live in a city, you know that oil-burner soot is tough to get rid of by hand. Most of these automatic-wash establishments will also steam-clean your engine, which will help it run cooler in hot weather. This is also a nice touch just before you take the car in for appraisal—somewhat like getting a shave before applying for a job.

One little detail that a lot of motorists slip up on is the commonplace matter of windshield cleaning. Never wipe a dusty or dirty windshield with a *dry* rag or a *dry* paper towel. All road grime has a certain amount of grit in it. And unless you "lubricate" the windshield with water or a good cleaning fluid, this dry grit is sure sure to put hairline scratches in the glass. After a few hundred dry cleanings, the window will look fifteen years old on its third birthday.

When all is said and done, the whole thing boils down to a simple equation. You want the best deal you can get. But the legitimate dealer can't possibly give you the maximum allowance unless he is sure he can convert your old car into cash *quickly*. He's fighting the calender, and he can't be as liberal as you hope unless you turn in a clean, presentable-looking job that has had *better than average* care. Thus the $1.75 wash job may net you fifty dollars if it helps to allay any doubts in the case-hardened dealer's mind. • • •

HANDGUNS *Continued from page 67*

bullet load, he has a practice cartridge without so much recoil, yet with stopping power greater than the .357 Magnum. This combination should work out very well for the law-enforcement officer. The Model 57 is a beautifully made and finished double-action revolver; stocks are of Goncalo Alves, which I believe is a South American wood, target type. As you no doubt know, S & W produces a complete line of rimfire and centerfire revolvers, as well as several autoloading pistols. See the black and white photo (page 66) of the Model 52 ($150), .38 Special (for Mid-range Wadcutter with flush seated bullet only)—a very accurate target pistol.

The fourth and sixth in the color photo are Ruger single-action revolvers—the .22 rimfire Bearcat ($39.50), now with genuine walnut grip panels and medallion, and the new Super Single-Six Convertible ($78) for all .22 rimfire cartridges, plus an extra cylinder for the .22 Winchester Magnum Rimfire cartridge.

You will notice that the Super Single-Six has a cylinder frame similar in design to those of the Ruger Blackhawk and Super Blackhawk centerfire revolvers; that is, a frame with integral ribs which protect the new click adjustable rear sight. The front sight also is similar to those of the Blackhawks, blade on ramp.

See the black and white photo of the very first type Ruger pistol, the Standard Model ($37.50) of .22 Long Rifle caliber. This is one of the most popular .22 auto-

matics ever produced, with well over 200,000 in use, and still going strong!

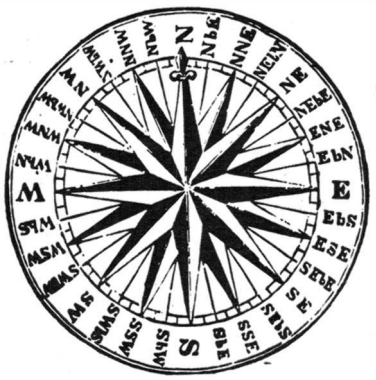
Between the Ruger revolvers is the Stoeger Llama Deluxe Engraved Automatic pistol ($86), in chrome finish, also available blued. Calibers offered are .22 Long Rifle, .32 and .380 Automatic. A presentation case is furnished with each of these pistols. Standard service and match type Llamas are furnished in Super .38 and .45 Auto calibers.

The handsome and nicely cased pair of High Standard Derringers are 22-carat gold plated ($190; cased single gun, $100) in either .22 rimfire or .22 Wincester Magnum Rimfire. Regular model Derringers ($29.95, either caliber) have midnight-blue-finished metal parts, with ivory-finished grip panels. These little handguns have 3½-inch barrels, are double-action and fire two shots as fast as the trigger can be pulled.

High Standard has long been known for high-class .22 target pistols. The first one that I used in match competition was the old Model HE, heavy barrel, with exposed hammer. This was one of the first long-grip with thumb-rest models. I bought the pistol in 1939, when it was introduced, and used it for quite some years shooting in the Inter City League in New York. That pistol still is in perfect condition. Since those days, High Standard has made great strides in the arms industry, offering at least twenty-five different model handguns, as well as rifles and shotguns.

As you know, Colt is one of our oldest firearms producers. The first Colt revolver was put on the market in 1836. During the Mexican War, the Civil War and through the opening of the West, the name Colt became synonymous with revolver. Today, the Colt Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company produces a complete line of handguns—revolvers and automatics—in both centerfire and rimfire. The most famous of all Colts, the Model P, Single Action Army, has been modernized with adjustable rear sight and ramp-type front sight (see black and white photo). Called the Model P-4, New Frontier Single Action Army ($150), it has 5½- or 7½-inch barrel, and calibers are .45 Colt, .44 Special and .357 Magnum.

The Colt Python now is called the Model 1-3, New Police Python. It has a ventilated rib, is of .357 Magnum caliber and is available with 2½-, 4- or 6-inch barrel. (Black and white photo on page 67 shows a Python with 6-inch barrel.) • •



FREE TRAVEL LITERATURE

September Sparks Travel Trends

This is undoubtedly one of the most exciting months of the year when it comes to travel and vacations. Whether you plan to pack your suitcases immediately or pack your plans for tempting late-fall trips, Argosy's Travel Department makes some considered selections to start you off. Just circle the items you're interested in, and we'll see to it that you get the desired literature. Let your sense of adventure do the rest!

1. ***PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND:*** From the Island capital of Charlottetown to the bays, inlets and coves, this tiny, compact vacation land of friendly people offers hunting, fishing, sailing, swimming and golfing. Horseracing, dear to the hearts of the Island inhabitants, scores high with visitors as well. This year, particularly, the Island, Lilliputian in size but big on charm, entertainment and fun, promises special pleasures with its Centennial celebrations which include, of course, the October arrival of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II. Word has it that, once you set foot on this dream Island, you'll long to return to its tantalizing delights—and will. Truly, it's a prince of a place.
2. ***CANADA:*** A. From the Pacific to the Atlantic Coasts, the Canadian Government Bureau will send you beautiful brochures and folders about the various provinces, that, among other things, whet the vacation appetite of the most avid fisherman. The sports waters are practically limitless, with plenty of lodges languishing by hidden lakes. B. Ontario is rich in relaxing family-time fare for year-round enjoyment. Fabulous fishing and hearty hunting opportunities abound. If you're interested in scenic splendor and historical events, for instance, don't miss Upper Canada Village. C. Quebec, often called French-Canada, sometimes looks like eighteenth-century France, and then a splash of skyscrapers reminds us of the present-day facilities. There are campgrounds, picnic sites and parks. Don't forget the fabulous French-Canadian cuisine.
3. ***MICHIGAN:*** There's much in mighty Michigan, which boasts an access to four out of the five Great Lakes. Within the state, there are tantalizing trout streams and—get this—over 11,000 lakes! Is it any wonder that this great resort state is a paradise for fishermen? Boating is abundant. With so many lakes, such as Wampler's Lake near Jackson, there are marvelous facilities for cottages, hotels, trailer sites, etc., that make family vacationing in Michigan magnificent.
4. ***TEXAS:*** We hasten to tell you about this travel treat! Not just a state of rodeos, oil wells, and ten-gallon hats, it runs the gamut from lush mountain country in the west, immense stretches of space in the Panhandle-Plains, sprawling green country in the north, camping and fishing hill country in the Gulf Coast south, to the breath-taking forest country in the east. Brother, that's a stateful of just about everything! Texas is big, beautiful, bountiful and bound to fill the vacation bill for the whole family.
5. ***NEBRASKA:*** With the Missouri River cuddling it on the east, and famed Platte River and many others veining its historic land of wheat, corn and livestock, Nebraska blossoms into an ideal setting for family travel. From the days of Lewis and Clark, when it was still "just a territory," this thirty-seventh state, lying within the Great Plains area, continues to be one of the most picturesque places to view with its grassy sand hills, prairies, running rivers, historic sights of Indian battles, relics and monuments. It's a great state for pheasant, goose and duck hunting, and in the area of fishing boasts rainbow and brown trout among others. You'll want to visit the capital, Lincoln, of course, Chimney Rock national historic and Homestead national sites. Don't miss Boys Town just eleven miles west of Omaha.

ARGOSY TRAVEL INFORMATION SERVICE
Dept. 9-64, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me literature on items corresponding to the numbers circled below. (Coupon must be mailed prior to October 1, 1964.) For special information, see your travel agent or automobile club.

1 2 (A) (B) (C) 3 4 5

NAME_____ **AGE**_____

ADDRESS_____

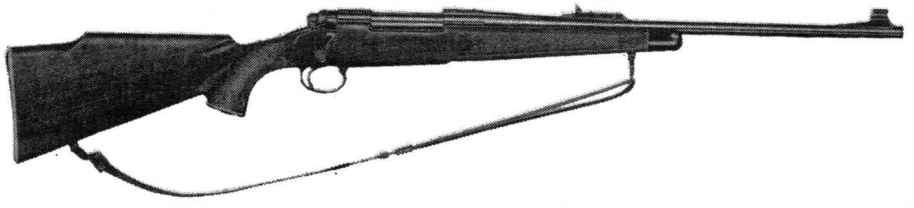
CITY_____ **STATE**_____ **ZIP CODE**_____

When sighted in for 100 yards, the point-of-bullet impact is less than ten inches below the point of aim at 200 yards. Accuracy is excellent, and this rifle-cartridge combo should work out well for most American big game. At the moment, experimental work is in progress with heavier-weight bullets. The 336 for the .444 cartridge should be available late this year or early in 1965.

The Marlin lever-action, centerfire rifle is now made in four forms: 336-C Carbine, seven-shot, .30-30 or .35 Remington caliber, twenty-inch barrel and pistol-grip stock; 336-T Texan, same, but with straight-grip stock; 336 Marauder, similar to the Texan, but six-shot and with 16½-inch barrel; the 336 Magnum is chambered for the .44 Remington Magnum cartridge, ten-shot, straight grip.

Remington

The Remington Model 600 Carbine shown in the color photo is an example of the special, limited-quantity production, in celebration of Montana's Seventy-fifth Anniversary as a state and her Hundreth Anniversary as a territory. These rifles have commemorative medallions inlaid in the stocks, special inscriptions on the receivers and have consecutive serial numbers prefixed with the letters "MC." The Billings Hardware Company, in Billings, Montana, thought of the idea for the special rifles and ordered them from Remington. They are selling them through their dealers at a special price of $125 each.



Remington Model 700 is offered in thirteen calibers and four grades.

The standard Model 600 ($99.95) is a new, lightweight, bolt-action carbine, introduced by Remington earlier this year. Chambered for .308 Winchester and .35, .222 and the 6-mm Remington cartridges, the 600 weighs only about 5½ pounds. It has an 18½-inch barrel, fitted with ventilated rib (to form a quick sighting plane), blade front-sight and "U"-notch rear sight which is adjustable for windage and elevation. The walnut stock is Monte Carlo type with the new inverted checkering at the pistol grip and forearm. Over-all length of the 600 is only 37¼ inches—very fast handling in close cover.

The bigger brother, Remington Model 700 (see black and white photo), is made in four grades (starting at $119.95) and in thirteen calibers from the .222 Remington varmint cartridge to the big .458 Winchester Magnum—with the 7-mm Remington Magnum being one of the most popular calibers.

Remington's really fast-action, big-game rifles are the Models 742 Automatic ($149.95) and the 760 ($129.95) slide-action with twenty-two-inch barrel, both available in carbine form with 16½-inch barrels. Calibers are 6-mm and 280 Remington; .30-06 and .308 Winchester for the automatic, the last two in the carbine; .223 (5.56-mm) and .280 Remington; .270 Winchester, .30-06, .308 Winchester and .35 Remington for the pump-action rifle, the last three in the pump carbine.

Ruger

The Ruger Carbine shown in the color photo is the Model 44RS ($115). It differs from the Standard Model 44 ($108) in that it has a built-in, fully adjustable receiver sight and sling swivels. The Standard model has folding-leaf rear sight. The Ruger Carbine is a gas-operated automatic, five shots in .44 Magnum caliber, and was designed especially for the deer hunter.

Savage

The Savage 110 Premier Grade is a very handsome de luxe rifle, available in right- or left-hand models. Both sides of the right-hand model are shown in the black and white photo. The Monte Carlo style stock is of finest French walnut, painstakingly hand-carved, hand-checkered and hand-finished. Notice the very comfortable roll-over cheek piece, the good-looking rosewood tips with white inlay on the pistol grip and forearm. Checkering is custom skip-a-line style. Every metal surface is highly polished and deeply blued. Sights are gold-bead front on removable ramp, and Lyman No. 16 folding rear. The Premier 110 is made in two calibers, .30-06 ($180), five-cartridge capacity, and 7-mm Remington Magnum ($190), four-cartridge capacity, with weights running about 7 and 7¾ pounds respectively.

The 110 is available in several other models: Magnum ($129.50, left-hand $134.50) in 7-mm Remington Magnum, .264; .300 and .338 Winchester Magnums, "MC" ($119.50; left-hand, $124.50) in .30-06 Springfield; .243, .270 and .308 Winchester; "E" in right-hand only, .30-06 and .243 ($102.50), 7-mm Remington Magnum ($112.50).

Every shooter is familiar with the famous Savage Model 99 hi-power lever-action rifle. Now, calibers are .300 Savage, .243, .284, .308 and .358 Winchester in "DL" de luxe ($139.50), with Monte Carlo stock having checkering and sling swivels, and in "F" featherweight ($132.50) which has checkered standard buttstock without swivels. These models have top-tang safety which locks trigger and lever. Barrel length is twenty-two inches. The "E" economy grade ($104.50), .300 Savage, .243 and .308 Winchester calibers, has twenty-inch barrel, the time-tested action with safety on right side of trigger guard, and unadorned stock.

The Savage Model 340 ($66.50) is bolt-action with detachable box-type magazine. Rifle capacity in .222 Remington caliber is five rounds, four in .30-30 Winchester; barrels are twenty-four-inch and twenty-inch.

Weatherby

Roy Weatherby has long been known for de luxe rifles in Weatherby Magnum calibers, now ranging from the .224 varmint cartridge to the super-powerful .460—eight magnums in all. Cartridge cases are belted type. Prices are from $285; left-hand models $30 more. Shown is the new .340 Weatherby Magnum caliber ($315), and mounted with Weatherby Variable scope, 2X to 7X ($99.50).

Winchester

Probably the most famous centerfire rifle ever produced is the Winchester Model 94, now made in .30-30 Winchester and 32 Winchester Special calibers ($83.95). It was the first lever-action, repeating rifle placed on the market, designed especially for smokeless-powder cartridges. Introduced in 1894, it holds the production record for sporting arms.

Now seventy years and some 2,750,000 rifles later, the 94 is being produced in a special "antique" version to meet the desires of those who want the improved modern deer rifle, yet having the appearance of earlier models. Look at the color photograph and notice the case-color-hardened receiver with classic scroll design and the brass-plated loading gate. To complete the frontier appearance is a gold-colored saddle ring on the left side of the receiver. The modern Model 94 Antique is in .30-30 caliber only. Suggested price is $89.95—$6 more than the standard model.

Now examine the close-up photo of the standard Model 94 with the new Redfield M-294, long, eye-relief 2X scope which was designed especially for the rifle. Note how the rear of the eyepiece is forward of the receiver, to allow for the straight-up cartridge ejection which is characteristic of the 94. You will have to use this combination to realize how quickly you can get on a target. It actually is almost unbelievable! You see the crosshair and target all on one plane, eliminating the business of lining up open iron sights. I shoot this outfit with both eyes open. It is fast! The M-294 scope with mount and base, plus a special limit-depth drill and screws, lists for $49.50. Attaching the base requires drilling and tapping three holes in the barrel.

Winchester's centerfire rifle line also includes the world-famous Model 70, now improved, in five types, and in nine calibers from .243 to .458 Winchester Magnum, including varmint and target models. Prices are $139.95 for the Model 70 Standard in four popular calibers; $154.95 for the .264, .300 and .338 Winchester Magnums and the .375 H&H Magnum, as well as the .243 Varmint rifle. The .30-06 caliber target costs $190; the African, in .458 Winchester Magnum, $310.

The line is rounded out with the fast-action Model 100 Automatic ($155.95) and the Model 88 Lever Action rifle ($136.50), in .243, .284 and .308 Winchester calibers. In case you are not familiar with the .284, it is a shorter cartridge than the .270 Winchester, but with similar ballistics. • • •

campfires

BY GEORGE LAYCOCK

The Outdoorsman's Knife

An acquaintance recently came to show me the new sheath knife he had acquired. It was a monster, a hazard to limbs and vital organs. Both the top and bottom of the huge blade were sharpened. Here was a fine knife for skinning elephants. That's a guess, and probably a poor one, because I've never skinned an elephant.

And anyhow, if you're going to skin an elephant, and you need a blade like this, it might be best to borrow one. After all, you don't skin an elephant every day. But you do perform a host of other tasks with a knife around camp and it's these average jobs for which the camper's knife should be chosen.

Knife makers assure me that there is a growing demand for the bigger knife. I'm not sure I understand this because the small knife, whether sheath knife or folding pocket variety, will do nicely for almost every task the average camper asks of it. I'm not advocating, of course, that you settle for one of those little, flimsy, fingernail-trimming knives. Somewhere between this and the saber displayed by my acquaintance lies the right choice for the outdoorsman who needs a knife.

And every outdoorsman needs a knife.

Whether you decide on a sheath knife or pocketknife is largely a matter of personal choice. The sheath knife is always handy on your belt without rummaging through pockets to find it. About as small as you can expect to find a blade in a well constructed and useful knife of this type is four inches, or perhaps slightly smaller. Knife designers want the blade and handle to feel balanced in the hand. If the blade is too small, the handle is not large enough for the average adult male. These small knives should have finger guards at the back of the blade to keep the hand from slipping off the handle onto the cutting edge. And for that matter, most campers' sheath knives should have such guards. Old-timers sometimes grind these guards off their new knives. The average person should leave the guard there for safety's sake.

The blade should run all the way through the handle. There are several materials used for the handles of hunting knives, including bone, and substitutes for it, wood, and leather rings. About the only thing wrong with a good wood handle on a sheath knife is that most people like the looks of some other material better.

The sheath should be substantial in materials and construction. A thin, poorly constructed knife sheath is a hazard to the human viscera. There should be rivets along the side of the sheath toward the cutting edge of the knife. And the handle should be secured in the sheath by a snap or tie to keep it from bouncing out and getting lost.

No matter what style knife you choose, it should have blades made from high-quality, cutlery steel and be of good, solid construction. This is important. There could even come a time when the outdoorsman's knife is important to his survival. And camp is not always close to a hardware store where you can stop in and replace a broken knife.

Blades come in a wide variety of designs. Choose one with a straight cutting edge that turns up to a sharp point. Beware of any of the fancy shapes unless you know the special use for which you need it.

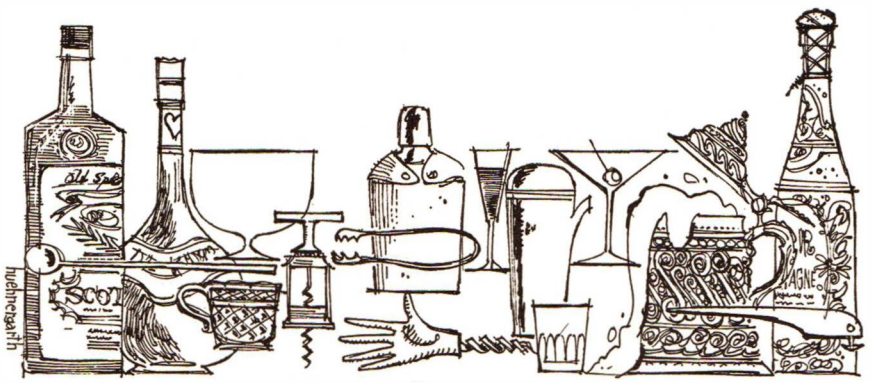
For an outdoorsman's pocketknife, select one with two blades and perhaps a punch for making holes in leather. You may also want a blade for opening bottles or cans. But control the urge to get the knife that has everything. The pocketknife with twenty-seven blades—one for every imaginable task including a few for unimaginable ones—is likely to be heavy, cumbersome and, in the long run, to lack utility.

One pocketknife I like for camping trips has two large blades and, frankly, weighs as much as the average sheath knife. But there is a hole through the small end of the handle. This lets you attach the knife to the belt with a piece of rawhide just long enough to hang inside the trouser pocket so the weight is on the belt and not the pocket. I first saw this one listed in the free catalogue of outdoor supplies offered by Bill Boatman of Bainbridge, Ohio.

The knife is perhaps the outdoorsman's hardest-working tool. Unless your hobby is knife collecting, it is unwise to sacrifice utility for appearance.

THE most ingenious drinking cup we've seen for outdoorsmen is carried flat in the shirt pocket. Two flat pieces of flexible stainless steel are attached with rivets that slide in slots. These halves spring open to form a cone-shaped cup. Drink, flatten it and slip it back into the pocket just like that. Sells for $1 from Bob Lane, Branford, Connecticut.

CAMPERS, especially those who travel light, should know about a new concentrated food bar called Nu-V. It is small, offers 200 calories plus the needed vitamins and minerals, and satisfies the appetite. Anyone who gets off the beaten path should carry something such as this in his pocket or pack. The outdoorsman who can get one good meal a day, plus a couple of these bars taken with liquid, will fare well. And in an emergency, he could get along without the regular meal. • • •



THE BEST OF SPIRITS

BY JOE SCHOLNICK

CONSUMER CONCEPTS AND UNUSUAL COCKTAILS

The ever-changing trends in consumer preferences is a fascinating study. A good case in point: the sale of beer in this country. For the past decade, up until about 1960, beer producers were constantly weeping into their own product—primarily because they generally had a good surplus in which to weep. The American consumer just wasn't concentrating on beer drinking to the degree that his expanding income and the expanding population seemed to indicate he should.

In that period, the brewing industry underwent marked changes: many small, regional breweries threw in the suds and were swallowed up by the larger, national producers, or merged together to form new combines better able to compete in the relatively static market. At the same time, advertising and marketing departments, and consumer-research organizations had a field day trying to pinpoint the reasons for the slowdown in beer consumption. All sorts of new advertising techniques, slogans and sales campaigns were tried in order to rejuvenate interest and sales.

Then suddenly, without apparent reason, the trend began a reversal a couple of years ago, and now, beer consumption has hit a new high!

Last year, for example, according to recently published figures, American consumers drank a total of 93,800,000 barrels of beer. On the basis of thirty-seven and a half gallons per barrel, that adds up to about a healthy nineteen gallons per person per year or, more realistically, since that average includes nondrinkers, about seventy-five gallons of beer per drinking American in 1963. This means that an average of about three six-packs of beer was consumed each week by beer drinkers.

It's interesting to note that increased beer consumption was not achieved at the price of liquor consumption. Statistics indicate that sales both are rising at an equal pace. In short, the American consumer, for unfathomable reasons, has, for the past few years, continuously increased his consumption of all alcoholic beverages. The question, of course, is this: Are you doing your share?

• • •

WHILE the summer is waning, the weather for the enjoyment of tonic drinks is still very much with us, in most parts of the country, which reminds us of a new product, discovered in a friend's home in Washington, D.C., recently. Our friend, while big-hearted and generous, does have an unerring instinct for picking up bargains of various sorts. One evening, he was preparing an Irish whiskey and tonic for us—made with 1½ ounces of Irish whiskey, poured over a couple of ice cubes in a tall glass, filled with tonic water, to which a lemon or lime quarter is added—when he whipped out a rather small bottle of something called tonic essence, added two drops and filled the drink with club soda.

While this is bound to cause unhappiness to a certain bearded British Navy Commander dedicated to the sale of a certain brand of tonic water, we tasted the drink and found it excellent.

Closer investigation—which included two more drinks—revealed that the tonic essence is called Giroux Quintessence, made in France by a firm that also makes grenadine and similar drink flavors, and is far less expensive than prepared tonic waters.

The small bottle contains enough drops, at two drops per drink, to make 125 drinks, and requires only the addition of inexpensive club soda instead of tonic water. We were quite pleasantly surprised with the taste and the cost!

• • •

AN AMERICAN drinking habit which gets considerable criticism from the European is our predilection for rather strong and numerous pre-dinner cocktails. The European argues—with some logic—that excessive consumption of strong alcoholic drinks dulls the taste buds and destroys the ability to truly enjoy food.

We are generally not swayed too far by this argument; a pre-dinner cocktail—preferably a martini, made with a very dry English gin and a few drops of good vermouth, served icy cold with a lemon twist—is an unbeatable way to start a good meal. However, occasionally (always for some people), a lighter aperitif is a pleasant change of pace. For these moments, here are some interesting concoctions well worth experimenting with.

One such drink, introduced to us only recently, was invented by the Mayor of Dijon, a city in France famous for mustard and other fine foods. It is called Kir, and is simplicity itself to make. In an eight-ounce wine tumbler pour about ½ ounce (or less, according to taste) of creme de cassis, a bright red, tasty liqueur made from black currants. Fill the glass with a white, very dry wine that has been chilled almost to the point of freezing. Creme de cassis, incidentally, has a delightful flavor all its own—kind of tangy, although on the sweet side. The amount of the liqueur added to the wine in the Kir controls the sweetness.

Another aperitif using creme de cassis is the Vermouth Cassis. In a five-ounce glass, over an ice cube, pour ½ ounce of creme de cassis and 1½ ounces of dry vermouth. Fill with sparkling water, stir and serve.

Several years ago, while on a tour of the Champagne caves in Rheims, France, we discovered another fine drink. After walking through miles of underground caves, and looking—and tasting—what seemed to be millions of gallons of champagne, we were invited to the office of the managing director for a pre-lunch aperitif.

The drink we were given had a most unique quality and flavor, and it was explained that it was a special beverage concocted by the wine makers for their own use. It consisted of the champagne wine, taken during the period of first fermentation (before acquiring its bubbles), to which was added cognac.

We also learned that while the drink was deceptively mild in taste and light in flavor, it was indeed powerful.

Unfortunately, we haven't discovered any enterprising importer who brings this concoction into the United States in bottle form, but next time you're in an experimental mood, try making your own. Use about 1 ounce of brandy mixed with 4 ounces of a very dry white wine, adjusting those two ingredients to your particular taste until you find a good combination.

You may find that a proper experiment of this type will require more than one sitting—but it will be worth it, in the best of spirits, of course. • •

Your United Way helps change teen-age styles

Driving toward trouble . . . or toward a touchdown? Very often, that depends on you. On your United Way pledge that helps us carry on the recreation, guidance and community programs our young people so desperately need. We are fortunate in having such programs, and in being able to operate them year round, but continuing support is required so that our services for children and teen-agers never stop growing. That support must come from you. Please give generously. **One Gift Works Many Wonders/GIVE THE UNITED WAY**

eye glued to the hole until I flashed past the pylon.

"On the seventeenth lap, I saw Speed Holman's shadow on my right, Captain Page's low-wing job right above me. Page suddenly flashed across in front of me, stalled and snapped. He hit and exploded. I knew we were racing for keeps then. . . ."

First female victim of the frightening pylon death trap was a pretty aviatrix named Florence Klingensmith, who had celebrated her twenty-sixth birthday in 1933 by winning second place in the women's free-for-all event at the Chicago Air Races. She'd just watched Roy Liggett pull a wing off in a pylon turn and die, a sight that unnerved her when she entered the Frank Phillips Trophy Race the next day. Flashing toward the same pylon where Liggett had crashed, she tightened, froze and spun out, dying in a flaming crash.

National Air Races promoter Henderson immediately slapped a ban on all women pilots in his races, but lifted it when a group of professional racing pilots met at Cleveland and pleaded instead for more rigid stress analysis for all racers and for outlawing the five-mile and 8¼-mile tight pylon courses as suicidal; a ten-mile minimum course was recommended.

Three competent pilots—Captain Page, Liggett and Miss Klingensmith—had all died on the five-mile course, and Davis crashed flying the 8¼-mile circuit. Nevertheless, the Reno races have adopted an even smaller, 2½-mile course for midget racers, and an 8½-mile course for the unlimited class.

Modern pilots may have forgotten the warning of the late Rudy Kling, one of the most skilled closed-course pilots who knew death lurked close by each pylon. "They're always hard to see," he said, "especially on dark or hazy days, and frequently on a pylon, there will be several other boys close to you, which means that there is very little time to be sighting off to the horizon for the next pylon, or for landmarks guiding you to it. All this means that a pilot has to memorize each turn by the number of degrees—ninety degrees, a hundred and twenty degrees, etcetera—and then fly the pylon pretty much by feel."

The first pylon, which had to be taken at top speed, was the most difficult of all, Kling stressed, especially if there was a cross wind which could drift the ships into it.

Another skillful pylon polisher, who flew the turns so close and banked so steeply that the spectators groaned each time he made it, was Art Chester. Kling recalled following Chester around one pylon when it seemed certain he'd crash into it. "I saw him jam the stick forward and literally jump the plane out twenty or thirty feet to keep from hitting it," he said afterward.

Kling had his bag of tricks, too. A Lemont, Illinois, auto mechanic, who turned to the sky for more speed, Rudy had a special racer built by designer Clayton Folkerts, the SK-3, featuring a six-cylinder Menasco engine goosed up to 400 horsepower.

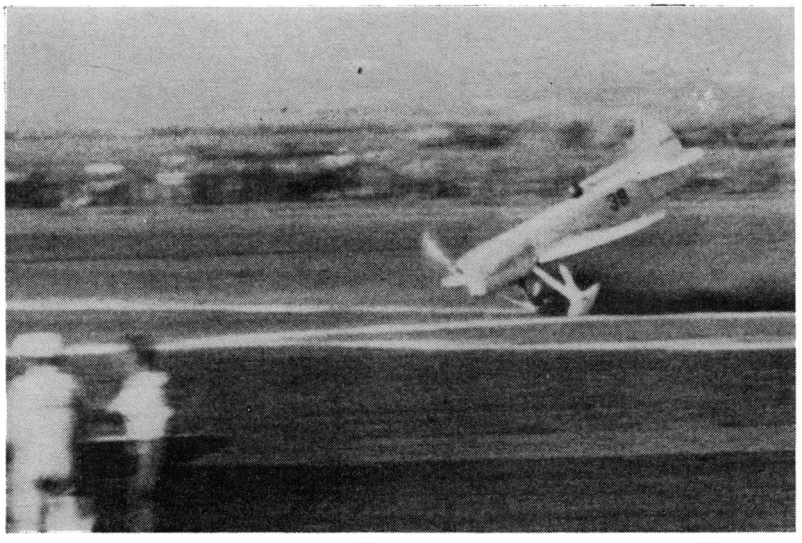
On Labor Day, 1937, Rudy scrunched down in the cockpit of his tiny midwing job, the *Jupiter*. She was the smallest of nine snarling Thompson starters, and she was next to last off the ground. But Kling slid into sixth place in the first lap and then passed another racer in the fifth. He hung on there for ten more laps, then moved up into fourth place. His engine was running hot and loose, but he wanted it that way; he'd deliberately left the oil tank half empty.

Up ahead, the flamboyant Roscoe Turner's *Meteor* was straining to overtake Steve Wittman's little *Bonzo*, which was leading the pack. Earl Ortman's *Keith-Rider* was third. In the seventeenth lap, things began happening fast. Wittman's engine coughed, blew black smoke and forced him to drop back. Turner shot ahead at a sizzling 262 mph, a sure-fire winner. Ortman and Kling trailed two to three into the twentieth lap, but Turner cut inside pylon number two and blew his four-mile lead.

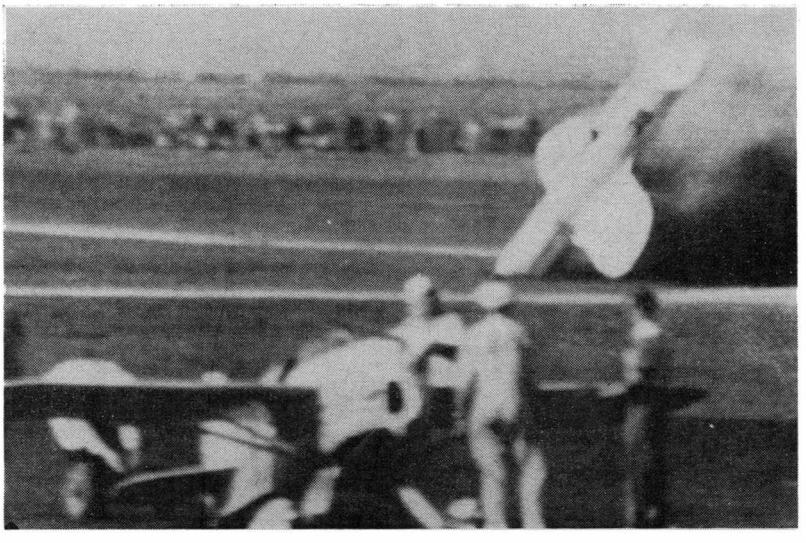
His red-hot engine wide open now, Kling bore down on Ortman on the last lap and dove from above and behind into the home stretch, his prop spinner flashing ahead to nose Ortman out by a bare fifty feet, one of the closest finishes in the history of air racing. It was a great piece of flying, but the taste of victory for Kling was brief; the next year, at Miami, he tried to slip the little SK-3 beneath a bigger racer, was caught in the prop wash and crashed to his death.

Most feared of all the pylon racers were the hornet-short Gee Bees, a remarkable series of speedsters built by the five Granville Brothers of Massachusetts, Zantford (Granny) Granville, the designer, and Tom, Mark, Bob and Ed, who hung around East Boston Airport in the depression years.

There was big money to be made in racing, and Granny had an idea. They'd pool their resources, form the Springfield Air Racing Association and build a stubby little flying engine with practically no wings at all. Thus was born the Gee Bee series, which became the world's fastest airplanes in 1931-32, outclassing America's hottest military pursuit ships by a good 100 mph. But they were killers. Seven Gee Bees were built, and seven crashed.



Typical of tragedies which plagued the National Air Races,



Lowell Bayles, who owned a piece of the company, flew a Model Z Gee Bee in the 1931 Thompson against dynamic little Jimmy Doolittle and his weird biplane racer, the *Super Solution,* designed by E. M. (Matty) Laird. Doolittle, who had just won the first Bendix event, leaped off into the lead and led the pack until he blew a piston. Bayles moved up and won.

Out for blood now, Bayles tried for a world speed record over the three-kilometer speed trap, aiming for 300 mph, a mythical mark no one had ever hit. On one pass, his Gee Bee amazed the timers, who clocked it at an incredible 314 mph! Then an engine malfunction postponed further runs. On December fifth, Bayles tried again, slamming the Model Z through the trap, with its big Wasp howling like a banshee. It was a death howl; his right wing gave way under the terrible strain and ripped off. The world came up and hit him in the face, spinning wildly. It was the last thing he ever saw.

There was one big moment of glory for the Granville Brothers when Doolittle, who had clobbered his *Super Solution* in a belly landing, borrowed a new Gee Bee, the R-1, and tried for a world speed record at the 1932 Cleveland Air Races. All business, the amazing Doolittle coolly booted the racer four times over the speed course to return the record from France with an average speed of 294.4 mph.

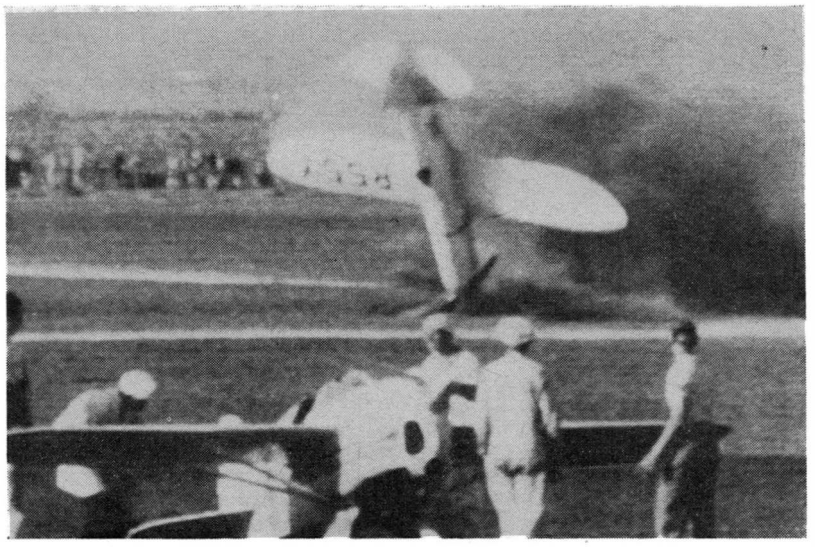
Doolittle's oil-spattered face frowned, though, as he climbed from the cockpit. As a former military test pilot, he knew what was wrong. The Gee Bee, he warned the other pilots, was laterally unstable and had an unpredictable habit of stalling at low speed, snap-rolling viciously under the powerful engine's torque if you so much as touched the aileron control. The others laughed—and died.

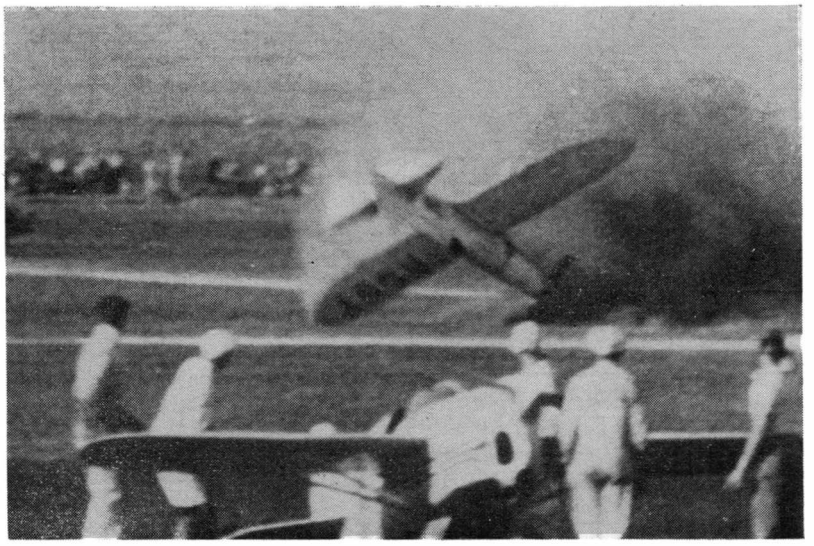
In the 1933 Bendix, Russ Thaw remembered too late what Jimmy had told him. Landing at Indianapolis for fuel, he hit the ragged edge of a stall and his R-1 Gee Bee suddenly hooked a wing into the ground, splintered and caromed to a stop. Out of the race, he watched Russ Boardman bring in the R-2 Gee Bee with no sweat, but when Boardman took off again and started to climb, the Gee Bee, with no warning, snap-rolled and dove straight in, fatally injuring the pilot.

Granny Granville hopefully rebuilt the R-2 and let Jimmy Haizlip try it out at Springfield, Massachusetts. "It was a shock," Jimmy remembers. "When I touched the rudder, she tried to bite her own tail." Coming in to land, Haizlip felt the left wing snap down. He cartwheeled, ripped off the landing gear and both wings and came to a stop 300 feet away.

The next Gee Bee disaster was Florence Klingensmith's fatal crash in the 1933 Phillips Trophy Race at Chicago, when she peeled a wing off wrapping a pylon too tightly. Shortly thereafter, the sixth Gee Bee, Maude Tait's Model Y, spun into the Atlantic when an unlucky pilot tried to get it into the air from what is now La Guardia Airport.

Not about to give up, Granny Granville picked up the pieces of Gee Bees R-1 and R-2 and built a new racer, which was entered in the 1935 Bendix by pilot Cecil Allen as the *Spirit of Wright.* It couldn't have been more misnamed; within two minutes of take-off from Union Air Terminal in Burbank, Allen lost all control and crashed. He was killed instantly.





this dramatic sequence shows pilot Joe Jacobson crashing and flipping end over end in single-engine plane at 1936 event.

The following year, in a way, was one of the blackest of Cliff Henderson's career as manager of the National Air Races. Tragedy struck twice even before the 1936 show started. Roscoe Turner rolled his racer up into a ball on a New Mexico mesa, flying east to enter the Bendix, and Steve Wittman crashed en route to Los Angeles to enter the pylon events.

On the opening day, 75,000 spectators watched in horror as a parachute jumper, L. C. Faulkner, plunged to his death when his canopy failed to open. He scored a bull's-eye, ironically. In the Bendix event, Benny Howard and his wife, Mike, met disaster over New Mexico when their home-designed biplane, *Mister Mulligan,* well in the lead, threw a propeller blade and shook apart. Both were critically injured in the crash, and Benny lost a leg. Meanwhile, back over Kansas, another Bendix competitor, Joe Jacobsen, brushed death when his Northrop Gamma exploded. He chuted safely to earth and finished the cross-country trip by airline.

In all, there were seven crashes that year, but only one fatality: Faulkner's.

Despite such a bloody history, nothing beats the thrill of air racing. As Roscoe Turner once told it: "I had the 1935 Thompson all sewed up. I even had it figured how to pay off my creditors with the twenty-two thousand dollars' prize money. Then it happened.

"A hot stream of oil hit me in the face. It smeared up my goggles. I couldn't see. Smoke poured into the cockpit. The air was choking. I couldn't breathe. Any minute, I thought the damn thing was going to blow up.

"Down below, the crowd was yelling for me to jump. They could see smoke trailing from the plane. This was what they had come to see. Nobody had eyes for Harold Neumann, flashing across the line, the winner. My race with death was the center of attraction."

Roscoe lived to race another day, making headlines with his toothless old lion passengers and phony uniforms, and everybody loved him. He was one of the old breed of racing pilots who helped streamline America's air power and thrilled countless kids who grew up to become inspired fighter pilots.

In Reno, an even newer generation of kids will be exposed to the same old glory and excitement of air racing—and who knows, some may even sign up to go on a flight to the moon. • • •

 Continued from page 44

She had to go 'way over onto the shoulder to kill Carol Foley, and she didn't even stop. That's what's got everybody so steamed, her not stopping. But I guess she knew you couldn't hit anybody so hard without killing them."

"Lot of feeling about it, eh?"

"Carol came in here lots. All the kids come in, the town kids. You know, yesterday afternoon, newspaper guys were asking me what she was like. You're not a newspaper fellow, are you?"

"No. I'm in the insurance business."

"Eighteen years old last week, and an awful pretty girl. Vern Foley—he owns the Shop-Way Plaza—had three daughters and Carol was the oldest. He's been mayor twice, but he isn't now. You could say the whole place is in mourning. They say he's like he was hit on the head. It's a terrible, terrible thing, just walking home from a baby-sitting job and getting killed like that. Your eggs okay?"

"Fine, thanks. Where did it happen?"

"South of town, about two hundred yards south of the town line. There's a curve there. The girl that killed her was coming north, real fast. You can see the skid marks. She went right on home and went to bed. She must have been stinking drunk. She's from Charles City, you know, twenty miles north of here. She just went back home and went to bed like nothing had happened. Isn't that something?"

After he had looked at the scene of the accident, Beldon drove back up the coast road to the state police installation ten miles north of Stoney Cove, and was able to locate the officer who had conducted the investigation. His name was Morningside. He was a stocky, sturdy man in his middle thirties, with heavy glasses and a cold, gray stare. He looked at Carl Beldon's card for a long frowning moment.

"Guarantee Mutual Liability," he said. "Around here, doesn't somebody named Price do the adjusting?"

"Usually."

"Why not this time?"

"It's a little different. The vehicle is registered in the name of John K. Swain. The insured has two hundred and fifty thousand, five hundred thousand liability. He's executive vice president of Swain Electronics. We cover the company fleet, too. So they had me fly in."

"So you're a specialist, eh?"

"Look, Lieutenant, why the hostility? You people do a good job. We respect that. I try to do my job well. All I want to know is, how bad are we hooked?"

"I'm not interested in civil suits, Beldon. I built a file. The prosecutor accepted it. The Treiber woman was booked, had a preliminary hearing and was released on twenty-five-thousand-dollar bail late yesterday afternoon."

"So you've got a good tight file. And apparently, she's got a pretty fair lawyer. It's a factual thing, isn't it? I just want to know where we stand."

Morningside sighed and nodded and said, "Come on in." His office was a sterile cube full of gray steel furniture. Beldon sat down facing Morningside across his big desk. The officer opened a folder.

"The vehicle first," he said. "Take my word that's the car. A match on glass from the right headlight lense, spectrographic comparison of paint on the clothing of the decedent, tread and wheel spacing on the skid . . ."

"I'll take your word."

"Joanne Treiber, age twenty-three, works as a secretary at Swain Electronics. Mercer Swain brought her down to Stoney Cove the day before yesterday, Sunday, and they got to the big public beach about a mile and a half south of town about noon. Swain is the younger brother of the owner of the vehicle. The owner is in West Germany on a business trip. Mercer Swain had permission to use the vehicle. He is twenty-six, single. He has been dating the Treiber girl. They stayed on the beach all afternoon. At six o'clock, they came back to Stoney Cove and went to the bar at the Tahiti Motor Inn and Restaurant. We have the testimony of the waitress, and the bar check itself, showing ten drinks served them, five apiece, two kinds of drinks.

"They went in to dinner. Dinner and four more drinks, two apiece. Again, sworn testimony and the check. At eleven o'clock, Swain rented a motel unit, registering as Mr. and Mrs. S. Mercer. Miss Treiber claims she never entered the motel unit. She says they sat in the car and quarreled, and he went into the motel unit and she drove back to the public beach. She claims she parked the car and walked down the beach alone.

"Carol Foley left the house where she had worked as a sitter Sunday night at twenty after twelve. The time is exact, on account of paying her off. The man offered to drive her home, but she said it was silly because it was only two blocks down the highway. Time of death, close to twelve-thirty. The Treiber girl does not know what time she left the beach. She says she did not hit anyone. The car went off onto the shoulder in a skid, laying down rubber up to the point of hitting the Foley girl, and for about twenty feet past that point, and then picked up speed again without stopping. Estimate of speed from all factors, sixty-five—thirty over the limit for that area, and too damn fast for that curve.

"Joanne Treiber drove back to her place in Charles City. She shares an apartment with another girl. There is parking space behind the building. She parked the car there, put the top up, locked it and she was sound asleep at four a.m. when we arrived. She seemed to be in a state of confusion. She was taken in and interrogated. Mercer Swain was interrogated."

"She had his permission to take the car?" Beldon asked.

His words to her were to take it and drive herself the hell home and bring the car to the plant in the morning. That's part of his statement. So it's locked up. She's cooked. You know the law in this state. A hit-and-run fatality is a mandatory jail term. Drunk and speeding. The car is out back. We lifted the hold on it, but nobody's come after it yet. Want to take a look?"

Beldon went out back with Morningside. It was a long, black, powerful convertible, a heavy and expensive automobile. The depth and shape of the damage to the front right corner was sickeningly explicit. The right lense of the dual headlights on the right was smashed.

"The kid landed sixty feet away, up in a yard," Morningside said in a husky tone. "Smashed all to hell. The woman is cooked, and you are hooked, friend."

"Looks like it. One thing, Lieutenant. How did you get onto her so quickly?"

"A piece of luck. Anonymous phone call—a local call, presumably from Stoney Cove—came in at quarter after one. Gave us the license number, and said a woman was alone in the car, young, tall, blonde, white dress, red purse, going like a bat out of hell. We put an emergency check through the vehicle bureau, came up with John K. Swain and an address for him. It took time. It was three o'clock when we got there. No car. His wife said he was in Europe on business, try the kid brother. She gave us his address. We got there about five minutes after he did. He'd slept for a couple of hours, woke up and got a cab home. He was still pretty tight. He gave us the Treiber woman's address.

"She says she didn't do it?"

Morningside shrugged. "Maybe she really believes she didn't. A blackout. She wouldn't want to remember something like that, so maybe the mind blocks it off. I think what will happen, they'll plead her guilty and she'll be put away. Three years probably, and out in a year and a half. Manslaughter. One life gone, and another one ruined. God, how sick you can get of stuff like this, Beldon!"

"I know."

"Do you? Or is it the money, and trying not to pay out too much?"

Beldon stared at him. "A month ago, I walked through a gym with sixteen dead kids in it, being identified after they'd pulled the school bus out of a river. All I could think about was the money."

Morningside flushed. "I'm sorry. I'm

edgy over this one. That was a real pretty kid. Hell, when we're killing close to four thousand a month, I suppose some of them are going to be pretty."

He arrived at Joanne Treiber's apartment at noon. It was an old brick residence converted into apartments. Two men came out as he started up the walk. As they passed him, he heard the older man say to the younger one, "Merse, unless she takes a more realistic attitude, nobody can help her."

"Excuse me," Beldon said. "Mr. Swain?"

They stopped and stared at him. The older man had the seamed face of a character actor, a dramatic shock of white hair. The younger was tall and handsome, with dark hair worn a little too long, big shoulders, a sun-brown face. Beldon thought that the top half of the young man's face looked twenty-six years old and the bottom half about sixteen.

"What do *you* want?" Mercer Swain said. "An exclusive interview?"

Beldon took out his wallet and handed each of them a business card.

"Oh, yes," the character actor said. "I am Frank Ives." He put his hand out. "Miss Treiber's attorney, I think. John was insured with you people, of course. Mr. Beldon, Mercer Swain."

"I wondered about that bail," Beldon said. "Isn't it high, Mr. Ives?"

"Quite. But there's a lot of feeling about this. And Mr. Foley has certain political connections. There's been a lot of press coverage. The judge didn't want to seem lenient, I imagine. It was no problem to arrange for it, of course. I finally got through to John by telephone this morning, Mr. Beldon. I assured him there is no need for him to rush back. Will your legal people come in on the civil action? I would imagine so."

"I just turn in a report. It's up to them. I'd guess they'd try for a settlement—that is, if the company is clearly liable."

"It would appear to me that it is."

"They'll decide that on the facts. I'm not a lawyer, Mr. Ives. Are you Miss Treiber's lawyer? You sounded doubtful."

"She's being stupid," Mercer Swain said. "She won't co-operate. She's trying to pretend she didn't do it. You going to talk to her?"

"I'm going to try."

"You'll see what I mean, buddy," Swain said. "A totally stupid broad."

"What did you and she quarrel about Sunday night?"

"What do you think people quarrel about in front of a motel, friend? The room key was a surprise. She didn't like the surprise. I don't like that tease routine. So we had words and I told her to take off. And she did. I didn't expect her to kill anybody."

"What time did she leave you?"

"I don't know. Maybe eleven-thirty, maybe a little later. Around there."

Ives said sadly, "I can't be much help to her, Mr. Beldon, unless she faces this situation realistically. Any other lawyer would tell her the same thing."

"What she has to do," Mercer Swain said, "is throw herself on the mercy of the court. She wants the whole Perry Mason routine. She's a nut." . . .

Joanne Treiber opened the apartment door moments after he knocked. She looked startled and sad, "Oh, I thought you were . . . Who are you and what do you want?"

She was tall and slender, red-bronze with recent exposure to the sun. Her pale blonde hair was unkempt and it had a lifeless look. She was without make-up, her eyes puffy and irritated-looking. She wore an old skirt, a blue work shirt, scuffed moccasins. He explained who he was. She let him in, saying, "I'm sorry about how I look. But I feel just about the way I look, Mr. Beldon."

"This would be tough on anybody."

"Please sit down."

"Thanks. I saw Ives and Mercer Swain out front."

She sat in the corner of a couch and looked at him with narrow, blue eyes. "Why are they so anxious to throw me to the wolves?"

"I guess I don't know what you mean. I haven't heard your side of it yet."

"You mean somebody is actually going to listen to me? That's pretty astonishing, believe me. I was a horrid lump when they hauled me out of bed. I was confused and terrified. I *acted* guilty, for heaven's sake! But I am *not* going to be pushed around any more." She leaned forward, made a fist, banged it on the arm of the couch. "I did *not* do it!" She leaned back and stared at him. "Are you one of them, too? You look slightly pained."

"Miss Treiber, I am not one of anybody. I just want to find out as nearly as possible, what happened."

"I don't *know* what happened. I didn't do it. I remember every inch of the way home. Driving that car made me nervous. It's a dangerous road."

He studied her as she looked defiantly at him. There was a good look of strength in her face—firm jaw, level mouth.

"Well?" she said.

"It's this way. They have a lot to go on. Saying you didn't do it, that doesn't look as if it is going to help too much. What about you and this Mercer Swain guy?"

She made a face. "A bad guess. A very bad guess. I'm the world's expert in making bad guesses, Mr. Beldon. He was after me for months to go out with him. I don't think it's very good policy to date one of the bosses. I like my job there. Liked it, I guess I should say. And Merse has sort of a sticky reputation with women. But he wore me down and I said okay. A month ago. Sunday was our fourth date. On the other three dates, he was fun. We had a good time. I thought people had misjudged him."

"I'm supposed to collect facts and write reports. Maybe I'm not entitled to have opinions. Or I guess I mean to say them. But I didn't think much of him, talking to him out there."

"I know," she said. "I felt that way. But, I don't know, you get sort of protective about people. I do. When I was a kid, I collected abandoned cats, birds with broken wings, baby field mice. We lived in the country. I had a shed full of animals nobody else wanted. When the girls in the office knew I was dating Merse, they thought . . . it was more than what it was. And that made me feel sort of defiant. Do you understand?"

"Of course, Miss Treiber."

"Could you call me Joanne? If I'm going to tell you . . . personal things, it's a lot easier."

"Joanne. Sure. I'm Carl."

She gave him a wry smile. "I just can't believe I'm in such a horrible mess. I keep remembering it. And it's a shock."

Looking at her, he knew the rare thing had happened. He could conduct fifty investigations and, aside from a feeling of pity or distaste, feel no involvement with the people concerned. They were factors in a violent human equation. He could imitate empathy when it seemed the only way to open someone up, but he always felt shabby about doing it. In the fifty-first case, he would find someone who suddenly involved him in a personal way, tapping a hidden well of genuine concern.

"You won't find a more steady clientele anywhere."

He did not want it to happen, ever. Because these things often came out very badly. And there were enough old scars to live with. Here it was again, where he had least expected it, and least wanted it —with this doomed girl.

"So Swain lived up to his billing?"

She made a face. "Indeed he did. It was nice enough on the beach—I mean, as nice as the other dates. We swam and baked in the sun. Then we went back to that place and he started drinking."

"Both of you started drinking, didn't you? Morningside has the checks and the sworn statements. Five drinks in the lounge, and two in the dining room. Two apiece."

She stared at him. "Is that why they were so horrid to me? They acted as if I was a tramp."

"Look. Did you have seven drinks?"

"Stay right there," she said, her blue eyes narrow. She went out into the kitchen. He heard a crunching of an ice tray, a hiss of a bottle being opened. In a little while, she came back with a tall glass and handed it to him. "Try it!" she said. "Go ahead. I'll make seven of them if you wish. You can drink them in seven minutes. I had . . . five hours to drink seven of them."

He sipped it. "What is it?"

"A spitzer. Rhine wine and soda. A shot glass of Rhine wine, and fill it up with soda. So what did I have in five hours? Maybe ten ounces of wine. Mr. Beldon—Carl—I don't like to drink. It muffles things. I like the world clear and clean. Seven drinks! For goodness sake, ask the bartender. Even so, there were two and probably three of them I sent back with a third left. It gets to be just too much fluid. He kept trying to get me to switch to martinis. That's what he was drinking."

"Seven martinis?"

Six martinis and a brandy. You know, in the movie, 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' he changed into a monster in a minute. It wasn't dramatic, like that, and he turned into a dreary, tiresome bore instead of a monster. But it was like watching somebody you thought you knew and thought you liked just sort of slowly fading away until there wasn't anything left and you were with a stranger. Then I knew that there wasn't any such a person as the one I thought I liked. I got nervous about driving back, and I was thinking that if he wouldn't let me drive, I just wouldn't go back with him. I wished the evening was over. I knew I was never going out with him again. Finally, I told him he wasn't in any shape to drive back. He went away and I thought he went to the men's room. But he went to the motel office, and he came back with that key and said nobody had to drive."

"Very cute."

"I guess he thought it was. I marched right out to the car and got behind the wheel and told him he better get his money back. He wouldn't give me the car keys. We argued. It was very tiresome. All that live-for-today nonsense. I said he had me confused with several other girls. Then he got ugly. As he got out, he threw the keys at me. They hit me in the face. I found the car key and drove away. I was going to go right home, Carl, but you know the way you get confused, coming out of a strange place? I turned left instead of right. Then I saw the ocean on my right and I knew I was wrong. I did want to be alone. So I went back to that big beach and parked."

"What time was that?"

"Eleven-thirty, I guess. About that."

"Exactly what did you do then?"

"Exactly? I got out of the car and walked straight down to the hard sand—a hundred yards, I guess. I took off my shoes and stockings and I found a stick and put it in the sand and stuck a Kleenex on the stick so I could see it easier in the dark. Then I walked south, 'way down the beach, maybe a mile, to where it all turns to big rocks. And I sat on a rock and . . . thought about me."

"Why did you walk south?"

"Oh, there was some kind of beach party the other way, a fire and music. Kids, I guess."

"Did you stay there long?"

"Yes, I did. First, I had to settle myself down. I was still angry, not at him, but at myself for being such a fool. Then I . . . thought about me. I'm twenty-three, Carl. I wasted a whole year on a broken heart. And I wasted another year on a man who wanted a mother instead of a wife. I think that if a girl can feel desperate enough, if she can be too aware of time passing, then she can get really involved with the next Merse Swain who comes along. I'm not a prude. It's just that I think I'm worth something a little more than that. So when I started feeling terribly sleepy, I got up and walked back and found the stick, and my shoes and stockings, and walked right up to the car."

"How much time would you estimate you spent on the beach?"

"I'd guess fifteen minutes walking to the rocks, and an hour sitting, and fifteen minutes back. I walked right along. Alone on a beach at night is a little scary. But I'm not very timid."

"That would mean you left the beach at one o'clock. How long did it take you to drive back here?"

I'd say forty or forty-five minutes. I went slowly and carefully. I knew it wasn't even Merse's car. I don't think I went over forty-five. I didn't hit anything. But I don't know what time I got back."

"Why not?"

"My wrist watch is being fixed. I got it wet. And I guess there was a power failure sometime Sunday. I have a little electric alarm clock. When it stops, it doesn't start itself again. Beth, the girl who lives here with me—Beth Kinsley—she has to get up earlier than I do. She was asleep. I left a note on the kitchen table for her to wake me up. I had the feeling it must have been close to two o'clock when I went to bed. Maybe later."

Beldon got up and paced restlessly, not looking at her, but aware of her eyes on him. He jammed his hands into his hip pockets and stared out the window and whistled a tuneless tune. He went back to her and cupped his hand on her chin and tilted her face up and looked down into blue eyes.

"Nice try, cutie. But nobody will buy it. There was a witness."

Shock emptied her face. The blue eyes filled, and suddenly she knocked his hand away. She was incoherent with anger. "You . . . you made me think . . . For a little while I . . . Oh, *damn* you! I—didn't —*do*—it!"

"I believe you," he said quietly.

"Why did you have to come here and . . . what did you say?"

"I said I believe you, Joanne."

"But . . ."

"I'm sorry. I had to do that. There could be only one reaction from you that I could buy. And I got it. It was that car, but it wasn't you. So when you were on the beach, somebody clipped it and took off, had that trouble, and put it back where they found it. That's the only possible answer. And somebody else saw you driving it, and tipped the state police."

"That's the only thing I . . . But nobody will listen."

"I'm listening. Joanne, did you leave the keys in the car?"

"I can't remember. I honestly can't remember. Maybe I did. I just don't know."

"Contributory negligence."

"What?"

"Shop talk. Listen, do you want to run through it again tonight? Drive down there. Maybe one of us will get an idea. Don't dress up. Put a scarf around your hair, something like that. They could be ugly down there."

She wiped her eyes. "All right. . . ."

It was after eight, and dark enough. He had gone to the agency in Charles City

FATEFUL FORECAST

In Owensville, Indiana, the citizens were puzzled one winter morning to find a cryptic message painted in huge letters on the sidewalk in front of the public grade school. The message said simply:

"Remember Pearl Harbor!"

People commented on the message. But they never knew who put it there —or why. It was really nothing to get excited about at the time it occurred; for the infamous Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor never took place until two years later . . . to the day. • • •

From "Strange World," by French Edwards, published by Lyle Stuart, Inc., New York, N.Y.

and traded the rental sedan for a black convertible, not as big as the death car. But it was black and the top was down. She found the exact place where she had parked the other car. Near a patch of waist-high brush. They walked down the beach. It was at least a mile. Her judgment of distance was good. They walked back. She remembered that when she came back, the beach fire was down to a faint glow of embers, and the people were gone. That didn't mean anything.

He drove slowly back toward the village of Stoney Cove. He pointed out where the girl had been killed. She remembered that when she had gone by, she had seen people standing around in the night, several groups, at that place, and she had wondered if it was some kind of meeting letting out.

He stopped, and got out and had her take the car back south and turn around and drive by him in the night. He walked to where he would be close to a lonely street light that she would pass under after going by the place where Carol Foley had been killed. She went by, not wearing the scarf on her hair, at his request. Blonde and young. He knew her sweater was blue, but it could have been black, blue or dark green under the street light. She went up and turned around and came back and picked him up.

He took the wheel and said, "If you'd been wearing white, I could have seen it was white, all right. And said you were young and blonde, and probably tall."

"So we're right where we started, Carl?"

"I don't know. Something is bothering me, and I don't know what it is. Maybe a couple of things. I'm not as logical as I should be. I depend too much on the back of my neck, if it tingles or not. It's something I wouldn't tell my boss."

"It tingles?"

"Now I have to find out why. Look, I want to check out those spritzers, just so nobody will forget between now and the trial date they set. You stay in the car."

It took him ten minutes. The bartender remembered. He said it was a very nice house percentage drink, a dime's worth of wine and three cents worth of soda, for eighty cents apiece.

When he went back to the car, she sat with her head down, snuffling. "Hey!"

"I'm s-sorry, Carl. We're just stumbling around." She opened her purse and got a Kleenex out and blew her nose. It was a straw purse. He stared at it.

"Maybe we've stopped stumbling."

"What? What do you mean?"

"I don't want to get any hopes up. I think I'd better get to a phone. I want to get an authorization to spend a little money—or at least gamble with it."

D. G. Steppich was at home and told Carl Beldon to wait a moment so he could take the call on the bedroom extension. He came on again and said, "How are we going to make out on that thing, Carl?"

"Terrible, unless we can get some kind of a break. I want an authorization to spend a thousand dollars."

"On what?"

"On a hunch."

"And just how do I write that up?"

"It comes down to this, Dave. You trust my judgment or you don't. If you don't, I wouldn't have to look too long to find a company that . . ."

"What's the matter with you? Just give me something to write down, Carl."

"Okay. Reward for information."

"Fine, fine. Will the information get us off the hook?"

"If it proves out, it might not get us all the way off, but it will certainly cut down the pressure."

The next morning. he went to the program director of WTKA radio in Charles City, and then to the city editor of the Charles City *Register*. From there, he drove south to the state police regional headquarters and, after a thirty-minute wait, got in to see Lieutenant Morningside again.

Morningside listened to what he had done, and then turned brick-red and began to shout. When he began to slow down, Carl said, "It's our money, Lieutenant. So you think you had a good enough case without that information. It never hurts to tighten a case up a little further."

"But *why*, Beldon?"

"Some cranks and nuts will try to grab the money, sure. But there was no newspaper report on exactly what was said in that call, so it will be easy to screen them."

"And we have nothing else to do around here."

"Give me a phone in a corner somewhere and tell your guy on the switchboard, and I'll screen them."

"What have you got on your mind?"

"Justice, Lieutenant."

"Oh, sure. I can really believe that."

"If Carol Foley was killed at twenty-five after twelve, how come the tip didn't come in until a quarter after one?"

"Beldon, this is your nonsense, and I'm going to let you handle it yourself."

"I wrote down what you said about the phone call. Is this close?"

Morningside read it and handed it back. "You have a good memory. He gave the make, model and year of the car, and the license, and described the driver and said she was alone and going like a bat out of hell. He spoke in a half-whisper and hung up the moment he finished. . . . There's enough there so you can screen."

Carl Beldon sat at a table and read old magazines and took the few calls that were routed to him. Screening was easy. "Just tell me exactly what you said over the phone Sunday night."

He had one of the men bring him back a sandwich and coffee for lunch. A thousand dollars really smoked the cranks out of the woodwork. They were furious at his polite rejections.

At four o'clock, a call from a girl was routed to him. Her voice was frail and uncertain. "I told the other man I was calling about the reward."

"Yes?"

"I didn't make the call. I know who did."

"What is your name?" Beldon asked.

"He told me what he'd seen and he was real shook, and he hadn't done anything about it, and I made him phone you."

"What's his name?"

"He doesn't know I'm phoning now. But what I want to ask, suppose somebody was in trouble for a couple of things, and

then they got straightened out, but they're sort of . . . you know, kind of shook about talking to the police or anything like that. Being an eyewitness couldn't get them in any trouble, could it?"

"I'll be honest with you, miss. If it should come to a jury trial, and he was called to the stand, the defense attorney might try to use that trouble to destroy his credibility as a witness. But that would be the only possible trouble."

Beldon heard her long, faint sigh. "Gee, we could use the thousand dollars. I don't want him to be sore at me."

"Are you sure he phoned it in?"

"Oh, yes. We were both in the phone booth. I heard him phone it in."

"What did he say?"

She repeated it. It checked out.

"Well," he said, "it's up to you. There's a thousand dollars here for him."

After a long silence she said, "All right. His name is Jerry Kerso, and he works at Logan's Service Station across from the diner. I'm his girl. My name is Sandra Hooper. If we had that thousand dollars we could . . . Anyway, we made the call from the phone booth outdoors there beside the service station, after he found me and told me what he'd seen."

Beldon thanked her, and went in and saw Morningside.

"Kerso, eh? He hasn't been in trouble for about a year. He had some moving-vehicle violations, and he had some probation for breaking and entering." He phoned the switchboard and told the operator to brush off any further calls about the reward. "Now break down and tell me what's on your mind."

Beldon watched Morningside's face as he stated his long-shot premise. There was no change of expression. When he was through, Morningside sat in silent thought for a little while, then picked up the phone again and gave orders for Jerry Kerso to be picked up at once and brought in.

"Thanks," Beldon said.

Morningside looked thoughtfully at him. "The Treiber girl bothered me, too, but I wasn't admitting it to myself. . . ."

Morningside kept Kerso waiting fifteen minutes to get him edgier, and then had him sent in. Beldon had a chair in a corner. A big sergeant leaned against the wall near the closed door. Kerso sat across the desk from Morningside. He was a big, blond young man, erect and forthright. He seemed entirely at ease.

Morningside said, "We thought we ought to thank you in person, Jerry, for your public-spirited gesture in tipping us off about the hit and run."

"How did . . . oh. Well, my girl and I talked it over and we decided that it was my duty."

"It took you from twenty-five after twelve until a quarter after one to decide what your duty was?"

"I guess I was stunned, sir. We all knew Carol."

"Because you may have to be a prosecution witness at the trial, we'd better go over it a little."

"That's okay with me, sir."

"Where were you when you witnessed this terrible thing, Jerry?"

"I was on the other side of the street, just like I told Sandra. The woman kept right on going."

"And you ran over to see if Carol was dead?" Morningside asked.

"Oh, no! Nobody could get hit like that and not be dead. I was stunned."

"You knew it was Carol?"

"Yes, sir. I recognized her when she walked under a street light."

"Why didn't you go over and walk with her, if she was such a friend?"

"Sir, to be honest with you, I wasn't feeling very sociable. I'd had a sort of a fight with Sandra, earlier."

"I see. How did you happen to be in that area at that time, Jerry?"

"I was walking back from the beach. We had a beach party that night, a dozen of us, I'd say it was. Carol would have been there if she hadn't had a sitter job. I had some beers, and I guess I got a little mean, and I had a fight with Sandra, so I decided to walk back to town."

"No car?"

"I got the transmission out of mine, sir. We went out there with Cal O'Donnell."

"So you left your girl on the beach with the others. Okay. Where and when did you catch up with her again?"

"At the diner, sir. I don't know exactly what time. Maybe it was one o'clock. They were all there."

"Then they passed you on their way into town from the beach?"

"I guess they must have. I just didn't notice. I was . . ."

I know. You were stunned. By the time you got to the diner, they all knew about Carol?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you went in and told them you'd seen it happen?"

"No, sir. I got Sandra and took her outside and told her what I saw. She said I should phone in, but I didn't want to get mixed up in anything. So I didn't give my name. I figured you'd have enough with the license number and description.

"You got a good look at the car and the driver."

"Yes. She went under a street light."

"Blonde in a white dress?"

"Yes, sir."

"Young and tall?"

"That was the way she looked, sir."

"And that was the only time you ever saw her, going by like a bat out of hell?"

"Under the street light, yes, sir."

"But you didn't run over and see about Carol?" Morningside persisted.

"No. I felt sick. She—the blonde in the car—she drifted out too far on the curve, almost out of control, and there was the scream of tires and the thump. And then she went on. People around there heard it. I knew there wasn't anything anybody could do for her."

"What time did you leave the party?"

"To get where I was at the time Carol was killed, it must have been maybe quarter after twelve when I left. Something like that. I just left and started walking back to town alone."

"Who saw you walking, Jerry?"

"I don't know. Nobody, I guess. I told you, sir, I wasn't feeling very sociable."

Morningside stared at him for several moments. Beldon had to admire the technique. It was as intricate as the ceremonial preparations the bullfighter takes before the final thrust that kills. The bull has to be maneuvered, tricked, tired, the head brought down, and the animal brought to the proper place in the arena.

In another voice, a gentler voice, Morningside said, "You made the call to us?"

"Yes sir," he said. "I guess Sandra must have . . . I mean, thinking about the thousand dollars . . ."

"We tape all incoming calls, Jerry. We have that tape."

"Yes, sir?" Beldon knew Morningside was lying about the tape.

"Sandra Hooper can verify exactly what you said?"

"Yes, sir."

"How far from the car were you? What was the closest point?"

"I guess, about twenty feet."

"You were standing on the other shoulder of the highway?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the Treiber woman was fighting the steering wheel?"

"Yes, sir, she was." Jerry was tense.

"You were right, after all, dear. Your mother is a lot of fun on a camping trip."

"And that was the only time you ever saw her?"

"Yes, it was."

Morningside let just enough silence go by, leaned forward and said, "Then how could you have possibly know she was carrying a red purse, Jerry?"

That was the thrust, and Beldon watched it go home.

In a small, papery voice, Kerso said, "I didn't say that she . . . I guess I must have seen . . ." He stopped. Morningside had left him no place to go.

"The keys were in it, weren't they?" Morningside asked in a soft voice.

The straight back curved slowly. Jerry Kerso laid his face against his hard knees, against the old stains on the service-station uniform. In the muffled voice of a terrible agony, he said, "She . . . Carol turned . . . just before it . . . I saw her face! Oh, God!"

"Get Michaels in here with his book," Morningside ordered, his tone weary.

They sat at the coffee counter in the airport at the city, Carl Beldon and Joanne Treiber, in the few minutes left them before his flight would be announced.

He had told her of Kerso's statement, how he had taken the car back to where he had stolen it, immediately, as though somehow that would bring the girl back to life. How he had crawled into the brush and lay there like a sick animal, near the car, not thinking he had any way to get out of it until he had seen Joanne come back alone to the car, tall, blonde, white dress, big red purse, and get in and drive north without seeing the damage. He knew from the license that it was a car from the Charles City area. Then he had run all the way down the dark beach to the town, had found the beach party group at the diner, where he hoped they would be. Sandra had talked him into phoning the information in. But he had, in his anxiety to cover himself, added one detail too much. The red purse. And Carl had explained to Joanne that it was much worse for Kerso than it would have been for her; this was grand-theft auto, and thus, a felony murder.

Joanne sipped her coffee and said, "How horrible for him, Carl. And for his girl. I left the keys in the car. That girl would be alive if I hadn't. I'm going to carry that around a long time."

"I know. I guess I'm glad."

"You are?"

"I guess I wouldn't want you to be full of song and dance and celebration."

She made a small, wry mouth. "Like dancing on a grave. No, Carl. I'm glad I'm out of trouble. I'm in your debt. But I don't feel jolly. Just kind of exhausted."

They announced his flight. She walked to the gate with him.

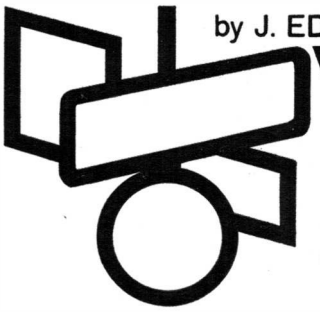
"Joanne, I . . . I'll have to come back in about three weeks and I wondered . . ."

"Call me, Carl. Please call me."

The plane lifted into the night. Until the stewardess smiled at him, he did not feel the aimless grin that stretched his mouth. Insistence in the blue eyes of a tall girl, insistence in the tone of her voice telling him to call. All you could do, he thought, was wait and see, and wonder if, once again, the heart could accept the risks and dangers of commitment. • • •

YOU & YOUR CAR

by J. EDWARD SCHIPPER



What Kind of Station Wagon?

They come in all shapes and sizes and in a wide range of prices. You can get them with a four-cylinder, six-cylinder or eight-cylinder engine. The 1965 models, soon to make their appearance, display some sporty versions that almost remind you of a vista-dome railway coach. It's hard to conceive of a "speed-back" station wagon, but some of the lines of the new ones will almost suggest that. "Speed-back," with its sloping tail end, naturally cuts down inside space, although one of the reasons for buying a station wagon is for that roominess.

To get an idea of how the popularity of station wagons has grown, in 1946, factory sales in the United States totalled 28,757, of which 2,714 were exported. In 1964, it is predicted that the total number produced will be well over 1,000,000. So far, the biggest year in factory sales was 1960, when 1,059,000 were sold. With the growth of suburban and country living, the industry predicts a continuously growing market and a record for 1964.

For the station-wagon buyer, the main question is: What do you want it for? The typical suburban dweller, whose wife takes him to the railroad station, the kids to school, plus shopping, etc., hasn't much of a problem. Any of the lighter and lower-priced wagons will do the job. But, before he buys, he should do a little checking.

Going to the other extreme is the wagon that does all the things the little job can do, plus a great deal more. For hunting, fishing or camping in rough country, you need a husky vehicle with plenty of power, good traction and a sturdy, dependable suspension.

Where the wagon requirements are very severe, the specifications are more like those of a truck. It is not surprising that the "Suburban" type is often mounted on a half-ton truck chassis. This is not always very popular with the women; it is really a man's wagon.

If price is a primary consideration, you will find that a station wagon is a little more expensive than a four-door sedan. The lowest costs $3,000 with a six-cylinder engine. With a V-8, the range will probably be $300 to $400 more than with the six.

If you are considering the heavier and bigger wagons, you will find that they cost $4,000 or more. The largest, such as Oldsmobile V-8 or the Chrysler New Yorker and others, have a curb weight of some two and a quarter tons—around 5,000 pounds.

The best method of selecting your station wagon is to visualize the toughest job you are going to give it, then pick one that can handle the job. You must consider the maximum load you are going to carry, so that the axles, suspension, brakes, etc., are strong enough to handle it. You must have an engine that is powerful enough to give you the safety of good "passing" qualities. You will also need room enough to include the equipment you will have to take on your most strenuous and extended trip. If you are going to pull a trailer, your dealer has options available for beefing up the chassis and the towing equipment. If you are going to take along a boat, you have a choice of carrying it on top or on a trailer so you can put baggage in the boat while you are pulling it.

For any station wagon that is going to be loaded up for real country driving, we certainly recommend the V-8 engine. This is not only a matter of more pleasurable driving and handling but also a real safety measure. After canvassing the situation thoroughly, we have come to the conclusion that the automatic transmission with three speeds is most desirable for smooth starting. If you prefer a manual shift, get a four-speed type. Be sure you have plenty of entrance, exit and storage room for the most exacting jobs you are going to give your wagon. One of the worst annoyances is too small an opening at the rear door. You should have close to thirty inches of clear height at the door and nearly the whole body width.

If you are getting a three-seater, you have a choice of buying one in which the rear seat faces backward or forward. Many do not like the backward-facing seat. It is a nuisance at night, with the headlights of the following cars shining right in the eyes of the passengers. Of course, any rear seat should be removable if you are going to use the vehicle for camping.

As a final suggestion, study the options the dealer can give you for making the wagon more suitable to your needs. You will find that extra money will pay off in convenience and comfort.

The devices include load-levelers, adjustable shock absorbers, etc. We also recommend taking a demonstration ride with a normal load of passengers or equipment. Take note of the wagon's stability on sharp turns at reasonable speeds and its general handling, such as steering, and any tendency to chatter on rough roads. Try turning around on a fairly narrow road. Some wagons have a drawback in too wide a turning radius. • • •

THE NIGHT OF THE KNIFE *Continued from page 35*

later, then slipped out of the shack noiselessly one by one, to take our places in the silent line.

This was no-man's-land. Ahead, more than 2,000 feet up and three miles through German positions, lay the hogback ridge of Mount Artemisio where we had a date to meet again at dawn, if we lived.

Behind and below lay that bloody semicircle of four months' frustration, the Allies' Anzio beachhead line, twenty miles south of Rome. Through that line, single-file, five paces apart, were sneaking the soft-stepping infantrymen of the 36th (Texas) Division, headed by the "Mountaineers" of the Second Battalion, 142nd Regiment.

At least, we hoped they were still coming. Otherwise, we were already cut off—dead and didn't know it.

Crawling back into position in the line, his rifle," his hidden friend said sadly.

But that was the trouble. No one could shoot. No matter what. There was not a single round of ammunition in any rifle barrel all down the line that night.

This was the Velletri infiltration, the night of May 30–31, 1944, part way up the Alban Hills in Italy. And seldom, if ever, since the advent of gunpowder, have so many lives depended on the silent cold steel. . . .

The tactical necessity of the operation was implicit in the orders given back at the jumpoff point. And the deadly tenor of the whole night was set by a single carbine shot which executed a man even before those orders were given.

A young lieutenant had been shot through the heart just ahead of me. The sniper, in civilian clothes, was quickly flushed out of the timber and brought

Men inspect rifles before Velletri infiltration. They did not know nature of mission.

I thought of the hours already behind us, the business of the slain lieutenant right in front of me, the quick execution of the captured sniper, the grim secret orders finally chopped out at the jumpoff point—and always of the nearly 900 Rangers slaughtered in the last effort to infiltrate this front.

That gagging, gasping sound came again. Nerve cases hit you harder than the physically wounded sometimes. You can't do anything for them. And you never know what they'll do. I steeled myself to crawl off the trail and check. This man was almost berserk. They were restraining him, gagging him. It was either that, or—well, what's the price of one man's life balanced against hundreds, thousands?

Someone who knew him spoke softly out of the shadows. He said the guy really was a good, gutty soldier, just been in combat too long. Or maybe he was spooked by this silent deal.

"He'd be all right if he could only use immediately before a regimental officer.

"Surprised you brought him back," the officer said, turning away. "I don't care what you do with him. I just don't want to know about it."

Without another word, the two men guarding the prisoner turned and took him into the woods, out of sight, but not out of sound. The other men, gathered around the commanding officer in the little grove of trees, looked at one another, then quickly busied themselves, spreading maps, lighting cigarettes, checking equipment, doing anything to keep themselves occupied until the sound of that carbine's crack came from deep in the timber. Then they started talking, all at once, until the briefing began.

The regimental C.O., Colonel George E. Lynch of Orlando, Florida, and his exec, Lieutenant Colonel Sam S. Graham, forty-eight-year-old ex-college professor from Huntsville, Texas, did the talking then. Faces of platoon and company commanders went blank in shocked disbelief when Lynch barked out the basic orders: "You will be in your assigned positions by dawn. Until then, you will not fire one single shot—not even as a last resort!

"To make certain of this, every rifle barrel in the regiment will be cleared. No matter what happens, there will not be a single cartridge in any firing chamber tonight. If absolutely necessary, you may use a hand grenade; they may mistake it for an incoming mortar. But they know the sound of our small-arms fire and one single crazy shot can wreck the operation and get us all slaughtered. Once we cross that line, we're surrounded. So fill your clips and magazines, but clear those rifle barrels. This is a night for knife work!"

The West Point-trained Lynch obviously was on edge about the completely unorthodox nature of the operation. And the combat veterans around him were doubtless remembering what happened to Bill Darby's crack Rangers at Cisterna. But orders were orders, and they would be carried out.

They came to that grove of trees knowing they'd drawn the short straw for the next crack at the Alban Hills line. They knew that infiltration was the only answer: head-on assaults by half a dozen outfits had provided bloody proof of that. If they hadn't known before, they knew now the tactics to be employed. They knew this was the plan of Major General Fred L. Walker, the fifty-seven-year-old division commander—whom they trusted almost to a fault—and they were grateful that it was his plan and not Fifth Army's. Finally, they knew that silence is infiltration's only real weapon.

But with empty guns—even to the end?

"Gentlemen." It was Sam Graham, loaded down with grenades and two Molotov cocktails (in case of enemy tanks). "The general done personally promised me we won't meet more than one or two Germans at a time tonight. So who needs shootin' irons?"

Sam was the twice-wounded, much-decorated ex-boss of the Second Battalion and they knew he'd be the real ramrod tonight. And most of them would follow him to hell and gone. So the tension snapped, but the few sardonic chuckles were short. Already they were thinking ahead.

"What'll I tell my men?" the combat-wise company commander said as the meeting broke up. "You tell a rifleman he can't use his rifle—no matter what—and it's the death sentence to him. He's naked. Knives? Sure, I gotta few knife guys, but not many. And that's close-in work. Real close in. Man, we'll tiptoe on rotten eggs tonight!"

The tiptoeing started. All vehicles were left behind. The feather merchants who had come this far for the ride dropped out. The long line started slipping northward through the trees, toward our last outposts. Some of the raw replacements, kids fresh from the States, hummed a wacky tune new to the rest of us. Something about "Mairzey doats." And they picked the blood-red poppies along the trail to stick in the camouflage nets on

their helmets. The veteran doughs simply plodded along, concentrating only on putting one foot after another. I was glad I'd put on clean, dry socks. The word came down the line: "No more smoking. . . . Pass it along." And then: "Keep at five-yard intervals. . . . Pass it along." Finally: "No more talking. . . . Pass it along."

The infiltration was on. Now we knew the tactics. The strategy was obvious from the beginning, so obvious that I felt certain the Germans knew all about it and were waiting up there somewhere for us. And if they were, the only question was how big a bag their hunters would get that night. As a starter, they'd have a thousand or more to chop down by dawn. And we were the game—with guns that couldn't be fired. . . .

The strategic importance of Velletri had been quite clear, even back at "Villa Virtue," the correspondents' bombed and shell-shattered hangout on Nettuno Bay where I first got the word. Ed Kennedy, the Associated Press Mediterranean bureau chief, told me that two guys from the 36th Division had been by and said for me to "scrounge us some booze."

Translated, that six-month-old slaughter code meant: "Get the hell up here, son. And quick."

So I wrapped a jug of fermented fruit juice in my bedroll and took off. By my own rules, I had to go—but I didn't have to like it.

On the way up, an American plane crashed in front of us and its occupants burned up as we stood helplessly by. A jeep came by, hauling a trailer loaded with dead riflemen, neatly stacked. The smell of death stayed in the air some time after they passed. From beginning to end, the whole deal had that smell.

I kept thinking, strategically, it had to be Velletri. Velletri had to go. It was the key to the highway-railway German defense barrier which blocked two roads to Rome, as well as being the logical breakout point from the beachhead. Huddled whitely on the lower slopes of Mount Artemisio, it straddled Highway Seven, while Valmontone, some ten miles to the northeast, sat on Highway Six. Between them, dug in on heights of the Alban Hills, lay the last defendable positions this side of Rome. In recent weeks, every available Allied outfit had bloodied its head against the interlocking fire from those heights—all kinds of fire varying from rifles to 88s.

The American Third Infantry Division had knocked on the door of Valmontone but couldn't get in—and anywhere the tough old "Rock of the Marne" outfit couldn't go, there just wasn't very much traffic.

So it had to be Velletri, and it had to be the 36th—theoretically the freshest division along the line. Actually, the Texans had taken a terrific number of casualties since they stormed ashore in the first wave at Salerno in September. Only twenty per cent of them now were the original Texans and in the actual combat units that percentage was less than ten. The rest were replacements from everywhere and too many were new and unblooded. And after Salerno, San Pietro and the Rapido River, the 36th was tagged as a hard-luck outfit.

Now the 36th sat in front of Velletri, with the 141st and the 143rd regiments already in the line and the 142nd in reserve. And since San Pietro, the 36th had become my home, its scarred survivors my brothers. And besides, I had been too long gone from the combat line. So I went the hell back up to rejoin my wonderful, violent people.

At the division command post, a little stone cow barn, it was bad. Something was wrong. Very wrong. Nobody talked. General Walker, the gentle-seeming, soft-spoken soldier's soldier, who had ridden with Black Jack Pershing in Mexico and been wounded and much decorated for holding his sector of the line in the Battle of the Marne in World War I, was pacing back and forth, seeing no one, speaking to no one.

Finally he exploded to a line officer: "When I say I want a sector patrolled constantly, I mean *constantly!* I don't mean once a day or twice a day or when the mood strikes you. I mean every hour of the day and night. Now, get back up there and put those patrols out and report to me personally on everything they find! And I mean everything!"

For this guy, this was wrong. He didn't talk to his officers or men that way. He didn't chew them out in public. But he just had. I turned and walked away. Lieutenant Colonel Harold L. (Hal) Reese, the brave and quiet Philadelphian who had served with Walker in World War I and who now had less than three days to live, called me over and said not to judge Walker too quickly. He sent me to a division intelligence officer who explained that two plans were under consideration—Walker's infiltration plan, and another head-on assault plan supported by Lieutenant General Mark Wayne Clark, Fifth Army commander. Clark wanted to load infantrymen into tank-drawn steel sledges. He had turned down Walker's plan twice but now it was being re-submitted by Major General Lucian Truscott, the corps commander.

The G-2 major said the indecision was why Walker was on edge, and then showed why the general had chewed out the line officer. He sketched a map of the combat line in the dirt, then drew a vertical slash through it, about a mile east of Velletri.

"Now, here's something you don't know," he said. "The Hundred and forty-first has cut the Velletri-Valmontone road right here. Between here and the Hundred and forty-third's position over to the right there is nothing but some patrols and a few machine-gun and observation positions. If Truscott gets Army's okay for General Walker's plan, that's where the Hundred and forty-second goes through—at night."

He used the word "infiltration" for the first time—at least, to me—and I questioned him about the dangers of being outflanked, cut off and left to die on the vine without ammunition or supplies.

"Look," he said. "The Hundred and forty-third hooks on your right flank as you get about halfway up and widens the gap as it goes. (Everybody already seemed to have decided I was going along!) The Hundred and forty-first starts a night fire fight on your left—with the combat engineers helping—to keep 'em busy while you're slipping through. Once you're up and moving along the ridge, the Hundred and forty-first flanks in, swings left and clobbers Velletri right on top of its pointed little head. So the Krauts are caught in a crossfire. And you're looking down their throats."

"Oh, sure," I said. "Sure. You G-two guys are always tellin' us girls that. But what about supplies? Hell, just crawling up there will be murder."

His answer was that the combat engineers had said they could blast and bulldoze a supply road right up the mountain behind the infantry, and General Walker believed them.

So now it was up to Army, and Army's answer came in a plume of dust, curling up to the cow barn. Truscott jumped out of the jeep, grinning from ear to ear, literally ran to Walker and shook his hand as if he were priming a pump.

"It's all yours, Fred," he said happily. "It's all yours!"

Two hours later, the 142nd was loaded on the division's "Hell Driver" trucks and headed back away from the lines in a feint to try to fool the enemy eyes on the hill. As darkness closed in, we swung left at Cisterna, cut over to Cori, swung left again and back toward the combat line.

Cisterna was bad for those who remembered the Rangers who fell there. Master Sergeant Conrad C. Snyder of Marlington, West Virginia, mentioned it. Captain Cader C. Terrell of Amarillo said, "Yeah, but that was a one-in-a-thousand fluke, Connie." He grinned. "Besides, we're Texans. Remember?"

Like an old refrain, Connie and Corporal Jean L. Sullivan (home address, New York City) dead-panned together: "That's right. We're Texans, bigawd!"

After that came the business of the lieutenant, the sniper's quick execution, the grim jumpoff orders, the final huddle in the hut, and then—with empty rifle barrels—we were beyond no-man's-land and in the midst of the enemy.

Major combat unit leading the operation was Sam Graham's old outfit, the Second Battalion Mountaineers who had done this sort of work many times before, on a smaller scale. Guiding them were the seventeen men of Lieutenant James R. Crocker's Regimental Intelligence and Reconnaissance (I and R) platoon.

Jim, a Petaluma, California, veteran of this type of scouting, was followed by a fanned-out frontal echelon of men from the Second, rifles slung and knives ready as they slipped from shadow to shadow. There were even some regimental M.P.s there who were insulted by the Mountaineers whenever they were close enough to whisper.

Inside that human spearpoint was Colonel Lynch and a small group of battalion and regimental officers and noncoms. One walkie-talkie man followed right behind them, and I followed him. That big pack would stop a lot of bullets.

Always indestructible, Big Sam Graham (who lived to survive the Korean War) roved up and down the line, traveling three tortuous yards to our one. With his grenades and his two Molotov cocktails, he was alternately a frightening and a reassuring sight. A rifleman peered in awe at those jars of explosive liquid hanging down front from Sam's shoulders.

"Do you crawl over these rocks with them things on you, Colonel Graham?" he whispered.

Graham nodded.

"Then do me a favor," said the rifleman. "Any time you're around me, crawl like Mae West would if she was stark naked—gently, Colonel, gently. F'r chrissakes, don't bruise 'em!"

Until we cleared our last friendly troops, we walked single file and kept to the trail. Once into real no-man's-land and beyond, we split the main line into two snakelike columns (which fanned out and multiplied behind us) and avoided all trails, sticking to the rougher, heavier-timbered ground to avoid any observation and mines.

After that, anywhere it looked as though a man had walked before, we didn't.

We crossed the Velletri-Valmontone highway at two-thirty a.m., and sometime about then, the moon came out. It was beautiful, and even though it meant more danger, somehow it put new heart in you. We'd scramble and scurry from shadow to shadow and when you lost sight of the man in front of you, there was always that moment of lonely panic.

And in that moment, you remembered the Rangers.

When the line crowded from behind, we'd hold up briefly in small clusters. Once two incredibly young riflemen argued over the best method of silent knife-killing—throat-slitting or stabbing through the right ear canal, straight for the brain. They were disturbed because they really didn't know.

Shortly afterward, I learned that one method worked. PFC Dick Kennedy, a nineteen-year-old "Texan" from Chicago, tapped me on the shoulder as he crawled past me up the line and pointed over to the right.

"That guy must know you, reporter. He's smiling."

There had been no outcry ahead, but a German soldier was propped against a tree, wearing two grins in the moonlight—a white one where his teeth were bared and a dark red one three inches below. I kept crawling.

The 141st and the Engineers kicked off their diversionary-fire fight right on schedule, but it still shook you. Tracers buggy-whipped through the night overhead and their rippling burp guns and our deep-throated chugging fifty-calibers made you wish this trip hadn't been necessary. Then the screaming started—from our people who were getting hit letting us get through. There were cries of "Medic!" and "Aid man!" Behind me, there was a commotion. Two riflemen were struggling with a battalion aid man who was trying to cut out of our line and cross over to the wounded. Had he gone, we might as well have followed and kissed the infiltration good-bye. They finally calmed him, but I heard him sobbing and swearing as he crawled along behind me for a long time. A long, long time.

The walkie-talkie man got calls for litter-bearers. He pulled his jacket over his face and whispered into the mike: "No litters available here. Try Devil. . . . Repeat: Call Devil for litters." I don't know which outfit had the code name of "Devil" that night.

We were climbing the stone fence at the terraced vineyard and then crawling down the rows when the flares hit us. They turned the ghostly, shadowy moonlight into a glare brighter than high noon. We flattened and embraced the dirt like lovers, and lay there, and I watched the red lice crawling in the hair on the back of my hand. It was that bright.

A dog started barking. A man cursed sleepily in Italian. A scout from the right of our line crawled through the vines to the left and then forward. The barking stopped, then the man's voice went silent. I never saw the man. The dog's throat was slashed wide open when I crawled by his body.

With fire-fighting spurting up on both sides of us, it seemed incredible that we could still be creeping along. Then, when the small-arms fire finally fell behind us, the physical nightmare became worse. I skinned both knees and both elbows and tore a jagged gash in my face—and didn't realize any of it until morning. Sometimes we climbed straight up, handing the rifles and then pushing and pulling one another. There were more of the gasping, panting, nerve-shattered exhaustion cases. Once two men fought silently in the shadows, rolled into the moonlight and recognized one another. The battalion rifleman hissed to the I and R scout as they sheathed their knives: "It must be safe around here if you guys from Regiment are along!"

Just before dawn, there came ominous sounds of life . . . a grenade to the left . . . a machine-pistol up ahead . . . then knife work and silence. But time was running out.

To make our objective before daylight, we cut across an open field with only some sweet-smelling hay for cover. Later, we flushed a German platoon dug in at the edge of the field, but not a shot was fired as we crossed in the predawn light. Soon we were digging in on the ridge, taking a break, smoking another cigarette and revelling in being alive.

So went the Velletri infiltration. It worked far better than even General Walker had let himself hope. To this day, I haven't heard of a single infiltrating soldier being killed that night. Nor did we even once fire a single solitary shot.

Yet an infantry regiment went silently through enemy territory over distances varying from two to ten miles—and the rest of the division's combat strength came close behind. That's a few thousand people, friend. Velletri fell in the nutcracker, and the German Anzio beachhead line, that four months of bloody battering had failed to much more than budge, was finally broken.

The race to Rome was on, and the first Axis capital fell—to American troops, courtesy of the 36th Infantry Division.

There were sad days after that strangely successful night. Hal Reese led the way around one too many turns in the road and died. An aid man with brassard showing was shot by a sniper who then surrendered and was promptly beaten to death with his own empty gun by a friend of the aid man. Returning down the mountain, I helped carry a gut-shot infantryman to an aid station and watched him die there. And necessity taught me that the other method of silent knife-killing also works.

But the important thing was that the Velletri infiltration succeeded so magnificently that it has become a military classic. Why haven't you heard of it?

Well, for one thing, Fifth Army General Clark didn't believe in permitting war reporters to identify individual units under his command until long after the action was over. Second, Rome fell right after the infiltration, eclipsing it—and then, the next day, came the Normandy invasion which made the world forget Italy for the moment.

And finally, there are those (their name is legion) who say Velletri proved that an earlier slaughter at a river called the Rapido need never have happened, and so the brass chose to ignore this brilliant tactical bastard whenever it popped up at a post-war family reunion. But that's another story.

But the 36th will never forget it, even though they weren't there when Rome "officially" fell. They were marched through town the night before, with the eerie sound of unseen applause from a thousand balconies as their only welcome and reward. And they might not even have paused in Rome on their way back south later to prepare for the Southern France invasion if Fred Walker hadn't become irritated when the Fifth Army denied the division a brief rest leave in the Eternal City.

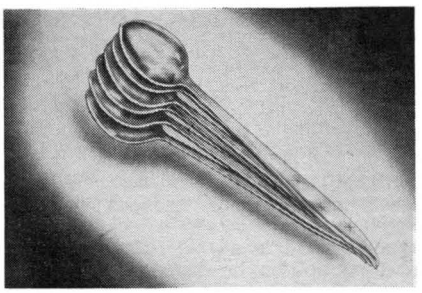
He'll never admit it, but the way I heard it, he figured if he could infiltrate the Wehrmacht from the south he could infiltrate the Fifth Army from the north. Anyhow. . . .

He ordered a refueling stop set up in Rome for the Hell Driver trucks which hauled the Velletri veterans back down south.

And, what with red tape and heavy traffic and supply shortages and understanding sergeants and all like that, sometimes it took—oh, maybe three-four days before at least some of the T-patchers got completely gassed and on out of Rome.

In fact, some Texans swear today that they took more casualties coming back through Rome than they did on the night of the knife. • • •

STOP to SHOP



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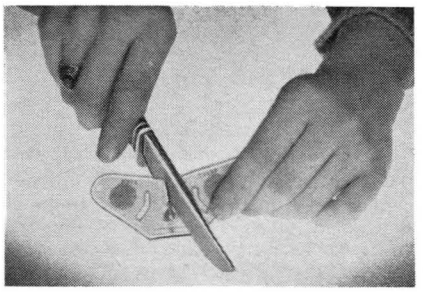

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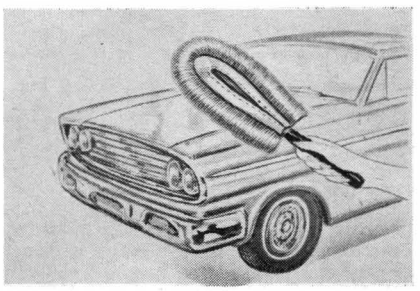

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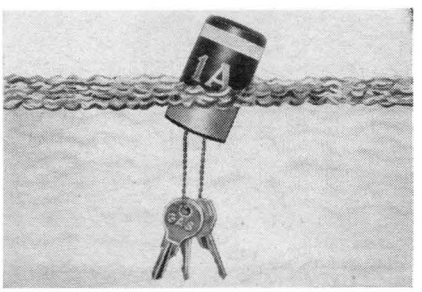

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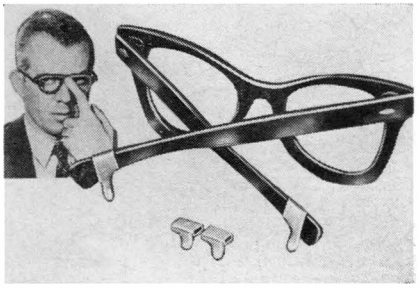

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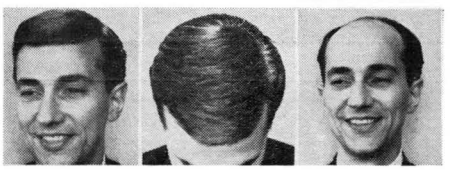

No need today to look other than your best. When you know you do, you feel better, do your job better—and you're more fun! Don't be ignored because you look older than you are. Clean, cool, new flexible base, contoured to each individual bald area. NO NET, NO GLUE, NO FUSS, NO MUSS. The only answer—TAYLOR TOPPER.

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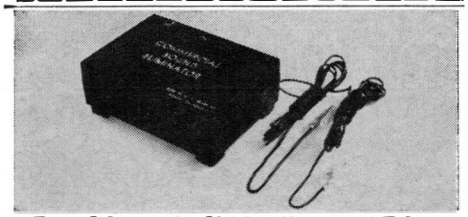

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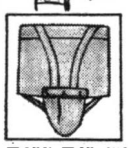

SLIM-R buoys you up firmly yet gently — gives you that welcome "rested" feeling that lets you work or play without nagging, energy-robbing discomfort. Broad, powerful high-grade elastic belt pulls in sagging stomach muscles—makes you appear inches slimmer. While wearing SLIM-R minor aches and pains caused by back strain are relieved. No-gouge stays prevent wrinkling, rolling. Comfort-design pouch gives that extra lift many men want. Snap-on pouch detaches for easy laundering. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back if garment is returned in 30 days postpaid. Send waist measure. $4.98 plus 25¢ postage. Buy two —one for change-off—get third pouch support free.

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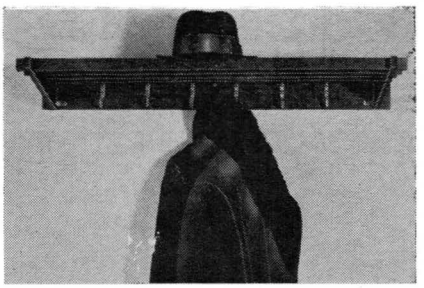
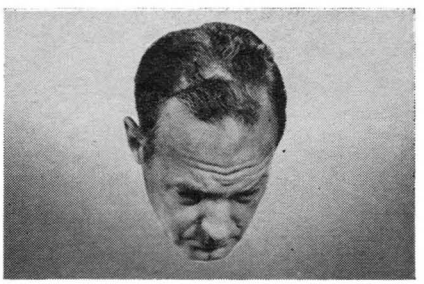
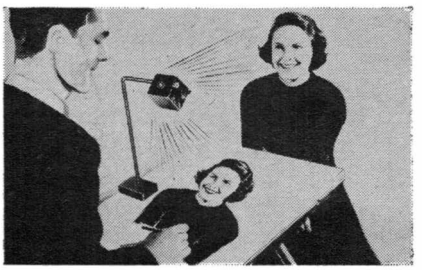


RACK ONE UP for a handy, auxiliary clothes rack. Made of genuine Marlite in rich walnut finish. Stain, alcohol and heat resistant, it always looks new and neat. Rack is 11½" wide, 36" long with 6 hooks, barred shelf for hats, etc. Ready to attach to wall. $9.95 plus $1 shipping. Alexander, Dept. AR, 140 Marbledale, Tuckahoe, N.Y.

CONFEDERATE BATH TOWEL—Be a rebel with this big 6x3 ft. Cannon bath and beach towel imprinted with a Confederate buck in authentic orange and gray colors. It won't buy anything but a lot of comment and fun, and that's guaranteed! Unusual and colorful. Only $4.95 ppd. Lee Products, Dept. AR-9, 103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.



LOSING YOUR HAIR? Treat your scalp to Ward's Formula and see for yourself how it controls scalp seborrhea and stops the hair loss caused by it. Your hair and scalp should benefit after a few treatments. Money back guarantee. $2 ppd. Write to H. H. Ward & Co., Dept. AR-9, 19 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York.



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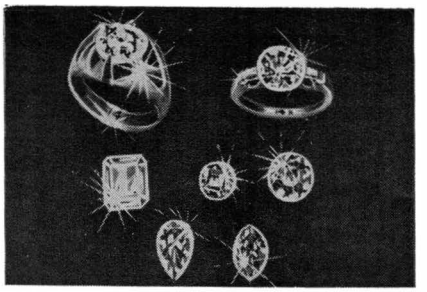

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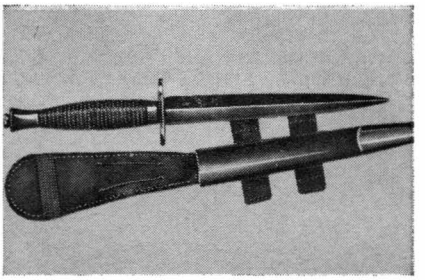
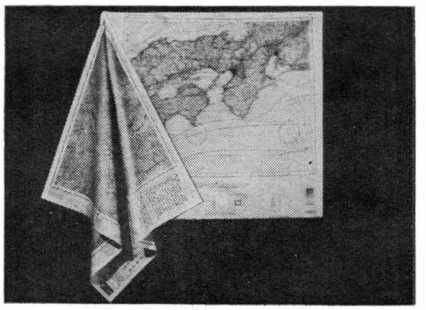
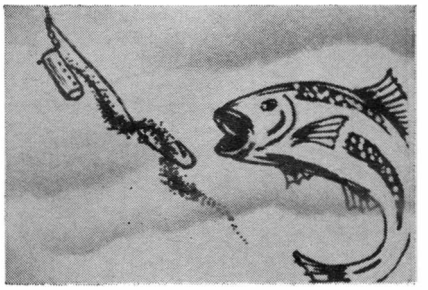


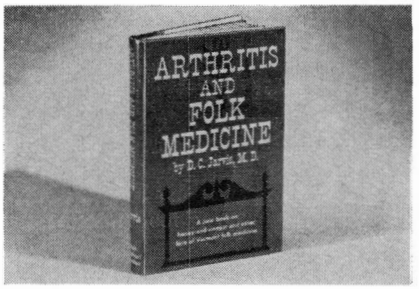
BRITISH COMMANDO KNIFE. Slightly used in actual combat, but every one in perfect condition. 7" double-edge blade of tough Sheffield steel. Finished in black so knife will not shine in moonlight or reflect light. Leather sheath with metal tip clip. $5.95 ppd. Write to Scott-Mitchell, Dept. AR-9, 415 South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.



AIR FORCE ESCAPE MAPS—Detailed USAF waterproof silk maps (printed in 6 colors on both sides in 1942-1945) were in airmen's WW II escape kits. Cover 4 to 5 sq. ft.; make ideal scarves, are handsome framed. Unusual. 4 maps: Japan—SE Asia; Russia — China; Indochina — Central Asia; Russia—Japan. $1.50 each. All 4, $4.98. Kline's, Dept. AR-9, 333 E. 50th, N.Y. 22.



BLOOD-DRIP LURE drives the big ones crazy. Easy to use, no mess like live bait. Drop the blood pellet into tiny holder, snap the stainless-steel swivel on your line and cast. When lure hits water, out oozes the delectable color and scent of blood. Watch those fish come! $1 for season's supply. Honor House, Dept. AR-9, Lynbrook, N.Y.



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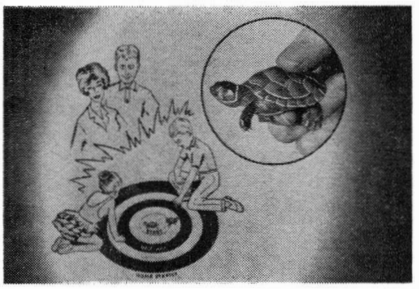
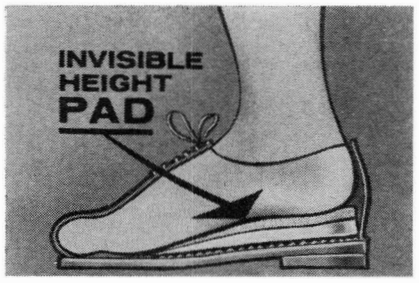
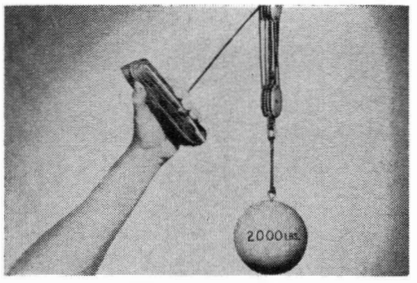


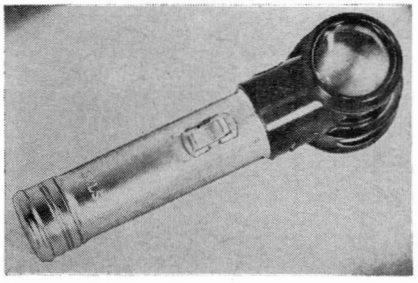
TWO LIVE TURTLES plus a 35" diameter "race course," starting stable, turtle food and complete instructions for the care, feeding and racing of your turtles, comprise the complete package. This sensational game delights the kids and grown-ups alike. $2.98 ppd. Scott Mitchell, Dept. AR-9, 415 So. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.



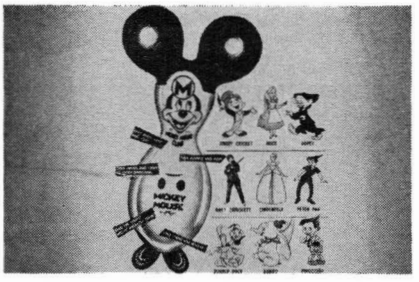
BE TALLER by 2 full inches. Slip these foam rubber and felt Height Increase Pads in any pair of shoes. You gain added comfort as well as height. Invisible, interchangeable cushions need no gluing and are an aid to better posture. State man's or woman's shoe size. $2.95 pair. Hudson Industries, Dept. AR-104, 550-5th Ave., N.Y. 36, N.Y.



BLOCK AND TACKLE weighs only 15 ozs., yet it's so powerful, it lifts up to 2,000 lbs. easily! Great for anyone who has to do heavy lifting. It comes complete with 110 ft. nylon cord, carrying bag and instructions. 1-year guarantee. $6.95 plus 55¢ shipping. Order from Scott Mitchell House, AR-9, 415 So. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.



POWERFUL 10X MAGNIFIER is self-illuminating and excellent for stamp and coin collectors, inspecting textiles, doing close work on fishing and hunting gear, fly-tieing, laboratory study, etc. Imported; ground lens. Uses standard batteries. An excellent value for $2.95 ppd. Park Galleries, Dept. AR-9 103 Park Ave., N.Y. 17.



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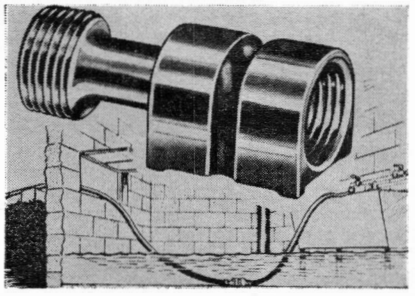
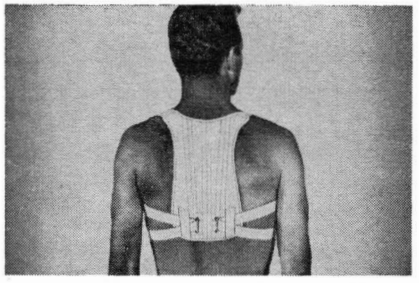


DRAIN cellars, pools, window wells, any flooded area with motorless Speedy Drainer. Just couple drainer between two lengths of garden hose and attach hose to handy water faucet. When you turn on faucet, normal water pressure makes drainer work. Of rustproof solid brass. $2.98 ppd. Larch, Dept. AR-9, 118 E. 28th, N.Y. 16.



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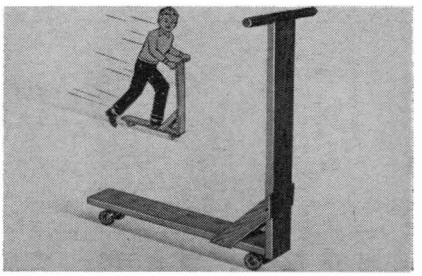

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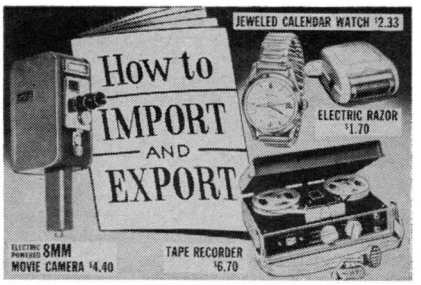

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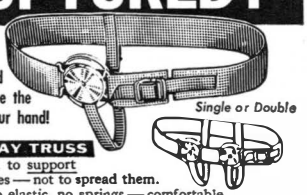

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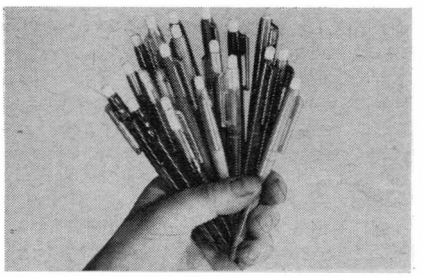

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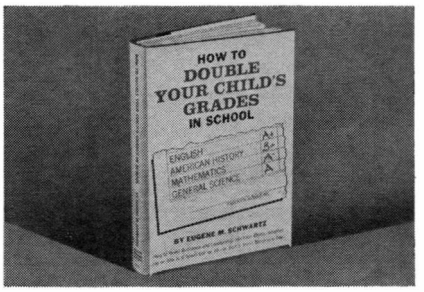

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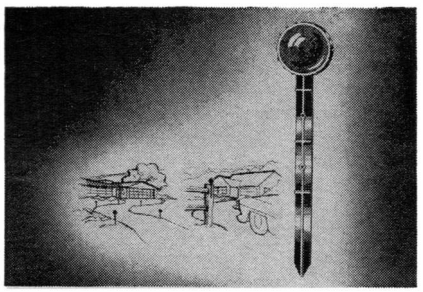

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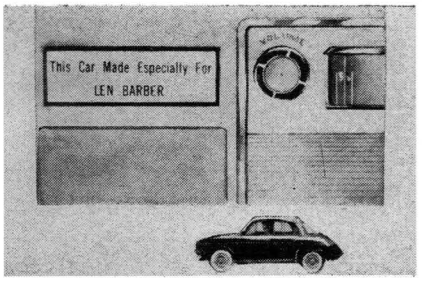

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Della flung herself wildly at Mason.

A fortune in precious stones lay in South Africa for the taking—until murder brought Scotland Yard from halfway around the world to try to smash an international plot to corner the diamond market

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONN

a promise of diamonds

by gordon ashe

It was hot; so hot that the sun burned and dried everything out of the pale earth. It made a shimmering haze of silvery light which blinded man and beast, deluding them with promises of coolness and of water which were not there. In the town, there were eleven houses, not really enough to be a town.

The place had a name: Kangarmie.

If was difficult for outsiders to understand why the town still existed. True, it still sold petrol and provided a bath and food for travelers, but few passed through since the mine had closed down. Over in the derelict compound, where the mud huts stood the test of time better than the white houses, there were indications that, over a hundred years ago, Bantu mineworkers had once lived. Beyond the compound, in the side of the hill, was a skeleton of what had once been the mine's superstructure, stark lengths of rusty iron which had taken on a kind of pattern, as if a drunken artist had tried to paint what wasn't there. There had been gold, but the vein had been worked out in eleven short years, and forgotten by most for twenty.

Yet Kangarmie still existed, its inhabitants showing a stubborn loyalty.

The few who did drive across this southern tip of the Kalahari Desert were grateful, for one could sleep as well as eat and drink and bathe; but there were better routes across the desert. Occasionally, a safari passed, heading for bushman country farther north.

The biggest building in Kangarmie, a café, grocery store and garage, was owned by Syd Parkin and run by his wife, two sons and one daughter-in-law. Parkin, himself, was always out in the desert or far-off hills, prospecting.

Everyone in the other houses had some kind of reason for staying. There were the Ellises, the Longfellows, the du Toits, the Browns, the Forrests.

Della Forrest had the best reason of any. She was waiting for her husband to come back. She had waited for more than two years.

The house she lived in had two rooms, bedroom and living room, and a built-on kitchen.

She stood by the window, behind the Venetian blinds, half frowning as she looked in the distance. Even after all these months, it was impossible for her to stand here without recalling the day Nigel had left.

"Give me two months, sweet, and I'll be back with a fortune in diamonds. That's a promise!" Then he had driven off in the Land Rover.

Della thought she saw a movement, a black speck, on the brow of the hill. Her heart leaped. But it was only a bird. She turned away from the window and stepped toward the door which led to the kitchen. It opened.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in fright. Then she saw the man beyond. "Jeff, you scared me."

"I was hoping I would," he said. "Someone has to scare away ghosts."

"Jeff, please."

Jeff Mason was a short, stocky man in the middle forties, twice her age. He had clear blue eyes, a short nose, and thin, fine, fair hair. He wore a well-used bush jacket and shorts.

"Della," he said, "if you go on like this, you'll drive yourself crazy." He took a step toward her. "Give it up, Della. You've waited much longer than most women would. You're too young and too lovely to waste yourself on a memory."

"Too young and lovely to waste myself on a middle-aged widower."

She meant it to hurt; she meant it to stop Jeff Mason from his ceaseless attempts to break down her resistance.

"All I want is for you to start living again," Jeff said. "Whether you choose me or another man isn't important. The essential thing is for you to stop living for a ghost."

He stood there long enough for the words to sink in, then swung around on his heel. His footsteps sounded on the wooden floor of the stoep, then on the sandy gravel outside.

She turned to look out of the window again. A man was coming down the hill. She saw him sway and stagger as if he could not keep his balance. He was tall and his figure was dark against the sandy gray of the hillside. She turned quickly, snatching a pair of binoculars from a table nearby.

She could not see his face because he wore a big, wide-brimmed hat, and the brim was low over his eyes, but she saw the old bush jacket he was wearing, the torn and tattered shorts.

Nigel?

She rushed toward the door, and for the first time in months, wished Jeff Mason were at hand. He could take her up the hill in his car. She hurried out. Old Mrs. Cratton, on her stoep, was swinging a ceaseless to and fro in her big rocking chair. She was knitting some interminable garment.

Della could not see his face yet, could not be positive that it was Nigel, but it was a tall, very thin man, staggering down the slope.

The ground was rising now, even more difficult for her to run. Suddenly she was aware of the engine of a car not far behind. She did not turn to look, but thought: *Jeff, thank God.*

The engine drew nearer and much louder. Jeff's old black Studebaker drew level with her. She clambered in and dropped down beside him, gasping.

Jeff was staring straight ahead, lips set tightly, big, square jaw thrust forward. Della knew what he was thinking that this wasn't Nigel, that she was wrong again.

Fear that he was right gripped her.

"Look!" exclaimed Jeff.

The man above seemed to break into a run, as if he had seen them, but after three or four steps, he collapsed. He lay still, his hat dislodged, his hair burnished by the fierce sun. He was fair-haired, *and Nigel was fair-haired.*

Della opened the door and ran toward the man who lay so still.

At last, she could see his face, a gaunt skeleton of a face, jaw thrusting against the bone, eyes buried, cheeks sunken. The worst thing of all was that she could not be sure whether this man was Nigel.

Jeff reached her side. "Poor, bloody devil." He went on one knee, feeling for the man's pulse. "He's alive, anyway. Just." He slid one arm under the man's waist and another under his shoulder, and lifted him. "Open the back door, Della."

She stared at the skeleton face, choking back sobs. All this time, and she could not recognize him.

She opened the door and stood aside.

"He'll pull through," Jeff said, putting the man in the car. "I've seen them worse than he is, and they've pulled through."

He took it for granted that it wasn't Nigel, of course.

There was one way of telling—only one. Hunger and thirst could reduce a man to skin and bone but could not remove a birthmark. There was one, the size of a hen's egg, on Nigel's thigh. It was just below the hipbone, a little toward the front. Unless he was naked, Della could not tell. She wanted so desperately to know.

The khaki shorts were torn and bleached by the sun to no color at all. Once they had been snug; now they were tied around at the wasted waist with a piece of palm frond made into rope. The knot was very tight.

"We'll take him over to Ma Parkin," Jeff said.

Della thrust up the roughly made

rope and pulled down the shorts. She had not really expected to see the birthmark, had steeled herself to accept great disappointment.

But there it was!

"Go to my place, Jeff," she said. "I can look after my own husband."

She looked down at Nigel, who had come home. It was like looking upon the face of a stranger.

She did not need any help to put Nigel to bed. She sponged his body carefully, gently, and she thought of the body which had been.

She drew a sheet up over him, then lowered the Venetian blinds so that the room was in semidarkness. She went to the old, tattered, stained pair of shorts, the bush jacket which was so worn that it was difficult to understand how it hung together, the battered hat, the belt of palm-frond rope. She drew this through her fingers. It was made by someone inexperienced, was nothing like a Bantu would make. Had he made it himself?

Footsteps outside made her look up. Ma Parkins tapped on the door.

"Come in," Della called.

The door creaked open. A huge woman, dressed in a soiled white smock, came in laboriously. Her surprisingly big and beautiful doelike eyes were filled with concern.

"Ma, it's Nigel."

"Can you be positive, Della?"

"Yes." Della went straight to the bed and pulled back the sheet. The birthmark showed up starkly.

Ma Parkins stared at it, then looked at Della and very slowly smiled. "I couldn't be more pleased for my own daughter," she declared. "You certainly have been rewarded, Della."

In the next three days, Nigel lay like a corpse, with no noticeable change except perhaps in color. His cheeks became a little less like parchment. Not once did his eyes open. Della forced chicken soup and Bovril between his lips. Night and morning, Ma Parkins came over to give him a saline injection. Jeff came each day, but said little.

Della felt quite calm, but there was a sense of unreality all the time. The strangest thing was sleeping in the same room.

She slept next to him on a camp bed, within reach. She mostly dozed, half expecting him to stir during the night, or to hear him try to call out. On the fourth night, when there was still no change, she slept more heavily.

At first, there was no sound to disturb her—just the night's silence. Then a noise, very faint and faraway, came into the room. She did not hear it.

The noise grew louder: the sound of footsteps.

She slept on.

The footsteps drew near the bottom of the three steps which led to the stoep. There was a creak of boards, and the bedroom door began to open.

Still she did not hear.

A man stood there, breathing softly. He drew closer to stand above Nigel. He took something out of his pocket: a scarf, folded over and over. He lowered this toward Nigel's face until it covered Nigel's nose and mouth.

The man began to press on it, so as to prevent Nigel from taking in his pitiful little breaths.

Della became aware of vague sounds. She lay on the narrow bed, fully awake instantly. She saw something dark across Nigel's face, and a hand above it, pressing. She could see nothing else because the man was behind her.

She cried out, "What are you doing?"

The man snatched his hand away. Della tried to sit up, but before she could, a hand clamped about her neck, the fingers tightening, fierce and hard. She could hardly breathe. She writhed and struggled and struck at the strong forearm, but it made no difference. He was choking her. Her breast was heaving. Strange, misty lights flickered in front of her eyes. She felt the strength ebbing out of her as it it were life.

CHAPTER TWO

"HOW much do you say they were worth?" inquired Patrick Dawlish very politely.

He was by nature a polite man, although large, and by nature found it easy to be incredulous. This did not show in his cornflower-blue eyes as he stared at Colonel Van Diesek, of the Pretoria Police Force. Although Van Diesek had flown here from South Africa, and although he doubtless meant what he said, Dawlish was far from convinced that the man had the figures right.

"One hundred million pounds," Van Diesek repeated.

Dawlish raised his eyebrows.

"Major Dawlish, you do not believe me, do you?" Van Diesek said.

"I think there might be some margin of error," Dawlish murmured.

"There is no error," Van Diesek assured him. He was a tall, big, strong-featured man with pale gray eyes and cropped hair. He had a military bearing even when he sat opposite Dawlish in the big room at New Scotland Yard. The room overlooked the Embankment and the Thames. The tops of the plane trees, a pale green, waved just outside the window. "The diamonds have been stolen in large and small quantities over many years. I have been in charge of the investigations, and while I have had some small successes, in the main, I have failed and failed terribly. There are eleven major and many smaller diamond mines in South Africa, and over the years, each has been robbed, sometimes of very great quantities."

"Have we heard about this here?" asked Dawlish interestedly.

"The thefts have been internal matters. From time to time, we have notified you and Interpol of thefts and asked your members to look out for marked, uncut stones, but we have never notified you of the quantities. It has been to avoid publicity. The main distributing agency, United Diamond Distributors, has been most anxious to make sure that nothing happened to disturb the market. The loss is sufficient to affect the price of diamonds if released upon the world market."

Dawlish's eyes crinkled.

"You doubtless know, but many people do not know, that the price of diamonds is controlled by the producing companies," the South African went on. "It would not serve their purpose to place any large quantity of diamonds on the market at one time, because it would bring the price of the stones too low. I have come to the conclusion that these stolen diamonds have not been sold in any great quantities, but are being released very slowly, so as to sustain the market value. It follows that if such a large number has been stolen and few sold, there is somewhere a very big hoard of the diamonds. In fact, this is my conviction. My fear is that they will be released into the world markets suddenly and will flood them, and that prices *will* fall."

"The bottom could be knocked out of the market, in other words," Dawlish said. "Over how long a period have they been missing?"

"We have been aware of the situation for four years, but not of the full total until a particularly large loss occurred last month. Two million pounds' worth were taken from an underground store in Kimberley."

"And you've kept such a fabulous loss a secret?" Dawlish said.

"Of course. It would be a bad thing if the newspapers were to know. Mr. Dawlish, you have much more influence with the Conference than I. I ask you please to use that influence. You have there a file giving all the details. Once you have studied it, I am sure you will agree on the gravity of the case. This will affect not only South Africa. It will affect the world. I have no doubt that it is a case for the Conference."

"Yes," said Dawlish. "Certainly, I think it is. There is a Conference session tomorrow, here in London. I'll be glad to raise this matter. Will you come to present the case?"

"If you give me the opportunity, I will be very grateful," Van Diesek said.

He stood up, bowed formally from the waist, shook hands and left.

Dawlish took down a "Philips World Atlas" and thumbed through it until he found a map of Southern Africa. The proximity was dangerous, and South Africa might find difficulty in getting the co-operation she needed from her neighbors. The Crime Conference could get such co-operation, for the Conference—known popularly as the Crime Haters—had an organization already set up, with liaison officers from each major country active within itself.

Dawlish closed the atlas and began to study the file which Van Diesek had left. It was the story of the unending war between the diamond companies in the ring, which held diamond prices up by means of organized scarcity, and thieves and smugglers. Dawlish, who had a nodding acquaintance with the history of diamonds in South

Africa, was at once appalled and enthralled.

Van Diesek left New Scotland Yard in a much happier frame of mind than he had entered it. He crossed the Embankment, with his brief case tucked underneath his arm. For some minutes, he walked toward Blackfriars, taking in all the bustling activity of the river, the gaily colored pleasure boats on the October afternoon, the barges, the small launches. At Cleopatra's Needle, he stopped and turned back.

A man, only a few yards behind him, halted. Van Diesek had seen him before—at the airport that morning. Almost at once, a taxi came along. He waved it to stop.

"Barkly Hotel, please."

He saw the man he had recognized at the curb, waving to a taxi which passed him.

Van Diesek paid off his taxi outside the Barkly Hotel, near Walbeck Street, just behind Oxford Street. He could hardly wait to get to the telephone in his room to call Dawlish about the man he had seen.

He stepped inside his room, then stopped short.

A man was at the chest of drawers. On the bed was Van Diesek's suitcase. The man was staring at him. He had one hand in his pocket.

In Afrikaans, Van Diesek said, "So I have no further to look."

The man was tall and thin, with sharp features and a pointed chin. His hair was a gingery color.

"Your friend outside didn't have time to warn you," Van Diesek said.

The thin man took his hand from his pocket. He held a small, snub-nosed automatic. There was no change in his expression, but a great one in Van Diesek's, who said gruffly, "Put that down. You are no murderer."

The man raised the gun and pointed it. There was a look of absolute disbelief in Van Diesek's eyes. He made a desperate leap to one side, but had no room to maneuver. The other's finger squeezed the trigger. Van Diesek felt the tremendous blow of a bullet on his temple.

He died on that instant.

The man who had killed him picked up Van Diesek's brief case and stepped to the door. Two taxis waited for hire outside. The murderer stopped the first.

"London Airport," he ordered, and settled back comfortably. He opened the stolen brief case, smiling in anticipation. He took out the papers and began to look through them. Slowly, his smile faded and a hard, bleak look replaced it.

About the time that Van Diesek's murderer was looking through the stolen brief case, Patrick Dawlish was facing a pale, slightly plump man who wore clerical gray and horn-rimmed glasses.

Dawlish picked up the South African report. "Forty-seven pages, Temple," he announced. "Single spacing."

Temple frowned. "That is a little over eight hours' work. Say, six pages an hour. May I keep two typists late tonight?" he asked diffidently.

"Permission to pay overtime granted," said Dawlish. He handed over the report. "Thanks, Temple."

"One thing, sir. Mrs. Dawlish telephoned and I promised you would call her back when you were free."

"I'll call her at once."

He tried, but the number of his flat was engaged. He idly picked up the agenda of the Crime Conference meeting. Under different chairmen, the Conference met frequently. Most countries in the world were represented at its sessions by their top policemen. It was, in a way, like Interpol, but had more authority in its own right. In fact, it was the embryo of a truly international police force, working on much the same lines as an Allied Secret Service had worked during the war.

It had developed very quickly since it had started four years earlier. Dawlish had been Britain's representative since then. This was his first meeting in the chair, and he was looking forward to it more than he admitted to anyone except his wife, Felicity.

Tomorrow, and on each of the next three days, these men from all over the world would discuss world problems in crime. The criminal was becoming more and more international. Frontiers were easy to cross by air; time was no longer a hazardous factor in disposing of stolen jewels or in escaping from one country to another. As the countries of the world drew closer and the economic and political problems of one affected those of another, so did police affairs.

Very few people even suspected the fervor and conviction Dawlish felt for the international police organization—a crime-detection and prevention force quite distinct from the "policing" carried out by the United Nations.

He made a few alterations in the agenda, putting Van Diesek's problem high on the list so as to make sure there was good time for it to be discussed tomorrow.

Dawlish looked at Big Ben, just in sight if he leaned forward.

"Half-past five!" He rang home, but there was no answer. "I wonder where Fel's nipped off to?"

He took it for granted that his wife had telephoned earlier to say that she was going out. Then, with his police-trained mind, he wondered why she would have asked him to call back.

Earlier in the afternoon, when Felicity had telephoned the Yard, Temple had said, "I'll ask him to call you as soon as he is free."

Felicity rang off, went closer to the window and looked across at the red brick of Scotland Yard. She could just see Pat's window. From this spot high above most buildings in the heart of London, there was a magnificent panoramic view, with the Houses of Parliament in the foreground, and Westminster Abbey just in sight at one side. St. Paul's was far off, with the bridges, the fine new buildings, the fine old buildings, and the Thames making its lazy curving and shimmering way in the sun.

"Quite beautiful," Felicity said.

She said that at least once on every sunny day.

There was a ring at the front door.

A man stood there, a stranger. She took an instant dislike to him. His features were thin and sharp. He had very bright, green eyes.

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon." He had some kind of accent which she couldn't place.

"Is Major Dawlish in, please?" the man asked, and took a step forward.

"I'm not expecting him until six," said Felicity. "If it is urgent, you can find him at Scotland Yard."

Alarm flared up in her as, without a word, the man lunged forward and thrust out his hands, pushing her. She missed a step and went stumbling backwards. The stranger stepped swiftly after her and closed the door.

She recovered her balance and made a futile attempt to snatch at an ashtray to throw at him. The man moved very fast, catching her wrist and twisting until she gasped in pain.

He swung her around until her back was toward him, her arm was thrust up behind her.

"If you do what I tell you, you won't get hurt," he said.

She made herself answer yes.

"I'm going to let you go," he said. "Just walk straight to your bedroom. Lie on the bed, face downwards. I'm going to tie you to the bed so that you can't warn your husband."

Felicity caught her breath.

"He's got something I need. He'll bring it here to do some homework."

She jumped forward into the room and tried to slam the door, but the man got his foot in the way. She thrust all her strength against it, but he forced it open. The rage in his eyes terrified her. He jumped at her, brushed aside her hands and gripped her neck.

He began to squeeze, his fingers tightening. She kicked and struggled. Misty lights swam in front of her eyes and then she felt the strength ebbing out of her whole being.

CHAPTER THREE

DAWLISH took his keys out of his trousers pocket, and selected the one for the front door. As he turned it and opened the door, he hoped Felicity would be in.

He heard nothing. Had Felicity been home, she would have called out by now.

He heard a slight sound. The sound was behind him, at the living-room door. He did not glance around, but turned toward the bedroom door, at his most sensitive state of alertness. Years of training had given him what amounted to a sixth sense; trifles which were unfamiliar or struck a false note took on a deep significance. He had learned one invaluable lesson for such times: never do the expected. Now he was quite sure there was someone in the living-room doorway, but whoever it was did not know that he realized it.

What was the least expected thing to do? He turned the handle of the bedroom door, and pushed. The door was locked.

Felicity never locked herself in; there

was no reason at all why she should. This door had been locked from the outside. He stood back. He had no idea what he would see if he turned around, but he did know that whoever was there would expect him to turn at any moment.

He gripped the handle of the door. "Fel!" he cried. "Are you in there?"

He drew back, paused, then hurled his two hundred and fifty pounds at the door. He had the knack of breaking down a door and knew exactly where to put the pressure. The door creaked and groaned. He crashed against it again, and as he did so, he looked over his shoulder.

A sharp-faced man with a gun in his hand was halfway across the little hall. The assault on the door had taken him completely by surprise, and in that moment of indecision, he was vulnerable.

Dawlish hurled his brief case at him. The man dodged and squeezed the trigger. There was a sharp report of a shot, but the bullet hit the floor. Dawlish struck him two savage blows with the palm of his hand. The sharp, thwacking sound was like the crack of whips. The man staggered sideways, missed his footing and fell. Dawlish kicked the automatic away. Then he turned and rammed the door again.

Felicity lay face downwards, spread-eagled on the big double bed. A sheet tied her ankles to the foot of the bed. Rope round each wrist tied her to the top corners. She lay absolutely still.

He heard a sound behind him, glanced around and saw the man on his feet again. He had the brief case under his arm. When he saw Dawlish, he put on a spurt toward the front door.

Dawlish jumped forward. The man slammed the door. Dawlish reached the landing a yard behind the intruder. He stretched out his right leg and kicked the man in the back of the foot. The man pitched down the stairs, with Dawlish after him. He fell in a heap at the foot of the stairs.

Dawlish bent down, yanked him to his feet and hit him, once. There was a sharp crack.

Dawlish dragged the unconscious man upstairs and into the flat. Felicity had not stirred.

"Fel," he choked. "Fel."

He felt for her pulse as he pulled the tape from her mouth.

Was her heart beating? If she was dead—

There *was* a faint pulse beat; he was sure of it.

The telephone rang. He let Felicity's hand fall and leaned across to lift the telephone.

"This is Temple, Major. I am sorry to worry you, but—"

"Send a doctor over to my place at once," Dawlish ordered. "Tell him it's a case of asphyxia. Warn Westminster Hospital to stand by, and to send over an ambulance. All clear?"

After a startled pause, Temple said, "At once, sir." . . .

Temple hurried into the flat with Chief Inspector Gordon of the Special Branch by his side. On the floor, lying in an odd position with one leg bent beneath him, was a man whom neither had seen before. In one corner, a chair was overturned. Against the pale green wainscotting lay a gun, and near the fallen man's feet was a small hole, quite noticeable in the soft green carpet.

Temple looked at the smashed door of the bedroom.

"Good God!" gasped Gordon. "What a shambles! Don't let anyone touch that gun on the floor, or that man. I'm going to get a squad over here."

Dawlish seemed oblivious of both Temple and Gordon. He seemed oblivious, too, when first ambulance men and then a doctor arrived.

The doctor busied himself. He was a police surgeon, and old friend.

"We'll look after her, Pat," he said. "We'll see to her."

Dawlish stared at him as if afraid to ask the question which was burning in his mind.

"You've got a lot of other things to do, by the look of it," said the doctor. "Better get busy."

He did not say that Felicity would be all right. He did not give Dawlish even a word of reassurance. Dawlish stood on the far side of the bedroom with those magnificent views over London, watching as the ambulance men lifted his wife, put her on a stretcher, spread a blanket over her and carried her out.

"I'll send the word as soon as I can," the police surgeon promised.

He went out, past the squad of Yard men in the little hallway, men who had already chalked off different sections of the hallway and the stairs. Cameras were clicking, an artist was busy with pencil and sketch pad, there was an undertone of voices.

Gordon came in. "Ready for a statement from you any time you like," he said to Dawlish.

Dawlish stared at him, and then began to talk in a sharp, clipped voice. Temple stood listening and watching.

At last Dawlish finished.

"Get your men out as soon as you can, Gordon," he said. He did not wait for a response, but turned to Temple. "You called me an hour ago. What was it about?" His voice was cold as stone.

"It may have something to do with this, Major," Temple said. "A man was found shot dead in the Barkly Hotel."

Dawlish's self-control threatened to crack at last. "Van Diesek?"

"Yes," said Temple. "And the bullet was fired from a point twenty-three automatic—the size of the automatic lying outside in the other room."

"So he was after the report," Dawlish said. "My God, what a bloody waste! Two girls hammering away at it where he hadn't a chance to lay his hands on it. . . . Van Diesek dead and my wife . . ."

He broke off, then went on, "Now all we want are the people who paid him. We don't need telling how to pay them."

Temple shivered at the words. . . .

Only a few of the more knowing newspapermen realized that the well-dressed men of various ages who turned into the City Conference Halls next morning were the world's top policemen. They might just as well have been businessmen or civil servants or delegates to any large conference. Inside the big, circular main hall, with its seats in tiers, a desk in front of each, were the inevitable receivers with the tiny earplugs for the interpreters, for not everyone here spoke or understood English perfectly. There was an atmosphere of great tension.

With the reports and the agenda was a brief statement about Van Diesek's death, and the death of his murderer. The murderer's name was now known as Arthur Donovan, aged thirty-six, a South African of English descent who was known as a car salesman and a commission agent. Word had been sent to Pretoria for more information about him. He had been flown into London on the same plane as Van Diesek. According to the report, he had been killed while Dawlish had fought to get his gun to prevent him from shooting.

It was one minute before eleven when the signal came from one of the guards within sight: Major Dawlish was coming in.

As the opening hour approached, a hush fell upon the men and women here, as if by common assent, they wanted to wait for Dawlish.

He appeared. His face was like stone.

He reached the rostrum.

Dawlish hadn't slept that night. He'd read and reread Van Diesek's report, made notes, checked one point against another and double-checked.

He had twice visited and four times telephoned the hospital during the night, and had just come from there now. When at last he reached his seat, he was more in control of himself.

"Good morning," he said. "Please sit down." He remained standing as the rustle of movement followed. When everyone else was seated, he went on: "Thank you very much indeed. You will wish to know"—he glanced, paused, and moistened his lips—"how my wife is. At least, I can say that she is no worse. I am not qualified to go into details, but I am told that the pressures on the brain have created a state of coma, and there is no certainty when she will come around."

His hands were so tightly clenched that his nails hurt his palms. "If any news comes while we are in session," he went on, "I will see that you know at once. Meanwhile, I hope you will forgive me if I proceed very quickly. . . ."

She was lying absolutely still, inside an oxygen tent. He could picture her. The mask was breathing for her, trying to give her life. Her eyes were closed.

Dawlish, on his feet, was saying; ". . . there will be plenty of opportunity for everyone to study the report in the evenings or early in the mornings. Van Diesek's death is irreparable. He was the only man who had the whole history of the diamond case in his mind, and we all know that no matter how meticulously a report is made, countless

fragmentary items of fact are buried in the mind, and cannot be put into a report.

"I doubt if anyone will question the gravity of the case, however. When I first heard the figure of a hundred million pounds' worth of diamonds I thought it was exaggerated for the sake of emphasis. I am now convinced that it is the correct figure. There are a great number of small mines, and for years, comparatively small quantities were stolen from each. There was a considerable cumulative total. Van Diesek began to suspect that the thefts were related some years ago, but his superiors and the United Diamond Distributors were not convinced. A great number of thefts have been made *after* the stones have been handed over by the mines to U.D.D., at which time each diamond is marked. Ninety per cent of the stolen diamonds have been so marked."

Dawlish paused, for a moment, then went on: "The total value of diamonds mined is so great, and the amount put into storage so vast, that in the early years, the percentage loss was not worrying. Some big thefts quite recently have added to the total so much that, if Van Diesek was right, and they have been accumulated against a sudden release on world markets, the effect would be extremely serious. Van Diesek finally convinced his superiors of this. There is no way yet of knowing whether distribution is planned, or whether these stones are already being placed upon the market in large quantities. All we know is that theft on such a vast and long-term scale would only have been perpetrated by criminals who have every confidence in their ability to sell and distribute. Just as there exists a world organization handling opium and another dealing in counterfeit currency, so there may be one about to handle diamonds."

After a pause, a tall lean-faced man with curly hair stood up at the back of the room. He was Carter, from Sydney, perhaps Australia's best known Criminal Investigation Bureau Superintendent.

"I don't think there's much to discuss, Mr. Chairman. We've got to get into this case quick. Is there anyone from South Africa to replace Van Diesek?"

"No."

"Where are they most likely to unload the loot?" asked Harrison of New York. "Amsterdam? London? New York? Or maybe one of the free ports, like Aden or Hong Kong? We need to get every national headquarters busy checking outlets. So we need a working party on the spot and one in the conference to help the secretariat. Any word of an extra large pile of diamonds coming on the market, and we need to be ready to act."

Sobolov of Russia said in his unexpectedly good English, "I am in full agreement with that."

"Two working parties," Dawlish said. "Proposed by New York, seconded by Moscow." The faintest of smiles, almost ironical, played at corners of his lips.

"A show of hands will do. Those in favor?" Dawlish asked.

A forest of hands shot up.

One of the two telephones near him glowed, its light replacing the ringing sound. Major Patrick Dawlish quickly lifted the receiver.

"Hallo, Pat." This was Coombs, the elderly police surgeon. "I'm not going to make the situation worse for you."

Dawlish almost barked, "How is she?"

"She's out of the deep coma," Coombs said. "She's still very weak and certainly not out of danger but there's no longer any likelihood at all of a sudden collapse."

"How long?" Dawlish asked brusquely. "Will I be able to help if I'm close by?"

"I doubt if she'll even know whether you're around for the next two or three weeks," said Coombs.

"Thanks." Dawlish almost choked.

" 'Bye, Pat." Coombs rang off.

Dawlish put the receiver down slowly. He was not aware of the hush at first. Felicity would be all right. Then he realized that everyone was looking at him.

"The immediate danger to my wife is over," he said. He paused only for a moment. "We have two working parties to select. I think we should follow custom, and call first for volunteers. And I hope I will be forgiven for breaking with custom and volunteering from the chair to go with one of the parties to South Africa."

Harrison of New York and Van Woelden of Amsterdam volunteered almost in the same breath.

On that particular day, Della Forrest felt better than she had for over a week. Her throat, badly bruised from the cruel pressure of the man who had nearly killed her and nearly killed Nigel, felt almost free from pain.

She no longer slept in the same room as Nigel.

Nigel was in a room at Ma Parkins', and Ma was looking after him with the full approval of the doctor who had come out from Buckingham. Ma was doing a first-class job, the doctor said. Nigel was on the mend, too. He still had a temperature and was in a semi-coma. It would be a month or more before he was likely to get about, but he was out of danger.

He had not yet recognized her, or anyone. He had yet not spoken a word. Even the snowy-haired young lieutenant of police who had come out from Kimberly to question Della about the attack had not been able to get a word out of Nigel.

It was as if he had somehow been struck completely dumb.

A difficult thing for Della to accept was that she and Nigel now owed their lives to Jeff Mason. He had been sleeping in a tent in the grounds unknown to anyone, in case she needed help in the night. Her scream had brought him running.

But the hardest thing for Della to accept was her own attitude toward Nigel. Every time she saw him, she hoped she would feel differently, but each time, she felt as if she was looking into the face of a stranger.

She hated herself for it, but there was nothing she could do except hope her attitude would change.

CHAPTER FOUR

"MAJOR Dawlish, please!"

"How is your wife, Major?"

"Did Van Diesek come to see you in particular, Major?"

The questions at the Jan Smuts airport came thick and fast. The cameras clicked and flashed. A crowd of at least thirty newspapermen crowded into the big room at the airport, where Dawlish towered above everyone else except a very blond young lieutenant from the South African Police Headquarters at Pretoria there to welcome the working party.

"What's it all about, Major?"

Dawlish said mildly, "What's it all about? That's easy. Diamonds. Your police aren't happy about security measures in the Republic, and think a lot of the little beauties are getting out when they should be kept in. The question is, where do they go? That's what we hope to help find out."

Questions were fired at him as the little group made its way to the cars waiting outside the low-built airport buildings. Three police cars moved off at the same speed, Dawlish and the two other men who had flown from London in the middle one. Wade Harrison, who was comparatively new in the Crime Hater Organization, looked at Van Woelden, one of the founders.

"Can you beat that? About a thousand questions, and not one of them for you or me. Didn't anyone tell them this was a working party?"

"It comes in useful," Dawlish remarked. "If I get all the spotlight, you can stay right out of the public eye. I'll be recognized. You won't."

"Do you think you fooled these newspapermen?" Harrison mused. "They know it's big." After a pause, he added, "Are you receptive to ideas?"

"Try me," Dawlish said cautiously.

"Why don't you let me loose among the security people at the various mines? I'm good at making myself unpopular. You keep out of that, so we can preserve the image of the infallible Patrick Dawlish."

There was a core of good sound sense in the suggestion.

"I think it is a good way to work," Van Woelden agreed. "I will stay here and co-ordinate. Harrison will go to the mines. You, Dawlish, will work on the man Donovan. Is that all right?"

"It should work," said Dawlish.

Colonel Voort, Chief of Police at Pretoria, was an elderly, quiet-voiced, watchful individual. In ten minutes, he convinced Dawlish that he had a complete grasp of the situation. He sat at one side of the large pedestal desk, with the blond lieutenant who had brought them from the airport. Dawlish, Van Woelden and Harrison sat on the other side.

Dawlish sensed a kind of over-

eagerness in the big, blond lieutenant.

"The two matters which worry us most concern the theft itself, and the disposition of the diamonds," Colonel Voort said. "Will you start work at the mines, gentlemen?"

"Harrison will. I'd rather like to concentrate on the man who killed Van Diesek," Dawlish said.

Voort gave a benevolent little smile, and turned to the blond lieutenant. "Lieutenant Bukas will undoubtedly agree with you, won't you?"

"With the Colonel's approval," said the lieutenant.

Dawlish wondered how old Bukas was; he looked in his early twenties but must be thirty or so. He had very fair, almost snowy hair, pale blue eyes and pale lashes.

"You have it," Voort said drily.

"Thank you, sir." Lieutenant Bukas drew himself to attention. "It was my duty recently to investigate an attempted murder in a small dorp in the Southern Kalahari. In the course of the routine investigation, I found certain fingerprints." He opened a manila folder on his desk. "You see, gentlemen? There are eleven points of similarity, proving conclusively that these are the fingers of the same man. *These*"—he stubbed his finger at the darker print—"were found at the house where an attempt was made to strangle a young woman and to suffocate her husband, who was at one time a diamond cutter."

Dawlish's heart seemed to contract.

Bukas stabbed at a lighter print. "And that is the print of the man Donovan, whom you killed after his attack on your wife."

Dawlish was aware of silence. He made himself speak equably.

"Where are the man and woman?"

"They are in an isolated town in the Kalahari."

"How soon can we get to this place?"

"We can fly to Buckingham, where there is an air strip. From there, it is three hours by road to Kangarmie."

On the way in to Kangarmie from the local airport, Lieutenant Bukas spoke: "Major Dawlish?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Colonel Van Diesek was a good friend of mine."

"Ah," murmured Dawlish.

"He might have been my father, he took so much trouble to help me. He was a great detective. There is nothing I desire more than to avenge him."

"I think I can understand that."

"Major Dawlish," Bukas went on, "I believe the Colonel was killed because he alone had such a wide knowledge of the crimes caused by diamond thieves in this country. His mind was like an electronic machine. Whenever facts were discussed about diamonds, all the related factors came together in his mind. There was no one else like him. He had a very clever assistant, who was killed in an accident last year. He was driving his own car. He was known to be a fast driver, but—"

"Was he murdered, too?"

"I know that Colonel Van Diesek thought it possible," Bukas told him. "Those with a deep, exhaustive knowledge of diamond smuggling and theft are now dead."

For the first time, Dawlish wondered whether Van Diesek's report was the true motive for the murder in London. But if it wasn't, why had Felicity been attacked?

Della Forrest was standing on the stoep when they drove up.

It was seven o'clock, early for strangers unless they had stayed at Ma Parkins' overnight.

The last time Della had seen a black car like this had been when the lieutenant of police had come from Kimberley. When it drove up, she saw that it was the same car. The fair-haired lieutenant got out, followed by another man who was one of the biggest and tallest men she had ever seen.

Dawlish saw that she had dark, rather fluffy hair, a heart-shaped face, nice lips, nice honey-brown eyes. She wore a simple dress of pale yellow which hung straight from the shoulders, falling gently over her bosom. She had a good figure.

"Mrs. Forrest," young Bukas said, "I am sorry to have to worry you again. This is Major Dawlish, from England. He needs to ask you questions."

"From England?" Della's eyes lit up. "Come in."

Dawlish took one glance about the room and knew that pretty little Mrs. Forrest was as proud of her house as Felicity was of hers.

Bukas was already explaining. ". . . and if you will describe to Major Dawlish exactly what happened . . ."

Dawlish saw the repugnance in the girl's eyes. He could imagine what a nightmare it had been.

"I don't think I can improve on your report about that," he said to Bukas. "I'm interested in where your husband went, Mrs. Forrest, and what he said to you when he came back."

"But he said nothing."

"Not a word?" asked Dawlish.

"If he had, I would have told the lieutenant before. My husband hasn't spoken since he came back. Not to me, not to anyone."

Somewhere nearby, there was a hissing sound. In the quiet, the girl heard it, and said, "I will make some tea." She hurried into the kitchen.

"Did she resent being questioned before?" Dawlish asked Bukas.

"Resent? No."

"How often does she go and see her husband?"

"At least once each day."

"Once a day, and he's only half a mile or so away," Dawlish mused. "I wonder if . . ."

He broke off as the girl came back carrying a tea tray, biscuits, sugar, milk and lemon. She put the tray down on the table near him.

"Have you found the man who attacked us?" she asked.

Dawlish countered: "Will you look at this?" He handed her a photograph. It was Donovan, photographed in death but looking very much asleep.

The girl took it. She caught her breath sharply.

"Well?" demanded Dawlish.

"It might be him."

"Had you ever seen him before?"

"Never."

"Has he ever been here?"

"If he had, I would have known."

"Unless he came to see your husband when you weren't here."

"Nigel was never here on his own," she said almost bitterly. "He had no idea what it was like to sit and wait and . . ." She broke off.

"We must have the truth, Mrs. Forrest," Dawlish said sharply. "It's absolutely essential. Have you ever seen this man before?"

"No!" She cried, backing away.

"Have you ever heard the name Donovan?" he asked.

She stood breathing hard. "I—I've heard the name. Yes."

"Do you know anyone called Donovan?" Dawlish persisted.

"No, I don't."

"But the name is familiar."

"Yes," she said. "My husband knew a man named Donovan. He once went prospecting with him. He was going with him again. He left here to meet Donovan and was away for two years and two months and three days."

There was a deep bitterness in her voice which startled Dawlish.

"This could be of great importance, Mrs. Forrest. Are you sure that your husband went to meet Donovan?"

"Yes, I am."

"Did he meet him?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't he say so when he wrote?"

"He didn't write to me."

Dawlish was startled. "Not once in over two years?"

"Not once," Della averred. "Not in all that time."

"Mrs. Forrest, it is important that you should tell us—" Dawlish began.

"Why is it important?" she interrupted. "A man came here, nearly killed me, nearly killed Nigel. Isn't that enough? Can't I ever have a moment's peace without questions?"

She began to move about the room, in short, jerky steps. Bukas watched every movement she made, but Dawlish leaned back and stared at the ceiling. When she went on, her voice was higher, as if her nerves were at a breaking point: "Why don't you ask *him*? If it's so important, why don't you simply ask Nigel?"

She stood in front of Dawlish but he did not look at her, still stared at the ceiling, as if determined to ignore what she said. Then he sat upright.

"A very large quantity of diamonds has been stolen, Mrs. Forrest. We know that Donovan was involved in the theft. We want to find everyone who helped him, and we want to find out where he has been recently. What can you tell us?"

She stood in front of him, appalled. "Diamonds!" she breathed.

"A lot of diamonds."

She caught her breath. "Diamonds," she repeated, and Dawlish could only

just hear the word. "He promised me diamonds, and when he came back he had nothing, nothing, nothing. He promised me diamonds. He said I could have all the diamonds in the world!"

CHAPTER FIVE

BUKAS cried, "So he knew what was going to happen!"

"Easy," said Dawlish.

"No," said Della, choking. "No, he wouldn't have planned to steal them. He wouldn't have stolen anything." Tears filled her eyes, giving them a greater depth of color. "He isn't a thief. Not Nigel."

She faltered, and as Dawlish moved to get up she seemed to drop toward him, arms groping as if in need of physical support. Her arms wound around his neck, and she began to cry, in deep, wracking sobs.

Dawlish slid his left arm around the girl's waist and, over her head, mouthed to Bukas, "Can you make some fresh tea?"

"Yes, of course." And Bukas picked up the tea tray and went out.

Dawlish did not move. Soon, no longer crying, Della drew away. Tears smeared her cheeks and reddened her eyes. She hid her face in both hands.

Dawlish stood up. "It'll be all right," he said gently. "Just hold on, Della. You'll see."

He went into the kitchen. Bukas had put on the kettle, which was nearly boiling.

"The husband is involved," said Bukas softly.

"It looks like it."

"There can't be any doubt!"

Dawlish smiled wryly as he said, "Colonel Van Diesek wouldn't have said that on the evidence we've got."

"But Forrest promised her diamonds! You heard it."

"Doesn't every man in love promise his beloved diamonds?" After a pause, Dawlish went on, almost to himself: "How long will it be before Forrest can talk?"

"The doctor says it might be any time after the next day or two. When he comes around, full recovery should be quick."

"I hope so," Dawlish said. "I wonder what else his wife knows."

"Do you think she knows anything?"

"She knew about diamonds, and about Donovan, even if she didn't realize their significance," Dawlish said. "Deep down in her memory, she probably knows a lot more."

Dawlish changed the subject. "Will you go down to the village and try to find out in what direction Nigel Forrest went and where he was heading. Someone must know something. He may have talked to the garage people, or to the Parkinses when he bought his stores. He was provisioned for three months, wasn't he?"

"Yes." Bukas stood up, ever ready to be on the move. "I'll go at once, and return as soon as I have finished."

As Dawlish put the tea tray on the table, the bedroom door opened. Della looked a different woman. She had brushed and combed her hair until it was a sleek and shiny cluster about her head. She looked fresh and quite delightful, and she reminded Dawlish very much of Felicity.

She smiled, as if without too much effort. "Major Dawlish—if I tell you something personal will you promise not to tell anyone else?"

"Provided it doesn't affect the inquiry. Yes, of course I promise."

"It's a very simple thing," Della said, "and yet it's awful. I hate myself for it, and yet there's nothing I can do about it. I waited so long for Nigel that my whole life depended on that day. Then he came back, and I don't feel anything." She sounded forlorn. "I don't feel anything at all."

"Don't you, Della?" asked Dawlish very gently. "I think you'll be all right. It's a form of shock."

"But what shall I *do*?"

"What you're so good at doing," Dawlish said. "Just wait for events. Don't be impatient now. You need your patience more than ever."

Tears were making her eyes glisten. "Do you think Nigel's a thief?"

"I know Donovan was," said Dawlish thoughtfully. Della had come around to the subject without prompting, and that was just what he had wanted. "You know far more about Nigel, too. The evidence so far here says that he wasn't a thief."

She looked startled. "Here? In this house?"

"There isn't much evidence of a successful career of crime, is there?"

She stared, not at first comprehending, then broke into a more natural laugh. "Oh, he hadn't any money!"

"None?"

"Very little, anyhow," Della said. "He used to work for one or another of the copper and asbestos miners near here, or he'd do some rock-testing for gold and uranium. The big companies pay a good fee. I've a few hundred pounds a year of my own, too."

"So it's pretty sure he doesn't make money from crime."

"That doesn't mean that he wouldn't have tried," Della said logically. "He always dreamed of finding diamonds. I know that. Diamonds fascinated him."

"Did he talk much about them?"

"Sometimes," she said. "He was apprenticed to a diamond cutter once, but gave it up."

"How often did he go away?"

"Most months," she said. "We lived here for five years. He used to work for three weeks and go away for one. At first, he was sure he'd strike lucky, but towards the end, he didn't say much. I think he would have given it all up but for the letter."

"Letter?"

"From Donovan."

Dawlish fought back a rising excitement. "About the prospecting?"

"Yes. Donovan said he was sure he'd found blue ground, and offered Nigel a half share if he would help him work it."

"Where?"

"Donovan just said they were to meet at the place they'd worked together before. Nigel said it was about a hundred miles southwest, and he could find the spot blindfolded."

"Did he describe it?"

"Yes. He plotted the course on a map. I remember he said only that it was about a hundred miles southwest, and that the trail marks were some big rocks, a baobab tree, some old mines—a small vein of gold was found there once—and a range of black hills. Will that help?"

"You'll never know how much. Did Donovan's letter say anything else?"

"No," answered Della without hesitation. "Nothing."

"Did you tell anyone else about these trail marks?"

"Not for a long time."

"Whom did you tell eventually?"

"A friend of Nigel." Della's reply was almost too casual. "Jeff Mason. He went off to look as far as the black hills, but there was no sign of an abandoned Land Rover or of anyone working. He kept on trying to convince me that Nigel would never come back, and I'm sure he hoped he wouldn't—but when he did come, Jeff was very good."

"Isn't he the man who came to the rescue when you were attacked?"

"Yes," answered Della. "He's always at hand to help. Always."

"Did Nigel bring anything back?"

"Nothing," Della said. "Absolutely nothing. He had on a shirt and a pair of shorts, an old hat and some palm-frond sandals and belt. There wasn't anything in his pockets. Would you like to see?"

"Very much," said Dawlish.

She jumped up and went into the bedroom. He followed. She took out a cardboard box. The pathetic little oddments of clothing looked as if they would fall to pieces.

Dawlish picked up the sandals. They were worn through at the heels, and probably would not have lasted for another few days. The belt was in much better condition. He drew it through his hands, the round edges pricking him, and pressed his thumb and forefinger. He was not consciously looking for anything.

In places, the belt was flat and limp; in others, it was lumpy and hard.

"What are you doing?" Della asked.

Dawlish said: "Just checking."

He worked the frond to and fro and it split in two. A small, shiny stone popped out. As he grabbed at it, it fell to the floor.

Della said in a tense voice, "What is it?"

Dawlish bent down. The stone glistened just beneath Della's chair. He picked it up, and held it out to her on the palm of his hand. It looked like a little piece of glass, perhaps a misshapen glass marble.

"It can't be a diamond!" she said as she took it.

"It's heavy," Dawlish said softly. "Very heavy."

He felt along the roughly-made belt for another lump, felt one, and broke the dry frond about it. Another stone showed among the fragments.

Dawlish began to break the belt into little pieces. Fragments of frond littered the table, like chaff, and every now and again a stone fell sharply. He stopped each one. He counted them as he went along, but could not be sure he had the right number. He put them in a row, one by one, about half an inch apart.

Della counted: "Twenty-two."

"Twenty-two," agreed Dawlish. There was a lump in his throat. He pushed the diamonds together in a heap. "They look like uncut diamonds. I've seen a few in my time." He judged that the smallest was ten carats or so, the largest perhaps fifteen. Say, an average of ten each. Fifty pounds a carat. Say about six hundred pounds a stone or fourteen thousand for the lot. Fourteen thousand pounds out of a hundred million pounds wasn't a large proportion, but if these were from the big steal. . . .

Della spoke in a low-pitched voice. "Major Dawlish, there's someone listening at the door."

Dawlish picked up the little heap of diamonds. Two of them slipped out of his fingers and one nearly dropped to the floor. He caught it, and noticed that one spot about the size of a pinhead, showed brightly. Now that he was aware of the bright spot on one, he saw it on the others. He put the lot into the job pocket of his trousers.

He yawned, and stood up, then suddenly spun around and leaped toward the door. It was ajar. He thrust out his foot, and crashed the door open. A gasp, a stumbling sound and a clatter sounded like bedlam.

A man went reeling back against the rail of the stoep.

"It's Jeff!" exclaimed Della.

Dawlish let her push past him as he looked at Jeff Mason. He had heard of him both at Ma Parkins' and from Della, and had expected a much older-looking man. Mason was young for his forty-odd years. He was broad-shouldered and solid, but not fat. Blood dribbled from his nose as he straightened up. He glared at Dawlish.

"Who the hell are you?"

"Do you make a habit of sneaking up and eavesdropping on people?" Dawlish demanded.

Mason's eyes widened as if in recognition. "You're Dawlish! The English policeman! Your photograph's in all the papers! And you found diamonds in Nigel's old clothes?"

"You heard me say so."

"If I'd had my way, I'd have burned the rags," Mason declared emphatically. "Can I see them?"

Dawlish took several out and showed them on the palm of his hand. Mason held one in the light and studied it as if with expert knowledge.

"It's real," he said huskily. "It's fifteen carats or more. If Nigel made a strike, you're rich, Della."

"And if Nigel stole them, I'll be alone for the rest of my life," Della said.

Mason seemed puzzled as he looked at her. It dawned on Dawlish that this was probably the first time she had given him any inkling of a change in her attitude toward her husband. Dawlish took the diamonds back and put them in his pocket.

A car horn sounded some way off. The black Mercedes was on its way.

"Look here, Dawlish," Mason said, "what's this all about?"

Dawlish said, "I've no objection to telling you why I'm here."

By the time he had finished, Bukas had drawn up and was getting out of the car. He looked almost grotesque behind a pair of sun glasses with huge lenses; they fitted him like a pair of goggles. He bowed perfunctorily to Jeff Mason.

"Any luck?" Dawlish asked him.

"No one appears to have any idea at all where Mr. Forrest was going. He refused to tell anyone." Bukas glanced at Mason, then back at Dawlish.

"We know where he planned to go," Dawlish said. "And he came back with these." He held out the diamonds.

Bukas examined the diamonds. "They are some of the jewels we are looking for, Major. They all have a polished spot of a kind applied only by the United Diamond Distributors for identification purposes," Bukas said. "They are instantly recognizable."

"Lieutenant, we need to organize a party to go over the ground Nigel Forrest covered both on his way from here and back to here. Every possible side trail has to be covered, too. We will need men who know the Southern Kalahari inside out. How soon can it be arranged?"

"If you're going to do it properly, you'll need at least a week," Mason put in before Bukas could answer. "And if you've got any sense, you'll take me with you. I know this part of the desert as well as any man alive."

"Your offer will be noted," Bukas said coldly. "Major Dawlish, I recommend that you return to Pretoria while I organize the search party with the help of the police from Buckingham. Meanwhile, those diamonds should be taken to the United Diamond Distributors in Kimberley as soon as possible."

"I'll go to Kimberley," Dawlish said. "Mrs. Forrest."

"Yes?"

"I think your husband should be taken to the hospital. I would like to take him with me, for the sake of his own safety. It is possible that he knows about the missing diamonds. Another attempt to silence him might work."

"Where will you take him?" she wanted to know.

"To Kimberley."

They were at the airfield at Buckingham. Nigel Forrest was already on his way to Kimberley by road, in an old Buick converted into an ambulance. Dawlish was waiting for Bukas, who had been making arrangements with the local police. The more he gave Bukas his head, he believed, the better it would be for the Crime Haters liaison in the future. He had seldom known a more dedicated officer. At odd moments, he found himself wondering whether there could be any other additional explanation of Bukas' intense interest in the case.

Bukas came hurrying, nodded frigidly to Mason, and led the way to the aircraft.

Two hours after leaving Buckingham, they approached Kimberley in the full glare of the afternoon light. As they neared the city, Dawlish saw huge, gray slag heaps rising out of the ground like man-made mountains. The big superstructures of the main mines showed up against the sparsely vegetated land. Down there, in that few square miles, was one of the richest parts of the whole earth.

Soon the aircraft was so low that only the distant buildings could be seen, flat earth very like that near Kangarmie, but broken by many low hills and some scrub. Not far off, a muddy river wound its way through tree-lined banks of brown earth.

As the aircraft taxied to a standstill, Dawlish saw Harrison standing near a fire truck with two men, probably United Diamond officials. The sun was shining on his sleek, dark hair, and he looked immaculate and cool. There was an air almost of tension in the three men.

As Dawlish approached and before he was introduced to the other men, Harrison said, "We have more big trouble."

Dawlish's thoughts flew to Felicity.

Harrison went on: "Those marked diamonds are appearing on world markets. Some have been offered in New York, London, Sydney and Hong Kong. They're rough and uncut, and they're being offered in small parcels at half the market price."

CHAPTER SIX

DAWLISH looked around the horseshoe-shaped table in the Board Room of the United Diamond Distributors Corporation. It was on the top floor of a tall new building, and from the wide panoramic windows, one could see the Big Hole where the fortunes of the city had been found, and the deep green of the water which filled the depths. On the rim were old buildings, preserved since the days of the early diggers.

There were nine men present: the three members of the Crime Haters, Bukas, a Kimberley detective, and four diamond-company officials. Each of the officials represented a big mining corporation, and together, they comprised United Distributors, the body which controlled prices and sales for all the South African and allied mining companies.

Sir Joel Morpath, Chairman of United Diamond Distributors, was a short, dapper man with a waxed black mustache; a little old-fashioned, obviously modelled on the portrait of the original Jacob Morpath which hung on the wall just behind him. Old Jacob had been a contemporary of Cecil Rhodes and the leader of the consolidation of the mines when the digging of the Big Hole had been by spade and pick, murder had been commonplace, and water had been sold at three and sixpence a bucket. At all the mines in the district today, mechanical diggers

were shoveling more blue ground in a day than a thousand men had dug in a week in the eighteen seventies and eighties.

"Mr. Harrison has told you exactly what is happening and how serious the position is," said Morpath. "And he has also agreed that all reasonable security precautions have been taken."

Harrison nodded. "Security is reasonable. In fact, it is good. I've visited five mines, seen the vaults and storing rooms and checked the machinery, much of it remote-controlled. Oh, security is wonderful to look at," he added, and then caustically, "but the diamonds vanished, didn't they?"

"A quite exceptional chain of circumstances must have made it possible."

"Foolproof security would make an exceptional chain of circumstances impossible," Harrison retorted. "The weakness is on the inside."

"Colonel Van Diesek and other senior officers have checked every member of the staffs who might be responsible. Each one has been cleared."

Morpath touched his mustache; it was already obvious that he had little patience with Harrison, who seemed to specialize in getting under people's skin.

"How about those diamonds, Pat?" he went on. "You've been away for two days. Haven't you found them?"

"Not all of them," Dawlish said mildly. He took his right hand out of his pocket, and rolled the handful of diamonds along the desk toward Morpath. There was a moment of stupefaction, so absolute that it was almost comical. Then suddenly, each director snatched at a stone and put it to his eyes. Morpath took a magnifying glass out of his pocket and studied three of them. Then, very deliberately, he put the three stones down.

"These are most certainly ours. I congratulate you warmly, Major."

"Nice of you," murmured Dawlish. "I don't know how far they take us, but . . ."

He made his report briskly, and without notes.

". . . the search party is already being organized at Buckingham," Dawlish concluded. "Lieutenant Bukas can tell us more about this."

Bukas jumped in vigorously. "Three Land Rovers have been hired and are being provisioned for two weeks. I have arranged for each party to consist of three persons and a driver. The make-up of each is a matter of decision by a higher authority, of course. My recommendation is that the drivers be Lieutenant Avro of the Buckingham depot; Jacob Parkins of Kangarmie, who knows the Kalahari Desert very well, and a Bantu sergeant, also attached to the Buckingham depot, who is the best tracker in the area. I also recommend that no one who is unused to the conditions of the desert should take part. At a time of emergency, anyone suffering from the hardships of the trek might cause harm."

"Major Dawlish," said Morpath in a very quiet voice. "This man Forrest—when exactly can he be questioned?"

"He's at Kimberley Hospital under constant surveillance," Bukas put in. "The moment the doctors permit it, he will be questioned."

"And what if he gives information which will be useful in the desert?"

"We will be in touch by short-wave radio," Bukas declared.

"Ah, yes." Morpath touched each point of his mustache as if to get inspiration and then went on, "I understand that this will cost a great deal more than an investigation. My board fully agrees with me that we will meet all the costs. And no expense should be spared, gentlemen. The issues are too grave to take chances. Now shall we adjourn for lunch?"

It was a simple lunch, the main course beautifully cooked and served. Immediately after it, Morpath called Dawlish aside.

"I had occasion to talk to our London agents this morning, Major Dawlish, and took the opportunity of inquiring about your wife. I am told that there is a noticeable improvement."

"Ah. Thank you very much."

"All thanks are due to you, not only for what you found in Kangarmie but also for coming here in person." Unexpectedly, Morpath shook hands. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"One thing," Dawlish said.

"Just name it."

"I would like a man named Mason on the desert search. I don't think the South African police are happy about the idea."

Morpath raised his eyebrows. "And you don't feel that you can insist?"

"I don't want to give anyone cause for offense," Dawlish said drily. "But I really don't mind how much offense you cause."

Morpath smiled. "Certainly."

When Dawlish, Harrison, Bukas and the three Kimberley policemen reached Kangarmie two days later, Jeff Mason was assigned to one of the trucks as a guide. Dawlish did not inquire how it had been arranged, but Bukas seemed quite amenable. By then, the trucks were provisioned and ready for an early start next morning.

Jacob Parkins was the obvious leader. He was a massive man, not quite so tall as Dawlish but with a heavier figure. He had a long, thrusting jaw, a face turned pale by long exposure to the sun and the heat-laden wind. He was nearly bald, a fact often disguised by an old pith helmet, once white, now gray, torn and badly soiled by fingermarks both back and front. He wore it on the back of his head most of the time, so that his thick neck was always in shadow. His movements had the stealth quite common to many big men. He was so quiet-voiced and spoke so seldom that he might be called taciturn. The calmness and intelligence of his gray eyes saved him. They seemed always to be looking into long distances, and even in repose, there was a gleam as of anticipation in them.

Dawlish had a feeling that Jacob Parkins was a giant among minnows.

In Kangarmie, the whole population gathered to see the three trucks off. Even old Mrs. Cratton was steered into a kind of wheelchair, her only means of locomotion, and pushed down to the store. Ma Parkins, her sons and daughters and sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, with their broods, stood, sat squatted or sucked as they watched the convoy. Three of the children sat on the two derelict petrol pumps, one marked S . . . R . . LL and the other not marked at all; only the newly painted one was left free.

Ma was at the front, back and sides of them, as if to make sure that none was hurt. Jeff Mason's old father was there, crippled with arthritis, silvery haired, wizened of face. The wives and daughters, sons and husbands were all there—seventy-one people in all came from the dozen houses, including the Ellises, the Longfellows, the du-Toits and the Browns. Three were away prospecting, and three, including Parkins and Mason, were going along with the trucks.

All the servants of Kangarmie were gathered in the shade of the garage next to the store: smiling Basuto and Zulu girls a long, long way from home; boys who had stayed on and found work here after the mines had closed.

Della was not there. Dawlish looked for her, and knew that Mason was puzzled by her absence, too, but the search party was virtually on its way. As they passed within two hundred yards of the Forrest house, Mason stared as if willing Della to appear.

She did not.

Nigel was beginning to feel, to think and to realize that he was alive. The doctors would not allow any questioning yet; but word came through every day.

Felicity was improving, very slowly. She still slept, and there was still danger, but it was no longer acute. Temple checked each day, and wondered what would happen if she woke and wanted Dawlish.

Dawlish had never known heat like it. It struck at the roof and sides of the covered Land Rover, which cast no shadow, for the sun was directly overhead. A long way off, a second truck looked like a dark spot against the sandy, rock-strewn earth which the sun had robbed of color.

They had been traveling for four hours, and Dawlish doubted if they had made fifteen miles.

Behind them was the hill and the mine superstructure, but it was hidden by the rising land. Sand and rocks made straight driving impossible. The road was filled with boulders and deep sand. Half a dozen times, they had been forced to stop and dig the wheels out of the sand, and one truck was at least two hours behind. Only four-wheeled-drive vehicles could possibly make it. Until that morning, Dawlish had been puzzled by the decision to stock up for so long a period to cover a few hundred miles. Now he understood.

Mason was with him, and the truck was driven by the Buckingham police-

man, Lieutenant Arvo. Dawlish sat in the front, Mason behind. Dawlish heard him fidgeting from time to time, then suddenly felt a tap on his shoulder. The driver was muttering under his breath, for just ahead, a deep crevice appeared in some flat rock.

"Major," Mason whispered. "That crack wasn't there last time I came this way. This road's been changed."

"Are you saying these rocks have been moved here?" Dawlish said.

"Rolled, dragged or trucked. I'm telling you someone's been working on it." He turned to the driver and asked, "When did you last come along here?"

"Six months ago," Arvo said, "when I came to arrest the two Africans who escaped from the working party on the road outside Buckingham."

"I was here two weeks ago," Mason said. "It was okay then."

"Let's get down," Dawlish said.

Arvo stopped the engine. He was a short, stocky man with a brick-red face and very prominent eyes. He got down one side, Dawlish on the other. The sun seemed to burn through the bush hat he wore, an old one lent him by the Kimberley police. He wore a pair of khaki drill shorts run up quickly by an Indian tailor, and a bush shirt borrowed from the biggest man in Kimberley. It was roomy round the chest but baggy at the waist and short at the rump. He wore long socks and ankle-length boots bought off the shelf.

He led the way carefully over the rocks. There was a patch of them, quite dark, spread over an area of half a square mile. Beyond was the desert.

Dawlish reached the crevice. It wasn't deep—no more than three feet or so—but the truck couldn't possibly cross it.

"Look," said Arvo, pointing. "There's a piece of dynamite casing."

Halfway down the crevice was a piece of pale pink paper or board. Arvo was right. Just below, out of sight from above, were other pieces of dynamite containers, blown here by the wind.

"How long will it delay us?" Dawlish wanted to know.

"It depends on how thoroughly it's been done," Mason said thoughtfully. "We can't go far to the south. The valley is impassable. There are sand dunes north and northwest, quite impassable. This road follows the only safe course for wheeled vehicles, the only proven hard ground." He moistened his lips. "I wonder if the others have realized this."

After a pause, the driver said, "We'll have to turn back."

They soon met the truck with Bukas, Harrison and Parkins.

"We can't get through that way," Bukas called out. "Mr. Parkins says the road indications have been altered."

Parkins was getting out of his seat. He tipped his topee forward. Dawlish got out, and the others followed.

"In the past few days, a lot of labor has been used on this road, Major. There could be only one reason: to make it unusable."

"Is it unusable?" Dawlish asked.

Parkins took a long time to reply.

In the interval, Mason said crisply, "They could have had a week. They could have been working on it since Nigel Forrest came back. They might have expected him to send a party back, and started as soon as he got away."

"Or after the attempt to murder him failed," Dawlish suggested.

Parkins spoke at last. "That's right, they could have had a week to work in. You asked me a question, Major," he went on. "I think the answer is no. They haven't made the road unusable, but they have made it very difficult to get through. There are two places where they could stop wheeled or track vehicles and send us a long way around."

"How far around?"

"Eighty, ninety miles. Two days."

"So we go on for some distance, and then decide whether to go the long way or to go on foot. Is that it?"

"That's right, Major."

"Where is the other truck?"

"It went ahead," said Parkins.

"How did that truck make it?"

"Don't underestimate the Bantu," Parkins advised. "Even behind a wheel, some of them can smell out the firm ground. Shall we follow his tracks for a while, and make up some time?"

Arvo drove a hundred yards or more behind Parkins, who kept twisting and turning his wheel, and sometimes crawled at no more than five miles an hour. There was still no sign of the third truck.

At last, a great mound of black rocks appeared in a mass together, making a hill which looked as big as a mountain against this featureless plain. The sun was to the northwest, and bathed one side in a golden glory. The sight made Dawlish catch his breath, for the impact was even greater because the brilliance put the other side into an almost sinister pitch-blackness.

As they drew nearer the Black Rocks, Parkins' truck stopped on the dark side. Dawlish watched him, Bukas and Harrison moving about, and then saw them stand in front of a rock, as if reading a notice. When the second truck drew level, Dawlish got out and stretched his legs and arms.

"The other truck's gone ahead," Parkins said. "They reckoned they could reach another patch of rocks by nightfall." He pointed to a chalked note tacked onto one of the big rocks. "We haven't a chance, so we'll camp here."

They took out the provisions. Arvo and Jeff Mason got a fire going from desert driftwood. One word they used kept puzzling Dawlish.

Parkins laughed. "*Bri-flace* is our word for barbecue," he explained.

"Now I'm a much happier man," Dawlish said.

Dawlish moved about the camping site as the sun went down and the only light was from the glowing charcoal fire. Steaks sizzled, making him realize how hungry he was. The heat of the day was almost forgotten as the cool of evening spread. The stars filled the skies with cold light, and only the sound of men's voices and occasional rustle of movement disturbed the uncanny quiet.

Parkins and Dawlish were wakeful. When everyone else had turned in, they sat smoking cigarette after cigarette.

They had not spoken for fully five minutes when Dawlish heard a rustle of sound from the truck behind him. Parkins turned his head. His hand fell on Dawlish's knee, but he did not speak.

Dawlish watched more intently.

A pair of legs appeared at the end of the truck; someone was getting out feet first, and very slowly. Bukas and Harrison were in that truck, but this wasn't either man.

The feet touched the sand. A moment later they saw that it was a small figure—a woman's.

Very softly, Parkins called, "You need a drink and some food, Della?"

CHAPTER SEVEN

DAWLISH watched as the girl gave a start of surprise. For a moment, it looked as if she might try to run away. Then she came slowly toward them.

Parkins was already opening the lid of the icebox. "Come and sit down." He patted a rock between him and Dawlish, then poured cold tea into a glass.

Della took the glass and began to sip.

"You must have had a hard time," Parkins remarked kindly. "Where did you ride?"

"In the sample box," Della answered. "I had an air cushion. It wasn't so bad."

"Good a place as any," Parkins approved. "Good thing there were holes in it. We drill holes in the rock sample boxes in case we bring back a snake or an animal," he explained to Dawlish.

"Why did you come?" asked Dawlish.

"I couldn't wait any longer," Della said finally. "I just couldn't wait. You were going to see where Nigel had been and I had to find out."

"The question is, what are we going to do with you?" Parkins said musingly.

"I'm coming with you."

"Then you'd better get some sleep," the big man said. "We'll have a talk in the morning."

It was barely daylight when they struck camp, but before they set out, Dawlish saw the canvas sacking and the inflated air pillow in the big box in the Land Rover where the girl had been all day. He had a suspicion that Jacob Parkins had not really been surprised to find her.

Jeff Mason seemed stupified when he learned; Bukas was angry.

"It would be a grave mistake to take her further," he declared. "There is shade here. We can leave food and water for her and pick her up later."

"Even a coldblooded policeman wouldn't do that," Mason said.

"It is her responsibility. We are not called upon to increase risks and difficulties because of an impetuous young woman."

Dawlish found everyone looking at him, as if at a judge. "I'd say we could use a cook," he said.

They drove toward the pale morning skyline with the sun rising behind them. It was a strange, clear light, which placed beauty on the rocks and the

sand and the otherwise ugly, tiny scrub.

They drove very slowly but without so many obstacles as on the day before. They passed another, smaller group of rocks by midday, stopped for half an hour in its shade, then crawled across the desert toward the second major objective, the baobab tree.

In the middle of the afternoon, they heard a deep boom of sound which seemed to come from ahead. Arvo slowed down to listen, but there was no repetition. Parkins' truck stopped and they caught up with it.

"Jeff, do you know of anyone blasting around here?" Parkins asked.

"I didn't understand that bang, either," Mason said.

"Is there any rock to blast around here?" Dawlish asked.

"Unless someone's planning to mine fairly deep, no," answered Parkins.

Suddenly, Mason exclaimed, "See that smoke!"

He pointed almost straight ahead. Dawlish saw a haze against the skyline. Pale gray, it seemed to move sluggishly where everywhere else there was stillness. They went on, the tension increasing. The cloud of smoke neared, higher in the sky and spreading over a wider area.

Parkins stopped. Arvo pulled a little to one side.

A man was coming toward them, on foot. A black man. Dawlish didn't recognize him but guessed it was the driver of the first truck which had gone on ahead. The man was limping. His right arm hung by his side, dripping blood. There was an ugly gash at the side of his forehead.

It was the Bantu police sergeant. His face was drawn with pain, and Dawlish marveled that anyone so badly injured could have come across that parched, burned land beneath the awful sun. Parkins and Bukas rushed out to him.

"What the hell's happened?" Mason asked roughly.

Bukas, looking like a troglodyde with his huge dark glasses, was doing something to the African's injured arm.

Parkins turned to call back, "Pitch a tent, get a fire going quickly and the first aid ready!"

Della, Arvo and Harrison put up the tent, Dawlish collected small rocks and firewood to build a fireplace. Arvo opened the Red Cross box. Bukas carried the injured man and Parkins hurried back toward the main group.

"What happened?"

"The truck was blown up," Parkins answered flatly. "It ran over a mine."

Dawlish echoed stupidly, "Mine?"

"He was having a rest from driving and was in the back, thrown clear."

"What about the other two?"

"They were blown to pieces."

Dawlish, Bukas and Arvo drove off in the second truck. The evening sun was still scorching; it tinged the thinning smoke with a purply pink color. Arvo drove in the tracks of the destroyed vehicle. Some of the twisted metal was still red hot. Two hundred yards or so away was a piece of tire, a pick, a smashed box of provisions, the cans dented but not broken. A litter of other debris made a trail right up to the wreckage.

There was a man's hand.

There was a box, empty.

There was a burned torso.

Bukas said in a low-pitched voice, "If that mine was placed to stop the truck, there will be others to stop us. They will have laid a row of them. How are we going to get through?"

The digging of the graves took half an hour, then they returned to camp.

"What do you plan to do now, Major?" Parkins asked.

"We've got to get the injured man to a hospital, but we don't want to lose another truck," Dawlish said.

"We ought to radio for a helicopter," Parkins suggested. "It should be here at first light, and we can get him loaded and lose very little time."

"Will you call Kimberley?" Parkins asked Bukas.

"Immediately." Bukas jumped up and went to the radio, glad of something to do. Arvo followed him.

"Major," Harrison said, "did you expect to find yourself involved in a military operation?"

"No, I certainly didn't, but with a hundred million pounds at stake it shouldn't really surprise us. Is there an army depot near Kimberley?"

"Yes," said Mason. "Why?"

"We could use a couple of mine detectors here."

"I'll go and tell Bukas." Mason jumped up and went off at the double.

At that moment, Arvo jumped down from the truck, with Bukas following.

"All the tubes have been smashed. We can't send word through," Bukas called out.

Dawlish felt a cold shiver run through him. "Someone has to take Sampson back to the hospital," he said. "Two men. Lieutenant Arvo and Harrison. You'll take one truck."

Harrison said, "You've forgotten something, Major. One of us here present damaged that radio."

"Not necessarily. It could have been damaged before we left."

"If I go back with a police lieutenant, that leaves you and Bukas alone with the chief suspects."

Dawlish looked at Harrison, smiling faintly, inviting argument.

"I'll be back with a helicopter," Harrison said finally. "Don't make any mistake, Major. One of the people you're banded with smashed those tubes and that means they are hand-in-glove with whoever blew up that truck." He looked at Parkins and Mason with cold accusation, but neither man spoke. Then he said to Della, "If it's you, sweetheart, I will personally cut your lovely throat."

Parkins said to Dawlish: "Do you think Harrison's right, Major?"

He was standing with Dawlish and Mason by the side of the truck at first light next morning—their third day. Della was securing one of the tins of water, only a few yards away from them. Bukas was checking the engine and the usual levels.

"He could be," Dawlish said.

Parkins shrugged. "Do you want me to drive?"

"Will you?"

"Glad to." Parkins sounded as if he meant it.

He was smiling to himself as he started off. Bukas sat beside him, Della and Dawlish were in the cushioned seats on the back, Mason was on the rock box with a blanket folded over it. Parkins drove carefully but not with the caution of the previous day.

Della began to doze. Mason, his mustache looking more bristly than ever, could not keep his eyes off her. She lolled sideways against Dawlish, and Mason seemed to long to change places with him. For greater comfort, Dawlish slid his arm around her shoulder. It reminded him vividly of the way she had clung to him in the paroxysm of tears back at her home.

At last, Mason picked up a book of cartoons and began to look through it.

"Major," Della whispered in Dawlish's ears. "I didn't damage that radio."

"That's good," Dawlish murmured.

"I know who did. Jeff."

"Did you see him?"

"No, but I *heard* him when I was in the box."

Dawlish began to wonder if she could possibly be right. She had been in that box for a whole day. Mason had been in the back of the truck most of the time, and the radio transmitter was next to him.

"How do you know it was him?"

"I could hear him. Listen to him breathe."

Dawlish strained his ears. Above the noises of the truck, at regular intervals there was a very faint, whistling sound. It was the way Mason was breathing. Once he was aware of it, Dawlish seemed to hear nothing else.

"Hear it?" Della asked. "He whistles as he breathes. I tell you it was Jeff."

There was no way of being sure she was telling the truth. She herself might have damaged the radio, and be blaming Mason; certainly she had had plenty of opportunity. But if she was telling the truth, Mason was their man—or at least one of them.

"We'll talk about it later," he said.

They stopped twice for food and drink. Dawlish moved to the front, with Parkins at the wheel. Toward evening, the baobab tree showed suddenly. As they drew near, its huge trunk looked black and solid, but the thin branches at the top, bare of leaves, seemed to have been taken from a much smaller tree and grafted on. In the slanting rays of the sun, the trunk cast a long black shadow. Parkins pulled into this and Dawlish stepped down into the welcome coolness.

Della and Mason prepared the meal. Parkins and Dawlish put up the tent while Bukas began his interminable fiddling with the engine.

After the meal, Dawlish strolled away from the big tree.

"You said you wanted to talk," said

Della, standing close to him, so their bodies almost touched.

"Yes," Dawlish said. "If you think it was Jeff, you're in the best position to find out two things: what he's doing, and why they're so anxious to stop us from going on."

CHAPTER EIGHT

"I DON'T understand you," Della said. "How can I find out what's in Jeff Mason's mind?"

"He's eating his heart out for you, isn't he?" Dawlish asked.

After a pause, Della took his arm, and clutched it. "I hope you don't mean what I think you mean."

"I almost certainly do."

"Make up to Jeff?"

"Is it so impossible?"

When they got back to the tent, Parkins and Mason were playing two-handed poker. Bukas had a torch shining like an enormous glowworm into the engine of the Land Rover. Mason eyed Dawlish and Della as they came up, with a hint of suspicion in his eyes.

"You want some beer?" asked Perkins. "I could do with a wet."

"I could, too," Mason said. He dropped his cards and jumped up.

"I'm tired," Della said. "I'll go directly to bed."

"If Ma knew you were here, she'd towse you," remarked Parkins.

It all appeared to be so quiet, normal, natural. The stars seemed so close to the earth and the ground was soft to touch. The clinking sounds of the beer cans, the clunk as Mason opened them, were so commonplace that any thought of danger seemed remote.

But when Dawlish sat by Parkins' side, while Bukas still tinkered, Parkins said, "Still feel someone is going to cut your throat?"

"I still think someone might try."

After a pause, Parkins said, "Can you sleep with one eye open?"

"One eye, one ear."

"Because if you're right about Jeff and me, you might be wrong about Lieutenant Bukas."

"That's right," Dawlish said. "Jacob, may I tell you something?"

"What?"

"I don't scare easily."

"I've noticed that," Jacob Parkins said. "I didn't think I was going to, Major, but I've taken a liking to you. Let me tell you something. This is my land—this and all this part of the desert. I share it with the others who've spent most of their lives here. I don't grudge them a share of it they've earned —Nigel Forrest, Jeff Mason, Old Man Crotton, everyone in Kangarmie. Anyone who is prepared to give up years to try to wring a fortune out of this God-forsaken hell of a desert deserves anything he gets. Most of them die. My father died. My brother died. It broke their bodies and it broke their hearts. The legacy they left me was the desert to work in until I die, or until I find the fortune they died looking for."

His low-pitched voice stopped.

"I want you to know I'm not on your side," Parkins went on very quietly. "I just want you to know that if we do catch up with them, I don't know what I'll do. I told the police I would drive you wherever you wanted to go in the desert. Now I'm telling you that if you ever get there, you might never get back. If I was in your position, an Englishman out here in a country he knows nothing about, I'd go home as soon as I could."

"Would you, Jacob?"

"I'd say it was none of my business, and go home."

"But it *is* my business," Dawlish objected. "It's what I'm paid to do, and I've a personal involvement. I can't go home until the job's finished."

Parkins drew deeply on his pipe. "What do you think Della and Jeff are up to?"

"You can't blame Della if she feels lonely," Dawlish said.

"I don't blame Della for anything," interrupted Parkins. "But I know Jeff Mason. He's been standing by, waiting for her, for a long time. It didn't do him any good. He never was a naturally patient man, and he's held himself in so tight that when he explodes, I don't want Della to be hurt."

"But surely, Mason isn't a beast," Dawlish said.

"Tantalize them enough, and all men are beasts," said Parkins.

Della could feel Jeff's arm at her waist. They were near the spot where Dawlish had been with Della. The rocks were strewn about freely here, and for the past ten minutes, they had talked constrainedly, always groping for words. Jeff's voice had a high, dry note. Della felt the same kind of constraint and a kind of revulsion; it was the only word for it. At times, she had felt warmly toward Jeff, but always when he was at a distance.

"What was Major Dawlish saying to you?" Jeff asked.

"Nothing much."

"You were with him a long time."

"Oh, don't be silly!"

"Della, now that Nigel's back, do you feel the same about him?"

She sensed that this was the critical moment; that if she could say the right thing now, she might spur him into making a confidence which could help Dawlish.

"He's like a stranger," she said. "I can't help it, but he seems like a stranger."

Jeff's arm tightened about her waist. She could not be sure whether it was accident or design, but he raised his hand a little. She could feel his breath and his heart pounding.

"Della," he said. "Listen to me. Please listen to me.

"Nigel's not right for you," Jeff said in a quivering voice. "Anyone who would go off like he did, time and time again, shouldn't be married. You're much too good for him. I'm not like Nigel. I won't promise you the earth, but I won't leave you stuck on your own week after week, either. I can get a job in any mine, diamond or gold. I'm a good engineer and they're so short of engineers that we're the salt of the earth. Come with me to Kimberley or Jo'burg or Welkom. I had a big job offered me at Welkom a few weeks ago. It's the coming place. It's got modern shops, picture theaters, the lot. Let me take you away from Kangarmie. You'll never regret it, I swear."

Della sat absolutely still, astonished by what he said. She had felt so sure that Dawlish was right. She was equally astonished, because in these few moments, when she should have hated this man, she felt warmer toward him than she had ever done.

She realized then that she wanted above all else to get away from Kangarmie. In a confused way, too, she began to feel that she wanted to get away from her past.

"Don't give me your answer now, Della. Think about it. If you'll only make yourself think, you'll realize what a hell of a time Nigel's given you."

He took his arm away.

It wasn't difficult to speak to Dawlish next morning, not too difficult to tell him as much as he needed to know. Della had slept well that night, and knew that she looked her best. The others were packing the Land Rover, and Dawlish and Della were putting out the morning's breakfast fire.

"So he didn't promise you the earth," Dawlish mused.

"Or diamonds," Della said.

"But he did break the radio tubes." Dawlish smiled at her.

"I'm absolutely sure he did."

It was the hottest day they had experienced so far. None of them said an unnecessary word or stirred an inch. The air seemed too hot to breathe. They did not stop more than ten minutes at any one time, for the heat rising out of the sand seemed to burn the soles of their feet. Nothing seemed to matter until late in the afternoon, when the sun shot its arrows of heat treacherously from the near horizon.

"There's the mine," Parkins said. "We've made it."

A great man-made mountain rose against the sky. The steel work, the steel ropes, the huge buckets in which the gold ore had been carried to the crushing plant and then to the washing plant, were still there, metal ghosts of a dangerous past. Here and there in the mountain's slopes, tiny specks glinted as if they were gold.

Near the entrance to the mine was a huge, open shed, once used for a car park. They drove into it. At one end of the shed were doors, and over one door was the word: SHOWER.

Dawlish reached the doorway, and stopped. In the midst of this heat and desolation, there was a pool of water.

He stepped inside the shower room. There were a dozen shower cubicles. Three of them were damp, had certainly been used in the past few hours.

Bukas appeared behind him.

"See that?" Dawlish said, fighting to curb his excitement.

"Water!" exclaimed Della. "Look!"

"The water pump's been working," Dawlish said hoarsely. "Now we're probably in trouble. Keep close to me."

"They won't dare to attack us now," Bukas scoffed.

"Won't they?"

"Major." Bukas' voice was strained.

"Yes?" Dawlish's voice was tense.

"Immobilize Parkins and Mason," Bukas said with great intensity. "Lock them up in one room here so that we can search the mines by ourselves."

"We would still have to take them back," Dawlish pointed out.

"Your friend Harrison should soon be here," Bukas argued. "By morning, the danger will be much less."

Dawlish turned to the light switch on the wooden wall and pressed it down. Light came on; light and water were in daily use here although the mine was supposed to be derelict.

"Major," Bukas said. "One other thing you must know about. If you want to use the Land Rover, push the self-starter to the right first. I have adjusted it so that if it is operated in the usual way, it will not work."

Dawlish eyed him thoughtfully. "You think they might try to leave us standing here?"

"If they do, they'll never get away," Bukas said.

Footsteps sounded outside. Parkins spoke from the doorway. "Major, we've found plenty to tell us who worked on that road. Come with me, will you?"

Dawlish and Bukas followed him. Bukas' expression was obviously one of acute suspicion.

On the other side of the big shed, hidden at first by the wall of a building, were six bulldozers and four other tractor vehicles. In the big, corrugated-iron workshops there were tools and spare parts, cans of engine oil, a gas pump—all in working order. The sticky odor of oil lay heavy on the air. It was obvious that a sizeable work party had been centered here until a day or so ago at the latest.

As they went out, Parkins pressed a switch; almost at once an engine began to throb.

"The water pump," Parkins said.

"You seem familiar with the place," Dawlish remarked.

"I worked here for six years when it was still a gold mine."

Della and Mason appeared in a doorway, Della flushed and almost excited. "Come over here!" she called. "The kitchen is stacked with food."

It was a large, square kitchen, once used for cooking for two or three dozen men. Two refrigerators, both old, stood against one wall. One was working, the other empty. Stocks of frozen foods filled a sizeable deep-freeze cabinet. Canned goods and provisions of various kinds were in cupboards.

Della was by a huge sink. "There are *nine* cups and saucers, nine dinner plates—nine of everything."

"Nine of them," Parkins said. "And four of us."

Della didn't protest at being left out.

"They've cleared out," said Mason. "We've scared them away."

"It's obvious that they cannot have gone far," Bukas said. His eyes seemed pale and enormous without his sun glasses, and he looked more tired than the others.

Dawlish said briskly. "We must have a look around while it is still light. Tonight we stay in one room together until morning. Now, let's get moving."

They stepped inside a small engineering shop near the mine shaft, once a maintenance shop for the mine. Some of the heavy lathes and stamping presses were still there. A narrow bench ranged along one side. There were six stools in front of the bench, six tiny lathes in front of each stool, and all the tools needed for diamond cutting and polishing. All over the benches was a powdering of dust—shimmery white, like powdery crystals. It was diamond dust. On the bench were a few uncut diamonds, left about heedlessly.

Dawlish picked one up. A tiny point of light glimmered.

"These are all U.D.D. stones," Parkins said softly.

"The thieves have all been here, and that can only mean one thing," Bukas declared. "They can't be far away."

Parkins was standing very still with a stone in his hand. "There are fifty thousand pounds worth of diamonds here," he went on. "More than I've ever seen in my life."

"There are more here than Nigel had," Della choked out. "He must have been working here." She rushed outside. Mason went after her.

"This seems as good a time as any to set things right, Major," Parkins said. He opened the drawer in the bench, and took out a gun. It was similar to the one the man Donovan had used in London—small, stubby, ugly. "Don't get excited, Lieutenant; it won't help. If you do what you're told, you won't get hurt. Nor will you, Major."

"I knew it!" cried Bukas. He started forward immediately.

A spark glinted in Parkins' eyes, and he cocked the gun. Dawlish shouldered Bukas to one side.

"You're a wise man, Major," Parkins said. "This gun is loaded."

"You should have let me—" Bukas could hardly get the words out.

"Kill yourself?" Parkins finished for him. "Is death so attractive?"

"You murdering thief!"

Parkins shook his head. "Not a murderer yet, Lieutenant. Not me. But I can't let you and the major do what I know you'd want to do—go after the others with the main load of diamonds. Nothing would stop you, Major, I know that. I just couldn't take a chance."

"I'll kill you one day!" Bukas almost screeched. "You cold-blooded swine! You killed Van Diesek. You killed—"

"No, Lieutenant. That was Donovan. I never did like Donovan and I wouldn't have allowed him to go to London if I'd been able to stop him. He was our contact man in Pretoria, and I was out here. I couldn't stop him. I knew he was a killer, but he wasn't under my orders. I'm no killer."

"Your friends blew up that truck," Bukas accused.

Parkins actually sounded sad. "You can't blame me for a crime committed without my knowledge, Major?"

"No, Jacob, you can't."

"You're a fair-minded man, which is more than I can say for the lieutenant. I'll tell you another thing, though that wasn't murder. We broke up the road in a hurry and used some old land mines left here after the war. There was a desert-warfare training ground near Kangarmie. A lot of old mines were left in the sand. No one meant to blow that first truck to pieces. We just didn't clear that area well enough."

Della's voice became audible.

Bukas shouted: *"Mason! Della! Keep away! Keep away!"*

Parkins glanced swiftly toward the door. Dawlish was too far away to stop Bukas from moving. Bukas leaped at Parkins, who simply shifted his gun and shot him down. Dawlish reached Parkins as the big man swivelled the gun round. He chopped his right hand down into Parkins' wrist, and the gun dropped. He kicked it out of reach, Parkins came for him, older by ten or fifteen years, but as powerful as anyone Dawlish knew.

Della and Mason came running.

Parkins brought his knee up toward Dawlish's groin in the old fighting trick. Dawlish half turned, took the bony knee on the thigh, snatched at Parkins' outflung arm, and jerked him to one side. Parkins thudded against the wall, banged his head, and slumped down. Dawlish swung toward the gun.

Mason spoke from the door. "Don't touch it, Major."

He also had a gun.

CHAPTER NINE

"JEFF!" gasped Della. "Jeff!"

She was just behind him, peering over his shoulder, but Mason took no notice of her. Dawlish, half crouching, stretched out for Parkins' gun. Della pulled Mason's shoulder. He thrust out behind him and held her off.

Dawlish started to move. There was a second sharp crack of sound, and a bullet struck the floor between his outstretched hand and the gun.

"Don't do it, Major," Parkins called painfully. "Don't make us kill you."

Dawlish straightened up.

"Jeff, you must be mad!" Della cried.

"Listen, Della," Mason went on in an appealing voice. "I meant everything I said last night about how I feel. But this is a different kind of job, and I'm in it up to my neck. Just keep out."

"Jeff," Dawlish said quietly, "here is your chance to back out and make amends. If you do the right thing now, I'll make sure you don't suffer for anything you may have done in the past. This is your one chance."

Mason was sweating.

"Jeff—Jeff, please . . ." Della began.

"Jacob," Mason forced himself to say, "go and get your gun. Hurry."

Parkins moved across and picked up his gun. "Good boy. You keep Della out of it, Jeff," he said.

He looked at Bukas on the floor. "See how he is, Major."

Dawlish felt the man's pulse. There was nothing.

He turned him on one side, very gently, and saw blood on the floor and a large patch on his shirt.

"Oh God, he's dead!" Della cried.

Mason quickly put his gun away.

Parkins explained, "He jumped me."

"It's murder," Della said in a high-pitched voice. "It's murder!"

Dawlish said, "When you play with fire, you get burnt." He turned to Mason. "So you *did* smash the radio in order to let your accomplices get away. They won't get far."

Parkins looked squarely into Dawlish's eyes. "I hope you don't make us kill you, Major."

"No!" Della cried. "No, don't shoot Major Dawlish!"

All the restraint which Mason had imposed on himself broke. He glared at her, tensed as if he could strike her.

"You and your bloody Major! My God, when I think of the way you've held me off, and the way you butter him up! Major, Major, Major! I hate his guts!"

She looked at him quite steadily, her expression slowly hardening. She did not speak when he had finished, but simply turned her back.

"Major," Parkins said, "there's a little room by the showers—a maintenance room. I'm going to take you there. You can take what food and drink you want. There's even a shower. Just go quickly and don't force us to make more trouble."

Dawlish said, "I'll go, but it won't help you. If you leave here, you won't have a chance. You'll never get out of here alive."

"Why, you—" began Mason. He looked as if he would use his gun, but as he stepped forward, Della flung herself at him, scratched and kicked him, forcing him off balance, forcing him to turn and fight her off. Parkins covered Dawlish at a safe distance, and made no attempt to interfere.

Suddenly Mason struck Della on the face, sending her reeling sideways.

"She'd better cool off, too," he said harshly. "Keep her with her damned bloody Major."

What are we going to do?" Della spoke in a whisper as if afraid they might be overheard. "What are *they* going to do?"

Dawlish felt a deep compassion for her, touched with real affection. The red patch on her right cheek where Mason had struck her was going to become a bruise. Her hair had been mussed up in that fierce attack on him, and she had only tidied it with her hands.

They were in a room which had obviously been used years ago as the maintenance engineer's room when on night duty. There was one camp bed, two upright and one easy chair, several tattered old books and magazines and some newspapers. On the table was a pile of food which Dawlish had brought out of the kitchen. The shower, with a W.C. and hand basin, led off opposite the outside door.

"Major, what are we going to do?"

"For a little while longer, we're going to wait," Dawlish said. "It won't be very long."

There was a sudden sound outside.

It was a sound different from anything they had heard that day—the distant throbbing note of an engine. Della jumped up. The throbbing was some distance off, and did not muffle other, nearer sounds—heavy footsteps outside.

"How long are you going to be?" Mason called.

"Coming," Parkins called.

"They're escaping," Della said tensely. "How can you sit there and do nothing? How can you? You must try to stop them!" screamed Della.

She raised her arms as if to belabor him as she had Mason. He moved, pinioning her arms and lifting her.

There was a harsh, grating sound—that of a self-starter being pulled.

"Oh, God," Dawlish said. It was like a groan. *"God forgive me."*

The grating sound came again, and the roaring of the engine seemed right overhead. Della, no longer moving, was gasping for breath. Dawlish could picture the scene outside: Parkins and Mason in the Land Rover making a desperate attempt to start the engine; the helicopter overhead sweeping the earth with its searchlight.

Eeeeech, the self-starter screeched.

Dawlish was clenching his teeth.

Eee . . .

Suddenly the self-starter sound was lost in a deafening roar. The walls of the little room shook, glass at the windows smashed, a cascade of tins dropped to the floor, thumping and rolling. The explosion seemed to echo and reverberate for a long, long time, and the noise overhead seemed to die away. In fact, it was still there. Slowly, the nearer echoes faded, but there was a different sound—a roaring. Through cracks in the shutters of the windows, they could glimpse a fire, flames already leaping high.

Della had gone absolutely motionless.

Dawlish pushed her to the other chair, jumped up and rushed to the door. He crashed his body against it as once he had against the door of his bedroom in London. It gave way. Outside, the flames roared from the heart of the truck. Pieces of metal were strewn about, the shambles was worse than that in the desert because of the lurid glow.

Dawlish drew back, knowing there was nothing at all he could do. . . .

You knew what would happen," Della whispered.

"Yes, I knew."

"You told them not to go, you told them they hadn't a chance. You knew."

Dawlish said, "Bukas fixed it, Della."

"Bukas?"

"He wired the explosive to the self-starter and added a safety switch," Dawlish said. "He told me."

"That's why you waited," Della said. "Oh, dear God, how awful!"

In the machine shop, there were uncut stones, and in one of the drawers, two cigarette boxes of them, tucked away. The three policemen who had come with Harrison, Harrison himself and Dawlish searched every part of the buildings it was possible to search by night, but found no more diamonds.

Outside the battered maintenance hut and among the debris of the wrecked truck, they found dozens more stones strewn about by the explosion.

As he searched, Dawlish talked to Harrison and one of the police from Kimberley, telling the whole story.

By eleven o'clock, Harrison said, "We can't do any more until morning. You need sleep nearly as much as Della does." He grinned. Della was already asleep.

"I've got news for her, incidentally," Harrison added.

"What's that?"

"Hubby's coming around. They expect he'll be able to talk tomorrow."

"I hope it's good news for her, Dawlish said softly.

"I want to know something," Harrison said. "Why did you let Parkins and Mason kill themselves?"

"They wouldn't listen."

"They would have listened if you'd told them about the trap."

Dawlish said stonily: "Would they?"

"You know they would. And if we'd caught Parkins, he would have been the witness we needed. We want those diamonds—remember?"

"I could have stopped them if I'd told them what I guessed about the Land Rover. Bukas didn't get around to telling me exactly what he had done. You might have caught Parkins alive. I doubt it. I think he would have killed himself rather than be caught. He was a very proud man."

Harrison was looking at Dawlish narrowly, but didn't speak.

"He went out quickly at a time when he thought he might win," Dawlish went on. "If he'd been caught and put on trial, he'd have gone through hell."

"When you let them die, you killed two more witnesses. Vital witnesses."

"We'll find the diamonds," Dawlish said.

When Dawlish awoke, it was broad daylight. He was alone. The heat was already stifling, and he was startled to find it was after eight o'clock. He had a quick shower, put on singlet and pants, pushed his feet into his shoes and went outside.

No one was about. The wreckage had been cleaned up and all traces of the bodies removed. He scanned the ground but saw no sign of uncut diamonds. He went beyond the buildings. The helicopter, for all the world like a grotesque giant insect, was two hundred yards away, its bulbous nose shimmering in the sun. Two men were over by the old mine shaft, a hundred yards or so in the other direction, and as Dawlish watched, Harrison climbed into sight.

Dawlish heard a sound behind him, turned and saw Della. She wore a big palm-frond hat, roughly made. Beneath it, she looked tiny and fragile.

"I've found something," Della said. "Will you come and see what it is?"

Dawlish went with Della across the baking-hot earth into a room that had some benches, darts, a small billiard table, table tennis—everything for a recreation room. In one corner were some small lockers with numbers on

them. Della opened Number Seven, and took out a bundle of letters. Now tears were brimming over.

Dawlish looked at the signature of the first letter. It was: *"My love for ever and a day, Nigel."* He felt a sudden stab of understanding, and did not need to look further. He handed the letters back.

"He wrote something to me every day. *Every day,"* Della said. "He was kept a prisoner here. He didn't want to stay, but they made him. It was Donovan. Donovan brought him here and told him what the work really was —cutting those stolen diamonds. Cut diamonds don't cause so much trouble in South Africa—only uncut ones. Did you know that?" It wasn't really a question, and she did not pause. "I haven't read all the letters, but Nigel keeps on saying how he wants to get away, how he longs to see me. He wouldn't have anything to do with the crimes at first, and wanted to leave, but Donovan and the others were afraid he would tell the police."

Tears almost choked her. She turned and ran from Dawlish as if this was a burden she must carry by herself, and Dawlish did not follow her. When her footsteps had faded, he looked inside the locker. There were pencils, a photograph of Della so torn and creased that Forrest must have handled it thousands of times, some keys, a few coins, one die, and some postage stamps. Over it were some old sandals made of palm fronds; he must have worn them until he had made his escape. Dawlish closed the locker and went and made coffee and ate some biscuits.

When Harrison and the others came back, he was waiting in front of the big parking lot, in the shade. Harrison's expression gave his report for him.

"Nothing?"

"Not a single diamond stored away," Harrison said as if disgusted. He was frowning. "We found about two hundred in the wreckage—that's all. That was what Parkins and Mason expected to get away with. Still sure we'll find the big supplies?"

"Yes," Dawlish said.

"Then where?"

"Wade," Dawlish said, "Parkins was the leader of this part of the gang. He did a good best to sell us a pup, but he hadn't time. Have you studied a map of this part of the world?"

"So closely I began to go crosseyed."

You can't go north or south—it's impossible. You can go west and eventually you hit the Skeleton Coast, but that's patrolled so tightly by U.D.D. and the individual diamond companies that no one could hope to get away without being spotted. Parkins and Mason planned to get away and to be on the run so that we could be chasing them or on the lookout for them—thinking they had all the diamonds, or knew where they were."

When Dawlish paused, Harrison conceded: "It sounds reasonable."

"If they'd got away in that truck, we would have had good reason to believe that they'd taken the loot with them. We now know they only had a tiny proportion of it. We know it isn't here. I'd say they brought supplies here for cutting, smuggled the cut stones out to their regular distributors, and brought in new, uncut stones."

"A conveyor-belt process," Harrison said. "In any case, the stones had to be kept somewhere."

"Exactly," said Dawlish. "You're so busy looking at the woods that you can't see the trees. We know that Parkins and Mason knew this desert better than anyone else. We know they kept coming into it on their prospecting treks. We know that there are other men in Kangarmie who go out prospecting regularly. We know they talk of Kangarmie as a town of prospective widows."

"Kangarmie!" Harrison exclaimed.

"Where else?" asked Dawlish. "The place Parkins and the other prospectors were always coming back to. Why shouldn't they? It was home. They'd come back for a few days or a few weeks and then go off again—taking with them another lot of diamonds for cutting. Who would suspect?"

CHAPTER TEN

MA PARKINS waddled out of the store when she heard the helicopter, and watched it as it landed. Everyone who lived in Kangarmie heard the engine, and appeared on stoep or at door or window to see whatever there was to see. Ma, whose husband was seldom home, Mrs. Cratton who waited interminably in her rocking chair for the son who came home from time to time, other women, old and young, whose husbands, sons and lovers spent so little time at home, because they were out looking for a fortune which never seemed to get nearer.

Or so everyone said.

Now there was anxiety in every eye as they watched the man-made insect hovering before it began to settle. Soon the sound of the police cars, a new feature of the town, broke the silence created when the helicopter's engine had stopped. Dawlish and the American were at the back of the car, and the Buckingham policeman was driving.

Ma was at the counter of her shop when Dawlish and Harrison entered.

"It's Jacob," she said soberly. "What's happened to my Jacob?"

Dawlish answered, very clearly, very positively. "It was over very quickly, Mrs. Parkins."

"Over," she whispered. The color faded from her cheeks. "So he isn't coming back."

Gently, Dawlish said, "I'm afraid not."

"He never knew when he was beaten, Jacob didn't. He never gave up. Not once in all the time I knew him did he give up. It was quick, you say?"

"Very quick. Ma, after he died, we found out what he had been doing."

She kept silent.

"Where are the other diamonds?" Dawlish asked gently. "As soon as we know that, we'll stop worrying you."

She stared at him. Then she moved toward the flap in the counter and came through. She went to the window and looked out. All there was to see were the two derelict and the one newly painted pump, where two children were sitting.

"Ours are out there," she said. "He keeps them in the old SuperShell tank under there. Dear Jacob," she added huskily. "You thought you were going to win right to the last. Good for you."

"Thank you, Ma," Dawlish said. "There's just one other thing I have to know. Where did he get them from? Whom did he send them to?"

She was still smiling but her lips were puckering. "I don't know," she said. "It's no use asking, Major. I just know where our diamonds are. I never even asked the others where they kept theirs, but I'll bet there isn't another hiding place as good."

The diamonds were there, stored in small linen bags tucked away in the big tank beneath the pump which had not been used before. Police, the people of Kangarmie, Dawlish, Harrison and Van Woelden were there while the pit was opened and the tank emptied.

Then they went to the other houses scattered about the town which had just received its death blow. They found diamonds, jewels almost beyond price, hidden in every home except the Forrests. Some were under boards, some in roofs, some buried in the gardens.

All the men were away. Only the women watched, in fear, and the children in their innocence. The diamonds were loaded into armored cars to start their journey back to the vaults. When they had started, Dawlish, Harrison and Van Woelden went to the Forrests' house. Before she had gone on to Kimberley, Della had given Dawlish the key.

"Use it as if it was your own," she had said.

It was pleasant, and there was a touch of coolness in the early evening.

The first thing Van Woelden had told Dawlish was that the news of Felicity was still good.

"She's actually awakened and talked to her nurse," he said. "Your man Temple telephoned last night. She doesn't remember anything much, but she wanted to be sure you were all right."

"Thanks," Dawlish had said, huskily.

A boy was in the kitchen, preparing dinner. They were to stay here tonight and leave by helicopter at first light. Dawlish had never known Harrison so quiet. He poured himself a whiskey and soda from supplies sent up from the shop, stood broodingly by the window, and said bleakly, "So we've got the loot but not the real men behind it. What was it you said, Pat? We've done half the job."

"You will never know a man so pleased as Sir Joel Morpath," Van Woelden put in. "When he learned what had happened, the ends of his mustache seemed to curl!"

"I can imagine," Harrison said.

"There is a meeting in the United Diamond Distributors board room tomorrow at three o'clock," Van Woelden went on. "I promise to send a message

tonight if you couldn't get there in time. It was one thing to look for uncut stones. When it is a matter of cut and polished diamonds"—he shrugged—"I think you will find Morpath is satisfied to take the usual chance with that. The losses are not so heavy that they cannot be absorbed."

"There's a question I'd like answered," said Harrison. "Uncut stones were reported from five different places—remember? London, New York, Sydney, Hong Kong and Tokyo. Why should they begin to sell uncut stones if they're doing very well with the cut diamonds?"

"According to Nigel Forrest's letters"—Dawlish pointed to a box in the middle of the table—"he's been cutting and polishing these stones for two years and more. Why start putting uncut stones on the market?"

Harrison was pouring himself another whiskey. "They fooled us once by leading us to the old mine so that we would think the big cache had been there but was removed before we arrived. They fooled us by making us think they had a lot of workers at the mine, whereas the men from Kangarmie worked there in stretches. Some left the mine just before we arrived, but didn't come straight back here. They're still in the desert. That means that they're probably fooling us again."

Dawlish said mildly, "I keep thinking of Van Diesek and all the trouble he had in persuading his superiors to let him come to us. We put it down to a combination of a feeling of self-sufficiency on Pretoria's part, and the feeling of isolation South Africa has politically. The ostensible reason was that they were satisfied with their own security measures. How did they *really* measure up, Wade?"

"Grade A."

"Couldn't you fault it?"

"Not seriously. Except, of course, that it didn't work."

"Someone stopped Van Diesek from coming to us because he didn't want them checked too closely in case the real flaw was found."

"Here's another poser." Harrison couldn't interpolate this quickly enough. "Who could make a foolproof security system fail more effectively than the men who controlled it?" He moved toward Dawlish. "There's one answer to every question, and you don't need telling what it is."

"Morpath," breathed Van Woelden.

"Sir Joel Morpath, no less," agreed Harrison with a growl in his voice. "And you don't stand there grinning like a cheetah, Major! You've pointed a finger at him. Now tell us how we're going to prove it!"

Major Dawlish, I cannot tell you how deeply grateful I am," said Sir Joel Morpath. "Mr. Van Woelden told me from the beginning that he had great confidence in you. He also told me that nearly every senior policeman in the Crime Conference has the same confidence. He even went so far as to say that where crime detection is concerned, you actually have a sixth sense, a kind of superior sensitiveness."

"A less generous man would say that whenever I had a hunch, I played it as hard as I could."

"A kind of gambler in detection, eh?"

"Just as you're a gambler in diamonds, perhaps."

"I don't think I've ever been called a gambler before, Major Dawlish. A business man, but—I suppose you mean my activities on the Stock Exchange."

"No," said Dawlish. "I mean your dealings in diamonds."

Morpath was nonplussed.

Sir Joel," Dawlish said carefuly, "a very fine detective with whom you have worked for many years was murdered in cold blood. Three other South African policemen have been killed in the past few days. A young man was forcibly detained for two and a quarter years and made to work like a slave. My wife was nearly killed. A young woman was driven nearly out of her mind, and a dozen decent families have been broken up. Are you proud of your part in this?"

"My part!" Morpath drew in a deep breath. "Are you out of your mind?" Alarm flared in his eyes, broke through his composure.

Dawlish was convinced for the first time that he was right.

"Let's stop wasting time," he interrupted roughly. "I know you're responsible for the diamond thefts. I know you prevented the police from consulting the Crime Conference for years. I know you employed Donovan and sent him to London to kill Van Diesek."

The color was receding slowly from Morpath's face, He was clenching and unclenching his hands as they rested on the polished desk.

"You were anxious to have Van Diesek killed," went on Dawlish. "He had suspected you for a long time because you were the only man who could overcome the foolproof security system. It was impregnable to outsiders. Only you had access to all the combinations and all the passwords. Only you could pass on information which allowed people like Donovan, Parkins, Mason and others to get hold of uncut stones. Only you had the world-wide distribution system at your fingertips, and knew where to sell at the best prices. Van Diesek reasoned—"

"There was nothing at all in Van Diesek's report to indicate any of this," Morpath declared.

"Not in the report he showed you before he left. Morpath, you are a murderer, a thief and a liar. You have betrayed the trust of all the mine owners, all the shareholders, all the workers whose lives you influence. I am going out of this room to give a statement to the press and the police. Sealed copies of it are already with my colleagues. There is no way you can stop it. It is a detailed statement based on the report Van Diesek made to me verbally, and which I had taped in my office. For obvious reasons, he dared not commit it to paper."

He stood up, stared at Morpath unblinkingly, then swung around. There was no sound behind him. He reached the door, not at all sure what would happen next, a long way from sure he had what he needed.

"Dawlish," Morpath said in a choky voice, "how much will you take for that statement? How much is it worth for you to keep silent?"

Dawlish turned around. "A million pounds and your signature on a confession to make sure you can never betray me as you've so easily betrayed everyone else."

"Two million pounds," Morpath said quietly, "and my word that I will never take any steps against you. That is the best I can possibly do."

Dawlish opened the door without turning or saying a word.

"Don't go, Dawlish," Morpath cried. "We must be able to come to terms. I can't sign my life away, and you know it. I'll do anything else you want, but not that."

Dawlish pushed the door wider. . . .

Van Woelden, Harrison and Colonel Voort, the Chief of Police of Pretoria, were outside. On a table near the door was a tape recorder; in the keyhole, there was a microphone which clearly told its own story.

Morpath did not even move as Voort stepped forward.

"As you rightly imagined, gentlemen, Colonel Van Diesek told me of his suspicions," Voort said. "I could not be sure whether they were the result of an obsession with his failure. I had to overcome considerable opposition to his visit to London, but the visit could not have been more justified. Now that we have the taped record, there will be no insuperable difficulty in obtaining more details and legal proof. I am, of course, deeply indebted to you all."

Della's face was radiant when she came toward Dawlish in the hall of the small hotel in Kimberley where she was staying. She took his hands, and said, "Nigel is much, much better! He looks almost himself again." She stretched up on tiptoe and kissed him.

Dawlish stepped out of the BOAC jet liner at London Airport, was escorted through customs, and met by Temple who had a big Jaguar with him. Temple drove as if the gears were made of silk.

He drove to the big building on the Embankment, where Dawlish had his flat.

"Mrs. Dawlish was allowed to come home this morning," Temple said. "She'll need time to become her old self again, but she can convalesce at home."

Dawlish's heart was full to overflowing when he went into the flat. The bedroom door had been repaired, and the hall looked immaculate. The drawing-room door was open. As Dawlish reached it, Felicity was coming across the room toward him, pale of face, but to him as lovely and desirable as she had ever been. • • •

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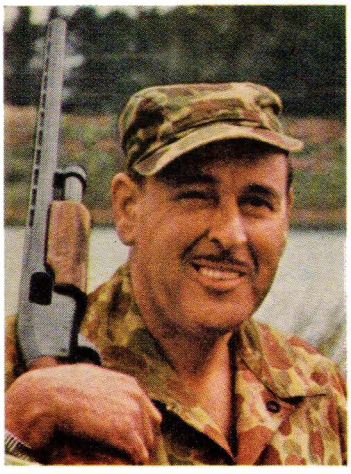

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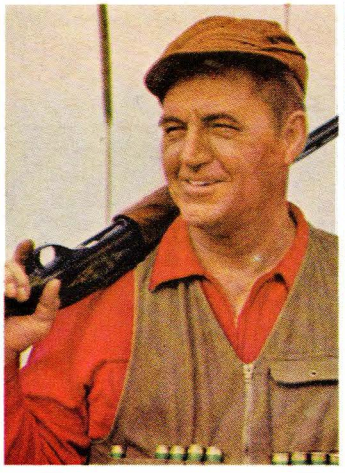

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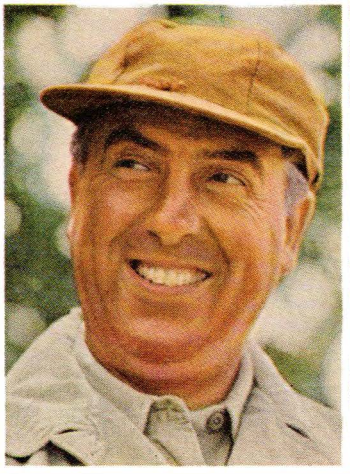

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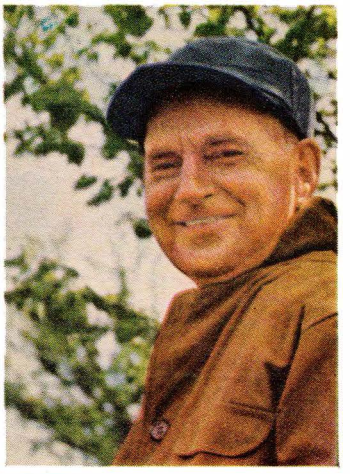

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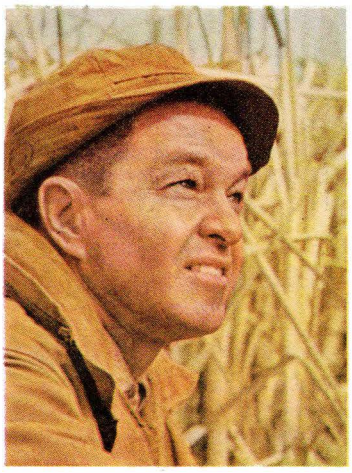

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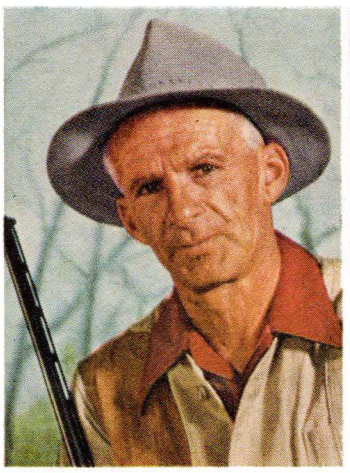

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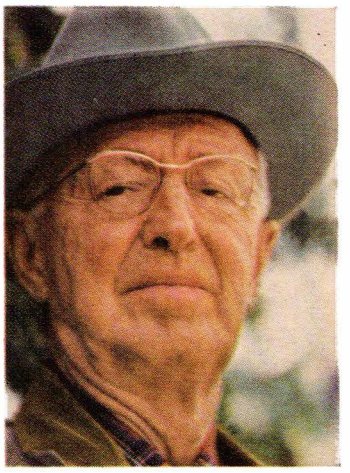

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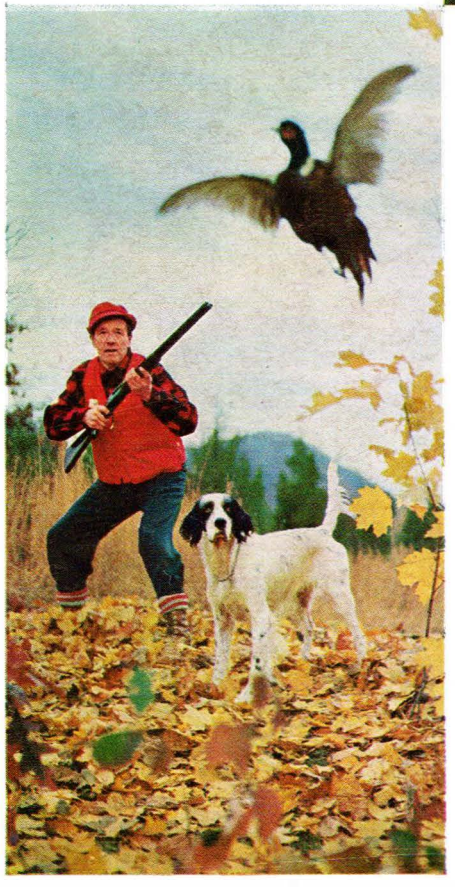

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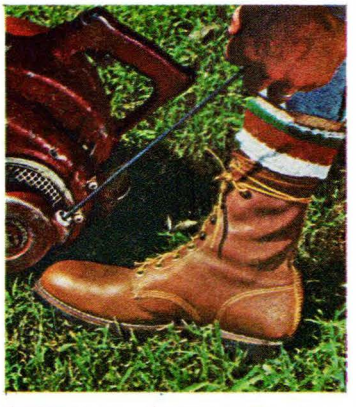

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